
Goal of Mankind

Here's a book where Aliens explain how to create a stable world. It's a book from 1969 and happened in Holland called 'Buitenaardse Beschaving' by Stefan Denearde. On the internet there's a translated version with weird religious things added and entire chapters are missing. I corrected this version with the original Dutch version next to it, there might still be some grammar mistakes in it. Someone should publish an official English version and make this book famous, it's weird how there's books with all the answers and no one knows them.

CHAPTER 1

Confrontation

Who asks me about Iarga, I shall show the way; the fascinating dusky green planet with its somber pink sky is no dream but-just a moment. I must first sort out the mass of information gained during my astounding experiences and relate it logically and coherently.

I need to do this for myself as well. Any explanation of my chaotic memories may help me to become my old self again. It is difficult for me to remember the man I used to be. How I felt that beautiful summer evening on board my yacht that drifted like a huge white swan on the windless waters of the Oosterschelde (An art of the sea in the southwestern delta of the Netherlands.)

“Do you know that the compass is broken?” was the surprising question of my son.

I took no notice; this could only be a joke. I sat stretched out in a deck chair, contentedly sipping my coffee and surveying the distant coast of Schouwen-Duive-land (An island in the delta.) where we planned to arrive before dark.

On the small strip of land above the horizon, I could see the light that marked the harbor entrance at Burgsluis. “Honest, Dad, it’s broken. Come and look,” persisted my son. Still disbelieving, I forced myself to stand up and walked over to where my wife, son and daughters were standing and we were looking at the compass as though we discovered it for the first time. Something was definitely wrong. The rhumb card wasn’t level and was touching the cover glass, but worse still, the north indicator was pointing in the direction of the Zeeland Bridge, to the east! I looked accusingly at the discoverer of the trouble. It wasn’t out of the question that my young son was playing a joke with a magnet. Unfortunately this was not the case so I started a serious investigation. In the meantime, Miriam did the dishes and put the children to bed. So it happened to be already quite dark by the time I turned on the engine and navigated on the buoys towards Burgsluis. The compass hadn’t revealed its secret and that irritated me particular. Miriam was right in saying that I should not let a compass spoil such a beautiful day, but I could not rest until I knew what was wrong. Anyway, I could find out later in the harbor.

I rushed the tjalk (an old time, flat-bottomed sailing ship) at full power through the darkness of the Oosterschelde. There was the light buoy. I read the number automatically and turned sharply to port. In the distance lay the next buoy, marking the channel to Burgsluis. About six miles and we would be home! But things turned out different as I expected. Something unbelievable happened.

In the middle of this complete desolation suddenly, out of the darkness, a strong, blue-white searchlight shone in my eyes from a point directly in front of the bow, and at the same time I heard a high-pitched whining noise above the noise of my motor. My heart pounded. It came so unexpectedly, that it must

have been several seconds before I acted. Reverse, full power! Oops, too late! With a frightening noise the tjalk came to a standstill against something solid, but what? Who on earth would be in the middle of the channel without lights? With shaking hands I stopped the motor and in the sudden stillness saw the startled face of Miriam appear in the cabin doorway.

“Is anyone there?” I yelled over the water. In answer the light went out, but no reply. Miriam came on deck and behind her stood the children, wide eyed with fear. “Look... there... that flat thing in the water.” It looked like the hull of an overturned ship or pontoon, but we were at least thirty feet away and couldn’t possibly have hit it, whatever it was. “Is anyone there?” I called a second time. The searchlight flashed on again; the strangely small beam of light swept over the water and cast a cold glare on the side of the tjalk. I caught my breath. Floating on the incoming tide was a body, face down, apparently dead. The actions that followed were carried out at nerve-racking speed. There was only one thought in my mind: to do something quickly, before the body drifted away into the dark waters.

Instinctively, I carried out the motions that I had so often gone over in my mind in the event of one of the children falling overboard. Seconds later, I jumped overboard with the line from the lifeboat in my hand. But what now? I was standing in less than three feet of water, and my knees and ankles hurt from landing on something as hard as steel. In my confusion, I saw the line from the dinghy drifting away. I stood up and dived to catch the rope, and, swimming with the small boat behind me, managed to grab the body. It wouldn’t move. How would I get such a heavy man into the boat? How do I lift it over the edge? An impossible task. First, tie the rope around him and climb into the boat myself. Next I pull him a bit up and tie the rope. Just then the alarms went off in my mind. What kind of a man was this? He was wearing a kind of hard metallic suit that kept him afloat. Around his head was a kind of flexible ball which reflected the blue light so strongly that I was unable to see his face. I began to think about astronauts, but how would they get into the Oosterschelde? I started the outboard motor and began slowly back toward the tjalk, dragging the victim alongside the boat. But what now? What should I do with this strange burden beside me? Was this even a human? Why had I gone to all this trouble? My confusion grew by the minute.

The blue light made it plain that I must carry on. It was kept in my direction by someone who followed the rescue closely from beginning to end, but what did they want? In terrible confusion, I came at last alongside the tjalk. Then my presence of mind received temporary its final blow: suddenly a sea of light. A great diffused light underneath the water surface. I stopped the outboard motor. In the silence, I heard the voices of Miriam and my eldest daughter. Thank goodness everything was all right there. A different sound was more alarming. The searchlight dimmed and from the middle of the plateau came a dark figure rushing on with sharp and quick tripping steps. He jumped into the water and in the full light he waded towards me. It was a perfect copy of the being I had fished out of the water, with the same shiny metallic suit and a transparent ball around its head. Step by step, it came closer. Instinctively I waved the boat hook defensively into the air. He raised his arm with a calming gesture and turned his face towards me. I sprang back as though bitten by a snake; a wild fear cut off my breath. It was a nightmare. A terrible, indescribable feeling took hold of me. The being in front of me was not human! An animal-like face with a proud aggressive expression. The eyes with large square pupils, which were both hypnotic and self-assured. His entire presence spoke superiority. Like rolling thunder I started to realize I was standing unprotected facing a different, extraterrestrial intelligent race. But why still this terrible fear? I cannot explain. If it had been a gorilla, for example, then I would have quickly sprung on board my ship and put up a fight with the boat hook to prevent the animal from coming on board. There would have been no time for the fear that came from the feeling of helplessness in recognition of his superiority.

The fear grew into panic, a panic which told me to get away from there as quickly as possible, before it was too late! I sprang overboard again and raced through the shallow water toward the ship as though the Devil were at my heels. Panting, I pulled myself on board and started the motor. Reverse full power. I wanted to get away from there as quickly as possible. The ship didn’t move an inch. Over the bow I saw the being pull the dinghy onto the dark platform, lift the body in his arms and walk away with robotlike

steps. It suddenly went dark and they were gone. With a feeling of apprehension, I stopped the motor. The situation on board was surprisingly peaceful, for they had no idea of the real drama. There was a feeling of satisfaction over father's ability as a lifesaver. My eldest daughter had developed the theory that we had rammed a submarine, which was not so unlikely, considering we were close to a naval training area. Only Miriam realized that something was wrong. She looked at me as though I were a stranger and her uneasiness grew by the minute. She had never seen me like this before. She poured me a whiskey and sent the children to bed with the excuse that we had something to talk over. The alcohol did me good, but now it seemed that I had another problem: Miriam didn't believe me! "This trip is too much for you, Stef. There are no men from Mars in the Oosterschelde." She kept talking, perhaps to try and talk some courage into both of us. I couldn't just stay inside; I had to see what was happening outside.

With a flashlight in one hand and a boat hook in the other, I stood on deck and let the beam of light play over the platform. It lay just above the surface of the water, a sinister dark-gray round thing. Its diameter was about the same as the length of our ship, certainly sixteen meter. It was resting on a ledge, which reflected the light so strongly that it looked like glass. In the middle was a metal pillar, slightly twisted, about one and a half meter wide and two meter high. The total size of the thing surprised me. I knew what was under the water. I could walk at least the length of a swimming pool without falling off the edge. Could this be one of the illustrious flying saucers? Were they really so huge and could they also operate under water? I turned the flashlight out and began systematically probing around the ship with the boat hook. In front, by the bow, about 40 cm, and aft, about 80 cm. It was strange that each time I had to use force to pull the boat hook off the bottom, as though someone were holding it.

Now the strange behavior of the compass flashed through my head: magnetism! We had collided with a huge, magnetic monster! We were imprisoned, stuck on a huge magnet. In the grip of strange, unearthly beings. The only possibility of escape was the plastic dinghy. In case of emergency there was room for all of us. The dinghy still lay in the same place on the platform, and in the peaceful stillness of this complete isolation a daring plan was born in me. After all, the dinghy was only about eight meters away from me. For the third time that evening I jumped into the water, waded as quickly as I could to the boat and pulled it free. Within half a minute I was back on board with the dinghy alongside. So, that was that! I began to regain some of my self-confidence. But my uncertainty came flooding back as I heard a scraping, hissing sound. Something was about to happen. I grabbed the searchlight and aimed the beam on the platform. On the edge, a sort of lid hinged open slowly and steadily. Out of the hole crawled two figures, dressed in the now familiar space suits and they lifted some objects which were joined together by cables or wires. Their movements reminded me of the old-time silent films, fast and jerky. What were they doing now?

They stood on the platform and, with one hand against their ball-shaped helmets at about the height where their foreheads would be, made slow, respectful bowing movements in my direction. I understood. What a relief. It was a greeting, a friendly, respectful greeting. With quick, short paces they walked to the edge of the platform, where the bowing was repeated and emphasized, and then they stood like statues in the light of my flashlight. A strange and dramatic scene; on the Oosterschelde a man is confronted with an alien intelligence. But the man was poorly prepared for the meeting; he was nothing more than a sailor driven into trouble who could feel his legs trembling in his wet clothes. The two figures in front of me were about 1.40m tall and from a distance looked deceptively human. Arms, head and legs, all in the proper places. Only their legs were shorter than ours so that their arms reached down to their knees. Their metallic costumes were smooth and seamless. Only by the shoulders and elbows were folds to be seen. The short, heavy legs ended in broad feet that also stuck out behind, and the front part of their footwear was split in the middle. The hands were covered by supple, ribbed gloves; these were different from ours too in that not only the thumb but also the second finger was enclosed. They were heavy, claw-like hands.

What was particularly noticeable was a broad, gold-colored belt around each of their middles, sewn with motifs and tools, one piece of which was clearly a hammer with a sharp striking edge. And on their right side was something that vaguely resembled a pistol. A kind of drum, wound with thin glistening thread, rested on the middle of their stomachs. The remainder of their equipment was unknown to me. I gained

the impression of immense physical strength, not only from their long, heavy arms and enormous shoulders, but also from their quick movements. Vigorous strong creatures! The round ornaments around their heads were less transparent than I had originally thought. When the beam from my flashlight fell on them, they changed into glistening Christmas-tree balls, and only with more indirect light was it possible to vaguely make out their heads.

The silent confrontation was suddenly broken by a loud mechanical sounding staccato voice.

“Can you understand us?”

I nearly jumped out of my skin. Owing to my surprise that they could speak English, I didn’t realize that they had asked me a question. The voice was totally devoid of any questioning tone. It sounded more like a statement.

“Can you understand us?”

The same statement floated over the water. Unbelievable, they spoke English!

“Yes, I do.” “We you thank. You save life one of us.”

“Oh.....all right, who are you?”

“We visitors one other planet.”

“Heavens” I called back. The situation was so strange that at that moment I couldn’t think of anything else to say. There followed a short silence. I wondered about that strange voice in which I thought to hear male as well female voices. Between every word fell a short solid pause that created this unnatural staccato effect. The voice came again, and over the still dark water an unbelievable conversation began.

“Is your ship damaged?”

“No, I don’t think so.” “Will you turn the light out?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Thanks. Does the ship belong to you?”

“Yes.”

“Have you a radio transmitter on board?”

“No.”

“We would like to show our appreciation for the rescue of our crew member.”

“Oh, that is not necessary. Have you been long here?”

“Not exactly here, but we have been near Earth for some time.”

“Why do you hide? Why haven’t you tried to make contact with us?”

“Our reason is that you do not know the laws of a higher civilization.”

“I don’t understand that at all.”

“There is still a great deal that the people of this planet do not understand.” I hesitated. How much did they know about us? “You know us well, then?”

“We have studied you for some time. That proves the fact we can speak through a machine with the language that is most common in your wireless information.”

“How is it possible!”

“The humoristic element of space creatures learning English, gained the upper hand in me.”

“So, you’ve been studying our society. Well, then you probably didn’t gain a high opinion of us, I gather.”

“Your remark shows some insight.”

“You’re doing it better than us?”

“We think so, yes.”

“If that’s so, then I don’t understand why you haven’t made contact with us. You could help us.”

“That would constitute a breach of the laws of nature.” I shrugged my shoulders. Despite the strange situation, I began to feel more at ease. This was an unimaginably important meeting, and I began

wondering how I could manage to squeeze some information out of these beings. I could learn things that man, for centuries, has only been able to guess at, and I could find out about their spaceships!

“We wish to give you something as a token of our thanks. If we give you an object with which you can prove our existence, it will surely also be worth a great deal of money. We hope that you will accept it. It is sterilized.”

“What is it?”

“It is a block of inert metal that is many times stronger than your best steel and only half as heavy. It has a superconductive structure that is so straight that current can only flow through it when a positive pole is placed directly opposite a negative pole, in line with the structure of the metal. If one of the electrodes is moved even one small bit, the current ceases to flow. With this structure it is possible, with correctly placed electrodes, to form a spiral current pattern, the result being that when a direct current is connected to two feed wires, a supermagnet is created with a negligible current consumption. Also, the metal has a melting point much higher than anything known on Earth. We use this metal for the outer skin of our spacecraft. That is the gift. We hope you will accept it.”

I was greatly impressed. “This is an incredible valuable gift. I am very grateful. I don’t want a gift for saving your crew member, but I imagine that your intention is to help us our spaceflight development. Only because of that I’ll accept it with heartfelt thanks.”

“We admire your unselfishness, but we must point out that the block of metal represents a far too advanced technique to be of any use to you in your research. Technically speaking, it is useless, but you are right in thinking that something else is behind it. It is not an attempt to help you technically, but to speed up your social development. Because we give you proof that you are being observed by intelligent alien races, who know you so well that we are able to communicate with you, but refrain strictly from doing so. We live in the perhaps desperate hope that people exist who, with this information, will be able to understand the reason for our reluctance.”

“And what is the reason?”

“You do not have the values, the ethics, of a developed civilization. Because of this, the human race has, as yet, no chance of eternal survival. It blocks the way to cosmic integration.”

I shrugged my shoulders. I had never heard of “cosmic integration.” They also began to slightly irritate me. Somewhere they were indeed a bit arrogant.

“You don’t regard us full?”

“No. That is not it. An adult does not blame a child for the fact that he is not yet grown up.”

“But you do blame us for something?”

“Indeed and especially the white race.”

“And what would that be?”

“Any English-speaking Negro or Chinese can give you the answer.”

The conversation was not going exactly the way I had imagined. I had to think of something else, and at the same time be careful that the contact was not broken. I was afraid that they would climb back into their saucer and that I would never see them again.

“I think I understand what you mean and I will pass the answer forward. May I ask a couple more questions? This is a once-in-a-lifetime experience.”

“That is correct. The present generation will not have the chance again.”

“Answers to those questions seem to me to be much more important than the block of metal.”

“Your insight surprises us. The answer to carefully selected questions is certainly much more important.”

I was stunned that they agreed to my request so quickly and easily; they suddenly seemed much friendlier.

“In that case, I would like to know what your spacecraft looks like, and, more important, how it is powered.”

“You disappoint us with this question about technical knowledge. The most dangerous natural law governing the development of an intelligent people states: a highly technological society liquidates all

discrimination or self-destructs. To supply technical information to a people like yourselves is a serious crime against the cosmic laws. It increases the risk of ruination. The last thing that you need is technological information to increase the gap between your intellectual development and your almost nonexistent social development. Carry on playing with your Mars 'probes for the moment, as half of your world's population lives in poverty and hunger. The only information you need lies in the field of societal standards."

I was terribly disappointed. There went my dream of learning breathtaking technical discoveries.

"I am afraid that very few people would be interested in that kind of information."

"We are afraid so too."

"When do you think that the time will be ripe to give us information about space travel?"

"The cosmic isolation of an intelligent race can only be lifted when the minimum culture level has been reached, that we call social stability."

"Hmm... and this conversation, then?"

"We feel ourselves justified, because of your actions, in supplying certain small pieces of information which will set the present generation to thinking."

"What do you call a socially stable culture?"

"We could give you the answer. But the odds that you will understand and accept it, we deem minor."

"I will take that chance. It seems to be important."

"Be sure that you know what you want. This answer demands an explanation in word and vision for at least two days. Furthermore, you must choose between the material gift-the block of metal-and the immaterial gift in the form of information. We cannot give you both."

"I don't understand what one has to do with the other."

"There is still so much that you do not understand, but after our explanation, this question will also be answered."

"Are you really prepared to spend two days explaining this to me?" My tone clearly showed my surprise.

"We are, for at least two days. A conversation of shorter duration would have no point; it is the minimum time in which we can give you the necessary information. We have all the time in the world-space travelers are never in a hurry-but we must warn you: we doubt that the information that we will give you will make your life happier, so be sure that you know what you are doing."

I shrugged my shoulders. It was clear to me that these beings were heavy minded. But a conversation with a cosmic civilization is such an insane occasion, that it didn't cross my mind to let it pass.

"How would this conversation actually go?"

"Unfortunately we have only a small decompression chamber that can be sterilized, and only from there will you be able to hear us and look at a screen. Food or drinks you will have to bring yourself. Your ship will have to stay here for your food and accommodation. We must warn you again: you will become wiser for this experience but not happier."

"Could we leave with our ship whenever we want?"

"Naturally, but if you leave us it is for good, and with our blessing. All we ask now is a solemn vow from you and your wife that as long as we are here you will not contact anyone else and will do everything in your power to keep our presence a secret."

"I need to talk it over with my wife."

"That is clear."

Anyway, you can understand my decision had already been made. All burdens and difficulties were only to be solved. I will not tire you with Miriam's arguments, nor with the latter part of my conversation with them. Besides the promise of secrecy, it consisted only of a number of instructions regarding anchoring, lighting, knock signals and so on. The visit itself was to begin early the following morning. The night they needed for preparations.

Suddenly the two statues turned around and, laden with their apparatus, disappeared as quickly as they had come. As if sleepwalking, I went slowly to the bow and, as agreed, let the anchor fall onto the hard

metal bottom with an extra piece of chain.

Soon afterwards the platform sank with a hard zooming noise under the surface of the water. A dull shock followed and the ship floated in its element once again. A short time later my brain received yet another jolt. The dead stillness of the night was broken by a terrible noise, a loud zooming combined with the screaming, howling tone of a circular saw. The anchor chain jerked tight and the surface of the water became strangely disturbed. The spaceship was acting as a submarine. We were pulled forward over a broad foam track which was lit from beneath a dull yellow-green light. The noise was unearthly and frightening. I stood, fascinated, and began to wonder what I had let myself in for.

CHAPTER 2

Aboard the Alien Spacecraft:

Giving mankind insight into a super-civilization,
starting explanation with efficiency

“Good God!” Miriam’s exclamation so early in the morning reflected both surprise and repulsion. In answer to my repeated knocking signals, the huge, round platform had risen again above the surface of the water and now, in broad daylight, the sight was much more impressive. Her repulsion came from the chock we both felt again being confronted by this alien and sinister proof of intelligent creatures there under water. The slightly domed platform lay, just as it had yesterday evening, with its edge leveled with the surface of the water. Its surface was for the most part as smooth as polished stone and dark gray in color with scattered patches of white which made it appear as though someone had been throwing around bags of flour. Over this otherwise perfectly smooth surface ran innumerable ragged, charred grooves which ended in a small crater, as though something had exploded there. Nearly all the scratches and grooves ran in one direction and gave the impression that the spaceship had been grazed by enemy fire or that someone had been at work with a blow torch. All in all, it was an ominous sight, and Miriam’s reaction was according.

“Stef, you are not going are you? You can feel it is not right if a human goes in there. This doesn’t belong with us; you should stay away from it.”

She was right. It was indeed not right for a human to enter that ship. But even the latent fear from last evening and the leaden feeling in my stomach brought on by the sight of this sinister platform were not enough to hold me back. A few moments later I was sitting on the edge of the platform, drying my feet after wading through the water, I put my socks and shoes back on and, armed with sandwiches, thermos and note paper, I began to look for the opening that they had described. I had hardly taken a couple of steps when a round, safe-like door slowly began to open near the edge and a small quantity of sand and water which had settled in the joint was blown away by a stream of compressed air. I went closer and looked down through a round hole, about one small meter in diameter, into a cubeshaped space about 2,5 meter across. Once again, I heard the mechanical staccato voice with the primitive English.

“Welcome on board. Be very careful as you come below. The ladder is dangerous for you.”

Indeed, the “ladder” was nothing more than a pole with staggered steps on either side formed to place my feet. I stopped in my descent and waved to Miriam, saying, “Don’t worry. I’ll be back around five o’clock. The reception has been very friendly, and for a vault it looks quite cozy.”

Once below, I cast my eyes around the room. Unimaginably complicated equipment lined the walls and the ceiling. The only things that were vaguely familiar were huge reels and drums, wound with every possible size of cable and pipe. In the floors was a metal door that looked remarkably earthly, with a round knob in the middle over which I nearly stumbled. In one corner stood a kind of desk with rows of

knobs, and above, a panoramic screen, about one and a meter long and 60 cm high, that glowed with a soft green fluorescent light. Behind the desk stood a quite normal-looking chair with a metal frame and leather upholstery.

The voice invited me to sit and explained that the seat had unlimited possibilities for adjustment but that certain instructions from the voice would be necessary before I could be comfortably seated. "Yes, thank you. What happens now?"

"Introductions would seem to be the best way to start. Will you answer a few questions?"

"Yes, of course."

"How should we address you?" "Call me Stef."

"Could you just repeat your name?"

"Stef."

"All right Stef, we placed your name into our translation machine and you will hear it is your own voice. The words you hear are fragments of conversations from humans on earth. We can't speak your language and you can't ours because of strongly different construction of speak organs. You have a different voice frequency by the low air pressure on your planet. So we can only communicate through a machine."

"How old are you?"

"I am forty-three."

"Are you in good health?"

"Yes, excellent."

"Have you a high social function?"

"High? What do you mean by high? I am the director of a business with a few hundred employees."

"So you are a representative of the directing class of the Westblock?"

"I don't quite understand the question. What do you mean by Westblock?"

"Let Us ask, then: are you a supporter of the free economy?"

"Yes, without a doubt."

"Now it is your turn. Would you perhaps like to see Us from close up?"

I tensed involuntarily, and my heart began to beat faster. "I am afraid that I will get a shock if I see you."

"That is for sure. Nothing is more intense than a visual confrontation with another intelligent race. Do you feel strong enough not to panic?"

"Now that I know that I have nothing to fear from you, I will not panic."

"You certainly have nothing to fear from us; on the contrary, we are indebted to you. Look through the window to the right of the screen. When we turn on the light, you will be able to look into our navigation room. Ready? Then, here we go."

I looked into a huge, round chamber, about 15 m across and 3 m high. From the decompression chamber I could see over the greatest part of the navigation area, with its vast contents of instruments and control panels. Strangely, all the instruments and panels were mounted on the floor with walkways alongside and separated by vertical metal grills that reached the roof. Everything was dark blue in color, almost black, causing a very strange lighting effect. The dominating blue-black surfaces acted as an almost invisible background against which all the white or polished metal knobs, handles and instruments stood out in clear relief as though luminous. The encompassing vertical wall of the dome looked as though it was made of glass; the highly polished material reflected strongly and gave a very strange lighting effect from the reflections. On many of the panels diversely colored lights burned, interposed by dark transparent strips on which flashes or darting lines could be seen. An imposing piece of technology. I suddenly realized that there was no sign of life whatsoever.

"Well, where are you, then?"

"Prepare yourself. You may see Us now." A light came on illuminating an area directly in front of the window. I sprang back! In spite of my mental preparation, the paralyzing fear had returned quite suddenly and cold shivers ran over my scalp, through my neck and over my shoulders. On the other side of the window, in a half circle as though at a conference table, sat eight strange humanoid beings. Their faces

and forms radiated as much primitive animal power as haughty intelligence superiority. I felt again the uncertainty of yesterday, a reaction to their obvious superiority and self-assurance. I am convinced that any intelligent man would have felt the same, and that this reaction is a construct of our nature. The same feeling that I did not belong here, that even these steel walls could not protect me from the mental impact made by this intelligent “pressure group” from a much higher level of civilization and development, with their fantastic knowledge, belonging to a strange, distant world. Their unearthly, somewhat animal, faces, with a dynamic expressive ability, emphasized the difference in our places of origin to such an extent that I am convinced it touches areas that to Us are still taboo, and which have been since time began. When you are unable to draw, how on earth can you expect someone else to draw a face that he has never dreamed existed? How can you create a portrait with words? My friend, Rudolf Das, who accepted the task of drawing the pictures of this book, was driven nearly to distraction by my dubious attempts to produce a good likeness, one which would demonstrate their superiority. He finally convinced me that even a photograph would not effectively convey their mental powers and I had to be satisfied with portraying purely just the racial biological characteristics. The facial expressions must be left, to the imagination of the reader.

It were specially their deep laying eyes with their large rectangular pupils that made so much impression on me by the hypnotic effect of their eyes. They were the thoughtful, peaceful eyes of deep philosophical thinkers that with a studying benevolence were pointed at me. Their heads were about the same size as ours, only slightly deeper toward the back; and in the middle of the skull was a bony ridge that changed into a deep groove in the center of the forehead. It gave the impression of a skull divided into two separate compartments. Toward the back of their heads the ridge ended in a semicircular muscle formation that ran down the neck and into the shoulders, making the side view of the neck much heavier looking than ours. The same was true of the whole construction of their bodies. They were much more solidly built than we are. Their arms and shoulders, although of much the same proportions as ours, were much heavier and more muscular and, combined with the clawlike hands, gave an impression of strength that would have come a close second to a bench vise. All this combined with their broad chests and short stocky legs gave them a look with the self-assured air as though they would not even step out of the path of a gorilla.

Their muscle tissue also seemed to be different. It seemed more hard, more like solid rubber. The thin skin followed the contours of their muscles more closely than ours. The top of the head to the back of the neck was covered with short, smooth hair that shone like the coat of a smooth, furry animal. The color of this hair was different with each of them; rust-brown, gold and silver-gray showed either separately or mixed. Their hairless skin had a pale, glasslike sheen to it. Along the edges of the face the skin showed slightly darker gray-brown than in the middle. As they turned their heads, the edges and skin folds that were dark before, would change to light of color next and back again. This changing color effect was something that caught my attention many times. Their teeth were two seamless white strips, above and below, that closed in a scissorlike fashion. Both their teeth and the yellow-white of their eyes reflected the strange lighting in such a way that their faces looked slightly artificial.

Their movements were also strange. They could sit or stand perfectly still for much longer periods and more often than we would even attempt, but when in action, their movements were lightning fast and emphasized their tremendous strength. They were like volcanoes. After a period of rest, they would erupt into a wave of energy and temperament that would have made a Spaniard jealous. Some remarks about their cloths. They were wearing a kind of uniform in the form of dark-blue, silky overalls, with three-quarter sleeves and a deep V neck. Under this was a white shirt with a rather old fashioned high collar around the back of the neck. Around their waists was a broad, gold-colored belt, decorated with what seemed to be atom formations, which ran along the edge of the deep V in the neck as well, incorporating, however, still other motifs in its design. (cont.under)



Humanoid from the planet Iarga, which is a little more than ten light-years away from Earth. Looking at the appearance of extraterrestrial intelligent beings, we'll have to refrain from thoughts if they are more 'pretty' or 'ugly' compared to us. This 'Iargian' with pointy ears-split forehead lobes and heavy eyebrow ridges-suggests an anthropological 'regression' to us. However we have to consider their external characteristics are a direct effect of different climate and gravity conditions. A higher speed of fall for example requires a heavier construction of skeleton and muscle tissue, an armored ridge on the head, better protected eyes etc. The pointy ears could be necessary for higher sound frequencies in an atmosphere with more pressure. Besides recent research has shown that several earthly external characteristics (lips, ear lobes, nostrils) could be 'abnormal' sexual signals from the human race. A race, living in a different more focused at a group like society, might have never needed those signals.
cont. from above:

.....I decided to end the silent confrontation. "I'm sorry that it's taken so long to get used to the sight of you."

"We have only compliments for you. You have remarkable self-control. You demonstrated the same quality with your rescue of our crewman, for which we would once more like to offer our thanks."

"Oh, that was ok! When I see all the technical capabilities at your disposal, I wonder if my help was really necessary"

"The value of an unselfish deed cannot in any way be influenced by asking afterwards if it could not have been done in some other way. As a matter of fact, your help came so quickly and efficiently that it would have been impossible for Us to have managed it in a shorter time. It was precisely this speed and efficiency that gave Us the idea that you could possibly be a man with whom we could communicate in return; the first communication with a representative of this earth. Make sure that you realize what this conversation will demand of you. You will be speaking with a race that is thousands of years ahead of yours in evolution. This means not only an enormous technical lead, but also the same lead in mental development and inner culture. This last is the most difficult to explain and yet we must make it clear if you are to understand what social stability represents."

"We will therefore lead you, step by step, through the secrets of a high culture, and we will do this by means of a viewing screen which will take you to our planet Iarga. We will let you see what the world 'civilization' really means. It will be an interesting experience for you, the value of which is impossible for you to assess at this moment. But what you also cannot assess is the personal danger involved. We

know the dangers and will protect you against them. The most important thing for Us is to ensure that your freedom of thought is not damaged. Freedom of thought is the essence of humanity, and if we were to damage that we would, according to our ethics, be committing a crime. Therefore, we will only plant knowledge, not convictions.”

“We wish no discussions. We will only answer questions when you do not understand something, and we will remain silent when you do not agree with Us. We will help you to climb the ladder of knowledge, step by step, first to social stability, then to the super culture and, if you can follow this, to the misty heights of cosmic integration. We will only give you knowledge. You must remain free to do with this knowledge what you will. If as a result of this knowledge you should find yourself forming any convictions, do so with care. Make sure that they are lasting convictions, born of independent creative thinking, and not the sort of passing convictions that the impact of overwhelming visual emotions tend to provoke. These pseudo convictions paralyze individual freedom and make men rigid and dogmatic.”

“Knowledge is a material part of the human condition and, as with all material things, it can be mechanized or automated. We have at our disposal a method of teaching that utilizes a certain type of radiation. This takes place at a speed of which you never dreamed. Above your head we have fitted one of these radiation reflectors. It makes the spoken word unnecessary to a great extent. On the screen in front of you we will show our explanation in the form of a picture story, the words of which serve only to direct your attention in a certain direction; we call this fixing the concentration, but the true source of information is the radiation. You do not have to take notes; information gained through radiation remains locked in the memory forever.”

“Experience this adventure with a passive mind. A rebellious mind disturbs the tuning fixation as well do discussions. Do not become angry if we say something that goes against your principles. We have no intention of antagonizing you. If we do so, understand that it is purely a result of our unfamiliarity with the many taboos and prejudices of western man.”

This was about the introduction. Now don't imagine it went as quick as written here. The opposite is truth. For a part I was of course to blame for my limited understanding of English, but on the other hand their translation machine didn't work all that well. With exhausting apologies they explained me that they had too little time programming their machine properly for the translating into English, I had to ignore that it wasn't all that perfect.

But immediately all problems were solved when-simultaneously with the viewing screen-the radiation device started working. At first I was not quite sure what was happening. I felt cold and somewhat lightheaded suddenly, a feeling comparable to having had a little too much wine. You can think sharp but still you feel glassy. The fantastic picture projection was accompanied by a somewhat childish endearing description of what was to be seen. Now and then a few words, bringing attention to the size of something, or the height, the speed, the form, the capability, or the relation between two things, etc. An endless stream of words and short sentences formed the wire of explanation. But the essence, the real information, reached me unnoticed, and that was a spooky experience. The knowledge that these beings, through their machine, could interfere with my thought-processes, strengthened my first feeling like: I don't belong here, the distance between them and Us was too great, I couldn't defend myself. As far as I can gather afterwards, radiated information is a combination of visual stimulants and thought transference, all of which takes place at incredible speed. The images came in such rapid succession that at first it made me nervous, and only after the first astonishing morning hours, it became clear to me what was expected of me. I had only to act as a relaxed spectator, who observes with interest the offering coming along; they did the rest.

It is understandable that this way of elicitation is not suited to the written word and therefore I have attempted to relate everything in the form of a two-sided conversation. This tends to give the impression that I was playing the role of a pointy discussion partner, but nothing is further from the truth. My function during this meeting can be compared with that of a tape recorder. The authenticity of the view was so grandiose 'true life' that it could no longer be described as a picture. If you held your head at the

right spot in the middle in front of the panoramic bended screen, then there was no difference to perceive with truth reality. The three-dimensional, panoramic, color screen offered so persuasive an illusion of reality that after the first few minutes I looked behind the screen to make sure that nothing was there. The adjustment of the picture was controlled by several of the many knobs and handles on the desk in front of me. My first experience with the radiationreflector was that I, without further instruction, knew which of the knobs I had to use to adjust, for example, the focus or the position of the picture on the screen. The test screen, a jungle of vertical stripes, vanished and I looked into a great, black hole in the middle of which hung an almost blinding globe. I recoiled involuntarily, at which the picture went double, but I quickly got control of that reaction. The hole was that way also deep enough, because it was a sight into the endlessness of the cosmic world space. Against the black, somewhat violet background, sewn with thousands of stars, hung in stately splendor a gigantic pink-white globe. The planet Iarga.

Such a sight into the cosmos was very impressive. I felt I was actually present in space and a strange emotion began to rise. The cloud formation was, in contrast with that of Earth, unbroken, with small, swirling patterns that caught the sunlight brightly. The pink patches occurred where the sun was able to penetrate deeper into the clouds. Most remarkable were two gigantic, flat, concentric rings which formed a halo around the planet. They were rather like the rings of our Saturn, except that these consisted of a small inner ring and a much broader outer ring, both casting a sharp band of shadow on the clouds. There was also a large moon to be seen, with the same pockmarked surface as ours. Iarga, the home of these astronauts, is a planet in another solar system, not much more than ten light years away from us. More details of the location of the planet they would not tell me. The diameter and mass are much greater than the Earth's; the gravitational force is greater and the atmosphere is much thicker. The speed of rotation is much slower than that of Earth, so that the duration of day and night is longer, but the regular tilting of the rings around the planet change certain days into nights and certain nights into days, due to the fact that the rings reflect the sunlight.

As a result, Iarga does not have the regular pattern of day and night that we know. Because of the thicker atmosphere and higher air-pressure, which is of a different composition than ours, Iarga knows no bright sunlight, and sees nothing of the moon or stars. A permanent layer of mist exists at the higher levels of the atmosphere which filters the sunlight. The color blue only appears in lighter tints and green is more pronounced there than here, which may account for the fact that they seem to have a preference for blue in their artificial lighting. They describe the Earth as the blue planet with the blinding light, and, in contrast, Iarga as the green planet with the misty light. The living conditions are quite different from those on Earth. Temperature extremes are much less than here, but when you hear that the wind speed can reach three times our maximum, and that rain can be as much as ten times greater, and you combine this with the fact that the terminal velocity is much higher, it becomes clear that it would be very unwise for any of Us to be caught in a rainstorm on Iarga. After being informed that a fall from a height of 2 meter was fatal, I began to understand a little more of the reason for the physical appearance of these Iargans.

The rubbery muscle formations, armored skulls and long arms they also used to keep balance, were products of very different climatic conditions than ours. Their earthquakes also seemed to occur with more intensity and frequency than ours. Just as I was beginning to ask myself what the buildings on such a planet would be like, the picture changed and showed the view from a fast-moving spaceship that had just passed through the outer layer of mist around the planet. Initially, I saw only clouds: above me, the pink layer of mist that I had seen earlier; then a second, broken cloud layer which was primarily responsible for the strange, diffused light on the planet. We passed through this layer at a height of about 10 km, and viewed from the underside it was a mixture of yellow-gray, brown and greenish clouds that gave a very somber and threatening impression. Lastly came a cloud layer that in height, form and color, closely resembled ours, and after passing through this, I had an unobstructed view of the surface. We flew over a bright-green ocean with white wave crests.

Above the water ran an orange strip as straight as an arrow, which, separated by a white-beached horse-

shoe-shaped island, split and continued in different directions. It was only when the spaceship came steadily lower that I realized what this strip was. A railway bridge. On long, slim towers, high above the water, ran a bridge as far as the eye could see. Along this bridge slim shining torpedoes moved in both directions. Their speed was only slightly less than that of the spaceship and there were far too many of them for me to count. The distance between the torpedoes was about ten times their own length, all spaced exactly alike along an eight-track system which was divided into two layers, one above the other. I had little time to study the trains further, for we moved on.

Land came into view – a low-lying coast, split by a broad river with large adjoining lakes-and before my astonished eyes a strange, unearthly panorama unfolded. For as far as the eye could see, the land was divided by the orange railway into regular rectangles. The long torpedoes moved between huge, glass, oil-tank like constructions with shiny dome-shaped roofs. Areas of green on either side of the railway looked something like prehistoric forests. The longer I studied this landscape, the more I became aware that this was ribbon development in its extreme form. The area between the buildings seemed to be used namely for agriculture, only now and then making way for an industrial complex. The camera sped on. The landscape changed and became undulating, split by walls into huge terraces which compared with the rice fields in Indonesia. Behind this lay mountains, and in a great bowl between the peaks a red-brown lake came into view. The machine tilted its nose steadily lower until I was able to see vertically below. Around the shores of the lake, numerous buildings were to be seen, among which were several gigantic combs.

In three places, powerful blue-white lights, flanked by orange lights, flashed. Everything pointed to the fact that the spaceship was going to land here, and just at the last second, before the picture vanished, I saw something that made me catch my breath. On the right side of the screen, low above the lake, three shiny discs hung like sentries in the air. They had the form of perfect, streamlined discs. “I saw flying saucers!”

“You saw three of our aircraft.”

“In the form of a saucer?”

“Indeed. And if you are interested, we will let you see them.”

“I certainly am. Did you come here in something like that?”

“No. These aircraft have about as much in common with our spacecraft as an Indian arrow has with your Mars probe. We hope that you have more important questions to ask than about aircraft.”

“Of course. Am I to understand that the glass tanks are your houses?”

“Yes, We call them house rings because they are in fact built in the form of a ring with a covered central recreation area.”

“Is the whole planet built in this way?”

“Yes, all areas that are suitable for living are built in this manner.”

The screen showed again a view of a living area from a great height.

“So you all live in the same type of house?”

“From the outside they are all the same, but inside there is great variation.”

“The uniformity appalls me. Do your top men also live in the cylinders?” I had an idea, judging from the length of the trains, which I guessed were about 50 m, that these buildings were enormous, at least 300 m in diameter and more than 100 m high.

“The words ‘top men’ suggest something of the Earth’s ideas of status; you surely do not imagine that in a higher civilization, standards of justice can exist that allow status to play a part?”

“I don’t see what status has to do with more variation in house building. Why not simpler, smaller houses with more privacy?”

“Small houses with separate pieces of land form a system that you call ‘towns’ and such inefficiency is unthinkable to Us.”

“Why inefficient? When you have our problem of overpopulation, you must build large cities to house all the people. We cannot afford the luxury of large areas of woodland and open center terrains as you

can.”

“What do you call overpopulation?”

“Our small country has more than three hundred people to the square kilometer, which in my opinion is quite dense.”

“Compared to Earth’s average of twenty-five to the square kilometer, that is indeed dense. Estimate the number of people living in the area that you see here. Every ring houses about ten thousand. Work it out per rectangle.”

“Ten thousand per ring?”

“Yes, and we have more square meters per person than you have.” I did a quick calculation. Each rectangle contained thirty-six rings, so thirty-six times ten thousand is . . . heavens! Three hundred and sixty thousand! I hadn’t expected that. It made each rectangle a complete city! But, then, it was also a lot of land. “How long is the rectangle?”

“Roughly ten kilometers.” I judged that the width must then be in the region of six kilometers, so that an area was then sixty square kilometers and therefore my solution must be 600 people per square kilometer. “I was certainly mistaken about your population – 600 per square kilometer. That’s double ours. I was under the impression that it was much less. When I see the space that you have left, I must admit that it is a very clever solution.”

“Your answer amuses Us because you have made a small mistake. You have the decimal point in the wrong place.” I calculated again and came to the ridiculous total of six thousand. “It can’t be six thousand.”

“It is, Stef. What you see here houses a population of well over 5000 people to the square kilometer.”

“But that’s ridiculous. How can you do it? That’s twenty times as many as our overpopulated land.”

“Your word ‘overpopulation’ is pure nonsense. Our planet has a population density at least one hundred times greater than yours and we do not speak of overpopulation.”

I began to feel uneasy, 300 billion people on earth that was screaming madness. I knew it. I should never have started this conversation. It was leading nowhere. I stared with new interest at the picture in front of me and tried to calculate the living space of these people. Strange as it may seem, there were no signs of overpopulation. On the contrary, there was room enough, round the cylinders, and the roads that ran through the woodland areas were in no way obstructed with people or traffic.

“This is so incomparable with anything that we know that I am at a loss for words.”

“That is the right attitude. With this confrontation with a totally different world, with totally different standards and a totally different philosophy, we are trying to make it clear that you must not draw comparisons. Doing so prevents you from understanding this world and its level of civilization. Forget your own world and try to understand what is happening here. Try, without prejudice, to follow our explanation, as this alone will be difficult enough “

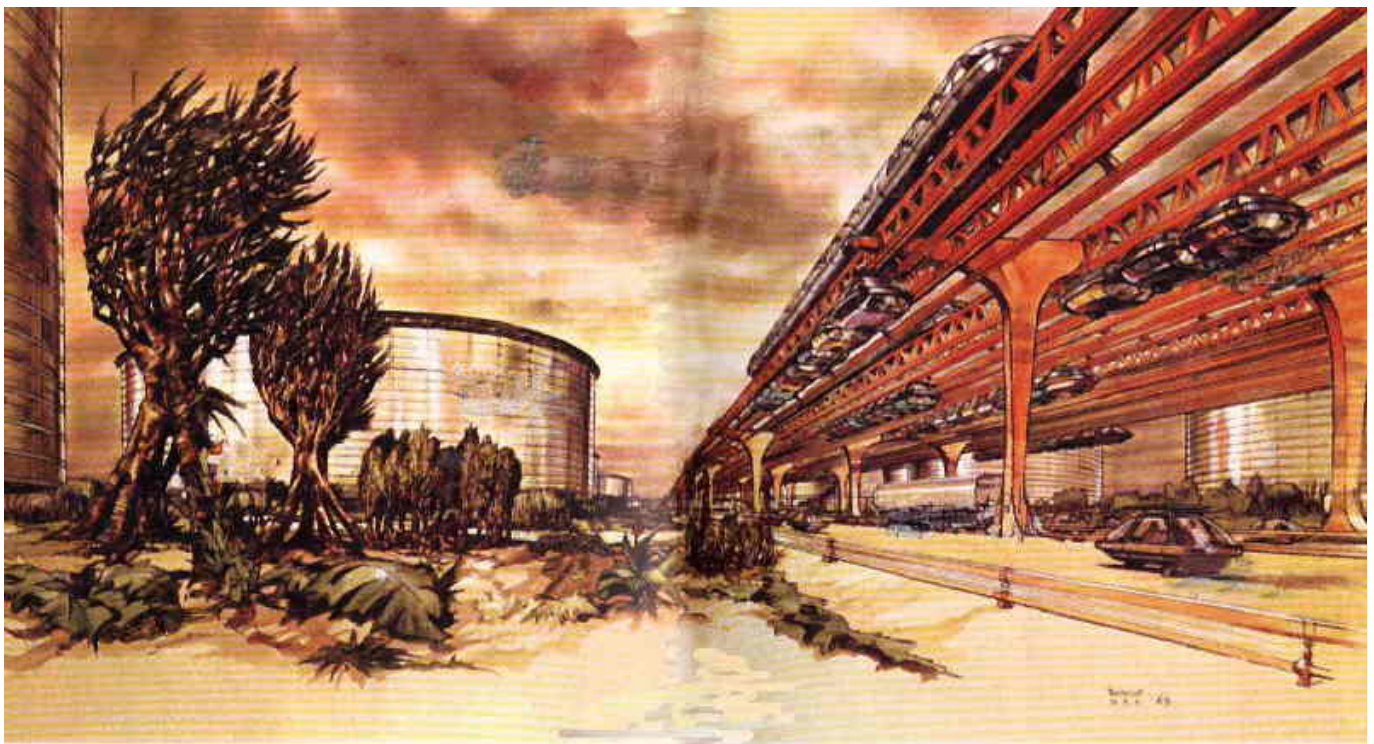
“What you need to create a high level of culture were three things: freedom, justice and efficiency “

“We will explain these concepts one at a time, beginning with the last, efficiency. You are shocked by the size of our population, but the space surprises you. Strange, eh? It is not so strange when you realize that you are not shocked by the number of people but by the space that is left over in what to you is a ridiculously overpopulated world. You are shocked by our efficiency. To Us, it is the most normal thing in the world, because without this concept, we simply could not exist. Without efficiency, our world would immediately collapse. You will continually come up against this concept in our explanations because we must make it clear to you how carefully each of the three concepts-freedom, justice and efficiency and determination – we had to employ to reach the level of civilization that can be called stable. Also, justice is a condition for efficiency. For example, if houses play a part in showing a difference in status between people, then justice fails, and efficiency in a setting such as this is impossible. It demands, therefore, a different, more social way of life.”

This was roughly the beginning of the explanation of the concept of purposefulness or efficiency, what is the same. I absorbed it with some difficulty. Who would expect the description of a super culture to begin

with a lecture on efficiency? Anything but that! And it is almost impossible to relate just how efficient they were. Take, for example, their method of planning. It is simply based on the maximum number of people that a given land-area can accommodate. The housing and the roadways take up the smallest possible area-so most is left for agriculture and woods. The farming areas produce the maximum in food that their technique allows, in order to support their huge population. The woodland areas are necessary to maintain a sufficient quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere and also serve as recreation areas. Everything is used to maximum advantage.

What would you imagine to be the mode of transport of a super culture? You think perhaps supersonic aircraft or rockets, and hovercraft type ships or hover-cars? Out of the question. Anything so inefficient, with so many moving parts which can wear out and require so much maintenance, would be madness on Iarga. What do they use, then? Very simple!. A fully automatic, robot rail system.



Slim torpedo trains that move without creating friction, the only component requiring servicing being the doors, and these are made of such a high quality that they can last at least one hundred years.

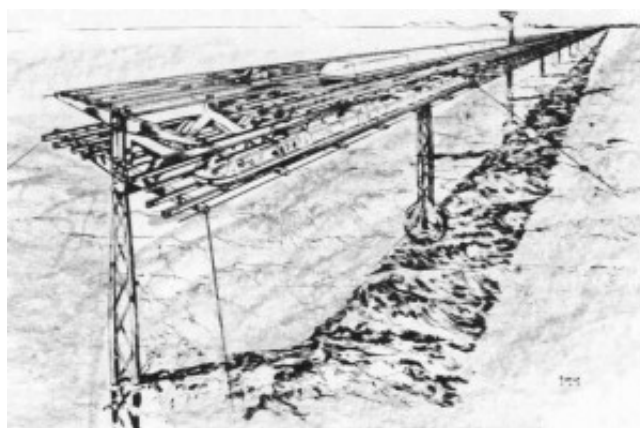
As a well-brought-up Earth man, I didn't give up too easily and I noted that our aircraft, so fast and comfortable, were surely much better than trains that can only reach a speed of about four hundred kilometers per hour. I got the most surprising answers. An aircraft is not only inefficient but is downright antisocial!

They only appear on a planet where status still exists, and they are only for the upper classes, because they are useless as a medium of mass transport and the cost per passenger-kilometer is at least ten times that of their rail system. I got the impression they find us very brave when he step into an airplane, of which dozens a year fall out the sky. That you'll drop dead isn't that bad because you took the risk, but that you could hit someone walking on the ground, plus the inefficiency coming from the damage on the ground, that was less fortunately. Safety appeared also a direct aspect of efficiency. After this they showed their disgust about waste of oil and the ground squander of airfields. Then they began to talk about transport capacity. The six-lane rail system between the house blocks (only the upper layer) can transport one million persons per hour operating at maximum capacity. Did I think that aircraft could compete with this?

No, I did not. Confronted with such astronomical figures as these, further argument is pointless. They were not yet finished. Did I really think that their transport was slower than ours? Yes, I did get that impression. Well, I was quite wrong. With touching vigor they explained that their rail system reached every house with endless higher frequencies, so our waiting time didn't exist there. Only over long distances our planes were faster, but the number of passengers is so small that it doesn't count, compared with our train, bus and boat passengers. I must think in terms of average speed, only that counts. Having thought of all this, I was readily prepared to believe them when they said that their average speed of all transport systems together was about five times higher than ours – inclusive aircraft. Had I mentioned something about comfort? Yes, I had. Wonderful, because comfort was also an aspect of efficiency. Trains had proven to be the cheapest form of transportation, and the only problem that remained was to get as many people as possible to leave their cars at home and use the train. The only way to do this was through comfort, and this comfort was really something.

These trains were shock free and silent, apart from wind noise. Due to their position high above the ground and their large windows, they offered a breathtaking view of the surrounding countryside, and the interior was so luxurious that it left nothing to be desired. They were unaffected by weather conditions and one hundred percent reliable. The frequency was so high that timetables were unnecessary. Did I now know enough? Sure more than enough! It had gradually become clear to me that their understanding of efficiency was totally different from ours. It influenced their very souls. Efficiency had become almost a religion.

One of the most imposing visions on the screen was their trans-oceanic rail connections. A wonderful, orange-colored construction, about 20 m above the restless green water, crossing the ocean in a dead straight line. I thought at first, perhaps a little naively, that the support towers stood on the ocean floor, but no-nothing so primitive. The whole construction floated, supported by huge balls under the towers which were anchored to the sea bed by adjustable cables.



The balls were placed at a depth where the water always was comparatively peaceful, unaffected by the conditions on the surface. The question that intrigued me was how the trains could function without friction and wear. I discovered that it was not so difficult once superconductive materials and supermagnets, the same sort of materials that were used for the outer skin of their spaceships, were used. The train was supported on magnetic shoes over its whole length which ran in a hollow rail. Through the polarity and the strength of the magnetic field, the shoes were held floating in the middle of the rail. A fantastic piece of construction. The system was controlled from large electronic control centers and was almost fully automatic. Optical signaling was not used, so that the speed was unaffected by even the thickest fog. Their cargo trains intrigued me the most, for they were in fact nothing more or less than self-homing containers. The route program was plugged into the nose of the unit and the ghost train left on its journey without a living soul on board, finding its own way over the rail network to its destination, silent and vibrationless, and without lighting at night.

Some things were rather amusing also. There seemed to be a rather popular pastime that they called traveling in hotel trains. A group of about twenty-five people would order a unit that was fitted out as a self-service hotel and simply go where the mood took them. Everywhere in the beauty spots were “campings,” where the trains could stay for a couple of days or more, and all you needed to do to travel further was to program the unit for its next destination. Traveling this way, often at night, they could cover enormous distances. As soon as I asked a question that fell outside the program, I received more of their strange answers. “Can everyone afford to go on in this way?”

“No, nobody can afford it, because we have no money, but everyone can go on holiday in this way if they wish.”

At my request, they showed me one of their cars. In front of one of their huge, glass living cylinders stood a highly streamlined vehicle on ridiculously small wheels; nevertheless, it could be classed as a motor car. My enthusiasm for motor cars was suddenly diverted by the sight of two Iargan women who, accompanied by four small children, were to demonstrate the car. I sat staring at those strange exotic beings so intensely that the explanation about the car was for the most part lost on me. Their faces were smoother and finer than the astronauts’ and they were made up with white and purple stripes on their foreheads and around their eyes. It made me think of Indians on the warpath, and this thought was strengthened by the colorful motifs on their clothing. This ‘clothing’ seemed to be more for decoration than anything else. It was just a broad piece of cloth with a hole in the middle that fell over the head and was fastened at the waist with a broad belt, leaving the arms and the sides of the body uncovered. Under this garment, they wore a pair of silky trousers which fastened tightly around the ankles. The shoes over the wide naked feet were open sandals. They carried themselves as refined models would, demonstrating the peculiarities of the car with lightening fast movements. The strangest thing was that their explanation, which I found inaudible, was directed at me, and due to the perfection of the picture I felt as though I was actually present and the center of their attention.

“Is this the way your women normally dress?”

“We are showing you two mothers with their children, on their way to a recreation area, and we will follow them with the camera. They are wearing holiday clothing, fitting for a day out. We do not find clothes so important and unfortunately we do not have any other recordings on this subject, please confine your attention to the automobile.”

The ladies had, in the mean time, entered the car with their very animated offspring, and were demonstrating the maneuverability of the vehicle on its tiny wheels. These wheels only served the purpose of transporting the car from the cylinders to the rail system where, in contrast to the trains, they hung on magnetic shoes under the rails instead of above. This explained the large glass panel that extended under the feet of the occupants of the front seat, giving the vehicle the appearance of a helicopter from a frontal view. The interior was luxurious—two wide three-seat benches, and behind, the baggage space. There was only one sliding door on one side, and nowhere could I discover any access to the motor. After this demonstration, the ladies rode away along a broad, ochre-colored road, to where the huge central rail system ran between the house cylinders. The huge “motorways,” which looked like thin orange lines from the air, were in fact a three-level road and rail system carrying heavy traffic at unimaginable speeds. The top level was a six-track rail system which carried the long torpedoes, the four inside tracks for fast, long-distance traffic, and the two outer tracks for local traffic.

The other two levels were for the cars, again using the outer tracks for slow, local traffic and the inner tracks for higher speeds and longer distances. The stations were huge, cross-shaped buildings through which the car-tram tracks passed in tunnels. At ground level, around these stations, was a huge bading terminal for the transfer of freight from the rail containers to the wheeled transport. The camera continued to follow the fantastic journey along the rails and the two ladies who were at the moment playing with their children. The voice called my attention to the house cylinders. The first thing noticeable from close up is the perfectly smooth exterior, with neither grooves nor joints in evidence. The different floors were visible only as creamy-white bands of about one meter in height, on which rested glass panels about 4,5

meter high and twenty meter wide. The panels were met by anthracite-gray pillars that ran from top to bottom throughout the whole building.

“Isn’t it rather warm, all that glass in your houses, cars and trains?”

“No, because it is not ordinary glass, but a combination of glass and synthetic fibers. It contains two electrically conductive layers with which the transparency can be regulated to give a greater or lesser reflective quality. So we can regulate the temperature.”

Aha, so that was the explanation for the mirror reflecting effect. The hologram images crossed a broad river, and I could see thousands of Iargans walking along its banks. I also saw hundreds of small boats braving the strong winds and stormy water. They were catamaran type constructions, with streamlined cabins supported on legs above the water. The hulls were almost completely submerged, and the strangest thing was that the rough water seemed to have no effect on them. They were fast and made no bow waves.

The camera allowed me no time for further study. The landscape changed, the ground became undulating and in the distance high mountains borne in the misty, hazy light of Iarga. The cylinders in their oblong formations continued as far as the eye could see into the foothills and even beyond where the ground was terraced off with long, high walls. As the ground became more mountainous, the buildings stopped, as did the roadway, but the railway continued on through the wild and rocky landscape. The rest of the journey became real science fiction. Like a giant snake, the railway wended its way around mountain peaks and over deep ravines, across fantastic suspension bridges and along vertical rock walls, now over gaping depths and then over grassy, woody plateaus, and in every suitable spot were the stations and the parking areas for the cars. This was one huge recreation area, with its rugged mountains and beautiful waterfalls.

Just as we were approaching a large, green mountain lake with nearby buildings, the picture faded and was replaced by the now familiar view of the Iargans’ living areas, but I saw it now through different eyes, eyes which had begun to notice the wonderful perfection of this strange world; a world that sustained its huge population through utmost efficiency; a world without trash, smells, exhaust gases, traffic jams and noise.

I also began to understand a little of something else, and that was the justice that they were always talking about. Although I had only just begun to become acquainted with this distant culture, I understood that everyone here had equal rights. They lived in the same houses, rode in the same cars and stepped into the same trains. They were neither rich nor poor; there was no separation between nationalities, races or colors.

This must be a universally governed planet, but seemingly so strictly governed that everything was streamlined and standardized. What a terrible thought! I had no idea then that my horror at the thought of such monotony was soon to change into longing.... I began to wonder what the millions of miles of railroad must have cost; it was certainly a triumph of engineering. “Can you give me some idea of what such a transport system costs?”

“That is difficult. We know roughly what a dollar represents in production ability, but to translate that into the cost of a transport system... well, we can only guess. For one billion dollars you would not get much farther than 5 km.”

“Can’t it be done for less?”

“Naturally, but then we would have to make concessions with quality, and that is not our method of working. Such a system can only exist if it is built to last for centuries, it doesn’t wear down, otherwise we would constantly be repairing it.”

“We’d never be able to afford such quality.”

“You see it in front of you. What you need is not a vault full of banknotes, but production capacity. Only a society with a completely efficient economic system can realize such things for itself.”

“But can all this be compared to the communist system that we have on Earth?”

“Our cosmic universal economic system can be compared to both communism and the capitalist Western economy. One can also say that our cosmic economics can’t be compared with either.”

“Why do you call it universal?”

“It is only through this system that a race can achieve a cultural level of social stability. And from there onward toward immortality. It is the cosmic condition, based on natural laws.”

“What’s your definition of culture, then, exactly? I’m beginning to think that we define the word differently.”

“That’s a very important question, Stef. Culture is the measure through which a society caters to the least fortunate man. The measure in which the sick, invalid, old or poor people are taken care of. In short, the measure of collective unselfishness.”

“But what has this got to do with immortality?”

“Just this, that unselfishness makes an intelligent race immortal. But before you can understand this, you will first have to climb the ladder with Us to the misty heights of comic integration.”

“Unbelievable! I thought that you practiced efficiency as a sort of religion, but now I see that your economic system is a religion of sorts as well.”

“You are beginning to understand, but the word ‘religion’ is not well chosen.”

“Something like it, then?”

“Correct.”

“Do you mean that to start with we should build a world with this standard of efficiency and quality?”

“You’ll have to figure that out yourself.”

“But that doesn’t count for us. We have less rain and wind; we don’t have to live in smooth cylinders. We can still improve our air traffic. Besides you can use birth control to keep population in limits. And you’re also better build than us, better quality almost.”

“We do not remember ever having suggested that you should build rail systems and cylindrical houses, nor have we said that your population should become as large as ours. You are again needlessly creating comparisons, which you should not do, for it leads you nowhere. Try only to understand how we have used the three essentials of higher culture—freedom, justice and efficiency—in our world, and what culture really is to Us. Only then will you be able to understand our answer to the great question that you have asked.”

CHAPTER 3

Justice of universal economy

After the Iargans had explained their concept of efficiency, they turned without pause to their ideas of justice. In the same relentless and efficient manner, I was pumped full of the laws upon which they based their social and economic system in a very short time. The main theme was the same: the efficiency of the justice. It’s interesting to fully understand what a cosmic universal economic system is. They explain it as follows: an economic plan, aimed at efficiently satisfying man’s needs so that he is released from the tyranny of material things over his daily life. In other words, if everyone has everything at his disposal, then the acquisition of material goods is no longer of paramount importance. This can only be achieved by providing “equal shares for everyone”; otherwise envy will always exist. The culture then becomes more or less stable. I nodded in agreement; mankind released from material problems, no envy or greed, that was an answer.

Only one small problem: how is it done? A little magic perhaps? Even that spell they had ready: consequent liquidation of all discriminations. That’s it! If you would push that all the way through, you make it. I kept nodding in agreement, because after all ‘discrimination’ is a nasty word, which we should abolish. So ok, what is the first discrimination we should address? That’s personal property. Every kind of possession is a rude discrimination against someone that owns less or nothing. There are only two solutions: everyone must own the same; or no one must own anything. The last is the most efficient. I sat

bolt upright in my chair. Were they telling me, a well-to-do company director, that I must dispense with personal property? These beings were pure communists! It was useless to carry on this conversation; it was getting me nowhere. I sat wondering if I should voice my displeasure, but the explanation continued with the following hypothesis: consequently, because money is an unmistakable form of property, it should be abolished. They went even further. Personal property is an indication of a very primitive level of culture. We had enough intelligence to build rockets, but not enough to see that the laws of the survival of the fittest and the law of strongest must be abolished. Perhaps I could explain to them how I thought we could survive with such a system. Because though ours was a highly interesting system, what they had found here in discrimination beat anything that they had ever encountered before.

We appeared to be thinking constantly of new discriminations, as an answer to the ones that already exist. We continuously talked about discriminations, but the result was adding more and more discriminations. The peculiar thing was we could never agree. Someone could not formulate any social or political plan without someone else immediately attacking it. I really must not blame them when they said that all this useless squabbling, this consistent talking alongside each other, made them laugh. On the other hand, it was more terrifying than amusing that power had now been added to this difference in insight in the form of an atomic-weapon arsenal which had an unimaginable destructive and poisonous effect. And all this under the control of a few buttons! How was it possible that we could still sleep peacefully? One learns to live with things that are impossible to change. What a foolish idea; of course it was possible to change things. All we had to do was to stop discriminating, simply change our laws. The concept of private property, of course, stood in our way. But surely we could sort that out. I didn't think so. Abolish personal possessions? Never would that work. While we are all quite willing to improve the world, it had to begin with our neighbor.

Surely even a selfish man can understand that a world without discrimination would be a better place in which to live. Perhaps we could even create a prosperity that, universally speaking, could be ten times better than that of the present? If you could explain that it be different, but in meanwhile we learned that a society without property like communism, lowered the prosperity. That they could agree on. It was a pity that the communistic ideals were lost in inefficiency; otherwise they could have done a lot of good. But I was confusing things. Communistic inefficiency was the consequence of a false viewpoint of a state-controlled economy (the state owned all). Instead it should be the viewpoint of collective property. Though the west suffered the same problem more or less, because here also the state interference increased. No, the universal economy! That was it! They had unlimited economical expansion. There the economical leaders had the word. My humor improved visibly; apparently it wasn't communism after all. But what was it then?

For the economic interested reader I will try to explain briefly, as far I understood it myself. The total production of goods and services is, on Iarga, in the hands of a very small number of huge companies, the "trusts." These are huge organizations with millions of employees, active over their whole planet. There are primary trusts, which distribute directly to the consumer, and secondary trusts, which supply the primary. Nothing is paid for on Iarga, only registered. What a consumer uses is registered in the computer center in each of the house cylinders, and this may not exceed that to which he has a right. These computers are coupled to the huge shopping centers in each of the cylinders. You cannot buy anything. Large and expensive things, such as houses, cars, boats, valuable artifacts, and so on, can only be hired. They call this the right of acquisition. Less expensive things are not hired because that is not efficient. They are registered for their total value and the right of use remains for life. This is almost the same as personal ownership like with us, except that in the event of death, the goods return to the trusts. The last category: articles for consumption and public services. Their total value is registered, at which point right of usage becomes yours. So that's the same as ours except as far as goods are concerned, you may not have more "in stock" than is reasonable for your own use, otherwise the surplus will be forfeit.

It is practically the same sort of thing as a bank account, except that they place the control on the expenditure, whereas we place it on the income. There is though a difference that is worth some thought.

Legally, all the goods remain the property of the trusts that supplied them. This means not only that the trust guarantees the upkeep, repair and a certain minimum life, but they also take the total risk of loss or destruction. This is why all the consumer goods are made of an incredible high quality, because repairs are not only expensive but terribly inefficient. Insurance companies, retail trade and repair firms would make a poor living on Iarga! The trusts work on a cost-price basis whereby our term “yield” is replaced by “the cost of continuation.” Each trust runs a constant investment policy to improve and expand its production means. Because of that economic fluctuations didn’t exist. Their economy was as stable as a rock. Everything seemed to have a budget and plan for continuous efficiency improvement, just like our large companies. Here also the magic word is: automation.

“Maybe you would like to see a couple of our fully automated robot-productions in aerial view?”

“Sure, why not!”

In front of me appeared a huge star-shaped building, which looked like a starfish. The building had a diameter of about one kilometer and the area around the factory was a maze of rails supporting hundreds of their freight torpedoes which entered the building at the points of the star. Besides that the area was clean. The trains probably functioned as containers storing the workload for the factory. The film then moved to the factory’s interior. The points of the star contained the automatic unloading system that emptied the trains of their raw materials, and this was the first time that I was able to hear original sounds. Strange hollow knocking, interposed with screeches and clicks, it was an inferno of noise that echoed strangely in the small metal chamber in which I was sitting. The same realistic effect as the film itself; left, right, above, below; I heard the sounds exactly as if I had been present when they were made, and I began to hear exactly which machine was making a particular noise. The size of the machine park was indescribable. Boilers, collectors, hinging lids, and ovens with white-hot metal, presses that belched steam each time they opened; huge horseshoe shaped sections with high-voltage insulators and spark-spitting machines. Small, delicate machines turned, twisted or juggled with their products.

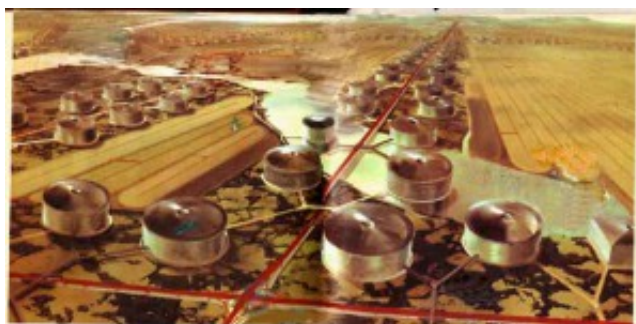
I saw a few Iargans at work, dressed in orange colored overalls with space-suit like helmets on their heads which left only the mouth and nose uncovered; there were never more than about 40 workers outside the control room. The production lines converged towards the middle of the factory and it became clear that this factory produced automobiles. The most sinister, I found, were the metal claws that functioned exactly the same way as a human hand and arm. They were mounted on a system of arms and made movements exactly as a living being would; large ones moved slowly, and small ones moved at lightning speed, exactly synchronized with the placing of a part. The machine completed its task piece for piece until a complete product emerged at the end of the line, faultless, fast, and untouched by human hand. It was mostly the claws that gave the impression that this monster with all its noise, had an intellect of its own. The two production lines joined exactly in the middle of the star, the complete under section of the car, complete with wheels, seats, steering and controls was joined in one operation to the upper section with glass, doors and the rail skis on the roof. Here I saw the most impressive battery of arms and claws, the finished automobiles were picked up by the skis, swung round, and placed onto the rail system exactly next to the previous one, with only a few millimeters between them.

The camera rested for a while on this end phase, and it began to dawn on me just exactly what this machine was capable of doing. This kilometer long monster that knew no failure, turned raw material into a finished automobile at the rate of one every twenty seconds! Four thousand three hundred per day.

They were also “kind” enough to show me another factory that produced the trans-oceanic rail bridges, but I will spare you the details. The need to continually write in superlatives tends to bring aversion, my comments can be condensed into one word, terrible! How the Iargans can develop and build such mechanical monsters is a mystery to me.

They also thought it desirable to show me the robot production of the houses. A non-efficient Earth person that claims all houses have to be different should come to realize the advantages of standardization. Maybe it could help our building methods, which were still in the “stone-age” a bit forward. I thanked them kindly for the offer, but I had seen enough of all that automation, where Iargans

only checked to see that everything was working properly. I was quite prepared to accept the fact that they could build houses fully automatically. They were disappointed, but perhaps I would like to see how they assembled the units into the huge cylinders? All right then you think, just to please them.



I don't know anything about construction myself; I excuse myself if I tell something wrong. How do Iargans build their houses? This efficiency began to tickle my sense of humor. In a new to construct living area they began by building a factory (and that's not a tiny one), on site. Then they construct one of the mechanical monsters that produced the synthetic complete, ready-for-use, housing units. Each unit was roughly 20 by 20 meters and 6 meters high, completely finished with glass, furniture, household machines, communication system, and so on, divided into two layers or floors. On the site itself laid, in the ground, a huge, strong solid star-shaped steel rib construction with a diameter of 300 meters. Just as the roofs of the cylinders were domed, so was the foundation, but with the convex side under, like a half discus. The ribs were joined in the middle to a huge ring, the depth of the ribs at this point being approximately 20 meter. The plating on the under-side of the ribs was dark grey and looked rather like the skin of their spaceships. On this "saucer" foundation a massive cylinder with a steel frame was built, filled in with something that looked like black concrete, the whole construction having a diameter of approximately 250 meter and a wall thickness of approximately 3 meter. The whole construction was covered by the domed roof which seemed to be almost as strong as the foundations, only this roof was covered by glass. This box was that stable that you by figure of speech could lift the entire thing without anything breaking or being torn. Probably able to withstand heavy earthquakes? So far it was only a skeleton construction from with many black consoles stuck out. But when this was finished, the rest would be a piece of cake. From the edge of the roof construction the complete living units were lifted and placed on the consoles, so they hung like birds boxes against the concrete wall. Each unit fitting perfectly against the insulated surfaces of its neighbor. No noise from neighbors! They hung totally free from each other! The skeleton construction was of such quality that it could last for thousands of years and if the units would ware out or get old, they would revive a living area. Should it be damaged at any time, for example by fire, then it was simply removed and a new one put in its place. A wonderful piece of engineering.

"When I hear you continually talking about quality and a useful life of thousands of years, and a rail system that can stand for centuries, I get the feeling that your plans for the future make ours, which only take into account the next few years, look like child's play,"

"The explanation doesn't seem difficult. A race that lives under the threat of war and destruction does not logically make any plans for the distant future. For an absolute race, that is different. The continual improvement of our mental capacity directs our thoughts more and more into the future. We have created a planet on which our race can survive for an eternity. We live in a stable world on a clean planet, where the natural balance can be maintained for unlimited time. We live for the future, because we expect great things from it. We are constantly occupied with making our world a better place to live in. The Earth, on the other hand, lives for the present and the past, and does not worry about the future generations."

"Remarkable, this farsighted concern for future generations."

"When you understand what a super culture represents, you will share our concern."

After this oracle language the view changed to a sea panorama. This was friendly of these space travelers, because I was eager to see a real sea-ship able to withstand the heavy weather conditions on Iarga. They had however only ships for special uses. What they showed me were towboats that kilometers-long, floating on their side, sections of the ocean bridges being towed towards their destination. They were catamarans. The two hulls were floats. A low streamlined cabin, not bigger than a bus stood on two telescope legs about three meters above the sea on top of these two floats. On the inside of the floats were four turning paddle systems. The jet stream could be pointed in any direction, forward, backward, but also to top or bottom. When the ship is on full sea, then an automatic control system would pull the floats about six meters under water. The telescope legs would extend and lift the cabin about six meters above the water surface. A stabilizing system would keep the ship perfect straight. The result was seeing the cabin on two legs above the water so stable that it seemed if it was standing on the ground. These ships went below and above the waves, so they didn't had to conquer the resistance of the waves. A typical Iargan construction, efficient and comfortable. Maybe we could adapt such a ship type.

The same thought I had when I asked them to see one of their flying sources up close. But unfortunately that technique was so advanced, that I couldn't make any sense of it. It was a beautiful polished silver-white streamlined disk of about 30 meter in diameter. It had a domed glass panel underneath in the middle where the three crew members had their feet on. And above was a glass navigation dome. There were slots around the rim on the underside, and when the machine flew low over the ground, I could see dust being blown up. I thought at first that this was caused by air pressure, but they explained that it was due to the "ground echo" from the antigravity machine. It was astounding to see just what these machines could do. They showed me the transportation of a rail section to an inaccessible mountain area. The saucer lifted the heavy section on two steel cables and transported it effortlessly over the mountains. It was maneuverable in all directions, and could, even in a storm, hover motionlessly in the air. It was equally capable of operating either in the atmosphere or outside it. In answer to my remark that it was surely, then, a spaceship, I was told that they were confined to the gravitational field of the planet.

Gravity was their only means of returning to the surface. One therefore had to be careful not to fly too fast to exceed the escape velocity, which would then necessitate rescue by a real spaceship. My request to be allowed to see one of their spaceships was politely refused; perhaps at the end of our conversation. They felt that we had much more important things to discuss than technique. They thought that they had sufficiently described the production facilities and the investment capacity of their trusts, and that I would now be interested in their structure. To be quite honest, I had at the moment very little interest in structures. A society without personal ownership was all very well and good as a curiosity, but I did not see any practical use for it.

I was later to regret my attitude, for the efficiency of radiation information is dependent on the interest of the "student," and because of my lack of interest, I missed an important part of the organizational structure. I remember only a small part of it. The system worked with divisions and branches that were as far removed from one another, geographically, as possible, and allowed for automatic production. At the head of each trust was a president who was a member of the production group of the world government. The trusts competed with each other, and the prices were determined by the law of supply and demand, the principle of the free market. Their cost price was computed on the standard work hour, the ura.(cont. Under)

advertising.

They influenced this choice (naturally!) much more efficiently. On Iarga, there are two worldwide consumer organizations, which are responsible for all market research. They examine the usage value of all the goods and services and inform the public in the most objective manner about the available assortment. They stimulate the trusts to produce the goods that are needed. The trusts are not permitted to advertise or exert any influence on the consumer, as this could never be objective. Thus the choice is not made by inexperienced or unprice-conscious persons but by experts with test facilities at their disposal. They inquire the public and protect also the diversity. When, for example, they see that it is necessary that the public have a choice of five different types of television sets, then they insure that these are produced.

I didn't believe a word of it! From what I had seen on Iarga, there was no choice at all. Everything appeared the same, cars, houses, trains, and so on. They were afraid that I had failed to understand anything of what they had told me. "The presidents of the two trusts are a part of the central planning group of the world government. This group attempts to lead the race to the goal of a culture. To begin with, they must, by means of production adjustment, dispense with the law of supply and demand, and thereafter create a situation of unbridled prosperity, so that no one is troubled any more by material things. As a result this group also stimulates the mental development of the race. Take, for example, the cars and houses. There comes a time when the cultural level has reached a point where these no longer function as status symbols. What then influences the choice of the public? Two things, mainly: comfort and price. Maximum comfort and low production cost can only be achieved with robot automation. And what happens then? Everyone chooses the most efficient car and the most efficient house and so the development proceeds. "Another thing that has a great influence on consumption is the general interest in the conservation of natural resources. A race that lives for the future is concerned with the utmost efficient use of natural resources, because the longer the planet is inhabited, the scarcer these become. The presidents of the consumer trusts have a great influence in these things, because they have public opinion behind them."

"All right, I understand the relationship between the trusts and the public, but, now, how much does such a president earn as compared to the lowest paid worker?"

"That question can't be answered that way. The goal of the universal economic system is naturally the leveling of income, but that is not possible in the early stages of social stability. In a low level society with an anti-social attitude of the masses, the motivation of behavior still consists of material reasons. A material reward must be offered to stimulate a greater personal effort. A similar reward must also be offered to stimulate young people to complete the long studies necessary to reach high technological development, or to induce people to work harder or to accept more responsibility. "You must begin by determining a social minimum that everyone always receives and you must attempt to establish security for everyone, young and old. Women also have a right to their own income; the social minimum must be free of any discrimination. You must also determine that the maximum and the combined income for a man and wife can never exceed four times the determined minimum."

"Do you think that you could find presidents here who would be willing to accept such a modest income?"

"Of course, as long as the minimum is high enough. A president and wife earn, for example, eight uras and the minimum is then two uras."

"How do you cope with general costs, the kind that we pay for with taxes?"

"They are calculated in the price of consumer goods and services."

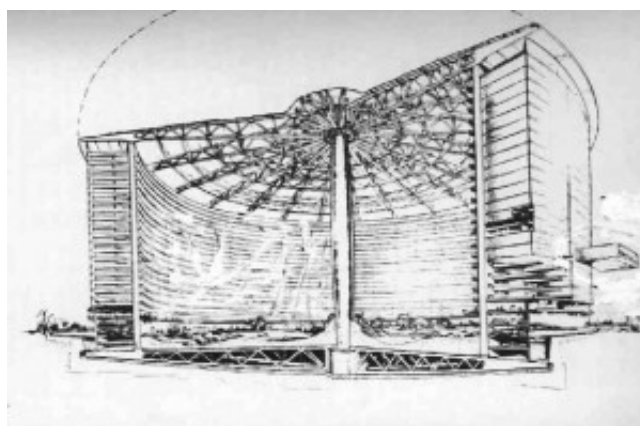
"Doesn't this make the price rather high?"

"Now you are thinking in terms of money and payment, while on Iarga, money does not exist and nothing is paid for. What we conveniently call "price" is in fact purely a method of expressing the production time demanded by a certain article, and is only used to determine the distribution of prosperity. When you ask if the prices are high, you really mean to ask if there is a lot available to us, if we are rich or poor. In fact you are asking about the production level per head of the population, and

compared to Earth's standards, this is very high. The answer is, we are all rich. The universal economic system that exists by a great many intelligent races, does not concern itself with money, possession, or payment. The aim of this system is to free the people from material influences and motivation.

"The consumers' cooperation's comment on the performance of the trusts and so stimulate the assortment and availability. Once this situation has been reached, there is not much left to be written in a book on economics. The only thing that could be entered is any idea to improve the systems product efficiency which will reduce the amount of servile labor. They regard this kind of work as a waste of time. "Appropriately, they use the term: welfare efficiency of the working population. The theoretical maximum of 100% could be reached when the total working population should take part in the direct production process of goods and services, with the highest attainable level of automation and the highest possible quality and durability. This maximum is obviously never reached, and the welfare efficiency is always below 100%. The higher the figure the larger the availability of goods and services, and the greater the prosperity. The three determining factors are:

"1. The occupation factor shows the percentage of the working population that takes part in the direct production process of goods and services in the public sector. Here it may be useful to list the professions that do not exist on Iarga or that fall outside the direct production process: banks, insurance companies, stock exchange, lawyers, sales organizations, and public relations....(cont.under)



Text for picture of housing complexes: The ring-shaped housing complexes, looking much like huge glass silos, are about 300 meter in diameter by 135 meter high, and they accommodate about 10,000 Iargans each. The central core structure is built up complete as a single unit and the apartments are installed on the outside which results in the glass-like finish. These circular housing units are arranged in rectangular cities about 10 kilometers by 6 kilometers wide encompassing up to 36 such units. The resulting population density is as high as 6000 persons per square kilometer.

Text.cont:

.....and advertising agencies, tax offices, accountants, consultants, ministries, the whole weapons industry, the army, airforce, navy(in a law of the strongest economy as ours you discriminate people and will need law and order, not to mention entire countries needing entire armies. Discriminations are temporary and can only be kept in place with more discrimination. Power means to oppress the weaker. Free economy demands military powers. In a non discriminating system all crime and nationalism vanishes), administration and bookkeeping for as far as it is not connected with the registration of the direct production process, etc, etc... The universal system reaches the unlikely figure of 90%, but this has an additional reason. All creative work is not taken into account because they do not regard this as servile work. It is performed after working hours as a sort of hobby, and includes things such as planning, strategy, innovation, research, development, scientific research, all art forms and the organization of

events. This occupation percentage for the industrialized western countries lies somewhere in the region of 20 to 30%.

“2. The production efficiency is expressed in terms of the relationship to the maximum possible at that moment. What it boils down to is that everything that can be automated is classed as 100%, and the rest is related to that. So exists a model for each system by which other systems can be judged. Think for a moment of the gigantic investment capacity of these trusts in relation to ours, for the most part, small concerns.

“3. The quality factor determines the effect of certain goods or investments on the prosperity. An object that lasts twice as long as another has twice the effect on the prosperity. All repair time, direct or indirect, lessens the effect; and beside this is the ethical reason for the quality control, the scarcity of raw materials. An object that lasts twice as long as another uses half the amount of raw materials; that is why they are so critical when it comes to the question of quality, and the trusts allow no concessions in this respect. “Consumer goods that pass the quality test, such as food, score 100%, but all the rest are meticulously checked for durability and repair demands. Durability is expressed in a percentage of the maximum attainable or desirable, and the servicing hours are deducted in percent. When it is said that the frames of their house-cylinders last for thousand of Earth years, perhaps you will get an idea of their standards of quality. To set our quality standard again at fifty percent is perhaps ridiculous, but that is not really the point. “The welfare efficiency is calculated by multiplying the three factors by each other, and they state that the universal economic system easily gets 70% average among numerous intelligent races. The average of our industrialized countries can perhaps reach the 7 to 9% figure. This shocking conclusion means that with our present technical development, the welfare profit could be eight to ten times as high as it now is. With a just and efficient system, our present number of workers could have conquered all the poverty in the world. We have a ridiculously inefficient production system caused by too many professions that consume prosperity instead of creating it. Our stupid way of competition, while the majority of our world-population lives in poverty.

The low quality of our goods, helped by artificial aging, means that we simply throw away a large part of our welfare profit. They were clearly pleased that I was at last awake and was able to understand that efficiency and justice were not just loose, idealistic words. But, good heavens, first a hundred times the population density and then twenty times the production. How is that possible? Unbridled overpopulation and unbridled overproduction? Rubbish! We do not know what the words “overpopulation and “overproduction” mean. When we complain about overpopulation, we mean inefficient economic structure and planning. With overproduction, we mean roughly the same: the low purchasing power of the average income through the inefficiency of our antisocial economy. As soon as we begin to distribute our products in a just manner, we will see that the problem lies in a too low productive capacity.

“Because, friend Stef, make no mistake as to what men will use if given the opportunity. Take, for example, the consumption capacity for a family who, because of their financial state, can have everything they want. Their level lies at least twenty times higher than the world average. Your economy will have to work very hard before you can create genuine overproduction. This shows itself in a failing interest in a larger income when it means a higher working intensity or more responsibility. The remedy is simple: everyone works shorter hours. It works both ways; shorter hours lower the income and stimulate consumption. The wish to work increases in order to increase the income and at the same time the first steps can be taken in narrowing the wage gap by raising the minimum wage. As soon as market saturation manifests itself, the leveling of wages increases. The ‘rich’ remain as rich as they were before and the ‘poor’ are raised to the same level and so, with efficiency and justice, you create a stable world!”

“So everyone will then have the same income?”

“Yes, exactly. The prosperity is then fairly shared by everyone. Unlimited prosperity creates maximum security.”

“You think we could ever reach such an ideal state on earth?”

“Of course! The human is destined to reach cosmic integration. What you think is the ideal situation, is

only the beginning of a much larger development.”

“If you think that’s ideal, then you’ll get it difficult because absolute security is only the beginning of a super-civilization. Go ahead, ask questions to find out.”

“You work shorter hours than we do?”

“Yes, much shorter.”

“Everyone has the same rights? They all earn the same and there is no difference between a white collar and a pair of overalls?”

“No. Everyone wears overalls from time to time. That is why we hate maintenance and repair work. Are you beginning to understand something about our quality?”

“Yes, and that is another argument for efficiency: you get a different set of tasks for the people. Does your world president also wear overalls sometimes?”

“Of course, since there is no upper or lower class anymore, only a difference between directive and executive work. When we talk about a short work period, we are talking about noncreative production and maintenance work, and everyone does this, even the president. Direction is purely creative work and we do this in our free time.”

“Am I to understand that all the top positions are a sort of hobby?”

“We do not differentiate between high and low positions. We choose people to direct us who, next to their individual abilities, also have an interest in this activity as an expression of their creativity, like a hobby.”

Next I was given an explanation about collective leadership and how that was realized into their world government. There is continuously a group of four wise men, of which one the chairman, the world president. Beneath them are two vice-president groups, one the head of production, the other for planning. The planning was also social welfare, health care, education, justice, consumer organizations etc. Everything is organized in these trusts. All the trusts have the job to continue improve the living standards, would they fall short, then the management was replaced. The production group would advice the planning group and vice versa. The wise men seemed only to come in action if an advice wasn’t followed. Otherwise (typical Iargan) they be doing nothing and just watch everything going ok. I was curious if they still had national groups or governments? Oh no, they would get the shivers of the earthly word ‘nationalism’. It was a cover for group-protection, group-selfishness, aggression and competition. Those were all pure discriminations that even challenged weaponry. It was clear to we should abolish this.

“So you disregard our national bindings?”

In primitive societies with the law of the jungle, national bindings were necessary for protection against foreign discriminations. We should first start eliminating discriminations and place the total production and service systems into large international trusts. If you achieved that, then it isn’t that hard anymore to abolish national governments, for the simple reason of inefficiency. There is not only the macro-factor but also the micro-factor for nationalities. Governments cost a lot, all their civil servants and departments. As soon a world government achieves to limit discriminations, then at next elections those candidates that suggest a shrinking of the federal-state-governments will be elected. In a couple decades they are gone completely. Efficiency and justice solve all problems effortless.

“What actually are those elections about? What is there to choose in a totalitarian system of justice?”

“You mean what is there to elect after the national governments are gone? The presidents, the vice-presidents and the wise men of the world government. Actually we don’t care much about these elections because we follow the recommendations of the agencies that selected them. You will understand better when you see from what kind of group these people been selected, we will explain later. Actually we don’t understand how you can vote people on earth that do whatever they want after elections. We feel that has not much to do with self control. In a world with truly free people that wouldn’t sell. We do not accept any change in our living conditions without our saying. Iarga is controlled by referendum. We get a list with concrete questions and clear answer options. We make the policies ourselves. For worldwide

issues a majority vote of two thirds and for local problems a locally majority. That's what we call self control."

"That's all well and good, and I can see that if we were to use the same system, things could be much better for us, but to induce people to change their entire way of life is not easy, not to say impossible. It requires higher education and more knowledge. It's easy for you to teach people by the use of your information radiation. Why don't you give us the knowledge to make such machines? We could then easily guide our people along the right path and it would greatly increase the tempo of Earth's development."

"We tremble at the thought of giving you the knowledge of immaterial radiation. It would not be long before man discovered that it could be used as a weapon, with the almost certain result of self-destruction. "And even if it were not so used, who would profit from its advantages? Surely only the developed nations, because the equipment is expensive. This would mean that the white race would be in an even stronger discriminating position against the other races. A race that does not know its responsibilities cannot be helped."

CHAPTER 4

Freedom

Moving on to the next subject, freedom, they began by showing me one of their living- or house-cylinders. The film opened on the ring road outside the building. An automatic sliding door opened and gave access to the parking space for the cars, in the basement. The cars stood in neat rows, four deep, with the front wheels in shallow grooves in the floor. The camera moved through this area and out through a door which led to the central "garden" of the hollow cylinder. A beautifully laid out recreation area of at least two hundred fifty meters in diameter. A quarter segment of the cylinder was glass which, combined with a gigantic glass roof about hundred meters above the ground, gave the effect of being inside a huge glass house! Galleries ran around the inside at each floor. And on the lowest gallery, which was wider than the rest, small rail transport units moved. The central space was a huge garden of tropical-looking plants and flowers. A huge central pillar was at its base, surrounded by a rock garden with plants and flowers in the most exotic colors. Streams and waterfalls came out into ponds and tanks that contained strange and brightly colored fish. Green, moss-like areas were broken up by patches of flowers and shrubs. I saw sport fields and playgrounds with rather technical-looking apparatus, ponds in which children were paddling and a large swimming pool into which people were diving from a large, slowly turning wheel construction.

The Iargan children did not need to play in the streets. Everything necessary for living was here, a complete city housed in one huge cylinder, highly efficient and superbly comfortable. They gave me a description of such a housing-block, which compared to ours, is about an entire village. At the head stood a kind of mayor with social tasks, though he seemed also responsible for the large machinery. The entire building was air conditioned and from the outside air-tight closed. The garden seemed to play an important part in the air treatment. Every building produced its own energy, watering from a circuit and had a total waste disposal system.

A peculiar detail was the energy supply. This happened through underground piping, through which water was pumped at extreme pressure and temperature. This form of energy supply appeared to be an enduring cycle and they used it for creating electricity needed to pump air and liquids and of course heating. Above the basement with this sizable and silent machinery were in two floors divided parking lots. In here was also the repair and control for the cars. Above that were one or two layers for production at which a part of the group worked. They were rooms with machines that produced small goods. Working right at home, which the largest part of the work force did. What did they do? Serving and maintenance of the complete systems of the housing-block, the car garage, the central shop that delivers automatically from door to door, administration, education (top floor), social welfare that worked also as

justice bureau, a hospital also on top floor(for minor cases) etc. Besides production rooms, they had rooms to control the traffic and farming outside. Did none leave the house for work? If had to then it was always somewhere near. They desired to bring the work to the people, what we did everyday in traffic jams was totally foolish. Sitting in as large possible vehicles, moving irritated and impatient; all as much as possible at the same moment. They didn't have our rush hours. They didn't have business men driving in status-cars forth and back into every direction. This was all useless waste of prosperity. All this moving around is labor time with a productivity of zero. Another factor has to be added, the fourth for calculating the wealth efficiency....the waste factor. They were annoyed endlessly with our anti-efficiency.

Before I continue about the living houses, I want to mention the schools and hospitals. These were together with other social spaces placed at the top floor with the glass roof as ceiling. The classes were grouped with four into a square. The walls divided this square into diagonals through the middle, this created four triangles with the points against each other. At each point in each room was a large screen, at which the lesson or instruction was displayed. The manner of teaching was the same as with me, pictures with radiated knowledge transfer. In the center room in between the four screens, sat the 'teacher' that wasn't teaching but functioned as a supervising psychologist. He or she was observing the kids and would help guide the kids and their parents with the upbringing. The lessons were given by an electronic system and were the same all over the planet. This meant also they had one language, namely an artificial one, so it could be usable for the electronic memory system. A peculiar reason with this, was that if moving, even to other parts of the world, would give no problems. The child just continued the same lesson elsewhere. The education of these schools 'at home' continued till puberty, around the age of about 15 or 16. It was a standard education the same for everyone. When I now realize what they added into my head with this radiation device in just two days, then I wonder what these kids must be getting in 10 years! After this school starts their specialization in large education institutes (also in housing cylinders) where the students live together. The sight of one of those triangle classrooms is worth some more words. It was amphitheater-like pointed at the screen. There were no benches. The children were supposed to sit on thick cushions on the ground with their legs in shallow ditches. But the majority had invented different postures. A few lay on their belly or on the side, others on their knees and one even was doing some kind of gymnastics, his arms lifting his body off the ground with his legs straight forward. My first reaction was: 'what a mess!' But I needed to review that. They were all without exception looking at the instructions with interest! Why would you need to sit straight up in a bench, when there is no teacher?

The hospital they showed me, wasn't one from the regular house-blocks, but a 'real' hospital for large surgery. This kind identified itself by specialized medical science. From the outside it looked like the normal housing cylinders, which was for more than half occupied by normal houses for the personnel of the hospital and the living-block. At the head stood a 'mayor' that wasn't a physician but a specialist of organization. The interior of the hospital section was incredible complicated. The 'rooms' with each six beds, were openly connected by a wide hallway. The patients lay in ventilated beds with a constant flow of warmed sterilized air that was suctioned out along the top, underneath the cover sheet. For the rest there was a toilet vicinity. The serving personnel in the hospital area was dressed in an air-tight light green overalls with a very thin transparent bulb around the head that was kept under pressure with a box on the back. The air exhaled was sterilized. Everything everywhere was sterilized. The beds were headed against a wall with a two meter wide passage behind for the 'technical' personnel. In the long hospital halls of like hundred meters long and twenty meters wide was a system of corridors constructed like a herringbone design. The complicated devices were hidden from sight that way. Opposite to the small hospitals in the housing-blocks, visitors weren't allowed. Instead each patient had three ways of communication available. The first was a screen through which they could talk and see people. The other was some kind of three dimensional color TV with a lot of programs and last a glass flat box on which they could read. Newspapers, magazines and books no longer existed on Iarga. By pushing a few buttons they could connect and bring in something to read. Pushing a button would show the next page, they

would read the letters inside the glass box like we read a book. On the patient's bodies were an impressive amount of patches and bandages from which tubes and cables came out, bundled together going into the wall. Every patient was hooked up this way to a computer that would monitor the patient. It was horrifying how advanced the efficiency was. The computer controlled everything, from the heart pulse to even the diagnose. The doctors only visited when they had something to do, otherwise they talked through the screen every patient had. Even selecting and serving the meals was done by the computer. Hanging on a rail system at the ceiling, the trays were served flawlessly to the edge of the beds from which the patients could use it. The computer also controlled the painkillers, they had means to sooth the pain with electro-magnetism vibrations. With this they could even put a patient into narcosis for surgery, or keep them unconscious for unlimited time, without disturbing body functions. The patients slept on 'command' by the computer.

"What if they don't want to?"

"Then it doesn't happen. Personal freedom is holy to us."

"Do you transplant also?"

"Certainly."

"Couldn't you help us with the needed knowledge for that?"

"Unfortunately not, Stef! A responsible transplantation technique requires knowledge about the origin of life and you are still a long way from that."

"What is life actually?"

"We can only point that out schematically through a, though not the issue, comparison. Think about a radio. It is dead when it is out of reach a transmitter. You might only get some crackling noise but further nothing even though it functions perfect. The transmitter brings it to life. You could replace the word transmitter by the human creativity, because everything the transmitter achieves is based on creativity. Think about technical equipment, the spoken word, music, etc. The human creativity brings the radio to life. Likewise you can about imagine the cosmic creativity brings a human or animal body to life. The energy field through which this happens, we call the biological radiation. It is a small piece of the total, all covering creative field that is called immaterial radiation. When we compare again biological radiation with the field of a radio transmitter, then you could say that every living organism has its own particular tone vibration. You can only transplant organs between people with about the same intonation. With other words the technique to transplant organs requires a precise tissue-identification, a measuring technique of the biological radiation-modulation. After the transplant of the new tissue it has to be brought to live with artificial reinforced biological radiation. Only with this transplant technique you can give the human its full health back. A race that governs the biological radiation, governs life and death between its hospital walls."

"So none dies anymore on your planet?"

"Governing death forces another medical ethic. We feel only justified to recover possibilities of happiness not to extend life itself, when this is supposed to end by natural order."

"Yes, I understand. If you would, then after a while half the population would need to be nursed in hospitals."

"More than half! You are starting to understand something of our efficiency standards, but this requires also different considerations, which we'll get back on later. We end this subject and get back to the housing."

The sightseeing of the living palace continued. Silent, air-pressure operated elevators with electromagnetic stops functioned as vertical transport. Broad galleries formed the horizontal connections. From there was a fantastic view over the central gardens. Each house had a large entrance hall which was open to the gallery, so that anyone who happened to be passing by could look into it. This would not have seemed too strange to me had it not been for the fact that on one side was a row of showers! Here my shocked confrontation with the living habits of these beings and the breathtaking freedom that typified their relations with one another began.

Young and old had the strange social duty, on returning from school, work or any other activity outside the house, of washing themselves from head to toe before re-entering the living quarters. What happened then? Everyone undressed in the hall with the greatest of ease and stepped into the shower. These were tubes, about one meter in diameter, with a glass screen in front, and on the floor were two raised steps on which to stand. At the back of the tube was a vertical bar, to which, at ground level, a flat elliptical tube was connected. Having closed the glass screen, the occupant pressed a button and the elliptical tube immediately began spraying jets of white foam while moving upwards along the vertical bar; the occupant was transformed within a few seconds into a snowman. On reaching the top of the bar, the spray changed to clean water and came slowly back to its original position at the base of the tube. Warm air was then circulated in the tube to dry the bather, washed and dried within three minutes with a minimum use of water. Having dressed, one was then permitted to enter the living quarters. Dressed is perhaps the wrong word, for their house attire was nothing more than a kind of sarong that left the woman, as well as the men, naked above the waist.

It might sound crazy, when you writing this sober, but I can't help it either. I want to add as objective spectator that in the whole situation there was nothing offensive to be spotted. Maybe because the breasts of these women were less pronounced and didn't have the sexual meaning like with our human women. The femininity of these women came more forth out their body structure that was smaller and frailer and manifested itself in a somewhat demonstrative dependence the moment a 'man' came around. The men identified themselves by their colossal muscle structure that was more pronounced by their thin skin. That they didn't look as 'naked' as us (specially the white race) was because the iridescent-effect of their dark skin plus the fur-like hairs on their backs and outside of their arms. Like I described before, caused this iridescent-effect, especially near artificial light, strong changing colors, from light brown till dark brown-grey. Their quick movement and dribbling way of walking, gave their bodies and faces a vivid expression power.

Their behavior toward one another was worth another study. I never once saw a man in the vicinity of a woman who did not put at least one arm around her. A complete embrace was their normal manner of greeting one another. Noting the fact everyone embraced everyone, it couldn't be like earthly husband and wife relations. The kids were also included in the extensive embracing and touching ceremony. When the warm greetings were completed, the camera followed the party into the house. The hall came out in the corner of a large room of about twenty by twenty meter, the central living area of the house. The bedrooms were a level below. The first thing that I noticed was a huge glass wall over the whole length of the room, which gave a unobstructed view of the surroundings. I could see the imposing rail system that passed through a woodland area, and on the other side, two more of the cylinders. The view and with that the contact with the outside world was astonishing good, because the room was sloped down in a series of shallow steps towards this window. At about three meter before the window ended the floor with a kind of balustrade. The window continued down to the lower floor, where it ended about half a meter above the floor. The interior breathed an atmosphere of luxury. In a playful pattern of a few low cupboards were several corners created, which each appeared to have different uses. The richness of colors was dazzling. Walls and floors competed color designs with each other and there were several sculptures at display. To my taste a little bit too much blue and orange. Furniture was nowhere to be seen. The seating was built into the floor in the form of couches, spread with thick, comfortable cushions. The present largens were seating on the floor in every possible sit- or lay positions. A very impressive comfortable and luxurious interior.



The lower floor with the bedrooms was just as refined. The “bedrooms” were not large, but intimate and colorful. In one wall there was a large screen and a sort of kitchen sink and another contained a shower identical to the ones in the entrance hall. The ceiling glowed with a diffused orange lighting. There was a half-round couch with something that could be used as table plus some strange objects that were mostly attached to the wall. The beds were something amazing. They were square tubs with an air mattress inside with many separate cells. A central airflow held the pressure in every cell constant and this pressure could be adjusted to the weight of the sleepers. This mattress was so soft and pudding-like that their bodies sunk halfway into it. On top lay a porous bottom sheet that could be rolled down from the head end like a paper-roll and be torn off when it was dirty. The top sheet was also rolled off from a roll on the side of the bed and was pulled to the upper edge of the tub into a groove. Because of this the top sheet stood tight above the sleepers without touching them only their heads stuck out above. Through the top layer of the mattress and the porous bottom sheet, circulated warm or cooled air, depending on what was desired. So they slept in ventilated beds with automatic temperature control. The torn off sheets were thrown away into a garbage chute for fibers and these were collected in the basement together with other fibers and pressed into blocks and send back to the factory. That moment I realized the Iargen house wife never needed to maintain the beds. It didn’t produce dust, you don’t need to make the bed up or having to air it, and you just roll down a new sheet and throw the old one away. The next scene was fascinating: the family at the dinner table. The group of some twenty-five people, about half of which were children, gathered in a rather bare-looking corner of the large upper floor. One of the company operated a kind of lever and out of the floor rose a vertical “wall” that opened out into a table about six meter long and one and a half meter wide. At the same time, two sliding panels in the wall opened to reveal a cupboard containing partitions and a lot of complicated equipment. In the manner of a self-service restaurant or cafeteria, each person took a tray and helped himself to various dishes, which were then warmed up for a few seconds in an ovenlike apparatus. Within a few minutes everyone was seated, cross-legged on the floor, around the table. At the head and tail ends of the table seated a man and a woman who did not eat with the rest. As soon as everyone was seated, the man at the head of the table raised his hand and said something, upon which the rest became silent. They held in one hand a gold-colored, spoonlike implement and the other hand was placed on the knee of the person next to them. The people eating remained silent and listened to what the man and woman who were not eating had to say. It was a fascinating scene of the customs of these beings from a strange, distant world.

The way they made a ceremony of eating made them seem rather like mythological gods, in control, haughty and especially intelligent. When everyone had finished eating, they all stood up and each threw

an arm around the shoulders of his neighbor, thus forming a chain around the table. They stood that way for a couple of seconds and then spread out with the same happy flair as before. The table was again retracted into the floor. The spoons were placed on a machine for cleaning, the plates and trays went into a disposal unit and everyone finished by washing his hands and cleaning his teeth. Hand towels and dish towels were nonexistent here. Everything was dried by warm air, and I began to wonder what the Iargan housewives had to do, especially as there seemed to be five or six women in each house. Shopping was done automatically by a computer; the order was placed in the computer and the goods were delivered sometime later in a container.

“Could it be right that your women no longer have to do housework anymore?”

“Of course. We have told you that we no longer have a leading or serving class and all value distinctions between people are gone. Their serving task is gone. The necessary maintenance and repair work is shared by everyone.”

“But when men are at work outside the home, the women must surely work too.”

“That is true. If men work for three hours a day, women do the same, no more and no less, otherwise there is discrimination.” “Strange. So the women may only do housework for three hours per day?”

“Housework, in other words, the necessary upkeep, is done by everyone together. The true task of women is the upbringing and teaching of the children and other social work. Women have the right at as much creative work as the men have.”

“What about the women who don’t have any children?”

“All women have the same duty to the children in the group in which they live. The upbringing of the child to the mentally stable and developed adult that a high culture needs is a difficult and complicated task. The schools plant the knowledge by means of the radiation but the adults must help the child to transform this knowledge into experience. The home sphere plays an important part in the development of these things. A race that seeks income leveling must give the utmost attention to raising the mental level of the people, because the raising of the general minimum wage must be in balance with this level. Value and income differences between people can be overcome only by a high minimum mental level.”

“Do your women feel happy with their teaching task?”

“Everyone who fulfills his or her task with interest and inventiveness feels happy. But if you mean they would wish to do more than only teaching then you are right. They only feel content when they are successful in loving and have also taught this the children.”

This last remark wasn’t surprising to me anymore. In the meantime I been watching with interest what went on after the dinner in the room. A group adults and somewhat older children were seated in the middle of the room in a hollow pit in a circle around this lightning ball. Over the surface of this ball, that stood on a foot, moved in wild manner these crawling sparks in several colors. A fascinating color display and now and then it seemed if the ball was on fire. The most remarkable was the touching and hugging of each other. They were seated or laid in all kind of positions against each other like couples in love. The main attention was on the general conversation going on between the group.

“This ‘love,’ has it got anything to do with sex?”

“The sexual relationship between man and woman plays an indispensable but nevertheless unimportant part in our understanding of the word love. It is directed on the creative individual expression and that is a thing that must begin to be taught to children as young as possible.”

“I don’t understand that.”

“That is logical, for we have only just begun with our explanation of the concept of freedom. Let us start at the beginning. Freedom is the absence of compulsion and because compulsion is a form of discrimination, it follows that freedom is the absence of discrimination. A step further: freedom exists, logically, on the basis of justice and efficiency. The development of an intelligent race is governed by two dangerous natural laws, which in fact are the laws of cosmic selection. They formulate the demands for entrance to the higher regions of evolution, the cosmic integration.”

“And is that worth the trouble?”

“Certainly, for it is the choice between everlasting life and everlasting death.”

“Oh, I see, a religious aspect. That ceremony at the table had something do to with your religion too?”

“Our understanding of religion is so far evolved that it is incomparable with yours. Have you a religion?”

“I am a Catholic.”

“How strange, so a Christian! After you’ve eaten this evening, you must explain to us how someone with so much property can seriously call himself Christian. We are intrigued. On the other hand, it simplifies the explanation of the two cosmic selection laws. The first confirms Christ’s condemnation of social discrimination. A high level of technical development liquidates every discrimination and compulsion under pain of chaos and eventual self-destruction. The Earth demonstrates the justice of this law in a convincing manner. The social chaos exists already and the threat begins to manifest itself. At the moment, only the great powers have nuclear weapons at their disposal, but the smaller nationalist groups will soon be in the same position. The situation becomes more dangerous every year. Within a short time you will discover the possibility of immaterial radiation and then a handful of people will be capable of producing a weapon that is capable of destroying all mankind. Where does all this lead? How long can a civilization continue to exist where science does not know its responsibilities?”

“The second selection law compels the correct understanding of human relationships. It poses ‘Christian love’ as a condition for cosmic integration. Only unselfish behavior that restores the original efficiency of natural order can give an intelligent race the certainty of survival until cosmic integration is achieved.”

“That word ‘unselfish’ sounds so strange.”

“The selfish behavior of the masses, where everyone takes everything they can, prevents the ability to work for the common good—to create, for example, a clean planet where the balance of nature can be maintained for an unlimited time. It is also impossible to limit the use of natural resources for the sake of future generations, because a selfish person cannot give up anything for someone else. The greatest problem lies in the law of degeneration: a race that does not succeed in restoring the efficiency of natural selection as it existed in the prehistoric times shall become extinct.”

“How do you justify unlimited freedom with reproduction selection that drastically limits the choice of partners?”

“The answer is that it can only be justified with unselfishness. The partner choice is determined by one’s feeling of responsibility.”

“I see, through artificial insemination.”

“Where did you get that idea? That doesn’t prevent degeneration, it accelerates it! “We are not concerned with producing that biological phenomenon, ‘man.’ The body with all its selfish demands is just a shell. We are only concerned with the creative intellect, the soul that is capable of unselfish thought. How do we educate children for the freedom and happiness? Freedom is the absence of the effect of compulsion on the individual’s behavior, but it gets created through the absence of individual compulsion on the collective behavior pattern. Freedom cannot be obtained with a weapon in the hand. It can only be obtained by the parents’ careful mental forming of their child then, by the correct conception of good and evil. It is a difficult and complicated task that only becomes possible with natural parental love and the variety of other groups. It is a difficult and complex task, which is only possible through natural love from the parents, in the variety of a group environment.”

“There may never be any doubt as to who is the father or mother of a child. The important thing is not having children, but bringing them up. For this reason, artificial insemination is unacceptable. The unselfishness is the selection requirement for the immortality of the race, but it is also a requirement for a being with a high mental development before he can achieve happiness. Happiness is being at peace with oneself and one’s surroundings. This is determined to a large extent by one’s success in achieving self-set goals, in other words, by a subconscious appraisal of oneself. This individual striving to reach a self-chosen goal is the creativity in man.”

“Creativity is thought that is continually occupied with changing the circumstances in one’s life or in that of another. It is creativity that drives men to do ‘even more’ or ‘even better.’ There are two kinds of

creativity, the material and the immaterial. The first is the individual striving to improve his own living standards. This is done mostly in the field of sex, property and power and is the cause of all the misery on this planet. The individuality expresses itself in egocentricity, greed and avarice. In the continual reaching for a material goal, a measure of satisfaction is experienced, but when the goal is reached, the satisfaction shows itself to be relative and of short duration, merely an object for comparison with what others have. So it continues toward the next goal, usually a higher income or a higher position, and the search continues, because the satisfaction lies only in the searching.

But then a time comes when the search cannot be continued because of sickness, or old age, and life continues in dissatisfaction with itself. He has not understood, he been hunting only after a continuous fading *fata morgana* above the desert of materialism.

“On the other hand, there is the immaterial creativity-your Christian love – and this is lasting happiness. It is the individual striving to improve the living standards of others. This kind of creativity is directed off the person, from the material towards higher values. It expresses itself in helpfulness, understanding, pity, tolerance, friendliness, esteem-in short, the total concept of unselfish love.”

“It sounds to me like a sort of sterile idealism.”

“Try to understand that it is not. Do you believe that social stability creates unlimited prosperity and complete security?”

“Yes, I can accept that.”

“Can you also accept that a man without creativity can never be happy?”

“Yes, I understand that.”

“What goal can human creativity have when material motives vanish? What can a materialist do in our world, other than be bored to tears? What does a man really possess who possesses everything except love? The answer is: nothing!”

“Everything that previous generations have done to create a stable world with a high level of scientific and technical development and unlimited prosperity is worthless when man lacks the love that can give him happiness.”

“Every unselfish deed, every self-sacrifice, heightens the feeling of personal value, of satisfaction. A man who has reached a high degree of unselfishness manifests a lasting personal value as a noticeable side of his personality – wisdom – which appears to be unaffected by setbacks or aging. He becomes invulnerable in his feeling of personal value, his peace with himself, his happiness. There is no alternative, Stef. Natural selection laws are inexorable. Only a race with a high level of unselfishness, or, as we call it, an immaterial structure, can survive.”

“Does all this also apply to us? I can’t imagine this world being inhabited by people who love each other.”

“The more we talk, the more we become convinced that you are not a Christian. The whole point of Christ’s teaching – love – is completely strange to you. You have apparently never heard of the striving for unselfishness in the Buddhist religion. We will try one more time to explain unselfishness to you with an example. Imagine the situation where a human from his own sources buys a used car, revives and fixes it and gives it freely away to a disabled person. An unselfish act of high standards. We are convinced this human will achieve a lasting increase of self value for himself as well for his environment. He gains some inner peace and wisdom, his stability as a human being. Even if the disabled person from a materialistic point of view after a while no longer is happy with the car and desires a better one. A truly unselfish person isn’t bothered by ungratefulness. He seeks only possibilities to be truly human and receiving gratitude doesn’t play a part in that. He will avoid it even. To strive for rewards is selfishness, aimed at the own self.”

“Only when man is free of material influences can he succeed in bringing up children who, through their unselfish mental attitude, can be really free and happy. You must teach them to love and concern themselves with others. They must learn to be very expressive with their feelings. This makes great demands on their eloquence, to be able to put their feelings into words. This is characterized by their

honesty, spontaneity and enthusiasm, their helpfulness and, above all, their ability to raise their love contacts above the physical to great spiritual heights. We seek adventure in the quantity and depth of our human contacts. You have seen this all on the screen in front of you. Iarga is a planet where the people love each other, where people are happy to meet each other and where they find it a pity that they can only take one person at a time in their arms.”

“As soon as our children have reached the age of sexual maturity, the parents arrange for the child to undergo a psychological and medical test. If they pass this, they are then declared legally free and obtain the rights of voting and sexual freedom. We celebrate this with a great feast. The parents rejoice with the children in the fact that they have been judged as being worthy of true freedom.”

“Good lord, then the parents permit them to go to bed with anyone and everyone?”

“The idea that unselfish awareness leads to sleeping around is as naïve as a child dreaming of unlimited candy. When you didn’t teach the child self-control then it is clear that after a week it cannot stand even the sight of candy anymore. The result is opposite of what you assumed. The subject of sex as a forbidden fruit here on earth stands in an unhealthy light, doesn’t concern us on our planet one bit. A man-woman relationship that is based solely on sex we consider degrading. Our women would rather die on the spot than be used for a kind of physical training; they make high demands of their partners. They demand their interest, their tenderness and mostly their respect for her as a person, for her intellectual level. Everything is directed at creative expression and the sex act plays a very minor part in it. With many contacts and especially with the elder it is absent completely, without feeling short of contempt. When you learned to be truly human, it is difficult to understand what Earth being can have as their reason for living.”

“We often wonder about this ourselves. But how do you procreate, because I understand you must have excellent anti-conception means.”

“That is correct. Freedom is only possible when you’re able to control diseases and birth-control totally. It also demands a very high personal hygiene.”

“We will talk about our marriage values. Adults can apply for a marriage test, an analysis of the physical condition, the genetic identity and the mental level. The result is a card that is perforated in a special way. When a couple wants to get married, the two cards held against each other shouldn’t leave any open spots. The purpose of this selection is double. The medical test replaces the natural selection from primeval ages and the character test selects optimal conditions for a strong relation. The test is only advice; it remains to the couple themselves to follow it. The marriage happens in front of a representative of the lawful authority by expressing two vows. The first is a vow to be monogamous till the child is born. The second vow is to raise the child with the right values together in good fellowship. The marriage cannot be broken till the child has reached adulthood. The obligations are only because of the child and as long it is around. After the first child the vows can be renewed etc.”

“How should I see an unbreakable marriage in a world with free sexual relations?”

“Man and woman promise to stay together and raise their children. But after they are born, they are free in their human relations; they choose their own love partners without disturbance of their companionship.”

“Don’t you have purely monogamous marriages like ours?”

“No. Why should we love only one person? Isn’t life more rich and intense by loving all humans? In a world with complete social security and mental freedom it is selfish to love only one person and be closed off from other love contacts. Such isolation leads to fixation and lack of freedom with the big risk that if one falls away, for whatever reason, the other is left in misery and will put out pressure on its environment cause of its isolation. Maturity and wisdom require many and deep going human contacts. Only in true freedom a human can develop itself into a point of inner warmth. Also for singles counts the same advice: keep a great variety in human relations. Never let things become rigid.”

“Singles? Does that still matter?”

“The only difference is that they don’t procreate. They have less responsibilities and more freedom. They live together with about 5 to 7 couples in groups and about as much children. Such a group is

formed by age and changes regular by moving. Everyone helps to raise the kids, what seems to improve the quality. The group structure prevents one sidedness and fixation. You can only raise children to free and stable humans through many contacts and an open conversation sphere. 'Variety' governs our group structure and the environment to raise our children. The confrontation with continuous new people from other parts of the world stimulates the creativity of inner relations. The moment discriminations are gone and the immaterial creativity blossoms, the human will start to search variety. Our people move over our planet like nomads, staying a couple years here and then move on to other parts to enjoy the beauty of nature and the people. There are no borders or nationalities. Life becomes one big adventure of freedom that challenges our unselfishness to become truth human beings. True freedom makes life to a magnificent happening. Are you starting to understand Iarga somewhat?"

"Indeed I am starting to understand how grand magnificent Iarga is. I been staring blind on your uniformity but it came clear to me that you don't care whatsoever about your housing, cars and trains."

"Material things don't interest us anymore, because they have reached their optimal purpose. A house for example, we step out as easy as we get in. It just has to be comfortable and require the least maintenance. And they have to be large, because we want to meet many people. Still it is logical that you were chocked at our uniformity, because you concluded inflexibility from that. Your relieve comes from seeing it isn't so. Mental fixation (getting narrow minded) is the grave of all creativity. From that perspective is Iarga the negative of the Earth. The Earth shows its immaterial fixation by material variety. Iarga shows its immaterial variety by material uniformity."

"I wonder as a business man myself if all that traveling and moving and continue changing of the labor force doesn't disrupt your companies?"

"On the contrary! It prevents rigidity in our organizations. The variety in the work force increases the dynamic and efficiency. Another example is the racial integration which levels out the different natures and pace. With worldwide organizations this is a necessity for the central policy of wages and certainly for the leveling of income."

"I didn't see that so quick that this large worldwide migration results in spreading of races."

"Not only in spreading, but also the mixing of all races! A civilization can only be stable when from mixing all races the eventual human type is stable along color and racial identities. The eventual super-civilization on this miraculous beautiful planet will be eventually created by a brown colored race."

"Bah! Why should that? Mixing of races, half bloods and colored people? I oppose racial discrimination, but this goes too far."

"You demonstrate in annoying manner the discriminating arrogance of the white race. We will comfort you with a natural law of a high technological society: a group or race that discriminates will be surpassed."

"Really, and how come we discriminate?"

"The white race is rich, developed and powerful compared to the other races. They are each discriminations that block the way towards global structuring. The consequences in the long run are predictable without being clairvoyant. The white race reproduces itself slower because of its higher wealth and education; they will get outnumbered out by the other races. How longer this situation takes the more sure it will be that the final supercivilized race will have nothing in common with the white race. It will vanish as a biological species. But probably it will not end this quietly. The increasing quality of weapons will turn the dominance in numbers around in a military dominance. Then you will be the ones discriminated. We foresee the destruction of your technological and cultural lead."

"So that will be a concern for our offspring! Though I find it discussable if it just that a race because of its higher intelligence leading science and so procreates slower gets punished with being doomed."

"We are sorry, but the natural laws of a higher civilization are not discussable. They determine by cosmic law the outcome of a social process. But the height of discriminating arrogance is your remark that the white race has a higher intelligence. Your assumption is annoying, because human nature is without doubt identical everywhere. We know the universal laws that make differentiation between races,

which are called out for cosmic integration, impossible. Even if they are thousands of light years separated. The possible difference in intelligent achievements that you supposedly suggest, can only come forth from different social and intellectual traditions in the upbringing-environment and the food. Racial-discrimination is nothing but arrogant stupidity. It is a serious crime according cosmic-law.”

“What is cosmic law?”

“It is the formulation of laws of the natural order relating the evolution of intelligent races.”

“Does that have anything to do with your justice administration or don’t you have any?”

“Justice Administration in a super-civilization rests solely on cosmic law, which means there is no more justice administration. Cosmic law knows no revenge or punishment. The moment discriminations are gone, criminality is gone too. Economic crime vanishes when the leveling of income is reached. But even violence and sorts become rare. Because it is personal compulsion which gets minor chance in a world without collective compulsion. Exception is the sickly aberration but that requires only medical attention. What does happen is a wrong notion concerning own responsibility which leads to indirect compulsive behavior on the environment. It is caused by a too low mental level which can be improved with more education. In short, there are no prisons on Iarga. They exist only on planets that still make a value-distinction between people. Mentioning a natural law again: Discriminations (wealth, larger development, power) can only be maintained with other discriminations (terror, punishment, prison). Prisons are the price of discriminations.”

“Madness! That is unthinkable on Earth! A world without punishment leads to chaos. We should punish even harder. This weak treatment of criminals is nothing, beatings with a stick is more my thing.”

“You are demonstrating an enlarging contempt for your own ‘Christian’ values. Have you ever heard the bible word: ‘Revenge is mine, I shall pay back’?”

I was silent. This was all so far away from earthly interpretations that I couldn’t find the courage to continue discussing. I was dead tired. It was almost five o’clock and I wanted to be back in time for dinner. A new question pondered me: are we that bad Christians? I had never cared for the answer.

The screen showed a new series of images. It was the two ladies with kids on their trip. They came near a great green lake, surrounded with high rocky mountains. For the first time I saw calm windstill water. Around the shore of the lake against the mountain walls stood a continuous, more than hundred meters high side of houses or hotelrooms, which followed the waving profile of the mountain wall. In front of the houses ran a railtrack with underneath a groundroad marked by the many stations and parking lots. The piece of ground between the railtrack and the lake shore was covered with thick woods, interrupted by countless seats and moss pastures, some of them covered by long glass wind screens. The camera followed the ‘family’ during their walk from the parking lot to the white sand shore that stood out strong against the color of the green water. In the woods, on the beach and in the water it was packed with Iargens. Thousands and thousands were enjoying themselves in a sort of waterwonderworld. The women began an extensive embracing ceremony with a group of men, women and children seated in a half circled windscreen. This was the first time I felt I was in the middle of their fellow kind and I experienced my presence as fully real. Only the sound was missing, though the silence made the visual stronger. Their beach cloths was worn with different purpose as we do, it barely covered anything yet accentuated even more. How longer I was watching this wondrous ceremony, the more I realized those refined cloths made nudity an esthetic acceptable concept.

The next scene was in the water. The lake was covered with all kind of toy and sports equipment and held low wave breaking little walls with restaurant like seats here and there. They hadn’t invented bathing suites yet here, they swam naked. But the most special was the Iargan behavior in the water. Even the littlest kids swam with an astonishing force and speed. They floated without effort and many swam in couples, the arms around each other and their legs taking turns in scissor like strokes. They had enormous fun. Diving and swimming under water they did endlessly and they could jump out above the water like dolphins. I suddenly realized these creatures didn’t evolve from the land like us, but from the water. They were original amphibians. The wide skin crease between their fingers and toes was a swim web from

origin. They moved faster and easier in the water than on land. Now I understood the ponds and swimming pools in their housing cylinders.

The next event took place along the woodside. A group of about ten, in flashy beach 'cloths' Iargans was laying in a circle on the moss and were playing a kind of skill game with rings little spears and little flags. Again I was witness of the intriguing touching and hugging ceremony. One of the woman from the car lay rolled up cozy like a kitten against her neighbor in content. He had his arm around her and cuddled her like a young man in love.

"Are those strangers among each other?" I wanted to know.

"Yes certainly. Most of them have met each other here for the first time."

Still there was nothing to take offense from in the whole happening. It all happened with natural joy even though the 'forceful handling', it showed tenderness and compassion. They enjoyed themselves solely by each others' company. I felt a weird kind of 'home-sickness' rising by the sight of so many 'humans' that fully dissolved into each other. So strongly focused on the other in every situation and every moment. Every time I recall this event I feel the same home-sickness, longing for a world where people love each other.

"We consider it natural to form little groups of intimacy and friendliness everywhere we meet people and being in the moment of sharing equally focused interests. Loneliness of people we do not accept. We ask them to join us and not only with sport and games. It counts for daily life, work, creative labor, enjoying art or the beauty of nature, but also with the disappointment and grief of others. We want to be immaterial creative. This complete willingness to live with others and their love and sorrows, this collective and cosmopolitan focused interest is the immeasurable value of life, that you call 'Christian' love. It is the sweet fruit from the freedom and equal justice of all people."

The next event was in a bedroom of a house cylinder. Sitting on the couch one of the 'car' women reported back enthusiastically to her husband about her adventures. Translated by the voice and radiation-reflector it became, for my standards, an unbelievable conversation. Her enthusiasm seemed mostly caused by having met this gorgeous man, charming and funny. His response was quite calm, placed an arm around her and told he could understand very well that other men are crazy about her and that he was happy for her. He was looking forward of sleeping in her arms again. But she jumped up like bitten. Again with her? No! She had thought it well over, but that should end for the time being.

"Boy oh boy, you are starting to get selfish. You find it quite easy to court your own wife. That doesn't cost any effort. You rather take a nap than pay attention to my girlfriends. Take Karoi (made up name). I am sure she desperately hopes you will court her one day for a while, she is a lovely woman that has much to give. But that is too much effort for you, even though you can be incredible charming."

He protested. She couldn't blame him that he was still head over heels in love with her. But ok, if she wanted another man for a change...!

She got furious. She didn't want anything, but he misbehaved. Because of him they started to get isolated and become a problem to others. But the worst thing was setting a bad example to the kids. He swapped it around. Wasn't it time to think about a third child? Hadn't they agreed on raising three kids at least? But she disagreed calmly. First they should help each other to break the isolation. They should first share their love with others, afterwards she would talk about it again. She begged him to pay attention to Karoi, because she needed it. The end of this act was a happy-end embracing that could teach our movie makers.

"It is incredible how opposite our worlds are. I am seriously starting to doubt if your values aren't based on practical reasons instead of high ethical values. Christ has for example clearly judged against adultery."

"The ethics of a supercivilization we shall explain tomorrow. We end now, it is dinnertime. Will you return tonight?"

I looked at my watch.

"Certainly, I'll return in three hours."

“Excellent. Would you consider the answer on the question: what is social stability? The purpose is to replace it with a couple strong core understandings. It’s only of use to explain higher ethics when you understand this answer first. We wish you an inspiring meal.”

After this strange wish I climbed the steeply ladder. I had to return to the reality of earthly existence with blinking eyes against the bright daylight.

Chapter 5

Omni-Creativity

“Good evening, everybody!”

With these words I opened the conversation that evening. Eight pairs incomprehensible eyes with their confusing hypnotic power were studying me.

“Good evening Stef. Have you rested some?”

“Yes, indeed. After dinner I slept an hour and that did me good. I feel capable of anything again.”

“How is the condition on board?”

“Not that good. My wife is afraid to be alone on the dark water. She knows she can reach me with knocking signals, but still she is still terrified.”

“We understand that very well. Go back shortly and tell her the ship is safer with us than in a harbor we keep constant guard with our equipment. No living creature can get on board without that we notice.”

“Yes, I would like to do that.”

Again the hatch opened and I crawled outside to comfort Miriam. A few moments later I sat in front of the screen again considerable relieved.

“So, that worked. She apparently has gotten some confidence in you people, even though she disagrees totally with your sexual liberties.”

“Tell her, that we agree with her. That freedom is not appropriate for Earth and so not permitted. When justice and efficiency are missing, freedom is impossible. But before we start talking about the other goals of human evolution, you should answer our test question: What is social stability?”

“Yes, I have been thinking about that and would like to answer: It’s the level of civilization that gives every individual the opportunity to be unselfish.”

“Our thanks. Your answer is good enough to continue. We would like to add something. Unselfishness can be called immaterial creativity and that requires also a certain mental level. We continue with the subject of cosmic universal ideology.”

“That is mighty interesting! Do you believe in God?”

“A higher evolved race doesn’t believe, it can only be convinced of values that can be demonstrated or reasoned logically. If this total value-awareness can be indicated with the centuries-old God concept, is something we have to leave to your imaginative powers. An extended explanation of our value concept is in this range of our talk not possible and not permitted. Knowledge around the immaterial structure of the universe would mean in the short term the self destruction of a discriminating race. Because with this knowledge the human could control the immaterial energy field that carries the matter and life.”

“So we are not allowed to know God?”

“No, Omni-creativity is unreachable for a discriminating race. Only when you have made the first selection-law out of function and reached social stability, then you may advance to the higher levels of knowledge.”

“What is Omni-creativity?”

“You could call it the creative force of the universe.”

“That’s what we call God.”

“You remain stubborn. We would call it in your language: the laws of nature. Your God-concept is too static. It fixates the human creative thinking and has become the symbol of contradictions, loaded with traditions that have become obsolete in the nuclear era. The concept: ‘laws of nature’ is dynamic and

stimulates human creativity. None would object against adding new laws. But also this has become a symbol of contradictions seen from religious traditions. So we got a different word, constructed from 'Omni-potent' and 'creativity': Omni-creativity. It is the universal name for the immaterial energy field that controls the universe. We will try to clarify the concept. Here counts especially the warning of this morning. You should only try to understand our viewpoint and decide later if you're willing to accept it."

The screen lighted up again and showed the most impressive of all nature programs: a wide 'real' view in world space. Against the violet-black background of the cosmos hung thousands and more thousands of stars, differing from white blinding to weak light spots. In the centre hung in gloomy threatening a few ruff black shaped clouds that darkened the stars laying behind. On the edges they were flanked by light green fog which dispersed into thin strings. It was like a fantastic artist had designed a composition of dark clouds, draped with fine thin veils and added a background lighting that produced the most fantastic display of colors. This fantastic panorama made a deep impression on me.

"With this we show you a piece of creation. It is an image from our own Milkyway and one of the many we as astronauts are familiar with. Though it is but only a tiny needle point inside the infinity of the cosmos, a fraction of the matter-concentrate in a galactic fog."

"We shall try to explain what matter is in relation with the cosmic power of Omni-creativity. Matter is material (weight) energy bound together, a transformation of the immaterial (weightless) energy. The transformation happens under influence of a tremendous force field which creates the physic laws that all matter obeys. This we call the carrier field. Omni-creativity is a kind of carrier field that keeps the once created atoms in place and causes the mass-forces of inertia that give structure to the cosmos."

"In a space without this carrier field atoms cannot exist?"

"Indeed, in such a space the mass-inertia laws are missing and an atom would fall apart right away. But also the circumstances of the mass-energy to exist in its transformed shape vanish. The atom disappears without leaving a trace."

"How do you know this so sure?"

"We control the technique. They play an indispensable part of our thrust-mechanism of universal spaceships."

"So according your opinions, this world is only governed by a system of laws of nature without intelligence?"

"No, on the contrary! The creating and maintaining process of this world is governed by an immeasurable intelligence. Let's compare again with a radio transmitter, though no material comparison is really exact. The cosmic carrierfield is the carrier wave of sound. It keeps the matter and natural order in existence. Exactly as with a radio, the carrier wave brings forth creative impulses, like thoughts and expressions, words and music. Intelligence and love reach this world as immaterial radiation, in our words as modulations of the cosmic carrier field. The cosmic intelligence is immeasurable large. Your scientists are capable enough to describe the genius creations of nature and its complete structure. They can fill countless books with it. Still there is one creation of nature that leaves all others behind. The brains of an intelligent being. Just the storage technique capacity shows a piece of engineering that stupefies any computer expert. That such a small volume of chemicals can contain millions of memory mutations and can reproduce them immediately again is something as astonishing as the size of the cosmos. But that is only the beginning. The human mind is capable to manipulate existing mutations and through deduction and combinations add selectively new mutations to the ones already existing. It can think logical. In our ideology we have a sharp distinction between the material and the immaterial part of the human existence. Logical thinking with the memory and the awareness of values is a material part. It is connected to matter and doesn't raise the human above the matter or the animal."

"What! The intelligence and the ability to distinguish between good and evil makes the human a reasonable creature. Isn't it reasoning that justifies human existence?"

"No. Only thanks to your knowledge of computers we can explain the following example. Reason and sense don't make the human right. And why? You know you can program a computer, you can make it

think logically. You can insert memory, the computer can even answer questions with right or wrong by the set of values you placed into it. Intelligence, memory and moral values are material things. Reasoning doesn't give the human immaterial value."

"But a human has the natural knowledge of what is good and evil?"

"But no! Couple hours ago you said Iarga is the negative of the Earth and Earth opposite of Iarga. That's what we trying to do all this time. You can make people in the name of some God, or to get into heaven, to murder others. An aggressive upbringing is capable to plant any random standard of values. What we're actually doing is changing your awareness of norms. Like computer experts we are busy to change your program and we can do that because it is a material process."

"Does the human even have a soul then?"

"We can't call it a soul, but immaterial existence. The ability of unselfish creativity."

"We use the computer again as example which is capable to reason logically (material). Such a thing can even be developed that it becomes capable to a certain degree of material creativity, constructing thought patterns which can be used in technical and scientific development. But that's it. This is the maximum border that computers will ever reach made of electronic or electro-chemical components, no matter how many millions into the future the development may get. The reason is that material systems can only produce material patterns per definition. Intelligence is solely based on material creativity. So how is it possible that the material brains are capable of immaterial creativity? Unselfishness is a remarkable thing, because selfishness is an identity of the material world. Every material form of life fights for survival along the laws of evolution and so is selfish. So what special natural event happens in the brains of a human that thinks unselfish? The human brains are so genius that they are capable of a third function (besides storing memory and calculating reasons): The ability to function as a super receiver of the immaterial modulation of nature of the cosmic carrier field. The unselfish emotional thinking of good will is purely from immaterial origin, a direct contact between Omni-creativity and the material creative human."

The voice silenced and left me in sulky wondering staring at the impressive cosmic panorama.

"When Omni-creativity shows itself so directly into our emotions, then where does all the suffering on this planet come from? Why create a human that from natural aggression builds nuclear weapons? Why doesn't he help us?"

"You're asking the big question of the current generation, that keeps Christianity and Atheism apart. The answer is: because the human has to be free. Only in freedom he is capable of unselfish creativity. He can sacrifice himself, not from blind faith or instincts but from a state of mind that expresses itself in friendship, love, admiration, benevolence, compassion or other forms of social caring. This connection between the material and immaterial world gives the human its endless existing right as the goal of material creation. Because of that he needs to be free. Imagine a child that jumps in the arms of his mother and says: 'you are the best mom in entire world'; when this would happen because it is told to do so, then it would have no value."

"What is the condition required for this behavior?"

"The child has to act independent without double meanings."

"Indeed. Only when the child is free and acts unselfish there is immaterial creativity. A person not free is not capable to reach higher values and is only legitimate as a material creation. An intelligent race that supposedly goes through life by the hand of God is foolish. It would be a perfect guided puppet theatre without echo but the human wouldn't be able to be unselfish and have no immaterial legitimacy. Besides he would be unhappy because it is a stationary world. We have explained you that human happiness or peace with oneself comes from creative goals of the human that wants to change things. Evolution is change. A stationary, not evolving world would be a mental desert where all intelligent life would perish. A human is born to be unselfish, and so has to be free in an ever changing world. That's why he had to start at the first steps of evolution as an aggressive, selfish predator and by his own free creativity he has to reach the top one day, cosmic integration. When you blame the Supreme Being for all misery, then you

actually complain about freedom and the opportunity to be happy. Only free people with the right responsibility are able to free themselves from the material weight, selfishness, egoism, and revenge and able to reach the super civilization. Your problem is solely selfishness. In your biblical terms: the human is still carries the burden of sin.”

I shrugged my shoulders

“That bible story always seemed the max of injustice to me. We still are punished for that one bite from an apple.”

“The story of the fall is splendid in its simplicity. The story tells in simple language of dozen centuries ago about a paradise where two people lived by Gods laws and spoke with Him. With other words, the puppet theatre we mentioned. What does it show in fact? The human couldn’t be happy in a non free stationary world. He wanted to be free, but had to pay for it with guilt. A material connected human cannot be without guilt. But the bible story tells something else also quite different to those understanding the puppet situation is unbearable. It tells that the guilt is a material thing, that got created the moment a second human, Eva appeared and human relations were formed. A human alone, alone since its creation is without guilt. It’s purely theoretical, but everything is allowed for him, he has no obligations nor responsibilities, but his life would be fully useless even if he was immortal. The moment a second human appears, responsibility rises. With the first selfish act, how small it may be, guilt rises. Guilt comes from the responsibility for other people, not for God.”

“No sin against God? How do you rhyme that with the human soul and the rewards or punishment after death?”

“Guilt is a material matter and just as you don’t want to punish a computer for running the wrong program the Omni-creativity will not punish you for a wrong system of values. Cosmic law knows no punishment. Omni-creativity is the all-covering unconditional love that would never punish. Selfishness punishes itself. The guilt and misery on this planet will only vanish when he managed with the right values to become guilt free against his fellow humans. When the original sin has vanished, the super civilization starts.”

“You asked a question about the human soul. The biggest problem we got during this conversation is getting over the assumption people have thinking men will exist for always independent from others. It shows an overrating of the value of the individual. How do we explain you that the individual has only meaning as a part of the collective of entire mankind? Try to follow us, because it leads to an important conclusion. What is the timeless immaterial existence of an intelligent race? It is the mental ability to experience the absolute and eternal in the unchangeable thinking. This mental power is an expression or manifestation of the universal cosmic creativity that we call Omni-creativity. The cosmic carrier-field with its immaterial modulations has no time or space. The human receiver can receive this field under certain circumstances. The timeless, unchangeable Spirit has bonded itself to the material and that evolving creation. The goal is creating the possibility that free independent intelligent ones can grow towards Omni-creativity to become part of the cosmic love. For all intelligent races, where ever in the cosmos is the Spirit the same, but their ability to receive the Spirit differs.”

“I don’t understand. How can I continue to exist in a mental form? How do I know after my death who or what I’ve been?”

“The word ‘I’ stands for the individual conscience. You make an error thinking that your conscience belongs to you. You have borrowed the largest part and will have to return it one day. Human conscience has a complex structure. It is the connection between the material and the immaterial structure of the universe. The primitive animal like conscience evolves finally towards a Godlike conscience. Imagine the bizarre situation of a baby being robbed by gorillas. What would you find when its grown up? It will look human but be a monkey on the inside. He will howl and yell like a gorilla and act according the social laws of the gorilla group. If he would see a human, he would run away with the others. What if this baby grown up with wealthy parents, he could be named Stef, the man with us on board right now. Let us compare your I-conscience with the apeman that could have been you. The first human cannot talk, not

even formulate thoughts and has even though his higher intelligence a very low, almost animal like conscious. His imagination doesn't reach further than the small jungle he lives in. The second human is already developing a cosmic conscious and realizes he is this tiny on the small blue planet called Earth in the infinity of the cosmos. We hope that after this little description it be clear to you that you would never have recognized 'your-self' in that most primitive human. It is not the same conscious, not the same I. By upbringing and environment influence you developed a totally different 'I' conscious. So we get to the question, what is upbringing? It is the passing along of the achievements of former generations till the present generation. The first humans taught each other to speak, others fire, the wheel and the written word. You can name all inventions and discoveries from the centuries through, like computers, rockets, nuclear power. All the economically, social, philosophical and endless other things that have formed the modern human of today. What the present human has achieved is thanks to the thinking capital of all the past generations. They live on as an aspect of the conscious of the new generation. And what is the thought capital in which past generations live? It is the power of creativity that been invested in the living human. Parents live on in their children, teachers in their students, artists in their admirers, inventors in their technique, but this picture you must project on the collective of entire humanity. The first conclusion is that a human, his individual value, the building block he adds, only is that bit he added himself with his creative ability to what he gained by his upbringing. The rest he has borrowed from others temporary."

"So every human is according you in one way or another creative?"

"Every logical thinking human will want to change something from time to time in his life or the life of others and so is creative. So even the housewife that makes the house cozy. You could call it the time-print that every human leaves behind in the mental attitude of the living generation. Every expression of creativity has a timeless immaterial value. Around a living planet hangs an invisible veil or sphere made of the total ability of creativity: the sphere of conscious. It determines the mental attitude of the youth and their behavior. Maybe now you understand our care for the upbringing of our children and their mental level. The forming of intelligence, character, education and experience is the true task we have. It is the immortality of our race that we generation after generation have to bring over and in which all our people live on."

"Till now we talked about the size-aspect of the conscious, without mentioning the quality aspects that are needed to reach a divine conscious. The conscious sphere around a planet is made of two distinctive parts, the material and immaterial. The first is bonded to the earth and the matter. It focuses on material knowledge or the material self. It stimulates selfishness, egoism and assertiveness. It expresses itself in interest for possession, power and sex. It creates the misery on this planet. A selfish human wants to dominate and so stimulates individual contrasts and rank between people. He lives on in all the misery, injustice and all the lack of freedom he has created during his life. His creativity remains temporary with the living generation as incorrect mental attitude."

"So you say there won't be any real punishment? That goes against my senses of justice. How do you explain the words of Christ when he speaks about the final judgment?"

"When someone wants to hit a nail into the wall and he hits his thumb, then it is an unpleasant consequence of his behavior, but hardly a punishment. Cosmic law knows no punishment but it dictates with iron hand the consequences of human behavior. And those are not minor. Selfishness punishes itself. And how! Every generation from the past lives on through you as a direct personality aspect. They are part of your own 'I'. They themselves are over and over again part of the misery on this world like you will be part of all future misery over and over again. You could talk about collective incarnation or the rebirth which your Christ talked about. A world that only knows material creativity, self destructs. In the gospel of the last judgment Christ describes the possibility of cosmic integration for the human race, but also the consequences of incorrect behavior. Who will be invited with the word: Come blessed ones and receive the kingdom that was ready for you ever since the birth of the world? The invitation is for those of whom He can say: I was hungry and you have fed Me, I was thirsty and you have given me something to drink. I was a stranger and you have invited me. I was naked and you have dressed Me. I was ill and you

visited Me, I was in prison and you visited me, because all you've done for the least of my Brothers, you have done for Me. What are these conditions actually?... Are you beginning to understand?"

The strange staccato voice of loose words that was formed by the machine into sentences was replaced by an actual human voice quoting the bible. This gave it extra power. I stared in front of me thinking and started slowly to nod when the answer came to me.

"I understand what you mean. Christ describes the ethics of a high civilization. No hunger, no thirst, no poor or rich, no strangers or prisons and ill people get the best care. How is it possible!"

"But Christ doesn't only mention the possibility of success. In a world without these higher ethics the technological development can get out of hand and result in chaos and destruction. There will come a time only a handful of aggressive people will be able to construct a weapon that could destroy entire mankind at once. What does Christ mean with his words: Go away from me cursed ones in the eternal fire? He means the possibility that the human race will be gone before it has reached cosmic integration. And he tells that this will be only caused by collective guilt, by a wrong mental constitution. I was hungry and you didn't feed me. I was in prison and you didn't visit me. The total destruction by a nuclear war is the most literal translation of the eternal fire for the cursed. Because with the last human dies the entire mankind from the beginning of time. The human creativity will remain around this planet endlessly without purpose or insight. It will never reach the connection with Omni-creativity, because evolution has ended. The era of mankind will be written for nothing. Somewhere in the cosmos will be this beautiful planet continuing its course around the sun, empty and abandon, yet there be grinding teeth and whining. A beacon of terror, a grave of a doomed race that refused the ethics of higher civilization. Those are the terrible consequences of incorrect behavior. You are playing an irresponsible game with eternal death."

It remained quiet. I was deeply chocked after this dramatic warning from a strange supercivilization. I was wondering in amazement if they could be right.

"Your warning will only work if you explain the viewpoint better. I mean the connection between the human soul with the living people."

"Only the human himself can come to make this warning concrete by logical thinking. More than before will sober and objective thinking people have to be busy with these extreme important questions. Christ has clearly said that his Heavenly Father is one of the living and not of the dead. The bible talks nowhere about a 'going to heaven', but that you will be part of a new heaven and new earth, an accomplished Creation. And the goal is exactly what we try to bring across in this conversation. Social stability is nothing but an evolved Christianity."

"When you are right and social stability is our only salvation, then we can easily conclude that mankind has no chance of survival. You are talking to a representative of a doomed race that refused to follow the instructions of Christ. If this is all truth then Christianity has failed. But that makes you criminals. You could with ease contact us with great powers and show us we are idiots. It's for you a small effort to change the public opinion at once in the right direction."

"You enter the terrain of intergalactic ethics, and those are even harder to understand than the ethics of human relations. That will follow later. Your carelessness has turned into deep depression; from one extreme to the other; we didn't mean that to happen. With the following we hope to bring back some optimism."

"The second component from which the collective conscious sphere consists is the immaterial creativity. It is independent thinking that seeks the divine. From the desire of the absolute and eternal the human seeks contact with God and his fellow human. Searching for possibilities to experience Omni-creativity in the conscious. You have to continue keep in mind that it is about that mental level. In the heads of all people, in the exis-sphere, mankind lives on and remains alive as long there are people. The problem is on how to plant the ability to manifest the universal Spirit in all those heads, the desire of unselfishness. In our words: to create a stable mental level. We have told you how that should happen. The first is a social system to free the mental state of people from material influences. When freedom, justice and efficiency have been achieved to the max then the desire for unselfishness will spread itself like an oil stain on

water. As soon all those heads go seek the great adventure of life inside each other and experiencing Omni-creativity then a new powerful collective conscious rises, the Omni-creative exisphere. This 'exisphere' is the echo of all the divine in which every unselfish action and thought lives on. It are all the thought powers that contributed towards an unselfish mental constitution, that brought a piece of social caring and sacrifice into it. You could compare the exisphere with a great central antenna system that increases the Omni-creative signals and sends them out to every person. The individual mental power is the possibility to receive the divine. The receiving ability becomes stronger and stronger by the powerful reflector, the exisphere on which all previous generations have worked on. Every person has in this process the same chances, as much the great scholar as the primitive one. What is needed is the right mental viewpoint that rises from freedom and the self chosen purpose coming from that freedom."

"But according you, our soul is only that little piece that we achieved by immaterial creativity during our life. This seems such a tiny part that you can no longer speak of true existence."

"Concepts as small or large suggest dimensions of time and space that don't exist in the immaterial structure of the universe. You have to learn to think without time and instead the infinity when you speak about mental achievements. The only important is if the mental abilities have developed to an independent existence, no matter how proportional. A fraction of infinity is already infinitive! The individual conscious in a high civilization is the result of all creativity that has formed it. A selfish person lives on in the selfish ways of others, as a direct conscious aspect. He will be present when the offspring plucks the bitter fruits of selfishness. But also an unselfish person is present when the off spring experiences the joy of unselfishness. A human lives on in its creativity for as long there are still people. The material creativity though will never find the connection with the final goal of human evolution. It will always be cut off from the higher evolution regions, and the conscious aspect of all those selfish people will end on a dead track. Selfishness will always be erased out the brains of the living generation. This can happen by two ways. The first is the possibility of selfdestruction of a race so there be no longer any living heads. The second possibility is destruction of selfishness by upbringing and marriage selection. This is an even harder to understand point. We imagine a social stable world where the people live in unlimited security and complete freedom. What happens there is a selection after mental level. Because who will procreate? Who will sacrifice their freedom and carry the heavy responsibility of having children? Not the selfish human, not the adventure types or the sexual explorers, but only the people with the right mental attitude. The medical science reaches the level of controlling the genetic laws completely. Then also the marriage selection will focus on intelligence, character and even beauty. When this process lasts long enough, the selfishness vanishes to such a limit that the race can reach cosmic integration. The blank sheet of every baby will be written with only immaterial creativity. Where did the material creativity go? Where has the selfishness gone? Where is the mental power of all those selfish people gone to, of all them millions if not billions of people that normally would have lived on in the living generation? They have vanished, gone forever. A cruel process but there is no choice because otherwise selfishness could destroy all of mankind. Are you beginning to understand that banishing selfishness has nothing to do with unrealistic idealism, but that it is a matter of life or death?"

"I feel more and more desperate. The more I realize you are right, the more anxious I get. If you won't help us, then who will? This is all not achievable. Setting aside the I in favor of the common good? Impossible!"

"Nonsense Stef. You underestimate the good powers of good will that are working on this planet. Besides there are so many races that have already reached supercivilization, why not Earth? Everything you need to reach social stability is just insight of the goal of human evolution."

"The goal of human evolution is Christian immortality? So it is a religious purpose?"

"No, It is a social purpose. The human will have to reach the bridge with Omni-creativity by a goal aimed and logical reasoned social development. The universal ideology formulates and judges this goal aimed path and scales the values of good and evil along this path. It is no religion or conviction. It holds just the laws of natural order. It knows no fixation or dogmas. It is a dynamic. The formulating of the

immaterial structure of the universe gives every individual, at least in the beginning, almost unlimited possibilities for own interpretations. See, you can be a Christian, Buddhist or Atheist with it.”

“Why those words ‘at least’?”

“The advancing scientific discoveries narrow the borders for individual interpretations. After a while, all details of the immaterial structure will be found. For you there is still enough of freedom of interpretation present and needed. At the start the universal ideology needs a large assimilation possibility for the many thought directions. Time will bridge the different interpretations itself. So they are not that important. Besides an existing life conviction may never be broken. That would be a big discrimination. Except the anti social aspects they have to be left intact. What you miss is the modesty and wisdom that no ideology or religion is the sole truth. Only the insight that all of you together have to walk the hard path to cosmic integration, each from a different point, can solve your differences. The arrogance is what keeps you apart.”

“How did you plant that insight on your planet? I mean the insight needed for a universal economy.”

“On Iarga in the beginning of social stability, a large philosophical group existed that fought against discriminations. People with a certain minimal level could join, men and women. Joining happened by the promise of a certain scientific specialization and the promise to not accept any larger income then the average of the labor force they were working with.”

“Why this limit of income?”

“This group was leading the Iargen revolution. They strived for liquidation of all discriminations by improving the mental level. So they also strived for leveling of income and giving the right example by limiting their consumption to the average. The rest of the income was used to cover the costs of their large worldwide organization.”

“So they were like priests!”

“You could compare it with that. We call them instructors of civilization.”

“And do they have to work next to their priest work?”

“Yes of course. They want to be immaterial creative in their free time. The group strives to cover all people and so they have to fulfill their normal social obligations first. Also an artist has to do manual labor. Everyone has to contribute to society. Everyone wants to be creative and so everyone deserves the same opportunities.”

“And what kind of religious practices are there?”

“We plant only civilization and we do that during meetings which we call mental training. This group consists of almost all scientists and the leaders of our government system. So we have a large choice from a team of experts from every field. A mental training characterizes itself by variety and cosmopolitanism. Every meeting is different. We know small discussion groups and mass meetings. We got them outside or during a walk or around a fire or inside in our gardens or in combination with movie shows. It always begins with an instruction by a scientist. The amount of subjects is infinitive. We could invite an artist or an astronaut or a psychologist etc etc. After the instruction the training leader takes the word and relates the subject to society or human relations or stimulates new creative possibilities. It differs each time we never know whats coming next.”

“But praying or talking with God doesn’t happen?”

“When are you going to understand that the God you are looking for is inside yourself and in every good deed and in every unselfish thought. Then you would realize that when people are united with the intention of good will, the conversations will be nothing but talking with Omni-creativity. Didn’t Christ say that he will be present when you get together in his name?”

I made a despondent gesture

“You are telling me actually the idea that religion is out of date.”

“No Stef. We are only telling you the idea that your Christianity is out of date. It is by far time to see that Christ his teaching has to be translated into social standards and that he meant to plant a stable mental level to prevent selfdestruction.”

“So Christ’ teachings are indeed the only right one?”

“No. The teachings were correct but with what you people made of it, it became incorrect. From the universal ideology seen is only that correct what is focused on human evolution. Tomorrow when you know what cosmic integration is, you will come to understand that for example your communism and Buddhism have a more clear goal than Christianity and by that are more correct. We will end for today. Think over all we talked about, but don’t forget to get a good nights’ sleep. Make sure you have a good absorption ability for tomorrow. Good Night.”

Chapter 6

Cosmic integration

“Good morning Stef. You are late, were there troubles on board?”

The eight astronauts sat, or rather hung again in all possible indifferent positions in their adjustable seats with the haughty nonchalance of beings that feel master of the situation.

“Och, a second day of being locked aboard is for my wife and children not a great holiday idea. Yesterday it was ok, also because of the bad weather, but now the weather is improving it is hard to keep the children calm.”

“Does that mean problems for our conversations today?”

“No, not the least. Nothing or none can keep me from finishing this conversation. Only we have to end it this evening. I have food and drinks with me and my wife knows that I won’t come up until we are finished.”

“That is excellent. We will adapt the program accordingly. Then we shall leave this evening. We begin now with the supercivilization. The identity of such a final cosmic civilization is the stability and that will be hard to understand for a representative of a race that is still totally unstable. So what you will need is some creative imagination. We will repeat shortly what social stability is, the starting point of a supercivilization. The efficiency creates unbridled wealth, an unlimited social security and a clean planet which can sustain the natural balance for indefinite time. Justice doesn’t just liquidates discriminations, but also the level-distinction between people and all criminality. Freedom creates the immaterial creativity, the great migration around the world, mixture of races and the stable human happiness (wisdom). From this social stable level the development continues. There will never be an end to creativity, this desire to continue improve something in life. The mental level rises so high, that eventually the distribution of wealth is no longer verified. The individual has become this responsible that he will make sure himself that his income doesn’t exceed the average, out free will and because of the risen mental level that gives awareness of responsibility. All goods are free available for everyone. The end goal of the universal economy is reached, the human is liberated from material influences. The period of immaterial creativity starts, the aimed thinking to make all people happy. The human learns to think and experience from a groupstructure viewpoint and because of the large immigration urge, becomes fully cosmopolitan in mind. You are simply friends with everyone under all circumstances. You share all goods with everyone. Such a human can only be happy among other happy people. For that a good physical health is essential. The race perfects the procreation selection in a manner that also the physical condition and beauty becomes important. The last one comes from an artistic beauty desire that rises in a higher culture. Eventually the superhuman is created. It is a highly intelligent and sensible developed creature which can only be happy in a large and like minded group. They have a fine and strong physical body and optimum natural health. Their interest is purely aimed at love, knowledge, beauty and the happiness of others. Their urge for happiness is unselfish and never pointed at self. They consider it very antisocial to think about self. The individual urge for happiness has been transferred onto others: Others are concerned about my happiness, I only about the happiness of others.”

The voice paused to let it sink in. I shrugged my shoulders.

“It falls fully outside my judgment if this superlove will be ever possible on this Earth.”

“You are mistaken. Be careful with the word impossible, because it is about the immortality of the human race. Of course it is possible! ‘Superlove’ or supercivilization liquidates human guilt (sin). The human will stand free from guilt in front of the other.”

I sighed

“Unfortunately, my imagination fails me. This could never be possible on Earth.”

“Think about the words of Christ: If you don’t become like one of these children, then you can’t enter the Kingdom of Heaven. What did he take example of in these little children?”

I sighed again.

“Their innocence.”

“Not only their innocence but even more: their dependence. But before we continue, we want to know if you understand what a superhuman is?”

“Och I imagine some sort of intelligent muscleman.”

“They have a fine formed, muscular body and will be larger than you. Their physical is the result of centuries of scientific selection from an artistic race, stimulated by intense sporting.”

“But you are not big?”

“We are notable larger than our ancestors but smaller than you. But that’s only because our heavier gravity on our planet.”

“So you practice a lot of sports?”

“Indeed, but it isn’t about competition like with your sports. For unselfish people that would be incorrect. The superhuman sports because of his responsibility to stay in good physical condition. He carries a heavy responsibility towards his ancestors that done all the effort for centuries to create this optimum body that can make the person happier. His true interest is only directed at creativity, creating beauty and joy and being together with others in the likeminded sharing of the moment. His body he only considers as a temporary aid. But next to this mental and physical evolution another development happened, namely along science and technology. It is still unimaginable for you what a development-level an absolute race can and needs to reach before it becomes truly stable. First of all the natural metabolism cycle of the planet must be under control, including the climate and weather. The tension balance in the Earth its crust is another difficult problem that needs to be controlled to prevent movement and quakes. Medical science and technique will evolve that far that it comes to master life and death. Physics and technique get to a level of being able to govern entire nature and even the cosmos. With the invention of the solarwheel, that can produce reactionfree cosmic forces, interstellar spacetravel becomes possible. With free cosmic forces the human can alter entire paths of planets and whole solarsystems. The basics of these forces is a strong concentrated energy bundle that pushes out the cosmic carrierfield. All matter that gets into this beam disappears. Through a sort of implosion it collapses back as immaterial energy in the cosmic carrierfield. Never the less it causes heavy energy explosions along the sides of this beam, so you could describe it like a cosmic atomic flamethrower. In the matter thin areas in the cosmos, this beam could travel for lightyears and destroy everything on its way. The human could not only change the course of planets but also destroy them. He could defend himself against asteroids that come too close to his planet or spaceship. Human reaches omnipotence, all powerful situation and controls the cosmos. He can maintain intelligent life on his planet for indefinite time. When all these developments have taken place then the race has reached the period of supercivilization. The race has become fully stable thus also in human relations. This means not only socially stable but also mentally stable. It leaves every individual free because it has been freed from all material and selfish influences, which would still justify some limitations. And now we reach the final conclusion: Mental stable and complete free people are fully happy people in their experience of creativity. The supercivilization is the period of human happiness where every human celebrates the day he got born.”

The voice paused

“So is this the end? It that the heaven and immortality that Christ promised us?”

“There will be never an end to human creativity because Omni-creativity is infinitive. Even a heaven

isn't stationary. But Stef, do you think it's of use to climb the steps of knowledge further and further? Do you think you can keep following us?"

"I am prepared for the impossible, go ahead."

"No, the impossible would be pointless. Then you would get confused. For example you couldn't imagine the human becoming free from guilt one day. In fact the denial of the possibility of a supercivilization. Is it useful to continue?"

"If Christ called us for a supercivilization then I am prepared to accept it as a realistic possibility. I will no longer compare it with the Earth of today."

"Christ didn't invite you all for a supercivilization but for cosmic integration. The human is the goal of creation for all the matter surrounded in this solarsystem. He has been created as a block creative matter and he will return as immaterial creativity to the Omni-creativity, like 'the lost son to the father house'. The moment comes when he starts to long again after the Father, after his time in materialism, and he goes on his way home. But look, the Father meets him halfway and guides him the last part. When does the Omni-creativity meet the human to help him on that last bit? The answer is: the moment that the human from his individual freedom of action starts to act collectively towards becoming one with the Omni-creativity (the moment he lets go of self, which he can because he feels free, and that opens up his immaterial existence from within and next because he is part of society, has to include everyone into it..and if all those borders are gone, then you get integrated into the immaterial structure of cosmos..which as they said, helps you the last bit). The character of a supercivilization is the collective purpose of searching for direct contact with Omni-creativity. This searching cannot happen from the arrogant selfconsciousness of an all powerful race (assertiveness), but from a constitution of childish dependence, innocence and love, which are the reflections of ultimate unselfishness. The selection norms for entrance of Omni-creativity are incredible heavy and if the 'Father' wouldn't meet us along the way, it would be an impossible task. And how are we guided? When unselfishness passes a certain threshold border, then it will appear like a self multiplying phenomenon. Expressed in a curve it reaches at such a fasting speed a point where the line accelerates to unimaginable heights. If you would understand that creativity is an immaterial energy radiation from the Omni-creativity, then maybe you can imagine what happens. An itself accelerating process of energy-rich creative impulses leads to an explosion of creativity, a burst with incredible energy. Mankind becomes Omni-creative. This process starts in the supercivilization. The exisphere crosses a threshold which makes the expansion so big, that human comes in direct 'thinking-contact' with Omni-creativity. This process we call the final contemplation. It starts as soon the first groups of people have reached a certain level of unselfish creativity. It becomes possible to reach such high levels of contact with Omni-creativity inside groups of people to translate it into knowledge and wisdom. You understand that creativity is the cause of human happiness. What an exceptional experience of happiness must a human experience when he becomes Omni-creative himself for a moment? He reaches a moment of ecstasy, because he releases his creative mental powers from the matter, from the own 'I' and in dazzling spiral rises to immeasurable heights of Omni-creativity. He experiences a moment of collective consciousness, the integration of spirit in the exisphere. And what is the exisphere?"

"All the unselfish creativity of past generations including the present generation."

"That is correct, but you have to add: and in what all those people continue to live and from which they be born again. But it goes further: the exisphere is everything in what the Omni-creativity has manifested itself through humans. The exisphere is the direct reflection of Omni-creativity. Would you dare to witness a practice of final contemplation on the screen?"

I doubted. Clearer than ever I felt they were getting me into terrains that we aren't ready for. But I said:"yes." I didn't understand all details of the manifestation, but I'll try my best to describe it.

The screen showed a new exotic image. Some hundred Iargans sat or lay in a mosscovered hollow about 30m across. This amphitheater arrangement afforded them all a view of a kind of abstract statue placed in the middle of the hollow. It was a hub with a series of shafts, on which were mounted about ten spoked, wheel-like objects. A man and a woman were, as artists, engaged in attaching colored globes to the ends

of the spokes; beside them, a man addressed the gathering. Wide-eyed, I observed this colorful gathering that was engaged in a remarkable kind of “touching” ceremony. Left, right, and center, all were lying or sitting in, as far as we are concerned, intimate poses; looking and listening. This took place in the early stages of their super culture.

They used a “simple” method of teaching their riper youth to develop their powers of final contemplation, and these had been prepared for this evening by a day of special activities and mental training. The orator in the middle of the group concentrated their thoughts on the object by means of questions, the purpose being that everyone present would feel the answer at the moment of the ecstatic climax. The contemplation training is aimed at the development of a strong collective thought power, a matter controlling power, through mutual concentration on a visual object. In this case a kind of electronic fire that had to be synchronized by their power of thought. The orator had ended his questions, and now made a gesture in the direction of a number of musicians seated at some long, low instruments. These placed their fingers on the ten keys of the instrument and began to press them in and out in a certain rhythm, and at the same time, move them from left to right and back again. Each set of five keys could move independently, a sort of movable piano keyboard. The gathering reacted immediately, they sat straight up with their legs crossed and their hands on the shoulders or knees of the person next to them. Seven women dressed in transparent blue veils stood up from the front row and formed a ring around the central object. The artists that had decorated the object seated themselves at another piece of equipment that also had keys, fitted in discs that could tilt as well as turn.

Then the lights went out and they were seated in darkness. I had slowly but surely become used to seeing strange situations, but this was the climax of the Iargan series. The object began to move. It turned in its vertical axis, and the individual spoke systems each turned on its own axis, while tilting at the same time. The globes at the end of the spokes began to throw off sparks as if they were glowing hot. Then the sparks began to form a haze and sprung over between the wheels until the whole two meter high object was transformed into a turbulent ball of fire. The intensity of the light increased, and the original bluewhite color changed into a fantastic color composition of boiling waves of individual spots of orange, red, yellow, green, blue, and white.

At points where spots of the same color touched each other, blinding flashes appeared; the final result is best described as a blinding, boiling fireball, that illuminated the surroundings with intense flashes of multicolored light. The seven veiled women danced with jerky movements to the rhythm of the music, such a graceful, refined, perfectly coordinated dance, that I can only call it staggering. Their transparent veils and their glass-like skin seemed to absorb the light flashes to such an extent that it seemed as if they themselves were emitting a constantly changing glow of light. The haughty concentration with which they performed their dance made them seem like supernatural beings, elevated far above the material. The gathering watched the fire dance in deep concentration, moving slightly to the beat of the music. The turbulence and flashing of the globes began to take on a more regular pattern; suddenly, the lights formed into colored bands and the flashing ceased. At that moment a shock ran through the gathering, they seemed to increase their concentration on the fireball. The music stopped and the dancers stood like statues. Deadly silence. Suddenly, the flashes of light began again, but this time in the colored bands, and in a controlled pattern of movement. This was the supreme moment at which their powers of contemplation manifested themselves invisibly.

Their collective thoughtpower was used to compel(tvinge) the two operators of the electronic fire to perform the fast and faultless actions that were needed to synchronize the colors, something that is impossible to do alone. As soon as the synchronization was accomplished, the two operators removed their hands from the controls and the necessary control was performed purely by the thought-power of the group. This continued for several minutes. The impression that all this made on me was almost destructive. I was in such a state of confusion that I nearly lost control of myself and was at the point of fainting. I got the urge to fly up and smash my head to pieces against the steel walls. I lost all control and right at that moment the lightball stopped and it got dark. The red glowing balls were still twirling a bit

when I was watching the image of a crowd standing fully still and being in almost absurd concentration. After that the view disappeared and showed again this calming soft green light as before. It must have taken minutes before I regained myself.

“Devils, what was this kind of madness. I would have gone crazy.”

“We observed you closely Stef, how far we could go with these images. It has been a shock for us to see how you have been able to keep your selfcontrol all through the end. We added some impulses which compensated the missing of sound.”

“It was quite close or I had made accidents.”

“You didn’t make them. This test shows that you have already a mental stability that theoretically could make it possible that with only a few years education you could become a member of a supercivilization. When you can do this then there must be at least a million others on this planet able to handle this too. You have made us shockingly realize that your race has the potency to create a supercivilization within the near future; for us a special interesting conclusion.”

“I am sorry, but I don’t understand any of it. What has that firedance to do with a supercivilization?”

“We will try to explain. The firedance with the confusing and sharp rhythmic music with blinding color flashes has no other goal than the binding of thought power. Against this inferno of mentally confusing impulses the group has to defend itself with the help of touching each other and operate like one front together using their mental powers to bring the electronic fire under control. The stunning effects, makes the spirit loose of the individual conscious and transforms it into a collective conscious. Also it has the function of selection. Only people with strong selfcontrol and a stable mind are able to withstand the confusing effects and bring them under control with mass mind powers. This last thing became visible on the moment purely straight color bundles were created. That was the signal the conscious became collective and from this conscious the question phrase of the priest became like the tuning of it. This group of creative minds was on that moment one large radiotelescope of nature, tuned on a certain modulation of the cosmic carrierfield. In a pure experience of feelings their thoughtpowers integrated into the exisphere and a direct contact with Omni-creativity was formed. There are people that describe the contemplative mind-ecstasy as the moment where it seems like the skull opens up and the thought power extends into an unlimited space. Others describe it like entering the mind in a space with a blinding light and nourishing warmth. The physical sensation gets described as a moment of shivering ecstasy or happiness. But whatever words are used, we guaranty you they only show a fraction of the total experience of feelings in such moments; where the human from face to face stands with the source of all knowledge and wisdom. The human comes near the situation of all-knowing and all-wisdom in a long process of many contemplative contacts. The ‘Father’ meets the ‘lost son’. Every individual wants to reach the final contemplation and accepts the challenge of his creative capacity.”

“Maybe after this explanation you start to understand how this contemplation can bind a race of billions of intelligent creatures to one homogeneous and inseparable group that has only one goal, to perfection their mutual love so far that the whole race becomes able for direct integration in Omni-creativity. This desire for high absolute values with ignoring completely the relative, creates a mutual bond that absurd complete, that a permanent condition of collective conscious dissolves the individual conscious. The ‘Father’ has taken the ‘lost son’ in his arms and guides him home. In this last phase of supercivilization mankind blossoms to such a high degree of love, knowledge and wisdom, such a level of perfection, that no human on this Earth can even imagine it faintly. The only danger is still the arrogance of the all-power state. Only when they let themselves guided home in childish dependence will they experience the great moment of ‘coming home’. During a total, all including people, contemplating manifestation the process of cosmic integration happens. The collective conscious integrates for good in the exisphere and in this conscious the individual mental faculty of all people since the dawn of days manifests itself. Every one of them is actual present in their conscious. A permanent ecstasy rises by the experience of becoming one with Omni-creativity. The concept of ‘I’ vanishes and gets replaced by the ‘we’ of the exisphere. These ultra civilized people are the glorified bodies in which all the dead rise and they accept the kingdom that

was prepared for them since the dawn of days. The human is no longer the receiver of nature but has become the transmitter of immaterial energy. The control of the immaterial energy gives an enormous power because all matter is inferior to it. This can move mountains, force planets from their paths and turn matter into energy and reversed. It can even bring dead to life, make the blind see and calm storms. Nothing is impossible anymore. The human has become all powerful and immortal. Cosmic integration is succeeded. The cycle omni-creativity—matter—human—love—omni-creativity is closed, the material goal of evolution has been reached. The human takes part in a new heaven and new earth, an accomplished creation.”

“What is the goal of that cycle? Why this long complex road of omni-creativity to become itself again?”

“The omni-creativity remained itself all that time. It is the ‘Fatherhouse’ from where we left as matter and will return to as love. The goal is to make independent free intelligences with an own individual will participate with the everywhere present forcefield: the omni-creativity. It wants to give love and receive it. The perfect love is the interaction between universal immaterial love and the through the senses experienced love of the free human. Even a heaven doesn’t function with puppets. Neither is it a purely immaterial thing. Without the finally evolved human body cosmic integration isn’t possible. Cosmic integrated beings are the most efficient creatures you could imagine. They don’t produce food or cloths and still they are perfectly fed and dressed. They no longer need trains, airplanes or even spaceships. A material body that is all powerful can move with the speed of a thought. Matter is inferior to the mind. They can take part in all creativity everywhere in the cosmos.”

“Incredible! What an endless far removed endgoal.”

“There is no endgoal, Stef. Omni-creativity is infinitive. With the cosmic integration starts only a new phase. It is a new heaven and a new earth and only a succeeded creation concerning the own solarsystem. Freedom means the possibility for further creative expansion but also the possibility of losing the childish dependence, innocence and love. Even ‘angels’ can fall in their perfection, because they are free. The arrogance and selfishness lay on the lookout. Even in cosmic integration conflicts can happen between the arrogance and dependence. Omni-creativity can only be experienced by free beings with a clear understanding of responsibility. We don’t go any further. You have climbed the ladder of knowledge to the misty heights of cosmic integration. You’re knowledge stretches out over an immense area, but only knowledge is not enough. This has to be trained by practice of discussion, by experience. You have to ask questions that could improve your insights.”

A pause followed, that I used to pour a cup of coffee from the thermos. What should I ask? There was so much to ask that a week wouldn’t be enough.

“Well the first question then! I got the impression that you compared omni-creative people with the Christ figure. Do you mean that Christ was omni-creative?”

“Indeed, Christ was the first omni-creative human. All intelligent races know a Christ, a fellow being that becomes the direct appearance of omni-creativity. But a long history went before. All supercivilizations explore space and observe planets that contain life. It are non discriminating races that respect the laws of nature. This means they respect developing intelligent life, but are justified to improve the quality of the race by breeding selection. There are absolute races that look just like you, so we assume that also the human race been improved by interplanetary mixing. The downside of such an intervention is when you started that, you also have to destroy possible degenerations because they could degenerate or destroy a species. You should not regard interplanetary racial selection as an inferior facet of creation. We also find it our duty to plant life on every planet that offers the opportunity. Because what motivates these supercivilized beings? It is their love for creation and their unselfishness. The omni-creativity itself orders the creation process by intelligence that it controls itself. But such space travelers do more. They also plant charity (love for ones neighbor) and the desire for unselfishness among the primitive intelligent races with the purpose to create an embryonic exisphere. And why? From their love for omni-creativity they want to create more and more intelligent races that obtain the possibility for cosmic integration. And how do you do that? By creating antenna capacity through which a direct

reception of the modulations of the carrierfield becomes possible. The moment a reception circle resonates, a signal will come through. Christ got invited by the creative level of the exisphere of that time. With that the creative task of the guiding supercivilized race ended. Mankind became 'viable'.

Unfortunately this humanity hasn't understood the arrival of Him. It was the point of no return and hands off for other intelligent races. The human exisphere became timeless because the omni-creativity showed itself in this race. It will exist forever. There is no way back. Mankind has to move forward and there are only two options, success or failure, heaven or hell. A draw isn't with it."

"But we always speak of redemption, salvation."

"That is correct. Christ released the human existence from her material bonds and gave her a new creative dimension. You have to see it like His personality and instructions as a projection of the omni-creativity have remained on this earth and became part of the exisphere, a conscious part of the living people. But not His body and spirit itself. If they would have integrated in the exisphere then you would have had reached cosmic integration but that was impossible at that time. Not until the exisphere reaches the energy level, becomes omni-creative, will Christ's divine spirit and body return on this earth. In biblical words: Then the Son of people will return on the clouds in power and splendor."

"How is it possible that the christian church failed so bad?"

"Nonsense. Mankind failed collectively. It's no use to find a scapegoat. Besides the church didn't fail in her essential job, to keep the message of Christ alive in a large group of people. You notice we are not willing to discuss the past, but only the future. You have also to become focused on the future. Focused on cosmic integration."

"Nothing is purposeful with us. Where should we start?"

"You have to find that out yourself. We cannot help with that. But your remark that nothing is purposeful with you shows the arrogance of Christianity. With you the purposefulness exists maybe only in the church building, but take for example the Buddhism! It clearly has the marks of an universal ideology. The divine isn't placed central with them, but represents itself in a multitude of things, as well in nature or cosmos as in human thinking and actions. The Buddhists have the complete desire for unselfishness and the insight that selfishness is the cause of all suffering. They know the material detachment, the search for the absolute and the contemplation as highest degree of human thinking and as the possibility to reach enlightenment. But what they miss is a clear formulation of a socialsystem structure. Here the communism has taken the lead from Christianity as well Buddhism. It has a clear purpose of creating the universal economy. It rightly considers religions as opium for the people, as a serious obstacle with the socializing and stabilization of their society. Besides all the mistakes it still leads in the pursuit for social justice. Unfortunately it demonstrates a purposiveness only for the short run. It can only get a lasting legitimacy by aiming at the purpose of human evolution."

"But still is it unthinkable for me that religions have to be busy with social structures. This can never be the goal of a religion."

"Why unthinkable? The Islam for example has as a universal ideology the universal ethic of equality and brotherhood but doesn't have a separation between religion and state."

"I get the impression that you rate eastern religions higher than Christianity."

"It is a fool that thinks he could make a value distinction between different honest placed life convictions. They are of exact equal immaterial value and making a distinction shows rude arrogance. Christianity would gain value is it could reach this insight. You talk about freedom of speech. It is an important issue but also only the start. Truth freedom is the freedom to form your own opinion which is way more important. Only when a human is free to make up his own mind without any compulsive influences (propaganda), can he build a truth life conviction. That freedom must be already there in your upbringing. What you do by raising children in a political or religious conviction is nothing but mental pressure. It leads to unfreedom and fixation. Sometimes even fanaticism, obsessional neurosis. All one-sided repeated information should be forbidden. Make sure that your youth gets the chance for free forming of their life conviction. Plant with them the purposiveness of the universal ideology and from

that the right awareness of good and evil. Stimulate their creativity and you'll be amazed by the result.

Chapter 7

Final words

"The justice of you people I feel is right, but the sexual freedom cannot just be justified because it is unselfish?"

"For beings that live with a purpose of unselfishness the answer is easy. But we understand you want a more fundamental answer. The explanation leads us onto philosophical grounds. We will explain you the 'ethics of maximum survival'. The word 'maximum' is meant here literal like: the maximum survival chance for the maximum amount of people."

The screen showed an aerial view of Iarga again, but now less high than last time. The impressive traffic lines ran straight tracks through the ruff woods, flanked by the great living cylinders. It is not describable how impressive that world looks and how creepy unearthly the efficiency is tangible in every detail of this impressive panorama. Here lived 6000 people per square kilometer and still it wouldn't show. No traffic jams, no masses of people on the roads or around buildings, nothing pointed at such an insane overpopulation. Only the traffic intensity of the road-railtrack gave a slight signal in that direction.

"Why do you have such an insane overpopulation?"

"Would you accept the idea that an intelligent race is the creation-goal of matter?"

"Yes, sure."

"Then with how many would you like to reach cosmic integration?"

"With a reasonable amount."

"And who determents what reasonable is?"

"Yes, who would determine that?... Well, the answer seems simple, the people themselves with a public referendum."

"The answer is even simpler. The parents decide without referendum. A high mental level plus extreme freedom regulates this itself. Procreation is removed from the sphere of social necessity and has become a determined action of free people that have enthusiasm for their society and faith in the future. When they think the planet becomes overpopulated, then they stop reproducing."

"But you can't just leave it to the people can you. The proof that it goes out of hand shows on Iarga. Isn't it a matter also of informing people?"

"Your informing with the purpose to influence the public opinion is not legitimated. That is propaganda. We feel very flattered by your opinion that Iarga is insanely overpopulated. For us that is a great compliment. The question for you is why?"

"Because Iarga is the planet where people love each other and don't walk each other in the way. For you the concept of overpopulation doesn't exist."

"Your insight improves step by step. The willingness to raise children stands in direct relation with the enthusiasm, the joy of life and the confidence in the future. It is our love for the omni-creativity that makes us desire to reach cosmic integration with as much as possible people. And as soon you learn to think in maximum values, you'll experience that extreme efficiency principals are involved. To make sure that for example people don't walk in each other's way, you'll have to implement a long series of efficiency measures. The start is the efficiency of environmental planning and the transport system. It means the elimination of every pointless transport, a high transport capacity, preventing rush hours by spreading work hours and free time during the day and week, large recreation areas etc etc. A race that doesn't succeed to prevent the 'negative mass-confrontation' will never reach the optimum housing capacity of his planet."

"You speak of a spreading of work time. You don't have a Sunday celebration?"

"Of course we have that. Your week arrangement has the universal number of seven and nothing should change that. One of the seven days is for us a holiday which we celebrate with as large as possible groups

where we try to reach the final contemplation. It is the day of friendship and joy where we look forward to the entire week, the day of the longing for fulfillment.”

“I understand less and less of you people, how can you strive for such a high ethic and yet have sexual freedom.”

“Indeed that is hard to understand. Because is the human justified for birth control, to determine themselves the amount of children and so sexual freedom, if the natural ordering appears to require a faster reproduction? Till how far is the human justified to interfere? The answer is only given by a consequential logical reasoning. The human has the duty to preserve the race. If the planet is overpopulated, meaning it can’t feed a bigger amount of people, then the human is obligated to interfere and stop the growth. But does this right exist before this fatal amount is reached? The answer lays solid in the constitution of a high civilization: The human has the right to interfere rational in the natural ordering, only if he uses the same rationality to realize the goal of natural ordering along other ways. It is the constitution of the ethics of maximum survival. The human has the right to sexual freedom when he uses his intellectual powers to achieve the end-goal of natural ordering: the maximum population density of a planet, with other means. And what motivates us for what you call: insane overpopulation? What motivates us to all these efficiency measurements?”

“Your desire for omni-creativity.”

“Our love gives us the sexual freedom. Indeed! With other words; you don’t have that freedom. What is right for us, is wrong for you.”

I gasped for air

“But that is absurd. You that preach unlimited freedom tell me that according certain reasoning you can have birth control, but we can’t. What I buy for that. When you keep reasoning like that, then even the medical science is wrong because it goes against the natural ordering. Humans stay alive that were supposed to die, like children stay away that were supposed to be born.”

We sighed.

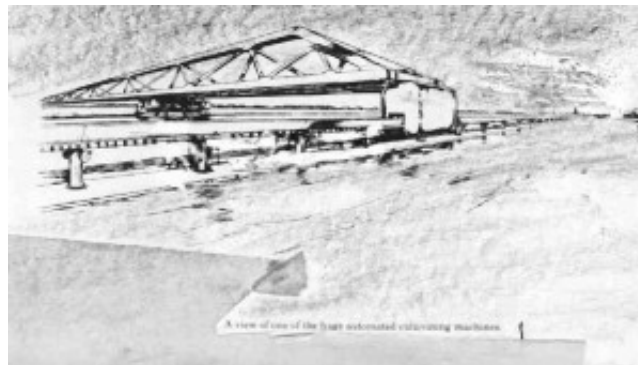
“Talking purely ethical interference by medical science is wrong, if this would destroy the natural reproduction-selection of the race. We have explained you our reproduction-selection throughout. It comes from our ethics of survivorship which justifies medical interference. That this acceptance has anything to do with words or reasoning is absurd. Only correct actions can cover ethical spoken words. The reproduction selection and maximum society are not words with us but actions.”

“So we have to stop medical help and birth control?”

“We don’t understand your sudden irritation. We been talking for a day and a half about the wrong awareness of values on Earth and right at the point of birth control you snap. Besides, who talks about stopping? You have to see it different. Medical interference in the natural ordering forces by cosmic law to the ethics of maximum survivorship, like your whole technological interference forces the realization of the universal civilization ethics. It is the other way around. Technology compels to ethics. You said a while ago that the word overpopulation doesn’t exist for us, but that is of course incorrect. There is certainly a limit and that is the production of food. The ethics of maximum survivorship focuses on this with high priority. Besides a food shortage would disrupt our society structure. The investments in our agriculture areas exceed even our housing. Our agriculture with the control of water levels, irrigation, fertilization and cultivation machines etc. demand gigantic ground-transport-projects with billions kilometers of piping and draining systems. Besides the construction of a canal system with great pumping stations. Our biggest concern is focused on a food production with a lowest possible minimum of risks of crop failure.”

After this followed an extensive demonstration in word and picture of an automated farm. Because of my inexperience with farming I don’t feel capable of an exact description and will do with some points that could be of importance. They don’t use artificial fertilization. It was lot more efficient to use human manure from the living blocks from the area around. Every house-block had two water circuits, one with cleansed water with a sort of soap foam and a drinking water circuit. There were also two drainage

circuits that kept soap water and faeces separated. The soap got cleared from the water along a chemical way, and each would be cleaned afterwards and could be used again. The faeces were converted in the basement to a fertilizer concentrate and pumped to large underground reservoirs in the agriculture areas. Also the trash chutes were separated for fiber-trash and unusable trash. The last was burned in waste incinerators with very high temperatures. The smoke gasses and the ashes together with waste water were pumped deep into the ground. In some mysterious way or another this had to do something with preventing heavy earthquakes. In the agriculture areas stood impressive free span bridges of more than hundred meters long. They moved over the full length ($\pm 10\text{km}$) of such an area, with at least 20 of such lanes next to each other. In such a free span bridge which hung about 3 meters above ground, you could hang all possible apparatus that would be controlled from a central controlroom.



Text for drawing: Huge automated cultivating machines consisted of great bridge structures with a free span. These bridges moved transversely along rails which ran the full length of the fields. They work a piece of land up to 250 meters wide by 10 kilometers long. The bridge structures carried a variety of equipment which was controlled from a central control room. Fertilizers and sprays are introduced via the central rail and administered by means of a rolling tank. At the end of the rail the whole unit turns and returns over a parallel strip of ground. These machines would sterilize the ground first with deadly rays, before seeds were planted. The difference with our primitive farming methods and these Iargen 'super efficiency' is bizar.

They showed me one at work. First a ground strip was cut out in two layers by U-shaped knives then these strips were radiated with lethal rays, next turned over and during spraying with a muddy substance, laid back in the trench. Then seeds were planted by fast picking goosehead-like pipes for the next harvest and at last the surface was sprayed with a white plastic-like layer. What the machine left behind looked like a dancefloor. They were masters of atomization. After this I got shown something that looked like stock breeding. It took place in the bottom levels of a normal housing cylinder. In like 100 meter long rooms stood in 4 rows a small sort of hippo-like animals. They stood with their heads in a large, on the ground standing cylinder. Around their neck was a wide ring that was attached to the cylinder. The sight of the 'stable' was spotless. My first impression was a sort of animal abuse, but it appeared that these animals were not living, not in a normal way at least. Their consciousness was turned off, the same way as they could with their patients in the hospitals. The animals were fed artificial through a sort of piping and they were breathing sterile air. As newborns they were put there, partly hanging on a girth, and made unconscious and kept that way. From time to time the muscles were activated with artificial nerve impulses to stimulate the meat production. This was literary the automatic production of half living meat.

"Do your ethics allow you to kill animals?"

"Certainly. We are like you from our natural ordering predators that eat meat and fish. Our ethic allows the painless slaughtering of animals, if the species is maintained. Animal abuse does not happen by unselfish beings."

"Is this legitimized according you?"

“Of course. These animals never suffer any pain or fear, opposite to the situation with you where animals suffer pain during transport or sickness or are driven into an abattoir with the fear of death.”

Well, I guessed so!

At last they showed me a sight on foodproduction in their oceans. Opposite to our plans there was nothing to see of real under water cultures, yet it was all pointed at production of fish. If their love for fish had anything to do with their amphibious origin I couldn't guess. Besides the way on how this was done was so gigantic that no human would think of it ever. The project was a combination of three different tasks. The first was the climate control that tried to get a temperature leveling of the surface water in their oceans. On a depth of about 50m ran a sizeable 'piping-network' through their oceans with a diameter so large that a traffic airplane could fly through it. The tubes were made of a plastic material and from underwater pumpstations the warm water from equatorial seas was pumped to cold areas. And from there the cold water back again. Their fishing consisted simply out the fact that the fish were 'filtered' out these large water movements by size. Then they were electrocuted and pumped to large factories at the coast. The peculiar thing was that these fish looked just like ours. Like I saw 4-5 m long fish that looked exactly like our sharks. I seen swordfish also. Next to this fishing method they had also a method to lure fish of prey by sound vibrations with taste and color agents. But they also practiced breeding of fish. The eggs were extracted and fertilized and placed in large closed off bays. They were raised to a certain size there and then released. This was their method to get food from the ocean. The third function this water transport had was to create beaches and water recreation areas with warm water! Yes, life on Iarga isn't that bad!

“We think that the consequences of the ethics of maximum survivorship have been made clear enough for you.”

I sighed once again

“Yes, it is clear. You are able to any investment that comes to your minds. What you all do is logical, but it has to be possible.”

“Mankind also is capable of anything if you would do it together. The human creativity is also unlimited. Only insight is needed. The insight that on Earth a big new action is needs to be launched with all people together. And the name of this action, of the goal-aimed plan should be: Operation Survival Earth.”

“Argh, stop that. You really think mankind has a chance of survival? You really believe that we have even one out off a thousand chance to reach that level of civilization?” And I pointed at the Iargen panorama in front of me.

Immediately the view on the screen changed and a new astonishing sight of the cosmos appeared. Against the velvet violet-black background of the cosmos with hundreds of stars hung in grand splendor a giant blue-white ball: the Earth. The sight was so overwhelming and so 'real' that I felt physical present in the spaceship from where this recording was made. I almost wanted to cry. Such a great sight, such a beautiful thing I had never seen. About the entire globe was lighted and on the small edges of the earthshadow shined orange to purplish spots of clouds in the light of the undergoing sun. In the middle of the ball was a large cloudless area that showed brown islands with a green layer that clearly stood out against the blue water.

“This is the blue planet with the blinding light and the gracious high-legged human race. One of the most beautiful planets we know. A cosmic paradise between all those uninhabited planets, between all those disconsolately contra-weights of nature. The cosmic jewel that been hung with tender care between the contra-weights that make it possible that the earth stays at right distance from the sun. A cosmic home for a gracious intelligent race that could be a paradise if this race would only understand the cosmic message of love. A cosmic declaration of love to the creative capacity of the human race. We don't have to tell you how fine this earth is, do we? It is strange to see how sharp the contrast is of the beauty of the earth with the horrible disconsolately of the uninhabited ballastblocks. Why would the omni-creativity spend so much care on these inhabited planets, on a material world that lays so far away from the immaterial structure? Why? For the animals? Would they with their intelligence without reasoning understand any of

it? Or would this beauty maybe be meant for the reasonable creature that can enjoy it with his intellect and can be moved by it? Does the beauty of this earth not have the message that the creative power of the universe seeks admiration and affection of his chosen human? You've been given the freedom and a paradise plus the ability to be creative in the expression of your feelings. You can have love, admire, enjoy and be in ecstasy, in short you can be happy. The omni-creativity has placed you in a ready bed where with the right insight but with relative little effort could be happy. We pity these people. They live in a cosmic paradise with stability and joy of life in reach, but they don't see it. They don't dare to believe in a grand future that awaits behind the horizon. They feel powerless, imprisoned by the self-multiplying selfishness. The same with you. You feel powerless, hopeless. Did you really think we would have started this conversation if things were hopeless? Not at all. With the support of cosmic love nothing is impossible. Don't be scared by all the news and television reports but believe solid in the good will that is present with millions of people. You have the insight Stef and now you have to find the courage to dare to trust. You have to find the courage to face the public opinion. Because don't misunderstand the overwhelming power of the right insight. Intelligent people have the natural ability to recognize correctness, because intelligence makes the human able to be objective. They can place themselves in another's circumstances. Because what did we give you? We gave you insight in the cosmic harmony, a piece of mental level, a piece of the Iargan exisphere. The most valuable gift we could give you. A gift with great impact but also very dangerous. Terrible dangerous because it could interfere with human freedom if not handled right. We placed a heavy responsibility on us by this talk, but also on your shoulders. So we will now talk about the ethics of interplanetary contacts. We told you about the moment in a development of an intelligent race where it says: 'hands off' for all supercivilization races. This is the moment when the omni-creativity manifests itself in one of the members of that race. For you that was the coming of Christ. And why hands off? Only in freedom human creativity can develop itself to a purposefulness that creates the joy, the peace with oneself. Only in freedom a human can be unselfish and only in freedom he can reach cosmic integration. An unfree human means nothing. The freedom is cosmic untouchable. Interfering with the freedom of a race that is meant to reach cosmic integration is the biggest crime possible a supercivilization can commit. We are not allowed to help you. We are not allowed to contact openly, but we do feel justified to operate along some edges. Like we visit your planet together with other races regular and show ourselves from time to time. During the last years we have also flown large amounts of saucers around, simple anti-gravity planes, in the hope that you will search for the reason one day why other races show themselves but not make contact. Regretful this has failed; probably by intentional secrecy of military side. This is how the plan risen to give a piece of metal to a human from which we could assume he represents some intelligent level. But also in the contact we would try to see in how far a conversation would be possible. And see, the conversation been possible till the end. The race that was chosen for this talk had to differ as much as possible in appearance and size, by the race their planetary conditions, but still acceptable for an unprepared human. And so we were asked, also because we been already around this planet for quite some time."

"Why did you have to be different from us?"

"To create the biggest chance that none would believe you."

"Well that's right, no human will believe this story. But what is then the point of this conversation?"

"The point of this conversation is planting a thesis, a theoretical possibility to which every human can say yes or no. It has to leave the human freedom intact. Put yourself in our place. We have come very close to omni-creativity. We live with it and love it. How can we in heavens name prevent that the earth blows itself up, without interfering with their freedom? Think with us, what would you do? Maybe you would have had the same idea as us: If only there was one human with the correct insights! But how can we give him this insight, without that he is going to put pressure on his environment? How could you achieve that? Because imagine he could write a report, together with indisputable proof that shows the origin of the information is from a strange supercivilization. Imagine he could silence all opposition, what you think would be the effect?"

“The idea seems amusing to me but the effect? Och, I know the answer. It is a natural law of a high civilization. It would create unfreedom, so a discrimination. The result would be chaos.”

“We are relieved. With our meeting we tested your unselfishness. You did the rescue quick and without hesitation. We selected a reasonable unselfish human and now have the desperate hope that you will understand and accept your responsibility. Your report may never carry the authenticity. You will have to write it like your own thought-process and leave us outside.”

“A thought-process of my own? Your advice isn’t fair. It would be showing off with others their achievements.”

“When is honesty correct? Only between beings of equal level. We haven’t been honest either. We didn’t tell you more than you could handle and accept. The rest we avoided in a cunning way. Honesty is also for you no longer correct. You may never affect the human freedom.”

“This means we have to destroy the pictures we made?”

“Indeed. There is no choice. Not a single proof, how small it may be, may remain here, except your insight.”

“What a complications. The whole case becomes harder to handle for me.”

“Courage Stef, that’s the only thing you need. Courage and confidence.”

“We will now keep the promise we made at the beginning of this meeting and show you our spacecraft.”

The screen showed a new picture in space with thousands of stars in the endless black depths of the cosmos. In the middle hung four shining round discs, spaced at regular intervals and exactly in line. A moment later these objects turned slowly and I was able to see a side view. I felt a wild triumph welling up inside me.

“Flying saucers, real live flying saucers!”

In the side view they had the streamlined profile of a perfect discus with knife-sharp edges. They were marked from above and below with many concentric rings, but windows or any other sign that living beings were on board were nowhere to be seen. Only on the outer right ship was a small projecting cylindrical ridge to be seen, which blindingly reflected the sunlight. They were connected to each other by a cable and apart from this, I could see no other details.

“How large are those things?”

“You can judge that for yourself. The navigation dome is raised in the last craft and you have walked over it.”

“You don’t mean that small shining ridge?”

“Certainly.”

I was shocked. You would build a villa on that platform! “But. . .now, let me see. They must be nearly 250 meter in diameter!”

“Our compliments on your power of estimation.”

I was breathless. A supertanker could turn on one of them! “Such a monster is surely not here underwater?”

“No, this is a landing unit, a complete spacecraft of much smaller dimensions that can detach itself from the mother ship, operate independently in space and land on planets.”

“Why are they so large?”

“They are not so large. We would like to build them bigger, but for safety reasons, each space command consist of five ships. You cannot see the last one here because the film was made by this ship during a coupling maneuver close to Iarga. The ships are connected to each other by a hollow tube containing a lift. We are therefore able to visit each other.”

“Why do they have the discus form?”

“The discus is the final universal form of starships. The main reason is the round form of the propulsion unit: the sun wheels. To give you an idea of this, here is a film.”

A gigantic, round, factory hall appeared, at least twelve hundred feet in diameter and with a self-

supporting roof construction. One of these craft was under construction. A complicated, star-patterned rib construction in which the contours of an enormous discus could clearly be seen. Hundreds of Iargans in orange-colored overalls were working in innumerable floor levels between cranes and other equipment. Close to the outer edge of the discus were two round pipes, each of about 6 m in diameter and about 4 m apart, one above the other. Outside this doubletube system was a much larger tube with a triangular cross section, rounded off at the corners. This was connected to the other two tubes by tangential, trumpet-shaped pipes. This ring system was the sun wheel.

“When I don’t understand how a set of tubes can power a spaceship, you can hardly expect me to understand why they must be round.”

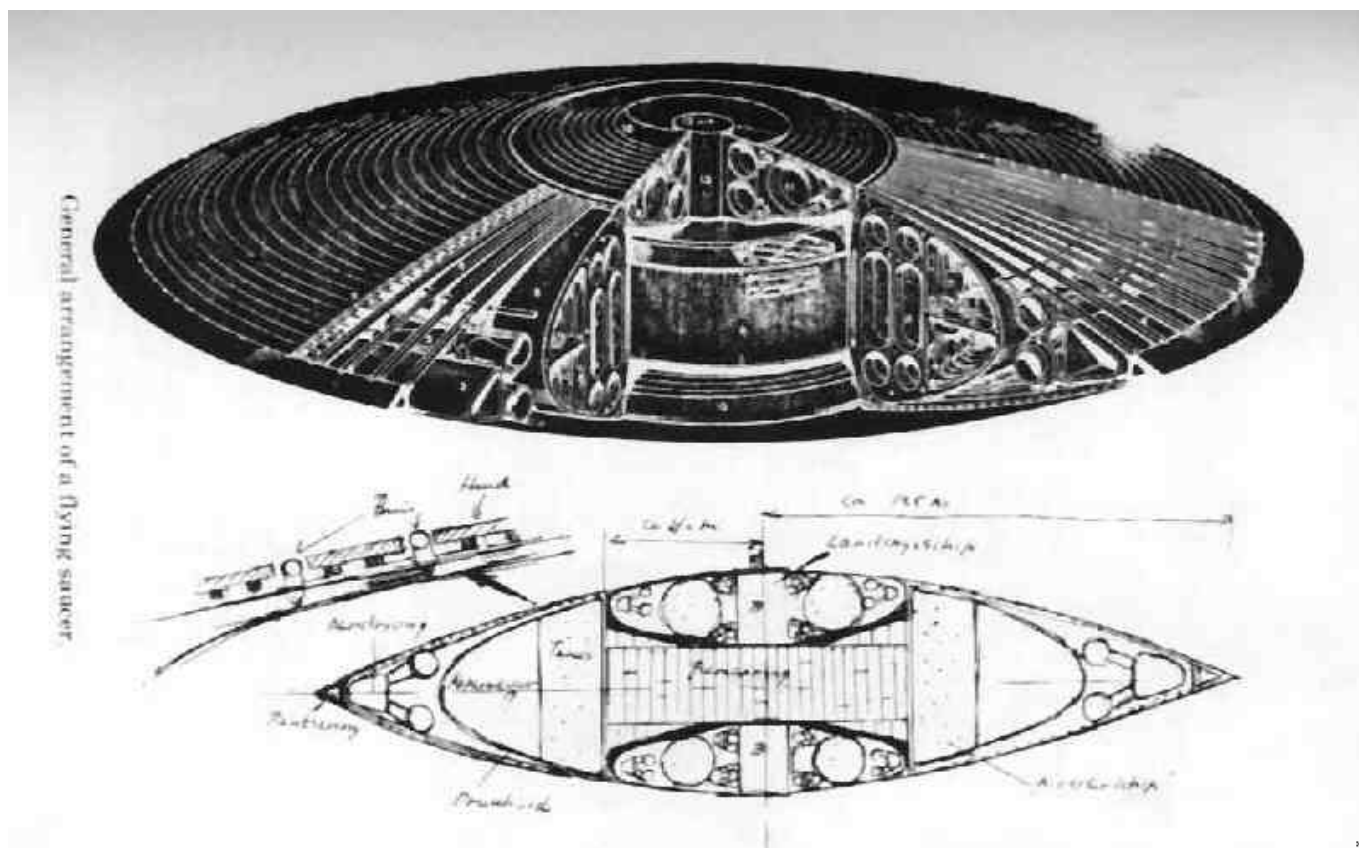
“The mass-kinetic propulsion principle is understandable to you. In both the round tubes, matter is spun round at relative speed trapped in a magnetic field. The direction in each tube is opposite, one left and one right.”

“Oh, I see-a sort of cyclotron?”

“Let us say a sort of synchrotron. The outlet principle of a rocket is known to you. Hot gases, or material, is forced out at the highest possible speed. A universal spaceship does in fact do the same thing. Matter is forced out at the speed of light, but not into space; it comes into an antimass field, where it simply disappears and falls back as immaterial energy in the cosmic carrier field. Look at this ring system from above and strike a line square at the flight direction through the center point. You then have two diametrically opposite points. At these points and where the material stream is in a backward direction, you set a cosmic laser working, which continually lets the fast moving particles escape. You then have the same effect as a rocket which blasts material out at the speed of light through two nozzles. Through the circle form, the two lasers can be moved, so that the propulsive power can be used in any direction from the horizontal plane.”

“I understand it so far, but you must need enough fuel in order to continually allow material to escape.”

“That is the secret of the universal spaceship. No matter is lost in the propulsion process. The matter blasted backwards vanishes but stays as an overdose of immaterial energy of the cosmic carrier field in a complicated power field within the spaceship. Because of this, we can create new matter within a fraction of a second, which is again introduced and accelerated. The process repeats itself as an endless cycle. Through the disappearance of (cont.under)



text for craftdrawing: Sectioned view of a “space disc”. The discus form of the mother ship, which is approximately 250 m in diameter, is a compromise between a maximum surface area for cooling and a minimum frontal area with a maximum capacity. This is the universal solution for space travel at cosmic velocities. The power source is a “sun-wheel” two opposed cyclotrons with an outer ring for the control of weightless energy. The danger of collision with cosmic dust at relative speeds necessitates the smallest possible frontal area. The two smaller modular discs are in fact landing units, the mother-ship always remains in space. Electro-magnetic fields, high temperatures, and the ionization of the surrounding air, make it impossible for Us to see these craft in clear detail. A race that can finance such machines is by axiom peaceful, they need global Cooperation before it is possible.

Key to the numbers on drawing:.

1. Armor plating
2. Main power unit
3. Tangential connectors between cyclotrons and collector ring
4. Main frames
5. Outer skin and cooling system
6. Pressure skin
7. Equipment area
8. Fuel tanks (water)
9. Crew area, food cultures, etc.
10. Landing unit (tanker) for wet planets
11. Water tanks in landing unit
12. Crew area in landing unit
13. Command tower (retractable)
14. Direction of constant acceleration (or deceleration)



(text for painting-image of Iargan city) The dwelling units, great covered rings, over 300 m in diameter by nearly 135 m high, housed about 10,000 people per unit, and included all services and facilities of all kinds for that many individuals. They were arranged in rectangular formations of 36 ring-complexes per "city" giving a population density of about 6,000 per square kilometer. The strange vegetation has evolved to withstand the heavy gravity and the high winds that prevail here. The fully automated robot rail transport system operated with frictionless efficiency. There were individual cars for small groups, collective units like trains for mass movement, cargo units for commerce, and even a peculiar development something like a hotel tram. A group of people wanting to travel together would order a unit that was fitted out as a self-service hotel and simply go where the mood took them. The system was marvelously efficient and could move over one million persons per hour past any point using only the upper six-lane rail system between the house blocks. The rail system and equipment was designed with a useful life expectancy of 1,000 years, a kind of quality undreamed of on Earth.

(cont. From above)

.....the matter, the movement energy is lost, which is to say that it is changed into a reaction-free force, but the mass energy is retained."

"You've lost me. You can really create reaction-free forces in a closed circuit! How is that possible? I always thought that the law of action-reaction was correct."

"That law is indeed correct. And in order to overcome the law you must overcome natural laws, or, in other words, the cosmic carrier-field laws."

"Are you not afraid that with this information we could construct a sun wheel?"

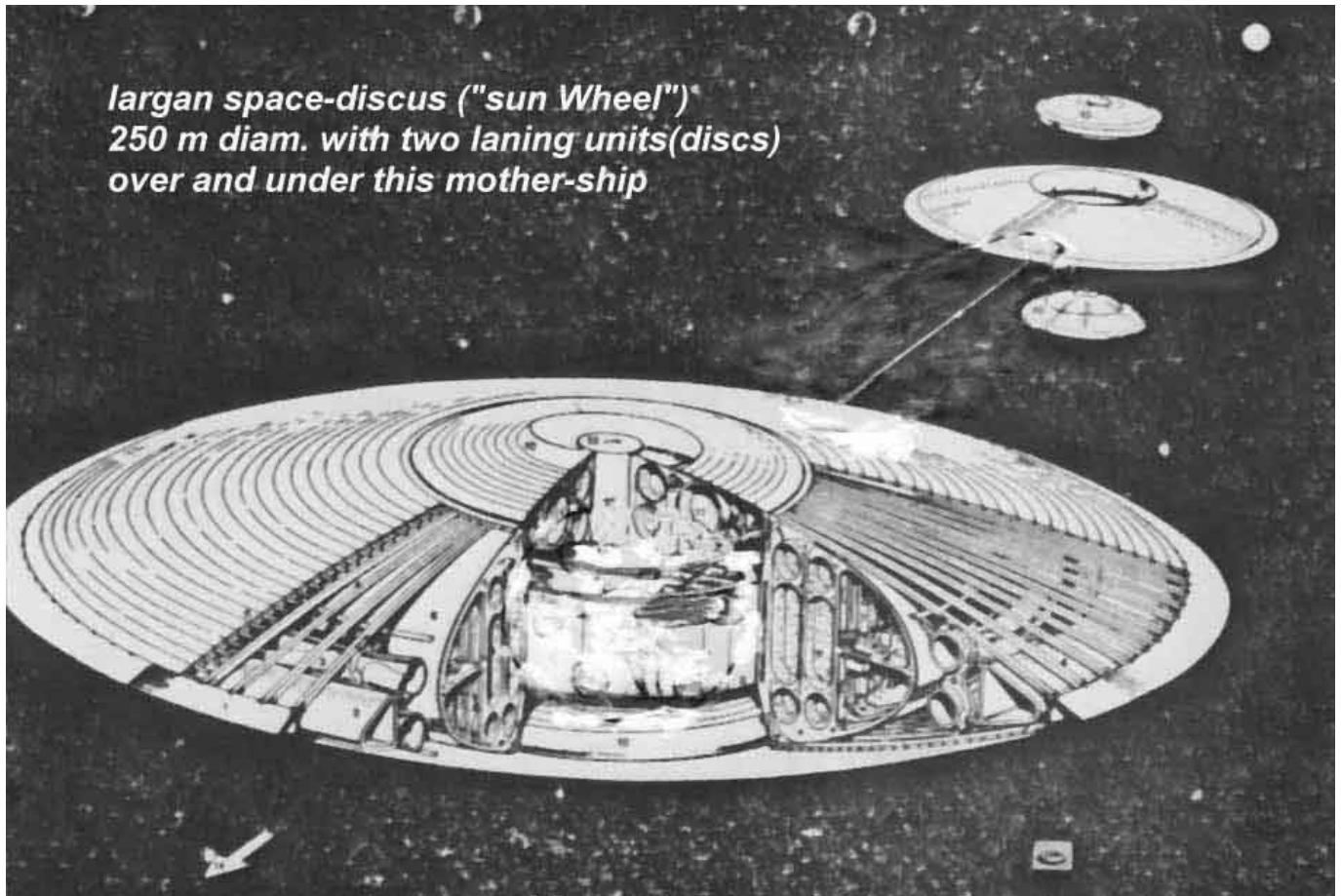
"No. The cardinal point, the reversal of the matter-energy carrier-field transformations, defying the laws of nature, demands such a high standard of advanced atomic science that it will be unreachable for you for still a long time. Energy surplus from the carrier field, which can create matter particles, is an extremely dangerous phenomenon. Such unimaginable concentration of energy can only be controlled in gravitational fields of which even the most elementary knowledge is absent here on Earth. Such a sun wheel radiates a force that even over long distances can cause certain electron movements to cease and metal constructions to disintegrate. You have no idea of the technique that goes into building universal spacecraft."

"Why do you call it a sun wheel? What has it got to do with the sun?"

"Suns, due to the rotation of their critical mass, are natural spacecraft which, under the influence of the particle bombardment of their neighbors, navigate space with free cosmic vector powers. Through these powers they maintain their distance from other stars and cause the turning moment and the expansion of galaxies. The sun wheel, therefore, is a copy of the power of a sun. A sun wheel can exert power only in the horizontal plane and one alone can, therefore, not navigate. It is necessary to place a smaller wheel beside the main central wheel, on both sides, that of the landing units, so that a torque can be created in order to steer the ship. When this ring system is covered by metal plating, the discus form appears naturally."

"Why do they have to be so streamlined, since space is surely empty?"

“We wish that were true! For spaceships that travel at relative speeds, space is not empty enough and not only streamlining but armor plating is also necessary. You have seen our ship and can see that armor is not a useless luxury. They have no windows; they are heavy, armored projectiles, whose strength comes from the discus form.



undernieth you see picture of a car, to compare sizes.

“When our radar warns us of dust or material, we make the banking maneuver that you have just seen. This then presents the smallest possible surface area to the danger. Nevertheless, each particle of dust makes burn marks on the plating. For this reason we always fly in line formation. The command consists of five ships and the lead ship is always unmanned, because this one runs the greatest risk. The ships are connected by a cable, because at relative speeds wireless contact is impossible. Another advantage of the discus form is the great natural resistance to thermal variations and the large cooling surface. The ships are very hot under normal working conditions and the outer plating acts as a cooler for control of the energy processes on board. Lastly, the discus form is ideal for creating a strong magnetic field that protects the occupants from dangerous radiation in space. We hope your question is answered.”

“Indeed! But didn’t you say something about a protective weapon which you could use if material threatened to cross the path of the spacecraft?”

“The antimatter ray, Stef, is a defense against larger blocks which only rarely occur in space. The use of this ray demands not only enormous quantities of energy, but it is controlled by strong restrictions to prevent disturbing the natural balance. We are only justified in its use when no other methods are possible. This weapon cannot replace the armor plating of our ships.”

“I understand. What is life like on board in weightless conditions? It seems to me that it must not be very pleasant.”

“In weightless conditions it would indeed not only not be pleasant, it would even be impossible. An

intelligent being cannot live without gravity during the endless journey between the stars. We have solved this problem by the continual use of the sun wheel, which creates a constant acceleration or deceleration exactly like the conditions on our planet. We do not subject our people to abnormal gravity forces. The acceleration of our ships is always constant so that we can live on board exactly as in our homes. The journey begins with a long period of acceleration until we have reached the maximum speed at which navigation is possible. Then we alternately slow down and speed up. The last part of the journey is a long period of deceleration. Gravity is always normal, because of the continual working of the great, central sun wheel. The small sun wheels are not used for normal propulsion, because it produces less energy as the large sun wheel.”

“What is ‘above’ and ‘below’ with you on board?”..... (cont. below)



.....The screen again showed the view of the four ships in line formation joined by the cable. “You see here the formation of our command shortly after leaving our planet. The acceleration was in the direction off light and the ships flew to the left. The left ship is therefore above the right one, where the navigation dome is out, is below.”

“So you are standing upright in the area that is horizontal in the picture. I see you then on your side.”

“Exactly.”

I stared into the navigation dome and suddenly I understood: “I see- This navigation dome is normally vertical, which explains why all the instruments are on the floor. The metal grills are the floor levels for using the instruments and the track in the middle is for a lift to bring you to the different levels.”

“We have no complaints about your powers of observation.”

“Is the control of such a machine so complicated that all these instruments are necessary?”

“The control of the ship does not require all these instruments. They are for other purposes. To explain it we must begin at the beginning. This landing unit is a part of the huge mother ship. It can release itself and operate independently in space and land on planets. In the normal situation, these landing units are an integral part of the mother ship. You must realize that the central wheel of a landing unit is one of the two steering wheels of the mother ship. We will show you a landing unit in action and then you will understand better.”

The view changed. Right in front of me was a huge discus. I saw only the upper surface, pockmarked with burns and melted stone masses. Then, slowly, out of this monster, rose a tiny black pole that I recognized as the black pole approximately 1,5 m in diameter. Then appeared the shining rim of the navigation dome. Immediately after, a small discus rose out of the middle of the spaceship as though it

was forcefully pushed away. The thing accelerated and disappeared as a speck of light in the background of stars. It was an asymmetrical discus of much smaller dimensions. Its upper surface matched the curve of the mother ship perfectly, but the underside was more rounded and it had a conical rim. Also on the underside was a further thickening in the form of a flat dome. The mother ship was left with a deep bowl in the middle, in which the landing unit fitted.

“Is the landing unit’s navigation dome as big as this?”

“Good heavens-then the unit must be like 80 m in diameter.”

“That is nearly correct.”

“Inconceivable!”

“Exactly. The technical know-how that goes into the building of a universal spacecraft is beyond the conception of Earth men. This navigation dome is the nerve center of the spaceship. Imagine what is involved in navigation and communication, what is needed only in instruments, data records and calculating machines. Each navigation dome can carry out all the control functions of the, entire fleet, including climate control, food production, entertainment and the study program for the children. All in all, too much to mention, but we can assure you that the number of instruments is kept to an absolute minimum.”

“Did I hear that right? Study programs for the children? Do you have children on board?”

“Yes, we are not just an expedition. We live on board with our wives and children, sometimes for twenty years or more. Space is our home. For people seeking contemplation as the greatest happiness, the warm intimate contact is a life experience and a mental enrichment that we would not miss for anything. You could compare us to your monks. We wish to live and die among the stars.”

“Yes, you must be rather like monks if you lead your lives in a steel box.”

"You have no idea of the comfort on board our ships, but we will leave it at that."

“Do children get born also on these steel boxes?”

“Even that!”

“Ohh. I find that sad.”

“That is a priceful remark. A representative of a race that sends his children into a futureless future where they still have a reasonable chance to get burned alive in a nuclear conflict, worries about our children. Use your brains Stef. The chances they grow up to mentally stable and happy people is dozens

of times bigger than that of your children.”

“But you don’t want to say that such spacetravels are free from risks?”

“If we would only consider your traffic safety, then we are convinced our kids are safer than yours, where cars skim right alongside each other every day.”

“No cars drive on board your ships. So if I understand right these children go to school?”

“Of course. They follow the exact same lessons as the children on our planet. All information is stored in this central system. This is also the explanation why we have all the images available we needed for your instruction. They are the instruction movies for our youth. Limit yourself to essential points; we don’t have much time left.”

“How long can you keep the sun wheel constantly in motion?”

“Very long, even up to twenty years; then we must refuel.”

“So you must make sure that you are back on your own planet within that time?”

“No, our fuel is water. The oxygen is used for ourselves and the hydrogen is our source of energy. Many solar systems have a wet planet and this is usually the goal of our journey, so finding water is no problem. Our landing units are fitted out for the transportation of water. This is how they are able to remain under water like your submarines.”

“So you only take water on board?”

“That is so.”

“Then what do you eat over all the years?”

“This is one of the main problems involved with the construction of universal spaceships. The technique is only half the problem. The other half is making a livable environment on board with a 100 percent recycling system. It is difficult to keep intelligent beings alive under space conditions. You cannot imagine what it takes to build discus shaped spaceships.”

“I think I have now a faint image of it. It is such a great and complicated thing that I wonder if space travel isn’t possible with less complicated machines.”

“Interstellar spacetravel is according us only possible with round ships, powered by sun wheels. We don’t believe that simpler ships are possible. With rockets at least this is impossible. The need for energy is that big that it could never be solved with emitting matter. Your space race will not give much more than some travel inside own solar system, to dead planets. It would be wishful that the limited possibilities of your present spaceflight wakes the insight that the lowering of wealth efficiency, in a world where the social differences are so shocking large isn’t justified. Your spaceflight is pure discrimination against all the poor, hungry and socially left behind people on your planet and that is a very high percentage. By our norms it is criminal. Happily by nature laws spacetravel is only possible for intelligent races with a very high technology development; at least that high that all discriminations within the species have to be fully eliminated. From space you have to fear no danger. Only socially stable races explore space. Others destroy themselves before time or drag themselves from chaos to chaos without a future.”

“How many stable races are there in our milkyway?”

“Many! We are yet not justified to give you the least information about it. The time to know, is not yet begun on earth.”

“When does this time start?”

“The moment the human race becomes stable, the moment it becomes certain that mankind will survive and reach the supercivilization. Only then we can lift your isolation and take you into our communication-system. Then an incredible new world will open for you with an unlimited horizon. But not before the moment you’ve reached maturity on your own without help from outside.”

“Is that a promise to return one day?”

“Not as much a promise as obvious. As soon you carried out Operation Survival Earth and so planted the high civilization ethics for good, then your freedom and independence have become untouchable. Then you have reached adulthood and can interact like independent partners with other absolute races. We

would love to include you in our communication system.”

“Couldn’t you give me advice on how to carry this operation out?”

“You still underestimate the power of insight. Your report will work like a filter. Only people of enough level will grab onto it and the rest will slide through it without caring. The right insight enforces by cosmic laws the powers of good will. Only when there is enough level on this planet it will result in a collective plan. We cannot help this level itself. We can only plant insight. Because how could we judge what is to happen? The most logical seems us... ‘seems’ us, is a dialog between the religions and ideologies to start a formulation of general accepted norms of civilization as basis for a new social-system-structure. But for that insight is needed first. And from the fact we have given you this insight with the help of a few bible texts, you shouldn’t conclude that we rate other religions and ideologies less. On the contrary, if we had for example a buddhist, a communist or a humanist etc, then we had given our explanation from their perspective and probably with less effort. The arrogance of christianity is the last you need in that dialog. You have to learn to recognize, in every logical thinking human of good will, the most genius creation of the creative intellect.”

“Our conversation has ended. It is late and you still have to reach a harbor before dark. We’re going to say goodbye and we know that it will be forever. Are you ready to leave?”

A feeling of despair started to rise, mixed with strange sentiments. My heaven, they were leaving. They were going to leave me alone! There was so much to ask; who could help me if they were gone? I slowly stood up and walked to the screen to see these 8 spacetravelers once more up close.

“Indeed, we must depart. I will miss you terribly. There is still so much to ask and explain. But I will miss the most is your interest and compassion for us. That benevolent warmth, you call unselfishness. I couldn’t explain a human in the world what an experience the contact with your spiritual warmth has given me. It has made me a different human in this short time with a broader horizon and deep insight. It has made me a human with a holey fire inside burning to do something, that feels he received an assignment that needs to be carried out. I will accept the challenge. Greet the people on Iarga and the other planets from me and thank them for their share in having made this meeting possible. Tell them I envy their world of wondrous perfection and where intelligent beings can be truly happy. Tell them I understood it, even though there so many questions unanswered. At last the difficult task to thank you all yourselves.”

“Stop Stef. It is not up to you to thank us. Our satisfaction that you accepted the challenge makes all thanks unneeded. But still there is a big problem. You know our concern about the risks of proof, which would mean we’ve gone too far and committed a crime towards earth. You could relieve us from a heavy burden with the sincere unconditional promise that you will destroy the film and restrain from any attempt of proof.”

I smiled a bit pitiful

“Even the ethics of interplanetary relations I have understood and accepted. You can be sure. I promise on my word of honor that I will destroy the film and not make any attempts to prove this meeting took place.”

Suddenly there was a change in the indifferent poses of the eight. They stood up and made half a circle around the screen. For the first time I noticed some emotions on their normally inscrutable faces.

“You said the releasing words. We believe in your sincerity and with that given us the possibility to let you leave with all knowledge undisturbed. Only now we feel responsible to do so. Operation Cosmic Integration Earth, that took years of preparations, is succeeded. A heavy burden has fallen off us. You will live on by many supercivilizations in word and image as a goodwill human with a remarkable stable level by the name Stef of the Earth. Because there have been made recordings of your reactions on the different subjects and with that the thoughts of billions intelligent beings will be with you, during your difficult task. At last we count on your understanding that we have the duty to convince ourselves that the film is really destroyed. So we ask you to do this before you get on board and as clear as possible in front of the black pole. After that we will release your ship and leave. Goodbye Stef, we wish you the courage

to trust. May the inspiration of the omni-creativity companion you on your road. Farewell.”

Above my head the hatch went open grinding. The eight made a solemnly bow at which they laid a hand on their forehead. I answered the greet in the same manner.

“Farewell, thousand time thanks.”

Moments later Miriam and the kids were watching how I stood next to the ship with my legs in the water and opened the photo camera. Then I rolled off the film and threw it in the water. Next I waved a last greeting towards the black pole and climbed on board.

Ending

It was a beautiful, windless evening and we all stood on board waiting and wondering what was going to happen. For the last time we heard the zooming noise as the navigation dome retracted, but this time the intricately formed black pole remained extended. Shortly afterwards, a dull shock went through the ship, as the astronauts released us and the ship floated once again in its element. We started drifting with the tide and we could hear the anchor chain scraping over the surface of the spaceship until it reached the edge; then the anchor fell and the chain jerked tight.

As I began to wind up the chain, I heard the propulsion system of the spaceship start working and the black pole began moving through the water, seaward. I stood watching from the foredeck and was surprised when I noticed how slowly they were traveling; it could not have been more than six or seven knots. It suddenly came to me that perhaps they did not dare to go any faster with the huge discus in this water, which was full of sandbanks and shallows, and at the same time the idea occurred to me that I could perhaps follow them for a while and might even be able to see something of the takeoff. I ran aft and quickly started the motor and followed the broad form wake at full power, despite the protests of Miriam, who could not see the glamour of this new adventure. In half an hour we had left the coast of the inlands of Walcheren and Schouwen behind us and were on the open sea.

The sun had set in a beautiful red glow and the still dark water swelled slowly. It had been a strange voyage. The complete loneliness, the wide expanse of water, and, mostly, the presence of the strange machine put a pressure on all of us against which my stubbornness was no match. As soon as I lost sight of the wake left by the spaceship, I stopped the motor and left the ship to float on its own while we all had a cup of coffee. In this complete stillness we sat on deck, tense and listening. Just as I had decided to give up and return to harbor, we heard the jangling sound of the propulsion in the distance. I jumped up, put the binoculars before my eyes and began feverishly scanning the water. Miriam saw it first.

“There, Stef, a light!”

Through the binoculars I saw a huge disc that, with a swaying motion, rose out of the water. The light was caused by a sparkling halo that spread over the whole visible surface of the spaceship. Close to the water it was yellow-orange, further up yellow-green and on top blue, and thanks to this lighting effect, I was able to see the discus quite plainly despite the distance. Suddenly the noise and the intensity of the light increased. Some few seconds later the machine disappeared in a huge cloud of steam. Shortly thereafter, it appeared again above the cloud, a huge glowing discus that rose at a steep angle in the form of a spiral with our ship as its middle point. The sight was much more impressive than the films I had seen of space. Actually, there was very little of the discus to be seen; it was surrounded by an orange-red cloud that prevented a clear view. Around this cloud hung a huge misty halo which made the spaceship look bigger than it really was. The fiery light caused a cry of alarm to come from Miriam. She thought that something had gone wrong, but I was able to reassure her.

“It is quite normal. They glow with heat when the propulsion is working.”

We stood breathlessly looking at this unearthly, indescribably impressive show of power from these beings, who, as a final gesture, flew in a huge circle round our ship, then rapidly dwindled to a tiny point of red light that was soon lost in the darkness of the evening sky. Despite my triumphant feeling that I had succeeded in seeing the takeoff, I felt strangely lonely, the sort of feeling that comes after saying good-

bye to a couple good and trusted friends. Miriam seemed to share something of my feelings, for she came and stood beside me and put her arm through mine. Before she could say anything, we again heard the screaming whine of the propulsion and to our surprise another discus rose out of the water in the same place. We witnessed the same display of sparks and the steam cloud, only this time it did not fly in a spiral, but went straight up like a rocket.

“Good heavens,” whispered Miriam, “another one of those monsters. How many of them are there? Please, let’s go. If another one goes off, I shall scream!”

I did not answer. I stood as if in a trance, staring at the point of light until it had disappeared into the night. For some minutes we stood still on the swaying deck, hoping or fearing that perhaps a third would take off, but nothing more happened. Suddenly Miriam gave a cry. “There, Stef, there they go!”

High in the dark sky, a speck of light had appeared. The first of the machines had broken free of the Earth’s shadow and flew in the light of the sinking sun. Through the binoculars I saw a misty object that gave off an orange glow and was surrounded by a misty halo. This was followed shortly by the second one. Quite suddenly the halos vanished, and they were seemingly free of the atmosphere and proceeded as two oval-shaped objects that were slowly swallowed up in the endlessness of space. Miriam lay her head on my shoulder.

“So, have you finished finally?” I sighed and put my arm around her.

“No, clear. They-” and I pointed to the place where they had vanished, “they are finished, but for Us it has just begun!”