

# THE LOVE IN HONITI

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# THE 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, and he wrapped himself around the warmth that was her arse, his thighs thanking him for the peace. This was all he needed. He was in the total abnegation that came with the first passions of his love. When he woke up he was love, he managed to do routines – cleaning his body; eating was harder. Occasional thoughts came in – this was no Path, but in came the 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.

His love with passion had great power over him, power that left him without discernment. Passion was short-lived, love gave him peace and was always there with him. But life goes on, passions come and go, love stays but it is not meant to battle truth.

Naica had talked to him about missing out growing up, unhealthy fantasies fought with healthy ones, 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.

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

This situation was known in the Cotla. He thought back to the history of Cotlas – a long history. They had been 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 not the case. But as a seed to contemporary practise they were definitely rooted in the truth. Basically the village sat with the Elders and resolved local and domestic problems. The 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.

His mind drifted further on the horrendous life of the majority in those Pagan times. He mused that they called themselves Homo Sapiens but there was no wisdom displayed at the time. 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 or the 1%. In these Pagan times, some wanted to call them Homo Paganus or Homo Profitus but Homo Sapiens prevailed for dubious reasons, the Pasur took advantage of ordinary people impoverishing them – mainly spiritually. The 99% or Yoxa were needed to work in the fields and factories to create the products that made the Pasur rich. These working people, Yoxa, worked for the Pasur for low wages. There were a number of phrases the Yoxa called out in vain, people not profits, we are the Yoxa. Yoxa pride, Yoxa are Sapiens too. To no avail.

The other characteristic of Pagan times was wars for profits. These wars which became known as the MICwars – wars of the Military Industrial Complex. These MICwars primarily revolved around the exploitation of natural resources for fuel. However once the MIC had found profits from oil, they also discovered a strategy of balkanisation. If a country did not support the hegemony then factions within

that country were manipulated so that they fought each other demanding autonomy. Such divisions ended up fractionalising countries into separate state rendering it effectively powerless against the hegemony. Once the country was balkanised then security companies from the hegemony came in and exploited the devastation through reconstruction initiatives financed by the hegemony for their own profit. This Pagan hegemony used various excuses to cause this destruction such as religion, anti-dictatorship, women's rights, all of which seemed suitably humanitarian to delude their own population, but the reality was that these were MICwars for profits and the Pagan hegemony profited from them. The Pasur got rich, their yoxa were richer but not rich, and much of the world was devastated by MICwars. But the hegemony deluded their yoxa that the yoxa of these devastated countries did not matter, that they were less important than their own yoxa so their deaths did not matter as much as the profits that came to the MIC. This was heartless and Pagan but for some reason Homo Sapiens at the time thought this was an OK way to live. Pagan!!

Yet people at that time still experienced love, how could they experience love and yet allow fellows in Gaia to die just for profit. How could the Pagan Pasur love and yet treat other people so badly? These Pasur were so inhumane; there were some who thought they were aliens in disguise, would that they knew?

Strangely enough much 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 human was a separate human being was false. 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. There were human faculties which appeared and disappeared, these faculties could best be understood through a unity of consciousness rather than separate beings. But the 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 brought the people back together as one although they never fully

appreciated it. This love was Gaia's way of reuniting them – remembering, because their separation was so unnatural few could understand Unity – except through the occasional meditator. It was really strange how corrupted these people had become but the influence of these Pasur was so powerful, and it was in their interest to maintain separation – 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. Because it was the way of Gaia people throughout the world were falling 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 the world never understood love – they never understood the morass of emotions and instincts that were part of the love experience. 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 love came to be recognised because the people recognised the dogma of their leaders, but love intuition creativity and insight were never truly grasped in the times of dogma. Still accepting dogma as the way – a way without understanding was far better than the ignorance of Pagan times.

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. The times were so confused, people sought love in quick sexual encounters. For men “notches on the bedpost” were meaningful, experiencing sexual relations with women from different races and backgrounds was considered acceptable behaviour, promiscuous behaviour of men was considered a chauvinist emblem. This even transferred itself into similar promiscuous behaviour amongst women, and this was met with a horrendous response from many men who were quite happy to benefit from liaisons; and then equally happy to turn around and describe such behaviour as sluttish.

Some argued that men and women experienced fulfilment differently, and 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 any connection with the way Gaia had designed. For some what a man wanted, what a woman 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.

But with all that confusion sometimes the basic historic issue was sometimes forgotten because in earlier times men had beaten women, and society had imposed such a horrendous sexual image on women that many found it difficult to find any self-fulfilment because they were too engrossed in this imposed sexual body-image; 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. Such a mess had nothing to do with what Gaia had designed.

None of this mattered to the Pasur because while the yoxa were seeking confused fulfilment in this morass that was known as love they were forced to earn money to participate in this confusion – as images of money and sexual fulfilment pervaded across the Pasur-media. What mattered within this confusion was that through the Pasur-media there was the confusion of instinct with love. Gaia's reward for procreation was the enjoyment of making love but to extend the joy from this instinct beyond the times humanity 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 people considered themselves icons, and conditioned older people just

accepted it – even though there were consequences.

Moving past the Pagan times and through the dogma period humanity began to respect love and give it its due place in the social hierarchy. Love mattered, love was helped, and people not respecting love were encouraged to change. Love could never be forced, but 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. Honiti was a good man, he loved her genuinely, and her love for him should 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.

But fortunately it was not too late 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. It was not right that the Cotla interfere, but they could ensure that Honiti had the time and resources to ensure that their children had the proper respect for love and its consequences – creativity, intuition and insight.

At home this meant a great deal to Honiti, 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 that was missing from Naica.

“I love my babies,” she would shout through her tears but the more emotional she got the more Honiti knew she was going through the motions – through her emotions. Love didn't need to be screamed out, it showed in every fibre of being, every moment of contact. The children in times of weakness 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 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 delusions.

But of course Honiti felt some guilt whilst other people 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. They had time to walk and enjoy. Just walking was enjoyment because they were so close to Gaia. He could talk about Gaia, but that wasn't the bond; the love came from being together in Gaia. He felt it in himself, he watched his children, watched their happiness in Gaia, and felt it 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 and 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 frustrated by her not loving him despite what she said. He was frustrated by her wish to curb his self-expression yet for her he only wished to encourage her. He was 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. She had transferred the source of the problem to his anger and the ill-considered frustrated words he used when angry. She sought succour with people she knew – not the Cotla. Friends always helped each other, and with someone like Naica they knew a wrong word and their friendship would end. They would sympathise when she spoke of his anger, they supported her when she spoke of her deep love of her babies, but they could see avoidance when she asked what was the problem between her and Honiti. There were clear no-go areas for their conversations so they were comfortable with giving her support.

The one time they 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 people 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. It was the last time they attended counselling. Paricia referred Honiti to the Cotla's USG – Unrequited Support Group – in the hope of controlling Honiti's anger in such a difficult situation.

Honiti's first meeting of the USG was more a courtesy to the counsellor, Paricia, with a touch of testing the water. Despite encouraging Naica to attend counselling with him, his normal way was to keep his own counsel. His difficult situation increased that wariness, he had a social position to maintain after all. His business was his own, and 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 might well appear 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. Gerard had spent much money to make her interested in him, and at that point she saw danger. She confronted him, and he told her that he loved her deeply and the extravagance was only an effort to help her reciprocate that love. She had told him that 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 had masked great insecurity, and 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. The man would have deep mood swings. When he was confident he would be happy and enjoy their togetherness, then at other times he would behave so childishly she would criticise him, and he would sulk. 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 – 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. Lina pointed this out to Gerard, and of course he apologised, promised 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. The Cotla had accepted Lina's difficulties, 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. They should love him but not copy him, he would always support her when she said this but there was no correction of behaviour. As was her duty she had informed both the school and the Cotla. The experienced people in both places monitored the behaviour of the children and the adult adolescent. There was a Cotla assembly in which they had observed Tipi, and consequently advised her to attend USG. She had told them that it was almost the opposite, her love was too "requited" but she had accepted their experience attended the USG and found the discussion and advice beneficial. She soon learned that Tipi's expressions of love were in fact expressions of his own insecurity, the more he expressed his love the more he was defecting 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. He was shallow and empty, and this 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.

# THE LOVE IN HONITI

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## 2) Dogmatons

The monitors grew out of Homo 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. They needed their labour so 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 of people are perfect but on this continent there was relative peace. They were a tribal people, a people who followed their leaders, and this was self-destructive. A leader led their people into battle, was often their strongest, and fought off challenges. Such leaders died young, the new leaders died young, and the wisdom of such tribes never grew. 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 the people 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, the people were happier – after all they died as well as their leaders. The people saw their leaders becoming pompous and 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. Their leader's palaces became places of legend as local mineral wealth was used as egoic signs of splendour. There was no long-term balance in this approach because these people 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. The early Pasur learned of this continent with its natural wealth, and decided that if they had this wealth it could finance vast invading armies and develop huge personal deposits back home. 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 peoples into subjugated peoples and then into armies that fought.

But in their expansion was their inherent downfall. Pasur exploited the local people 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 enough to oppress the people 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 they had tried using the leaders of the tribes as overseers but this was unstable as the overseers then sympathised with the slaves. Then they hit on the idea of using overseers from one tribe to control the slaves of another. It was then this policy that became their exit strategy – enable a smaller tribe. Once they realised that 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. 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 their own countries. One Pasur country was noted for starting wars to increase their control of mineral wealth. They would then lose this war but the Pasur could not allow Yoxa control so the defeated Pasur maintained power, flexed their egos again, sought increased wealth, created war and then needed to be jumped on again. These particular Pasur never ceased to be falling and rising into power throughout Pagan times until eventually the Dogmatons put a stop to it all. Eventually the Pasur decided that their main efforts required in their home country, the more they kept their Yoxa ignorant the more they could exploit. One group of Pasur had been involved in one of their global wars and this particular war got out of hand. Foolishly they sent their own troops out to a distant land. The war continued for years despite a huge loss of life in that land. This loss of life barely affected the Yoxa but they all knew of family who had died as soldiers. Eventually they had been forced to introduce conscription in order to ensure they had enough cannon fodder, and this backfired for generations. Families saw their dead young and reacted; the Pasur ended the war.

Those Pasur never fought wars with conscription ever again. For a long time these Pagans used their media to glorify war. Young men were never shown as mercilessly killing peasants but were seen as being mistreated by heathens who were supposedly heartless to their own people. These handsome young men were shown as carrying out heroic deeds in defence of the downtrodden, and the Yoxa were too tired to use their brains to perceive anything else. Such heroism was promoted within education establishments, and this provided a steady source of heroes as cannon fodder.

But there were dirty jobs, wars that the Pasur could not find justification for. They destabilised these “dirty” countries by providing arms for minorities, minority fought 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 encouraged their Yoxa to kill each other. The Pasur still needed control so they employed security companies to carry out the dirty jobs. These security companies maintained illicit arms trade to disreputable peoples, and sent out their own

operatives to do the dirty jobs. Governments could then disown these mercenaries - which they did, whilst ensuring that the companies had government funds to complete the tasks – government funds that had been collected through taxes.

And if these mercenaries couldn't do the jobs, they always had drones. Drones only had one drawback. Although they were claimed to be target-specific, this was far from the truth. Once the targets knew they were targets they forced people to remain close – and when the Pasur killed a target they called the many other victims “collateral damage”. Pasur media would claim that a recognised enemy had been “taken out”, and 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. 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 satisfied to be wage slaves.

But the Pasur muddied the waters even further by the Dogmatons. Now the Pasur needed the attention of the Yoxa to be focussed away from identifying the Pasur as the source of the problem. And as always there was the obvious solution in humankind - the ego. Ego comes in many forms but one obvious form is that of superiority, there were always some humans 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 people need to be educated to find their role in nature, the Pasur created an education system that focussed on ego by making it competitive. The Pasur needed two things from 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. This mechanism

controlled the young 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 happier to accept any sort of wage-slave job.

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. The Pagans never looked at history, or rather their education turned history into a vainglorious indoctrination that encouraged Pasur worship, individualism and heroism but 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 human communication. *That’s probably because humans 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 people. 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 the 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 answered it himself - they were such dicks.

Once automation took over, the Pasur changed education. In Pagan times creativity was never considered. Gaia always threw up the creative but such people were never mainstream – except for those in mainstream who mimicked creativity as part of the mainstream delusion. Education particularly played down creativity because the Pasur knew creativity, awareness and change were inextricably linked – 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 human's duty to be ready. It is education's duty to open people up to that creativity when Leuak happens but in early times education closed minds by filling them up with much irrelevance even though there were positive skills especially amongst the younger.

In fact there was much that is now accepted as mature requirements which education never even considered. It was often spoken that education was there to prepare the young for adulthood but 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 easy to us now it was far from easy in practise. When young, compulsory education meant that there was no escape from the conditioning. There were few whose parents were

not conditioned so from birth throughout the day each human was conditioned until they were in the world of work. People often escaped in leisure but it was often remarked in teenage rebellion how conformist those rebels were to whatever contemporaneous fashion this rebellion 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 people to live with Leuak's head rising?* thought Honiti, his mind shivered. Honiti had read of those mature people 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. He had read of these people 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. At least once Leuak had broken through She brought with her a sense of joy and happiness that the rest of humanity never experienced. Honiti couldn't imagine how a human could never experience Leuak's joy – such emptiness.

Honiti's mind had drifted again but it 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 for Honiti and the planet.

For Honiti duty was the slender 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 appropriately disguised, he liked 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 that he liked was she beautiful or was it just him? And as the body tried to engage his mind he quickly stopped the desire-controlled thoughts, and 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. Honiti was amused when Chipak talked about the way the Pasur had underestimated the corruption of the Dogmatons, and for a long time they walked he with Lina and Darando 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. People 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. The wars they fought were at the root of many social problems. 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 people back home, even if they cared, those distant peoples meant nothing. They were just people who lived where the minerals were found or where they got the cotton from or the bananas etc. Over the years this changed. Some people 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 white brains were bigger than blacks,” she mused her laughter was quite infectious “that was when they believed the mind was connected to the brain,” she added as an aside.

“They also used religion as a means of claiming superiority, their Pagan religion

was better than someone else so they sent out missionaries to convert people. And because they had the armies people 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 peoples 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 the people blaming the races rather than recognising an 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. The Pasurs were happy with this because they knew censorship was divisive; they encouraged these liberals. As the liberals became more and more powerful censorship increased and so did the division. And whilst this increased censorship happened so the Pasurs quietly got on with their exploitation.

“Power was an aphrodisiac to these intellectuals, the more power they had the more censorship they introduced. These liberals would bang on about human rights, how important it was to say the right thing about race gender and trans but so long as people said the right thing it didn't matter what happened. Recognising this 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 the ignorant. 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 people who cared little

for compassion. These demagogues gained democratic power through lies and deceit, and created anarchy whilst in power. The Pasur used the anarchy to increase the exploitation, and eventually the Yoxa turned away from the demagogues. This lurch to the right worked against Yoxa rights because the people 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 no 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 people. 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 this power allegiance had changed the Pasur lost power. 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. The Dogmatons took over the UN applying 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 the world became a peaceful place but repressed. Gone was creativity and insight, such people increasingly coming into conflict with the censorship as Gaia through them tried to push back against the imposed boundaries of human 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 human spirit was further and further repressed by the censorship that was fed by the 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 human, and love became shallow dominated by language rather than soul. It was a world of automation, sufficiency and imposed dullness but peace.

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

“Of course not but it did last a long time because people were frightened of the MICwars. The Yoxa repressed their true natures out of fear that MIC wars 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 human cost. 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. She was distracted by Darando but by then she knew it was too late.

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“They failed to monitor the monitors,” laughed Darando looking pointedly at Chipak. Other duties brought her back 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 they both continued to walk “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.

# THE 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.

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

“I agree,” nodded Honiti “but all genuinely creative people were critical; for others that criticised these Liberals it was a different level of dogma – the dogma of what some called the extreme left.”

“But in reality they weren’t extreme left,” spoke Lina, “just 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 because they could attack these unprincipled intellectuals, and cause the Yoxa to be alienated from the truth by this intellectual association between their rigid Liberal views and the truth.

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

“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. There was a huge dilemma for this slender alliance. As the Dogmatons began to gain control from the Pasur, everyone could see that this was a step in the right direction. There was an end to the MICwars and the wage-slavery, and people were beginning to be treated as humans rather than 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 doctrine. But the creative’s dilemma worsened as less and less of what they valued was accepted by Liberal society.

“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. This usually required the artist to jump through hoops and many 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 them. Firstly they profited from it, and secondly the Liberals did not comprehend 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? This the Dogmatons could never admit the truth about. Creative products continued to be made but these products were decorative or party pieces. These 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. No-one wanted the returns of the egos that created the Pagan times so 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. The stagnation produced an unease amongst many of the Dogmatons but 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. The censorship then oppressed further the creative, more of whom 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. 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?”

Chipak nodded, and with a sideways glance felt there was nothing more 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. They were pleased to see him, played a short while, washed and read before dropping off to sleep. A good end to the day, thought Honiti.

He went back to the living room where Naica also sat reading. She asked after the meeting, and he gave a careful non-committal answer that she seemed to accept. They sat there quietly together, and Honiti's mind wandered to the walk . Would that he could talk with Naica in the same way? He drifted off to sleep, 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. He looked 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 they 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.” They looked at each other and 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. Society’s lead was that profit mattered more than love, it soon followed that love could be manipulated in other ways. Profit gave the lead in this way as well, the more the profit the happier the Pasur were. They used their influence to introduce competition into a relationship like love, 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. It then followed that men sought solace with each other and often competed to have more sexual partners outside the relationship. With the battle at home for dominance men would meet and discuss – often with drugs such as alcohol - to find comfort from the battle at home. Likewise women met – often in the homes, and described how little they were respected. 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 “if you give children too much attention they don’t grow as humans, 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 people living their lives through their children. Over the years these children began to misbehave, and parents became defensive. What might have been a good communal intervention to chastise the child became a threat to parental ability eliciting parental vitriol. Extended families that had helped provide balance in the upbringing of children were often ignored and old people 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. Their children were poorly behaved, 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 – like the Pasur and their Pagans. But in removing the excesses of these Pasur they removed something so much more important ....”

“Humanity,” she interceded “Humanity the way Gaia intended. Humanity that was creative and full of love. Children who grew up loving life being inquisitive seeking experience, challenge, loving 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 people 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 people 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 people 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, but she liked that. And she could see in him that he knew his weakness, and that he showed concern for her. That was so different to Gerard. Gerard was stifling because he was so pre-occupied with himself. He'd say he loved her but 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 himself to love. Because love meant both people reaching fulfilment. And there was nothing wrong in Gerard's love being focussed on society, there are people like that. No there was nothing wrong with that except that Gerard refused to accept it. 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.

She wanted to talk to Honiti about this but that was not right. She had spoken with Chipak who had told her that her problem was not unusual. “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 people but not together. He needs to know that his love is transpersonal, that this is the way some men 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 men 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. She had felt the passion for Pery when she was young. She wanted him. She 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. 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 see any love beyond the passion, 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 living in the emptiness. And Trys knew, she just knew that love was beyond passion, and that love was so much more important than anything else. She knew she had to share that love with others and she chose counselling.

When Chipak read this she had her own epiphany. She never experienced the emptiness beyond passion that Trys had described because she never got passionate with Pery again. She remembers watching his tears, 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 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. Naica would occasionally need Honiti’s succour but not often enough to give Honiti meaning. Honiti’s only hope was that the children would become unscathed adults, and have 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 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 people 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 people 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 people 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 people 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. They voted for leaders, and those leaders took them to war. But the people did not understand that the leaders were simply Pasur puppets – whichever person they voted for. It was a charade controlled by the Pasur media to delude the people into thinking they had a choice. And all the while people 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 why they were deluded. But some did have time – the intellectual liberals.”

“So why didn’t they object?” she asked quickly. “No wait. 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. They were never properly financed so they could never be effective. But this enabled the Pasur puppets to claim they were compassionate. But 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 people 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 people 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. There is either 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 people. Because these people 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 people 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. 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. They knew the issue was complex given the power of the Pasur and their media so they tried to educate people 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 problem. But here is where the Pasur used division. They employed Liberals to focus on language, and demanded that all people use appropriate language. This is where the dispolice came in, enforcing proper language.”

“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 “but they were few in number. The Pasur knew the progressives were the real enemy. They were worried when people 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. The progressives began attacking the Liberals for their collaboration and these intellectuals defending their income attacked the Progressives, and 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 human 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 and income became their sense organs. They used their knowledge for greed, and in Pagan times whilst all the people were dying in the wars the Liberal

yoxa had comfortable houses and lifestyles whilst they tilted at their windmills. Despicable.”

“Despicable 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 leaders. They turned against the Pasur but they did not want to turn towards the Liberals. 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 people the Pasur had bought off. These people 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 people 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. Progressives could not accept censorship, and they could not allow the leaders to make decisions – it would have to be the people deciding as we have now. This was too much for the military so 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. People were being charged for everything, what we now accept as resources that Gaia wants us to have. Food and water are now charged nominally – to cover outlay. 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 people 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 human body.”

“When they started wars to make a profit it is not a stretch to see they would make yoxa ill and profit from it,” she sneered.

“We now take housing as a human 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 you couldn't afford housing yoxa were forced to pay huge rents.”

“But worst of all were the banking practices,” he quickly moved on. “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 added again moving quickly on.

“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. They gambled with investment, contracts, anything they could gamble with they did. It didn't matter to the Pasur, they had so much money 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 clearly explained 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.”

“And the enforcers just burned this money in the end as it had no meaning,” she remembered.

“Crazy, wasn’t it?” he summed up “And this all fell 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. They were afraid of war, they were afraid of the Pasur so they didn’t see the war, they were afraid of enforcers so they didn’t 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 any of them. 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. These machines didn't make mistakes unlike people. 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 the machines could do better once programmed. The machines had better logical circuits, and the best use of language the Dogmatons could provide. The Dogmatons became more and more afraid of the machines. In the end they limited the abilities of the machines by programming them to be less capable than people. This made life less efficient but at least the Dogmatons knew they were better than the machines.

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

“But the people 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 description; she would like this. “I could never believe that such feeble people could become so central – so accepted. I thought they were a minor aberration. Young arrogant people 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 of young people. They had grown up with a sense of indulgence, indulged by mothers whose attention directed these people to see themselves at the centre of the world. Often this indulgence worked on their creativity, and this was meaningful but of course in those times creativity meant struggle unless the Pasur could profit from it. But the creativity was centred on the individual and did not necessarily come from Gaia.

“In fact the creativity petered out as the indulgence centred more on the growing liberalism. I have watched these young people focus on one cause after another, and these semi-meaningful parlour games took centre stage. There was no awareness of war and wage-slavery - the dual strategies of the Pasur, and they

carried on as the Liberals did thinking that this fighting for causes would eventually bring a result.

“Why would the Pasur allow this? 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 is frightening in its arrogance. Their radicals are becoming passionately liberal, their power is focussed on the superficial cause, they cannot see that the passion is to focus 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 place is 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 people are drawn away from 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 peoples, 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 people 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 people die, propaganda has to turn those people into victims of soldiery as the oppressors force the people 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 young 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, retired and became a recluse.”

“What is a recluse?” she asked again pushing “We don't have them now but back then some people 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 mature people don't let those things drag

them down.”

“You’re right, it doesn’t,” he agreed “but just because he writes with heartfelt sadness didn’t mean that he clung to all that pain. It is a sound decision to find solace in Nature if these fools were controlling their lives with their shallow legislation.”

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

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

“Who was that?” Naira 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.

Naira looked askance but left the matter.

“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. “So again the history of injustice pushed people towards a Dogmaton society.” She paused, and there was a silence but he could see there was more. He waited.

“I get so angry with the lengths that some of these Liberals went to for ego-advancement, they were so competitive. As things started to improve they began to establish themselves in upper and middle management. They then used their position as disadvantaged women to create a climate of eggshells within the workforce. They demanded such precise use of language that many men did not know what to say for fear of causing offence.”

“Why so angry?” he asked “they were never as bad as the crimes committed against women – exploitation of women’s sexuality was still happening at these

times weren't they?"

"Yes it was," 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. These women were so demanding, and they created such discomfort. In Pagan times there was such a division – as the Pasur wanted, they wanted these Liberals to divide people against each other so that the wars 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 who addressed the real issues of war and wage-slavery, and recognised exploitation of women as a means of reducing wages. For there to be real progress these people recognised the need for education, and recognised that if there were to be real progress then all people, women and men, had to see that exploitation was wrong.

"But as with race, in stepped the Liberals focussing on the superficial whilst taking personal advantage of the situation. They demanded this use of language, and controlled personal interactions through this code. Some right-minded men accepted this thinking that this is what women wanted. But that was not the case. Many rejected this Liberal stance, they didn't want the exploitation but they didn't want this Liberal imposition either. But these women who were the majority reacted to this liberalism because of the restrictions on men. And they voluntarily accepted exploited positions as part of the backlash. Then these arrogant women demanded that all women be like them, and they were scoffed at by the majority of women. This left men in a quandary as to what to do.

"But that was not the worst of it. This Liberal vs backlash state of affairs occurred for a long time as the Pasur gradually lost power. But when the Dogmatons got in the Liberal group of 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 these 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 societies became the metier in society. They had the ability to manipulate the language towards their own ends, and 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 used divisively by the Pasur.”

“You’re 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 is exactly what happened. These energetic men were forced to turn in on themselves in order to confirm to the restricted codes of behaviour demanded by the Liberal women. And their men stood by and watched as these alphas squirmed. The only way they could maintain their sanity was by joining the enforcers. It was somewhat ironic to see alpha males turn on alpha males to maintain the law and order of Dogmatons whose vitality was sapped by the very system they created.

“The less intellectual of women fell behind this Liberal faction within the Dogmatons because their position was enhanced as males were no longer exploiting them. And what was left was the minority of progressive women and men who were calling for a society where all people expressed 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 the pitfalls that were in what might be called their relationship; at least they were pitfalls which had a future.

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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]

# THE LOVE IN HONITI

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## 4) Express not repress

On his way home Honiti remembered the moment – such a temptation. He thought about Naica and the kids, and knew that he had to be wary; altogether they were far more important than any physical dalliance. Given the state of their relationships he knew how vulnerable both he and Lina 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 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. She knew that the meetings were mainly concerned with Lina, and 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. She enjoyed the anger she was creating, and there was nothing an honourable man could do. Such Pagan manipulation, thought Honiti, but again the frustration - there was nothing he could do.

He had calmed a little by the time he reached the meeting, and seeing Lina there raised his spirits yet Naica's niggling came back and made 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 Human 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 meeting 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 human 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. These adult charlatans are just more sophisticated in the way they copy. They know more works of art, their skills are 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 human 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 humans?”

“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, Adolf Hitler, and how his writings created a world war; the Dogmatons failed to see the irony in his forms of censorship. Writers such as George Orwell were presented as people who sought revolution rather than working with existing governments – failing to note that the governments Orwell 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. “Human faces are beautiful” was one of their slogans, and they destroyed art that caricatured or distorted the human 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 human 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. There were public clashes at the creative protests as the Liberalistas demanded an end to critical art.”

“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, the enforcers 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. They would lay in wait for the daubers, 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 understood and 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. They continued to walk together, minds wandering off into dreams, and yet brought 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 genuine 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. She came out of the study looking for Gerald; 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. There was 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. She sometimes felt guilty at her concerns about their relationship. She knew that she provided an emotional stability that kept him focused, and she also felt guilty that she could not accept him for what he was. She was 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 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 almost impossible to live with.

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 forced to be as 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; 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. She completely agreed with Chipak that her relationship with Honiti was beneficial to her inner self and to the stability of her relationship - 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. Lina's mind transposed herself to the Dogmaton meeting.

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 Philippa’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 but it

is not good to push the students too fast. If I see a spark I encourage it, I tell my colleagues because it is so important. 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."

"As teachers we know the skills to teach you, we can recognise any of these wisdom viharas but we cannot teach the viharas 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 human, 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 was wonderful. At that time his compassion was completely focussed on her, and it was so powerful she was able to forget the impending downside. She was able to forget that his infatuation would die down, 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 variations.

As she had known deep down his changing heart 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 humanity 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. 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.

# THE 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. It was not only that they had stepped in with the Dogmatons, it was that 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 had value. 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 pf those times. We grew up in a time of different confrontations and we were afraid of them. Unintentionally the Dogmatons had created a fear in us, that was the same fear they had. Only that

fear 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. Only history told what an awful time it was, for those middle-classes 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. I couldn’t 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. 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 human 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 ...." he laughed.

"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. They decided to move far from the cities to a place called Wakington. Having managed to scrape money together, they bought this land and started growing their own foods and rearing livestock. Basically they were just 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. Now they lived far from the cities so 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, she had kept 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 but 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.

# THE LOVE IN HONITI

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## 6) PATHTIVISM

The nihilism of endless questioning was liberating. For so long people had been afraid to ask, especially the young. And the Dogmatons did not know there was this deep fear. They thought everyone thought like they did. They thought everyone understood that following Codex was a way of avoiding Pagan times, but what they hadn't understood was that their power had been misused and become censorship. Their own fear had 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 attach 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. They were in power, these Council leaders, they controlled the Dispolice, many of whom were Liberalistas. This power became addictive, and power corrupts. Within Dogmaton society there were no mechanisms to control this corruption. And this train of thought drew Honiti to a meeting at the Cotla.

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 people 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 people out to pasture because they were not longer capable of physical wage-slavery had evolved into putting people 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 humanity 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 in those times. Frustration of the human 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. They demonised government. They funded activists who were angry with government pretending to control their massive egos. These egos ranted on about restriction of freedom by government, and of course government did restrict but at the instruction of the Pasur. It was just Pasur manipulation.

“Sorry I digress. Part of these 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.

“To the matter at hand dementia and the Dogmatons,” he continued aware of some youthful impatience. “In their case it was primarily brought on by the repression of the human spirit that was inherent in Dogmaton 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 the same 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 delusion how they did it. They told us “We don't always get it right but we are the bets 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 don't want that. Then they said all those who don't want Dogmatons, don't recite the Codex, must want Pagan times. Life was restricted to Dogmaton or Pagan.*

*And 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. And then I knew the nature of the Codex. All my life I had worked and for what - to build a wall against the light.*

*I felt great joy.*

*Then I felt frustration. I must tell people about this. In the home I told people 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 human 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 people,” sighed Pituk, “Stuck in homes, a lifetime of experience, developing wisdom, young people 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 people stood up and repeated what she was saying – adding their own wisdom.

“But that would have been nothing – contained. What the old people were saying struck a chord with so many young people. 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 people. 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 people of Kudulan, the Liberalistas decided to destroy this commune. Now Oak Fram also had communes for the old, and when they heard that the liberalistas were attacking the commune, all the old people came out and placed themselves between the creatives and these ignorant Liberalistas.

“It must have been funny to see these young people 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 of these frail old people were in the way. They couldn’t push these old people 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 people 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 Old Farm shield and other shields, but more importantly people 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 people were tired.

Honiti met with Lina. “It is good we meet these old people, 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 people 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. Honiti was immediately apologetic, 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, people 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.

*“Her 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 people were actively involved in removing ego from our daily life especially the ego of 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 pathtivism.”**

At this point Inea broke down in tears, all she could see was her mother's teeth as she laughed. People 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 the path. 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 pathivism”. It would make me happy in death that Yoxa, if you accept what I have written then 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.

# THE 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. But 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.

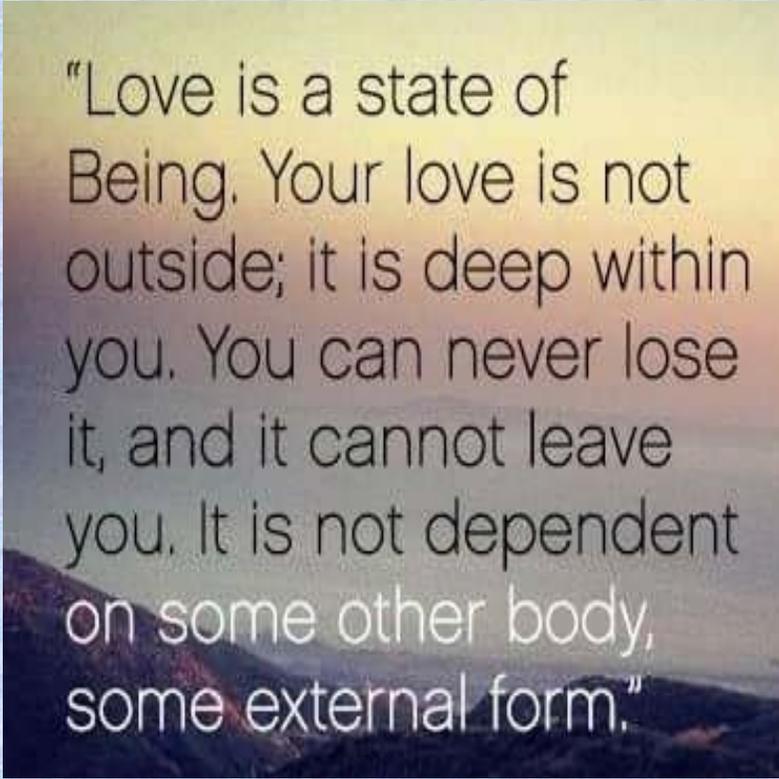
But they had no teachers. The existing teachers were all trained in the Dogmaton era. The young had no wisdom only questioning. The Yoxa turned to the old for they had been instrumental in opening up the minds of the Yoxa. But whilst there was much wisdom there they did not understand the path.

The creatives now had their path, and for most of them it was the doing that mattered. They began to seek teachers and they 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? These people were invited 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 people were trying to follow Gurudasa’s “Future is pathivism” it was proving difficult. Enquiry after enquiry was leading to frustration. Ego was limited, Yoga questioned conditioning ad nauseum, but there was discontent as there was no resolution. For may Yoxa desire for the path was not producing the necessary following of the path. There was still a high level of frustration but this time the frustration was not questioning for questioning’ sake as in the Great Enquiry but frustration at not finding the path. People were beginning to feel like Dogmatons, 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. The problem is the 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 people from their fused love.

And there was quiet, a release, people 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 people 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 people love.

“Even in Pagan times people 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 people 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 people 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 people in their homes. Meeting places, advice centres, trained love counsellors,” 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 ole people 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 people 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 their 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 counsellors – giving back to the Cotla that allowed them to live a fulfilling life .... in love.

# THE LOVE IN HONITI

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## Note to Eckhart:-

This quote is taken from Eckhart Tolle's book "The Power of Now". My choice of the name "Eckhartus" was in no way intended to appropriate the teaching as something I came up with, it was just "writer's license". If Eckhart wishes me to change this in any way please contact me, it is a novel I didn't want to start references. Go back.