

# YOXA LOVE



## LOVE IN HONITI



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## LOVE IN HONITI

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### 1) Love and Pagan

Honiti loved Naica with all his heart – and in the way only a father can he loved his two kids. Waking up next to her that morning and looking at her face, sleeping the peace of angels, a deep well of

fondness overtook him, and he immersed himself in its warmth. He loved her .... he loved her .... and he hated the lack of control that was the rollercoaster his love had given him.

His thighs screamed for contact. Wrapping himself around the warmth that was her arse, his thighs thanked him for the peace; this was all he needed. He was in the total abnegation that came with the first passions of his love. Waking up he was just love, he did manage to do routines – cleaning his body; eating was harder. Occasional thoughts came in – this was no Path, but in came the Naica love torrent washing away such trivialities. And of course the torrent gave him no discernment and he did not know what was passion .... and temporary.

No calm, no discernment. Even with love his passion had too much power over him, power that left him without discernment. With love came peace, it was always there with him. However passion was short-lived, and brought the roller-coaster that lacked calm. Whilst passions came and went, love stays never battling truth the way passion does; life goes on.

Within the melee there were occasions of lucidity. Naica had talked to him about missing out growing up, unhealthy fantasies fighting healthy perceptions, and in the end she had reached adulthood deluded.

“I am sorry your childhood was like that,” he consoled “but there is time to change now – I can try to help you if you want.” She muttered “thanks”, but there was no conviction. If there was a problem she had no wish to solve it.

He tried again one time “Are you happy?” he asked.

“I suppose so,” she muttered quietly.

“Could you be happier?” he continued.

“Yes” she glared at him angrily.

“Can I help?” he asked.

As she stared away nothing was said. And he was forced to leave it. Not only did she have a problem but he had the consequences from her problem.

At the Cotla their situation was known. Honiti's mind drifted back to the history of Cotlas – a long history. First established in Pagan times in a small African country, in that country Kgotlas were heralded as a democratic success at the time; but in truth this was only partly the case. Maybe, not the case? But as a seed to contemporary practise they were definitely rooted in the truth. Basically the village sitting with the Elders resolved local and domestic problems; original Kgotlas did this on occasions but there was no will throughout the country – or anywhere in the world in those Pagan times for problems to be solved.

Drifting further back to the horrendous life of the majority in those Pagan times, his mind mused that somehow they managed to call themselves Yoxa Sapiens; whenever was wisdom displayed? This was a time of death, famine and poverty, and all these evils were created by those in charge who became known as the Pasur, Pasur-Ner or the 1%. In these Pagan times, some wanted to call them Yoxa Paganus or Yoxa Profitus but Yoxa Sapiens prevailed for dubious reasons; taking advantage of ordinary Yoxa - impoverishing them, the Pasur mainly took away their vitality energy and spirit. The 99% or Yoxa were needed to work in the fields and factories to create the products that made the Pasur rich. Working Yoxa were given low wages by the Pasur occasionally raising their heads using phrases

that were called out in vain, Yoxa not profits, we are the Yoxa, Yoxa pride, Yoxa are Sapiens too. To no avail.

Becoming known as the MICwars – wars of the Military Industrial Complex, the other significant characteristic of Pagan times was wars for profits. MICwars primarily revolved around the exploitation of natural resources for fuel. Once the MIC had found profits from oil, they developed many strategies for exploitation, one effective strategy was that of balkanisation. If a country did not support the Pasur hegemony of the geographic Ner, then factions within that country were manipulated so that they fought each other demanding autonomy. Such divisions ended up fractionalising countries into separate states rendering them effectively powerless against the Pasur hegemony. Once the country was balkanised then security companies from the hegemony in the Ner came in and exploited the devastation through reconstruction initiatives financed by the hegemony for their own profit.

Other than balkanisation this Pagan hegemony used various excuses to cause this MICwar destruction such as religion, anti-dictatorship, women's rights, all of which seemed suitably compassionate so deluding their own population; but the reality was that these were wars for profit and the Pagan hegemony profited from them - not the Yoxa 99%. As the Pasur-Ner got rich, their yoxa-ner became richer but nowhere near rich - just sufficient to support the delusion that they were somehow "better" because they were "richer"; meanwhile much of their world was devastated by MICwars. But the Ner hegemony deluded their own yoxa that the yoxa of these devastated countries did not matter, that they were less important than their own yoxa (sometimes giving the conviction that they were less intelligent); so their deaths did not matter as much as the profits that came to the MIC. Even with this heartlessness of a Pagan society, for some reason Yoxa Sapiens at the time thought this was an OK way to live. Pagan!!

Yet all Yoxa still experienced love, but how could they experience love and yet allow fellow Yoxa in Gaia to die just for profit? How could the Pagan Pasur love and yet treat other Yoxa so badly? These Pasur were so defiled. There were some who thought they were aliens in disguise; would they learn what alien meant?

Strangely enough some of that Pagan ignorance could be placed at the hands of science. Scientists by nature are fiercely independent, and self-absorbed through their own dedication to the supposed search for knowledge. It never struck such independent egos that the tacit fundamental axiom that each Yoxa was a separate being was false. Even when there were indicators in nature that such egos failed to identify. Ants had separate bodies yet they functioned as one unit. Waves that appear separate as they roll into the shore are part of one huge sea. Soldiers called themselves a unit? As Yoxa faculties appeared and disappeared, these faculties could best be understood through a unity of consciousness rather than separate beings. But the paradigm of their scientific model demanded separation, their education demanded separation, so beings were separate. And so much was lost by this in these Pagan times.

In fact love ended such separation and brought the Yoxa back together as one, although they never fully appreciated it. This love was Gaia's way of reuniting Yoxa – for the Yoxa to remember they were Gaia, remember that separation was so unnatural and for a few to understand Unity - as the occasional meditator or nature's mystic. How strange it was that these Yoxa had become so corrupted but the influence of these Pasur was so powerful; maintaining separation was in their interest – even though they were never conscious of Unity either. It was almost as if there was no Unity then, but that made no sense; Gaia was after all Gaia.

What was perhaps the worst aspect of those Pagan times was the complete disrespect for love – genuine love. Wasn't it the way of Gaia's Yoxa throughout the world to fall in love – despite what was happening around them? No-one can fail to see that love has always been powerful - love was never a force that could be ignored; but the Pasur sought ways to use love for profit. In these Pagan times Yoxa never truly understood love – they never understood the morass of passions, emotions and instincts that were part of the way love was experienced. Love was something that was to be found at the core of relationships once the perils of desire, passion, and conditioning – both consumer and societal - had been fought off. As with all the ways of the Path, love existed once the outer layers of conditioning had been removed. Throughout the dogma times Yoxa accepted the dogma of their leaders; but love intuition creativity and insight were never truly grasped during the times of dogma. Accepting dogma became the way of those Yoxa – a way without understanding love was undoubtedly far better than the ignorance of Pagan times. But that ignorance still led to trouble

Wasn't it amazing to recall how the Pasur managed to pervert love into being something that could be exploited? Some mothers deceived men into love to care for their children. Some men managed to delude women; as rakes they were “smooth operators” who were able to charm women into their beds – and then leave. So confused were these times. Yoxa sought quick sexual encounters pretending that there was some love - or worse pretending that love didn't matter. For men “notches on the bedpost” were meaningful as status, experiencing unloving sexual relations with women from different races and backgrounds was considered acceptable behaviour even if they offended cultural mores; amazingly such promiscuous behaviour of men was considered a chauvinist emblem. Believe it or not, this even transferred itself into similar promiscuous behaviour amongst some women. How was this met? An horrendous response from those immoral men. Happy to benefit from shallow abusive liaisons, they were equally happy to turn around and describe such behaviour as slutty amongst the women and defame them.



Adding to the confusion some argued that men and women experienced fulfilment differently, whilst others claimed such experience was the same. In early Pagan times a woman's feelings were often repressed by the dominant male society, and when that voice began to be regained some behaviours amongst women mirrored the casual distortion of love that was demonstrated by rakes. Theoretical equality turned some sexual behaviour into equivalence, and began to force changes on both women and men that led to losing connection with the way Gaia had created. For some what a woman desired, what a man wanted, was lost in this ill-considered confusion just adding to the pressure that love was under to be found. It was amazing how love ever emerged but it was so powerful it had to.

With all that confusion sometimes the basic historic issue was sometimes forgotten because in earlier times men had beaten women. At the same time Pasur puppetry through privileged males had imposed such an horrendous sexual image on women that many found it difficult to find any self-fulfilment because they were too engrossed in this imposed illusion; the rakes of course exploited this. Even in dogma times women took a while to come to terms with themselves as the conditioning had been so oppressive, and for a while men reacted badly to women seeking appropriate equality. Again such a mess had nothing to do with what Gaia had designed.

Did this matter to the Pasur? While the Yoxa were seeking confused fulfilment in this morass that was known as love, these same Yoxa were forced to earn money to participate in this confusion – trying to follow lifestyles of images, money, and sexual fulfilment pervaded across the Pasur-media. What was achieved within this confusion was that through the Pasur-media there was the intention of conflating instinct with love. Wasn't Gaia's reward for procreation the enjoyment of making love? For sure. But to extend that joy from this instinct beyond the times Yoxa were meant to enjoy it ultimately brought dissatisfaction and health problems. By the time the passions of youth had subsided Nature's intention was that love would naturally flourish. But the media promoted the passion, idolised the passion,



manipulated youth into believing they were so important – easily done with naive egos, and because there was no respect for the wisdom of the elders (because that wisdom saw through the profit-making) youthful egos dominated, beautiful young bodies dominated the media, young Yoxa considered themselves icons, and conditioned older Yoxa just accepted it – even though there were huge societal consequences.

Moving past the Pagan times and through the dogma period Yoxa began to respect love and give it its due place in the social hierarchy. Love mattered, love was helped, and Yoxa not respecting love were encouraged to change. Never being able to force love, another's love had to be respected. Why Naica had allowed their relationship to bear children when she did not love Honiti was her mistake. As a good man, Honiti loved her genuinely, and her love for him would then mean that their children would be balanced, grow well and be ready for love themselves. But instead she deluded herself that she loved him, and by the time the pain of that delusion became apparent it was late for both Honiti and the children.

Fortunately it was not too late for them as the place of love was properly respected in the Cotlas. For Honiti the Cotla met close to where he lived; it was close for everyone - but even closer for Honiti. There he was granted special time by the Cotla to deal with the familial dysfunction. Uninvited interference by the Cotla was frowned upon, but it was within their social remit to ensure that Honiti had the time and resources to help the children have the proper respect for love and its consequences – creativity, intuition and insight.

At home this meant a great deal to Honiti as he was granted the freedom to work with his children; the extra contact afforded by his special dispensation not to have to work as much helped cement the love between Honiti and his children, reinforcing that love because Naica's love was missing.

“I love my babies,” she would screech through her tears but the more emotional she got the more Honiti knew she was going through the motions – through her emotions? Did love need to be screamed out? Didn't it show in every fibre of being, every moment of contact? In times of weakness children needed to have that love reinforced, but in their society love was expected, love was respected, love was understood, and did not need reinforcement through egoic passions – sexual passions could be enough of a problem to cope with when they happened. For Honiti it was good that the children saw the problems with Naica's deluded passions; they too tried to help her but although they loved her they could also not help her through her defilement.

But of course Honiti felt some guilt whilst other Yoxa in his village worked longer hours, so he made sure, as much as possible, that balances were addressed. Much of this was done through recreational activities especially walking. Because the Cotla gave him time he was able to take the children walking in the hills, this felt so good to him - having time to walk and enjoy. Just walking in nature was enjoyment because in the hills Gaia's closeness was not disconnected by Yoxa "civilisation". With the children he spoke about Gaia, but that wasn't the bond; the love came from being together in Gaia. Feeling it in himself, he could then watch his children, watched their happiness, and feel Gaia in them. A win all round except that he could never persuade Naica to come.

Sometimes Honiti walked alone especially when times with Naica were strained. There were days when he woke with her knowing there was just going to be strain – he hoped he wasn't the cause but in relationship it was never 100% one partner's fault. He was deeply frustrated, frustrated by her not loving him despite what she said, frustrated by her wish to curb his self-expression yet for her he only wished to encourage her, and frustrated by her possessiveness over the children, even showing jealous rage when they walked - walking that was natural, good for the children and something she refused to participate in. Just loving her was frustrating, and that frustration had to become anger or it would just

eat him up. So there were rows, and before they became too much he would leave and walk – clear his head.

To begin with the walking there would be increased frustration as his mind worked overtime to try to solve the problem only to go round in circles because every solution he came up with required that she wanted to solve her own problems. And mostly she didn't; in truth she definitely didn't seek a solution - only occasionally she would offer false hope. As a coping mechanism she had transferred the source of the problem to his anger and the ill-considered frustrated words he used when angry. Friends always helped each other, and she sought succour with Yoxa women she knew – not the Cotla; and friends knew that with someone like Naica a wrong word and their friendship would end. Sympathising when she spoke of his anger, they supported her when she spoke of her deep love for her babies, but they could see avoidance when she was asked what was the problem between her and Honiti. The friends saw clear no-go areas for their conversations so they limited the comforting to giving support, sadly reducing the chances of Naica seeking a solution.

The one time Naica and Honiti sought help jointly the problem became apparent. During the session the talk centred on her.

“Does Honiti do what he can at home?” asked the counsellor Paricia. Naica nodded.

“Is Honiti a good man?” Paricia continued. “No doubts that he is,” she answered “everyone says so.”

“This is not about everyone,” asked Paricia again “do you think Honiti is a good man?”

“Yes he is,” she snapped out.

“So what is your problem with him?” he asked gently.

“He gets angry with me sometimes, and then we argue,” Naica answered.

“Why does he get angry with you?” Paricia asked.

“I don’t know,” she mumbled.

So Paricia asked Honiti “why do you get angry with her?”

“I love Naica but she does not love me,” he answered openly.

“Does he love you?” Paricia asked and she nodded. “He says he does but when he is angry I sometimes think he doesn’t.”

“Love is not momentary,” Paricia told her “do you think Honiti’s love for you is moment to moment or is it deep unconditional love?”

Paricia watched as Naica squirmed but did not answer. So the question was asked again “Do you think Honiti’s love is deep unconditional love?”

And Naica answered “Yes it is but he gets angry and says bad things to me.”

Paricia continued “It is important that Honiti works on his anger, we all agree,” and he watched as Honiti nodded.

“Why is Honiti angry?” asked Paricia again.

“He says I don’t love him, that I have never loved him,” Naica answered.

“What do you say when he says that?” she sat and squirmed saying nothing.

“Is love important?” the counsellor changed approach.

“Very important,” she answered.

“Do you agree that Yoxa should only marry and have children if they are in love?” continued Paricia, and Naica nodded.

“Did you love Honiti when you married him?” asked Paricia.

“Of course I did,” she answered too quickly.

“Do you love Honiti now?” came the quick question.

“Not as much,” she replied without thinking.

“But love is unconditional,” stated the counsellor “does it change with time?”

“Of course not,” she answered, and he simply asked “yours has changed hasn’t it?”

“I suppose it has,” she answered.

“Does unconditional love change, has Honiti’s love changed?” asked Paricia.

“He gets angry now,” she answered.

“Is anger love or an emotion?” asked Paricia, and then she exploded “You say the same as Honiti. You are not here to help us both, you are just supporting Honiti. My friends aren’t like this, they help me.”

“It is good you have friends to give you support,” continued Paricia unfazed. “I am here to help you both and I can only do that by understanding what is the basic problem in your marriage.”

“So can I ask about marriage again?” he went on. “Let me try to find out what you both think is the basis of a good marriage. I will give you both a pad, and you write down the basis.”

Honiti wrote three words, he was clear – love, children and freedom.

Naica was going to write down the same three words. She knew what he wanted to hear, what they both wanted to hear, but it was becoming too much for her. She wasn’t going to be ganged up on. When she was with Honiti she could control him – making him angry was one control, but the two of them coming at her with this love thing. Love is personal what can they know about it, what do men know about it? With her friends she was OK.

She put the pad down on the table, and carefully placed the stylus beside it. Equally carefully and precisely she stood up and walked out leaving Paricia startled – and Honiti almost ambivalent, he had been surprised she had stayed so long. Naica refused any further counselling invites so Paricia referred

Honiti to the Cotla's USG – Unrequited Support Group – in the hope of controlling Honiti's anger in such a difficult situation.

For Honiti attending the first meeting of the USG was more a courtesy to the counsellor, Paricia - maybe a touch of testing the water. Apart from encouraging Naica to attend counselling with him, his normal way was to keep his own counsel. His difficult situation increased that wariness, didn't he have a social position to maintain after all? Even though his business (with Naica) brought with it deep frustration and stress he did not like sharing it. But he understood the wisdom of relieving frustration - not bottling it up, and perhaps the anonymity of the USG would be good for that.

On arrival he found himself alone pushing him to check his calendar. No mistake. A young man came over, introduced himself, and took him to a vidbooth. It turned out that anonymity was maintained by vid conferencing and the use of false names, Honiti felt certain that few would recognise him. As a newcomer he was expected to introduce himself, and he did so offering what he hoped would appear as an open heart but was actually very guarded. But soon he realised the regulars were kicking in using the group to “get things off their chest”. These were little points, trivialities that had come to take on too much import, but on other occasions he felt some deep revelations; his heart went out to those.

One woman had a mirror relationship to Honiti. Her husband, she called him Gerard at the meeting, had courted her to excess. Seeing him spend much money to make her interested in him, at that point she saw danger. When she confronted him, he told her that he loved her deeply and the extravagance was only an effort to help her reciprocate that love. This was met with a short and sharp response, love was love, and there was no amount of money that could buy it – and no little amount of money that could lose it. Suitably chastised Gerard laid off the courting, and the relationship became “normal” –



mutual love, or so she thought. She later determined that he was acting, and that the extravagance was more an indicator of his character flaws than the calm that followed.

But he had fooled her. The calm led to her accepting his marriage proposal, and the inevitable children followed. And in truth to begin with he was a dutiful father, but then his flaws started to show, his extravagance having masked great insecurity. Although the woman, she called herself Lina, although Lina was a mature woman who accepted and followed her marriage decision with maturity, his insecurity put pressure on her. For her life was living with deep mood swings. When he was confident he would be happy and enjoy their togetherness, then at other times he would behave so childishly sulking at any criticism. The sulking would lead to insecurity, and he would profess unboundless love for her wanting similar shallow protestations from her. Being mature such shallowness didn't ring true to her, and although she told him she loved him – she did love him – she could not stoop to such adolescent insecurities. This would worsen his mood – that could sometimes last for days.

She learned to live with the mood swings but they were affecting the children who were also now imitating this childish behaviour. When Lina pointed this out to Gerard, of course he apologised, promising effusively that he would correct his immaturity. But she knew this would not happen because there was no meaning in his words, he was saying what was expected. At other times his happiness spilt over to the children and their household was a great joy, but the children could not grow up in such a moody environment; it was not good for them. Accepting Lina's difficulties, the Cotla offered her time to work with her kids, and generally offered what they could. But as with Naica Gerard did not want to see the depth of his problems, and he didn't want to make any effort to resolve them. She too took them walking, spent extra time with their education, developed a system of understanding with the children that Daddy's effusive behaviour was not to be emulated.

"Love him but not copy him," she would say, and he would always support her in this; but there was no correction of behaviour. As was her duty she had informed both the school and the Cotla. Experienced professionals in both places monitored the behaviour of the children and the adult adolescent. At a Cotla assembly in which the family had been observed, the elders consequently advised her to attend USG. Telling them that it was almost the opposite, that her love was too "requited", she had accepted their experience attended the USG and found the discussion and advice beneficial. Learning that Gerard's expressions of love were in fact expressions of his own insecurity, she understood the more he expressed his love the more he was deflecting his own insecurity. Once this became clear Lina knew her love did not meet with her partner's love, but met with a facade that was insecurity keeping love out. Without a free flow of love her children would suffer, and she needed help recognising the signs.

But it was clear from the discussion that Lina was making great efforts to cope – many successful, and that her ability to deal with her children was often initiated at the USG.

But he saw something else in Lina, Honiti saw the emptiness that he felt because his love was falling on infertile ground. When Lina was at home expecting love she found adolescent moods and she was frustrated. Love was supposed to enhance her. And Honiti understood this only too well, his love met emptiness, met a wall that occasionally responded with fondness but was never the counterpart of his love. Feeling shallow and empty gave him great empathy as he listened to Lina.

After a few meetings their interaction began to be noted by the USG monitors. Love was not uncommon amongst the unrequited, but such love had to remain unrequited because of existing love and responsibility.





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Writer



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# LOVE IN HONITI

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## 2) Dogmatons

The monitors grew out of Yoxa Dogmaticus but required a great deal of refining.

Eventually the downtrodden Pagans stood up to the few. The Pasur had manipulated a sect of society that were dogmatic as part of their strategy – there were many divide-and-rule strategies. Basically these dogmatons were encouraged to believe they were right, and as with all dichotomies – if there was a right there was a wrong. When the Pasur first began exploiting the Yoxa they dumped on them. Needing their labour they enforced their slavery – seemed obvious. But what they then discovered was that maintaining slavery was not cost effective.

For years different groups of Pasurs had fought over a large mineral-rich continent. No race are perfect but on this continent there was relative peace. Being tribal Yoxa, they followed their leaders; in the end this was self-destructive. A leader led their Yoxa into battle, was often their strongest, and fought off challenges. Such leaders died young, the new leaders died young; how was the wisdom of such tribes ever to grow? Over time these leaders saw little personal sense in battling because engaging the enemy often meant their death – in many such battles both leaders died, new leaders took their place, and eventually their egos would take them into battle. That was until the wisdom of time brought about an unspoken peace. These leaders became famous for their pomp. Tribes were reputed for the pomp of their leaders, and stories abounded by word of mouth (dogmatons called this the oral tradition). In earlier times Yoxa-tai followed their leaders because the leaders would provide them with new lands, but these new lands were pointless because there was never a lasting peace to harvest from these lands. When the leaders became less aggressive – less willing to invade, Yoxa were happier – after all they died as well as their leaders. Seeing their leaders becoming pompous Yoxa-tai encouraged it – they too became pompous; in a way there was a new leadership criterion “who was the most pompous?”

Over the years this fanning of ego in a more personal and coquettish way led to peace on this vast continent. Local wars virtually disappeared as leaders focussed on finery rather than weaponry. Leader’s palaces became places of legend as local mineral wealth was used as egoic signs of splendour.

Was there a long-term balance in this approach? No because these Yoxa were still far too focussed on ego, but at least their egos did not take them to war.

Until the egos from outside forced them to. Exploring for the natural wealth of this continent, early Pasur decided that if it was appropriated it could finance vast invading armies and develop huge personal deposits back home. Initially this wealth bought homes, often bought partners, but in the end there was nothing to buy. How many homes could they build? Eventually different minerals themselves took on value. Pretty red rocks had value, sparkling green rocks had value, clear rocks had value; it didn't matter what was valuable so long as there was something to be valued and that everyone agreed it was valuable. There became different Pasur centres reputed for different rocks, there was the emerald Pasur where those Pasur only invaded lands for emeralds, ruby Pasur who invaded lands for rubies – you get the picture. In their desires for silly rocks these Pasur conquered the world. Not only was the large continent invaded for these stupid rocks but throughout the world Pasur troops turned peaceful Yoxa into subjugated Yoxa and then into armies that fought.

But in their expansion was their inherent downfall. As Pasur exploited the local Yoxa both as slaves to mine for the minerals and overseers to control the slaves, fewer and fewer Pasur wanted to live in these far off countries – and definitely not in sufficient numbers to oppress the Yoxa into being slaves. Economically the Pasur needed to find a different way of controlling the Yoxa, and they followed the practise they had used with the overseers. Initially using the leaders of the tribes as overseers was unstable as the overseers then sympathised with the slaves, but then they hit on the idea of using overseers from one tribe to control the slaves of another. It was then they realised this policy could become their exit strategy – enable a smaller tribe. Realising their territories were becoming unstable, they developed this minopower strategy – determine a tribe who could be manipulated into controlling the other slaves and give them power of government provided they maintained economic relations. As

a result minerals flowed from their satraps back to the Pasur whilst the local minopower took all the flack.

This maintained the wealth flowing in the direction the Pasur-ner wanted until they themselves got too greedy. Why? Their wealth was egregious, but then none of what the Pasur did made sense through the eyes of history. Eventually the Pasur fought each other for control of the wealth but even in defeat they recognised that it was important that Pasur remain in charge of all the countries. One Pasur country was noted for starting wars to increase their control of mineral wealth. Losing a particular war, these Pasur could not allow Yoxa control so with manipulation the defeated Pasur maintained power, flexed their egos again, sought increased wealth, created war and then needed to be jumped on again - a cycle of war that provided profits. Throughout Pagan times these particular Pasur never ceased to be falling and rising into power until eventually the Dogmatons put a stop to it all.

Eventually the Pasur decided that their main efforts were required in their home country, the more they kept their Yoxa ignorant the more they could be exploited. One of their global wars had got out of hand so foolishly they sent their own troops out to a distant land. Despite a huge loss of life in that land the war continued for years. By comparison this huge loss barely affected the Yoxa-ner but they all knew of family who had died as soldiers. Being forced to introduce conscription in order to ensure they had enough cannon fodder, the Pasur-ner made a huge mistake and this backfired for generations. Families saw their dead young and reacted, forcing the Pasur to end the war.

Fighting wars with conscription never happened again. Glorifying war through their media Pasur never showed their young Yoxa as mercilessly killing peasants, instead they were seen as being mistreated by heathens who were supposedly heartless to their own Yoxa. Carrying out deeds in defence of the downtrodden, handsome young men were shown as heroes and the Yoxa were too tired to use their



brains to perceive anything else. With such heroism being promoted within education establishments, there was a steady source of heroes as cannon fodder.

But there were dirty jobs, wars with no justification. Destabilising these “dirty” countries by providing arms for minorities, Pasur enabled minority to fight minority and endless war was created. It was not helped by these countries having their own dictatorial Pasur who refused to let go of power, and these dictators encouraged their Yoxa to kill each other. Still needing control to extract resources, Pasur employed security companies to carry out these dirty jobs. Such security companies maintained illicit arms trade to disreputable Yoxa, and sent out their own operatives to do any dirty jobs needed. Whilst ensuring that the companies had government funds to complete the tasks – government funds that had been collected through taxes, governments guided by Pasur could then disown these mercenaries - which they did.

And if these mercenaries couldn't do the jobs, they always had drones - except drones had one significant drawback. Although they were claimed to be target-specific, this was far from the truth. Once the targets knew they were targets they forced Yoxa to remain close – and when the Pasur killed a target they called the many other victims “collateral damage”. Claiming that a recognised enemy had been “taken out”, Pasur media did not report the tears and chagrin that always accompanied such a horrific use. But the Pasur's Yoxa never worried too much about that, their family were not out there, these enemies were heathens, and the drones cost vast amounts of money so many of these Yoxa had jobs – and were bought off in this way.

Pasur investment into control of their own Yoxa paid great benefits. These Yoxa thought little of the deaths their lifestyle created via the Pasur MICwars. And at the same time these Yoxa were so grateful for two reasons. Firstly they saw what their own country did to other Yoxa and were thankful it was not



them. And secondly the Pasur always made sure there were never enough jobs to go around, so Yoxa in work were relieved to be wage slaves.

But then the Pasur muddied the waters even further by enabling the Dogmatons, because they needed the attention of the Yoxa to be focussed away from identifying the Pasur as the source of the problem. As always there was the obvious Yoxa solution - the ego. Ego comes in many forms but one obvious form is that of superiority, there were always some Yoxa who thought they were superior to others. But the Pasur didn't leave this to chance, they controlled the education system. Instead of there being natural education where all Yoxa need to be educated to find their role in nature, the Pasur created an education system that focussed on ego by making it competitive. Two things were needed from this Pasur education, a Yoxa that accepts being wage-slaves, and secondly a competitive Yoxa where there were mechanisms to show superiority. Most of this was achieved by testing, and awarding jobs based on these tests; with this mechanism the young were controlled for a long time. Parents sent them to school telling them to learn, and the Pasur made sure that young Yoxa learned that the Pasur system of conquest wars and wage-slavery was an honourable system, and then they rewarded a few by ensuring only those they wanted passed the tests. Significant was labelling the rest as failures because if they "failed" they were then much relieved to accept any sort of wage-slave job, their gratitude enslaving them for life.

At the same time as the Dogmatons were gaining increased power this system was not working for the Pasur because they now had automation meaning that they only really needed creative Yoxa who believed in the Pasur system – if they didn't believe why would creative Yoxa apply their abilities? Other Yoxa had their labour usurped by cheaper machines, and there were fewer jobs – only for those few who could oil the cogs.

Honiti put down his pad. He had been waiting for the USG meeting and had been looking at history. Never looking at genuine history, Pasur education turned history into a vainglorious indoctrination that encouraged Pasur worship, individualism and heroism; such history never looked for patterns of development. Understandable really, a clear view of history would have exposed them for what they were – users and murderers.

Today was a special day for the USG, despite the discouragement of the monitors they were going to meet for the first time in person. It was a given rule that compassion could never be reflected online. In earlier times science never examined the forces in play during Yoxa communication. *That's probably because Yoxa never properly communicated in earlier times, thought Honiti but maybe not after all they never really had a chance to be free back then.*

He remembered the monitor discussing with them. “Why do you need that level of communication? You are vulnerable. Meeting in person will expose that vulnerability and that could lead to all kinds of unwanted consequences,” warned Chipak. “I have seen it, all the monitors have seen it. It is one of the first things they tell us.” Even on the screens she could see the lack of heeding. “If we were Dogmatons we would ban such things,” she concluded knowing it wouldn't work.

Anticipating meeting the group Honiti had arrived early, and there was still time so his mind drifted back to Yoxa history. It was so interesting to understand the forces – to help us understand who we are. Why had the Pasurs so underestimated the Dogmatons but in a way he didn't need history to answer - Pasur-Ner were so arrogant.

Once their greed became so entrenched they allowed automation to take over, the Pasur changed education. In Pagan times creativity in education was never systemically considered. Gaia always

threw up the creative but such Yoxa were never mainstream – except for those in mainstream media who mimicked creativity as part of the narrative - part of maintaining mainstream delusion. Because the Pasur knew creativity, awareness and change were inextricably linked, their education system particularly played down creativity – basically creativity could expose the Pasurs. No it was more than that, creativity was the very source of truth, creativity is the tool that sees truth. Whilst the intellect is deluded through education, whilst emotions come and go in daily life and can be manipulated by those who choose to, creativity is the insight that sees through and beyond to truth. It is the only way. There is no truth on the pads, there are words and descriptions that can move towards the truth but the incisiveness of creativity is needed to grasp it. No-one can know what Gaia intends but when Gaia wants you to know she gives creativity.

What became common knowledge in modern times wasn't known in these earlier times. It is Gaia's choice, often called the muse Leuak, when creativity happens; but it is every Yoxa's duty to be ready. Similarly it is education's duty to prepare Yoxa to be open to that creativity when Leuak happens, but in early times education closed minds by filling them up with so much irrelevant content. Education did provide positive societal skills especially amongst the younger, but change and the awareness of the need for change were actively discouraged.

In fact there was much that is now accepted as mature requirements which education never even considered. Despite it often being spoken as a mantra in training and conferences, the mantra that education was there to prepare the young for adulthood, in reality all it prepared the young for was wage-slavery. Especially in Pagan times the mature had it difficult. The very process of becoming mature was fraught. Putting it simply to start on the mature path required a rejection of conditioning, and although that seems natural to us now it was far from easy in practise. When young, compulsory education meant that there was no escape from societal conditioning. From birth throughout the day

each Yoxa was conditioned until they started in the world of work; maybe there were a few whose parents did not accept conditioning but there was still peer pressure. Yoxa often tried to escape conditioning through leisure activities but it was often remarked in teenage rebellion how conformist those rebels were to whatever contemporaneous fashion their teenage fantasies adhered to. And very often that rebellion had no connection with a mature path – just a different form of entertainment that the Pasur business interests exploited.

So somehow Leuak had to survive within each person till at least they were 21 without ever reaching full expression. Can you imagine that? *Can you imagine how difficult it must have been for those young Yoxa to live with Leuak's head rising?* thought Honiti, his mind shivered. Honiti had read of those mature Yoxa going through times of torment as Leuak battled the conditioning. Because even as adults the conditioning was ever-present whether it was in the community of peers, the ongoing mainstream indoctrination masquerading as entertainment or throughout the literature that was supposed to lead out. Reading of these Yoxa hitting bottom, going through years of depression, involved in battles with drugs, all because their minds had been fashioned with conditioning rather than remaining open as Gaia intended, he was deeply saddened. At least once Leuak had broken through, She brought with her a sense of joy and happiness to these repressed minds, a joy that the rest of Yoxa never experienced. Honiti couldn't imagine how throughout their whole life a Yoxa could never experience Leuak's joy – such an emptiness.

Honiti's drifting mind was brought back by a rustle of activity as the door opened. In walked two of their group with the monitor, Chipak, and then behind them he saw Lina. His heart fluttered. Maybe deep inside him nascent love had encouraged him to be early, maybe deep inside fate had been part of the process of this person meeting, maybe Leuak was thanking him for his hard work. Maybe ended at

the moment he saw her. It showed in the fluttering of his heart but that was all, his duty would not allow it to surface any more than that. But in that moment life changed irrevocably for Honiti.

For Honiti duty was the feeble barrier that prevented love's fulfilment, and that barrier only needed a nudge.

In the meeting he admired what she said. At one time his body's attraction had raised the thoughts of her physical charms, the ample breasts that were only noticeable because he allowed his attention to go there, her long hair that she touched occasionally pulling it over her left cheek and allowing it to fall over her breast and back into place, and her face - it was a face he liked. Was she beautiful or was it just him? And as the body continued to further engage his mind he quickly stopped the desire-controlled thoughts, bringing his attention back he focussed on the meeting.

After the meeting a few decided to walk in the park – such a beautiful day Gaia would surely recharge them. It turned out Chipak loved history as well, this was good as history had many lessons for monitors thought Honiti. When Chipak talked about the way Yoxa had underestimated the corruption of the Dogmatons Honiti was amused, and for a long time they walked he with Lina and Darando - just walking listening to Chipak's erudition. It was clear Chipak was conscious of Dogmaton failings but he didn't have the deep-seated anger for them that Honiti felt. Yoxa who know what is going on have a greater responsibility to Gaia, Honiti felt, these Dogmatons knew that the wars the Pasur fought were for profit, these Dogmatons knew that it was wrong to control creativity by rules but they still did it. How can they have been like that?

“Historians always say that the Dogmatons first became significant in Pagan times but then they were called PC. As far as I understand it they began with good intentions = including the recognition that the

wars Pasur-ner instigated were at the root of many social problems in their own lands. They had a phrase that the world was getting smaller, and some might think this a justification – not you Honiti?” she smiled.

“Early invasions were carried out in lands that only the troops visited; for the Yoxa-ner back home, even if they were caring in their community, those distant Yoxa meant nothing - just less educated Yoxa living where the minerals were found or where they got the cotton or the bananas etc. Over the years this changed. Some Yoxa began to get a conscience that it was unfair to exploit those in far off lands, and all kinds of ridiculous theories were put forward – including one that said Ner brains were bigger than Tai,” she mused her laughter was quite infectious “that was when they believed the mind resided in the brain,” she added as an aside.

“Even religion was used as a means of claiming superiority, they deluded themselves that their Pagan religion was better than the religions of Yoxa-Tai so they sent out missionaries to convert. And because they had the armies Yoxa were forced to be converted. So developed some very corrupt religions where the heart had been ripped out by this military imposition.

“Back home the issue of racism became more serious. Once these countries became underdeveloped by the practices of invasion, the exploited Yoxa began following the money – well not strictly the money as the home countries did not take money from these countries but minerals. In the homeland the Pasur then used race to divide blaming the immigrating races rather than recognising a Pasur exploitation tactic. Racist language became common place, it was accepted everywhere. At the time activists recognised that the source of racism was not the language but they promoted methods of restricting racist language with the ongoing intention that control of the language would be followed by awareness education.



“It was the awareness failure that was the most important. The liberal intellectuals began to take over, and their understanding of racism was limited. Rather than seeing the source in the Pasur they became satisfied with token measures such as language restriction. For these Liberals censorship was sufficient. Happy with this because they knew censorship was divisive, the Pasur encouraged these liberals. As the liberals became more and more powerful censorship increased and so did the division. And whilst this increased censorship happened, the Pasur quietly got on with their exploitation - accumulating more and more.

“Power was an aphrodisiac to these liberal intellectuals, the more power they had the more censorship they introduced. These liberals would bang on about rights, how important it was to say the right thing about race gender and trans; so long as Yoxa said the right thing it didn't matter what happened. Recognising this diversion the Pasur continued with their wars and wage-slavery allowing these self-righteous to gain increasing power.

“There was a backlash for a while by some ignorant Yoxa. Deep-rooted racists and sexists hated this censorship, and they began to mobilise against this liberal control. But the Pasur manipulated this by putting in power obnoxious leaders who cared little for compassion. These obnoxious demagogues gained democratic power through lies and deceit, and created anarchy whilst in power. Using this anarchy Pasur-Ner increased their exploitation, and eventually the Yoxa turned away from the demagogues. However this lurch to right-wing demagogues worked against Yoxa rights because the compassionate standing up for the Yoxa were attacked by the right and driven underground by right-wing militias. But these militias left the liberals alone as they were feeble and were of no apparent threat. So by the time this ignorant backlash had played out more power was consolidated in the hands of these liberals.



“This is where the Pasur got it wrong leading eventually to their demise. Increasing censorship dumbed down the Yoxa, and for a while the Pasur saw no problem with this because increasing automation led to greater profits – and their raison d’etre was satisfied. Dumbing down and automation went hand-in-hand for a while until gradually the Pasur had no creative input. Without their creative intelligence there was nothing to drive increasing profits. As their profits declined their control of the military disappeared especially as the military required weapons innovation to maintain advantage. Increasingly the military turned to policing, and the power switched from the war footing of the Pasur to the policing of the censorship of the Dogmatons. And once the military had switched allegiance the Pasur power had gone. The censorship of the Dogmatons became central to the activities of the military who had refashioned themselves as police. Increasingly the alliance between power and censorship kept “peace”, and the Dogmatons congratulated themselves. Soon the alliance was strong enough to impose restrictions on the Pasur whose wealth was repatriated to the state to finance increased state security – one of the many euphemisms censorship used. “Meanwhile globally the war engine of the Pagan era – the Pasurs – had lost any dynamism, and where there had once been MICwars there was now efforts to rebuild societies. Throughout Pagan times there had been a UN but it was toothless because the most powerful manipulated its democracy through financial control. Gradually taking over the UN the Dogmatons applied global censorship through global policing. There was an end of wars because of religion or race, there was an end to overt gender exploitation as language was controlled. It was all pushed behind closed doors, domestic violence increased but the policing was there to control it and it too subsided.

“So Yoxa-Gaia became a peaceful place but repressed. Gone was creativity and insight, such increasingly coming into conflict with the censorship as Gaia through them tried to push back against the imposed boundaries of censorship. Fundamental to Gaia was creativity and this was an anathema to the Dogmatons.

“But the arrogance of these Dogmatons lasted a long time whilst Yoxa spirit was further and further repressed by the censorship that was fed by their arrogance. The Dogmatons had ended wars, now there was no overt racism and sexism, transgender became a fashion which brought its own problems as so many jumped on the bandwagon. The peace that was created repressed so much that was Yoxa, and love became shallow dominated by language rather than soul. It was a world of automation, sufficiency and imposed dullness. But there was peace.”

“But repression can never be permanent,” Lina chimed in.

“Of course not but it did last a long time because they were frightened of the MICwars. The Yoxa repressed their true natures out of fear that MICwars would return,” Chipak answered “but that could not happen because the Dogmatons placed a cap on personal wealth so there could never be a return of the Pasur-class.”

“It was better than the Pagans,” conceded Honiti “but at what cost in lives. It makes me shiver when I think of how creativity and love suffered.”

“How did that happen, Honiti?” asked Lina moving next to Honiti – despite Chipak’s subtle efforts to separate them. Honiti began explaining, and the two moved closer together as they became engrossed in their conversation. Chipak watched horrified as he knew what was happening – what had to happen when they met in person. Chipak became distracted by Darando but when she later looked back she knew it was too late.

“They failed to monitor the monitors,” laughed Darando continuing the conversation looking pointedly at Chipak. Other duties brought her attention to Darando; Lina and Honiti were lost away in the

distance.

“Yes for a long time these arrogant Dogmatons thought everything they did was right,” agreed Chipak as she continued to walk with Darando “this was a typical intellectual failing. They thought they were detached when in fact all they were was ignorant.”

“Yes these Dogmatons did not understand love, they did not understand creativity, and they did not understand insight,” answered Darando.

“But most importantly, they didn’t realise their own ignorance of how important these qualities were to life on earth,” continued Chipak.

“To Gaia,” concluded Darando. They both stopped, and looked around. There was a mild breeze that whistled through the trees. To their left a leaf dropped, further away there was a mild swaying. And wherever they looked there was peace, a peace that they could all have if they opened their hearts and listened; for the most part now they did.





→ [Honiti contents](#)

→ [Wai Z contents](#)



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# LOVE IN HONITI

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## 3) Creative Emergence

As Lina and Honiti continued to meet, Gaia's love entwined them; they were in tune with Gaia, themselves and each other. Harmony had no choice but to bring them closer. What would then happen

in daily life would be up to them to resolve as there was nothing finer Gaia could do for them. To begin with their harmony began with words.

“What was that cost?” asked Lina.

“I’m sure you know,” Honiti answered.

“You have a way with words,” she smiled “when you explain it opens up ways of thinking I haven’t seen before.”

“Thank you,” he answered puzzled.

“No really,” she pushed him “I like to listen .... especially to you.”

“OK,” he accepted her at face value, anyway he loved to talk about these things especially to her. “For years the creative had resented the dogmatons. Politically they accused these Liberals of cowardice, of their inability to face the truth, how they chose to ignore the bigger issues of war and wage-slavery because they were in work and benefitting from the Pasur wealth and benefaction.”

“But of course not all those who criticised the Liberals were creative,” answered Lina.

“I agree,” nodded Honiti “but for all genuinely creative Yoxa that criticism came from their source; for others criticising the dogma of these Liberals came from a different dogma – the dogma of what some called the extreme left.”

“But in reality many of this extreme left weren’t different from the Liberals,” spoke Lina, "just different intellectuals paying lip-service to an extreme dogma."

“Absolutely,” he smiled and continued. “Now the Liberals put it out that they themselves were left – when in fact they were middle-ground. And the right loved this division because they could attack all of these unprincipled intellectuals, and intentionally using the different dogmas for confusion caused the Yoxa to be divided and alienated from the truth.

“About the only extremity of the Liberal views was their extreme adherence to dogma,” he smiled “a dogma without love or creativity. Even those on the liberal left who fought for climate change did not comprehend Gaia in her entirety. And for me those failures were extreme.”

“Lacking love," she mused and he nodded. "So why do you think things started to change?" she asked.

“It is not clear exactly how the change was started,” he began carefully. “For years the creative and the dogmatic left had fought against the Liberals hoping to get them to remove censorship from their way of thinking. But this was futile. But within their slender alliance there was a huge dilemma. As the Dogmatons began to gain control from the Pasur, everyone could see that this was a step in the right direction bringing with it an end to the MICwars and the wage-slavery. Yoxa were beginning to be treated properly rather than as work units who could increase Pasur profits.

“The dogmatic left began to calm as they felt they could work with the Liberals to achieve their political aims, and soon historically they disappeared - bought off by the minimal power offered by the Dogmatons combined with some adherence to their doctrines. Amongst the dogmatic left this buying off caused a split as those who saw the truth of the Dogmaton approach allied themselves with



Creatives, but the dominant intellectualism were happy with what the Dogmatons offered them. As less and less of what they valued was accepted by Liberal society, the dilemma of this creative alliance worsened.

“Let me retrace a few steps,” he looked at her, surely she was bored with all this. But she just gave him an encouraging smile. “Even in Pagan times the creative had an outlet. For the Pasur all that mattered was profit, if it could be sold they could make a profit – and the creative as in music, design, art or books could be sold. Of course it wasn’t as straightforward as that. Firstly the Pasur didn’t usually use the most creative as that was not what was profitable to them. Over time they found there was a package they could profit from, and simplistically that could be encapsulated as fashion. If the creative could be packaged within a fashion, then Pasur agents could market the fashion and so profit from the creative. Usually requiring the artist to jump through hoops, genuine artists were disdainful of this. But imitators weren’t. Basically they found genuine artists, imitated their art, and sold the package of fashionable imitated art. Although this was blatantly unfair, at least the creative contributed to society in part - even under Pasur control the creative survived. And surprisingly – surprising that the Pasur allowed this - much creative art was critical of the Pasur but it didn’t matter to the Pasur. Firstly they profited from it, secondly propaganda had sufficient control of the Yoxa, and thirdly the Liberals did not comprehend the truth of what was being said by the creative – as some might say it flew over their heads and had no impact. The creatives laid out the truth for them but like with the MICwars and the wage-slavery they turned a blind eye to it focussing on whatever fashionable cause was in the wind.

“But under the Dogmatons things took a turn for the worse for the creative. Yes they still wanted what was produced creatively but in an anaesthetised form. It had to be censored but censored in what way? In a way the Dogmatons could never admit the truth about at the beginning. Creative products continued to be made but these products were limited to decorative or party pieces. Arrogant

Dogmatons were so convinced they were right, they censored criticism as being disruptive and potentially leading to anarchy and the re-emergence of the Pasur. Not wanting the returns of the egos that created the Pagan times, at first even the creative begrudgingly accepted these limitations.

“The creative avoided direct criticism by word or music, and art or poetry that could be interpreted as criticism was censored by the Dogmaton enforcers. The creative became safe. Usually this meant that art was copied or tweaked, a form that was acceptable was “photoshopped” into new art becoming a new party piece or display item.

“After a time some creatives rejected self-imposed censorship, but by then Dogmaton arrogance was so much in control censorship became imprisonment for those who didn’t comply. Especially early on when MICwars were still fresh in memory there were few creatives who were so foolhardy and vainglorious.

“But Gaia could never be happy with such repression as Dogmaton society became stagnant. Change is a constant but censorship prevents change – in this case the natural way of change through creativity had been stifled by censorship. Even though stagnation produced an unease amongst many of the Dogmatons, they were so arrogant they could not describe what this unease was or meant.

“Over the decades this unease grew into frustration – Dogmaton society was just frustrated but they had no idea why. This frustration spilled out into random acts of violence which led to more police and increasing censorship. With censorship then oppressing further creation, more creatives were imprisoned for their art or more exactly they were imprisoned because they demanded their expression be seen by all.

“The Dogmatons might have weathered the creative storm because there were few creatives – even though their numbers increased through the decades. But what they could not deal with was a consequence of censorship that was not foreseen. Their censorship was restricting love, and when the two forces of repressed creatives and restricted love combined together there was an unstoppable tide that eventually brought in life as we know it now.”

Honiti looked at his pad, it was time to return to the group and then go home; they walked back together with some sadness. By the time they reached the meeting room, most group members had gone home but Chipak was still there with Darando.

“Did you enjoy your walk?” Chipak asked.

Honiti smiled. “Yes. It was good to get away and be understood,” he turned to Lina who was also smiling. “Isn’t that the purpose of USG?” added Lina smiling in part to disarm Chipak.

Chipak nodded, and with a sideways glance felt there was no way to react to the comment. “I am sure we will meet again,” she added.

“We all hope so,” chimed in Darando. And with that they all made their way home .

Through the door Naica greeted Honiti genuinely, she was pleased to see him. They kissed. After a suitable time Honiti asked of the children, and she just said “fine”. “You should go talk with them, it will soon be time for them to sleep,” she added, and he duly did so. Pleased to see him, they played a short while, washed and read before dropping off to sleep. A good end to the day, thought Honiti.

Back to the living room he saw Naica was sat reading. She asked after the meeting, and he gave a careful non-committal answer that she seemed to accept. Sitting there quietly together, Honiti's mind wandered to the walk. Would that he could talk with Naica in the same way? Drifting off to sleep, he was wakened by Naica's movement and they went to bed.

Work and home ticked along, and the next meeting came on the calendar. It was a time Honiti was looking towards, but this time he would not be so early; in fact when he arrived there were already several present. Looking around, no Lina had not arrived yet.

Chipak greeted him first as was her practise, and then he went and sat with Darando. "How is Naica?" he asked getting a perfunctory response.

"And Angita? She treats you well," Honiti asked.

"Most of the time," Darando answered, and they both knew what that meant.

"We can't ask for more than that," they both nodded.

"Is Lina coming today?" Honiti asked. Chipak listened in the distance at Honiti's mention of her name.

"As far as I know," Darando answered "but aren't you more likely to know?"

"No not really," replied Honiti a little puzzled "I only see her at meetings."

"You seemed to know her a lot better than that," Darando added, and Honiti looked at him. Was that it, thought Chipak, was that the trigger?

Perhaps not, but just at that moment Lina walked in, Honiti looked at her, and the floodgates opened. It had happened – as Chipak expected. Honiti realised they were more than friends, did she feel the same way? He needed to find out.

Chipak's role had now changed, it was now to manage love. As yet she knew Lina and Honiti had not accepted that it was love that bounded them, but once they did it was Chipak's role to make sure they understood their responsibilities. In many USG groups love had grown, flourished, been managed and yet responsibilities in the dysfunctional marriage had been fulfilled without detriment to the children. This was part of what Chipak was trained for and why she was there to monitor.

This time she encouraged Lina and Honiti to join her for a walk – Darando came too, only this time she manipulated the conversation so that she and Darando would talk. That was not actually difficult as Darando liked talking, and his own relationship was presenting difficulties that Chipak was able to help with. In fact she wanted to encourage Darando to meet Honiti outside group, and see the way Honiti managed; they could support each other in their respective homes .

“We spoke last time of creativity,” started Lina “and you said that forces were lining up with love – or something like that. Do you remember?”

“Of course I remember,” replied Honiti smiling “I often thought of our conversation since.” Looking at each other they smiled.

“Love really suffered under the Dogmatons – more than creativity. Even in Pagan times love came to fruition – by comparison, with the Pagans however love was never respected. This started with the Pasur whose only interest was profit. Through their influence this meant that love became secondary to

profit. They didn't mind love because love in families meant stability, that meant steady consumer units and ultimately profit.

“But love was never respected, and if to increase profits separation of lovers, separation of family occurred that was OK for the Pasur. Once love was not given its proper high position then it became very easy to manipulate. With the ethos of Pasur society being that profit mattered more than love, it soon followed that love could be manipulated in other ways. Profit gave the lead in this as well, the more the profit the happier the Pasur were. Using their influence they introduced competition into loving relationships - between the woman and man, can you believe it? Rather than working together and mutually respecting love, natural differences were focussed on and valued in a way that led to separation. Man fought woman for dominance and vice versa. Rather than relishing the fortune they had in finding love, couples often began exploiting each other – instead of working together. Women met – often in the homes, and described how little they were respected. Feeling discomfort with this men sought solace with each other often with drugs such as alcohol - to find comfort from the battle at home; they often competed within their social groups to have more sexual partners outside the relationship. Inexcusable behaviour all around brought on by the Pasur manipulation, the times were difficult but why was it so easy for Yoxa to fall into these abusive patterns? Because of this competition relationships suffered as both men and women conformed to a stereotype of separation. But at least there was some love even if it waned over their lifetimes.

“But overall love existed in Pagan times because it helped the Pasur with their profits,” he paused looking at her. Was she bored with this, he thought, did she feel for him what he felt for her? No, he tried to dismiss that thought.

“So how did things change with the Dogmatons?” she asked prompting him to continue.



“I don’t really understand how the change occurred because I can’t understand how they could let the problem happen in the first place,” he continued “but I will try to explain the best I can.

“The Dogmatons recognised the way Pasur influence had manipulated relationships, and they also realised how damaged the children had been in such divided homes. So they began by focussing their attention on the children. It almost became a competition amongst these liberals as to how much they cared for the children,” he added.

“That sounds fraught with danger,” she interrupted. “It is not ....”

“Good for children .....,” he interceded. “Oh, I’m sorry, I got carried away.”

“I think we are saying the same thing,” she continued ignoring his unwarranted apology “if you give children too much attention they don’t grow as Yoxa, all they do is seek attention.”

He paused and looked at her, did she want to say more?

She was quiet, seemed content so he continued “Yes these Dogmatons became doting parents. From a situation under the Pasur where parents were often absent because of impositions of work, they became focussed on the children. And there began a cycle of Yoxa living their lives through their children. Over the years these children began to misbehave, with parents becoming defensive. What might have been a good communal intervention to chastise a child for poor social behaviour became a threat to parental prowess eliciting parental vitriol. Extended families that had helped provide balance in the upbringing of children were often ignored and old Yoxa were less and less valued. Maternal grandmothers who had once been a strong disciplinary influence controlling wayward children were cut out of the equation and

as a result these children became manipulative of attention-giving parents. And this behaviour became observably difficult except that because it was happening to all the children it became the norm. And the wisdom of the grandparents was lost to the children. When they had the chance Dogmatons sat around discussing how good parents they were whilst their children learnt more poor behaviour. But in a way there was a stability because once the children became parents they did the same thing. Being poorly behaved, the children learnt little of the control and personal discipline required of individuals, but as adults were controlled by the need to spend all their time with unruly children.”

“But if families were so introverted, what was happening to society?” asked Lina.

“Society was breaking down but they didn’t see it because they were so focussed on the children. They did not have the time to be detached and examine what was happening to their society,” he answered.

“But where was love in this?” she asked puzzled, she had not heard this before.

“Children were expected to get educated, find a vocation, become parents and live out their lives in this way,” he appeared not to have heard her question. She listened patiently. “You are right, there was no love in this. There was compatibility. Adults paired up based on agreed perceptions on bringing up children. Within cultures it was agreed that bringing up children was the main responsibility, and family education and community all worked together to find matched couples agreeing on the same methodology for bringing up children.”

“This was not totally wrong,” interjected Lina “it sounds excessive but not totally wrong.”

“Yes that was exactly the point about these Dogmatons,” he continued “they were not totally wrong – none of the wrongness of Pasur and their Pagans. But in removing the excesses of these Pasur they removed something so much more important ....”

“Being Yoxa,” she interceded “Being Yoxa the way Gaia intended, Yoxa who were creative and full of love. With Yoxa children growing up loving life being inquisitive seeking experience, challenge, loving their parents but free to learn, love and get hurt.”

“Yes all of this became second-place to what was considered right by the Dogmatons,” he added. “Children who did not seek all of this, whose life was focussed on behaviour – and misbehaviour – learnt only what was the correct thing to say – even though often they didn’t say it. They were taught what was right, and parents spent much time justifying what was right. And in the end all these children learnt was how to reason.”

“How can that be? Where was love in this?” she was still puzzled “Didn’t these children just do things because their parents told them, because they loved their parents?”

“It seems not. It seems that love was not a justification to these Dogmatons. Actions had to be explained, justified and rationalised. In the end copying parents because they loved them was not part of the way these children grew up ,” he tried to answer her puzzlement.

“But that must have been so confusing to the children,” she was still baffled “So confusing ....”

“Of course, but because that is the way Dogmatons saw that their children should be brought up, and because of a reaction to the lack of emphasis on the home with the Pagans, this became a major focus of

the Dogmatons. In the end without realising they had focussed their children on language, rationale but no love or creativity,” he took a breath, his explanation almost done.

“But Dogmatons did not eschew creativity,” she countered.

“No they didn’t,” he noted “creativity was compulsory. The Dogmatons knew that children should try to be creative so all children were forced to be creative. There became a way that creativity should show itself, and the children were forced to conform to this way of creativity. If the children were not creative in the way that was expected, it was considered part of the many aspects of poor behaviour these Dogmaton children showed and was discouraged. Such discouragement often led to a reaction but by the time those children became adults they had learnt a creativity that was conforming - imitation.”

“And then there was love,” she concluded.

“In Pagan times media had encouraged a shallow version of love. Typically this would be portrayed as young Yoxa being misunderstood by parents or society finding each other in deep throes of passion and then driving off into the sunset (or a similar contrived imagery) to live happily ever after. Of course this happiness rarely happened. Communities created competition as the husband was encouraged to see the importance of binding with other men, and women would complain that the men never treated them well. Whilst initially there was some truth in these stereotypes, the way communities were constructed it became a self-fulfilling prophecy. Relationships that were once founded on love became functional, couples staying together to bring up children or perhaps just because they were afraid to be alone. Yet because the Pasur profited from stable relationships there was pressure on all to marry.

“With the images that the media portrayed little was understood of this greatest gift. The media would present torrid scenes of passion, and all understood this as love. Such passion was experienced by the young as Gaia intended but those who were older and experiencing genuine love were often dissuaded through the lack of passion. These Pagans just did not understand the instinctive role of passion in love – Gaia’s carrot for the young, and when older Yoxa were experiencing this genuine love they would be asking “where is the passion?”

“But at least they had this passion. Once Dogmaton society developed, their media dismissed passion as an animal aberrance, it became part of the poor behaviour that was tolerated in children and young adults that was recognised as behaviour to grow out of. There was no distinction between passion as a natural instinct and spoilt behaviour that was created by liberal confusion. Dogmaton media began depicting moments of passion as leading to anti-social behaviour, passion distracting from moral duty, passion interfering with compassionate care. For the Pagans love between doctors and nurses was often seen as ideal, amongst the Dogmatons passion between the two often led to patient death or disability. Couples involved in acts of passion were often shown as being derelict in their social responsibilities. Couples involved in sexual acts whilst driving would be shown as causing accidents, with death and hardship for the victims. Slowly over Dogmaton times the passionate highs were gradually deflated, and the height of love was shown as families whose social responsibility through charity and care was the *raison d’etre*.”

“But surely there must have been Yoxa in love,” interrupted Lina “how did the Dogmatons treat them?”

“Mainly by displaying those in love as being derelict of duty, of failing in their social responsibilities,” he answered.

“But we know that personal love naturally transcends to communal love once the instinct of passion has been worked through,” she interjected rather angrily bemused at the ignorance.

“Chill,” he told her stepping back with mock alarm, and they both laughed. “I am only describing – not agreeing.” She squeezed his arm acknowledging what he said, “my anger is not with you,” she added quietly.

“Yes these Dogmatons missed out on all that additional harmony. As you quite rightly say, we now know that young love quickly transforms into communal love, and there becomes increasing strength between couples as personal love feeds communal love which in turns feeds the personal again,” he continued.

“It seems so strange to me,” she mused “We rely so much on this transpersonal nature of love to fuel our society yet the Dogmatons were so unaware.”

“I have always thought that it was this lack of transpersonal love that ultimately led to the stagnation that was their downfall,” he added “but not all historians accept that.”

“I probably agree with you,” she nodded “how can a society lack such pure vitality?”

She felt comfortable with Honiti. Sure he went on a bit when he got going, but she liked that because of the things hespoke about. And she could see in him that he knew this banging-on weakness, as important showing concern for her if she ever wanted to say anything. So different to Gerard who was so stifling because he was almost completely pre-occupied with himself.



He'd say he loved her. She scoffed to herself, how can he call it love when he was only concerned with his own freedom, his own expression, his own search? There was no doubt in her mind that Gerard had much to offer but not in relationship, because in relationship he could never move beyond his pre-occupation with himself to love. Love meant both Yoxa reaching fulfilment.

And there was nothing wrong in Gerard's love being focussed on society, there are Yoxa like that. No there was nothing wrong with that except, she felt herself getting frustrated, Gerard refused to accept he was one of those Yoxa. He refused to accept that he did not love her because he was always concerned about her. If she asked something of him he would try to do it – even the little things. But none of it came naturally. He wanted her to be free, to feel love, to express herself but this was never the way he acted because he was just so stifling. And when he was not stifling he was not himself. He was always concerned for her, was she comfortable? Was she happy? Was she bored? Did she enjoy it? But this just meant abnegating himself to love her, and then it became too much. This is where her original passion for him came from, because she loved his preoccupation with her. But even when her passion was consuming her she knew it wasn't right, somehow it wasn't love. But she didn't know why at that time.

She wanted to talk to Honiti about this but that was not right - discussing her husband with others. "Not an unusual problem," Chipak had told her. "It is hard to understand but it happens. Gerard loves but he cannot be a lover. When you make love how does that feel?"

"He wants me to be happy. He asks me how I am feeling. If I ask him to touch me, to take time, to kiss, to snuggle, he does it. But it doesn't come from him, it comes from me. He doesn't know, should he know?" she spoke in frustration "In olden times women would have loved such a caring man, yet here I am complaining. It sometimes feels like I am being so indulgent. Yet one minute he is stifling, and then the next he is pre-occupied with something else. And when I ask him where he's gone, he will talk of

something wonderful, and I don't want to disturb him. And then I am frustrated. We can never be together together.”

“You must not see yourself as wrong in this,” advised Chipak “you have been unlucky. You must wait until he knows you are not right to be together. When he knows this then you can stay as loving Toxa but not together. He needs to know that his love is transpersonal, that this is the way some Yoxa are. And that it is enough for him to be that way. In fact for him it is important to learn that he is stifling himself in the relationship because he is trying to be a lover to you. The love of lovers is natural, it is not something you have to try at. When making love, when loving, there should not be any contrivance. He is trying to be what he cannot be – a personal lover.”

“Again I say, Lina, you are unlucky to be in this situation,” Chipak told her “it is hard to see the difference in this love. We are taught to try to recognise love, and in Gerard there is a loving man. But that love is not for you, it is transpersonal. But his youth and passion hide that from him. He doesn't know it for himself, and somehow he has to learn to recognise that. And meanwhile he is stifling you.

“But let me assure you, he will know in time,” she spoke positively “such good men usually recognise where their hearts are. You need to look out for those signs of awareness and encourage them. As with all such cases the problem is the children. Mostly the partner is the one who suffers because it is when the children have grown that such Yoxa recognise that their love is not for the partner, and they move on – leaving the partner behind with regret at hurting them.”

Chipak couldn't say this but such partners as Lina can only find balance in love outside the relationship. With Honiti? But then there are repercussions. She herself had broken from her relationship. Feeling the passion for Pery when she was young, how much she had wanted him, how she had wanted to immerse

herself in the passion but she could not. Then she saw the love in her but it was not for him. At the time she did not understand herself, and she was completely lost. How she wanted to tell him, but tell him what? That she loved but she did not love him. That she thought she loved him but she could not see any love beyond the passion .... and that made no sense to her then.

But then she started to read, and she read of this counsellor and the struggle this counsellor had when young. How the counsellor, Trys, had felt the passion but felt an emptiness outside the passion. But rather than hide herself in passion, Trys had focussed on the emptiness that was beyond the passion. She sought help through meditation, and her teacher had asked her to think about the passion, look at the passion and look beyond the passion. And what was beyond the passion? It had no name, what was beyond. Go there, go there, the teacher encouraged her. And she went .... beyond the passion. It was hard to stay there as the passion pulled her back. But then one day Trys was in the heights of passion, and she stepped outside the passion. And there was emptiness, and that emptiness was so fulfilling she just wanted to stay there. And amidst the passion of their love-making Trys just remained completely fulfilled touching this emptiness. And Trys knew, she just knew that love was beyond passion, and that love was so much more important than anything else. Knowing this drove her to share that love with others; she chose counselling.

When Chipak read this she had her own epiphany. Because she never got passionate with Pery again, she never experienced the emptiness beyond passion that Trys had described. She remembers watching his tears as they separated, and felt sadness but knew that she had saved him from much greater hurt if they had stayed together. It did not take Pery long to find another, he was ready, a loving man, and was now happy with someone who loved him .... and was not in love transpersonally as Chipak was.

With her years of training and practice Chipak was hoping for the best concerning Lina and Honiti. Neither could be satisfied in their existing situations for completely different reasons. For Lina Gerard was a ticking bomb, his love would soon awaken to his true fruition and Lina would be left stranded – she would have to let him go even if his honour would be prepared to let him stay. For Honiti Naica was weak, and was unwilling to seek help. Occasionally Naica would need Honiti’s succour but not often enough to give Honiti meaning. Honiti’s only hope was that the children would become unscathed adults, having at least the opportunity towards maturity that normal adults now tried to attain. With Naica failing to admit she needed help there was little that could be done for her, and in this she frustrated those around her as well as making her own life worse.

Having evaluated this Chipak saw Lina and Honiti’s budding relationship in a positive light; their love for each other would strengthen both of their existing relationships at least until the children left home. That is unless they got physical, but she thought they were both too mature to allow that to happen. When you also factored in Darando’s needs and the way he and Honiti could support each other and their children, Chipak decided to promote regular in person meetings.

For Honiti and Lina discussion of history was proving to be a beneficial way of cementing their love – and avoided the awful complications that might occur if their love was cemented through discussing love - through the physical.

“I don’t have much time for these Dogmatons,” began Honiti as if it were news.

“Really,” she mocked him.

He was initially taken aback, then laughed with her. “They were such arrogant Yoxa yet if you look at their history there is nothing to be proud of.”

“What do you mean?” she asked. “We know they screwed things up, what are you getting at that is any different?”

“It is not often discussed but the Dogmatons did not start after the Pasur but existed as a negative influence during Pagan times,” he continued noting her mild surprise. “Whilst the Pasur were making wars for profits they manipulated the Liberals as the Dogmatons had earlier been known.

“You see, there were Yoxa around who tried to mobilise against the wars,” he told her.

“They weren’t very successful,” she dismissed them derogatorily.

“I understand why you dismiss them,” he acknowledged “but there was much happening that prevented these good Yoxa from being heard. Mostly it was because the Pasur controlled the media, and through that media presented the wars as being just.”

“You can maybe see one war as being just but when there was an ongoing strategy of war,” she disagreed “one after the other, year after year, decade after decade, then those Yoxa must have been stupid.”

“They were deluded,” he answered “we can see that now. But at the time it was their immaturity that led to the delusion. Voting for leaders who took them to war., those Yoxa did not understand that the leaders were simply Pasur puppets – whichever person they voted for. It was a charade controlled by the Pasur

through the media to delude Yoxa into thinking they had a choice. And all the while Yoxa were being killed so that the Pasur could make their profits.

“But you must also remember the Yoxa then were wage-slaves,” he advised her “very few of them had the time to learn as to how and why they were deluded. But some did have time – the intellectual liberals.”

“So why didn’t they object?” she asked quickly. “No wait,” she made him pause “That’s not the question. How were these liberals bought off?”

“Basically the Pasur system allowed these Liberals to tilt at windmills,” he put it simply. “It was not as simple as that when they were living through it, but basically they were allowed to fight red herrings whilst the real shark, the endless wars for profits, remained unopposed by most.

“These Liberals were given paid positions to supposedly improve Pasur society,” he elaborated “but they were never meant to be successful. Without proper financing they could never be effective. But this enabled the Pasur puppets to claim they were compassionate. However their efforts were always focussed on their own society, the yoxa from other countries were just murdered in these wars for profit.”

“But how could anyone accept that?” she was completely baffled in her anger.

“In retrospect there is no justification,” he agreed “and that is why I don’t have much time for these Dogmatons. In Pagan times there were progressives who mobilised against the war, but they were



fighting the Pasur, their puppets, and the media. And then they were fighting the Liberals who couldn't see the wood for the trees whilst they were tilting at their windmills.

“But what was worse about these Liberals was that their arrogance was used by the Pasur to divide the yoxa,” he added. “You see these arrogant Toxa even then still demanded that everyone fight against their particular windmills. They were given a limited amount of power but instead of using that power to militate against the endless wars and the wage-slavery they used that power to demand that all Yoxa should behave in a liberal way.”

“That is the root of censorship,” she noted and Honiti nodded “the inability to live with difference and genuinely tolerate it. Either there is tolerance or censorship no matter how you sugarcoat it.” There was a pause that became extended as Honiti watched to see if she had finished.

He continued “As today the yoxa were not just one race. Because these Yoxa came from different tribes, the Pasur decided who they were going to invade and exploit,” he paused “then they were vilified in the media. Their own yoxa did not know, and because they trusted the puppet leaders the yoxa believed these others were inferior, violent or whatever the media decided to say.”

“This is a well-known tactic described in our histories,” she countered “but where did these Liberals come in?”

“Well they were supposedly educated,” he sneered “they were supposed to know the truth. To some extent they did, and they said these Yoxa were not as painted. But then they demanded that all the yoxa should treat them equally. And this was at the same time as the Pasur media were painting them badly.”

“Surely that was positive,” she asked “these Liberals were standing up for the truth.”

“You’re right,” he agreed “that wasn’t the problem. The problem was that the Liberals demanded that everyone should treat them equally forgetting that there was "equal but different". These Liberals became known as the Dispolice – policing discrimination.”

“But even the Dispolice don’t sound that bad,” she urged him to get to the point.

“To begin with they weren’t,” he accepted “to begin with these Liberals were working with Progressives as educators. Knowing the issue was complex given the power of the Pasur and their media, they tried to educate Yoxa into being more tolerant – a very difficult job given the power of disinformation. The progressives knew that the discrimination was based on the Pasur need for endless war, and that the vilification was a tactic in those wars. The problem was so deeply entrenched that the progressives agreed that language was a good place to start – and it was.”

“But language was not the issue,” she asked seeking clarity “the issue was war .”

“Yes it was,” he agreed “and the progressives knew that but their approach included education – language was a small part of the solution, the main solution was to have been education for understanding. But here is where the Pasur used division. Employing Liberals to focus on language, they demanded that all Yoxa use appropriate language, thus introducing the dispolice, enforcing proper language. And the Pasur conveniently did not fund the main solution - education.”

“The Yoxa must have been completely confused,” she accepted “Pasur media were vilifying to promote war, and the dispolice were enforcing vilifying language as a crime.”

“Exactly,” his hand raised in victory “you see how heinous these Liberals were. Whether they saw the connections with the endless wars or not, these Liberals were doing the dirty work of the Pasur. They became objects of hatred by those who trusted their puppet leaders and the Pasur media. For many these Dispolice were hated.”

“Where were the progressives?” she asked.

“They were still there,” he answered “the Pasur knew the progressives were the real enemy even though they were few in number. They were worried when Yoxa were listening to the Progressives because that put their dual purpose of endless war and wage-slavery at risk. Initially Liberals were working with Progressives and this worried the Pasur, but when the Liberals were bought off the Progressives became isolated. Division worked. Progressives began attacking the Liberals for their collaboration and these intellectuals defending their income attacked the Progressives; with the Pasur media also attacking the progressives their voice was little heard.”

“Do you see the pattern?” he asked “do you see where these Dogmatons come from? They ignore the big issues – endless war and wage-slavery, whilst they focus on the small issue of language because it suits their self-interest.”

“Yes I follow that,” she replied “the Dogmatons were interested in language, they demanded appropriate language. Then they demanded other behaviours that we now see are as a consequence of intellectual arrogance, and meanwhile Yoxa essence through creativity and love are pushed aside for these arbitrary considerations.”

“Exactly,” he answered “that’s why they annoy me more than the rest of the yoxa. Their eyes had been opened a little but instead of seeing, self-interest through power, influence and income became their sense organs. They used their knowledge for greed, the Liberal Yoxa had comfortable houses and lifestyles whilst they tilted at their windmills - and, for the earlier Liberal Yoxa in Pagan times, whilst all the Yoxa were dying in the wars . Desplicable.”

“Desplicable indeed,” she answered, and there was an appropriate time for silence as they walked together. It was a long silence of peace and togetherness – of love if they could be permitted to accept that.

“Their basic arrogance annoys me,” he said after a long while “they think they are better than the rest of us, these Dogmatons.”

“Well they did take us out of the Pagan era,” she said more as a question, she felt sure that was not quite true.

“In a way it was true,” he answered slowly “but it was more by accident than design. The key with power is always how the enforcers (military and police) are used. And we know that the Pasur alienated their own enforcers so much that they turned on their erstwhile leader, yet whilst they were prepared to turn against the Pasur they did not want to turn towards the Liberals who were not their natural bedfellows. Far from it, for years the enforcers had been against the Liberals, it was part of the Pasur manipulation to make that happen. But when the enforcers had created the power vacuum, who was there to take over? The only group organised and used to power were the Yoxa the Pasur had bought off. These Yoxa fell into two camps, the Pasur lackies and the Liberals who were the target of division. There is no way the enforcers wanted the lackies because that would have been a backdoor way of

letting the Pasur back in, so the enforcers themselves were forced to make deals with the Liberals.

“Now the military concerns were two-fold:- firstly, make sure the Pasurs could not gain control,” he paused “and secondly make sure they had some role as enforcers. Because they thought they were right, these Dogmatons were pre-disposed to impose their will on their own Yoxa so it was quite natural for these enforcers to change themselves into becoming a more institutionalised Dispolice. And so they did. They embraced the peace that was brought about by the Dogmaton censorship, and satisfied their need for power in their role as enforcing censorship.”

“But what about the Progressives?” she asked “how did they fit in with the military?”

“The military leaders were afraid of the Progressives because Progressives could never accept their unthinking hierarchy,” he began. “Progressives accepted the need for enforcers but they sought the power of this enforcing through integrity. As well as not accepting censorship, progressives could not allow the leaders to make decisions – it would have to be Yoxa deciding as we have now. This being too much for the military, they sided unwillingly with the Dogmatons. And as the Dogmatons relished more power their arrogance drew them into greater censorship, and this brought power to the enforcers; both were satisfied and such an unlikely relationship was cemented.”

“OK, I can see that it was fortuitous for the Dogmatons that their alliance with the enforcers worked,” she concurred but countered “they developed a stable government. Surely you should credit them with that.”

“Again they were fortuitous,” Honiti was quick to answer “Firstly no-one realised how much the Pasur were taking out of the system. In the end less than 0.1% of the world’s finances were in circulation.

What we now accept as resources that Gaia wants us to have, Yoxa were being charged for. To cover outlay food and water are now charged for nominally, but then food and water were controlled by the Pasur. Firstly they made huge profits out of what were natural resources – out of what was needed by Yoxa to survive. But secondly to increase profits they used chemicals to preserve food – rather than eating natural local foods or using traditional fermentation techniques. To begin with this approach was just for profit but later Yoxa got ill from the chemicals, and rather than remove the chemicals they then started to make profits from the medical bills these poor slaves were forced to pay to overcome the damage these chemicals did to the Yoxa body.”

“When Pasur were prepared to start wars to make a profit it is not a stretch to see they would be content to let the yoxa become ill and make a profit from ill health,” she sneered.

“We now take housing as a Yoxaic right,” he continued hoping that moving on would not increase her anger “land that we now allocate based on need was charged for. Houses built on that land cost vast amounts of money, and if Yoxa couldn’t afford housing they were forced to pay huge rents.”

“But worst of all were the banking practices,” he added again moving on quickly. “Initially banks were places where money was stored and loaned. Although moneylending was never an honourable practice it did help the Yoxa if they wanted to borrow money to pay for housing or transport. But the banking practices worsened. They introduced financial mechanisms which the banks could speculate on, basically banks were gambling with our futures.

“Trade is something that is always needed,” he rushed in making his final point .

“Yes we use a monitored barter system,” she interjected quietly.



“Barter was something the Dogmatons introduced – although in the end they used it as a tool for their own control,” agreed Honiti “but the Pasur gambled with trade, controlled trade mechanisms, introduced cartels – groups who controlled all the production of a particular resource such as oil and set the price way too high. Gambling, they gambled with investment, contracts, future production, anything they could gamble with they did. Did it matter to the Pasur if they lost? If things went wrong they had plenty to fall back on; the yoxa didn’t and died.”

“And this excluded all the profits they made out of killing the yoxa in wars,” he concluded. “Whenever the Pasur were struggling they engineered a crash or started a new war imposing greater restrictions on the yoxa.”

“It sounds so evil,” she jumped in with frustration “how could it have lasted so long?”

“Retrospectively you cannot understand,” he explained “especially when the Progressives had a clear handle on the situation accurately explaining what was going on ....”

“But no-one listened,” she interceded again.

“Or they were too tired to listen,” he added.

“Or just too trusting,” she muttered quietly.

“Yes by the time the enforcers turned on their masters,” he continued “less than 0.1% of finance was in circulation. The money was just lying in the bank accounts of the Pasur.”

“Didn't the enforcers just burn this money in the end as it had no meaning?” she remembered.

“Crazy, wasn’t it?” he summed up “And this all fell conveniently into the laps of the Dogmatons. Without the Pasur taking the money out of the system there was actually a bountiful economy that the Dogmatons inherited. And when that economy started to wane the Dogmatons were able to use automation. Previous jobs that had been the backbone of wage-slavery under the Dogmatons were carried out by automation and robots.”

“Much like they are now,” she said.

“But there was a big difference between then and now,” he warned “and that was the emphasis placed by the Dogmatons on the way yoxa used their time.”

“Yes we focus on what robots cannot do – creativity, insight, love,” she noted.

“Of course that would seem sensible,” he agreed “but this was not the Dogmaton way. Dogmatons are essentially afraid: afraid of war, afraid of the Pasur choosing not to see the MICwars, afraid of enforcers choosing not to see wage slavery. What they couldn’t control with their intellect and language they were afraid of. Because the Pasur protected them with the enforcers they could use laws to bring in censorship. But once the Pasur were gone they became afraid of the enforcers. When the enforcers formed their “alliance” with the Liberal Dogmatons, their fear of the enforcers changed to a fear of what they couldn’t control – they became afraid of creativity insight and love. They were afraid because their intellects could not understand. Where did creativity come from? The muse, that was not an answer the Dogmatons could measure. Where did insight come from? You either had insight or you didn’t, that had no logic. You can meditate and clear your mind, insight will come. That made no sense to them because they would sit down with their rational minds and think. Their minds would continue to develop logical rational thoughts, that is what their intellects wanted. So where is the silence,

meditators would ask? What silence? We have rational thoughts. Stop that thinking, and there will be silence. We don't want to stop thinking, we are intellectuals that is what we do. Without silence and clarity there was no insight. This was something intellectual minds could not control so they became afraid of it.

“And as for love,” his voice raised, and she just laughed, “they simply had no idea,” she finished for him “how did love happen? Where did love come from? What was passion? Were emotions love? All of these were questions that mean nothing to intellectuals. They cannot be measured, they cannot be developed logically. I can see it would make absolutely no sense to these limited intellectuals.”

“This fear based on lack of understanding seriously threatened our survival,” he continued taking it further. “This Dogmaton society became dependent on automation. The machines produced their products, the robots took over their chores. And the Dogmatons became afraid of the machines. Unlike Yoxa these machines didn't make mistakes . Once you programmed a machine, it did not require supervision unless there was a programming error. And the Dogmatons programmed the machines to build new machines. For most Dogmatons what they considered intelligence - rationality and intellect, the machines could do better once programmed. With better logical circuits, and the best use of language the Dogmatons could provide, machines developed grteater and greater fear within the Dogmatons. In the end they limited the abilities of the machines by programming them to be less capable than Yoxa. By making life less efficient in this way, at least the Dogmatons knew they were better than the machines.

“But they were still afraid of Yoxa who had insight, were creative or intuitive, and of course” he added “they were afraid of love.”

“But Yoxa were safe,” interjected Lina “safety was meaningful after the years of savagery that was the endless war.”

“They were safe,” agreed Honiti “but being safe didn’t get rid of their fear. And their fear overtaking them led to their downfall.”

“You cannot lead well,” she mused “if all you are is frightened.” Again their thoughts led to silence. This time they checked their pads, daily life was calling.

“It is time to go but I want you to read this from a writer towards the end of Pagan times,” he added as an afterthought “it shows the insidiousness of these fools.” He sent her the link and they returned to the meeting room, wondered at Chipak’s slight smugness, and returned to their homes.

She returned home and greeted Gerard, he was in one of his attentive moods and this irritated her because she wanted to read what Honiti had given her. Dutifully she gave his mood her attention knowing that would be the only way she could have her peace. Soon Gerard’s intensity for her subsided and his mind moved away to worldly matters – his body dutifully followed. She was left alone .

“I woke up this morning and the insidiousness of these fools has crept up on me,” she read pausing with a wry smile as she remembered Honiti’s use of this very description; she would like this. “I could never believe that such feeble Yoxa could become so powerful – so accepted. I thought they were a minor aberration that would pass us by - just young arrogant Yoxa who knew no better who had lost respect for age and the wisdom that age brought.

“I first came across this crassness with the new generation. Growing up with a sense of indulgence, indulged by mothers whose attention directed inwards these young Yoxa saw themselves as the centre of the world. Often this indulgence turned to their creativity, and this could be meaningful but of course in those times creativity became struggle unless the Pasur could profit from it. But indulgent creativity was centred on the individual and did not necessarily promote Gaia.

“In fact this creativity petered out as the indulgence centred more on the growing liberalism. I have watched these young Yoxa focus on one cause after another, as these semi-meaningful parlour games took centre stage. Throughout there was no awareness of war and wage-slavery - the dual strategies of the Pasur. How deluded were these Liberals thinking that fighting for marginal causes would eventually bring a result.

“Why would the Pasur allow these causes if they mattered? I am an old man, I have seen years of this. One cause follows another, follows another. They’re a fashion, there’s a t-shirt. You can get angry, you Liberal fools, it doesn’t matter the Pasur have channelled your anger. Don’t you see this?

“But they don’t, I know they don’t, I have seen this happen year after year. The songs for freedom I listened to when young don’t have to be rewritten, there is still an “Eve of Destruction”. Why do they let this happen?

“But there is something that is happening that did not happen when I was young. The new radicals are embracing an intense liberalism. They are turning their passion the wrong way, or at least they are not allowing Gaia to turn it the right way – finding the huge outer that is deep inside. And this intensity for liberalism is frightening in its arrogance. Radicals are becoming passionately liberal, their power is focussed on superficial causes, they cannot see that the passion needs to focus on their own frustration

with the Pasur system on the imprisonment of their own freedom – their own souls. Reason has become the bedrock of the cause, reason that ought to have its natural place has grown to be central to the celebre of ecology turning the focus inside out and ignoring the quality.

“I look at what I am writing and it is not showing how crazy this whole thing is. These liberals have puffed themselves up in their superficial causes and they have drawn good forces into them. Somehow their centrism has become appealing to the left - maybe because they have some power; but all that is happening is that this centrist focus is alienating the right in its directionless – in its limited vision, and the right are turning to their own populists who have nothing to do with insight, creativity, love or truth. These Godless right, who kill their world with their misshapen version of the deity, allow bombs to be dropped in the name of their faith, and yet don't see the lack of Christianity in this heathenism. But because of the pompousness of this liberal focus the hearts of ordinary Yoxa are turned away from this heathenism focussing on the communal censorship that are the causes of these liberal fools.

“I'm still not saying it, I don't know if can get through. Who can read this and understand the foolishness of these liberals? They are education fodder. Their education did not teach of war, did not teach of respect for all Yoxa, did not teach that tolerance was axiomatic in its approach. It is not right to feel superior if you don't agree. It is not right to judge from outside. It is not right to listen to propagandists playing your liberal strings with the bow of war. If the women of these races are downtrodden they will fight their way out as and when they are ready. Don't allow the Pasur to play your sympathies to fuel the army of resource appropriation. War is never right, there is no just war, liberals you are being used in their cries for war. There is no war that fights for democracy because if you are fighting war Yoxa die, propaganda has to turn Yoxa into victims of soldiery as the oppressors force them to take up arms to defend their families.



“Am I saying it now? Do these fools feel my passion? Do they not see that token anger is not enough? It requires a controlled rage, a depth of understanding, a deep peace that demands a complete personal revolution, a questioning that cannot be satisfied at whichever windmill is currently being tilted at? Can they not see that for years these windmills have not brought change? Why is their generation any better? Don't they see that the Pasur tell them their generation is the first? Don't they see that when the old pontificate it is out of frustration that their energy is being turned in on itself, instead of the wisdom of all ages turning it into a fruitful ram to batter the system the Pasur are using to keep us all down? Yes, the old cry, we have failed you – look at what we are passing on to you. When I was young the Pasur dumped on us, and we tried to fight. The fight was good but we were never strong enough. Yes we were bought off as our own progeny placed demands on us but the lessons we have learned can be used by you. But not if you reject us, not if you turn shallow young minds into causes and windmills that do not eat at the core of Pasur control. For those causes and windmills are just the metier of control. If you don't see their wars, their wage-slavery, their enforcing of shallow causal superficial chimera that divert on the surface and turn young learning minds away from the soul that drives, the insight that sees, the quality that rides over reason, the creativity that breaks the cobwebs of oppression, the love that guides the heart to truth, if you don't see all this then the wheel of oppression continues, and your young will say the same as you whilst not listening they will tilt at new windmills. And you who have not sold out to the Pasur will cry out, listen, listen, Listen, we did this We did this. This is not new but they became so indulged they couldn't see that for them the eve of destruction is not new.

“Can they see this? Have I written it? Can they see this, can they see this truth, this circle of truth?” Lina could almost see the tears of frustration on the pad as her own sought this companion of old. How hard must it have been to understand in these olden times and have to listen to the indulgence of fools. Her heart sank.

After a while she composed herself and messaged Honiti “This is very sad, what did the writer do?” she asked.

“I am not exactly sure,” he answered her “it is taken from a training course I went on. They made us read a site called “Blogs of Pagan and Dogmaton Times”. It was interesting. They made us read the blogpost which then gave a biopic.”

“What was his?” she pushed.

“Just a minute,” he asked as he minimised the chat and found the folder with his course notes. “Jarmin had been a care worker in Pasur times but once he had sufficient money he gave up, retired and became a recluse.”

“What is a recluse?” she asked again pushing.

“We don’t have them now," he answered "but back then some Yoxa just got so fed up they found a home in a small cabin in a mountain, and just lived alone walking along the slopes amongst the forests of the mountains .... and even higher, preferring the cold of altitude ....”

“To the cold of Pasur times, and,” she added “the cold of the early Dogmatons and their freezing out of love and creativity.

“It must have been miserable to live in those times,” she concluded.

“It obviously was,” he answered “but the mature don’t let those things drag them down.”

“You’re right, they mustn’t,” she agreed, “but just because he writes with heartfelt sadness didn’t mean that he clung to all that pain.” “It could have been a sound decision to find solace in Nature,” Honiti said after a while “if these fools were controlling their lives with their shallow legislation.”

“Maybe you’re right,” she murmured “Time to go, see you at the next meeting.”

“Great,” he could feel her smile as he finished.

“Who was that?” Naica asked.

“Lina from the support group,” he answered openly “she had been reading something I had given her from a training course and wanted more information,” he said, not quite with equal frankness.

Naica looked askance but left the matter.

Honiti muttered about tiredness, and lay down conscious of the closeness developing between he and Lina. It mattered. But he was conscious of their bond, and that was the first step – to know of the bond and to know that he was living with Naica and was father of his children. Accept both as part of his life, and accept the limitations. Wherever ill-controlled emotion might choose to wander, he could watch; he accepted his duty, his responsibilities to Naica and the kids.

Three weeks were to pass before the next study group, and once there it was as if the conversation had no daily life spanning it. It was a time that he was listening, and they had moved to the patriarchal aspect of the Pasur; in some ways he was surprised at Lina’s anger because she was generally so balanced. It was not up to him to judge – it was her experience.

“It is a disgrace that so many women became trapped in such eating disorders just to comply with the male fantasy images that dominated the advertising,” she agreed with what Honiti had just said. “So again the history of injustice pushed Yoxa towards a Dogmaton society, a society of so-called liberal values, where unsocial behaviour was censored.” She paused, and there was a silence but he could see there was more. He waited.

It seemed a different tack. “I get so angry with the lengths that some of these Liberals went to for ego-advancement, they were so competitive. Within Pasur society as things started to improve for women, certain women began to establish themselves in upper and middle management. Using their position as disadvantaged women, they created a climate of eggshells within the workforce. They demanded such precise use of language that many uncooperative men used this as an excuse pretending they did not know what to say for fear of causing offence.”

“Why so angry?” he asked “this careerist appropriation was never as bad as the crimes committed against women – exploitation of women’s sexuality was still happening at these times weren’t they?”

“Yes they were,” she said “and I ought to be more angry at that. But these women set the cause back because they created a backlash of alienation; being so demanding, they created such discomfort. And their demanding censorship was the basis of a Dogmatons power-change rather than leading to all women being free to express themselves. "In Pagan times there was such a division – as the Pasur wanted, they wanted these Liberals to divide Yoxa against each other so that the crime of war would be forgotten. Initially there were good women who fought back against the chauvinism, they pushed for genuine equality. They were part of the progressives. Knowing that the struggle saw no difference between gender, race and class, progressives addressed the issues of war and wage-slavery alongside

recognising exploitation of women as part of the patriarchy. For these progressives patriarchy was part of the same systemic struggle. Understanding the need for education, progressives knew that if there were to be real progress then all Yoxa, women and men, had to see that all this systemic exploitation was wrong and had to be ended.

“But as with race, in stepped the powerful Liberal women focussing on the superficial whilst taking personal advantage of the situation for their own advancement. By controlling the use of language, they began to impose on personal interactions through this linguistic code. Some liberal men accepted this, thinking that this is what women wanted. But that was not the case. Many women rejected this Liberal stance, they didn’t want the exploitation by the patriarchy but they didn’t want this Liberal imposition either. However the majority of women reacted moderately in favour of this liberalism because at least it restricted those men who were the worst offenders - abusive. Then in their Liberal imposition these arrogant women demanded that all women be like them, and initially they were scoffed at by the majority of women leaving many men in a quandary as to what to do.

“Sensible women rejected women who were exploiting the social changes, yet at the same time sensible women knew that some men were still taking advantage of them. It was getting to the stage where most women were openly saying that the patriarchy had exploited them - a great advance. But this advance was being compromised by the exploiting careerists whose personal wealth and power were dependent on the financial exploitation of the Pasur, whilst at the same time they were promoting the verbal straitjackets characteristic of the later Dogmatons. As the Pasur gradually lost power, the personal power of these careerists increased. When power finally transferred to the Dogmatons this Liberal group of careerist women became dominant. And then their arrogance truly showed. The Dogmaton men were relatively comfortable accepting the language requirements, they had the characteristic fear of all Dogmatons. By accepting this censorship of language and becoming masterful at its usage, they

were able to hold onto power from a weaker position. What had been a hidden parlour game of language within their own microcosms of society became the metier in “society in toto”. They had the ability to manipulate the language towards their own ends, whilst more aggressive strident men floundered and were continually frustrated by the restrictions.”

“In some ways that was good,” he countered “uncontrolled male aggression had been a huge problem and was used divisively by the Pasur.”

“Absolutely, you are right,” she agreed “that aggression needed to be controlled. But by the men themselves. They needed to learn that what was sometimes characterised as “alpha-male” behaviour was not the sort of competition that led to a balanced society. But such men had to learn it for themselves. They often had much to contribute to society but if they were repressed their vitality was lost and society did not benefit.

“And under the Dogmatons that loss of vitality is exactly what happened, what the Dogmatons wanted. These energetic men were forced to turn in on themselves in order to conform to the restricted codes of behaviour demanded by these Liberal Dogmatons. Many liberal men stood by and watched as these "alphas" squirmed, they had always felt in their shadows for both good and bad reasons. The only way some males could maintain their sanity was by joining the enforcers. It was somewhat ironic to see alpha males turn on each other to maintain the law and order of Dogmatons, whilst their very vitality was being sapped by the system Dogmatons created - the very system some were supporting as enforcers.

“The less intellectual of women fell in line with this Liberal faction within the Dogmatons because their position was enhanced as males were no longer exploiting them. Transfer of power to the Dogmatons



had happened without the progressive women being behind the new leaders. Even though the progressives had initially been the driving force they were now completely marginalised," she finished somewhat resignedly. "I don't defend those men because they allowed the exploitation in the first place. Something has to be lost when power changes hand, our society lost their dynamism which was replaced by liberal repression, a safe repression after an era of exploitation that had misused the dynamism." "But we must always remember history in its entirety," added Honiti. "This minority of progressive women and men over time became the birth of a new movement," continued Honiti "a movement who began to call for a society where all Yoxa were freely able to express themselves."

They both raised the three-finger salute (\*) and cried "Express not repress", and laughed themselves into each other's arms. There was a dangerous moment but wisdom prevailed and they withdrew. But both now knew there were pitfalls in what might be called their relationship; at least they were pitfalls which had a future if they were wise and careful.

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[\* Suzanne Collins. Please excuse the plagiarism but the 3-finger salute is now universally recognised, so it's a tribute not plagiarised. If anyone's bothered I will remove it]



 [Public Domain Science Fiction](#)

Writer 



# LOVE IN HONITI

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## 4) Express not repress

On his way home Honiti remembered the moment – such a temptation. Thinking about Naica and the kids, he knew that he had to be wary; altogether his family were far more important than any physical dalliance. Given the state of their relationships he knew how vulnerable both Lina and he were, but he felt sure that between them they could cope. He would have to look out if he were ever angry with Naica and then being vulnerable met Lina.

It was good he had analysed this because before the next meeting Naica engineered a row.

“Are you going to the Cotla again?” she asked feigning innocence.

“Yes,” he answered “is there a problem?”

“Not at all,” she said “if you need it then it is good you go.”

He kept quiet. “Will Lina be there?” she asked knowing exactly what the question would do to him.

“She usually is,” he answered as if there was nothing to the question.

“I am sorry to hear she has problems at her home,” she commented, the surface empathy supposedly belying her motivation.

“I think she copes,” answered Honiti “but it is difficult. I think the meetings help her.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” she smiled. “See you later.”

As he left the house his anger exploded within him. Naica knew that he didn’t want these meetings, it further embarrassed him that his own love was unrequited. With the meetings being mainly concerned with Lina, Naica knew that Lina was giving Honiti something he could not get at home. Knowing her husband she knew he would be honourable, but at the same time would be protective. Perversely she enjoyed the anger she was creating - there was nothing this honourable man could do. Such Pagan manipulation, thought Honiti, but again the frustration - she was right, there was nothing he could do.

Having calmed a little by the time he reached the meeting, he saw Lina there and his spirits were raised yet he still clung to Naica’s niggling making his anger rise again. He must be careful.

“Perhaps the biggest turning point for the Dogmatons came with the rise of Professor Wadkin,” he said to her later as they had a moment together to talk.

“Why so,” she asked although she had a good idea.

“He crystallised thought processes that the Dogmatons had unconsciously chosen to leave unspoken,” he answered.

“I thought so,” she answered. “He became the mouthpiece of that unwritten understanding.”

“Exactly,” he agreed “and this had all kinds of repercussions.”

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“Well, the end of the Dogmatons could be traced back to Wadkin’s famous book, “The Creative Delusion”,” he answered.

“I see,” she agreed tentatively.

“It was in this book he first postulated his “4 Characteristics of Yoxa Constitution” – reason, emotion, perception (memory) and senses,” he went on to remind her.

“I remember this because it was as a consequence of this the first Terrorists were arrested,” she began.

“Yes there had been no terrorists since Pagan times,” he interrupted. She was hurt at the interruption, this was not Honiti. She was a bit concerned but guessed at the source of the problem. Let it go, she thought, he was at these meetings for help not confrontation. Maybe later she would give him a chance to talk about the underlying problem.

“It was debatable that there were even terrorists back then,” she answered. He smiled at her.

“Well this time the Dogmatons called people terrorists if they were “Intent on Disrupting the Public Order”,” he continued. “Wadkin became the darling of the Dogmatons, he was quoted everywhere. It was as if his Yoxa constitution was part of the Dogmaton constitution. But there was an understandable reaction amongst those who were still concerned about creativity. For this was the first time that anyone was explicit about there not being creativity – even though it had been an understood practice for years that “genuine creativity” had been frowned on.



“Yes, Wadkin was explicit; that was his importance,” he appeared to counter, “I remember a quote from his book vividly. “It is time that we chastised these supposed creative geniuses for what they are – arrogant self-important charlatans. Children are creative because we teach them to copy others; adult charlatans are just more sophisticated in the way they copy. Knowing more works of art and with their skills more refined, they analyse what aspects of art (creativity) is most popular, and then reproduce it in a distinct way claiming it as original creativity.” That was it for the creatives. For years they had complied with Dogmaton requests for conformity, and kept quiet about the censorship. “It had been for the public good”, the Dogmatons had told them; and creatives accepted this not disrupting the Dogmaton approach because under them there was peace.

“But as soon as Wadkin wrote this the creatives reacted en masse,” Honiti also reacted with some vehemence. “They complained that their creativity was far more than could be put in the Wadkin straitjacket of reason, emotion, perception and senses. But by then Dogmaton society had become so much more restrictive, more afraid of difference, if they all couldn’t do it - if the robots couldn’t do it, then it was just too different. And they were then afraid, and if they became frightened, out came the enforcers. If these creatives were to consider themselves special, then they were disrupting public order. If they were special, did they want special treatment like the Pasur? Would they then try to create a society for special people – the creatives?

“The creatives did the only thing they knew how, they protested. They said “our creative work is special, we want respect for that. It is our labour, and should be treated with at least the same respect as any labour”. But the Dogmatons then examined the creativity, and found that the creatives were demanding that people break out and question what is happening.”

“You see Lina,” he turned pointedly to her “The creatives began asking “Do we all think the same way? Should we all be expected to behave the same way? Is behaving differently wrong? If we are considerate should we be breaking laws? Isn’t compassion and not conformity the highest Yoxa value? Is it wrong for us to love our artistic expression? How can it be right for government not to recognise that there is a creative faculty amongst Yoxa?”

“With the creatives putting questions like this out in the public domain, the Dogmatons responded with their own vehemence,” he continued his demeanour changing slightly as he recalled how their censorship took form. “They started as usual by whipping up public frenzy in the media. The themes of the campaigning were worked out within their government offices:-

*We respect the work of people who have the skills to write stories, make poetry, play music and paint pictures. These are all skills that add to the pleasantness of living in our society, but it is not safe for us to allow some people to disrupt our way of life. Some people who claimed they were creative worked for Pagan society. Pasur profited from the so-called works of art that “artists” fashioned. It cannot be acceptable for this collusion to happen perhaps paving the way for the depravity that was the earmark of Pagan society. To this end we will encourage our media to develop programming with the following themes:-*

- *Reminding the people of Pagan times*
- *Avoiding egotistical practices that were a part of Pagan society*
- *Respecting values that do not lead to disruption*

- *Respect for the values of good governance*
- *Demonstrate how creatives can destroy our way of life*

*For the good of all it will be necessary for monitoring of programmes to ensure that these themes are conveyed.*

“I remember there was one series of programmes,” he recalled “that was particularly heinous - “History of Destructive Art”. Mostly this was books but other art forms were attacked. One programme ironically was concerning a writer, Randall Hitmor, and how his writings created a world war; the Dogmatons failed to see the irony in his forms of censorship. Writers such as Owen Georgell were presented as people who sought revolution rather than working with existing governments – failing to note that the governments Georgell attacked were Pasur. A series of non-conformist works of art were collaged together to demonstrate that such disrespect for the conventional bred discontent and disruption.”

“I remember reading about a group of Young Liberalistas,” Lina chimed in. “These young people went around destroying works of art that did not conform. Paintings that lacked pictorial content were burned. “Yoxa faces are beautiful” was one of their slogans, and they destroyed art that caricatured or distorted the Yoxa visage. One group of these Liberalistas, calling themselves the Moralistas, went around destroying books whose conclusion did not ennoble Dogmaton society. Even kitchen sink dramas fell into that category being considered too turgid and not presenting the joys of life under the Dogmatons.”

“There were many such misguided groups encouraged by the Dogmatons,” replied Honiti “I remember one group calling themselves the Correct Liberalistas. They went around destroying books and poetry whose language was not correct.”

“Even if the language was conversational,” she interrupted “I remember reading about their stupidity.”

“Yes they argued,” continued Honiti “that if Yoxa emotions could not be expressed with the proper use of language then such books did not demonstrate the values of the Dogmatons.”

“Such craziness,” she laughed, and he nodded.

“But matters got far worse,” his tone darkened. “Once these groups became sanctioned by “polite” society, their behaviour took on serious shades of oppressive control. The protests of the creatives were soon pushed underground. As the Liberalistas continued to demand an end to critical art, there were public clashes at the creative protests.”

“And those clashes were used by the enforcers under the new law entitled the “Preventing the Disruption of Public Order Act”,” she added. “Whilst the Liberalistas were the people confronting the creative protests causing the disorder, the enforcers still used this act to determine that the creatives were disruptive and many were arrested.”

“This public violence by the Dogmatons led to the creatives being forced underground,” he continued “and out of sheer frustration some creatives turned to violence.”

She held up her three fingers, and he responded with a smile. “Many creatives started daubing the 3-fingers on enforcers buildings, government offices. “Express not repress” slogans appeared as well alongside the salute.”

“There was a group who used to go round the homes of Liberalistas,” she laughed “and painted E3R on their kiddie-vans.”

“Once their property and lifestyle was threatened,” Honiti answered “these Dogmatons changed. They showed who they always had been – frightened materialists with a liberal facade. Laying in wait for the daubers, they would attack them and many ended in hospital – prison hospital. These creatives were labelled as terrorists – with all the repression that word engenders.”

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“Lina,” he asked, he liked saying her name “do you remember those blogs I was asked to study in my training? Those blogs about Pagan and Dogmaton times?”

“The ones you asked me to read?” she asked knowing the answer.

“That’s it,” he answered with a smile. “Well there is a vidblog that is very interesting.”

“About?” she asked.

“About these terrorists,” he replied, then paused “so-called. It is a .vid of one of their cells.”

“Sounds interesting,” she smiled “I will watch it before we next meet.”

They began walking in silence, and Honiti felt her closeness. It was just a joy being with her, had she noticed his anger? His mind drifted off into the vagaries of “if-only”, and when he noticed he just pulled it back into her presence. That was enough.

They had been walking a while when Lina squeezed his arm “What happened today?” she asked.

“Nothing,” he said defensively. “What do you mean?” he eventually conceded.

“You are a bit on edge,” she said with a gentle smile.

“I’m sorry,” he apologised “I thought I had controlled it.”

“You did .... mostly,” she said with a momentary pause “but I know you.”

He looked at her and laughed with embarrassment.

“It’s ok,” she said “there was no problem – I would have said.”

They both began to speak at the same time, her invite - his explanation. He explained about the niggling conversation that had riled him earlier. She Understanding she tried to control her own anger .... with difficulty; there was a silence as they both seethed inside with their respective angers. Eventually she consoled him “You can always talk about this, you know. Even if you got angry with her and behaved badly I would understand, I will always listen.”

He looked at her and wanted to kiss her; feeling this she moved her head away. She so wanted to kiss him but they couldn’t, they just couldn’t. Continuing to walk together, with minds wandering off into



dreams, simultaneously they came back into an equally wonderful reality. Just be thankful for what we have, they both thought as they walked.

Lina arrived home and asked about Gerald's day, always a good way of avoiding discussion of anything awkward. He had been working on the projects, and she listened .... to begin with.

"The peace corps had been called to the project I monitor," he answered "so obviously I was called. It was not a big problem, a neighbour was being over-protective because of previous issues."

"Why had she called the peacemakers?" asked Lina.

"The mother was defending her son against the father," he told her.

"In what way?" she asked.

"It's always the same with that family," he answered "The father wants his son to grow up with a sense of independence, "to stand on his own two feet" and the mother wants to protect him from dangers."

"What dangers?" she asked.

"That is what the father says," he answered "he repeatedly tells her there are no dangers. And that it is better if the son learns. Arguments ensue and they can be quite loud, hence the neighbour's involvement. He is afraid of violence – unnecessarily."

"They are obviously in love," she said.

“Indeed,” he agreed “and they know it. But they have developed these patterns of behaviour around their son that just brings out the worst of their inability to express their love to each other.”

“Are you able to help?” she asked sympathetically.

“I try,” he replied with a frustrated sigh. “But our discussions get heated when we talk of love, I have no way of getting them to open up and be honest about their love.”

“But they are happy together .... most of the time,” he added “and tend to resolve their own interactions. Except they are too loud for the neighbour who is genuinely scared, and who I am unable to get to calm down. I have spoken with the Peace Corps officer, they are sympathetic to the repeated behaviour and deal with it with a minimal fuss.”

“Keep trying,” she touched his forearm with affection “maybe eventually they will learn to properly express their love.”

“Let’s hope so,” he agreed with an element of frustration “let’s hope so”, his voice trailed off as he began considering their problem again. He did not like the impasse in his project.

Lina went into the study, connected her pad to the screen and began listening to the vidblog Honiti had given her.

There was a small group talking .... she counted five, three women two men – not that that mattered. One of the women was talking, she was later referred to as 3.

“Historically the dynamic of the problem is clear, it is the collective vs the individual,” 3 was saying. Lina looked at the faces, there were two nods and she perceived general agreement.

2 spoke up “Pasur were too individualistic focused on their own greed ....”

“And the Dogmatons were only interested in a system that applied to all,” 4 interrupted.

“But both failed to see that the individual needs the collective and vice versa,” 3 spoke again, she seemed to be some sort of leader. “Government needs to walk a tightrope in which they have a system that applies collectively whilst at the same time working for the needs of the individual. These two can often work in conflict, and if a government system does not recognise this it can never work for the good of all.”

“It has to be recognised,” continued 5 “that there are times where a law that is helpful works against the interests of an individual. If good judgement is then applied by the authority then that individual can benefit society through considerate action.”

“This is a bit theoretical in a society run by the Dogmatons,” interjected 1 somewhat tetchily. “In this society conformity is all that is required.”

“Of course, that’s true,” agreed 3 “but if we are going to make any inroads we have to offer a solution to their need to compel creativity to conform.”

“We have to appeal to their arrogance,” agreed 4. “These Liberals think they are so superior, and yet at the same time they think they are so compassionate. We have to know our enemy.”

“But they are afraid of us,” countered 2 “they are afraid of our creativity.”

“Yes they are,” agreed 4 “but they cannot admit to being afraid so if we confront their fear there is no solution.”

“Yes our tactics must be to appeal to their egos,” interjected 3 “and their egos are that they are compassionate.” “Yes we must show them that it is in their interest to be compassionate towards us,” agreed 4.

“I don’t agree,” said 1 “if they were compassionate they would not be demanding conformity, they would not be burning our art, they would not be quelling our protests. They show us no compassion.”

“That is true,” said 4 but 1 interrupted again. “I think we should force them to listen to us. We should show them that we are significant and that they are at risk – play on their fear.”

“What are you suggesting?” asked 3 appearing to support 1 “Should we use violence perhaps bomb their offices, and paint E3R in the ashes?”

“Why not,” said 1 “it would make them think. They would realise that we cannot be messed with.”

“Whilst I am not against destruction of their property,” said 4 “their property that is so important to them – even though they cannot admit it. Their property is their fear, an embodiment of that fear, their need for security. But I feel that violence and destruction would be manipulated.”

“I am not suggesting acts of violence against people,” 1 interjected quickly “there is no way that we can hurt anyone – even the enforcers. Mind you, in some cases these pompous prigs need a good

smack in the face,” he said with a huge smile on his face. They all laughed and looked at 4 whose recent mural had depicted one of the Dogmaton leaders being humiliated by a young child slapping their face as they fined the mother for some verbal indiscretion; the piece was entitled “compassionate identity”, and showed the child crying with hunger.

“We would all like to be that child slapping these prigs,” smiled 3 at their agreement “but it is not what we are about. We are not concerned with violence, we are concerned with geFThe nuine freedom, freedom of expression, freedom of thought, freedom to speak so long as it is not inciting violence.” Nods went around the room again.

“We have to be careful not to give these fools the moral high ground,” continued 3 “they are repressing us and they know it. This cannot rest easily with them - even with their fear.”

“When we are arrested for saying “express not repress”,” 2 added “we are undermining their appearance of tacit liberal fairness. This has to cause doubts amongst many.”

“Even with all the negative propaganda that is based in lies,” added 5.

The meeting went quiet, and Lina paused as well; she was tired. Coming out of the study looking for Gerald; she saw he was asleep with his work in his lap. He was not a good sleeper so she let him be. Off she went to bed alone, something she did often now. In fact she preferred it, it allowed her to think of Honiti before sleeping; it was almost as if he was next to her.

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The next morning she was busy. Gerald had to leave town on an important meeting so it was only right that he spent time with the children. This increased her workload in the house – she never liked chores but they had to be done. And she didn't begrudge Gerald the time, he could never be accused of not pulling his weight – he would never allow himself to be seen that way. A school excursion, it was one of the rambles that she often went on; not today though, with the extra work and seeing Gerald off, by the end all she wanted was to check the kids had all the rambling gear and get them off. She was sure it would rain – good experience for them but again extra work when they got home. A good cosy night just the three of them when all was done; the weather can bring families together, she thought.

Early afternoon she sat with her green tea and started the vid again; hopefully she would not sleep.

“We have to use their fear of being afraid against them,” continued 3 after the silence that had been Lina's night.

“Even more,” added 4 “we have to use their fear of being seen as being afraid.”

“Aren't we being a bit too psychological there?” asked 1 “Is it practical?”

“Let's explore it,” said 4 “I don't want to be analytical for analysis sake but their fear of being seen as afraid is important to their arrogance. Imagine their stupid parties. You could just imagine these prigs, afraid to put their head out of the door unless they have an enforcer.”

“And then these proud individuals go “I'm not afraid”,” derided 2.

“And then the next goes “I'm less afraid than you”,” 5 added puffing up his shoulders like a popinjay.

Then they all started looking at each other, and a mock competition developed “I’m less afraid than you”, “I’m less afraid than you”, “No I am,”. This went on until they all burst into laughter - as did Lina.

After a brief pause “this fear of being seen as afraid can be used,” 3 added smiling at 4.

“Know your enemy,” said 4 acknowledging 3’s smile.

“We have to expose their fear, and then use their arrogance of not being afraid against them,” strategised 3.

“The worst are these Liberalista thugs,” said 1, “they make me angry.”

“All of us,” said 2 and they all nodded.

“But these thugs are also their weakness,” said 3.

“Yes their bullying is just fear,” added 4 “together with their own frustration. We have to show them that Dogmatons should be ashamed of the way Liberalistas behave.”

“We could even play off these Liberalistas against the enforcers,” said 1 “if we work it right.”

“Firstly we need to show the Dogmatons that the actions of the Liberalistas are based in fear,” suggested 5. “We can use their media to show them that Liberalistas are bullies, and that Dogmatons are not afraid.”



“Good, let’s work on that,” summarised 5 “let’s take a break.”

Lina took a break herself. This historical analysis that coincided with her developing relationship with Honiti was fascinating, she was letting it envelop her – probably as an avoidance strategy. The word, avoidance, triggered the opposite reaction in her, she focused on her problem – Gerald. He was such a good man, and perhaps even worse he was seen as a good man. Society needs such people, his compassion that was geared towards the general good provided a drive and commitment that encouraged those around him. Sometimes concerns about their relationship made her feel guilty. Knowing that she provided an emotional stability that kept him focused, she also felt guilty that she could not accept him for what he was. Should she have been willing to sacrifice herself for him because of the good he did?

She was on a roll, her mind had started musing and there seemed no end. Sacrifice, history had warned against this. OK back then it was different as there were other disadvantages. But many women used to accept sacrifice as a way of life – this was in Pagan times; Dogmatons by their nature would never have allowed this. In fact many of these earlier women defended their right to sacrifice claiming sacrifice was the highest expression of love. But it was not this stance which was the problem. It was other women who could not accept sacrificing, who knew they had more to offer than being a sacrificial add-on to a business career.

But on reflection, these non-sacrificing women were not the problem either, the problem was that far too many men expected such sacrifice. Because so many men were expecting this and because Pasur encouraged gender divisions amongst the Pagans, this effectively amounted to a social expectation amongst all women that they sacrifice. Not only did this expectation, which was part of what was known as male chauvinism, cause divisions but with the more coercive of men when women resisted

such sacrifice men started to demand it – including violently demanding it. For women who found sacrifice difficult, this imposition became an almost impossible situation to live in.

But these impositions by such domineering men not only applied to sacrifice in the home but they also demanded a physical oppression – oppression through physical appearance. Women became trophy wives, their beauty and enforced social graces were often misused within the man's business world. For many women their personal expression was reduced to being a male add-on. Again, for a proportion of these women many of their needs were satisfied by such sacrifices but for many of the others such oppression was clearly akin to imprisonment both in the home and in their bodies. Psychological diseases connected with body-image (such as anorexia and bulimia) started to develop as young women forced themselves to be strait-jacketed into an image that men wanted.

Early on revolutionary women rejected this add-on scenario, and fought back against this male chauvinism. But both women and men rejected this anti-male position because these Yoxa quite rightly associated the oppression of women as part of Pasur strategy. But over time women became more reformist demanding equivalence to men within the Pasur system, equal salary, equivalent social status etc. At this point the Pasur encouraged such moves as it meant they could exploit women in the same way as men, taking advantage of women as wage-slaves. Believe it or not these reformist women demanded the right to be soldiers, such delusion demanding the right to be killed in wars-for-profit – demanding the right to be killed so that the Pasur could get richer. The revolutionary position of the earlier women clearly demanded the end of a system that exploited women, but also demanded the end to exploitation of men who would then turn their anger into oppressing women; whilst repressing the revolutionary the Pasur accepted reform with open arms.

Sadly this reformist position became the platform that dominant women adhered to, and this reformism became integral to the Dogmatons. The reformist position was forced both on men and on women. Women who had thought they were fulfilled organising the home and bringing up the children were told by other women that this was not fulfilling. Many such home-women were belittled. And if they were ever to claim that sacrifice was honourable, they were shouted down.

Her musing ended as a wave of anger washed over Lina. The reactions of these reformists were too excessive but the problem lay in the fact that they needed to react. If there had not been the Pasur system, if men had not been so oppressive, if the men had listened, if the reformist women had listened, if, if, if .... So many ifs, it was easy to see in retrospect.

Yes she would be willing to sacrifice herself for Gerald, but she knew how unstable that was. She knew that if she sacrificed herself her own inner self would need to find expression. And that this need might arise in a destructive way unintentionally. There was complete agreement with Chipak, her relationship with Honiti was beneficial to her inner self and to the stability of her home - so long as it was kept under control.

After the break she listened as the group developed a detailed plan – she was admiring the minutiae - involving 1's government position and 5's ensuing work with the media. Lina's mind drifted off as she put herself in 1's position transposing herself to the Dogmaton meeting where 1 was putting the plan into action.

1 began talking. "I have received a number of letters concerning the creatives and the Liberalistas:-

*Dear Representative,*

*At our recent estate meeting a number of us were concerned about the violence that is increasing on our estates. As estate management we have accepted as our duty the onus of ensuring that violence is kept to a minimum.*

*Last night was typical. There were a group of people outside the estate office, and they were shouting “Express not repress”. Near these dissidents we had monitors, and we were satisfied at the level of violence; of course we were not happy with the dissidence but on our estate we accepted that we would tolerate self-expression within certain limits. Our monitors were concerned but not unduly worried.*

*Then along came a group of Liberalistas. They confronted the dissidents and demanded that these people respect public order and go home. One of the creatives had drawn a picture of a Dogmaton meeting in which all people were dressed the same. A Creative had come in and asked one to change her shirt, and there were a few others in huddled whispers clearly expressing disagreement. At the top was the Agenda – Public Order Act, and beneath people shouting conform not express.*

*The Creatives gathered around this picture as if it was a meeting. And then one stood up and set the picture alight.*

*It was harmless but the Liberalistas went in. There was some violence, mostly from the Liberalistas as the Creatives just sat there chanting “Express not repress”. The monitors told us that the Liberalistas dragged the Creatives away one by one. One of them was dragged into a post and reacted against the Liberalistas turning around and pushing him to try to avoid the post. Immediately several Liberalistas came over to make an arrest. Yes, it was a legitimate arrest but some of the violence towards the protester was questionable.*

*Another monitor observed an incident with a young woman. The Liberalista was dragging away the woman who was shouting “Express not Repress”, and his hands went around her breasts. Instinctively she turned around and slapped the Liberalista whereupon several came over and arrested her. The monitor overheard a charge of “assaulting a peace officer” being read out. The monitor told our meeting that this woman had been imprisoned for her violence.*

*Representative Duncan, when things like this can happen on a normal estate like ours then we have to question the social forces at work. Our society is not a violent society yet it appears as if we are supporting the violence of these Liberalistas. We do not wish to encourage these Creatives whose approach could ultimately be damaging, but they are not violent – at least the ones our monitors reported were not violent.*

*We ask that the young woman, Cecile Muller, be released because it was a crime that had unfortunate justification.*

*We further ask that you use your offices on our behalf to persuade others to end this policy of supporting the Liberalistas in their actions in defence of the Public Order Act.*

*We recognise that our representatives try to act with compassion in defending our public order. Originally the Liberalistas might have been acting with compassion on behalf of our government but we consider that now there have been excesses.*

*We look forward to your compassionate cooperation in this matter.*

*J Hughes*

*Coordinator of Dipdale Estate Management Committee.*

Duncan held up a flash drive (for effect!) and said “I have a number of similar letters.” He looked around “I expect a number of you have had something similar,”; noting those who nodded. “We empowered the Liberalistas but they have now become young hotheads.”

One of the noddors echoed “Dangerous young hotheads.”

Another accepted this. “Yes it is a time that we put a stop to their activities.”

“It is not acceptable that we attack our own,” warned Philippa clearly the council leader – if not by title. Duncan felt annoyance, they would defer to her. At the same time he knew what was at the basis of her comment, she was afraid of losing the support of the Enforcers, many of whom were Liberalistas.

“I agree,” conceded Duncan, conscious of the need for a tactical approach to win Phillipa’s support. “But what is reported on this estate is happening elsewhere. Do you think it must be stopped?” He knew she would agree to that.

“Of course it must be stopped,” she agreed, a bit wary of being cornered by Duncan. “But there are ways of stopping without confronting the Liberalistas.”

Now that he had her working in his direction he could agree. He began “The Liberalistas are a bit excessive but working in our interest. We must channel what they are doing.”



“Channeling support is always best done through the media,” interceded Martin, conscious of how Duncan was playing this.

“But media censure is not enough, is it Philippa?” asked Duncan carefully.

“No I agree, a media campaign is not enough. But we must keep both the public and the Liberalistas on our side, that,” she paused “can only be done through the media.”

There was a silence, and Duncan was going to ask again. But she halted him. “I propose that I meet with Garrick,” Garrick was the chief enforcer for the district, Duncan liked the sound of this. “We will discuss ways of getting the Liberalistas on track.”

“But we mustn’t go soft on these Creatives,” there was much agreement; Duncan being careful not to be more vociferous than the others - not wishing to draw attention. “However the violence of the Liberalistas is opening our position to question, we must avoid that,” it was clear Philippa was ending the meeting there.

Duncan thought the cell would be happy with this.

Lina’s reveries were brought to a close as she received a call that the school excursion was over, and that the children would be waiting to be collected in half an hour – tired, the teacher laughed. And she laughed to herself, as she got ready to collect them. She was looking forward to their night at home.

That night she lay awake thinking about the Creatives. What must life have been like for them? At school they had discussed creativity, some argued that school was not such a place for discussion as it



was unlikely that at that age genuine creativity had been sparked. But educationalists knew that in some way we record what might be useful for the future. For Lina creativity was an essential so the discussion had been hidden away for the appropriate time.

The teacher began “The Creative process begins with love. As children coming from a loving home, our basic connection with creativity is started at the same time as our love for our parents. This is Gaia’s way of training.”

Lina remembered a question, “Love and creativity are not the same, I know many people who love but they are not creative.”

“Good point, Giona” encouraged the teacher “I didn’t make it clear.” He looked at Giona with acknowledgement. “Creativity is started with love, Giona, but” he turned to the rest of the class “it is not for everyone to be creative. For some people they develop faculties of insight, in others seeing the truth or becoming wise, the call and duty of teaching and healing, and for some being in loving relationships is enough.”

“How do we know?” Giona pushed.

“That is the point of Gaia’s wisdom,” he answered “Giona, we don’t actually know until we know. Sometimes your parents and teachers know before you. They will watch what you children do, and they will see something special, a spark, an insight, some creativity, and they will know.”

“Do you see it in us, in me?” asked Giona insistently.

“You are pushy, today” laughed the teacher and she pulled back. “Giona, keep asking. I like your questions, they help me learn and teach. I sometimes do see it in students but it is not good to push young Yoxa too fast. If I see a spark I encourage it, I tell my colleagues because it is so important that we teachers work together. But I usually don’t tell the student, it is up to them to learn and come to terms with it.”

“I would like to know if I have such a spark, I would want to develop it,” Giona answered.

“Giona, again a very good point,” he congratulated her “but the problem is if you try to be pushy,” he laughed kindly as she pulled back “it will not come. You cannot say I will be good at art, I will be a good writer, I will develop wisdom; only Gaia knows this .... and you will see it develop in yourselves in time.”

“As teachers we know the skills to teach you, we can try to recognise any of these vihars but we cannot teach the vihars themselves. You either have a vihar or you don’t, only Gaia knows.

“But for you it is not only the skills you need to learn but it is the personal discipline – the discipline of questioning like my good friend, Giona,” he looked towards her as she blushed, it gave him a tingle “Questioning to learn, not just questioning. Questioning your teachers, but more importantly questioning yourself, looking at what you have heard at home, in school, in your community, and asking is this true, is this true for me? Deep questioning is so important, and leads to wisdom.

“But questioning is concerned with removal. As young people wishing to learn, your minds fill up with so many facts, so many opinions, so many theories, so many mind-filling irrelevancies. No-one intentionally gives you such mindfill – at least nowadays,” he smiled to himself, education history had

been his specialty “but it is mindfill all the same. One person’s mindfill is another person’s wisdom or insight. And what is the difference, Giona?” he turned to her.

“Questioning, Elder,” she answered quickly.

“Exactly, Giona,” smiled the teacher “Deep genuine questioning seeking to find what is core to your understanding and learning.”

“What do we always say?” Elder Kruu finished.

“Learning is Yoxa, imitation is for computers. Always do the best you can,” the class echoed.

He smiled, and they waited respectfully for him to leave. “Enjoy your healthy food,” he always said that.

Lina began thinking about how her own creativity developed, she loved painting. She had been a skilled craftsperson at school, she did well, but somehow it was frustrating. When she met Gerald her interest waned for a while, and then it came back with a vengeance. It had been a few years into the marriage, 4 years, 3 months and 22 days. She had met Gerald soon after school, and he began his oppressive wooing. Once she had accepted this, life with him had been wonderful. At that time his compassion was completely focussed on her, it was so powerful she was able to forget the impending downside. She was able to forget that his infatuation would die down, she was able to forget that his compassion would turn to what was intended, and she would be left in a situation where her own self would be negated because of the intensity of his compassionate fluctuations.

As she had known deep down, his changing heart soon led to much moodiness. For long periods he would ignore his home duties focussing on more pressing world matters. Often she would carry out these chores but she drew the line at single parenting. Once chastised he was always apologetic, and then spent time with the children in as devoted a manner anyone could ask for. Until the next time.

This led to pressure on Lina as her home demands were increased, but she sacrificed this. But unlike Pasur times such a sacrifice was not expected, and Yoxa had changed. Whilst sacrifice was noble so was creativity, insight and love, and in the contemporary world it was expected that these qualities would be expressed – and not demoted to a second-best sacrifice bound up with an unquestioned ego.

But it was not really social expectations that brought forward her art – although they might have been contributory. It was the art – the muse. More and more she remembered her skills at school, and when she told Gerald he briefly enthused – and of course he agreed to the time and financial consequences. “Take what you need, and put it in the diary,” and that was it. And it wasn’t even one-sided like this, it wasn’t a condescension on his part, she knew he wanted her to paint, it was just not important to him to his commitment, to his compassion.

It was one evening when she decided to paint. For days there was planning, which day, which space in the house, how much money for the materials? His support was there but it was her plan – HER art. There was coffee, the paints, the palate, and silence. It was all there, and .... NOTHING. What was she to paint? Her mind churned over. Then children. The demands of Gerald. Even portraits. Their environment – place in the country, the dogs on the street – the new cute puppies. But none of it mattered, that wasn’t it. That wasn’t what she wanted to scream out.

And that was it, she did need to scream. She was screaming because of all the pressures that Gerald had put her under. His reasonableness yet his total demands, the way the home was revolving around his moodiness – her life, the kids around him. It was all skewed, and yet where was the fault? On the outside it was all that it should be but inside it was skewed, distorted and dangerous. That is what she wanted to do. She started with the sun shining, a field with flowers, it was idyllic. Until you looked closer, the sun it was imploding, the flowers their stems were cancered. With each new distortion her concentration developed as the paint tried to keep up with her intensity. It was so powerful. Distortion, intensity. A new image outward perfection, inward distortion. The contradictions, the pressure of the contradictions. Inside her it all built up until suddenly it felt as if her mind was bursting out of her skull. And it expanded – up through the top of her head out far away. It was as if she were floating over the countryside. A bird it's head moving from side-to-side surveying all it knew – it could see. She floated as the bird for a while, and there was such an intense peace – what contradictions and distortions, it was just floating along a perfect peace. Then with a slight sadness she found herself descending to return home. But she had loved the peace, the peace she could remember for its depth and power – for the rest of her life.

Suddenly the bird had gone and she was back with her brush. But she was not alone. Her studio was filled with .... presence, she laughed at the word. She looked around, it was as if the air was tingling. There was a silence that was beyond the absence of sound, and she stayed with it. And then she felt .... Paint, go on paint. And she just painted. She was not going through internal contradictions and distortions she was just painting, painting, painting, .... Time was gone, she painted and painted .... and then there was no need. Tiredness came over her, and she lay down and drifted off to sleep, a deep unagitated peaceful sleep.

She woke up and marvelled at what she had done. It wasn't finished. Her images were perhaps too distorted – without any subtle touches, over time she would add them. Even though it would take weeks, the painting would not change only be refined.

She found the muse a constant companion, and her frustrations melted away especially when she later got to know Honiti. Gerald was never now a problem just a phase that would soon end – or at least end it did not matter when.



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# LOVE IN HONITI

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## Ch 5 Egotivism

The old had stepped in. For Honiti's society there was great respect for the old. Not only had they stepped in with the Dogmatons, but they had wisdom of their time. It was a kind of balance. Lifetimes produced changes in society. By the time people were old enough to have wisdom without all the



passions of youth society had already changed yet their wisdom was more than relevant. And of course there was timeless wisdom, it was often the old who could interpret.

When Honiti arrived at the Cotla he was visibly sad, because Lina knew why it was not a sadness that mattered; he would just go through it. Honiti's family, as most, cremated, and they had just left the memorium. Honiti's grandfather had passed early, and his grandmother survived him many years. She was a wonderful old woman, it seemed as if she had always been old and Honiti often visited to listen to her talk of the time of the egotivists.

Honiti recounted a conversation with his lovely grandmother. "Honiti, we grew up at the time of the death knell of the Dogmatons," Maa Yai told him one time. "It was a turbulent time of increasing violence. There were the dogmatons with their rules and conformity, there were the creatives with E3R angry and deeply unsettled because of the repression of their art, and there were the liberalistas for whom violence had taken over as a way of life."

She paused with sadness welling up. "There was so much confrontation. Conformism and expression, even the words conflict."

"We went to school, and learned about the Pasur and Pagan times, and there were no doubts it was good to have ended those times. But we didn't have the fear of previous generations, we didn't have the fear of those times. We grew up in a time of different confrontations and we were afraid of these newer versions. Unintentionally the Dogmatons had created a fear in us, that was the same fear they had. Only that fear had turned and was now focussed on the Dogmatons themselves.

"For generations we just accepted the scenario of the rising good of the Dogmatons, we can't live like

the Pagans it is safer to live with the Dogmatons. The fear people grew up with created the same delusions that the Pagans had. The Pagans didn't like having wars fought in their name but for their generations the Pasur had provided for what they called the middle-classes so the Pasur were tacitly given control by these same Yoxa. Only history told what an awful time it was, yet for those middle-classes it was fine - they were safe.

“It was the same when I grew up. The Dogmatons provided safety for our communities. We could be normal, we could grow up, get educated, play sports, be entertained, get our own houses, educate our kids and so on. Yes we could be normal.

“But what if we were more than normal, what if we had a spark, what if we felt like expressing ourselves differently - this was not allowed. Somehow in Dogmaton times it hit our generation more than most. Were we more creative? I don't think so. It wasn't so much that we were more creative but more and more young people had been demanding the right to be creative.”

Yai turned to him and half her teeth smiled at him – she hated dentures – plastic in her mouth. “I don't think I had a creative bone in my body, and I demanded the right to be creative. It wasn't that I wanted to stop other people from being normal. I didn't want to take anything from them; they were just boring, Honiti, so boring. How could I live a life like that. Get up, go to work, earn enough money for a home, go home, watch tv, play sports, and turn my kids into the same. All of that just drove a spear through my heart. I just didn't want to do that. Could I put a brush on a canvas, could I write a poem, could my hands turn clay into beauty? Not a cat-in-hell's chance,” she smiled then cackled. “But I demanded the right not to have to do all that .... aaaggh conformity. I wanted to express but I had no idea what – still don't,” she turned and showed him her teeth again.

“That was my generation, we just couldn’t put up with all that,” she halted. Then she told him “but that was only half of us .... whatever the numbers I don’t know. And the other half demanded the right to follow the Dogmaton narrative. We were all young so passionate so rigid. Here we were demanding the right to express but we knew not what, and then there were the rest of our age demanding that they be allowed to grow up boring and normal. And we fought.

“Of course we had no military, the government didn’t support us; but when the Liberalistas came to annoy us the government supported them.

“But then the old stepped in. They were frightened at all the violence. Good kids in their families were being locked up as subversives yet to the old they were just kids growing up and not wanting to be boring. Even the old said Dogmatons were boring but they were happy with that because they were old and safe.

“But old love the young. However headstrong they might be young people don’t want to be old before their time. The old people kept complaining about all the confrontation, they hated it.

“Things started to change with Gurudasa. As a young woman she went hunting round all these different monasteries that had sprouted up to hide from the confrontations, and she came up with this egotivism stuff. All her life she had been talking about egotivism but few really listened.

“Now you have to know all these Dogmatons loved this path stuff,” she knew he’d jump at that.

Honiti remembered his reaction when she had said that. How can the Dogmatons possibly have loved path? Path was all they didn’t stand for, he figured old Yai was losing it a bit.

“No I’m right,” she laughed at him. “Those Dogmatons used to sit at their parties and say, “I’m following the path”, and argue with each other about how much more they were following the path. We used to say they followed the path of mediocrity. It had become fashionable to listen to people bang on about the path but the path they banged on was just dogma.

“Path was studied at their universities but they couldn’t subscribe to one path and go deeply. They had some kind of consensus path, I know it doesn’t make sense. Different people dug up old manuscripts from all kinds of religions with their paths, and they listed all the dogma. Do this, don’t do that. Here do this, there don’t do that. And they got them all together, and produced a consensus.

“This they called the Codex, the Dogmaton Codex. Remember the old Wadkin Yoxa constitution – reason, perception, feeling and senses. There was no Being as we know it, no God, no presence, no muse, no Beyond, need I go on ....” Honiti laughed with her.

“There was just the Codex and their form of meditation,” she continued “we called it mindlessness meditation.”

“They even taught this mindlessness in schools, only they called it “paying attention to the Codex”. Every morning we recited the Codex, and then we would sit in silence thinking of the Codex. Or at least some of us did. We laughed at this because there were two people at school those in ecstasy and those stuck in codextacy. Guess who the Liberalistas were. They were there with their reciting the Codex, and then they would sit in silence going “I will follow the Codex” “I will follow the Codex”. It was just brainwashing.”

“So Gran what did you do?” Honiti asked.

“We just fantasised. We thought about boys meeting them after school, wandering through fields together – just being together anywhere but school. We let our minds go anywhere – they can’t tell you what to do inside your head,” she announced still defiant.

“But that’s not what it is about,” Honiti jumped in.

“Of course it isn’t,” she agreed unquestioningly. “But remember these were times of intense conditioning, and school was the main place they introduced their conformism. Yeah sure it was all over the TV but that was more subtle – disguised as entertainment. But school, that was just conformism 101.”

“It’s amazing so many people bought into it,” he mused, and then laughed “Codextasy”

“Do you know that when the Liberalistas stopped us they demanded we quote the Codex?” Yai noted with amusement .... then anger. “Well not all of them but some.”

“We wouldn’t answer or we would say

“Codex 12 says we must paint a picture before breakfast.”

“Codex 15 says we must kneel when we recite the Codecticon”

My favourite:-

“Codex 13 says we must put on a suit at 3.00pm to listen to the Dogmaton council recite the Codecticon.”

We were amused at our Codex, the game was to make up a Codex that was absurd yet as close to a real one as possible. But this taunting had a dark side. We would say these things and the Liberalistas would get angry, hit us, we would defend ourselves, and then get arrested for VPO, Violence against Public Order. That wasn't funny.

“But the whole of the Dogmaton Council got angry when young people started talking about the path of creativity,” she changed tack pointedly.

“I remember egotivism but I don't remember anything about the path of creativity,” Honiti answered.

“Even history doesn't really talk about this but I think it was significant,” replied Yai. “But like most of us, including the Dogmatons, I didn't really understand it.”

“Honiti, did you hear of the Glowing Path?” asked Yai.

“Yes I did,” replied Honiti.

“Well the organisation, Glowing Path, grew out of the path of creativity,” Yai explained. “It started out of nothing. A couple of writers got together, and they started a skit on that stupid old Codex. They called it the path of creativity. It talked about how you should conduct yourself in order to become creative, eventually they called it the Creativity Codex or the Codex with Meaning.”

“Yes I have heard of those,” murmured Honiti “weren’t they connected to Wakington? That was an awful blight on our recent history, more Pagan than Pagan.”

“Indeed it was!” she told him “And Wakington was the catalyst that started the new era.” She paused. “Excuse me, I am getting a bit tired.”

“Of course Maa Yai,” Honiti replied and got up. “Can I get you something?”

“Just green tea,” she sighed deeply “I want to take a break.”

Honiti went off to the dispenser but took his time, she rarely showed when fatigue was taking over. Wakington was a real blot. A group of creatives had got sick of being harassed by the Liberalistas. Having managed to scrape money together they decided to move far from the cities to a place called Wakington where they bought this land and started growing their own foods and rearing livestock. Basically they just worked as farmers but in the evening they would hold meetings to discuss what had been written or what had been painted or drawn. It was OK for Dogmatons to have soirees in which they criticised creatives, to discuss the Codex, or just bang on about the latest group who had written a play describing the Codecticon. But creatives couldn’t meet on their own land to discuss what they had produced.

In a nearby town, Kudulan, the Codecticon recitals were taken particularly seriously, they were a reactionary people. But of course they had young as well as anyone else. Living far from the cities there was not much contact with creatives. Young Ellie May was fascinated with the creatives, and often went to Wakington; her father forbade the visits but she still went. One night her mother found



paintings in her room; Ellie May told her mother that she had painted them but her family would never accept that Ellie May was one of those creatives.

Meanwhile resentment towards Wakington amongst the townsfolk of Kudulan was growing. Even though the creatives kept to themselves the Kudulan folk didn't want them there. Ellie May came home pregnant, she had been raped by one of her neighbours keeping quiet about the rape because it was a young uncle. One morning she was sick, and the mother heard her – the third day in a row. She confronted Ellie May who couldn't tell her that the father was her mother's younger brother. Immediately the parents decided that it was one of the creatives who was the father. That evening they were drinking and a few of them went out to Wakington to confront the creatives.

Whilst the people in Wakington knew Ellie May because she visited, they had a strict rule not to have relations with the local townsfolk; they knew it wasn't one of them. Fueled by the drink the townsfolk attacked one of the young men. A fight broke out and the townsfolk went home injured.

Not satisfied with this they went to the mayor and sheriff and complained that they had been attacked by the creatives whilst they had been innocently working in the fields. Months of reactionary fears built up, the town's forces gathered, and they went and attacked Wakington. There was much carnage, injuries on both sides, but eventually the townsfolk left leaving Wakington devastated. In the middle of their small commune there were the embers of a fire where every single piece of paper and every painting had been set on fire.

But that was not the end. One of the most vociferous cantankerous old guys had returned home, he had received a blow to his head. The next morning he died of a heart attack. Of course his family blamed the creatives. Again a Kudulan mob descended on the Wakington commune, only the children escaped.

History records that 20 people died for painting and writing poetry.

Deaths of so many had to be investigated and representatives of the Dogmaton Council arrived. They were horrified at what these people had done. Yet at the same time these were creatives who had died, so there was not much sympathy. Rural people were often in conflict with the cities, so the council tried to bury it. But one of the council reps was herself a creative. She recorded the investigation, including discussions between investigators and the townsfolk where they admitted the full history of their wrongdoing. Kudulan knew, the Dogmaton Council knew, but no-one was accused. When a whistle-blower publicised all that happened, there was an outcry. Old people criticised the young investigators and the members of the council for being too hard-lined. The young tried to turn away the criticism of the old but the old people gained support from the young creatives like Maa Yai.

It became a huge incident but in the end the Council did nothing but from that moment on the Glowing Path was formed. And the Glowing Path were violent.

For the first time Pagan violence had come to the Dogmatons. Those same old people became vociferous again, and started to promote egotivism.





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Writer 



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## LOVE IN HONITI

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### 6) PATHTIVISM

The nihilism of endless questioning was liberating. For so long Yoxa had been afraid to ask, especially their young. And the Dogmatons did not know there was this deep fear - or chose not to see it, thinking everyone was of mind. Didn't everyone understand that following Codex was a way of avoiding Pagan

times? What Dogmatons hadn't understood was that their power had been misused and become censorship, their own fear having taken them over. So afraid of Pagan times they had become stuck in a mindset, symbolised by the Codex; they saw the arising creativity as the return of the rabid individualism that was encouraged by the Pasur. And when that creativity began to attack Dogmatons another fear kicked in, a fear they were unwilling to face. What had started positively, a liberal movement that had taken the Yoxa out of Pagan times, had become the new prison guards of censorship and repression.

This censorship of course was the power of delusion, colluding with ego. In power, these Council leaders, they controlled the Dispolice, many of whom were Liberalistas. Becoming addictive, this power corrupted, and within Dogmaton society there were no mechanisms to control this corruption.

After the old had turned society into a mass of questioning, it became recognised that the old had much to offer; it wasn't just this hysteria of questioning that the old helped Yoxa with. Once this turmoil had settled, and it became integral that there was "feedback" from the old, this showed in one way by meetings at the Cotla in which the views of the old were sought.

At one such meeting Maa Yai had been amongst the "panel".

"Putting Yoxa out to pasture because they were no longer capable of physical wage-slavery under the Pasur had evolved into putting Yoxa into homes because their minds weren't sharp enough. This was an amazing lack of understanding of life – of the stages of life of the way Gaia intended Yoxa to develop.

"And it was another example of how Dogmatons failed to see how they were censoring society. With

the censorship and repression Yoxa minds had not developed naturally during their lives, Dogmaton repression had stunted mental growth, and this stunted growth had led to a return of the diseases of the old such as dementia and Alzheimer's.”

“I understood that dementia and such were as a result of repression and poor diet in the Pagan times,” asked one of the Cotla audience, young Bartie.

“In Pagan times they were,” answered Pituk, a retired doctor. “But it was so much more under the Pasur. Frustration of the Yoxa spirit was compounded by horrific practices of introducing chemicals into food, manipulation of food genes, creating hybrid seeds in the lab - primarily for increased yield, and these were done without proper research first.”

“That makes no sense,” Bartie continued – he was a scientist.

“It was Pagan times, Bartie,” smiled Pituk. “Nothing made sense.

“Some research was done but it was never enough. Just part of the many games the Pasur played to delude the Yoxa they cared about them. In one scenario they funded activists who were angry with government, encouraging these few Yoxa to demonise government. Pretending to control and subjugate these massive egos as these egos ranted on about restriction of freedoms by government, government created a diversionary conflict - they did restrict but at the instruction of the Pasur. It was just Pasur manipulation.

“Sorry I digress. Part of these food and health games were government regulations. Ostensibly regulation was meant to help Yoxa. In terms of the manipulation of food one branch of government

was supposed to protect Yoxa by demanding integrity of research. This helped the profits of the Pasur because they then charged more. But they had backdoors that ensured they got what they wanted, if regulations blocked the Pasur the backdoors unblocked.

“Again I digress, I am a doctor after all,” smiled Pituk “and it makes me angry that there was such manipulation of healing – and many doctors helped perhaps unwittingly, it was just common practice.

“To the matter at hand dementia and the Dogmatons,” he continued aware of some youthful impatience. “In the new Dogmaton situation dementia was primarily brought on by the repression of the Yoxa spirit inherent in their censorship society, inherent in the Codex. Here is an old blog from Dogmaton times in which someone described what their old age was like for them:-

*“Codexed to dementia”*

*Being old is frustrating. You have spent your whole life learning, and when you have the time to analyse and give back Dogmatons don't want to listen.*

*I began to realise the Dogmatons were committing similar crimes as Pasur – not war of course but crimes against the Yoxa. We were told this, we were told that. And we bought into it. The Pasur learnt that it was necessary for the Yoxa to agree to be wage-slaves and wage war, they couldn't force all of them. So it was propaganda, make the Yoxa addicted to media and propagandise, in another blog I will look at how they did that – link.*

*But mainly it was mainly accomplished through delusion. They told us “We don't always get it right but we are the best there is.” Then on the media they showed us how awful everyone else was.*



*That's all the Dogmatons did. Only they had history to show what the Pasur had done, and we didn't want Pagan society. Then they said all those who don't want Dogmatons, don't recite the Codex, must want Pagan times. Through media and propaganda life was restricted to just two possible ways - Dogmaton or Pagan.*

*Because Yoxa were working they didn't have time to analyse – think for themselves. Of course they had the Codex meditation, recite and understand the Codex, so if Yoxa were feeling stressed there was the answer – Codex meditation.*

*So what happens when you retire? You have time to meditate. You are not meditating about Codex, you can meditate about life. Is life just Codex? Why have creatives really happened? Why are creatives a threat to Dogmatons?*

*When I was meditating last night I began to think about Codex. I recited the main Codex to myself, and then I remembered some of the Corollacodex. In my mind I began to fit these Codex together in a wall, this one connected to this one and so on; we were often encouraged to see how they fit together. And then instead of fitting them together I began to see myself step back from the wall. I moved further and further back from the wall, and the wall, the Codex, got less and less important. And this wall was covering a light, and I watched as the further back from the wall I got the brighter the light got. And then all there was was light, the light that knew the nature of the Codex. All my life I had worked and for what - to build a wall against this light.*

*I felt great joy.*



*Then I felt frustration. I must tell Yoxa about this. In the home I told Yoxa but they weren't listening, they were old, they wanted to enjoy the rest of their lives peacefully – not having to work. So who wants to know? Yoxa. But they are all working – and reciting the Codex.*

*Who can I tell? I know this, life is just so wrong, everybody is wrong, and I now know the dementia of Yoxa spirit.*

“What happened to this person?” asked Bartie, and he saw Pituk shrug. “I only have this blog.”

“I guess there were many more such Yoxa,” sighed Pituk, “Stuck in homes, a lifetime of experience, developing wisdom, young Yoxa fighting their battles, Dogmatons refusing to listen, and the world being just wrong. Is there any surprise there was still dementia?”

“But there were some Codex-demented for whom euthanasia would have been a mercy,” quipped Maa Yai; the panel laughed, the audience were less sure.

“Nowadays wisdom of the old is recognised, and we have Gurudasa to thank for that,” mused Pituk.

“History might remember Gurudasa,” interrupted Maa Yai “but she was only the catalyst, a person in that moment of time. It was the Yoxa fighting off their chains that brought about the change. Gurudasa was not on her own, many old Yoxa stood up and repeated what she was saying – adding their own wisdom.

“But that would have been nothing – or rather contained. What the old Yoxa were saying struck a chord with so many young Yoxa. I was not a creative but I hated seeing what was happening to them. It

was just plain wrong. We all rallied behind Gurudasa and the old Yoxa. It was a good combination. The Dogmatons could not blame it on youthful indiscretion nor could they blame it on the demented.

“And the Liberalistas began to see how trapped they had become in their confrontation. I remember the incident at Oak Farm – soon after Wakington. Now Oak Farm was an artist collective in the city, and the city is supposed to be more tolerant. Spurred on by the lack of punishment for the Yoxa of Kudulan, the Liberalistas decided to destroy this commune. Now Oak Farm also had communes for the old, and when they heard that the liberalistas were attacking the commune, all the old Yoxa came out and placed themselves between the creatives and these ignorant Liberalistas.

“It must have been funny to see these young Yoxa squaring up to each other, and then all the old folks staggering towards them. When they got there they just stood in the way of the Liberalistas. By this time the creatives were angry and prepared to fight back. But no-one could fight because all these frail old Yoxa were in the way. They couldn’t push these old Yoxa away, they couldn’t hurt the old folk – that would end any support the Council gave the Liberalistas.

“This sparked the creative communes into action, and they organised shields. Organisations of old Yoxa got together and allocated themselves to all the communes so if the Liberalistas came there would be old shields.

“But this quickly had a knock-on effect. There was Wakington, the Oak Farm shield and other shields, but more importantly Yoxa just began questioning. The Council became isolated by their ego, public opinion turned against the Liberalistas because of the shields, and soon the Great Questioning started.”

They took a break, the old Yoxa were tired.

During this break Honiti met Lina outside. “It is good we meet these old Yoxa, their wisdom does help us step back, but,” he told her.

“I know, they send you to sleep,” she chirped in. “But they are of course right, young Yoxa try to be too quick, and then they make so many mistakes.”

“I agree but they can be,” they both echoed together “so boring.”

They decided to walk, well not really a decision they just walked off together. “How is Naica?” she asked, but she saw he didn’t want to talk about her. “I’m coping,” was all he wanted to say, but there was no further answer. “Gerald was off saving the world again,” she laughed infectiously. Her humour usually brought a reaction but he seemed sullen, turned inside. She watched but there was nothing – just distance. She linked his arm, and they continued walking.

She could feel the emotion running up inside him, what had Naica done? Then suddenly he turned to her, and calling out “Oh Lina,” he grabbed her and kissed her passionately. His embrace overwhelmed her, the passion came from deep inside him. She tried to resist but her own feelings for him were drawn out by the strength of his emotion. Soon she fell helplessly in his embrace savouring every second.

They hugged each other for what seemed an eternity, and then almost synchronously there was a pushing away. Not really physical but they both knew it should not have happened. Immediately Honiti apologised, but Lina simply said “I wanted you to kiss me, don’t feel guilty.”

“It has to stop there,” Honiti said, and she smiled “Of course it does.”

“I promise I’ll never do that again,” his guilt continued.

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep,” she laughed at his guilt and pride. Slowly his passion calmed, his emotions fell away, and he laughed at himself with her. They linked arms, continued walking in silence.

“It is time to go back,” she said, turning him.

Checking he agreed. “You know I love you,” he said almost matter-of-factly.

“I know, it’s OK,” she said. He began to talk again but she stopped him – sometimes he didn’t know how important being silent together was.

They of course arrived back late. The panel of elders had reconvened and Maa Yai was talking.

“I remember the euphoria of the questioning. We would be up all night arguing together, we discussed everything from government to policing to life itself. There was a communality that had not existed before in my life. It surprised us all.”

“Not everyone was surprised, the creatives just said the time had come,” interjected Pigo “for them the euphoria was not in the questioning, that had been the essence of their art, they now had the freedom to express. They didn’t join in the questioning – except when asked, the questioning was not for them it was for the Yoxa who had accepted the lead of the Dogmaton Council for so long.”

“We don’t have all this questioning now, is there something going wrong?” asked Cornira, partly knowing the answer.

“The questioning was an escape valve,” Maa Yai answered “it was a call for recognition, Yoxa just wanted to be who they were. There had been no chance for this expression under the Council, our world was just so full of fear.”

“What changed then?” Cornira asked, a few stared at her impatience and she looked sheepish.

Maa Yai ignored this and continued “Eventually the questioning started to turn to frustration. The answer had been to destroy the Codex, destroy the fear that was the bedrock of the Council’s rule. But these were negatives, Yoxa did not have positives. Questioning alone did not produce positives.

“Funnily the answer came at Gurudasa’s burning,” she continued.

“Out of death comes life,” muttered Pigo. Maa Yai ignored, he was sometimes an old fool with his aphorisms.

Gurudasa's daughter, Inea, gave the eulogy:-

*“I loved my mother. She struggled all her life because no-one listened to her. I used to say to her to be careful, if you were a creative the Liberalistas would hassle you.*

*“But for her own protection she never wrote anything down.”*

When she said this she looked around, she could almost hear their thoughts “We wish she had written it down.”

*“Recently she made it her life’s work to write it down. She was always so tired. Once Yoxa began listening to her, they kept asking her to speak. It was such a strain on her but she was so happy because she was being listened to.*

*“But she knew she had to write it down. As she was nearing her death she made me promise to print the book. She could have gone to a publisher but she didn’t want all that was associated with publishing. There were too many demands on her anyway.*

*“She gave me this to read out at her cremation:-*

**“For you all today may be sad but my time has come, Gaia rules. But no-one can have lived a more fulfilled life than I because Yoxa have gained their freedom from the oppression their fear had generated. Now I have seen that there can be no greater joy.**

**“But Yoxa, your journey is far from over. There is so much more. You have listened to me when I spoke of egotivism where we as Yoxa were actively involved in removing ego from our daily lives especially the egos created by those who were once powerful. And Yoxa embraced this with all their questioning.**

**“But Yoxa you never looked at following the path, egotivism was only the first stage of pathivism.”**

At this point Inea broke down in tears, all she could see was her mother's teeth as she laughed. Many Yoxa came up to her but she waved them away. "I will continue," she spoke defiantly, the words creeping out through the tears.

*"My mother wants me to laugh here. "See Inea laugh, she has all her teeth," Gurudasa wrote. "Laugh. Pathtivism - no, not Gurudasa and the path again. Is Gurudasa now a Dogmaton?"*

Inea broke down again; many at the funeral were laughing with Gurudasa yet crying for her at the same time.

After she had collected herself Inea continued.

**"Egotivism is not a way forward for Yoxa, it is only a way of expunging the past. There is only the path, not the path of repression that the Dogmatons hid behind, but the path of life, of Gaia, that we were born to follow.**

**"Pick up the cards in front of you. From today on please can we end this questioning of the ego and begin by following the path. As you leave please collect my book "The future is pathtivism". It would make me happy in death that , if you accept what I have written, Yoxa in your lives will be an attempt to follow the path, the path of Gaia."**

Inea held up one of the cards. She just stood there holding the card with tears in her eyes. Through her emotion she tried to watch as those present read the words of her mother. For some she saw light in their eyes, and she imagined that they had imbibed on the spirit of her mother. She sat down, she felt



their joy – she felt her mother’s joy.



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# LOVE IN HONITI

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## 7) Gainatta

For a while Gurudasa's path became the new Codex. Because they were trained in reciting Yoxa began reciting Gurudasa's path, the Glowing Path:-



The path is not addicted to ego and conditioning

Beyond ego and conditioning is the path

The path is Gaia, follow the path

But Gurudasa had known Yoxa would recite, this was the Dogmaton conditioning. At least by the time of her death Yoxa were questioning. They were questioning ego so hopefully they would begin to understand why they were addicted to ego, they would begin to understand why they were addicted to conditioning, and then they would begin to question why the path is beyond. And if they question path and see that path is Gaia, then there might be hope that Yoxa minds would not enslave themselves again as they did with the Pagans and Dogmatons.

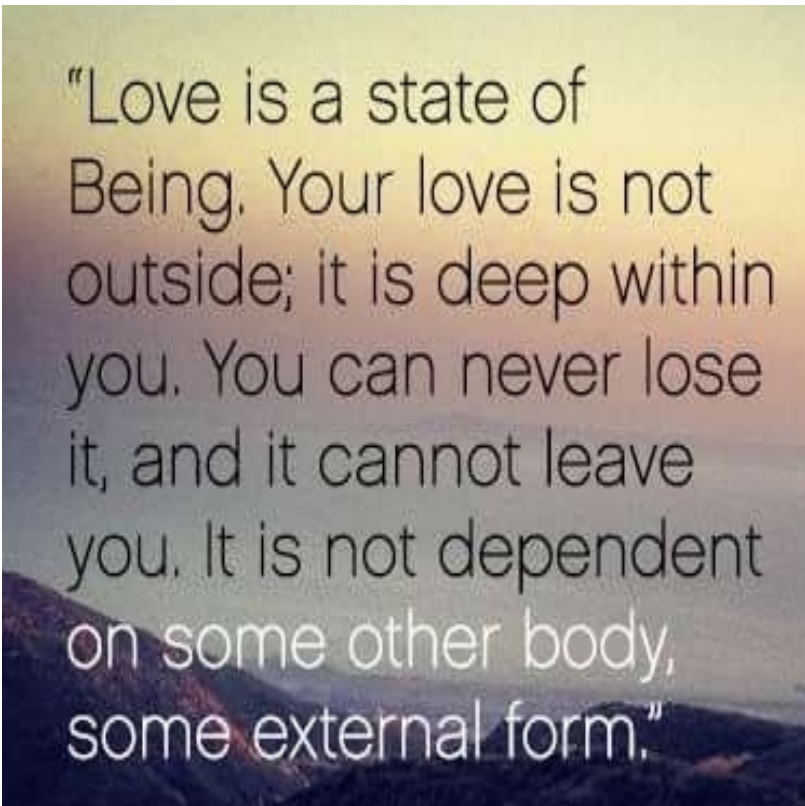
Under the Dogmatons there had been much education on Codex, path and their meditation. To begin with the Great Enquiry had closed down these homes of conditioning, but now they were reopened to study Gurudasa. For the Dogmatons these universities were concerned with fear and conditioning, but now they were concerned with Gurudasa, the path and what she had written in her book.

But they had no teachers. The existing teachers were all trained in the Dogmaton era. The young having no wisdom were only questioning. So Yoxa turned to the old for they had been instrumental in opening up the minds of the Yoxa, but whilst there was much wisdom there the old did not understand the path and Gurudasa's pathivism.

The creatives now had their path, and for most of them it was the doing that mattered. Seeking teachers creatives followed Gurudasa's journey. When young she had sought refuge in monasteries, how much did this influence her in her understanding in what she wrote in her book? Such monastics were invited to teach and some came.

But the Yoxa struggled, what was the path? They could understand ego, they could understand conditioning. But what was the path, what was beyond? Why was it Gaia? They wanted to follow Gurtudasa's path but they had no idea what it was they had to follow.

Amongst them was Eckhartus, and he became significant in the Love movement. He spoke about the path of love:-



“Love is a state of Being. Your love is not outside; it is deep within you. You can never lose it, and it cannot leave you. It is not dependent on some other body, some external form.”

(\*)

Whilst Eckhartus became inspirational for the Love movement much that Eckhartus had to say left the Yoxa confused, left them with more questions. Eckhartus would just laugh “Question as part of genuine enquiry is good,” he laughed.

Whilst they were still struggling with path all Yoxa thought they had some kind of understanding of love. Suddenly the Great Enquiry had found a direction, and it became the Love movement. They would say “All you need is love”.

But enquiry was still there, what is this love that we all need? They began to seek this dissolution of

one from the other. They began to see that love was in their being, this was the love they needed.

Gradually the Glowing Path, the Great Enquiry, the pathivism began to settle down as Yoxa society stabilised. A significant turning point began innocuously with the Eckhartus seminar entitled “Is love for pathivism?”

Of course with the Great Enquiry there had been much discussion about path, love, being – everything under the sun. Although Yoxa were trying to follow Gurudasa’s “Future is pathivism” it was proving difficult. Enquiry after enquiry was leading to frustration. Ego was limited, Yoxa questioned conditioning ad nauseum, but there was discontent as there was no resolution. For many Yoxa desire for the path was not producing the necessary following of the path. Feeling a high level of frustration, for Yoxa this time the frustration was not questioning for questioning’ sake as in the Great Enquiry, but frustration at not finding the path. Beginning to feel like Dogmatons, Yoxa might want to say "I’m following Gurudasa’s path more than you", but they knew this comparison was ego and they dropped it as soon as it came up.

But there was still frustration, where was Gurudasa’s path?

Eckhartus gave the keynote speech at the seminar:-

“Love is the path, being is the path, love is being. This is an answer to Gurudasa’s path, but we have been so caught up in questioning that we do not know how to use the answer. Perpetual questioning is keeping our answers on the surface, and we have not internalised them. Gurudasa talked about these, and ....

He began to list page references that supported his claim. And this lost most of the audience. This was now same old, same old, and most drifted off.

He concluded. “It is time we stopped seeing questioning as answer, the answers are the answers. The answer is the path, and I am suggesting “love is on that path.” This seminar is now going to divide up, and different groups will consider the practical questions such as “how do we change our society to recognise that love is on the path?”

“Over there you will see the screens, on each screen you will see different strategy groups – I have just mentioned strategy 2. If that is your choice go to screen 2, key in your seminar number, and you will receive the necessary instructions.

“But before we do that we will meditate,” he announced. They assumed the posture as they had been trained by the Dogmatons. “Love is the path, being is the path, love is being. Start by accepting this. Hold these words in your mind “Love is the path, being is the path, love is being.” Now forget the words, there are no words. Look for love. Look for love inside you. Words will come back, let them go. You are not looking for words, you are looking for love. I want you to find love and feel it. Not making love, not the love you have for your partner, find love. If images of your partner come up let them fall away. You are not looking for a loving relationship, you are looking for love. If your mind thinks of something to do with love, let those thoughts fall away. What you want to do is feel the love inside you, feel your being that is love. Stop those thoughts, feel love.”

There was silence. After a while Eckhartus continued “Feel that love deep inside you. Feel it welling up. Feel it welling up deep inside your body, deep inside. It is expanding, this love is expanding. Feel it expand, floating out of the top of your head. Follow this love. See your neighbour’s love floating

above and touch it with your love. They fuse. Your combined love touches other loves in the room, and then we have one big love together. Enjoy this huge love .... together.” He felt the room, was it going well? There was stillness, a good sign, then there was fidgeting .... too much. The gentle ringing wakened the Yoxa from their fused love.

And there was quiet, a release, Yoxa were looking round – getting their bearings. Slowly their consciousness returned to the present presence, and Eckhartus rang the bell again. Their attention turned. “That is love, not questioning. Go to your seminar groups and find ways of allowing Yoxa society to love, to be love.”

The Yoxa were still only half there but buzzing they wandered off to the screens to see what was on offer.

That seemed to go well, thought Eckhartus, let’s hope the groups are productive.

Then there was the plenary, and the report backs were given to tech support. It was Arigon’s turn.

He stood up and on the main screen the plenary saw the following bullet points:-

- Love has always been.
- Dogmaton times made love worse.
- Love in the home is essential for progress.
- Love must be Yoxa emphasis.
- Develop support networks to help those whose love is frustrated – unrequited.
- Train counsellors to help Yoxa love.



“Even in Pagan times Yoxa loved,” she began “but it was more a respite. Life was hard for these wage-slaves, and so any love was an escape. But their love was manipulated into consumer units, and instead of being a respite it became a problem as they had intended money difficulties.

“In the Dogmaton era it was worse. Love was repressed as they had to follow the Codex. Being correct was such a restriction Yoxa could not relax and love. It was not that the correctness itself restricted love, but that the compulsion prevented loving expression. And even that possible loving correctness was lost over time as minds became more constricted to the Codex. In that era it was almost as if love was only intercourse as social respite, how can that have been?

“Now look at point 3), please,” Arigon continued. “This is our essential point. Love has to be developed generationally to help society progress. The home needs to begin with genuine love, and we have to help Yoxa recognise what genuine love is. Love is not passion, the romantic endings of the old movies, love is so much more. This love needs fostering in the home. If a home has difficulty and as a result the child is not loving then this is another generation of damaged Yoxa, Yoxa damaged because they cannot be in love.

“Emphasis needs to be placed on the home, how can we help Yoxa love in the home?

“Then if there is not love in the home, something that can so easily happen, then there needs to be support networks that can help Yoxa in their homes. Meeting places, advice centres, trained love counsellors - we thought enlers,” Arigon concluded.

There was polite applause for Arigon, little did they know what Arigon described could have been a

blueprint for the way Yoxa society developed.

With the embracing of the Love movement the turbulent question of the path began to lose sway on the Yoxa. Gurudasa's path basically became the path of love because love in some way was something all yoxa could relate to. Love as society's way of life is pretty close to the path, many old Yoxa would muse.

But for a distinct few they understood that the path could be much more. But things were looking good compared to history. The exploitation by the Pasur was a distant past. Imposed correction had been replaced by public enquiry, and this had led eventually to a society founded on genuine love. There was no room for complacency but things could have been much worse.

But Gaia was never complacent. Now that ego had been relegated to the past Gaia hoped to end all forms of addiction, and there were good Yoxa working on this. For some love had become compassion not love for one but love for all. With the focus on love in the family there was far less suffering, and the compassionate were freed to explore further.

These compassionate began to learn more and more of conditioning. Under the Pasur and Dogmatons conditioning had been designed to further particular power grabs, but conditioning had far more dimensions than social control. Not attaching to any conditioning became the aspiration of wise minds, and they were rewarded with the joy of increased compassion and bliss. But they were there to take an overview and protect as the battle against ego was continuous.

Gaia rewards. For Honiti and Lina their love blossomed through the Cotla but for most of their lives remained only in those meetings. Sadly Naica's bitterness turned in on herself soon after the children

left home. When she was more lucid Honiti became a target but he fulfilled his duty and nursed Naica until her death, her dying words were “I’m sorry and thank you.”

As Gerald grew older his body became weaker quickly – he had pushed himself too much. Unable to fulfil his social duties his mind turned to compassion, and one day he decided to take orders. He cried when he told Lina that he was going to the monastery, it was Gaia's drive he had to go, he told her.

The day he released her she went straight to the Cotla where Honiti spent more and more time. They walked, and in a discrete place she whispered to him “Kiss me’. They hugged but now there were no restrictions. The frustrated passions were so strong it was not fulfilling but the physical love-making joined them together for the rest of their lives. Together they retrained as enlers – giving back to the Cotla that had allowed them to live a fulfilling life .... in love.



## LOVE IN MOKEROHA





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# THE LOVE IN MOKEROHA

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## 1) Cotlakuk Reflections

As soon as he woke up and felt the room, he knew where he was. Sure he'd not been in this facility but it had Cotla written all over it. His heart sank as he recalled the last time, the questions, the lack of understanding, and the potential undermining of who he was. Having avoided their pressuring, once he had escaped their "conforming", his freedom expressed his love again.

*But obviously not to their satisfaction now*, he thought, as his eyes wandered round the room they had placed him in. How long would he have to spend justifying his truth this time? Now that he was older he could see that they were coming from love, that is the mission of the cotla. But they could not understand that he was also coming from love, love was all that mattered to him as well.

Now that he was older he could say to them they don't understand his love but when he was younger it was all dark and confused. And in many ways that darkness initially brought him to hate the cotla, and why he struggled with them. Now he even understood why he had been seen as at best exploitative - even insane - by some enlers when younger. *Insane*, he smiled to himself - he just loved differently. Avoiding the exploitation label, he now knew that it was about what he decided to say to them. His mother got him a bit, *be careful what you say to the cotla they have helped your father and I but the enlers don't get it*. What she had said haunted him, this was not his mother; in fact his father might well have said this to him but that would have been because of trust. Having helped with the dysfunction in their family, the cotla were accepted in part by his mother but she still warned him; now he was careful, hauntingly so.

In fact it was his mother's acceptance of the cotla that had first brought him in conflict but to be honest he recalled so little about that first encounter. He was still a teenager back at this first encounter. And he had no idea who he was – far less than those around him. In general he learned what education and the cotla required of him although his discipline was immature at times, but something in him hid the conflicts that would arise in adult life. But he could never express love, his mother saw this and was deeply concerned – that was what took them to the cotla.

At this stage in Yoxa development, it was a mother's duty to raise loving children. Knowing their

history, they were aware of how important expressing love was. Yet Mokeroha could not express love, he couldn't even talk to girls. Why wasn't his sex drive overcoming his shyness? Why wasn't his nascent need for a loving relationship showing itself as a desire for girlfriends?

One day she forced the issue with him. The mother and a friend from work took Mokeroha and Ankla, the friend's daughter, for a day at the lake. What the mother saw was Ankla being open and friendly to Mokeroha, but he just sat in silence almost to the point of rudeness. For his mother this was the final straw, she made an appointment at the cotla.

The enler, Granci, spoke with Mokeroha, but even that was hard for Mokeroha – she was pretty and he couldn't talk to her. Saying just the minimum he giggled. Having seen this before - but not as bad as this, Granci asked Cormac to talk with Mokeroha. He got some words from Mokeroha but was also concerned.

As usual Cormac began with the sports, and Mokeroha spoke of this. He played some sports, joined in with everyone – it was just the done thing. Mokeroha always went to the cotla games, did what was asked of him, and supported cotla activities. When Cormac spoke of this Mokeroha ticked all the boxes, he was even vociferous about some.

Then Cormac spoke of the day at the lake, did Mokeroha enjoy the lake? Cormac recorded ambivalence. Did Mokeroha remember Ankla at the lake? Cormac just heard mumbling incoherence – nothing said. Pushing it further, he saw that he was making Mokeroha uncomfortable so he stopped.

Returning home Mokeroha walked and walked and walked. He just recalled a deep intensity concerning Ankla. Remembering a little of how he felt at the lake he couldn't crystallise his thoughts -



he just felt confused, dumbstruck. In retrospect he knew the feeling was shyness but it was just so intense - deeply intense, and yet now Mokeroha spoke on platforms and had no issues with women. There was no sense to it, it was so powerful he couldn't speak. Even a kind of mist. And in his heart a pressure – a shortness of breath. During later romantic love, he felt similar; they were obviously connected. And Ankla – he never met her again. Somehow his mother knew the enlers had disturbed him, he never went again .... at that time; whilst his mother was concerned about him she was also protecting her own relationship – deep down she probably feared prying enlers, he thought retrospectively. Soon after there was the haunting *“be careful what you say to the cotla they have helped your father and I but the enlers don't get it”*.

The next time Mokeroha met the enlers he was lucky – he deserved far worse. He was amongst a group of students flagged for the potential for future infringement of relationship consent due to drug abuse, this was relatively common and the enlers interviewed them giving them a leaflet. Unlike his other enler contacts the interview was peremptory, and the fact that he was immature, shy and ashamed passed him the interview. Retrospectively factors played into his hands at that time. His uncontrolled behaviour lasted a year and was far from exceptional amongst his peers, but retrospectively he knew he was never seeking love; love did come his way and thankfully his intense shyness protected him – he blew it. She was a woman of great beauty, in the end he responded with quiet oppressed by the attentions her beauty brought her. He didn't even know she knew of him, and she made all the moves expressing her interest. But she didn't know of his intense shyness, even though by that time he was able to talk with women without drugs - unless he had feelings for them. When he thinks retrospectively of this woman he would imagine complete servitude doing anything to protect her and be with her lovingly. He smiled to himself gratefully, he would never have coped and would have turned into a lapdog. And the path, would it have been out the window? *Thankful*, he concluded.



Fortunately this was the last time there was such internal confusion due to women. His drug abuse began to control him more, cracks in his conformity began to appear until in the end there was no desire to maintain the sham that his upbringing and education had brought him to. Losing his job through stupidity and a complete disinterest, he went back to stay with his parents - the cotla was not involved. His confusion could have led to far worse, drug abuse and no work might have opened him to all kinds of influence – that would have involved the cotla; being with parents he escaped their attention – the cotla assumed the family was OK because there had never been significant enler intervention (thanks to his mother).

But his stay at the childhood home was only brief as the path took over. His previous minimal acceptance of conditioned conformism had been washed away. He felt an empty slate; having unburdened many of the conditioned egos conformity created, the path was free to fashion the next step in his life. Leaving behind the abeyance that had been this short stay with parents, he returned to the world in which he was being guided – only this time it was not the guidance of conformity but the beginnings of the path; the path had Released him from conformity. But other than the spiritual love of the path, romantic love was nowhere to be seen.

Romantic love did however sneak up on him as he began to follow his path. Now that he was following his path women were all around him; no searching, they were just there. With the path he was of interest – not necessarily as a relationship but not excluding relationship either. These were women who also were seeking their path, and that was the mutual interest. Gone was the intense shyness, and retrospectively he felt shame at who he had been before his Release, shame at the mess of immaturity, conditioning, shyness and painful self-absorption. Now that the path had Released him there was no going back, but why would he want that hell of conditioning?

Because his spiritual love was all-consuming, he was not at ease with romantic love. But around him were women who were more mature and did seek romantic love; Saskira came his way. Retrospectively Saskira was a potential cosmic love, she awoke in him his love for creative women. Of course he was too immature to see it. The path had protected him with his intense shyness but this had meant he had not learnt to live with women or the potential of romantic love; enlers should note this. When Saskira's love came he did not recognise it, and did not recognise it for the gift that it was. Instead he was focussed on the path, and after a brief period where romance was possibly broached he moved on. He was prepared to move on with her but she was not the focus of his love, learning about the path was. She did not come with him, did she know? Did all of his women know that however much he loved them spiritual love came before romantic love - even if he wasn't conscious of it at the time? Saskira's love woke in him the love for creative women but did his short-lived love for her cause her pain? He hoped not but did not know, will never know, and his path took him onwards.

*I am so sorry for any pain,* that thought brought him back to the room, what he amusingly called the cotlakuk. He used that word to the enlers as a personal joke, they would hate that he was calling it a cotla prison if they knew what it meant – the source of its coinage – kuk meant prison in some language he recalled.

*I am so sorry for any pain,* he sobbed to himself – a sobbing without tears. At one immature time he was driven out of control by lust and drug abuse, he never meant to hurt. This wasn't love but it was short-term like so many of his relationships, it was just learning. Did he hurt the student beauty? He hurt himself at the time, but that conditioned self was beyond any real feeling of the pain of love in his unReleased blindness. Retrospectively Saskira was hurt, he thought. She had poured out her love and creativity to him, it was something he loved – he experienced – and then the path moved him on.  
*Saskira I am so sorry for any pain, I did love you.*

Taking up his recollections; where he moved was the first of his travels, and it became the first consolidation of his wonders of the path. The Release had removed much conditioning, but there was still clinging to lust and the potential for romantic love. Whilst he thought he was on the lookout for this cosmic love, the reality was that he was only following his path, the path of spiritual love; of course he was not conscious of this. This consolidation was not the joy of romantic love but the joys of phala, the joys that come from within as path's reward poured out like vibrating molecules surrounding him – he called this jhana “the guys”. He loved "the guys".

Slowly his spiritual love had taught him that he wanted to live alone yet experience life and its loves. *Was this wrong?*, he asked retrospectively. His intense shyness had not allowed any learning from experience, that is what his independent lifestyle of spiritual love needed. But this went against the grain of the enlers. He experienced romantic love with Chami. Chami was living with and had loved Dal, he knew them both, accepted by both yet he loved Chami. They let him enter their lives, it was all openly agreed – or at least verbally agreed. What can you do but go by what Yoxa say? There was a transition where Chami continued to live with Dal, and whilst loving her he waited visiting as a friend – a friend to Dal? he wondered in retrospect. Towards the end of her time with Dal Chami was seduced, Mokeroha's honour was hurt, and created a barrier within their love. They got together as lovers, Dal became cut off from both, yet whilst they were lovers he lived alone. Their love was not in sync, the waiting took its toll, they were together but drifting apart, Chami tried elsewhere, and she eventually left for her hometown.

Before she left Chami tried mediation with the enlers because she eventually fell deep for him. And of course the enlers wanted to help her because they were trying to enable love – romantic love. At this time Mokeroha did not understand himself – did not understand his spiritual love, deluding himself he

wanted the relationship to work. He saw nothing wrong with their living separately – but then neither did she; the enlers did not agree and it became their agenda.

His mind went back to their first meeting at the cotla where together they met Narcu who was of course in love and living happily with her partner. Narcu took them into her cotlakuk, a pleasant room, a room of comfort, a little homely to put Yoxa at ease but with no opulence and the homeliness was token – not a real home. *It was relaxing but still a kuk*, smiled Mokeroha from his contemporary kuk. With furniture arranged in a circle Chami and Mo sat together – so it was almost a confrontation.

“Chami came to me, said that you are lovers but are drifting apart,” started Narcu non-judgementally.

“This is true. Our past together has just put us out of sync,” began Mo openly. “I enjoy being with Chami, going out with her is fun, but we are drifting away from each other. When we were finally alone together I loved her so much but she was not over Dal - understandably. Deep love was not reciprocated because she was not ready. Yet my heart was outpouring.”

“Isn’t love timeless?” asked Narcu, she meant it but it was straight from the enler manual. Bells rang in his head, Narcu would not understand his love.

Mo smiled at her as Chami unknowingly saved him from an ill-advised reply. Looking lovingly at Mo, Chami smiled “You are right, I am sorry but these things have to take their course. I wanted Dal and I to finish, I had loved Dal and out of respect we stayed together until we were comfortable about the break-up. And it worked, I don’t think Dal is angry with me and has moved on happily.”

“I hope he has,” said Mo genuinely “but whilst your love with Dal was taking its course my love was

frustrated. And then when we got together I had dreamed it would all be bells and banjos, but it wasn't. And you were asking me to wait again, to wait while your mind stopped clinging." At this point anger rose and he just controlled it, they had agreed not to mention the seduction.

The interview continued but Mo was watching Narcu's agenda. When Chami and Mo spoke of loving each other she was encouraging, when they spoke of their living apart there was an edge. This enler was not about their love but love in her way, the way that was normal, that was the cotla's handbook. He smiled at his own cynicism, that sounds too manipulative but it wasn't; Narcu was an enler, and one of the cotla's main understanding came from the history of Pagans and Dogmatons where love was not valued.

When Chami and Mo left they were together and happy, but nothing had changed. Mo was drifting away and Chami didn't want that.

Their second meeting was different, when they arrived Chami sat closer to Narcu. There was a familiarity smiling together and chatting – they had met, he realised. This didn't bode well, and he was right. Narcu supported Chami – she always had because she was a love enabler which meant “stay together”, but he detected an increased animosity. Again it was not when he spoke of love, but she was almost verbally critical of their living arrangements – a judgemental position not appropriate for a counsellor.

*It was not beyond Chami to have met with Narcu and work together to get Mo to move in, he thought ungraciously but factually. He of course couldn't move in; he was happy living alone and he loved being with Chami when they met. But living with her – he knew that couldn't work – even though he didn't know why.*

When Narcu raised the question, he firmly but politely declined. When Narcu tried to push it, Chami discouraged her; the meeting petered out, and Mo went to Chami's home but didn't stay.

They tried one more meeting but now Mo couldn't help but see Narcu as far more of an adversary, and this meeting was far less than productive. When they left Mo assumed that was the end of enlers for him until Narcu contacted him for a further meeting. When he reluctantly arrived he was meeting with Sanim – apparently a big enler, introduced as higher up Narcu's line. Somehow his mother's warning flashed into Mo's head.

Of course Sanim was smiling putting Mo at ease, Mo reciprocated the shallowness. His mother's warning added to the distrust that had grown in his short lifetime. “I am surprised you called. Chami and I discussed the situation with Narcu openly. I thought there had been a tacit understanding – irreconcilable agreement, the way adults should agree in such circumstances - love in that relationship was over sadly,” began Mo trying to dispense with flannel and yet in some way control the flow; after all why should love counsellors be opposed to his candour about love?

“When relationships break down we investigate the history of both parties in the hope of helping them in their future,” Sanim answered undeterred and focussed. Immediately Mo was concerned, he did not like conformists with power looking into his personal history – his life did not measure up to their conformist blinkers. Whilst he was aware that he had hurt some women, that hurt had started with love and the pain was just life and learning.

“You were brought to our attention when you were a student,” continued Sanim “for unloving behaviour.”



“I was,” answered Mo cautiously but openly, “the situation was dismissed along with all the other shallow unloving behaviour of my student friends. I am not proud of the way I was, I was immature – there were other behaviours far worse. But that was student, I am completely different now.” He thought of mentioning his Release but didn’t trust this man with that understanding.

“It seems you are continuing that student behaviour into adulthood,” provoked Sanim “your relationship with Chami was a continuation of your sexual exploitation of women in the same way you conducted yourself as a student. How many women have you had relationships with?”

Mo was flabbergasted at this aggression. It was 10 years since he had been reported as a student, and the last 2 years he had been completely faithful to Chami. In the year or two previous to Chami, he had been actively seeking love, had two relationships which turned out mutually to have no depth, and for the rest of the time his life was concerned with his Release and his subsequent following of the path. And yet Sanim wanted to classify him as exploiting women.

He was extremely angry but had learnt enough of conformity to know that he had to be careful. Feeling like belting out a tirade at this obsequy, he let his wisdom control him – this enler was looking for dirt to fit an agenda, an agenda Mo was not sure about.

Calming himself down he fashioned a construct of his life that had some truth and which he hoped would be plausible. “After qualifying I took a job that I soon realised was unsuitable. I realised that I wanted to work in a caring profession, and spent my time on that vocation. After teaching for 3 years, I began dating teachers. I had two sexual relationships that didn’t work out, and then my relationship with Chami. At no time have I exploited women. Except as a student, and it is my understanding that



enlers do not hold indiscretions of young and immature institutional males against them - because at that time they are learning to cope with their growing physical awareness. Why are you bringing this up - in this way?" Mo asked, holding back the adjective aggressive amongst other more inflammatory words. Mo knew that if that was all Sanim was basing his accusation on, he could expose him for bias – if forced to.

"So you are describing yourself as a committed teacher even to the extent that you seek a teacher partner," asked Sanim barely hiding his disbelief.

"Indeed," answered Mo hopefully cutting this system apologist off, he thought successfully as there was a pause.

"Your parents lived together happily all their lives with a little help from our service," Sanim changed his questioning. And now Mo understood his mother's warning even more, she didn't want him to talk of the family home either. It was almost like she was saying "*Don't trust them*". Mo agreed to comply with his mother's wishes even though he was not sure what had happened between her, his father and the enlers. Understanding came to him, she had not been happy with the enlers even though she always presented their intervention in a positive way – to keep them off her back, he realised.

"They always seemed happy to me," answered Mo as if his mother wrote the script "there was a time of difficulty apparently, they visited the enlers and things were then OK."

"How did you feel when your mother and father were working with the enlers?" asked Sanim.

What's he looking for? Some kind of childhood problem that was leading to sexual exploitation of

women in adulthood? He was not going anywhere near there with this man. “I never knew my parents had sought love counsel until my mother told me when we went for support concerning my intense shyness as a teenager,” answered Mo hoping this covered over family cracks.

In the silence Mo watched as Sanim went through some form of evaluation. Sanim was looking at his pad, were there notes, a checklist? After a while he stood up with his professional smile “Thank you, Mokeroha, for coming in. We are always sad when a loving relationship cannot be reconciled, and it is our job to investigate.”

That had the ring of the professional manual, apparently sincere, totally shallow, and covering his back if later held accountable. Mo answered without any sense of honesty “We all have our jobs to do.” They shook hands and Mo went for a walk.

This man, Sanim, presumably Narcu, all enlers?, were his enemy, he must never forget that. They were not Dogmatons but to him they were because they didn't understand him. He was different, non-conforming; they wanted love – a commitment to a loving relationship, such relationships bringing stability to society. Enlers liked to say that love and creativity were tyhe cornerstones of Yoxa society after eschewing the Dogmatons, but enlers still had some Dogmaton in them. Mo was a loving person; with deep conviction he knew that ever since his Release, they couldn't tell him any different – he was loving. But his Release had brought with it the path, the path was love, but for Mo this love had not happened fully yet.

Narcu as an enemy was not a problem but Sanim clearly had some power and was a danger. As he had climbed the ladder he must have presented papers, talked at conventions - whatever; there would be an online presence. He found a book “Promiscuous men, men who cannot love”. He had to know his

enemy so he read the book and it all became clear.

To begin with he had time for Sanim as the book was well written and the author had accumulated a number of case studies supporting his theme. Mind you, that was not hard. Men had a history of promiscuity, at times such men had even convinced society that it was natural for them to “wander” – as they put it; even apparently convincing some women it was natural for men to have multiple partners. But the patriarchy was supposed to have been long gone, and Sanim amongst others argued that in these more enlightened times promiscuity and their feeble excuses ought not to be tolerated. Whilst Mo agreed with this he knew Sanim had gone too far because of the way he had been treated. Recalling a slogan from history – intolerant Dogmatons should not be tolerated, he knew it was meant as irony at the time but clinging to “ideals” was a yoxa weakness.

Mo continued to read, found agreement, and was becoming more concerned as to the dangers of this man. Then he came to a case study of a young man who was intensely shy as a teenager, had turned to drug abuse, and become addicted to promiscuity. So Sanim was stereotyping, and that eased Mo’s mind; he was far from this stereotype – not now being shy because of the Release and no drug abuse now. *If I had continued my student life .....*, reflected Mo, but he could argue strongly against this stereotyping Dogmaton of an enler.

But the problem melted away temporarily. With Chami moving back to her hometown, she was not pressuring via Narcu. And Mo stopped looking for romantic love for a while. He had loved Chami, even when they were drifting apart he enjoyed being with her and for a while no woman matched her. Finding someone didn’t matter so much to him .... until Piani.

Piani ended romantic love in his life, and when he was able to work this out he would always be

grateful to her. But for a number of years she made his life miserable. Piani latched onto him, and he quickly loved her vulnerability. Having just finished a relationship she was alone when he met her. She admired him, his work, and his talk of Release; she felt safe with his strength. Putting these together she pretended to love him.

Mo's life at that time had been building up to Piani, and he completely fell for her. He knew she was rebounding but lived with that, because he was in love he must unequivocally accept all of her .... He loved her vulnerability and she played on it - naturally for her. But instead of loving him she began to use his love, and because he loved her he just saw this misuse as confusion trying to help her through it. A cycle of abusive behaviour developed. Piani discovered that she could misuse his love, he would still love her, and try to help her as he described it. This cycle just encouraged her manipulations, and his life became a rollercoaster based on her whim and moods.

He would escape walking. Once in nature his mind would clear, and his Released spirit would assert itself. How could he justify spirit over the psychological problems Piani had? Yet deep down he knew spirit was more important. He would go home and hope she would come round, she did love him after all - she told him so often. For two years this cycle continued, until Mo took a walking holiday on his own. Whilst away he had worked out a way in which he could gain some sanity from the rollercoaster. And he put it to her that he could stay with her if she worked with him to end this rollercoaster. A long while later they communicated briefly and she didn't recall this talk of a "rollercoaster strategy", because her vanity couldn't get beyond the fact that he was thinking of leaving her. They parted.

He had always thought of teaching in an environment where his vocation was more respected, and so he left to do just that. As he got off the plane he breathed in the air and the heat, and realised that there was far more than Piani that had been restricting him. He had needed to get away from the influence of

his background, upbringing, his home society and cotla.

Even though he carried the pain of Piani with him for years, his vocation flourished. There was a new freedom in his life, a freedom brought about by travel. Even though there had been the Release, in the society of his birth he was surrounded by the conditioning continually trying to suck him back into the restrictions of his youth. His Release resisted this retrogressive detraction but it was a conscious pressure; once he had travelled most of that pressure was gone.

But he hadn't resolved Piani and the pain she had caused him was hindering his personal growth – and he hadn't had a relationship since her. Beginning to realise how he had internalised the pain, shadow was beginning to show its face, a face with no awareness, no understanding and internalised pain needing to express itself. Only later in life did he understand shadow, but for then something was emerging and he realised that it was internalised pain. One night he decided to relive the pain. Feeling the pain was attached deep in his stomach and digestive system, he sought it out. Sending his mind within he consciously released any pain that was somewhere attached, and with each release he felt his hurt and the way Piani had manipulated him. As he watched her hurt him he cried, and that crying was healing. Seeking his love for her and her love for him he tried to resolve the pain, and then finally with one huge release the pain subsided – she had never loved him, she had always used him. Crying at his ignorance he then cried at his relief; the need for romantic love had gone. Then thank you, Piani, he thanked her for ridding him of this need, yet love had survived - at that time he couldn't completely forgive her for the pain. But his gratitude was strong, it had taken a lot to rid him of the notions of cosmic romantic love. *Now for the enlers*, he thought, and he laughed at himself.

That thought of enlers brought him back to his kuk room. Piani had brought him so much pain it had been hard for him to see through it. The need for romantic love had gone - although he felt he was

open for a loving relationship; this "cosmic drive" had been gone for a long time, he knew. But he always associated its leaving as a consequence of Piani's behaviour; he had loved her and she had dumped on him – that was his usual working summary.

But now in hindsight it was time to go beyond the pain. There was gratitude that she had ridden him of the need for romantic love but there was more to this gratitude – there was more to this pain. Here in the kuk it was time for him to tease it out.

What was he doing in the kuk? What was all this reflection? There was more to be teased out, he wasn't understanding fully. What .... fully? What did he not understand about Piani .... fully? She had caused him pain, step back from the pain, step back from blaming Piani. How had she ended his romantic love? She had hurt him but love was strong and could bounce back. So blaming her was not enough.

He had loved her so much but she never loved him and just used him. He remembered their love-making and how it changed. She was so demanding, and to begin with he didn't care – he just loved loving her. But over time that love-making changed. He still felt he loved her but what was all this physical indulgence? Spiritually he needed to develop, why was this love-making so physical? Was this being a good lover? Conscious of the need to be a good lover, the cotla made sure of that in his upbringing, conscious of meeting the needs of his partner, he was happy to do that. But it just got more and more physically indulgent .... and he began to step back from it. Because Piani had made him suffer, he had associated this indulgence as a weakness in her. It was, he realised, but it was also a weakness in him.

That felt partially correct, he was missing something and delved deeper. Yes her indulgence was



misplaced but if he loved her what did that matter? It hadn't mattered at the beginning. Did he enjoy the love-making? He loved her, of course he did. *Be more discerning less emotional*, came a thought. He loved her, he enjoyed making love for himself, but .... the love-making was a duty he carried out for her. When his passion was at its highest, he didn't care what he did for her. But as the passion diminished and the love became just romantic, the love-making became a duty. And when she wanted to take it further, he wasn't interested.

So physically we were not compatible. *It's more than that*, came another thought. Her indulgence was not about compatibility, that was ego – a weakness. But what was it for him?

MY LOVE WAS NOT JUST FOR PIANI.

What the hell was that? Here in the kuk, he was saying his love was not just for Piani. He had loved her .... He had loved Chami .... He had loved Saskira .... And he had even loved his college beauty in an unfulfilled way .... His love was not just for them.

He paused, what did all that mean? His love was not just for them. He paused, this was good but hard. *That's not all*.

He paused – recovering. He was lying on the bed, this was taking it out of him. Turning over he paused. *Is that all?*, came back at him. His women, they were not all, his love was not just for them, it was for ALL. He loved these women but his love was never meant for them, it was meant for all. Why was he not always looking for women to love? Because he was loving all, he was loving in his teaching, compassion in his daily life. He loved all, his love was for all – not for one. He had loved Piani, thinking she was the Cosmic, the one the enlers would want for him; but she was not. He was



wrong, it was not because of the pain that she had ended romantic love for him; she had shown that he was never meant for romantic love. They all had shown him this.

Even the enlers had shown him although they didn't want to, they knew that he didn't fit their mould. Sanim saw Mo as the shy promiscuous drunk but he was so wrong. Seeing the danger for the enlers, he doubted whether they would have such an awareness. His love was dangerous to Sanim and any of the vestiges of love characterisation enlers might cling to - enlers who had inherited the Dogmaton. Being different, his love was for all – not for one.

After Release he had studied, reading of Yoxa who talked of the path. Most just spoke of the path of love; this path seemed to fit the romantic love of the enlers. But he remembered one writer who was different. This writer had described the impossibility of romantic love. At the time he had thought, how could that be? But that was when he loved Saskira, so he ignored it. Yet he hadn't because here in the kuk he had remembered what had been written – the impossibility of romantic love. He laughed to himself, will this book be in the cotla library?

He could see it so clearly, his love was for all, and romantic love was impossible. The real question now, is that true for you or for everyone? And he fell asleep.

When he awoke his thoughts went back through his journey with women. Whilst romantic love had ended with Piani he had not finished with women, he realised that there were times when living with her that he had enjoyed the comfort. And the women of the country he was in were comfortable. He felt that it might be possible to have a comfortable relationship if they were both open and honest. In the kuk, he smiled at his dick-led delusion.

Amongst teachers there was always discussion of love, it was core to their curriculum. Most teachers like the enlers promoted romantic love, and some were suspicious of his single status. Seeing in him his vocation they placed their suspicions in abeyance. They had recognised that there were stages of romantic love starting with the initial passion and later stabilising in mutual comfort and respect. Whilst he knew there couldn't be romantic love for him, he was still loving and compassionate. Would that be a basis for a mutually comfortable relationship? Would respect develop leading to a form of muted love? Those were his rationalisations - or rather the dick-led justifications.

Maybe it could have worked but not with the choices that came his way.

I should phrase that more honestly, the choice I made. It was not love because romantic love had ended. And the next strongest attraction for Mo was not comfort but lust, but his lust wanted comfort. The essence of such a comfortable relationship had to be honesty and trust as there was no love present. She was not honest with herself nor with him and by the end he was almost completely certain that comfort was not a way forward either.

Again he could look at her behaviour and see verbal dishonesty but he only later faced his own delusion – if there is no love it can't work. He deluded himself that if he offered her comfort and a home it could work, but maybe she sought love – or would need to seek love. It was not stable. Somehow within her own anguish she knew that he could not be trusted. At the time he resented being thought of as untrustworthy but in reality she was right, he just could not see it then because of who Tinitia was.

And now sat in the kuk he knew how right she was. Of course she was not honest and all that, but she had a right to assume that he wanted romantic love – or the comfort he spoke of. But that was not what

drove him, what drove him was love for all. Ever since his Release that love for all was what was driving him, that was his quest, his path; no romantic love would get in the way of that no matter how much he temporarily believed in the love. When Sanim was suspicious of him he was right, but his reasoning was completely wayward because he could not understand path – or quest for the path.

Then a deep sadness overwhelmed him and a deep sob tried to force its way out. He had thought he was offering romantic love except to Tinitia at the end – and except as a student. He thought he was offering them the love they wanted. But that was far from true. He began to SEE what he was offering them, and sadly it was not what had been wanted.

This became clear when he picked up an old Na'Agual text - "Na'Agual Love: Love that SEEs in Daily Life". This ancient wisdom promoted love in the way Gurudasa had, in the way the Cotlas claim they do. All is love. But for some, counselling had changed over time and had lost this understanding; it had become a focus on romantic love - it had become a focus on relationship. Now for most Yoxa relationship was their main context in daily life - but not for all.

But relationship and love are not always the same, cotlas knew this but their focus on romantic love began to miss the problems. In relationship there are individuals, and for relationship to flourish so must the individuals. But there was often a huge disconnect in these relationships - the disconnect between who the individuals were and how they were perceived by the partner. And there was another disconnect between who the individual was and how they perceived themselves. "For Na'Agual love first Yoxa must SEE themselves and each other, once SEEn romantic love can be real". He thought back to the meetings with Chami, when had Narcu or Sanim questioned perceptions. Sure they asked what was wanted from the relationship but never were Chami or Mo asked about how they saw themselves, and definitely they were never asked whether Chami saw Mo the way he saw himself - and

vice versa. Effectively the work of the cotlas was manipulating images - the false images of Chami and Mo and the relationship between them. When relationships go wrong it is because the images are so far from reality, and the cotlas try to patch up these fantasms.

The cotla counsellors were only doing what they were trained to do - they were not trained in SEEing. Meeting the relationships based on false perceptions the enlers patched up those perceptions. He liked that. Cotlas patched perceptions.

But when he was with Chami Mo did not SEE himself well, his perception was far from who he was. Although he had felt Release there was still much he had to learn of himself; at that time he was still ignorant of who he was - he was still ignorant of his own search for spiritual love. That was it. All along he was only trying to find his love for ALL – spiritual love. His delusion that he was offering romantic love was not of his making - society and cotlas wanted this. Where he had arrived in spiritual love was the truth - this is what he could now SEE, it was what nature had intended for him, there was no doubt about that; he had complete faith in that reality. Could he have arrived there in a less hurtful way? He couldn't answer that, that was beyond him.

But once the deep sob gave way, there was huge gratitude to the women who had brought him to this realisation. No more would he feel anger at the pain Piani caused or the suffering of Tinitia's deceptions or the timelines that kept he and Chami apart. Huge gratitude because all had led to this spiritual love, where he was meant to be, and where he was going to go further.





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Writer 



# THE LOVE IN MOKEROHA

## 2) Camouflage

Funnily enough the time in cotlakuk was some of the most valuable he had ever spent. At one of his teaching placements he had been told that the cotla wished to talk to him – there was nothing unusual in this, it was a process of cultural assessment. Would Mo inadvertently promote the love of his own culture at the expense of customs and traditions here in Tswosa? Culture and tradition were considered

of value everywhere, there was a balance the cotlas had to try and navigate – supporting the tradition whilst avoiding xenophobia. A society that promotes love and compassion does not have the problem but no matter how many changes (for good or bad) a society and its Yoxa go through there will be cracks. Was Mo going to be such a crack?

So he had been relatively at ease when he was in Tswotlakuk, his new version of the cotlakuk humour. A mistaken ease.

In walked Thametse looking very stern “We have received a complaint from Tinitia Megamotwe,” he announced. Mo’s face dropped, of course she had complained.

“Yes, Thametse,” answered Mo carefully “I tried but it didn’t work out.”

“She is a bit younger than you and you are a teacher,” Thametse made no attempt to disguise his disdain.

“Tinni was happy with that, she always said she wanted to live with me,” answered Mo weakly.

“Mma Megamotwe was in tears,” continued Thametse “she said she gave you the best years of her life.”

“Yes, she would always say that to me,” agreed Mo mutely. “But she agreed. I always insisted on agreement about how we lived together.”

“We have just received your dossier with previous cotlas,” continued Rra Thametse, Mo’s face dropped



further. How far was this going? This rra was never going to have empathy for his Release and its path.

In walked Mma Mandiwe who spoke with Thametse, and the only words he heard were “best years of my life”.

“Mma Mandiwe has been interviewing Mma Megamotwe,” continued Thametse severely “she advised me that the complaint cannot be substantiated.”

“You are older and a teacher,” started Thametse.

“No arguments, Rra, I started with good intentions but got sucked in,” Mo apologised. “There will be no further problems, my contract is over and I will be on my flight later this week.”

“We had noted this,” he said, and it was left there.

It was now not that flight but 5 years later. So much had happened since then, since that time at Tswotlakuk, yet it felt just like yesterday. Now he was returning home with his new bride, Kotahi, and Sanim, you and your enlers need to beware.

After Tswotlakuk a new contract had started and he felt invigorated by his teaching time in Tswosa and by his developing love for all. Arriving in a country where he felt the religion asked for going deeper, not deeper in love but personally deeper, he felt more at home; laughed at himself, he mused that at some point going deeper and deeper in love are the same. Whilst there were rites and rituals for the local Yoxa to participate in, these did not require the depth that many of the religious teachers spoke of. Throughout his contract he made contact with some of these teachers until it became clear to him that



to begin to go deep he needed a greater commitment – not simply dabbling when he had free time from his job.

The attitude of the teachers towards him changed as soon as he crossed the threshold to take up residency; as opposed to being interested he had now committed himself to being one of them. That meant a great deal to them – and to him. Whilst they had to maintain the building – and certain obligations to local adherents, primarily they were concerned in their daily routine about going deeper.

It was here he met Kotahi, she had been a resident a year longer than Mo. It was as if they had lived the same life, had the same conflicts with the cotla's enlers. But she also had to deal with chauvinism, putting her spiritual path together with the verbal violence of rejected chauvinism reinforced her spiritual love as these men had killed romantic love in her.

“How did you end up here?” asked Mo after listening to the necessary failures of her romantic love.

“I needed a refuge,” she answered far too quickly. “I decided that travel was a way of escaping these men, I just wanted to be left alone. On the road it was much better, many more Yoxa, including the men, were just looking for something – they didn't know what, they just knew that it wasn't where they had come from.

“But they used to still hit on me, however mostly they accepted rejection well enough. But it was all so tedious. They would claim I gave out signals but in truth I was only interested in talking – learning about the path. What signals could there have been, except in their own minds?

“Eventually I just got so sick of it that a nun told me that I could come here; it was a safe place for

women, and that even though it was mixed personal relationships were forbidden.

“And thankfully that is the way it has been,” she concluded with relief, the relief that said she had found a place of rest.

“These enlers made matters far worse,” she continued after a while. “For them the Goddess woman was the rock of a relationship, the glue that held the relationship together.”

“Traditionally that is true,” remarked Mo “my mother was like that.”

“I also think it is true in so many cases,” agreed Kotahi “and I have nothing but admiration for these women. But are we all this rock? Aren’t we all meant to be who we are, and not some stereotype?” she paused, he could feel her frustration.

“Where is your paternal instinct?” asked Kotahi.

“I love kids,” replied Mo “but I can’t imagine being so restricted bringing them up. That is why teaching suits me.”

“Can you see enlers accepting that for a man?” she asked and saw his nod. “Well it is ten times worse for a woman. Because most women are these bedrocks, all women have to be in the minds of the cotla.”

There was a pause .... “And the women enlers are worse. It is their vocation. They are the bedrocks in their own relationships, and expect all women to be the same way. So judgemental,” she sighed.

“Dogmatons,” he quipped expecting a smile.

“Agreed,” she answered, without recognising any sense of humour in his comment.

That night, reflecting, it struck him these cotla counsellors were Dogmatons – with a fixed dogma on love. In all his conflict with these enlers he had often thought the slur “dogmaton” – perhaps he even used it, but he had never actually thought it was any more than an insult. But the truth is it was a mindset that was still in place just with a new but better dogma.

He thought about how imprisoning this mindset was, no matter how well intentioned - when your vocation or otherwise imprisons you into clinging to one world view you create your own prison. And if you have any power, that power will imprison others. These enlers were creating a prison for spiritual love, in the same way the dogmatons built a prison for the creatives.

This is what he could bring his spiritual love to – opening the minds of the enlers to this new dogmaton threat.

A week later began his month in solitude. The Residence had a small hut high in the mountains, and the serious residents were eager to go there. There was even a seeing-off ceremony as the new solitary began the trek up the mountain along with the helpers bringing the provisions.

The trek was not easy, and he smiled to himself it would be a month before he recovered. As they trekked up fear of solitude grew in him yet at the same time he looked around, how could he see this as being alone? Because the trek was hard conversation was a minimum, yet at the same time he was

inquisitive – he wanted to know how to live up there.

As they climbed Bartoc would show him different flora he could eat. “There is no need to “live off the land” as we have provided enough for the month but many feel it is more spiritual to get back to the land,” she advised Mo, and he tried to remember – especially the ones she said not to eat!

At the hut Bartoc showed him the minimal facilities – and there was a file with instructions. He sat on the chair by the door, and watched the train disappear slowly down the mountain. He was alone for the first time in his life – or was it?

Initially there was a surge of joy in his solitude but once that initial emotion wore off, in came fear - fear of being alone. His mind wandered to relationships, friendships, to the kids, he missed them all - they gave his life meaning. *In one way*, a voice said; he thought about that. Watching he saw his mind clinging to the relationships. What was clinging? That was not who he was. One-by-one he let go of the clinging, the relationships were still there but that was not who he was; he liked his friends especially the more meaningful but again he was not the friendships, he liked working with kids but again that was only what he did not who he was. As he unwrapped the clinging, he began to feel who he was beyond all these meetings in daily life - beyond all these relationships that filled his mind. Deciding to empty his mind of these contents, he watched the clarity develop. He had relationships and friendships, he was not the relationships and friendships. Working with kids brought love but it was the love that mattered. Slowly he watched as his mind decluttered - emptied.

Stepping back, he looked over the mountainside. There was peace out there, he longed for that peace. Why out there? Why was the peace out there? Why did it stop out there? Because he created a boundary, a separation between Mo and out there. What was that boundary? He examined that

boundary. Sure there was his body that was separate, his feelings were separate as were his thoughts. But they were not him, he was in his body experiencing feelings and thoughts. Stop that experiencing, just be. There was stillness, and the feelings and thoughts subsided. Watching there was the peace outside but then it was not separate, there was no boundary; the peace that had been outside was inside – just a feeling of peace throughout, a peace with no boundary. Dwelling in this peace he just sat there – it seemed endless sitting although perhaps it wasn't. And then there was just satisfaction, this is why they came up here.

He slept peacefully, woke up, washed and meditated. Today he would explore. He trusted himself but he took a mental snapshot – these views would show him his place. As he left the hut, he found small paths, paths that nuns and monks had trodden for centuries; as he walked he felt their history. As he began walking his mind wandered and he tired quickly, *just walk*, that voice said and he listened. Focussing his mind on walking he just walked; every so often he stopped and looked. Then walking began again. This way he was refreshed, and he walked until he knew it was time to go back to the hut to eat and rest.

In the evening he sat and watched waiting for the peace to envelop him. It didn't happen. Instead, he began thinking. His mind looked at his personal development remembering the ideas that had mattered to him. There was all that stuff from school and uni, but Release had got rid of most of that. But post-release he had accumulated ideas, he had listened to different teachers, books had opened his eyes – continued to open his eyes, this was all here in him. Except in meditation. In meditation there was no clutter, no ideas – just meditation. OK, not true, sometimes meditation grappled with ideas even formulated new ideas, but there was no clutter; the grappling was only a process of clarification. Yes, in meditation there was no clutter. No concepts, no contents. Let go of these ideas, they have helped you on the way; but now you have moved on.

*These ideas are also boundary*, the voice said. What had happened with the boundary yesterday, he thought, the peace remained out there. Let go of the boundary, let go of the ideas; let go of the contents. And the boundary had gone, in came the peace and he just watched until he finished and slept peacefully.

The next day he set his mind on exploring but this time to be lost so he left the paths. Initially his mind was full of the idea of getting lost and he became tired. Then he focussed on the walking, and his tiredness left him as he just walked then stopped then walked. He looked at the sun and decided to return. He had not followed paths, he had intentionally changed directions, and he was lost. Which direction he asked himself and began walking. And walked and walked blissfully. And he crossed a path. It was not the direction but he stuck with safety, arrived back at the hut only to realise later that by following the path he had added an hour to his journey.

That night overlooking the peaceful mountainside he began thinking of the pain in his relationships. In his various cotlakuks he had come to realise much to do with his relationships, but there was still pain with the women – with his family. Sitting outside the hut he faced that pain – mostly it seemed Piani. *Look for Piani inside you* the voice said, and he found her internalised in his stomach. With his mind he grappled and felt the pain, and as he did so he felt the pain lift out of his stomach. Reliving the pain he began to feel shattered with the emotion yet at the same time it was a release. Staggering to bed he slept – not peacefully, but on awakening there was complete relief – weak but complete relief. Today he would not walk much, just recharge and recuperate. The day passed pleasantly, and again he was sat outside the hut overlooking the mountainside. He felt there was more pain, and he looked for Chami – some but none really, his other relationships – none really. But there was more pain inside, and he looked for and found it.



Where else would he find pain, he asked himself. *Inner child*, answered his reliable voice.

So he went in as his inner child, and began to ask questions as the child. He went back to conception, and felt the growing love for his mother and occasionally the other person he later knew as father. There was love for both, but the love for his mother was boundless. Then there was separation and the bond with his mother was more distant – his father was the same distance. Yet his mother although distant was always there. He began to feel a pull; he would need his mother yet when his father was there, she would not always respond. *This is natural*, the reliable interceded.

A few years passed in a second, and he still felt this pull beginning to feel there was something wrong. He felt resentment – from outside, not from his mother but from his father. *Look at this resentment*, came the internal advice. He followed the resentment, and saw it in his father. Part of his love had been replaced by resentment, and as the years passed by in seconds he felt this resentment continually. And slowly he understood the resentment, and outside the hut he recalled confrontations with his father, and resentment he had found as an Inner Child became an understanding in Mokeroha, the adult. With understanding and clarity there became emptiness where the experience of pain had been replaced by understanding that had started with resentment; he could leave that pain behind especially as it was not now in his daily life. Again, this internal journey had left him weary, and he staggered to his bed where he felt shattered sleep.

The next day was also a peaceful day around the hut, and of the evening there was nothing to say but peace and contentment bringing forth the next day where he would look to explore. The weather was not so good so he stuck to known tracks, only to find after a while clouds came rolling in, and he lost visibility. Slowly he retraced his steps. He had walked a mile or two, and in that walk had climbed a



few hundred metres. In his retracing he judged that walking and felt he should find the renunciates' path – did not happen. Going down further he began to panic – where was the path? He could not see, only nearby mountain covered in clouds as the rain fell. It made no sense but logic told him he should meet the path eventually so he pursued the downward descent knowing he had probably gone too far. He met a path, logic telling him turning left should take him to the hut. He was descending further. In the end he turned round retraced then followed right – all logic gone. Soon he found bushes, stones that he knew, and there in the short distance his hut. This time he had got lost and the weather had intervened, getting lost this time could have been his life. He felt justified fear, and he was careful not to get carried away again. That night he did not rest well.

Much of his need to explore had now gone, not that he was afraid unnecessarily just that what would the exploration be for? Because it's there, for someone like Mo that didn't cut it. He was at peace at the hut knowing his place and limitations. Days passed peacefully and there was personal stability as he overlooked the mountain splendours of an evening – growing each evening as his eyes grew more and more accustomed to starlight.

But there was a final cultural inner journey he must take, a journey he would later call the MANP journey at the enler seminar. Identity had grown to be a divisive issue in society as the wealthy realised they could play one group off against the other, and blame the different identities for the money they continued to accumulate. When enlers dealt with love they sometimes ignored systemic inequalities reminiscent of the Pasur appropriation; it was not a huge problem but history should teach us - Yoxa have Pasur tendencies, Yoxa have Dogmaton tendencies; know your own nature, your own interbeing.

This night Mo examined his own culture – and the relationship between his identity and the identity of others within his culture. There had been an erosion of awareness. What had been gained by Gurudasa

and the changes that had grown up in Yoxa society as a result were being eroded by stagnation, It was not that anyone was choosing erosion, but they were not consciously evolving; there is no standing still – either there is evolution or erosion and stagnation. Those who have power suffer this the most as Mo had experienced with the enlers and their stagnation.

These stagnation issues were not a huge problem but there was potential; he knew that it was his path to address. But to address in others he must address in himself. Throughout his life he had been brought to awareness by travel and meeting different yoxa but that was not enough. Where had he learnt his identity? As a child. Who has the answers then? His Inner Child. So again he took his inner journey, and as the inner child he asked questions. In daily life he of course knew his parents but he wanted to know how as a child he had experienced it. From this experience he could then look at how to undo the damage.

Looking at his own identity he saw relative privilege – identity privilege. There was no Pasur privilege but Pasurs had manipulated identity for their own benefit and that was beginning to happen again. Remembering Kotahi's distress at male attention, at the enler assumptions of the family bedrock, did he also exhibit those? And he was from the North and the Pasur had used the North as their base.

He had been born in this MANP environment, and his mother and father had fallen in line with its privileges – especially as they had struggled within their dysfunction. He remembered the haunting *be careful what you say to the cotla they have helped your father and I, but the enlers don't get it* Investigating this as an inner child he discovered that his mother had been covering up. Looking at what she covered up he discovered his own conditioning. Through Release and contact with different Yoxa, he had let go of much of the conditioning, but in life can we let go of all that arises? He knew he had to work on it, and he also knew that so many also need to work on this because of stagnation.

Evolve was key to him, key to the enlers.

At this he felt there was some kind of impasse – plateau. It was not that he had reached an end – whatever that might be, but simply for the time being this inner work would change. After a day on this “plateau”, he turned to the teachings of the Residence. He had a strange relationship with teachings – or at least it seemed strange compared to many at the Residence. For them the teachings appeared to be all. They would wrap themselves up in the teachings, study and discuss the teachings - it was as if they were back at uni. At uni he never got teachings. Yoxa were variously committed to studies, some bought into it completely others did enough to get by. At one time he had thought he wanted to get deeply into philosophical studies, but once started it just seemed like endless circular discussion – even with the study of Gurudasa. Once he had left it became clear to him, study must be internalised – it was not the words but the internalisation that mattered. *And how do you write a paper on what has been internalised?* he smirked to himself.

And then he smirked at his arrogant assessment of the Yoxa at the Residence. What they spoke had to be endless discussion, they were talking of what mattered to them. But was it internalised? How could he ever know? That was the crime of judgement on the path, assessing what cannot be assessed – whether there was internalisation. Maybe it was all real, maybe the Residence was populated by Yoxa who had internalised; but there was no certainty for him and he left the question alone – where it belonged.

All of this led to an ambivalent attitude to the teachings. No doubts that teachings had contributed to his own development. But it was not academic. In academia you studied, built up a bank of knowledge, and were then tested on that bank. A direct correlation between study and test results. But was there internalised understanding? By those who were tested? By those who wrote the tests? When it came to

the teachings at Residence there was none of the correlation that comes with testing, it was about their way of life. And in that way of life internalisation could not be measured. This had led Mo to a solitary approach to internalisation, and why he felt so at home here in the hut. Ready for this particular solitude, he already had felt the benefits.

He began the teachings without any expectation, in a sense he had already experienced “the hut” for him with his own inner journey. As it was about meditation – the tool for inner journeys, he started with the paper “the 4 stages for building the vihara” . After his MANP investigation he had felt a sense of completion, it was as if he had emptied himself of baggage and integrated who he was, integration body, feeling and mind. As he began to study the 4 stages of vihara he realised that this was the same completion but written in teaching terms. Once he realised this, he fit his own inner journey into the vihara, and the teachings took on an important meaning for him. But there was something missing. He now saw the vihara as a form of inner construction, but it was more destruction – you destroy all that pollutes the abode leaving it free. Free for what?

He was still missing it. What had built all the pollution? That was easily answered – conditioning, all the pollution that comes in from daily life. *NO, you are missing it*, his voice said. It is not the pollution from the outside that is the problem, the problem is that for one reason or another you let that pollution inside. You collected the pollution. And here in the hut I have let all that pollution go. But how did you collect the pollution, how did you keep it inside you? There was a force you used to keep the pollution inside, there had to be. How else did the pollution stay there? You consciously held onto it, it is as if there was a magnetic force attracting the pollution.

So what has happened to what was holding on? What has happened to that magnetic force? *It is still here*, the voice said. It is a magnetic force that needs to hold on to something? To what? He just smiled,

it was so obvious. That magnetic force is what attracts us to the path. It all fit into place – the teachings and his experience. Despite the teachings of Gurudasa and the attentions of the enlers our minds still became polluted. *It started naturally*, the voice said. Of course it did, it had to start naturally; enler society was based in love – in parts misplaced and misguided but still love. So the pollution had to begin naturally, survival was of course the most natural thing at birth – surviving. But if you focus on survival alone, as you get older you turn in on yourself. Compassion turns into a preoccupation with your own needs. Because of Gurudasa, society has become more loving but with the focus on romantic love that preoccupation has become need-gratification. Not all romantic love is need gratification, but if the mind is polluted then there is the possibility for that self-interest. Even more than that, the magnetic force gets used for romantic love by the polluted mind increasing that preoccupation.

And then he knew what was missing – understanding of this magnetic force. Was it there in Gurudasa's teachings? Now what had been a begrudging investigation into the teachings of the Residence became a full-blown enquiry into Gurudasa and his teachings. What was this magnetic force? If he could label it, he could be able to show the enlers. Enlers, your romantic love is appropriating this magnetic force?

As he looked into Gurudasa, he found greater and greater evidence that this teacher understood spiritual love. He needed that support, because no matter what the enlers practised enlers always subscribed to the teachings of Gurudasa – if they had been understood and internalised. Studying and reading, he could find no magnetic force. He found attachment and clinging, they were types of magnetism; that explained and fit in with the pollution. But where did the attachment and clinging go after the pollution had been released? Nothing, no reference to the magnetic force. Consciousness attached, consciousness clung – but no force. There didn't need to be a force, it could just be what consciousness did if it was misused.

Tomorrow Bartoc will return, and I must go down, he thought. And I have not found this force. It had seemed to matter so much. Maybe it was just the ecstatic joy of solitude that had driven him to seek the answer to the question. *Have faith, there will be an answer*, the voice placated.

And then all the bells and banjoes, the flashes of insights, the guys that appeared when writing, all the presence came to him at once – faith. The magnetic force was faith. Such a relief as all his studies fitted into place. Where was the faith of the yoxa, where was the faith of the enlers?

And he understood why. Faith had been misused by the Pasur to control yoxa. The Dogmatons had rejected the religions of the Pasur but had developed their own faith – complete faith in their way of doing things. This faith, they did not call faith, because they had rejected the exploiting faith of the Pasurs; but it was still faith in a set of beliefs – the Dogmaton codex.

His mind was racing, what were the implications of this faith? Round and round his mind went as he saw how faith was missing in the enlers. They believed in the teachings of Gurudasa, some even internalised the teachings, he assumed. But what if they didn't know or understand the teachings? What did they do? They left them alone because they were not known. Contrast this with romantic love, that they knew for themselves. Enlers had learnt the importance of love, they experienced romantic love, and this made so many of them want to become enlers. But spiritual love was unknown to them because what they perceived as successful romantic love was sufficient. Because they lacked faith they could not see his spiritual love. Because spiritual love was an unknown to them and because they lacked faith, all they saw was Mokeroha's inability to love romantically. These enlers need faith, that was missing, that was so important, enlers need faith to accept the unknown – accept what was unknown to them in Gurudasa's teaching. At the end of that night of faith, Mo's path was well and truly cemented. When Bartoc arrived that morning, he was waiting to go and see Kotahi.



It was a week after he returned from the hut that he finally asked Tae. He knew he was too full of his learning, if you like the spirit was too powerful in him; in such situations he knew he could be overbearing. For Tae it was almost a dream come true. From the moment she met Mo, her heart both soared and sank at the same time. She felt love for him, what Mo would clearly categorise as romantic love; yet she knew it must be unrequited. How karmically cruel to make her love romantically a man who was only interested in promoting spiritual love. What could she do? She just accepted that was the way.

As he began his calculated plan, her heart soared.

She let him talk about his completion in the hut. He spoke on and on about each different experience and she just relished it. There was seeing, the 4 stages of vihara, and faith, but what she also heard was that he had so much to offer the enlers; how could Yoxa counselling love not see the deep love in this man, she felt angrily.

“I need to find a way of influencing enlers, they have so much wrong,” he concluded after recounting his development.

“You do,” she said “you have much to offer them.”

“Thank you, it feels that way,” he answered with some humility “but they will never accept me on enler training. I have this history where they are more likely to give me “prison time” than allow me on a training course.”



By “prison time” she knew that he meant the retraining courses for those Yoxa enlers considered “did not have a proper understanding of love”. She nodded, there was an anticipation in her heart and she didn’t know what it was.

“They will only accept me if I am married – in their romantic love,” he said calculatingly. So he stood up, got down on one knee in a mocking gesture, and asked her to marry him. He even had a ring made from a small piece of material that was used to make up the Residence’ garments. Taking her hand he mockingly placed this “ring” on her finger.



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# THE LOVE IN MOKEROHA

## 3) Tae's Love

For Tae this was a romantic dream. If she could have manipulated it, this would have been her dream moment, the man she loved proposing to her on one knee agreeing to spend his life with her. But her mind was sufficiently clear, what she had dreamed of was not happening. This was a marriage contract without the romantic love she so desired. She had to control her racing heart, if he knew that she felt

this romantic love he would run a mile; he would see it as some form of exploitation, taking advantage of someone who romantically loved him. She detached herself, and answered him speaking in his calculating terms “Let me think about it. I agree that you have much to offer the enlers, and that they would only accept you if they felt you were in romantic love. But I must think whether that is enough for me, why would I live my life as your wife-camouflage?”

“Oh I’m sorry, Tae,” he apologised. “In my eagerness to do my work – what nature meant for me to do, I didn’t think enough of what you would get out of it. I only remembered how troubled you were by the attentions of men, I could protect you from that .... But of course, that is nowhere near a sufficient reason. I am sorry for asking you.”

“Please don’t concern yourself and let me think about it,” she got up perhaps too abruptly and left.

She already knew her answer was yes, she wanted to spend as much of her life with this man as she could. But he would never accept her as a doormat, an accompaniment to his plan for enler regeneration. If she joined him without good reason, he would feel guilty all of the time detracting from the necessary work. She needed time to give him a good reason, and she could not tell him the truth that she loved him.

There was also her own concern, could she live with him without ever telling him she loved him? And she could never tell him because if she did he would feel trapped – even if he came to love her in some small way. Returning to her kuti, she quietly sobbed; she had no idea how she could solve this.

Her quiet sobbing led to sleep, and she awoke with the answer. From her own studies she must make a similar enler infiltration plan. And in truth she had always felt the need for the enlers to embrace the

NaAgual theme of SEEing – in much the same way as Mo had spoken of. Her own studies had led to an understanding of this SEEing, this clarity – there was so little clarity amongst enlers. So blinded by their commitment to love, that they did not SEE how they were straying from the teachings of Gurudasa; she knew this. Could she make this a vocation, a vocation strong enough that Mo would accept it?

She had to deceive Mo, persuade him that she had a vocation to make the enlers SEE Yoxa first and then see relationship; and to deceive him she had to become much more committed to the SEEing vocation than she was at the moment. For a few days she developed her vocation studying Gurudasa finding where he had made it clear that in relationship there had to be two authentic Yoxa SEEing each other. And when she looked, she found. By the time she spoke again with Mo, her love had turned her plan into the sort of vocation that Mo could understand. When she told him she could see doubts, but his own desire for the enler regeneration was so strong it quickly swept aside those doubts. Her deception suited him, there was sufficient for stability.

And they were now on the plane together to find a way of getting into the enler training.

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Many many years later her health was failing Tae, it was a genetic weak heart. How could she find a way of telling him. And he needed to slow down anyway – he was still on his mission, so determined on his mission. Her mind drifted back as it had been more prone to do lately.

Yet again being on a plane together was a significant change in their lives. Off to an enler conference with the rather grandiose title of “Love and Stagnation: Avoiding the Dogmaton in Yoxa” - another

conference; this was Mo's title even if it hadn't originated with him, she mused. This plane took her back to their first flight together, Mo, the spiritual revolutionary with his deceptive wife beside him – the camouflage, they called it together. She had maintained her own delusion of camouflage throughout, but she knew that for Mo it was more than camouflage now. Not that it mattered any more, she could never have imagined a more fulfilling life – loving Mo and becoming the SEE-enler. Even though Mo had achieved so much – much more important from her point of view she could feel his insecurity. They were the enler power couple, he with his spiritual enlers and she with SEEing integral to every enler training. Not that it had been easy, her mind drifted further into memory.

Mo's camouflage was effective. As soon as this mature couple applied, they were welcomed with open arms by the enler academy. "We welcome life experience as enlers, and we are especially pleased that Mokeroha has found romantic love given his history," she gripped Mo tightly when the interviewer had said this during his gatekeeping. Mo's anger was rising, he should be better than that, she thought. And he was as he looked at her and then smiled at the gatekeeper.

SEEing slipped far more easily into current enler understanding than Mo's more radical agenda. Even during training Tae's own more limited radicalism was welcomed by the tutors, but of course the NaAqual wisdom of indigenous Yoxa always broke down intellectual barriers. But she still met the tutors who were threatened by new understanding – the Dogmaton dilemma of tutors. Although they always claimed they were looking for new approaches, most of them could not take it. Feeling undermined by the changes – being older made that more palatable, they maintained superficial protection that said we will welcome your new approaches but we are the tutors so follow what we say. For Tae that was relatively easy but she could see how hard it was for Mo to see these gatekeeping pipsqueaks cling to their views and then tell him what to do. She was always impressing upon him his need to accept the way things are because he was a student. With a few scrapes with the more

intransigent of the academics, Mo got through in the end, but they rewarded her with accolades – a pattern that kind of stuck throughout their lives together. It angered her because no matter how much the enler system had to accept what Mo was saying about spiritual love, because they couldn't experience it for themselves they always kept him at arm's length.

She stopped that, and watched Mo working. How could he use that mint (mind-computer interface)!! Especially lately, she said to herself. How did he control the thoughts so that the mint only picked up what he decided, making the thoughts actual sentences. When she tried it, they said it was only a matter of training, it was not a training she wanted; when it came to speeches she was satisfied with bullet points.

Bringing herself back she had to think of the stagnation she had met when trying to introduce SEEing.



Relationships were not understood, SEE Yoxa first.

She timed herself. It seems strange now but when I first started enlers focussed on the relationship. Looking at the two Yoxa together, they tried to find out what was wrong BETWEEN them – relationship first. This was primarily because enlers were not trained in SEEing, they themselves did not try to SEE the Yoxa - she suspected they did not try to SEE in their own personal lives. Whilst they were trained to keep clear minds, they were never trained to SEE Yoxa with those clear minds. You could not blame the enlers for this, it was systemic – stagnation.



Enquiry – SEEing, Between images.



How had this systemic stagnation set in? When they received training to become counsellors, enlers were not encouraged to enquire during training and during their work. LWP - Listen to both separately, that was their mantra. Work out what was different about their perceptions of each other, and then patch up those differences. LWP was all about BETWEEN.

There was no counselling of enquiry. When they listened they didn't ask whether the Yoxa were SEEing themselves correctly, it was always relational – what was the difference in their perceptions of each other. This often led to correctional behaviour in both parties but at no point was there enquiry to SEE who each was. So the relationship was BETWEEN IMAGES.



Enrets – senior stagnation and elders, 3E's

During training enlerSEE was introduced, and a key part of enler training became SEEing themselves first – no easy matter. To begin with, many existing counsellors failed this - especially amongst the more experienced, and that brought scrutiny to the introduction of enlerSEE. When counsellors failed, they spoke with the hierarchy – a hierarchy who had never been trained in SEEing. These senior enlers were sympathetic to the failed counsellors, but there were sufficient elders there to keep the programme on track.

Eventually it resolved itself through Enrets - enquiry retreats. These enrets removed the stagnation of the seniors as well as stagnation that arises through conditioning. Enrets were specifically targetted initially, for senior enrets and for new counsellor enrets. Those running the enret programme saw that their main problem for bringing in genuine SEEing was to make the senior enlers SEE themselves and SEE their stagnation. There grew the distinction between seniors and elders amongst the enret trainers,

and they quickly grew to spot them. Instinctively, elder enlers brought enquiry to their work. Whilst they still used LWP, they were not rigid in applying it and spent more time on recognising individuals, a process that later crystallised as SEEing. Seniors however were by the LWP book, often climbing the ladder by reinforcing the LWP mantras. The enret trainers knew they needed to convert seniors to elders, or find alternative work for the seniors. Taking a number of years, eventually the enrets began to remove the stagnation.

For new counsellor enrets there was a need to ensure that stagnation did not arise. Fundamentally stagnation arises out of conditioning, the conditioning says that something works, ego accepts that the conditioning works and we have stagnation. When enlers gained more and more experience this became more of a problem. That experience became a double-edged sword. Seniors had seen it (all?) before so they applied the same technique – without enquiry. Counsellor enrets were encouraged to value their experience and the experience of others but make sure that they brought enquiry to each new situation. This became the 3 E's – Enler is Enquiry plus Experience, very soon the 3E's.

Implicit in the 3E's was self-SEEing. Enret trainers learned to SEE enlers so that they could train enlers to SEE themselves, if they couldn't enquire about themselves how could they help clients enquire – help them SEE. As SEEing became more integral as ongoing training, the work of the enlers changed and the stagnation disappeared. Counselling became SEEing first. Each client worked to SEE themselves as they truly are. As the counsellor worked with both Yoxa, s/he began to SEE the Yoxa for who they were. Then when the couple were asked to see the other, the counsellor had already SEEn them and so could question the clients; in this way counselling built the relationship between real Yoxa and not images.

## Relationships started better

When the relationships became between real Yoxa, not the fantasising images, the counsellors realised there had been an existing practice of stagnation at the cotlas that unconsciously required relationships to stay together when the real Yoxa were not suited – not compatible. Society required love and a loving relationship that was to stay together. When this love was BETWEEN IMAGES, love did not happen yet enlers had been counselling that the relationship stay together.

Once enlers accepted that false relationships between images were happening, they changed a focus. They began to work with Yoxa before they contracted. Initially they went too far requiring enler approval for a contract, but that was quickly seen as intrusive and Yoxa then welcomed enler participation; after all we all know it is hard to SEE through passion. Some rejected any enler involvement but that grew less and less as enlers learned more about SEEing and Yoxa learned more how relationships between images would fail.

## Conclusion - permanence

What we must always be careful of is thinking we have got it right – complacency. Yoxa can be dogmatons, it is in their “genes”. Yoxa can get stuck – stagnate. Following Gurudasa enlers developed a system they thought worked, and it did for those times. But nothing is permanent, so no system can have permanence built into it. There has to be enquiry for enhancement even if the structure is considered sound. And there has to be enquiry about the structure. Yoxa must remember their history and learn from it. Thank you.

20 minutes – fine. She went through it again – 18 minutes, better; she could use pause and emphasis. She looked across at Mo – asleep, and she closed her eyes.

The plane arrived, they ate and slept leaving them a day to recuperate; both were well prepared and they had a gentle day planned. Towards the end she could not hide her weakness from her ill health so she feigned a headache – more of those deceptions lately, Mo returned to their hotel working a few hours as she slept.

On the next day it was not the first time they had appeared on a platform together, and usually she went on last as Yoxa were more interested in her SEEing. She felt this was different so pulled weight ensuring that Mo followed her. As usual they were interested in SEEing, her talk was well received and she announced Mo’s talk; there was brief gentle applause as he rose to speak.

“Kotahi has just described a stagnant system healing itself, and we must all be grateful that our system is strong enough to enable such healing,” he started generously and the audience responded in kind. “But in all honesty, I cannot say that enlers have healed from stagnant spirituality. I apologise for being judgemental when I describe our system that has made only a token response,” he paused feeling the quiet – almost shock.

He looked across at Tae’s quizzical expression. What she had thought was to be a momentous talk was beginning to sound like a resignation – if not suicide.

“Let me be quite frank, my early contacts with the enlers were borderline repressive,” he started threateningly. “Is the word stagnant sufficiently strong to describe a system, counsellors in that system, who were going to recommend healing therapy for a person expressing spiritual love?” “Looking

around at you I see anger,” he paused ““Haven’t we changed?” you ask indignantly. “Aren’t there now spiritual enlers in case we slip?” And to this I agree, I accept there has been improvement - no more therapy for the spiritual. But this response has now become token. There has been a positive response to Tae and those calling for SEEing, and this response has included training and development towards SEEing. And such an approach has got to be in some way spiritual. But at best that is a partial substitute for spirituality – in the pure terms of the spiritual path enlers have not significantly developed, they have just accepted this path in a token way.”

He could see their anger, anger that would have been more vehemently expressed if there was not the courtesy always offered to a platform. But their anger was not going to stop him.

“Gurudasa was spiritual; love was her path but fundamentally she was spiritual,” he began again; they felt safe with Gurudasa, weren’t they all followers? “But are we truly spiritual following in her path? Or maybe that is what we are, Yoxa following her path instead of our own? Our system has accepted the occasional spiritual enler, our system has accepted the need for SEEing, but where is the overall spirituality?”

Again, he could feel their anger but he wanted to create that anger. Sure, most of it would be directed towards him, but some would look internally to see the source of that anger; he just hoped that the internalising of some would be enough.

“Undoubtedly the system of Yoxa is well,” he began sucking them in with positivism, “is it fair to criticise enlers when their counsellors have accepted SEEing? And accepted SEEing well as demonstrated by the last speaker.”

“But whilst the call of Gurudasa was love, it was love and spirit,” emphasised Mo “have we fully embraced spirit in our system? When our counselling helps relationships, do we then encourage Yoxa to follow their spiritual path? When our enlers, through enret and 3E's, develop the faculties of SEEing, does our system then take them further into their paths?”

“On one level we have ended stagnation but there is a stagnation on our spiritual paths – and the occasional spiritual enler does not end that stagnation,” he carried on verbally knifing the wound. “Where is our faith in the path?”

And so began the history he knew many would not listen to because of the word faith. “Under the Pasur faith was appropriated, the Pasur said use your faith to believe this and there will be social benefits for you. Because in Pagan society faith had been used as religious dogma to divide Yoxa society, the Dogmatons reacted and threw religious faith aside along with all the exploiting practices of the Pasur.

“But this did not free faith up for the path, instead faith was misplaced again in the need for adherence to Dogmaton policy. Again Yoxa society was divided as we followed either the Dogmatons or the Creatives. But where was genuine faith - the magnetic force that takes us onto our spiritual paths? It was still rejected because of Pasur history. Unknowingly Creatives used their faith in their work, but most did not associate their Muse with the path. So their work was not an act of faith in the path – even though it was positive and contributes well to a spiritual society.

“Gurudasa called all to follow the path, but instead of following path Yoxa have followed teachings. Their faith has clung to Gurudasa’s teachings but has not led to the wisdom that has within it the constant enquiry that is now limited in our counsellors - limited in Yoxa.



“So we continue to be mostly faithless, and whilst we could consider ourselves well we are distant from the path – that distance can be narrowed by utilising our faith.

“Some will argue they are following their paths, mainly through their methods for perfecting viharas. Yes this was Gurudasa’s teachings, yes the methods originally came from Gurudasa; but they are known methods and teachings. Yoxa say they have faith in these but faith in the known is not faith to follow their paths; this is faith that has become known beliefs – known ideals – stagnation.

“Faith is there to take our quest into the unknown, not for our paths to stagnate but for our quest to move on – to learn from the unknown. Where is this advocated? In a few of our Residences – not even all of them. Our enlers were safe, they promoted love and we accepted the need for love. With this safety came stagnation as enlers sought healthy relationships through romantic love, did they consider the unknown of spiritual love?

“Through enquiry relationships became healthier through SEEing, enlers developed further on their paths through SEEing but it was all known; they all followed - had faith in what was known. But the gift of faith is not provided for the known, it is to give us strength in our journeys into the unknown.

“Yet enlers do not talk of faith nor do they talk of unknown, nor do they encourage a faith-based quest for Yoxa to follow their paths. This is the real stagnation that enlers and Yoxa in general need to remove. Get back to Gurudasa’s quest, have faith in the quest into the unknown,” he concluded and sat down – amidst silence.

He looked over at Tae’s shock, she would understand soon – that night. Holding his hand and giving



him kind words, she was concerned for the plenary – after two more speakers. Whilst Mo had excused himself, she sat silently through the last two speakers, not noticing him give the note to the convenor.

“For the sake of plenary harmony,” the convenor read out “I, Mokeroha, excuse myself from the plenary. Use your anger to enquire - not to blame me.” And to be fair there was harmony as safe questions were asked, and acceptable answers given.

Shattered, Tae returned to their room – a little angry with Mo herself. As she walked in she saw familiarities, things she felt at home with. There was a candlelit dinner – without candles, without the table, without the music; that was not their life. But there was her favourite food. And plates, for some reason she had always liked certain crockery – quality but not expensive; he had found similar. Knowing she loved their home, not being able to bring that with them, some little familiar things were enough. Relieved he saw her anger turn to surprise - and some calm.

He motioned her to sit down not with the food for the moment; she did. Sitting with her he apologised. Beginning with an apology for the conference, he just said enigmatically “it will be clear”. But there was a deeper apology, the apology that said he had been blind to her for so much of his life, and he looked to her and half-mockingly knelt down and said “I love you, will you marry me properly?”

Tears came into her eyes. She now knew what all this meant, and she answered “yes” immediately. “I have loved you ..”. she began.

“Since the Residence,” Mo interrupted disarmingly. “I am so sorry that I had not SEEn this because of my quest.”



“I accepted your quest,” she muttered through her tears “I would not have had it any other way. You couldn’t have followed your path any other way – your path was not to love me.”

“Then,” he answered “but now ....” He could not finish as she kissed him, and held him as if there was nothing else anyone could possibly do. And so began their real contract of devotion.



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# THE LOVE IN MOKEROHA

## 4) Devotion

They began their life together travelling – slow travel, but travel with a purpose – to find a place to live. But Mo noticed this travel search had to be quick as Tae was straining herself; they never spoke of her health but he was always considerate - perhaps to a fault. They looked to remote scenic areas – the beach, mountains, lakes – but they had all lost their natural touch as many Yoxa would like to visit. Finding an island they thought would suit, they soon found they were embroiled in a Yoxa-ner community – non-locals. To begin with their commonality of island life drew them together, and they could talk of living in a getaway. But very quickly that soured because these Yoxa were fundamentally selfish, often trashed the local Yoxa-ock, and their selfishness took them into repetitive escapism.

The Yoxa-ock lived a separate life from the Ners, and it was a lifestyle much to be desired by Mo and Tae now. Not that they could live as Yocks – just that there was something to be admired. What they wanted was to live inside but outside a Yock community, of course as Ners they could never be completely inside – but there was a mutual level they could seek. They found a small village, a pleasant roomy house, and a nearby centre for provisions and “civilisation”. They had found their retirement.

There was a characteristic of Yock life they admired, they had an expression for good Yoxa – joodee; very soon the village took to calling them the Joodeeners – Mo and Tae never knew. For a while they

filled their days with shopping, trips to the beach, visits to a nearby lake, and coffee shops in the centre, Yanat.

To begin with Mo was far too attentive – devoted – making up for lost time. Taeë loved it yet at the same time it was too much for her. It was a kind of smothering, not repressive - but just over the top. Never complaining, she just looked for ways of letting him know; she needed to make time for herself. This began with Tikka, the lady from the village who came and cleaned; Mo had been doing it but despite his mindfulness it was not something he wanted. This gave Taeë a glimpse into village life but no more than a glimpse because neither of them wanted to know the language enough to converse.

Tikka did for them and this gave them more time together, but for Taeë this was also a problem – they had more time together. Her solution came from Tikka, and Mo started teaching at the local little school. Yocks were always keen to learn Nersa language – ambivalently keen, they wanted Nersa because it gave them access to money yet they didn't want it because Yoxa-ners lived very differently to Yocks.

But teaching the little things gave Mo some meaning, gave Taeë some space, and built up the cred of the Joodeeners. Slowly Mo and Taeë began to embrace retired life, and for both it soon became the best times of their life. There was no guilt nor the selfishness of other Ners as they had given much in their different ways. Whilst their joodee slate was always full because of Mo's teaching, the villagers were happy with them as they kept to themselves. Walking around the village and out onto the farms, they smiled with the Yocks but never much more as they couldn't pass the time of day. But that was OK, the Yocks didn't want to let them in and they didn't want to be let in.

The days took on a shape. Together they would lie in their warmth listening to the birds before rising

late. Out into the sun they did Chi Gung for about 20 minutes and then go to their spaces to meditate. Of course, Mo had a study. There was a bookcase but it was ornamental – he didn't seem to read much now and if he did they were always on his computer. Taking to writing novels he put it out there anonymously – never knowing if it was read; that didn't matter, he enjoyed the writing and was amazed at his own storylines. Taeë barely listened, she was just glad for him.

Taeë's space was a balcony cum conservatory – you would go through a small room out onto the balcony. She replaced one of the walls with a huge window so in the room she could look out onto nature, and on the balcony she could sit in nature.

After the late starts they would be in their spaces until brunch when they would eat together before Mo would do his teaching – it started with two hours in the early afternoon. But a year of that made it feel like work so he reduced it to one – often followed by a coffee as two hours space suited Taeë. Then they would get to the beach where they soon got known. The beach was a place for a few Ners, who got to know them. But these Ners were not for them. There was too much escapism but not escaping in nature, and they found a tree where they were on their own – sat together looking at the waves that became sea that became waves again. After the beach they would drive to the shops and occasionally a restaurant before they returned home for coffee and a movie.

They never spoke of enlers, Mo maybe wrote about them. Their lives had been about enlers, what more could they have done? Erstwhile colleagues would contact them, and to begin with they would meet them in the city near the airport. But going up was a strain especially for Taeë. So occasionally erstwhile colleagues came to stay but despite their graciousness they started to know that was not a place to visit. Some then stayed in nearby hotels but that quickly stopped because Mo and Taeë were not now interested in their lives. Ofcourse they would love to help but despite their known wisdom

Yoxa never came to seek help - to seek that wisdom. They came to talk about enlers, enler-politics, enler-life, but it was never to ask for wisdom; they should have been asking but they never did. Enler-life was enler-life, you were in it or not. Both Mo and Tae were interested in being that active any more - to take on that weakness. But they could give advice, Mo even offered to give talks. But it never panned out. Whilst they both still had much to offer, the enlers were too immersed in their own speeds and could not slow down to appreciate the wisdom at a slower speed. It was not only old enlers that were put out to pasture, they both mused.

So life became the Joodeener recluses, and neither regretted it. Soon all that was past was left there, the SEEing in Tae's books and papers, the spiritual enlers and the lack of committed spirituality in Mo's talks, books, papers and proliferations. And soon time took their wisdom and put it in the past as enler-fashion forgot what was in there that could have been timeless. And they both neither had the energy nor desire to put them straight. They maintained their contact details and could have been found, but they had to accept no-one wanted to find them. This was natural, now they were old they saw more clearly the way nature was. But there was significant gratitude, they had found nature that had been lost in all their enler activity.

Days became months and a few years, and there was nothing they wanted for. Tae focussed on their health taking the excess spice out of Tikka's cooking, and finding the healthy ingredients and limited organic foods. She wanted to grow but she was not up to it and Mo's green was all theory. They thought of a gardener but decided that was too much intrusion. So they made do.

Yocks had their own traditional healing – some of which had been appropriated as Ner alternatives; they both used them in their efforts to avoid chemical intrusion in their bodies. Especially for Tae these healers became necessary as her health began to fade. Mo just watched, took his lead from her,



and learnt from her never to complain or fix – just accept.

Eventually her health started to alter their days, less of the beach, the lake, the shops, fewer coffees. More she spent time in her space but they always came together of the evening for their movies – even if she slept. More Mo would be seen on his own at the beach or walking by the lake, she wanted it that way and he now loved those times.

One evening she paused the movie, and told him “I have loved our time together – all of it,” she confirmed.

“I love your devotion here in our retirement,” she smiled at him “I am free but I know you are always there for me. It could not be better.”

“I should have been there for you more when I was off making the world spiritual,” he said guiltily.

“You couldn’t have,” she mocked him “that young man could never have been devoted to one person.” He looked at her and began laughing as well.

“And I would have hated it,” she continued “how could I have possibly been happy if you were giving up for me?”

“But you loved me back then,” he pouted, his guilt confusing him a little “and all I did was call you camouflage.”

“Maybe so,” she granted “but I was happy with that .... and I had my SEEing. You have to know that I

SAW you back then and knew what I was doing.”

She paused “I SAW the spiritual campaigner and loved him. You didn’t SEE my love because you had fashioned this camouflage. But you gave me nothing but respect, and that was more than enough .... back then,” she paused.

“And when you loved me that was such a bonus,” she turned and touched his hand “my life took an unexpected completion. I couldn’t have been happier. Here in Yanat has been wonderful.”

“Wonderful – slow and happy,” he muttered quietly.

“I know you, you will still feel guilty,” she mocked “but that is just your image and need for perfection. There is no need for guilt, for my part my path has been more or less complete.” She restarted the movie, and soon fell asleep with her head resting on his shoulder. Later he woke her for a drink, and soon they were in bed feeling each other’s warmth. He watched as she quickly slept until he eventually drifted off.

Two weeks later he was teaching, phoned and she told him to go the beach. When he returned, she was in her chair in the inner conservatory. He started to wake her but she looked so peaceful. She must eat, and he touched her gently .... There was a stillness, an awry stillness. And she had passed - passed gently peacefully. He called Tikka, she contacted the Yock authorities and they had a quiet funeral before the cremation. Sitting there in the vat for the customary three days, he felt tears coming and going, guilt trying to get a hold with her words defeating the ego, memories coming in and out, remembering her love - their love.

After the cremation life was a shell even the kids couldn't snap him out of, he taught but it was not the same. The beach, the lake, the shops – even their house, they were all his life with her. It was all finished. *But you're not finished*, that voice said. I know. He still had the energy to travel. He gave Tikka the contents and cheaply sold off the house. Packing sufficient in his bakkie, he drove. For a while there was new nature, a new beach, a new lake, a new mountain walk, but then it was not new. Or at least it was sort of not new.

More and more the study mattered. There was a new beach, a nice old house to rent, and he holed up for a while studying. He was present, it was there, he could even feel Taeë encouraging him, but it was not right. His studying was taking him to wisdom, where had he first seen wisdom? Where had he first come to know wisdom? And he went back, back, before Taeë's love, before the camouflage ..... and there he was in the hut again. His mind wandered those mountains again, and felt at home; he returned to the Residence to perfect his wisdom - before he died.