

## RESURRECTION TRILOGY

Chapter 16 from Book I

Featured in the Red Rock Review Literary Journal.



Copyright © 2014 WH Wisecarver

## Chapter Sixteen

*Now the genuine democratic revolutionary movement can have no other task than to guide (not “lead” from the top!) the human masses that have become apathetic, incapable of discrimination, biopathic and slavish as the result of the suppression of their vital life over thousands of years; to guide them in such a way that they sense every suppression immediately and learn to shake it off promptly, finally, and irrevocably. It is easier to prevent a neurosis than it is to cure it. It is easier to keep an organism healthy than it is to rid it of an infirmity. It is also easier to keep a social organism free of dictatorial institutions than it is to eliminate such institutions.*

Wilhelm Reich  
*The Mass Psychology  
of Fascism  
(1946)*

*This is too much. This can't be happening!* No matter how he looked at it, Danner came to the same conclusion. He'd always known he saw things differently and had learned to accept the reaction of others to it. That patient stare reserved for pets chewing the newspaper, or the hostile personal attack for daring to question authority's "expert opinion" on the matter. He had been told most of his life: "You think too much!" He had learned to keep silent. Silent, but never losing the sight that saw differently.

But the last several days, culminating in Clovis's "DVD" had been too much. Something was happening, something completely unexplainable. Something extraordinary. Staring out GMG's jet window, skimming above the clouds at 37,000 feet, he knew it as fact, but without any "facts" to explain.

"So many variables!" Leila burst out. "As fast as I correlate the subset, another variable subset vector appears."

"Sorry, I was spaced out. What?" Danner responded.

Freyan didn't even look up from her laptop. She held her iPad in her hand with Danner's

laptop on the side. Her eyes skimmed the screens and her fingers moved as if they were independent entities. From Danner's view of the screens, he could see only complex mathematical equations. Her fingers kept moving and her eyes scanning as a slight smile came to her face, acknowledging Danner's presence.

"So many variables to the equation. It's all correlated with the mythology, every word, every letter of the words," she said, still focused on her screen. "Each myth, each word in the myth, just divulges another subset of variables that need to be correlated with the equation."

"I'm sure that would make sense to someone, but I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about ma'am," Danner said smiling.

She looked up with the joy one sees on a young child looking at her presents on Christmas morning, thoroughly enjoying herself in the complex mathematics. "Oh, sorry," she exclaimed happily, "I'm just talking out loud."

"Oh, I didn't mean to disturb you."

"Not at all. This is really interesting."

"What is?"

"Well you and Tom got me thinking last night about the concept of art, poetry, and mythology in human evolution and intellectual development. I've never looked at it from any other perspective but the mathematical. The language of science, pure communication. It never occurred to me that math could be expressed in a symbolic form."

"You're not helping me, Leila, because you're already talking way over my head."

She laughed without malice and continued. "Okay, let me explain. Right now I'm correlating the *Bhagavad Gita* with quantum physics and the theories of Bohr, Einstein, and Planck. The language of math isn't symbolic and can define any phenomenon that we call

'reality.' Atomic structure, to movement of the universe. The issue those giants of intellect had was simply one of technology. They never had access to the computing power we have to analyze their premise and correlate the variables of the equation. But their premise is correct! I'm sure of it." She paused only to take a deep breath and continued.

"Their theories are proven right or on the right track with our continued advancement in technology," she explained. "Their premise remains! Here's the interesting part. Their theories, when they are translated into a symbolic language parallels the concept espoused in the *Bhagavad Gita*. They both come to the same conclusion, basically, that there is an all-encompassing unity to the universe, each part a vital variable in the equation."

"I got your conclusion, but what do you mean by translating to a symbolic language?"

"Well," she began, "any human language is symbolic. For example, I can write a chemical equation mathematically that would be understood by any scientist as a tree. We communicated perfectly. We both know exactly what is heard and what is meant. But if I say 'tree,' you and I only have a vague idea what we're communicating. You picture an old oak tree, I picture a tall pine tree, a city person pictures an elm growing out of cement, and a country person sees a mountain forest. Someone in the tropics sees a jungle canopy; someone in the desert sees a date tree. I see one you see..."

"Okay, okay I get it," Danner said laughing.

"So then you understand the inherent problem of communicating in symbolic language. Now add the prejudices formed by the listener's society, their religious beliefs, societal views, national imprints. Now layer that with their own life experience. Their likes, dislikes, or good or bad experiences they've had in their lives. You can see why real communication between two people is so difficult, let alone communicating to millions. Consequently the inherent dangers of

propaganda or the political correctness forms of communicating.”

“Wait a sec. You’re losing me again.”

“Propaganda and its negative form ‘political correctness’ immediately stops critical thinking of any idea or concept that was attempting to be communicated.

“Yeah, but there’s a lot of bad ideas that are communicated.”

“Granted!” She was on a roll now, and her explanation rushed on. “But that’s not the point! The ‘good’ or ‘bad’ of the idea will be immediately understood with critical thinking of the concept. The problem is if I’ve been indoctrinated by political correctness to...uh...for example, see any form of economic equality as socialism, then I immediately shut down any critical thinking about the amount of monetary liquidity required to maintain a healthy economic growth within the system.” She paused to let the premise sink in, and then continued.

“If I’m indoctrinated by political correctness to look for racism or anti-Semitism, in any communication,” she pointed out, “then I can find racism or anti-Semitism in just about anything. Suddenly any idea or concept is stopped. A label is applied; there is no critical thinking and no communication.”

“Okay, I understand where you’re coming from, but anti-Semitism and racism has caused more horrors in the modern world than just about anything I can think of, so they’re concepts that aren’t very hard for any thinking human to be against.”

“No, you still don’t get it,” she said. “I’m not talking about those concepts. They are on their face, in any form, morally evil and logically absurd. What I’m talking about is labeling any concept anti-Semitic or racist and shutting down critical thinking before the concept has been explored. If you listen and grasp the concept, it is immediately obvious if it really is racist or anti-Semitic—*now* you are intellectually armed. Now you can take action against a real threat.

You are no longer susceptible to propaganda or ‘politically correct’ misdirection.”

“Aren’t they the same thing?”

“Not quite,” she explained. “Political correctness stops critical thinking, it immediately shuts down the brain’s processing center. Propaganda infuses an illogical variable into the equation of critical thinking. It obscures logic and vectors communication into an unbalanced equation.”

“Mind speaking English,” Danner said smiling.

“Gives you the wrong fuckin’ answer! How’s that,” she said laughing.

“That I understand. And I have the perfect example.”

“Oh?” she said in mock surprise, “Shoot.”

“At the end of WWI, a young patriot went to the 1919 Paris Peace Treaty conference at Versailles after hearing President Wilson’s speech on national rights of self-determination. Unfortunately one of the big powers there held his country as a colony. He went home empty handed, as it was politically correct for Wilson not to help him or his people, as Wilson needed the big power to push his agenda on the League of Nations. Then WWII starts, and the now middle-aged patriot leads his people in a four-year guerrilla war against Japanese occupation. So WWII ends, and the patriot hears FDR’s speeches on anti-colonialism. Roosevelt’s speeches and his establishing the United Nations so excited the patriot, he again reached out to the United States to help him work out an agreement with the big power who still considered his nation their colony.” Danner paused, taking a sip of coffee.

“Okay, go on,” Freyan says.

“The US wouldn’t help the patriot,” Danner said. “The US wanted the big power’s help in Europe. The big power actually got the US to help them fight the patriot. So the patriot went to his own people’s ancient enemies to their north for help and then defeated the big power on their

own. So the United States, acting on the propaganda of the time, replaced the big power and started fighting in the patriot's country. We first went into his country in 1954."

I understand the history, but I'm unsure of its relevance to our discussion," Freyan said.

"Well," Danner replied. "It was politically correct to consider anyone being helped by communists dangerous, as the propaganda of the time said all communists were in a big conspiracy to take over the world. So we did the politically correct thing and started fighting the, by that time, old patriot. The result of being politically correct on the propaganda of the day was the worst *international* disaster in American history."

"Iraq?" Freyan guessed.

"No. Iraq was the worst *national* disaster in American history," Danner replied.

"I don't think that's a fair assessment. Our troops did what they were ordered to do," Freyan immediately responded.

"Now who's being politically correct?" Danner said seriously. "The disaster of Iraq had nothing to do with our troops. They were as outstanding there as they have always been. It was the political leadership of this country who wasted their blood, and wasted our economy. Politicians invaded one nation and bled ours to the breaking point. They attacked Iraq and the American people. They bled our military, our economy, and ripped the Constitution and the Bill of Rights to shreds."

"I never thought about it like that," she said. Looking out the window, the enormity of the loss hit her like an arrow through her soul. She looked back at Danner not to forget the pain but to use it.

"You still haven't told me the name of the patriot or the country of your historical example on political correctness and propaganda," She said quietly.

“The colony was French Indochina, and the young patriot in 1919 Paris was Ho Chi Minh. French Indochina got renamed Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia you may recall.”

Freyan’s eyes became somber, her tone quietly serious. “Yes, you’re right. You got my point on the danger of political correctness and its effect on critical thinking perfectly.”

“Well a student is only as good as the teacher. You understand it. We students can only feel it,” Danner replied. “We know something’s wrong but can’t understand what it is. We’ve never been taught critical thinking.”

Freyan’s body language told Danner she was deep in thought about the exchange and he got up to rummage around the CD collection again while she contemplated.

Her reflections returned to a recurring relationship she had long ago discovered in the thought patterns of most humans. She had always found it easy to comprehend the connection of critical thinking to avoid such blatant errors such as racism or anti-Semitism. She couldn’t understand why most couldn’t. She never understood how humans seemed drawn toward the negative. This shift toward negative thinking even absorbed their thought patterns as they claimed they were attempting to move from it.

There is no logical argument, no factual basis that can justify such things. Science proved it as far back as 1902. Four blood groups: A, B, O, and AB! That’s it! One finds only a higher or lower probability of these four types in any of the so called racial groups throughout the earth. Hair types and color, eye colors and eye folds, or skin pigmentation have all proven to be mere human adaptations to the environment. Genetically all humans are virtually identical! If one subscribes to humans’ ability to reason, remember, and judge as traits we have over other creatures, and if facts support a premise, how could one argue a moral position against it?

Racism, anti-Semitism, and their religious offshoots are not just morally wrong but logically

wrong. How could such narrow, illogical concepts lead to the madness of Auschwitz? Something was terribly flawed in humans. *Was it in our brain's makeup, OR!*, she thought, *something much worse!* Could it be people are purposely not taught to use their brain? As if there is a concerted effort to ensure people never learn to use the gift of thought.

The realization stunned her as she analyzed the vector. She thought about the social controls of today, the one similarity they all have. Whether American or non, Arab or Jew, Chinese or non. Liberal, conservative; Fascist or anti-fascist; Republican or Democrat; Christian or non, they always had the same message. "Don't think! Just do what we say, do what we want, believe what we tell you, *or else*. We will kill you, jail you, or attack you in court. We will call you a racist, a sinner, stupid and bad. Do not think about what we tell you, just obey, just *submit*." The music interrupted her thoughts as Danner came back to his seat.

"Moorrrre hippie music! I thought you would have gotten your fill over the last couple of days," Freyan said smiling. "That's the Beatles isn't it?"

"Yes, it is—*Revolver*, 1966. The song is "Taxman." The words kinda sound familiar don't they," he laughed.

"Well it sounds like government tax policy sure hasn't changed since 1966. But don't you know any music from this century?" she said laughing.

"Gimme a break, all this went down long before MTV and iTunes," Danner said chuckling. "Now where were we?" he asked rhetorically. "I believe you were going to tell me how the *Bhagavad Gita* had figured out quantum physics before there was such a thing."

"Not quite," she said. "What I said is that they had come to the same conclusion. That all the variables of 'reality' are reacting on the outcome and the equation, affecting the whole simultaneously. That the only way to understand it effectively is to see it in the whole. The issue

always comes down to the conundrum of the Observer and the Observed.”

“Little out of my depth again. The what?!”

“In quantum mechanics,” Freyan began, “the observer is only a part, a variable, of the whole equation. Consequently, what she ‘observes’ is changed by the variable of ‘observing.’ Her act of observing only a small part of the whole changes the equation in its entirety.” As she explained, she suddenly jumped up in surprise of her own statement. Before Danner could ask a question, she was again buried in her calculations on the laptop.

Her keyboard seemed to be keeping time with the music, as Danner drifted in the comfortable environment totally foreign to the natural human condition—a leather, deep, plush seat, sipping coffee at 37,000 feet, moving in a metal container at a ground speed of 460 nautical miles an hour. Freyan’s sudden outburst was unexpected but the happiness was contagious.

“That’s it!” she said laughing.

“I guess it is,” Danner replied laughing with her. “But what is it?”

“The universe isn’t just more complex than we think. Its more complex than we *even have the ability* to think!” Freyan said. “That’s what Eastern mysticism is trying to explain. It’s the crux of the Buddhist proverb that says: ‘You can’t wipe blood away with blood.’ The concept of enlightenment can only be understood outside the confines of three-dimensional reality, beyond the *maya* and *karma* of the perceived world.”

Freyan rolled on in the data stream, “That’s the problem with Western thought patterns. Our religious viewpoint is to seek limitations; eastern spirituality is constantly striving for the infinite.”

“Please, go on—but slower. Remember you’re talking to a Westerner, Leila. I’m barely civilized.”

Freyan laughed and continued, “We in the West focus only on the observed. Far more practical. Made us technologically superior to all other cultures. But! We lost understanding of our place in the whole, in the One! We lost our souls. That’s why we go to the moon and create hydrogen bombs, but look with apathy on half of humanity starving to death. We’ve lost the ability to see the whole and understand our connection to the earth, biosphere, the rest of humanity.”

“So what of Western religious teachings?”

“You were right,” she exclaimed. “We never read what they said because our teacher’s true teachings were immediately covered up. Just pick up a King James Bible from the 1920s and then one from the 1990s. You’ll see the difference. Can you imagine the changes they’ve made since they decided which Gospels to include in the New Testament in 320 AD while banning others? Can you imagine what the medieval monks rewrote from the original Greek scribe, who were basically translating from Aramaic? The messages of the Bible have been constantly being rewritten for 1,800 years.”

“We hear only what someone tells us they said,” she began again. “Never learned what our teachers were trying to teach us. Did you know that the Catholic Church banned the printing of the Bible in any of the native languages of Europe for over five hundred years? The Vatican didn’t want people to read it themselves. They wanted the priests to have all the control. Western religions became just another control mechanism of the observer and...wait!” Freyan stopped in midsentence and was searching the Internet on another laptop. Looking up she continued without interruption on her theme.

“That’s what Dostoevsky was trying to explain in his story within a story on the Grand Inquisitor. And that’s why the Roman Catholic Church attacked the Gnostics and forced

everything underground labeling it occult or devil worship. That's why they suppressed Tom's generation or anyone saying—free your mind.”

“Ah, my old enemy: They,” Danner said. “Well ‘They’ didn’t destroy it all. Much of the true teachings got away from the church censors and ‘They.’ You know Moslems kept much of ancient Western knowledge safe for over five hundred years while the church was rewriting the history of our people. Just as it was the Moslems that gave sanctuary to the Jewish people when the Inquisition was burning them at the stake for the so called greater glory of Christ.”

“Hard to believe Moslems would help Europeans, or Jews for that matter.”

“The Moslems, like all the great cultures, have their share of inquisitors too. Their own unique ‘They.’ Remember that when we were living in mud huts during the Dark Ages, Moslem culture was the center of the Earth for math, science, art, and knowledge, all of which was heavily influenced and benefited by Hebrew enhancements in every field. The Caliphate in Baghdad was a center of the greatest empire since Rome. They ruled an economic empire reaching from Spain to China. It was a cultural center of civilization made up of Moslem, Jewish, Christian, Persian, and Asian merchants, scientists and scholars. Even at the height of the Crusades, Christians preferred Moslem and Jewish physicians and merchants to their own. Spain was the boundary between the Christian and Moslem worlds for hundreds of years; it centered the Mediterranean Sea as a free-trade zone from east and west where all three cultures intermingled for centuries. It’s interesting to note that the Spanish had the influences of both worlds, yet no one seems to notice that Spain was also the first global superpower.”

“They should teach kids those facts today,” Freyan said.

The thought brought a sarcastic chuckle from Danner, “Teach kids history? Real history? Heavens forbid! Liberals and Conservatives and every religion in between would freak out.

Teachers would be flayed alive for even attempting it. You'd see book burnings from Las Vegas to Damascus. Young people learning how and why they have ended up here!?"

Danner's humorously ironic tone suddenly changed. "It would give the new generation too much power before they had been co-opted with propaganda and political correctness," he said quietly.

"How so?"

"Well, it's not politically correct to talk about the benefits of Moslem culture in America. Or talk about benefits Moslems received from their fellow Semites, the Jews, in Moslem culture nowadays," Danner said. "The average young American, Jew, or Moslem might start thinking about the whole equation. That could get messy for all the politicians of all the nations."

"How so?" Freyan asked again.

"Ever hear a saying popular in the '60s: 'Suppose they had a war and nobody showed up.' That would blow the whole deal wouldn't it. Just think what would happen if critical thinking took the place of political correctness and propaganda?" Danner said looking out the window.

"Come on Kirk, people have been going to war a long time. It's not like it was invented in the twentieth century."

"You're right, but it was reinvented in 1914. Prior to WWI—it had been basically one gang against the other, few hundred dead, and some dukedom exchanged or a new king in place. WWI changed everything, and the technology that came out of WWII changed its capacity of destruction to a level that is, quite frankly, beyond the level of most people to even conceive."

"I believe that we are fully cognizant of war, Kirk, we understand its dangers." The sudden jolt of the turbulence was timed perfectly in emphasis and a reminder for both Freyan and Danner that reality has its own course.

“There!” Leila said. “The universe agrees. Another variable. Just so many variables,” she added. But she knew Danner had withdrawn. They had entered a subject he didn’t want to explore. She had been around him long enough to know when she had entered into dark territory, a secret place. She knew Danner was a keeper of secrets. She trusted him, and in her trust, understood the secrets kept were for her own protection.

Danner gazed out the window. The jet was skimming just above a cloud layer, the white and gray shadows looking like a moonlit desolate snow covered plain. His inner eye opened wide, the view had struck an ancient pathway. A memory stored in his brain’s 200 million year journey. He could feel the tide of that memory rolling into his consciousness. Everyone has them, but the ego immediately suppresses them. Chastises the brain for nonsense, ignores it, and does the politically correct thing with it. Pretend it doesn’t exist.

Danner’s experience over the last few days had disrupted his ego’s suppression system. The tide kept rolling in. His ancient teacher began its lesson. The 200-million-year teacher. The one that spoke no lie, withheld no horror. *War, these children know nothing of war. I will tell you of war! I will tell you of fates far worse than loss of your life. I will tell of the loss of your soul!*

Danner knew he was back there. He knew his teacher would tell him no lie and spare him no horror.

***End Chapter***