

## 2076, And Then Some

First watch; watch the skies from a vantage point in a low orbit around the earth. The sun has just recently set for observers on the west coast of America. Observers on the east coast fidget, waiting for the launch to commence.

The skies are full of tiny lights reflecting from solar power satellites and from the defenders of the power satellites. America is at war. Her power satellites are a strategic resource worth all of the many lives already expended to build and protect them.

This is the official inauguration of the most powerful weapons system in history.

The launch pad trembles beneath the fury of thrusters lifting a massive rocket off of the ground.

My ship is a physical extension of my body, precisely fitted around me, thrusters, fuel, a rack of weapons, and little else.

I am waiting in a low orbit for my Commander to return to our space station. His ship rises past mine; I trigger the program that will start my thrusters so I can join his forming escort; he has just been promoted and commissioned to be the first commander of our 'Star Wars' Strategic Defense Initiative space station.

Today we are commemorating the station's 'launch' as it officially goes online for the first time. It's been fully operational for several months, but this is a special day chosen to inaugurate it.

It's the 4th of July 2076.

There are several brilliant flashes of light above me; I don't have time to comprehend what has happened until after I have died.

We have been attacked and the space station, the commander's ship and all of his escorts' ships have been destroyed. My ship has been destroyed as well.

I am not alone.

I separate into two spirits, one is the man who has just died in his ship; he is the soul who grew up in the host body I inhabited until just a few moments ago. The other me is the dreamer, a witness from the past who is watching this war unfold.

The dreamer becomes the author of this work you are reading now.

We acknowledge each other briefly, and then, together, we flash to the surface of the planet as the entire system of power satellites below our position blows up in an array of flashes like a blanket of Christmas lights.

The dreamer enters the body of a naval intelligence operative in the field. The dreamer's spirit companion enters the body of another intelligence operative nearby.

I am waiting with my partner in our observation post. We know there are squads of enemy soldiers looking for us. Our camouflage is good, but we will surely be found if they come within 50 meters, or so, of our position.

We have been frantically trying to report a missile launch we observed a few minutes ago, but our infallible satellite up-link has failed. It is somehow being jammed. The scale of this missile launch can only mean the final end of our world.

A volley of automatic rifle fire tears through our camouflage! We both take many hits in our chests and abdomens.

Abruptly, we are dead again.

I am not alone.

There are four spirits here.

One has been my most recent host, a spy at this ruined observation post. Another is his partner. The third spirit is the man who was my host when we died together in orbit just a few minutes ago. The fourth spirit is I, myself, an observer from the past.

We acknowledge each other. There is a silent communication between us. The partner is shocked; the man whom I have just died with is shocked too, but not so badly.

Dead people often have a lot of difficulty with their deaths, but these men were all reasonably well prepared. They knew they were very likely to die soon. Still, dying is difficult; their cultures had never adequately prepared them for these experiences.

However, once you're dead you may be likely to recognize the experience is familiar; you may quickly recognize that you've died before. You may feel as if you can handle it, again.

Both of my recent hosts have some awareness of this, particularly the man I died with in orbit. The partner is less familiar with dying, it's harder for him, and it's still hard on all of us.

Death can be very painful and traumatizing in the best of circumstances, which these were not.

The worst part of dying is being torn away from family, friends, and everyone you have loved. But we were here as witnesses; we dutifully watch.

The camouflage is ripped aside and we see a squad of men surrounding our position which is in a small hollow atop a tall dune of sand in the Saharan desert. We hear orders being given to look for booby traps. Our gear is rigged, but of course we can't tell their squad leader what to look for or how to disarm it because we're dead.

But we want to help.

It's funny, they've just murdered us, but we want to help them.

As we watch, we see the left hand of the body I most recently died in begin to move. It slowly reaches toward the carbine lying in the sand to its left.

Some of the enemy soldiers see the hand moving; one of them begins to lift his rifle to shoot. He is stopped by a man to his left who raises his right arm and lowers it gently but firmly down on top of the automatic rifle his friend is trying to raise.

Everyone present has begun to realize they are here to witness something.

We watch as the hand of the corpse continues to move. It grasps the carbine and draws it closer to its body. The carbine seems to melt and flow; it transforms into a short length of garden hose, perhaps 2 meters long, or perhaps just a little bit shorter.

The aft end of the hose trails on the ground and appears ragged, frayed, or insubstantial; the forward end of the hose has a nozzle that begins to flow with a tiny trickle of water as the corpse brings the hose up to its mouth to drink.

As the corpse drinks from the hose, its dead body fully animates, slowly sits up, and then stands.

No one speaks.

As the undead corpse rises it begins to glow with a beautiful light. A halo appears around its head. The face transforms.

To each of us this man looks somewhat different but we all know who he is. His soulful images have graced millions of homes, chapels and churches. His statue has been carved, cast, or modeled in clay countless times across the centuries since he last arose from death.

He is the Christ aspect of a deity greater than Christianity who has returned to this world in the hour of its doom.

He walks out of the observation post that was dug into a hilltop. His garden hose is now flowing strongly, spraying the earth around him as he climbs the side of the dune to its apex, appearing to walk upon thin air, leaving no footprints.

Where the water touches the earth, the land suddenly springs forth with teeming life. Flowers, bushes, trees, insects and birds emerge from the spray of his watering hose; it showers forth new life.

This new life spreads outward a short distance to either side of the path he makes, creating a verdant stripe of life in the arid desert roughly seven meters wide.

We follow him.

He walks unerringly toward the nearest village. It is a long walk but we scarcely notice the distance or the time. We are untiring. We know without uncertainty that time with this man is eternal; we are all rejuvenated by his presence.

As we walk into the village people run out to meet us. Fear and wonder transform their faces but everyone quickly recognizes the man who walks among us; they join his entourage.

We know that the world is about to begin over again, even as it is ending itself in a terrible holocaust; our frenzied allies retaliate and eager opportunists seize their moments to destroy their ancient foes in a final cataclysmic spasm of mankind's insanity.

Note:

This experience goes on from here. The experience began in a dream, except the dream went on for 5 days after I awakened. It haunted me day a night, I did not sleep more than a total of 3 or 4 hours in those five days. I began the experience as a 'walk-in' hosted by two men from the future. (If you are unfamiliar with the concept of 'walk-ins' try reading one of the Seth books by Jane Roberts.)

It's difficult to tell everything about this experience in the first person. There is a great deal of background history experienced that provides an important context to the events described above; this history is part of the cultural background and experiences of the men I joined and died with then, it is a profound history that may still wait for us in our future.

Here I narrate the story from a future perspective:

The world has been dying for years now. Ten or twelve years ago (2064-2066) the world population peaked at nearly 10 billion people, 400 million in the USA. Then the population everywhere began declining, and it has declined more swiftly with every passing year.

We brought this doom upon ourselves. We had known about the roots of this doom for more than eighty years. There was a delicate balance in the exchange of carbon gases between our atmosphere and oceans called The Atmospheric-Oceanic Carbon Cycle.

This cycle is a semi-organic process involving an initial chemical absorption of carbon gas from the atmosphere by cold salty ocean water. Warmer ocean water releases some carbon back into the atmosphere, but there had always been a net carbon uptake by the oceans that helped reduce the levels of carbon we dumped into our atmosphere daily by burning wood, garbage, dung and fossil fuels.

The net uptake of carbon was helped along by tiny ocean creatures called plankton. The plankton absorbed carbon from the water. As plankton die some carbon is released back into the ocean, which might later be released back to the atmosphere by warmer tropical waters, but a significant amount of carbon absorbed by plankton moved up the food chain. As carbon moved up the food chain some carbon would eventually settle on the sea-floors in the form of bones to become fossil remains.

There were two critical factors in The Atmospheric-Oceanic Carbon Cycle that always produced a net uptake of carbon from our atmosphere. This uptake helped to balance the additional burden we placed on our atmosphere by burning hydrocarbon fuels. One critical factor was the chemical saturation point of oceanic carbon, and the other was a biological saturation point.

The chemical saturation point defined the point in the temperature range where ocean water becomes too burdened with carbon to continue to carry it. This causes warmer ocean water to release some of its carbon back into the atmosphere.

The biological saturation point defined the carbon carrying capacity of the oceans (a carbon sink) in terms of the uptake of carbon through the food chain. The oceans could only sustain a finite number of plankton and other creatures in the food chain, and when these organisms had absorbed as much carbon as they possibly could, the biological carbon sink reached its saturation point; instead of producing a net uptake in carbon, the carbon uptake driven by the biological carbon sink leveled off; it flat-lined.

Because ocean water temperatures were slowly rising, the chemical saturation point was moving steadily away from a net uptake condition. The overall ability of our oceans to scrub excess carbon from our atmosphere was approaching a point where it would level off. When the biological carbon sink became saturated the chemical carbon sink became saturated too, and the oceans' capacities to absorb carbon leveled off.

In a very brief time our atmosphere began to turn lethal because the carbon gases our fossil-fuel driven technologies were pouring into the atmosphere by more than 60 million tons each day now had nowhere to go because our oceans could no longer absorb the pollution we were creating.

This disaster was made, in part, because developing nations had been steadily increasing the carbon load on our atmosphere.

In the late 1980's 90% of the Earth's human population consumed only 10% of their total global energy production. The wealthiest 10% of the world's population was busily consuming 90% of all the energy produced. Everyone everywhere wanted the 'good life', so the rest of the world scurried to catch up with the wealthiest energy consumers.

Energy production had nearly quadrupled over the previous 80 years; most of that increase was fueled by coal or oil.

There were severe natural limits to producing energy by alternative means, such as hydro-electric, tidal, geo-thermal, wind or solar, which meant that these alternative energy production systems could not meet the rapidly growing demands for more energy from an energy-hungry global community.

Too late, we finally began to deploy solar power satellites, but this would only mean that the energy-rich would now become more energy-secure.

There still wasn't enough energy to go around, although, had we been able to start the power satellite production much sooner (we had all the requisite technologies since the 1970's) we might have been able to bring down energy costs and increase production to meet the challenges of an equitable global distribution of safe reliable, renewable energy.

Anyway, we didn't begin building solar power satellites early enough nor did we commit enough resources to their construction, so when our oceans finally failed we had doomed ourselves. Nearly overnight in geological terms our atmosphere became too lethal to sustain us; we all began to die.

To counter the threat of extinction from pollution, nations everywhere were investing all their wealth in arcologies (self-contained, self-supporting city-states). The arcologies were successful for the most part but the social engineering required to adjust their populations to their new circumstances was beyond us.

The arcologies became semi-feudal states with a military dictator or some other sort of small despotic ruling class.

All the arcologies became fiercely militant to defend themselves. There simply wasn't room for everyone within them. Americans were among the first to migrate to arcologies, but everywhere across the world people were literally dying to get into them.

In America we were able to migrate nearly 250 million people to arcologies, another 100 million died of lung diseases, although a significant portion of those 100 million deaths were actually deaths from 'friendly fire'. People trying to storm their local, over-loaded arcologies for shelter were being killed every day.

Eventually the American population stabilized with 250 million survivors, most of these lived in the arcologies.

Elsewhere in the world arcologies sustained much smaller percentages of their parent countries' total populations, and arcologies unable to defend themselves adequately were dying under the pressure from too many people trying to force their ways in.

Arcologies developed feudal cultures because the land around them must still be farmed and hoarded for natural resources. Arcologies competed for resources and required strong militaries to defend their resources as well as to defend their shelters.

An arcology was typically a series of rings of shelters and industries beginning with several large central domes for the ruling elite and their servants, bureaucrats, and guards.

These were surrounded by a ring of light industries, military shelters and defenses, which, in turn, were surrounded by a heavy industrial ring. The industrial rings were surrounded by rings of workers' residential shelters and additional rings of defenses. These were all surrounded by rings of shelters for farmers, livestock and miners, with their farms and mines surrounding their outer perimeters.

The social structure was simplistic, if you didn't do what you were told you died, because you couldn't produce your own air, food, water, or shelter, and any of these could be withheld from you for any reason. Life was that cheap.

Many of America's enemies resented that America was going to survive while they would die as the rest of the world collapsed under the burden of too many people with too few resources.

With too few resources to maintain strong armies to keep out the choking hordes of people seeking shelter in their arcologies, most of those who might have survived in other nations died as the teeming hordes that had no shelter overwhelmed the few arcologies their nations were able to build.

Missile technologies had gotten so cheap that America's enemies were finally able to afford massive missile farms. They feared America's SDI (Space Defense Initiative, aka 'Star Wars') systems would make us invulnerable and plotted to assail us while an opportunity still remained. They infiltrated our orbital defenses and opened a launch window.

So America died.

In less than 90 seconds nearly 250 million Americans were swept away.

America's retaliation was weak but brutal. Enough of our missiles were launched in counter-attacks to kill many or most of our enemies. Our allies also died at the hands of our enemies; nearly all of our allies launched their own counter-strikes.

Altogether, nearly a billion people died that day and the global population fell to just above 4 billion.

In a little more than a decade, since the collapse of the carbon cycle, half the world's population, nearly 5 billion people, had already died.

Another 3.5 billion or so would die as the momentum of the final war continued to murder them en masse over the next few years.

<> hmm... looks like I was interrupted here by channeling something I had been channeling before I began the work above...

<> As I look through the next part I see it's relevance, but I note that some of my own voice sometimes comes forward in this channeled text; this is sometimes evident by slightly altered contexts. <>

< ~ paraphrasing ~ works by Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull >

~ *Way back in the year none ....*

~ *When you belonged to Know One...*

I believe the subject of this conversation was malice.

We got to this question because you asked why I don't believe in evil, and my response was that I didn't think I could believe in evil, but that I could believe in malice.

Q: Why isn't malice evil?

The answer may seem too simple. The Universe is good. At least, as far as I can tell, the universe is entirely good, and it only appears evil in some parts because of our points of view.

Yes, I believe in angels, and that opens the door for belief in demons too, but angels and demons appear to be the same thing to me, and they are all unquestionably good, as nearly as I can tell.

I know it says something in the Bible about 'fallen angels', but I don't believe we have the history of that quite right. It is not possible for anything to exist outside of a state of grace. For anyone to say that anything could be outside of a state of grace might be blasphemy. Which is ok; I just think it takes a little better understanding of what is going on, that our judgments about good or evil tend to be prejudiced and poorly informed.

We're going back to the subject of malice and why malice can exist but not be evil.

Malice is a form of pleasure and joy. True, the person on the receiving end often appears very hurt and unhappy, but the person dishing it out is enjoying themselves, or, at least, they may often think so at the time, and that is what matters here.

I've mentioned before that the universe is an artifact, a vast, sentient, quantum-nanonic intelligent artifact, or really many universes, all of which are artifacts.

I may not have stressed the point that the universes are also compassionate; they are all very compassionate. All of our universes are loving, compassionate, sentient, intelligent, quantum-nanonic artifacts. I really want to make that point. Our universes are artifacts, and these artifacts are quantum-creative interfaces. All universes are designed to give everyone everything they want.

That's pretty simple, and also very good.

If you were all that, a quantum-nanonic, intelligent, sapient, sentient, compassionate, loving artifact that had to give everyone whatever they wanted, you might feel you were in a lot of stress. After all, not everyone wants the same things, right?

Yeah, that could be stressful.

Well, our universes are indeed stressed out. But that's just part of how they work; stress is an inherent part of the nature and functions of our universes.

Stress helps cause everything that exists to exist in the first place.

Our universes have to deliver a hell of a lot of stuff to people.

Unfortunately, people aren't so good at knowing what to ask for or how to ask for it. That sort of causes some problems.

But problems aren't really bad. They are just things that need more time, more work. Eventually it all gets sorted out ok.

Yeah, eventually can take a long time, and sure, some people get hurt along the way. But how badly they are hurt is all relative. If you saw it all you would say, "Oh wow! Ok, that's cool."

"Oh wow!" is sort of how everything began in the first place.

You can say, "Oh well, 9-11, a few thousand people died and their families are mourning, what's the point of that?"

I guess the point of that would be "Happy Birthday" (or something like that) for Osama Bin Laden.

He got what he asked for. Pretty cool huh? At least, pretty cool for him and his pals anyway.

Ok, so not so cool for us; many of us are hurt or angry about it. But that's ok, really. You don't have to get mad at me if I say so, and you don't have to believe me either, but getting mad or not believing isn't helping you to understand the point I'm trying to make. It's ok if you get mad or obstinate, that's what you want, it doesn't bother me too much if you feel hurt and confused by this, but it also does bother me, which is why we're having this little talk in the first place.

You may not believe you wanted to have this conversation, but you actually must want to, because it's happening.

The bottom line is that everyone gets what they want. But you need to learn how to ask for it. That's an important point.

Now Osama Bin Laden, he's this big spiritual leader. You can bet he knows how to get what he wants.

But, of course, no one can ever get everything they want all in one time and place. That sometimes appears to be a problem, because some people think they aren't getting anything they want, and others are thinking, "well I got some things ok but not this or that and I really, really wanted that!"

If you got really good at asking for what you wanted you'd get a lot more of it, maybe even all of it, if you really knew what to ask for and how to ask for it.

Osama Bin Laden isn't getting everything he wants; he's getting his ass kicked. But maybe, just maybe, that's actually a part of what he wants. Deep down inside him he probably has to know what he wanted wasn't really such a good thing.

I'm not conceding it was a bad or evil thing, just saying it was not such a good thing.

Bottom line is, somehow, some way, it must have been a good thing, in spite of what you, I, or anyone else might think, only because it really happened, and all of our universes are inherently good.

God, regardless of your beliefs about whom God is or what God may really be, is good. He or She is so good that no bad thing can ever actually happen.

So if something looks like a bad thing to you or me, or to someone over there, well then maybe we just aren't seeing things very clearly.

You wanna get your ass kicked?

Seriously, your ass is going to get kicked, and hard. It's just a matter of time, and not too much time either.

If your ass could be saved by something like 9-11, might it be worth it to you?

Well, 9-11 might have been a sort of wake-up call. The universe is saying "Hey people! There's something really wrong here and you have to wake up and get working on it and do something about it!"

Our universes are trying to send us a message. The point is, are we getting it? Are we getting the genuine message the universes are sending us with 9-11?

I don't think so, and that part really worries me.

All this talk about justice for 9-11, I haven't heard anyone say, "What did we do to deserve this?" and really mean it in the sense that some collective sin on the part of our nation, therefore, our people, was so bad that we actually deserved 9-11.

But that's the message here. Getting angry and feeling outraged isn't helping anything at all here because as long as you're getting off on your anger and outrage you're not tuning in to what's really going wrong, and what we need to do about it.

Really.

And I don't mean go kick Osama's ass.

We, the people of the United States of America, actively participate in doing something so wrong that we really do deserve to be hurt the way we were.

Really.

You sound like a traitor.

No, I'm a patriot. I'm standing up here and saying we have a responsibility here, let's face up to it and meet the challenge.

I'm not being a traitor to our country when I point out a fault and say let's fix it. Let's become better than we were. Let's get this right, and instead of you asking me, "Well if we're so bad we deserved 9-11, then why don't you tell me just why we're so bad?", you should ask that question of yourself, and then start answering it honestly.

Honestly. If you don't know by now what it is that you and I and everyone in this nation is collectively doing that is so all-fired bad we deserved 9-11, then I might be wasting my time here.

If you think we didn't deserve 9-11 then you're saying, "Hey God! You made a Big Mistake here!"

What do you think God's gonna do, play take-backs? He'll say, "Oh I'm sorry son, you're right, I'll just put back those towers and all those lives, because I really shouldn't have done that."

And in a sense, that's exactly what He's gonna do. He's already done it in fact.

Ok, you're standing there looking at these monumental ruins and none of those dead people are going to walk through your door tomorrow and you're saying, "Oh yeah? You're full of shit!"

But you aren't seeing the Big Picture. You must think there's only one universe or something. Or maybe you don't believe in the word infinite; as in: God is infinite.

But that's how it is, and in many other universes 9-11 never happened at all, and those dead people are going on with their lives like normal. Except of course that some other colossal tragedy occurred in their universes because we still needed a wake-up call; it's just that some other thousands of people got killed by Osama or some other super-terrorist in some other event in the universes where those particular 9-11 casualties are still alive.

So those people aren't really dead. They may be dead in this local group of universes, but this group of universes was only part of a small, yet infinite, subset of universes in which those people died, while in many other universes they are still going on with their lives, oblivious of 9-11 because that's fair.

They didn't specifically deserve to die for our collective sins as a nation, but someone had to be sacrificed to get our attention.

The point, now, is what are we going to do about it?

We do have to do something, and pretty damn quickly, too.

This is really, really urgent.

No fooling around now; we're all going to die; and very soon.

No fooling.

Ok, maybe it doesn't seem so likely that we're all going to die soon, so maybe I better explain that, although, I still haven't gotten to explain about malice or why it isn't evil.

Soon was roughly 74 years away (when we first wrote this in 2002), we're counting down the years very quickly now...

The point where it will be too late to do anything about it was more like 15 years away; or thereabout 2017 somewhere, or some-when. The universes are a little fuzzy, if we make a tiny effort we might push the go/no-go for the end of the world back a year or two. But it will still be too late at that point if we don't start doing things better today.

If we make a fair effort we might only be pushing the end of the world back a decade or two or maybe half a century. We've done that before. Ask me about 1965 sometime.

We need to make a total effort, and quickly, or we won't be having any great-grandchildren, or great-great grandchildren, or whatever depending on your generation and how fast your family breeds.

Yeah, lots of people have talked about the end of the world, and it never happened, so why should anyone believe me now?

Well they shouldn't, at least not simply because I say so.

But instead of arguing and debating every point with our heads up our collective asses, we should take a real hard look at the state of the world today and where it is heading.

You are probably sick of hearing about the greenhouse effect and pollution and all that, but it's still a very serious issue. It's a very deadly serious issue, as it happens.

The part you probably hadn't heard about before reading this is called The Atmospheric-Oceanic Carbon Cycle.

Ok, maybe 2% of everyone does actually know something about what I just said.

That's The Atmospheric-Oceanic Carbon Cycle. It's what keeps our air breathable.

The oceans absorb excess carbon from the atmosphere. How much is excess? Depends on how healthy your lungs are, but too much carbon and you're dead.

Poof!

Today we're handling a tolerable amount of carbon in most parts of the world, but if you've ever been to Mexico City you've seen a place where many people are seriously ill from excess carbon in the air.

That carbon comes from burning hydrocarbon fuels like wood, dung, coal and oil. So far, the planet is doing a tolerable job of cleaning up our mess for us.

But take a closer look at what is really going on.

Roughly 10% of the world's population is consuming nearly 90% of all the energy produced. Yeah, it's hard to believe, but that's how it is. We're sitting in the lap of luxury here, enjoying our wealth, while 90% of the world can't find enough fuel to keep the lights on at night. If they even have any lights, that is.

What can we do about it? I don't want to hear, "That's not our problem", or "that's not my problem", or "I didn't take anything from them, I didn't make them poor, sick, hungry, or whatever...", because it really is our problem, collectively, all together, it is our problem.

Whether we're willing to do anything about it or not, those people who are poorest are doing everything they can do to make themselves wealthier energy consumers; they are doing it as quickly as they can.

They all want 'the good life' too.

So they're cutting down their forests for more agricultural land, or burning them really, because burning is faster than cutting.

So they're burning down their forests and raising more food. They'll still go hungry, because most of that food is for cash crops to feed us.

They want our money badly enough to starve their children for it.

That money is going to line some people's pockets, sure, but most of it will go into infrastructure to help their nations develop a stronger economy so they can all enjoy more consumer products, just like us.

Of course, all that industry takes energy, and consumer products aren't much fun without batteries or wall sockets to power them, so one of the key parts of the infrastructures they're starving their kids to build is more hydrocarbon-fueled power plants.

Oh yeah. Good all combustion-driven, turbine, electric power plants.

Can't have 'the good life' without those... And boy, are they busy building. And they deserve it. They deserve it all, every bit as much as we believe we deserve it.

Yeah, their children are starving so they can do this great thing, building their infrastructures, but that's not our fault, is it? We only buy their produce and meat and consumer goods dirt cheap so they can earn the money to invest in their infrastructures. It's not our fault that's what they choose to do with their forests, food, or money.

But it is.

We are their shining example of all they could possibly want, and they're coming for it like gangbusters, following our examples every bloody step of the way.

Ok, but what did we do wrong?

Nothing, really; initially, we've just been doing our very best to make all of our dreams come true. Perfectly normal, perfectly natural, no one expects anything less.

And we can't really be blamed for lacking the foresight to see the consequences of our actions, at least not immediately, not at first, but we're getting a little old for that now, a little wiser, and our pigeons are now coming home to roost, so-to-speak.

Today we do have the opportunity to see where all of our wonderful life-styles are heading.

We're heading for disaster.

Still not your fault you say?

Ok, but if it's not your fault, whose fault is it, and who is going to step up to the plate and take credit, or more importantly, responsibility?

Someone once remarked that success has many fathers but defeat is an orphan.

But if someone doesn't take responsibility for this baby now we are all gonna die!

And I do sincerely mean that, most sincerely sirs, madams, and all...

There is no single individual to take the burden of this disaster off our shoulders. We have to work together collectively to do that.

What can we do?

Unfortunately some people came up with the answer to this problem as early as 1939 or so. Remember Hitler's, lebensraum? They wanted "living-room". Remove the majority of 'inferior' people and there will be enough for the rest of the superior, deserving people.

I don't like that answer, and I sure hope you don't like it either, but there are those among our masters ready to bite that bullet. They think along the lines of, "Yes, this disaster is really coming, but if we can just stop those other nations from developing so quickly, at least we can put it off a few generations." Or, "Better yet, if we can just get rid of those other nations we won't have to die at all."

Because some people have no faith (or too much faith) in human nature, depending on how you look at us, they figure we can't do this right, so we better do it wrong or not at all. And the debate goes on (and on) in circles (of powerful people).

Well, there are plenty of future histories where those genocidal options are explored, but those are poor choices; I know we can do better than that.

We can.

But you say "what's the harm in allowing all those nations to develop? Coal is cheap, it's not like they can't afford to produce all the energy they want."

And you'd be right, they can afford to continue to build and to burn more and more fuel for energy, and they certainly have every right to do so, even if, collectively, it will seal our doom once and for all.

And it will seal our doom, it already has, up the line in 2076 we're all dying. It's just a matter of how fast and who first, but we're all dying.

It all goes back to that ecological thingy, The Atmospheric-Oceanic Carbon Cycle.

Carbon from the atmosphere is absorbed in colder ocean waters, so even though we're polluting the hell out of our air, our planet is able to scrub it clean for us. But, there's an upper threshold beyond which the scrubbers cannot meet the load of dirty air we're making. And, while the scrubbers don't completely break down, for all intents and purposes they soon cease to work, because the carbon we're putting in the air is far in excess of what the oceans can suck up.

Remember, right now it's 10% of the people with 90% of the energy. We're not going to give up 90% of our energy so everyone else can have an equal share.

Who would be happy with a only a 10% share anyway?

So those poorer folks have got to make more energy.

They just have to.

And who's to say when enough is too much? Doubling energy production means everyone still only gets a 20% equitable share.

Are you willing to give up 80% of the energy you use now?

Quadrupling energy production means that you'd get a 40% share, but I don't think you're going to want give up 60% of your energy to be fair. How about 50%, still no?

Ok, but it's a pretty sure thing that we are already very close to the threshold where our oceans can no longer scrub our air effectively; just doubling our energy production is going to kill us all. We'll be at the point where it's too late to find alternatives in only 15 years or so.

<>Which is to say, just about right now since we originally wrote this about 15 years ago.<>

Double the energy, double the pollution.

Oh sorry, yes I've heard about solar and geo-thermal and wind turbines and hydro-electric and wave and tidal generation, but did you know that those technologies face so many inherent limits that at best they would only ever provide about a 30% share of our current energy production?

That's not enough to give everyone what he or she wants, is it? So we're going to be in a fine pickle in less than twenty years when we pass the point where our oceans can no longer maintain our air quality safely.

At that point we have few options. Wild-life will mostly die, at least on land, although some will surely adapt. They'll have the opportunity and time to make that adaptation too, because most of us humans will be dead, and that will solve their problems for them (and us).

One option is to build arcologies, self-sustaining, enclosed cities that manufacture everything we need, including breathable air.

No, sorry, there won't be enough room in the arcologies for everyone.

So who is going to die first, and how many? And how many will survive?

Well I'd rather not go there at all. We still have enough time to prevent that future history, but only barely just.

Another option is to escape into space. Yeah, far fewer people could survive that way, but if you're going to be living in totally self-enclosed cities anyway, space is the place to do it, which brings us to our best option: to prevent this whole mess in the first place by going to space for energy.

We have had all the requisite technology to build orbital solar power satellites for years now, and the technology is just getting better and cheaper every year.

It won't be cheap to get started on solar power satellite solutions, but what's cheap when the lives of our entire race and the lives of most species of animals on the land and in the seas are at stake anyway?

And yes, there are dangers and pollution associated with this solution too, but they are more affordable dangers and more acceptable risks than our worlds' total annihilation. Solar power satellites absolutely will save our collective asses from the hell of a future we will all face together if we don't get started right away.

You want to live, right? and your children? Do you want them to live? and their children, and theirs?

Then get busy now.

We absolutely cannot begin a solar power satellite solution without global peace. You have to make a commitment toward global peace and make sure everyone you know will make a similar commitment.

Solar power satellites are some of the most destructive potential weapons we will ever build. A single terrorist able to control one satellite could kill millions; they could kill entire cities full of people.

You don't think any of our enemies would be interested in allowing us to build such weapons, do you? Of course not, so can they stop us? Possibly they can, even probably.

We need a universal international treaty that supports industrial development of space for power production to enable us to begin.

That's first and foremost, step one.

We need to align the capital investment required to get started, while we're working on a global power satellite treaty.

We're talking energy here; there are billions of dollars at stake.

You don't think the folks holding the reigns of our energy production are going to allow such massive competition do you? Of course not!

As long as our energy czars can continue earning money the good-old-fashioned, easy way by burning up our future, why should they waste their fortunes on space today?

Where will they find a return on their investment if they did go to space today?

In order to make this work it may be necessary to give the power away for free. It would certainly have to be marketed at a rate so much cheaper than coal and oil that everyone on the planet will want space energy first and foremost.

It really doesn't sound like there is any money to be made by shifting to space for cheap energy, especially since the power industry capitalists would be undercutting their own businesses.

So you can bet the people who really matter in a project like this, the people who could most easily get it done, if they wanted to, aren't going to want to.

We have to make them want to, somehow. Or we're all dead.

That's step two.

Or maybe it's the other way around. Who cares? The thing is these are the two critical points on which the future of our race and many other species of life on our planet hinges.

The political will for peace.

The economic will for prosperity. (Not profits.)

We have about 15 years to get started. If we are ready then, we may survive.

If not, then sayonara.

Oh yeah, and the currently inevitable destruction of our race isn't an evil thing, not even if someone somewhere gets tired of it all and just pushes The Button to get it all over with faster. It's just the natural consequences of our natural behavior.

So let's change our nature.

Now.

-- CURRENT STATE = REQUEST PENDING --

-- SAVE --

~ You didn't stand a chance son.

Go back to the subject of malice.

I mentioned before that I thought malice was not evil, but it may be a difficult point to make clear.

Malice is a form of pleasure, perverse, possibly, but still pleasure. It appears to be an undeniable fact that some people appear to enjoy hurting others. Some people put a great deal of time and effort into planning how they will hurt other people. They expect a reward for their time and effort. Unfortunately from their partners' points of view they too often get what they ask for while their partners are too often hurt or even killed.

You may wonder why I would call the 'victim' of violence a 'partner'; I say they are a partner because they take a part in the act.

We may think they don't want any part of it, or that they are innocent, but that may not be the case. Who knows what their karma is or why they might need to be hurt?

It may only be the case that they love their partner who hurts them and to love them seems to require them to accept this painful role. They may have other reasons that may appear valid or logical to them. It doesn't really matter; it takes 2 or more partners for malice, unless we are talking about malice acted out against one's self.

But malice, whether it is malice against oneself or malice against others, is often sought for pleasure. It may be a perverse form of pleasure but that is what it is all about.

Malice may often include themes such as 'vengeance' or 'justice', but those aren't really relevant; they just provide a context or justification.

People who enjoy their own malicious behavior don't really need any reason or justification to do it, but people are often obsessed with explaining their own behavior, so, if asked, they will often reply something like, "Well they deserved it!"

Which isn't necessarily true, but it certainly helps keep things rolling smoothly to have some excuse handy. And, quite often, the other party in the matter will even agree that they deserved it. Their belief that they deserved it still isn't necessarily true, but it helps to have reasons to explain our actions. People like to feel tidy that way.

It may seem hard to believe, but malice has its origins in loving God.

When I sang, “Way back in the year none...” I was twisting the words a little, because we are talking not about the year one, which is how the song really goes, but the year none, before time existed. “When you belonged to Know One...” is exactly true. In the year none we all belong to the only One we could Know, God.

And then time began to roll forward. We all diverged from God. It was fun, it was exciting! We all said something like “Oh wow!”, and then we promptly returned to God because we didn’t know what else to do. We wound up back with God, and that was ok, but more was required of us than simply saying “Oh wow!” and then heading home.

We got to do this “Oh wow!” thing for a long time. We’d split away from God, do our “Oh Wow!” and head home, because that was cool and comfortable and we had no idea we could do anything else.

But eventually we discovered something new. We discovered ourselves. Yeah, we were pretty wimpy in those days just a bit of cosmic consciousness with no sense of identity. We were very basic stuff really. We were the fundamental building blocks of creation back then, all ‘bricks in the wall’ if you will. That was who we were then, and all we knew how to do back then was say “Oh wow!” and then head for home to be with God.

But we eventually began to be aware that we were having this experience. And to be aware of experiencing put us in a whole new ball game. We could groove on the “Oh wow!” and recognize “Hey didn’t I just do that a moment ago?”. “Yeah, right! I said “Oh wow!” a moment ago, and here I am doing it again!”. “And what’s this ‘I’ thing doing this ‘Oh wow!’ thing anyway?”.

And then we’d disappear back into God to do it again. We were souls. We had a state of existence separate from God, and a state of non-existence where we didn’t exist at all but we were One With God.

You know, God, the Big Dude.

So we got in this groove where we did our little number and went back to God, and we got a little introspective about it and started polishing up our act.

We learned to bop. We'd sequence our Oh-wows in rhythms and make them into existential poems along the lines of: "Here I am!" "Not" (really not) "Here I am!" (Not) "Just kidding" (not) "Here I am". But as we were doing this embellished Oh-wow thing, just sort of grooving on the transition from existence to non-existence and back again, we began to build some history. We began to remember a bit of what we experienced when we didn't exist, which was very groovy in itself since we were With God then.

And being With God was good. No doubt about it, we dug it, even though we didn't exist, in a sense, while we were With God, we continued to exist, just on another level, as a collective entity, God.

But if Being With God was somehow bigger than just being on our own, why was it bigger? What made it bigger?

After a while we realized we weren't alone. When we were with God there were other beings there in the same state of non-existence Being With God.

"Oh wow!"

And, as we continued to create a history of ourselves, learning to remember our existence from time to time, learning to create a continuity of our own personal consciousness, we began to be consciously aware of others like ourselves. Others all doing their Oh-wows like us, and we discovered something truly miraculous, we could communicate with each other.

Of course we didn't have any language or anything like that, but who really needed it when about all we had to say for ourselves were things like "Oh wow!"

But we dug saying that and we dug hearing others saying it too.

We dug it so much we started spending more and more time away from God.

"Oh wow!"

But we'd always get that yearning to go home, and we'd split the cosmic party from time-to-time for a little nap with the Big Dude because it refreshed us and made us feel good.

But we always returned to the party, we had to, other than God there was simply nowhere else to go.

The party got pretty complex; people were very busy creating new relationships. Their Oh-wows were becoming songs, and they were learning to sing together and dance together. They were basically enjoying themselves in each other's company, having a great time.

People wound up staying out pretty late. Maybe they were even staying out a little bit too late. Some folks were forgetting or neglecting to drop by and visit With The Big Dude quite so often as they used to, and eventually some folks hadn't been to See Him in what seemed like a really long time.

But it was cool, no one was actually lost or anything, at least, not yet.

But after a while some folks were so engrossed in having a good time that they forgot about going back to God, they forgot about Him almost completely. And that wasn't such a good thing. It wasn't a bad thing, you know, like: "Oh boy! You've done it now! Are you ever gonna be in trouble when Dad catches you!"

No one was going to be punished fer-chrissake, for like, forgetting God. It wasn't His Bag to hurt or punish anyone, it never was.

Sure, there are those that says He's vengeful and all that, but we suspect that they just don't know Him as well as they maybe should.

Forgetting God wasn't a sin. Not really, it was not like you were hurting anyone, except maybe yourself. Returning to God was a good thing it made you feel fresh and alive and wonderful all over when you took off on your own again. It was up to you, entirely, whether you wanted to do that or not, it was your choice.

But if ever there were going to be a sin that would have been it.

However, there was this one very groovy thing about The Big Dude, something a lot of people seem to have forgotten. No Rules Dude!

Free will was the big deal, and it still is.

Sure, since then, lots of people have come up with a whole lot of rules, but bottom-line? No Rules was the only Rule. Not even a Rule if you get my point, since a Rule stating "There are No Rules" is a paradox. But No Rules left a sort of Rule Vacuum so everyone started making up their own rules.

So anyway, that's pretty much what went on back there at the beginning of the universes and everything.

Back then a lot of people were still tripping back to God on a very regular basis, but many old souls were seeing the Big Dude not at all anymore. It may have been that they just got tired of all that Oh-wow shit or something.

Anyway, for whatever reason, many folks were staying away from God, grooving on their own things, not really too interested in God much anymore.

And that was ok. A lot of those folks were very cool and they were doing stuff with all the free time on their hands that some of the other folks were kind of falling behind on.

Now it was ok to spend some time with God, because, really, spending time with God was like free time or no time at all, because with God, there was no such thing as time. So you could zip off to be with God and come back in no time flat and not miss a thing.

But, something was going on in that timeless time you spent with God, and when you returned, it could take awhile to get back in the groove. Some people could make that adjustment lickity-split but others took their own sweet time about it, and taking their time was sort of hurting them in a way because it was like they were falling behind in school or something.

Sure, they Had It All when they were with The Big Dude, so it was like they weren't really missing out on anything, but they were getting a little feeble in the 'worldly' experience department, they were getting to be 'tard's on the cosmic scene.

No biggy. After all, They Had God.

But, those really experienced dudes on the scene, the ones that stayed 'worldly' just about forever? They were becoming wizards or something. They were learning to really fit things together. They could orchestrate some wickedly good scenes. They were having an artistic blast! Folks admired and respected them because they were so wonderfully entertaining.

And that's all it was really, some entertainment, one great big colorful show; with more and more unusual new inventions all the time.

Now with all this singing and dancing and harmonizing going on, some people discovered something they didn't like; disharmony, discord, and interference were some very bumner subjects for some of the entertainers and their audiences.

Some people really dug their own thing. Sure they often liked what other people had going, but boy, if it clashed with Their Thing then look out!

And the thing of it was, the more experienced you were the more meaningful it was when it was time to 'look out!' You could put some pretty heavy spins on other people's trips.

You could totally flip 'em out.

And of course plenty of folks took offense to that.

The whole discord, disharmony, interference thingy could really get out of hand at times. People felt hurt when their trips got cancelled or put on hold or weirded-out so bad that they didn't know if they were coming or going.

At first, people feeling hurt was unusual, but it was also no big deal. A few minutes with The Big Dude and all your worries were set aside and you could get right back to doing Your Own Thing.

Usually.

But there it was. Some people's things were getting so damn powerful that people returning from God weren't getting where they meant to go. No matter how hard they tried to find themselves back in Their Own Thing, they were constantly being drawn off into someone else's trip instead.

And these drawn-off people missed Their Things. They missed the feeling that all was well after spending some time with The Big Dude, because when they got back all was not well, at least not with them, not anymore.

Now, to start off, no one was really trying to do anything to trap anyone or hurt them. But some people were just so deep into their groove and doing it so well that people were attracted to it in spite of themselves and just kind of got drawn in. For a lot of folks that was ok, it was cool because there really were some groovy things going down and everyone (mostly) was just having a ripping good time.

So, when folks started getting bummed a lot people didn't understand what was wrong, or what they needed, or how to help them or anything, and it could really be a downer to get messed up with someone on a bummer. Those folks became citizens of a different class. People avoided them, and they avoided each other.

Now, with folks avoiding them, some of the bummed-out people could sort of get back to their own grooves, but it was never really the same anymore. The moments for their grooves had sort of passed them by; they were left feeling sort of short-changed.

Some of them were downright pissed, and boy was that a new flavor to go around. Anger? Where'd you get that? Is it any good? Do you like it? Can I try it? Eee-yuck! Why would anyone like that? You're sick dude! You make me sick!

And before you knew it all kinds of social diseases were floating about, as people got caught up in other people's bummers or strung-out on their own bummers so far that they just couldn't get their own shit together anymore.

This was all really very sad, but not bad, because it wasn't the result of anything evil or anything like that. It was just something that didn't feel very good.

But there were definitely those that dug that sour cream and many of them wanted to go out and spoil everybody else's milk, because they just dug it too much.

This is where malice was born. These folks used to love God, but now they felt He'd let them down somehow. They were miserable, because they were lost and couldn't find themselves. And they were so sick with their own misery that they were making other people miserable too. And when they discovered they had this awesome fucking power to make other people miserable too, well, some of them just really got off on that. They had a new groove going. It was sick. It was twisted. It was a bummer. But they made it their groove and they got off on it.

And God, Being The Good Kind-Hearted Generous Dude He Is, He couldn't just tell them No. He'd be breaking the only rule he ever never made if he did. But he could see to it that everyone got what they wanted, as long as everyone was willing to share.

So God got creation going under way in a way no one had ever seen it done before.

Up to now everyone had had their own groove, good or bad. God took all their grooves and chopped them all up into infinite pieces, and everyone got a part of everyone else's groove. Now these were not tiny pieces, these were infinite-sized holographic pieces; each one was a whole complete groove just as good as the original.

And best of all, all these replicated grooves were linked back to their originals, so these grooves would always continue to grow, as long as people took care of them and nurtured them.

People could make all the changes they wanted in anyone else's groove without ever damaging the original. So nothing could ever be really lost or stolen or hurt, because if you wanted that old master groove back in it's original shape you just called it up and it was all together and perfect as new; it was all good.

And so, people got all their old grooves back, because God, Being The Kind Of Dude He Is, Remembered Every One Of Them, even if their grooves' creators had forgotten them or ruined them. People got back all the grooves they had lost or had altered beyond any hope of recognition. So if you were pining for some old thing you'd lost, why, pine no more, because it was yours again, exactly as you wanted it; it was all good.

And that's what we have today. But we haven't learned all it's secrets yet, or how to get it to work precisely the way we want. That'll take some (more) time.

And then, there are still people on bummers trying to pass off hummers to the unwary.

But if you go with flow, well then, you know...

It's all Good! Because its all God.

But when it isn't... well, then I guess it depends on how you're looking at things.

Remember that I'm seeing nearly a billion people die in less than a day in 2076. If you aren't one of them, it's an almost certain fact one of your kids or grandkids will be.

Only the dead will be excused from this extinction.

What will you do about that?

No worries... just die.

Hmm...

Ok, a lot of stuff was left out. We were having a sort of debate, lots of different voices, but difficult to type for all of them so you only get our parts, with a few exceptions... still we think it will stand on its own.

It's too late now.

We will all die.

But we would die anyway, so maybe it's no big deal.

We will all also live forever; unfortunately shifting your consciousness so that you migrate to your own infinite nature and survive this mass extinction doesn't make it any easier, if instead you desperately cling to this 'material' world we currently expire in.

So we used to be all worried that we gotta do something, and now we aren't so worried, but we would still prefer to do something to mitigate some of the pain and trauma soon to come.

There may still be time to save the world, but if so, then it will be some other technology that saves it, not the solar power satellites.

In the end, our salvation always arrives at the last possible moment, as if by a miracle.

Enjoy!