



Heaven

Sent

By

David Huttner

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Version 3.1; Release Date: January 1, 2024
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Published by David Huttner and the Peace Love and
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Converting the World to English

For Susan,
For friends lost but not forgotten
And for all of you who have asked or ever will ask me,
“Why you?”

“Sometimes, you have to look back to understand the
things that lie ahead. -- Yvonne Woon

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CHAPTER 1

Sitting here in McDonalds, in the Broad Ripple neighborhood of Indianapolis, sipping a drink; the youngsters all ignore me. I must look as poor, lonely and inconsequential as any other old man. Truth is, I'm *as* poor, a thousand times *lonelier* and a thousand times *less* inconsequential.

I have a non-descript Prius that takes me on my two-mile pilgrimage each day, from my boarding house to McDonalds, through the neighborhood of Alice and Jimmy and past the Mecca where my life's journey started.

That journey kept me away for fifty-eight years. Mecca, Indianapolis Public School #80, is now a condominium complex. But it's still very recognizable. Recognizable enough to assure me that the memories are real. I've learned that Alice became a school teacher and died some twenty years ago in a car accident. The others are all gone and are probably still blacking out everything that happened. They couldn't remember me if I bumped into them and gave my name. Yet it is for them, more than anyone else, that I keep struggling to improve and perfect, if possible, the work I've done.

I'm the first human to recover from the total amnesia that all of us are suffering. I'm the first human to recover the traumatic prehistory that makes all of us, albeit unconsciously, who we are. The understanding of our most basic and important past led to a comprehensive, new social science that spreads very slowly – whether ruling classes and their governments choose to censor me or not.¹ Why slowly? Because there is a censor within each of us. Whatever is too

threatening to our sense of self, to the inculcated voice of our same-sex parent and associated authorities, our superego, gets blocked out. So, wherever I go in the world, my isolation is guaranteed. I'm always in the same condition as Captain Cook and his men, when they first stepped ashore at Honolulu Bay, on a bright and balmy day, the shore teeming with natives – none of whom were able to see the newcomers.

Although my only god is Truth, I do have one abiding faith that keeps me going. It's motivating me right now to try to perfect this story of what set me on my life journey to uncover our past. I have one abiding faith, which is in our collective ability to find and act upon the truth. We must do that in order to succeed as a species. Although I often joke about the raccoons replacing us, I trust that future generations – of humans – will be conscious enough to want to learn social science, read my fourteen other books, and then want to know why it was me that wrote them.

The full “Why me” story must include the political backdrop of the volatile time in which the story begins: the Civil Rights Movement, the Cuban Missile Crisis and, especially, the presidency of the period's most remarkable American, John F. Kennedy.

JFK is especially important to *this* story because the Democratic Party and the liberal half of the ruling class had been selling him and his beautiful wife to Americans as God's gift to the world, the fulfillment of Arthurian legend (that would bring Camelot to Earth). Later, but while Camelot was still in session, *the Indianapolis Public School System began selling me as a junior and miniature “gift from Heaven.”* Both of these advertising campaigns were totally false, mine was without my initial knowledge or consent, and Indiana was

then, as it is now, a Republican state. Yet there was, locally, an unavoidable synergy between the two myths. Like a satellite orbiting a star, I could not help being hyper-sensitive to and influenced by the larger star's fate.

Kennedy will always loom large in our history because he personified some of the qualities that distinguish true leaders from mere place-seekers. He was generally able to learn, admit mistakes and adapt. He was unafraid to make some of the changes that learning demands.

His July 15, 1960 nomination speech was filled with all the usual political rhetoric: K propaganda, wishful thinking and contradictory promises. But where we saw cynicism in his opponent, Richard Nixon, we saw only naiveté in him. Conviction was written all over Kennedy when he said,

“I believe that the times require imagination and courage and perseverance...My call is to the young in heart, regardless of age, to the stout in spirit, regardless of party, to all who respond to the scriptural call, ‘Be strong and of good courage.’ Be not afraid. Neither be dismayed. For courage, not complacency, is our need today, leadership, not salesmanship; and the only valid test of leadership is the ability to lead and lead vigorously. ‘A tired nation,’ said David Lloyd George, ‘is a Tory nation.’ And the United States today cannot afford to be either tired or Tory.”

Like Abraham Lincoln, a good and compassionate man and our greatest leader, Kennedy was assassinated by wealthy members of his own class, even members of his own party that had been supporters. ² Both leaders were assassinated mainly for the same reason: they failed to understand (or in Lincoln's case, failed to communicate an understanding of)

the class struggle and how it operates. I'll explain.

Persons on top of society with respect to income, wealth and education resemble large mammals. They reproduce for quality. They equip their relatively few offspring with every advantage for survival. That's the K Strategy.

Those on the bottom in terms of income, wealth and education, the *relative* bottom, irrespective of the distance between top and bottom, resemble the small animals and the insects. They reproduce for quantity. That's the R Strategy. Notice that the instincts of those on the *relative* bottom compel them to have a lot of offspring because their *relatively* deprived offspring are vulnerable. Having many children improves the likelihood that at least one of their *relatively*-deprived and vulnerable offspring will survive long enough to reproduce its parents' genes. Four billion years of evolution have programmed each of us to preserve our genes. That instinct served us well until we got to the top of Earth's food chain – until we got to those most traumatic events that everyone blacked out. Since then, that instinct has been a scourge, the engine of the class struggle and the root cause of all our problems.

The two extreme strategies, K and R, cause and define each other. They are what the class struggle is really about. That's why the class struggle can never be won. It can only be minimized by maximizing, simultaneously and respectively, equal opportunity (to minimize K) and population control (to minimize R). Since all our pervasive and persistent social ills are just symptoms of K and R, we can't make ANY permanent social progress accept by reducing, preferably minimizing, both of these strategies. Selectively attacking symptoms, as politicians everywhere do, amounts to pushing on one side of our balloon-full-of-problems. That changes

the balloon's shape (the proportion of various problems) but not its volume.

Now, notice too that the two extremes, K and R, always balance each other out, always find an equilibrium, as do also their antidotes, equal opportunity and population control. I can prove this by contradiction, but that's a miniature dissertation. Easiest way to understand it is by conceiving of society as a single organism in which K is the head and R is the rest of the body. Got it?

That's what Abe Lincoln and John Kennedy, two very good and compassionate men who sincerely wanted to help people on the bottom, did not understand or (in Lincoln's case) could not communicate. Lincoln wanted to fulfill the newly-freed slaves' hopes for justice as they saw it. He wanted the Freedmen's Bureau, created by an act of Congress on March 3, 1865, to provide slave families with 42 acres and a mule, which they could pay for over a course of years. "Land to the tiller" is a very strong argument.

Kennedy wanted to enforce the 14th Amendment, which is what the Civil Rights Movement was all about. The 14th proclaims all people born or naturalized in the United States to be citizens of the Union and the state wherein they reside. It forbids the enactment of any law that abridges the privileges and immunities of any citizen, and it guarantees all persons equal protection of the law. (Similarly situated persons must be treated the same by the law.) It was enacted after the Civil War but, until the 1954 Supreme Court case of Brown vs the Board of Education, "equal protection" had decided very few cases for the oppressed. The 14th Amendment had been a dead letter, especially in the southern states. But like Lincoln, John Kennedy was a

compassionate champion of the underdog. In June of 1963, he sent federal troops to Alabama to stop Alabama Governor George Wallace from barring the doors of the University of Alabama to Blacks.

There were, however, three problems with both presidents' progressive agendas. First and most obviously, many of their foremost backers outright opposed these agendas. Lincoln's wealthiest backers, northern industrialists, had not supported the war so that slaves could become small farmers. As Karl Marx noted in his famous essay on "The Civil War in the USA," the big, capitalist Ks of the north wanted to convert the slaves into wage laborers (increasing the supply and driving down their cost of labor). They also wanted the slave labor on the self-contained plantation economies to stop and the south to become a much larger market for the manufactured goods of the north.

Kennedy's most strategic backers had included the Chicago mafia and Southern (conservative and segregationist) Democrats. Kennedy's 1960, election victory had been extremely narrow. It was one of the closest elections in US history. Kennedy won the popular vote by only .17%. Nixon carried most of the states but lost the electoral college vote 219 to 303 votes. Two hundred and sixty-nine were needed to win. Victory was made possible by Mayor Richard Dailey and the Chicago mafia (that delivered Illinois' 27 electoral votes) and Lyndon Johnson.³ Kennedy strategically chose Johnson as his running mate in order to deliver Texas, with its 24 votes, and the majority in the Old (conservative and segregationist) South.

Lyndon Johnson and the Southern Democrats were on the opposite side of the Civil Rights Movement. They felt that the Movement was a war waged against them. Amazingly,

the Kennedys did wage war *directly* against the mafia. Kennedy wanted to put the mafia out of business! John appointed his brother Bobby as Attorney General. Bobby launched a crusade against the mafia. By the time Bobby left the AG's office, it had indicted 687 organized crime figures! Mafia convictions rose by 800% during Kennedy's term in office! ⁴

The mafia and the Southern Democrats felt toward Kennedy as the northern industrialists ultimately felt toward Lincoln – betrayed and abandoned.

The second problem with the progressive agendas of both presidents was an unconscious one: they threatened to radically upset the balance between K and R. Notice that slaves are the ultimate Rs! Slaves had no control over their own lives, their partners or their offspring. Equal opportunity was never an issue for slaves. They had only one opportunity – to breed. They were raped and bred like cattle. Many female slaves were forced to stay constantly pregnant during their fertile years.

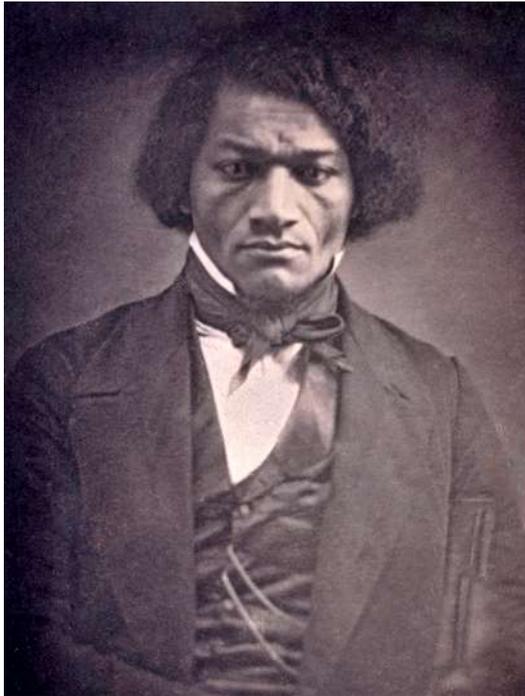


“Everything we do (good or bad) tends to become habit.” ⁵

HEAVEN SENT

Old habits die especially hard. It has only been in recent decades that the fertility rate among black women has dropped to something close to that of white women.

Frederick Douglass proved it possible to overcome all adversity and go from the absolute social bottom to the mainstream of the K class. ⁶ He earned the world's admiration. But not many of us have Douglass' good looks and gritty determination.



The Civil Rights Movement, that Kennedy ardently supported, created lots of new opportunity for the Rs. *But where was the population control to offset this?* Aren't there always ten to twenty times too many of us?

Neither did either of these presidents support the expansionist ambitions of the Ks in the US. Lincoln had led a small group of Whig-party congressmen in opposing the

predatory, Mexican war. Kennedy, during his years in office, withheld the air support for the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba and issued executive orders to start withdrawing American troops from Vietnam. But without new territories to expand into (peoples and colonies to conquer), where were the offspring of the newly-enriched Rs to go?

It is especially interesting that the Vice Presidents, the Constitutionally-designated successors of both presidents and essential members of both assassination conspiracies, were both southerners with the surname of Johnson. Andrew and Lyndon Johnson were not high-minded and compassionate like their victims, but they had more familiarity with the Rs and an intuitive understanding of them. They knew intuitively that simply giving away means of production or rights *without responsibilities* is apt to produce negative consequences.

The big measures of both Lincoln and Kennedy to create more equal opportunity (“40 acres and a mule” and civil rights) might have been sellable to most Americans – even with their opposition to imperialism -- if population control had been part of the package. But the American people, even in Kennedy’s time, were still so traumatized and religious as to think that all questions of life and death are “God’s” prerogatives. Lincoln knew better, but he had had to pretend to be religious in order to motivate northerners to fight slavery.

Advocating population control was not politically possible for Lincoln. For Kennedy, a Catholic, it probably wasn’t even thinkable.

During Kennedy’s 1960 presidential race against Nixon, his Catholic faith had been a major source of controversy.

America had never had a Catholic president. In retrospect, it appears to me that his belief in Christianity *per se* and the strength of that Christian belief was even more consequential than his Catholic aversion to birth and population control.

I was once a Christian myself and only saw through it with the help of George, my invisible, alien teacher; so, if you are presently a Christian, please don't feel slighted by what I am about to say. *The essence of Christianity is magic, childish wishful thinking and hypocrisy.* ⁷ (See "The First Christmas" on the [Downloads Page of PeaceLoveAndProgressParty.org.](#)) Only a Christian could change horses in mid-stream (mid-term), as Kennedy did, and think that the old supporter/horses (non-Christians?) that got him to where he was could be abandoned without feeling enraged and betrayed.

Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not apologizing for the assassins of either president. Those most-malicious, latent homosexuals all deserved (and any still living deserve) life imprisonment. Civilized men debate over their differences. We fight with ideas, not bullets. Only with free, open and widespread political debate can we hope to uncover the whole truth and devise the laws by which all of us can cooperate and thrive.

But the biggest, richest and most arrogant Ks do not share this respect for truth and fact-finding. In a crisis, they can always be relied upon to behave as violent savages and criminals. Why? Because of the third problem. *The Ks almost unanimously fear truth and change. They unconsciously associate truth and change with the removal of the masks that hide their latent homosexuality.* Latent homosexuality is characteristic of the K class. As Orwell told us in his monumental novel, 1984, latent homosexuals make the best savages. Their

understandable and inevitable anger coupled with their habitual lying makes them the best savages. (Homophobia is unfair, and lying about whom you love makes all other lies necessary and easy. ⁸⁾ So, they rise automatically within savage, K and R society like oil on water. The richest and most powerful K families are simply the ones that have been the most and the longest dominated by latent homosexuals. Their fear of truth and change motivates them to control, restrict and dominate the public dialog. Their monopolization of the mass media is, of course, enabled by their ownership of it and is complimented by dollar democracy, by general elections that are decided, virtually entirely, by mass media. (The alternatives are public ownership of the media and hierarchical elections, democratic centralism.)

Being especially terrified of anyone smart enough to really help them and having the ability to effectively gag such people means that the biggest K Big Brothers can never know their own minds! And no attempt to help them understand themselves ever goes unpunished! See, for example, the first few articles in volume 1 of [Selected Works of David Huttner](#) on the Downloads Page of [PeaceLoveandProgressParty.org](#).

So, there you have a basic understanding of JFK, his presidency and the domestic backdrop of my story. Again, JFK is especially important to *this* story because the Democratic Party and liberal half of the ruling class had been selling him and his beautiful wife to Americans as God's gift to the world, the fulfillment of Arthurian legend (that would bring Camelot to Earth) when the Indianapolis Public School System started selling me as a junior and miniature version of the same. I'll show you the details, in his speeches,

as they impacted my friends and I at the time, as my story unfolds.

But before we get into my story, consider the external, international backdrop for the early 1960s and this story.

The oldest socialist country and the only one that could be said to be doing well in the 1960s (due to --and here I'm quoting John F. Kennedy -- "its achievements in science and space, in economic and industrial growth, in culture and in acts of courage") was the Soviet Union. It had rejected Marxism and replaced it with national socialism (state capitalism) as early as 1921, when Lenin introduced his New Economic Program. But due to covert and hypocritical but pervasive censorship in the west, few of us understood this. Moreover, the Soviet Union was still representing itself as a Marxist country and exporting Marxist propaganda, contributing to a "Cold War" in order to encourage revolution throughout the neo-colonial world. The Ks could not inform the citizens of the countries they still dominated of this contradiction without loosening censorship and allowing us to learn what Marxism, was, in fact, about.

Marxism is the ideology of the Rs and will always appeal to the people on the bottom. The socialist countries have yet to replace Marxist ideology with a coherent, logical and impartial ideology and must eventually replace it with the New Social Science of the Peace Love and Progress Party. But the author of that science was only in the eighth grade at the time and almost thirty years away from developing it; so as long as social science remained unknown and the Ks and Rs clung zealously to their respective ideologies, the cold war could only heat up. It did.

The big, capitalist Ks, especially in America, were reluctant

to allow the people of their countries to know what Marxism was about. Yet they denied and continue to deny that the media they own is systematically censored or that their employees self-censor. As JFK did in his University of Washington speech, in November of 1961, the Ks also criticize the communist (former Marxist) countries for their use of subversion, infiltration, guerilla warfare and civil disorder. In a truly free society, such as what JFK and the Ks insisted that theirs is, such methods would be unnecessary and reprehensible. But the mere freedom to vote in a general election means little if you don't own a printing press or other major, electronic, mass media and thereby control what most of the voters in general elections are able to learn, think and believe.

The K dominated "free world" had additional contradictions that the socialist countries were eager to point out. Not the least of which was the second-class status and downtrodden condition of people in the under-developed and formerly colonial world and African Americans. In the mid twentieth century, the former were increasingly attracted to Marxism. One hundred years after the Emancipation Proclamation, the latter group, African Americans, were finding their status and deprivation to be intolerable. Pressure for revolution was growing abroad. At home, The Civil Rights Movement was growing.

On January 20, 1960, when the leadership of the Ks was assumed by newly-inaugurated U. S. President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, hopes were sky high. His predecessor, Dwight David Eisenhower, was a good and decent man; but he very obviously lacked the education and the confidence to lead the Ks politically. Good-looking, Harvard-educated, billionaire, JFK created an administration of "the best and

the brightest”; whom, it was hoped, would be up to the task.

As it turned out, JFK was, in most respects, an honest and well-intentioned young man. He quickly sought to correct and not repeat some of the mistakes of the past, the old policies; but he failed to win over the old guard of his own class for the three reasons cited above.

How ironic that ignorance of the class struggle, the ABCs of social science and politics, should have been the worst shortcoming of “the best and the brightest.” Ignorance of the real, K and R Class Struggle, both in the old Soviet Union and the United States, also accounts for the heating up of the Cold War, its escalation into the Cuban Missile Crisis, and its expansion into a “space race.”⁹ *Neither side could deal effectively with its domestic problems, so both were eager to misdirect their people’s attention to the heavens.* Wise and responsible leaders must suppress or support the Ks and the Rs proportionately and simultaneously, not unilaterally. Wise and responsible leaders must be even-handed and (lacking a reason to change) consistent in their views and policies, regardless of whether they are religious or not.

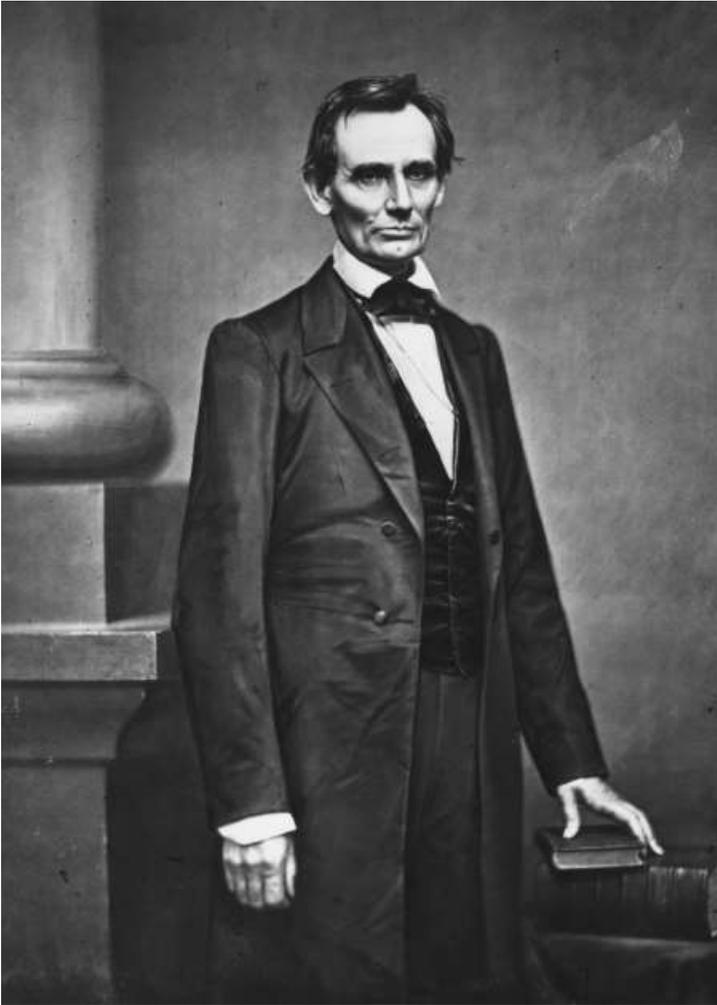
For example, on all the occasions when he spoke before the general public and in favor of equality (e. g. civil rights for black Americans, better public education or aid and development for the developing world), JFK never dared to tell the general public of the need for population control. In speaking before the American Newspaper Publishers Association, he assured them that their employees and citizens in general would voluntarily exercise responsibility and self-restraint in protecting the nation’s narrow security (military and counter-covert operations) interests if asked to do so in this time when “our way of life” was in danger as never before. Rather than inform the Ks of their need to

compromise (by creating more equal opportunity), he pretended that K and R classes didn't exist! Rather than bring people together with an honest and coherent social science, he merely brought them around himself, appealing to each group separately through their various prejudices and seducing everyone with his charm. Although he claimed in his nomination speech that leadership, not salesmanship, was needed; he was more of a salesman than a leader.



John F. Kennedy, circa his 1960 presidential election victory

HEAVEN SENT



Abraham Lincoln, as a young legislator

CHAPTER 2

The personal side of this story begins in a car going from Pittsburgh to Indianapolis on Highway 40, two-lane Highway 40 in the summer of 1962. Americans all love their cars we're told, and most believe it. Madison Avenue packages sex and romance with every car it sells. Having a car makes you glamorous, powerful and attractive to the opposite sex. Most Americans have to have at least one. For almost thirty years, the last thing many of them did each day was to watch a guy named "Johnny Carson" -- between their toes.

But there was little love of any kind in this car going from Pittsburgh to Indianapolis. There was a married man and woman who, for their fourteen years of marriage, had grown further apart rather than closer. Not being rich and having an eleven-year-old daughter and a thirteen-year-old son in the back seat meant that they were trapped in this loveless marriage. Both of them being insecure and not particularly well educated meant that they were afraid and unable to open up with each other, afraid to explore and reveal their feelings, analyze their differences and try to resolve them. Like most people, they were driven by their animal instincts and were never fully conscious of what they did and why.

They had developed two peculiar means of dealing with their problems. The first was to rely on their precocious, thirteen-year-old son, me, as a judge and marriage counselor. But how much can even the most precocious thirteen-year-old know? I didn't even know the facts of life at this time, and both my parents and the school systems were too Victorian to teach

them. I had to learn about the birds and the bees from older boys in my neighborhood. My inexperience and inability as a marriage counselor was compounded by semi reluctance owing to the fact that whenever other adults were present, I was expected to switch into the role of worshipful child.

The extremely different and sexist expectations for the daughter and the son were also becoming a growing barrier between my sister and me. The extreme roles were confining for both of us. For her, while it was easy to just look pretty and act agreeable, she sensed early on that she was getting the short end of the deal. In a male-dominated culture where love and marriage tend to not work for anyone, she was being cheated out of meaningful work, the best hope for even a semi-meaningful life.

Whenever the parents' marital problems came to a climax, they resorted to their other, even less adaptive strategy. Dad would find a new and higher-paying, traveling, machinery salesman job in some other state. We'd sell the house, load the car and moving van and sally forth in search of more peaceful pastures. The change of scenery and society always enabled them to put off their problems for a while longer. This is what was happening as these progeny of male-dominated, western hunters, perennial pioneers, trekked westward along Highway 40.

Now, good, traditional novels consist mostly of dialog and action. They let the reader ferret out the issues and draw the conclusions. But here, I'm admitting that this is a memoir. These characters are my family and me. I have to be honest and write in the first person pursuant to my goal of revealing the peer relationships that made me who I am. I have to parade naked in public as most of you never do outside of a dream. Do you really think I want to stop in front of the

grandstand to show off every wart and wrinkle? No, no, no. Let's deal with my family summarily. Suffice it to say that my family had almost every sort of problem; and as the precocious one, I was expected to anticipate and avoid or to understand and resolve them. If you want to know just how loveless, irresponsible and confused American families can be, don't look here. That's what Faulkner's for. Huttner has a different agenda.

Suffice it to say that we completed the eight-hour journey – all four of us together in one car – without the family equivalent of a nuclear holocaust. Today, two-lane Highway 40 is eight-lane Highway 70 with limited ingress and egress. We couldn't have survived a trip across it, but ...that's progress.

We settled into a new home and neighborhood, and my parents immediately and eagerly began to deal with a problem that – for once – did *not* directly relate to themselves and their marriage: schooling. A neighbor just a few doors away was a junior high school principal with a daughter the same age as me. In talking with them, we discovered that the public schools in our lovely neighborhood were not nearly as good as the one I had left behind in a Pittsburgh suburb. I can see John McGraw now, smoking his pipe, his wife pouring coffee as my parents are seated with them in the McGraw kitchen and listening intently.

John: No, within the Indianapolis Public School System, we only have one school for exceptional or “gifted” students. It's on the north central side of Indianapolis.

We lived on the north eastern side of Indianapolis, a good ten miles away.

John: At every grade level, first through eighth, this school, Francis Willard, School #80, has a regular class for the children living in its affluent, old neighborhood and an accelerated class for the “gifted” students who come from all over the metropolitan area. A student has to score high on an IQ test to get into one of these gifted classes.

I did. The apropos news of the time included JFK’s February 6, 1962 speech to the Congress to promote new federal, education assistance programs. Most Americans had already been made to feel threatened by the technical achievements of the Soviet Union. After America’s development of nuclear weapons and first use of them in Japan, the Soviets had quickly acquired them. On April 12, 1961, the Soviets had sent the first man, cosmonaut Yuri Gargarin, into space and in orbit around the Earth. Most Americans feared that we had fallen behind when, ten months after Gargarin’s orbit, Kennedy told us the following:

“No task before our Nation is more important than expanding and improving the educational opportunities of all our people. The concept that every American deserves the opportunity to attain the highest level of education of which he is capable is not new to this Administration--it is a traditional ideal of democracy. But it is time that we moved toward the fulfillment of this ideal with more vigor and less delay.

For education is both the foundation and the unifying force of our democratic way of life--it is the mainspring of our economic and social progress--it is the highest expression of achievement in our society, ennobling and enriching human life. In short, it is at the same time the most profitable investment society can make and the richest reward it can confer.

Today, more than at any other time in our history, we need to develop our intellectual resources to the fullest.”

The fullest development of our intellectual resources and cooperation will occur only when we no longer fear and mistrust one another, when we are no longer of conflicting social classes and nations and have only positive regard for one another. This can only be attained by rationalizing our genetic competition (minimizing K and R, maximizing equal opportunity and population control). To do this, to unite humanity into the one virtual and loving family we ought to be, we will probably need a 25-year, global moratorium on procreation. During this moratorium, we must eradicate homophobia, other prejudices and the most basic lies of our cultures and create equal opportunity. Thereafter, we can inaugurate a simple and standardized “Stage II” system of marriage and child-rearing that will guarantee love and development for everyone and turn our classless and nationless society into a paradise. See [Stage II of the Nonviolent Rainbow Revolution](https://PeaceLoveAndProgressParty.org/downloads), a free download at <https://PeaceLoveAndProgressParty.org/downloads>.

CHAPTER 3

If I live to be two hundred and get a lobotomy, I'll still remember every detail of my first day at School 80. Dad parked the car and went with me to the front door. To our surprise, the Principal, Mr. Kindly, was waiting at the door for us!¹⁰ Not only did he wait, but he also escorted us into the school and upstairs to my class. He opened the door, put his arm around my shoulders, shoved me forward and with a beaming face announced,

“Class, this is the new student, David.”

The whole class stood up and cheered! I had to pinch myself to know that I wasn't dreaming. As “the new kid” in several previous communities and schools, I was accustomed to being ignored. My father had apparently never been “the new kid” anywhere because he happily went away on his own business, seemingly oblivious to the rarity of the reception he'd witnessed.

The next really strange thing was lunch. A crowd of little boys was waiting for me when I walked out of my classroom. The two classmates that I was with gave way to them, as if they were expecting me to have a young fan club!

“Yeah, yeah, I'm the new guy. Where do we eat?”

“Follow us.”

And I did, to the cafeteria that doubled as an auditorium when the folding tables were removed and tripled as a gymnasium when the tables and the folding chairs were removed. (Life was simpler in the past and so easy to

understand -- in retrospect.) The food offering, the effluent from the usual assortment of huge aluminum pots and pans lay on a line of tables between the elevated stage and the eating tables. As I exited the food line, a fight nearly erupted among the little boys who had escorted me into the hall.

“Sit here.”

“No, over here.”

“Here, here!”

I chose a seat within the middle of the group and started to dig into my chow.

“Want half of my beef sandwich?” said one well-fed young man.

“I’ve got ham,” said another.

Everyone’s mother packed them something, but I was not nearly as lucky as most of these little boys. Between my legs was a brown paper bag hiding a Hershey’s chocolate bar. I had been determined to hide the chocolate bar. Their generosity was embarrassing me.

“Ah, I’m OK. Thanks anyway. Enjoy your own lunches.”

They did. We all munched away, uninterrupted by the usual new kid questions that I was expecting. They didn’t seem to care where I had come from. They seemed happy just to be with me, and they accepted me at face value and unconditionally. Even mother didn’t always accept me unconditionally. She had too many problems of her own for that. I wondered if I had landed on Mars.

When I’d finished my chow and my peanut butter and jelly

sandwich, I inconspicuously folded up the paper bag that was still hiding my chocolate bar and slid it into my pocket. As I started to excuse myself and slink away, several little hands tugged at my arms.

“What about desert?”

“I’ve got a candy bar.”

“Me too,” and several candy bars popped into my face from out of nowhere.

Now I felt about three inches tall and compensated for my callousness by assuring them that I would eat with them again soon.

Who did they think I was, superman or just a movie star? I lacked the physique for the one and the good looks for the other. This had to be some kind of case of mistaken identity, but I was partially enjoying it and too embarrassed to inquire very deeply into the hidden assumptions -- whatever they were. I did test the most obvious hypothesis before getting out of earshot.

Looking pointedly at the most talkative of these young men, I asked, “Am I the only new kid the school has ever had?”

“You’re the only new guy in the eighth grade this year. There are several other new kids in the lower grades.”

“Oh,” I said, “Where are they, and what are their names?”

They all threw up their hands and shrugged their shoulders as if to say, “Who knows. Those kids don’t matter.”

So much for the new kid hypothesis. There had to be some other or additional explanation for my celebrity.

After lunch, things got even stranger. As I walked out of the cafeteria, I was stopped by a delegation of students from the other, “regular,” eighth grade class.

A tall good-looking young man stepped forward and said, “Hi, I’m Kyle.” Pumping my hand, he added, “You’re the new guy, right?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“And you play basketball, right?”

This time when I answered “Yes,” I couldn’t help noticing that they were looking around at one another and giving knowing and approving nods.

“And you’re a guard, right?”

“Yes.” That was an easy guess because I was short, but they were all even more pleased with this affirmative response.

“This is Alice,” said Kyle, pushing a young lady forward in my direction.

Alice looked sad and apprehensive. She was too shy to even look up at me. Her eyes stayed focused on the floor.

“Hi Alice.” I said, smiling. Then, after the moral moment, I redirected my gaze to the group’s spokesman.

This wasn’t what they were wanting. Their faces all immediately turned somber as if some hidden stage director was giving them a cue. Kyle pushed her forward again.

“And this is Alice,” he repeated; and all of them intensely shifted their gaze back and forth between Alice and me.

I honestly don’t remember how many times they pushed her

forward before I got the point, but eventually I got it. At that point, I took my sweet time to survey her from head to toe and assess the situation. Her face was a bit pockmarked. That and the shyness suggested she'd suffered some emotional distress. She had about a 44-inch bust that some guys would die for, but breasts were not one of my fetishes. She didn't look enough like my mother or my sister for it to be love at first sight, but she was comely. Without a doubt, the decisive factors were their urgency that I accept her and my own lack of love and teenage need for acceptance.

"OK," I said and nodded firmly to each and every one of them. Then Alice and I gave each other a big smile, and the girls all ran off giggling.

We boys walked down the first-floor hallway and out the east end of the building. There was the school's one, outdoor basketball hoop on an asphalt half court. We shot buckets and played a game or two. When it was over, Kyle, the center, took the initiative again, "You'll do fine as our other starting guard," he said to me.

Next, he looked at Ronny and Bill, the starting forwards, for their consent. They readily agreed. Then Kyle looked at Jimmy, the other starting guard. Jimmy hesitated. "Hum...I don't know," he murmured glumly.

Jimmy had not wanted to pass the ball to me even when I was wide open and in close for a shot. When he did look my way, there was a slight snarl on his lips, a snarl that would soon become familiar. Jimmy Cohen was the only kid in the school who disliked me. I tried several times to initiate conversation with him. I even paid him a compliment or two, like, "You play well" or "You'll be the poster boy for the team." But nothing could change his attitude. I wouldn't

discover the reason for it for years to come. He was probably unconscious it, but he did indeed have a very good reason for disliking me.

Why did Jimmy Cohen dislike me so much? Why did all the other kids adore me? Even the little kids in the lower grades who had never exchanged a word with me tended to smile or wave happily when they saw me. I was being treated like a movie star, but I couldn't remember ever playing in any movies. My mother and younger sister both liked my looks; but I was short, slightly buck-toothed and bespectacled. By no means did I have the model looks to turn every head. What was it that they all liked about me?

Failing to find an answer for that question, I asked another one. If I wasn't extraordinary, then they had to be extraordinary in some way. Was it something in the air or the water of this neighborhood? I went to the water fountain in the school hallway and carefully savored the water. Except for the coppery taste from the forty-five-year-old pipes, I detected nothing strange.

CHAPTER 4

My next drink was at dinner. As mother approached with the first hot dish we heard, “David had a nice first day at school.”

“Nice,” I retorted, “It was unbelievable. Didn’t you hear anything I told you in the car on the way home from school, Mother!”

“That’s what I said, David. You had a nice day.”

It was always impossible to have a serious, adult conversation with my mother. She insisted on seeing me as a babe in arms.

“Oh, that’s nice,” said Father, without looking up from his newspaper. “Competing well enough, Hut?”

“Hut” or “Yasha” were the nicknames by which my father addressed me. His interests and perceptions, as I’ve already indicated, were also somewhat limited. But I considered his question carefully before answering. I mentally played back the tape of the day’s events. Mrs. Epstein had shown me the math text we would be using. I already knew much of it. French would be another story. I had only had one year of German previously. These kids were going into their fourth year of French. I was not particularly good at languages, had no desire to learn French and was dreading our first French class.

“Ah... I’m ahead of them in math, but I don’t know how I’m going to get by in French. Our first class won’t be for a couple of days, and nobody knows anything about the new

teacher.”

Still from behind the newspaper: “Well, do your best.”

Susan was already shoveling her vegetables to the dog, which parked knowingly and expectantly in front of her under the table. With the other hand she caught my attention and leaned toward me. “How’d it go?” she whispered.

“Very strange. The principal was waiting at the school door to meet me and escort me to class.”

This elicited a dubious look.

“And when we opened the door and he said, ‘Class, this is the new student, David,’ they all stood up and cheered!”

“I don’t believe you.”

“I swear, it’s true!”

“You wish.”

It was no use trying to tell her. If she did believe me, it would only cause her to resent me more than she already did. My darling little sister and I were drifting further apart. In an effort to stop the drift, I decided it would be best for me not to say anything about my school. In retrospect, it’s clear that the biggest part of the problem was the difference in our parental role models. Father had been to college and had fledgling but numerous intellectual interests. Mother had none and had not gone to college. She did go regularly to the library; but when she did, she only took me with her, never my sister. The books she brought home were invariably romance novels or the chit chat and gossip of celebrities.

Susan and I always ate quickly so as to avoid as much as

possible of the nightly parental fight. We would either escape to the family room and turn up the TV or flee further to our rooms on the upper floor of our two-story house. The fighting between my parents was so frequent and bitter that I actually found refuge in doing homework within the privacy of my room. When there was no homework, I often whiled away the hours by reading the encyclopedia. For you post-Internet people who don't know, encyclopedias are miniature Internets, sets of large books containing alphabetically-indexed articles about anything and everything.

I can't recall what I was doing nine days into the school year, on Thursday, September 12, 1962, the day when JFK delivered his Rice University address. I suspect that my family and I were lounging in the family room and listening to Walter Cronkite report it on the evening news.

Cronkite: "Speaking today to a packed audience in the football stadium of Rice University, in Houston, Texas, the President stressed the need to develop the scientists and engineers that America needs for leadership in space and pledged that America will be the first nation to send a man to the moon. Let's listen to him."

Kennedy:

"Despite the striking fact that most of the scientists that the world has ever known are alive and working today, despite the fact that this Nation's own scientific manpower is doubling every 12 years in a rate of growth more than three times that of our population as a whole, despite that, the vast stretches of the unknown and the unanswered and the unfinished still far outstrip our collective comprehension.

No man can fully grasp how far and how fast we have come, but condense, if you will, the 50,000 years of man's recorded history in a time span of but a half a century. Stated in these terms, we know very little about the first 40 years, except at the end of them advanced men had learned to use the skins of animals to cover them. Then about 10 years ago, under this standard, man emerged from his caves to construct other kinds of shelter. Only five years ago man learned to write and use a cart with wheels. Christianity began less than two years ago. The printing press came this year, and then less than two months ago, during this whole 50-year span of human history, the steam engine provided a new source of power.

Newton explored the meaning of gravity. Last month electric lights and telephones and automobiles and airplanes became available. Only last week did we develop penicillin and television and nuclear power, and now if America's new spacecraft succeeds in reaching Venus, we will have literally reached the stars before midnight tonight.

This is a breathtaking pace, and such a pace cannot help but create new ills as it dispels old, new ignorance, new problems, new dangers. Surely the opening vistas of space promise high costs and hardships, as well as high reward.

So, it is not surprising that some would have us stay where we are a little longer to rest, to wait. But this city of Houston, this State of Texas, this country of the United States was not built by those who waited and rested and wished to look behind them. This

country was conquered by those who moved forward-
-and so will space... [N]o nation which expects to be
the leader of other nations can expect to stay behind
in the race for space... We choose to go to the moon.
We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do
the other things, not because they are easy, but
because they are hard, because that goal will serve to
organize and measure the best of our energies and
skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing
to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one
which we intend to win, and the others, too.

The first three sentences of this excerpt confirm what I told you on the first page of Chapter 1, herein. We have blacked out all our horrific prehistory prior to the permanent Neolithic, which began only about 10 kya. The other 90-95% of our species' history and roughly 99.5 % of our genus' history is still as totally blank for most people as it was for Kennedy. How can total amnesiacs, people with no understanding of their past and who they are, possibly know how to go forward? They can't. Neither could Kennedy. The best he could do was to imitate the people seen as our competitors, and – absurdly – “choose to go to the moon”!

In the rest of this excerpted part of his speech, Kennedy extolled the accelerated pace of technological advancement over the last 10 ky, during class society. That pace has indeed been breath-taking. Virtually all of our technology has been invented during this last 10 ky of class, K and R, society. Technology is the one thing that class society has done really well.

But this was not a speech given by an aeronautical engineer to other engineers. It was given by the President of the United States, the leader of the (imperialist) K countries to

the world. The fact that he ONLY talked about technology and the insipient space race suggests to me that he thought technology competition was our only problem or that technology could solve all our problems!

I suppose people growing up on Cape Cod in a family with no problems might be able to believe that. Even at that time, I couldn't.

In part of the speech not shown above, he promised that space would be a frontier devoted entirely to science and exploration and not military conflict. How savages can suddenly become civilized by entering a new neighborhood is something I'm still trying to figure out.

Also, in the part of the speech not shown above, Kennedy proved himself to be a typical, latent homosexual and political growth freak. He promised that the space race would continue to create booming demand for scientists and engineers and a wealth of high-paying, new jobs for the Houston area.

Now, 60 years later, class society has reached the end of its tether. The human economy and population cannot further expand without the Greenland mountain range of ice collapsing, falling into the sea and raising the sea-level by 23 feet and the tidal waves doubling that. It is probably too late to stop most of the ice from melting, but if the Greenland ice (with an average altitude of 7005 feet) collapses any time soon, BILLIONS of people will die in the historical blink of an eye. The world is still traumatized and we still have not recovered from the last time this happened. Yes, my major work, [Decoding the Deluge](#), proves by four separate and different means, that a Great Flood actually happened 14,634 years BPE (before the present era).

The growing awareness that the world as we have known it, K and R Class Society, is coming to an end is what is causing the global flu and pneumonia epidemic. Dis-ease is NOT caused by microbes, and there is no such thing as a virus. Dis-ease is caused by organ tumult in response to trauma. For a basic understanding of dis-ease and the autonomic (or para-sympathetic) nervous system that governs it, see “[The New Medicine of Ryke Geerd Hamer](#)” (on the Blogs Page) and [Chapter 3 \(B\) vi of “What the Non-Chinese Peoples Must Do to Compete and End P\(l\)andemics](#)” (on the Downloads Page) at <http://PeaceLoveAndProgressParty.org>.

The worst victims of the pandemic are latent homosexuals. (See, for example, “[A Survey of 100 Indianapolis Families with ‘Covid-19’](#)” on the Blogs Page.) They sense that the new, classless and nationless, K- and R-minimized, population-controlled and equal-opportunity society, which (owing to their opposition) is having to struggle to be born, will have no comfortable place for people like themselves. For people who are incapable of adult sexual love and only marry to procreate. The “Covid-19” (covert, end of the line prior to 20, 10x2, perfect love and marriage new world) global epidemic is also a *p*landemic. How so? The richest, most powerful and malicious, Big Brother Ks are trying to manipulate economic and population growth by using their media and the conventional fraud- and religion-based medical and drug industries to regulate fear.

We are long overdue to get real about the growth that latent homosexual politicians keep promising you. Growth in the human population and economy only occurs at the expense of other animals and plants and the eco-systems upon which we all depend. Those other animals and plants are, in fact,

our distant relatives; and we *Homo sapiens* great apes evolved with them. We were NOT created by an extraterrestrial god in his extraterrestrial image. Our ancestors only devised such crazy thoughts and developed their alienation due to guilt over the Species War, over having systematically exterminated our parent species, *Homo erectus*, in a 35-40 ky war that started between 65-70 kya and swept over the planet. The Great Flood increased their guilt and fear exponentially. The Flood was directly caused by rapid desertification and global warming due to a frenzy of slashing and burning (to claim possession of unowned and prime agricultural land) following the discovery of horticulture roughly 15 kya. But everyone feared that the Flood had been brought by the *Homo erectus* gods as punishment. See [DTD](#).

Why has the population of K and R Class Society always been exploding? Why does it necessitate growth? Two reasons. First, the Rs can only tolerate the Ks if they are able to behave like Rs, able to multiply like rabbits. Second, the latent homosexual Ks are incapable of adult sexual love and only marry to procreate. The Peace Love and Progress Party is trying to assure the world that genes only determine what proteins our bodies make (physical characteristics), that nobody needs to reproduce his own genes, that what everyone needs is love, that it is possible to eradicate most of the homophobia, that if we commit to civilizing the world, we can adopt a new system of marriage and child-rearing that will guarantee everyone love with the perfect partner, etc. But most people are very slow learners. See [Stage II of the Nonviolent Rainbow Revolution](#) on the Downloads Page.

Kennedy, the representative of America's best and brightest, ended his Rice University speech, not by trying to help

traumatized people overcome their insane belief in things immaterial and imperishable, but by appealing to “God” for help.

When he added that the costs for the space race, though already astounding, were less than Americans spent each year on cigarettes and cigars, my alarmed parents would have both guiltily but temporarily snuffed out their smokes.

My alarm came with the thought that Indianapolis’ best hopes for contributing to future preeminence in space were riding on kids like me and my classmates. Most of us had little interest in science or technology. While precocious, we were collectively a nerdy assortment of self-indulgent, little savages. I’ll describe the others for you.

Our classroom had five aisles of desks. Although I’m almost seventy-four as I write this, I remember each of them as if I’d seen them yesterday.

Tyler, a skinny kid with a mop of straight, dishwater hair sat in the upper left-hand corner of the far-left aisle, the aisle by the windows. His black, horned-rim glasses were one of only two pairs in the class that had coke-bottle-end lenses thicker than mine. He never spoke unless spoken to and was forever staring out our second story windows into the treetops or the blue yonder. The only sport Tyler played was hockey. He was in a hockey league, presumably with the only other kids in Indiana who knew what hockey was. I was honored one day when Tyler gave me his first and only invitation to join the hockey league.

“Thanks, Tyler, but I don’t think my parents would spring for all that equipment.”

“Oh, you can borrow some of my stuff.”

“That’s really kind of you, Tyler; but I’ve got other things to do on Sunday mornings.”

This was a lie, but I figured I’d think of something if pressed to do so. Fortunately, Tyler took “No” for an answer. He was the one most interested in science and technology. I always assumed that if any one of us were to help in getting us to the moon or beyond, it would be Tyler. I was wrong. Margie, whom I’ll introduce in a moment, was the only one who ended up working for NASA. Surprisingly, as we’ll see, she got the job because of me!

Hiding behind Tyler was Larry, our class clown. Larry had an unruly mane of blond hair, a long face and big ears, which earned him his nickname: Donkey. At every opportunity to ignite laughter, Larry would lean forward beneath the level of Tyler’s shoulders and crane his silently-laughing head around at the rest of us, in particular, at his straight man, Arie. “Arie,” the other David, David Aronson, a tall, hulking, rapidly-growing, unkempt and ungainly boy with a mole-like face sat immediately behind me. Whenever Donkey turned his silent, mocking laugh our way, Arie would issue a “heee-hawwww,” which would invariably put the rest of us in stitches.

Sitting two seats behind Larry and as far as possible from the other girls was one of the only two non-Jewish females in the class, Margie. Margie was the other one with coke-bottle-caps thicker than mine. Margie had long blonde hair and teats as big as Alice’s. The overgrown teats of Margie and some of the girls in the other class – may have resulted from having a secret crush on Jimmy Edwards and having sat next to the windows. The kids in the window aisles had been the first to witness Jimmy’s tragic death of the previous spring and had become the most traumatized.¹¹

Margie would have been the favorite among the boys but for the fact that she allegedly had the highest IQ in the class. Those of us imbued with traditional, male-dominated, western attitudes assume that men are smarter than women and must make all of the decisions. I had to go to China to learn that the opposite assumptions were equally plausible and no naiver and more oppressive. Margie knew that she was at least as smart as anyone and refused to yield to these assumptions, refused to act dumb to feed western male egos.

Two seats behind Margie and the last one in the window aisle was Jim Tellerman. He was as quiet as Margie and even more reclusive. A nerdy, skinny kid, Jim always wore Wellington boots and Pendleton shirts. None of us knew anything about Jim until our teacher, Mrs. Epstein, got the bright idea to hold a "Show and Tell." That's what we had called presentations in my kindergarten class and the name has stuck with me because I can never forget how one little boy, whose retardation had been unnoticed up to that time, dropped his pants for "Show and Tell!" Eighth grade Jim did something almost as shocking. He brought in a duffel bag full of animal traps of all sizes and shapes.

"These are animal traps," he proudly proclaimed. None of us would have known if he hadn't said so.

"Do you actually catch animals in these?" one of the girls asked.

"Sure," he said. "I sell the furs and eat the meat."

"Where do you catch them?" I asked.

Jim was reluctant to answer. If he feared that any of us were potential poachers on his territory, he seriously misread us. I just wanted to make sure not to hike into his haunts.

Most if not all of us were meat eaters; but, like most urbanites, we were all comfortably removed from the slaughter house and never thought about the killing. “Don’t some of the animals suffer terribly in these traps before they die?” I asked.

“Oh sure, but I come back every week to check the traps and club any animals that are still alive.”

I had thought it impossible to surpass Margie in social isolation, but Jim succeeded. I sat only one seat in front of Jim in the second aisle, but I managed to avoid talking to him for the rest of the year.

My buddy Arie, who sat behind me and even closer to Jim did likewise. Arie and I had a perfect understanding of one another because our families were equally messed up. His parents had already divorced. Mine were prolonging the agony.

At the back of the three aisles closest to the door sat Charles, Howie and Harold. These three were a world onto themselves with a satellite of sorts. Charles was plump and flagrantly gay. Howie had a leg brace but was otherwise robust and probably the first among us who had to shave. Harold was a short, skinny guy with flaming red hair whose voice still hadn’t dropped. Seated midway between this inseparable threesome and another threesome of Jewish girls was Linda. Linda was of the same size and coloration as Harold. She was always wiggling her fanny in front of him. Amazingly, this seemed only to depress him. Either Harold was a hopeless pessimist, or he was late in starting puberty or both. I’m not sure which. Every time Linda smiled or wiggled her butt for Harold, Howie was driven half mad, but she had no interest in Howie. These four were like the

characters in a Sartre drama. There seemed to be no exit from the frustration for any of them.

Slightly in front of Linda sat Nancy Carlyle, a tall, thin blonde with a pimply face. In retrospect, it's clear that Nancy was Christian and had a sister because she sat between Linda and the three Jewish princesses and got little attention from any of them. The princesses sat in the first and second rows of the aisles closest to the door. These three, Jenny and two Judys, took turns doing each other's homework and currying the favor of Mrs. Epstein, our teacher. The princesses seemed to think that Mrs. Epstein was their all-wise fairy god mother. They never tired of playing "Guess what's in teacher's mind" and were genuinely disappointed when their telepathy failed by so much as a word.

Mrs. Epstein's mind was easy reading material because she was a middle-aged, over-weight, Jewish lady who never failed to conform to the majority of her significant others. Picture a Jewish Edith Bunker, and you've got her pegged.¹² I'm sure she must have thought that if ever there was a case of the majority not being right, it was only because they weren't Jewish. This made her a constant source of hilarity to all the rest of us oddballs and misfits, to everyone except the B'nai B'rith threesome of Jenny, Judy and Judy.

Jenny and I liked each other's looks, but everyone expected me to be Alice's boyfriend. Moreover, in character and personality, I knew that Jenny and I were apples and oranges. As you'll see, it was in the cards that I would never learn anything about Alice's personality, but better to have a girlfriend about whom you knew nothing than one who was estranged from you. Jenny's focus was singular, as I learned one day when she and Mrs. Epstein corralled me at lunch time. "Sit down, David. I want to talk to you," said Mrs.

Epstein.

Jenny was sitting two desks away, the only other person in the room, and pretending not to overhear.

“Is it true that you see a girl in the other class?” she asked.

“Well...yeah.”

“But she’s not Jewish!”

“So...” I said.

“Well, aren’t you Jewish, David? You have a Jewish name.”

“I’m really not religious, Mrs. Epstein.”

“But wasn’t your mother Jewish?”

“No. She’s Christian. My father’s father’s family was Jewish.”

“Huh!” she gasped, with little effort to hide her disappointment. “Oh, I’m so sorry for disturbing you.”

Thereafter, Mrs. Epstein was less concerned about me, and Jenny became completely disinterested. I was one of the hopeless unfortunates and beyond the pale.

None of us in Indianapolis’ School #80 graduating class of 1963 looked like promising material for JFK’s space race. But was the space race as important as Kennedy wanted to believe? In his theoretical essay, “Dialectical and Historical Materialism,” Joseph Stalin noted that improvement of the forces of production (through science and technology) is the one continuous trend in human history. Making the same baskets over and over again, results automatically in the man either making them better or making them more easily. It has

been rarely, if ever, a lack of science or technology that has held us back. Moreover, it is relatively easy to be honest and objective about things. What has held us back is our failure to organize ourselves adaptively, specifically so as to rationalize our genetic competition and family life. It is not easy to be honest and objective about that, about ourselves.

Going to the moon was a laughable, idiotic substitute for what we most needed and still need to do: 1) eradicate homophobia so that the sixty to seventy percent of the people who have same sex siblings and are really bisexual or homosexual can love, not grow up having to wear a mask and not become the monsters of society [not be motivated only by fear, not value only what contributes to their individual survival (money, power and genetic offspring), not be obsessed with “growth,” not become masters of deceit, trickery and intrigue, not monopolize all the positions of power and wealth so as to humiliate and oppress the rest of us, not be unable to change themselves in the most important way, not fear change in general and not use their monopoly of power and wealth to automatically stifle all important (social) change within the world. Next, we also need to, 2) educate people as to materialist philosophy, neuro science, our horrific prehistory and our basic psychology so as to cure them of their literal belief in religions, the universal forms of neurosis, 3) minimize the K and R class struggle by maximizing equal opportunity and population control. Finally, we need to, 4) implement the Stage II system of marriage and child rearing, described in the Peace Love and Progress Party publication, [Stage II of the Nonviolent Rainbow Revolution](#). This system will simplify and improve our lives by making all our children heterosexual, by guaranteeing everyone love with the perfect partner, by empowering women within the family as never

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before, by most rapidly advancing our culture and evolution and by ending divorce, promiscuity, marital infidelity, violent crime and Oedipal conflict. But that's for the future. Let's return now to Indianapolis School #80 and the fall of 1962.

CHAPTER 5

Unlike Mrs. Epstein and aside from our principal, Mr. Kindly, another teacher maintained a keen interest in me. His name was Mr. Hoyt. Neither Kindly nor Hoyt ever gave me the glad eye. Neither seemed to be gay; and yet -- until I learned about the tragedy of the previous spring -- it never occurred to me to wonder about the source of their keen interest in me.

Hoyt was the “Shop” teacher, the Industrial Arts teacher. In those days, Industrial Arts classes were mandatory for junior and senior high school boys, and Home Economics classes were mandatory for girls. I still believe that having some manual skills is important for everyone; but, looking back over my life, cooking and sewing skills would have been at least as useful as industrial arts. It would have been better to let us choose which course we preferred. Moreover, Hoyt’s industrial arts course was limited to woodworking. It didn’t include plumbing, electrical or metal working. I realize now what you will soon see, namely that electricity, as a subject in any School #80 class, had become taboo; but that never occurred to me at the time.

Except for the offset printing press, which we lacked at home, Hoyt’s shop was a primitive version of what my father had in our basement. My father had been an industrial arts teacher, a carpenter and a cabinet maker before making a career out of selling machinery. He could make anything out of wood, and everything he made was beautiful. I had spent countless hours during my childhood helping him on various projects. Like most sons, I admired my father’s skills and

wanted to be able to match them. So, in wood shop, I worked very slowly and tried to learn from and avoid the mistakes made by the other boys.

Flashback: Hoyt to Tyler with me looking on: “the joint is uneven because you cut on both sides of your line.”

Flashback: Hoyt to Larry with me looking on: “the stain didn’t take near the joint and is not uniform because you used too much glue. The glue got into the visible part of the work, and the stain won’t take where glue has gotten into the wood.”

But invariably I managed to make mistakes that were uniquely my own. Flashback: father at home, while examining my asymmetrical stool: “well, it’s not too bad. We could use it in the shop.”

I knew, of course, that my work wasn’t even good enough for Dad’s shop and would eventually and discreetly be removed. “I don’t think I’ll ever be the wood-worker that you are, Dad,” I admitted.

“That’s alright. We’ve never wanted you to work with your hands. We want you to work with your head.”

They wanted me to be a lawyer and, perhaps, a statesman. My mother’s father had been a policeman, and my father had been the first mayor of the little community where we owned our first home. Little did we know it at the time, but I would soon be making big strides in the political direction.

No one could have guessed this by my worldliness at this time. I remember first seeing the map of Vietnam on the evening news with Walter Cronkite’s voice over.

Cronkite: Today President Kennedy ordered the sending of

an additional 100 military advisors to South Vietnam.

Stretched out on her belly and the family room rug and between the TV and me, my sister craned her head around to ask, “Where’s Vietnam?”

Big brother had to admit, “I don’t know.”

Having always lived in suburbia and never having known any black people, I didn’t know what to make of the Civil Rights movement either. When I first saw the pictures of a sit-in at a Woolworth’s lunch counter in Greensboro, North Carolina, my first thought was, “Woolworths must have improved their menu!”

I was every bit this clueless when, after shop class one day and with great gravity, Mr. Hoyt called me into his office and asked, “Now, Dave, you don’t have to do this; but it would be a tremendous favor to all of us if you would do something here at school. You don’t have to decide right away. Ask your parents and let me know tomorrow if you’re willing to put up and take down the flag.”

“You mean the American flag? -- on the flag pole? -- right outside the main door of the school?” With all this drama, I thought he had to be talking about a Russian or a Chinese flag on a battleship somewhere.

He reassured me: “Yes, the American flag. Come outside with me, and I’ll show you how to do it.”

After demonstrating how to hoist and lower the flag and properly fold and unfold it, he repeated, “You don’t have to do this, Dave; but it would be a tremendous favor to all of us.”

“No problem, Mr. Hoyt. I’ll start today. I’ll take down the

flag today.”

“Thanks Buddy,” he said, shaking my hand gratefully.

My flag-raising and lowering job was soon known to everyone because several students asked me if I was performing this duty. Every time I assured someone that I was, in fact, in charge of the flag, my stock with that student as well as the others seemed to rise. I couldn’t walk anywhere in the school without being hailed by name and waved at by other students, even those in the lowest grades.

Within a week, I received a note asking me to meet with Mr. Hoyt again, before school the next morning. Father always dropped me off at 7:30 AM, one half hour early, because he had to be at his job, downtown, by 8:00 AM. He managed the machinery department of a hardware store founded by Kurt Vonnegut’s grandfather. (“Vonnegut” meant only hardware to me until I started reading Kurt’s books at college. Many years later, in New York City, Kurt and I were to live only blocks apart and to meet several times.) But back at School 80, I sauntered into the shop to find Hoyt in his gray shop coat and already waiting for me.

“Dave, I’ve got another big favor to ask of you.”

“What is it, Mr. Hoyt?”

“Would you do the printing of the forms that the school system needs? They are not needed very often, and no job ever takes more than an hour.”

“Can I use that printing press?” I asked, pointing to the offset press in the shop.

“Yes, I’ll show you how to use it.”

“Fine,” I said. “No problem.” My father’s brother was a printer. I was actually interested in learning how to set type and print. This too was an easy job, and my performance of this job too was soon known and lauded throughout the school. Why, I wondered? I assumed that my special relationship with Hoyt was due to my father having once been an industrial arts teacher, a fact that I had told Mr. Hoyt. But Hoyt was not particularly popular, so why should I be popular as a result of working for him? There was something very strange here that I didn’t understand.

The teacher who was popular was Mr. Hardy, the basketball coach and homeroom teacher for the other, “regular” 8th grade class. He also taught Health Science to the combined, 8th grade classes. Health was the only subject that the two classes studied together. Mr. Hardy and I were the only ones who enjoyed it. I enjoyed it because I didn’t snub or hate anyone. Hardy enjoyed it because he was too kind for anyone to dislike. He was soft-spoken, self-effacing and infinitely patient. He had to be. His class always had the aura of a funeral parlor. I did not yet know why, but it was clear that the aura didn’t emanate from him.

“OK, class, let’s open our books to page 1 of Chapter 5: ‘The Digestive System.’ Look at Figure 1. What’s the fancy Greek name for the food pipe?”

No hands went up. The name was printed on the picture right in front of our noses, but everyone seemed to be in a coma.

Hardy broke the embarrassing silence: “Of course, the reason we have to learn the fancy name is that doctors refuse to refer to anything in plain and simple English. Don’t blame me; blame them.”

He was practically begging for our attention and cooperation. I didn't want to appear to be a know-it-all, but I felt sorry for him and compelled to answer. I was about to when Randy, a second-string guard on our team, came to Hardy's rescue, "It's called the esophagus."

Then Alice stirred from the coma that seemed to envelop everyone. She was surrounded by girls but only two aisles away from me, in the window aisle and directly to my left. She slowly turned her head to gaze at me. A smile slowly spread over her face. I smiled back, nodded and tried to initiate some communication, even if it had to be limited to body language. But she had a far off look in her eyes. That look and the silent, pleasant smile showed how weak was her hold upon the present.

I was to see that pleasant smile whenever we met or passed in the halls. We never got beyond it. It was the upper limit of her communicability. Her eyes were open, she wasn't comatose; but they were glazed over. An invisible wall was between us. She was like Osiris, the Egyptian god who returned from the underworld with life in him but no ability to speak. There was some form of paralysis that plagued all of these kids. Alice was just the most extreme case of whatever it was.

My classmates brought to mind what I had seen and heard of my father's cousin, Sam Tingular. Sam, a tall, happy-go-lucky teenager, had enlisted during WWII and become a US Army Ranger. His company was one of the first to scale the cliffs at Omaha Beach. He was one of the lucky few to survive that day. A plane-load of cigarettes was shipped in his name. He came home covered in medals, a hero with all doors open to him. But he came home a different person, a person who never spoke and never smiled. Of the many jobs

offered, the one he chose and did for the rest of his life was a landscaping job. Although the job was menial and low-paying, it was therapeutic for him. It was *repetition compulsion* (to use Freud's word) to see upturned dirt that wasn't bloody and holes in the ground that weren't filled with the dead bodies of his buddies. The violence of his one day at Normandy remained in some isolated part of Sam's brain and played like a movie in an endless loop.

Having seen the effects of trauma in my father's cousin and seeing what appeared to be similar effects in my classmates, I began to wonder. What violence of the remote past might still be lodged in our collective memory, partially paralyzing us and motivating us to do unnecessary, strange or crazy things?

"Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill," said JFK in his inaugural address, "that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, in order to assure the survival and the success of liberty."

Personally, I favored a more narrow and conditional use of violence. It was no accident that I was to become the first person in modern times to become fully conscious of the most violent and traumatic events in the life of man, the main, cryptic subject of our religions and most of our holidays.

CHAPTER 6

Basketball was the only thing that seemed to bring the kids in the regular class to life. Larry (Donkey), Arie and I were the only ones from the “special” class that cared for basketball and played on the team. Larry didn’t care enough to be a starter; Arie was growing too fast to be coordinated but would become an all-city star in high school. Basketball made me an honorary and fully accepted member of the “regular” class.

It was most assuring, in the eighth grade, to be a regular guy and to see my friends come alive on the basketball court. They had been and expected to be again “one of the two best white boy teams in our school district.” This was the limit of their basketball ambitions because the district included all-black School #90. School 91, another white boy school, competed perennially with us for the honor of being second best. Our goal for the season was to beat or at least tie School 91. Beating School 90, they assured me, would not be possible. We went 3 and 0 against lesser teams before narrowly losing our first game to School 91. We would face them again in the last game of the season with a chance to tie for second place in the district. As expected, the School #80 Rockets ran over the other white boy teams.

Games would be followed on the next Friday night by a dance in the basement of Kyle’s (the good-looking center’s) basement. My mother always had to drive me to these and would add to my Oedipal excitement by being upstairs, chit-chatting with Kyle’s mother while we were dancing below. It’s a small wonder that Kyle’s mother, Helen, never told my

mother of the special role that I was playing for these other children. Helen must have sensed, rightfully, that my mother already had too many problems of her own to be challenged with another one.

The basement was always crowded and pitch dark except for the area close to the stairs. It was in that lit up area that Alice and I always danced. At first, I thought that she wanted to dance there because she was afraid of me. But all the dances were slow. Alice was always nearly comatose, pressed as tightly as possible against my body, her head against my chin and her hairspray in my nostrils. She was putty in my arms. It soon became clear that each couple danced always in the same spot and always within view of Alice and I. They needed to see me, and perhaps Alice, and be assured that we were there. Kyle and his tall girlfriend, Kathy, towered above the rest of us and danced in the back corner furthest from me. Bill and Ronny, the two forwards, danced with the Smith sisters, Claudia and Sandy, respectively. They were Alice's close friends and neighbors. The three of them and Nancy Carlyle were our team cheerleaders.

The same two Dionne Warwick records were always playing: "Walk on By" and "Don't Make me Over." We swayed back and forth, clinging to each other but as silent as zombies. These two, Burt Bacharach, Hal David songs had to be Alice's favorites, and they did her talking for her:

If you see me walking down the street, and I start to cry...
Each time we meet, walk on by...
Walk on by
Make believe that you don't see the tears, just let me grieve
In private, cause each time I see you, I break down and cry...

Walk on by

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(Don't... stop)
Walk on by
(Don't... stop)
Walk on by...

I just can't get over losing you, and so if I seem, broken and blue...

Walk on by
Walk on by... foolish pride
That's all that I have left, so let me hide
The tears and the sadness you gave me, when you said
goodbye...
Oh, walk on by
(Don't...stop)
Oh, walk on by

Clearly, Alice had lost someone; and I was his replacement.
The other, repeatedly played song was just as telling:

Don't make me over
Now that I'd do anything for you
Don't make me over
Now that you know how I adore you

Don't pick on the things I say, the things I do
Just love me with all my faults, that way that I love you
I'm begging you

Don't make me over
Now that I can't make it without you
Don't make me over
I wouldn't change one thing about you

HEAVEN SENT

Just take me inside your arms and hold me tight
And always be by my side, if I am wrong or right
I'm begging you

Don't make me over
Don't make me over
Now that you've got me at your command

Accept me for what I am
Accept me for the things that I do
Accept me for what I am
Accept me for the things that I do
Accept me for what I am
Accept me for the things that I do

She was telling me how much she needed me, that she was mine for the taking and begging for my companionship and unconditional acceptance. After the third or fourth Friday night of such dances, with our bodies pressed against each other, her perfume in my nostrils and these messages in my ears, my puberty was rapidly accelerating. I was a normal, hot-blooded, young man; and we were sexually compatible. We both had only opposite sex siblings. We both were heterosexual.¹³ It was requiring an enormous amount of discipline not to give in to my desire for her, not to start exploring her body and to welcome her to explore mine.

But I had not been so corrupted by the post WWII "sexual revolution" (the demise of family life in America) as to not know that I was rightfully entitled to fully possess only one woman, and that I would have to marry that woman. Marrying Alice was unthinkable while there was still an invisible wall between us.

DAVID HUTTNER

But my companionship and unconditional acceptance she could have for as long as she -- and they -- needed it. What a wonderful thing it is to be needed! How often does a thirteen-year-old get to feel needed? They loved me, however much they could; and I couldn't help loving them.

CHAPTER 7

We guys were all glad that our game with School 90 would be an away game. The girls wouldn't be there to see how bad we looked against a really good team. My mother and sister who often sat in the stands at home games wouldn't be there either.

The difference between them and us was indeed embarrassing. We didn't pass the ball enough. We didn't pick for each other. We didn't box out well enough to even dominate the boards on defense. We didn't work the ball inside enough; and in those days, with no three-point arc, you wanted to take all your shots as close as possible to the basket.

The black kids, on the other hand, played like young professionals. It was not just their superiority on the court that was embarrassing. What was most embarrassing was what it said about racism in America. Their sports prowess was not just physical. The same mental energy that some of us devoted to our studies they applied to sports because they knew that white collar, high paying jobs weren't available to people of color. Any average difference between our abilities and theirs was due to racist role selection having been compounded over successive generations.

Twenty-five years later, Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder, a TV sports commentator, would be fired by CBS for saying in a vulgar and insensitive manner what I just said and what everyone of us on the court that day was thinking. Neither our team nor any of the other white boy teams in our school district had a chance of beating the team of all black boys

because racism and inequality of opportunity relegated people of color to the most physically difficult and undesirable jobs. It was not only in slavery days, as the Greek had said, that color determined whether one was eligible for mental labor and accordingly selected for either physical strength or mental acuity. The injustice was still going on and is still going on, perhaps less so with respect to color but ever more so with respect to class.

Although Jimmy the Greek's comments about being "bred and selected for big thighs and buttocks" hurt the feelings of many black folks, their feelings didn't get him fired. What really got him fired was the anger of ruling class elites who want to pretend that equal opportunity exists and that the fates of all of us aren't determined by the absence of it. All over our K and R world, it is still virtually taboo to talk about our need for equal opportunity within the major, K-owned media.

For this white boy, who had had almost no prior acquaintance with African Americans, the game was an embarrassment – not because of their athletic superiority but because it suddenly brought the Civil Rights Movement to life for me. No longer would I be indifferent to the issues of color and inequality of opportunity. No longer would I be able to watch the nightly news reports and think that they weren't relevant to those of us affluent enough to be living in all white suburbs. Six months later, on June 11, 1963, when George Wallace defied a court order to integrate the University of Alabama in what was later called the "Stand in the Schoolhouse Door Incident," President Kennedy called in the army and appeared on national television. He told us that,

When Americans are sent to Vietnam or West Berlin,

we do not ask for whites only. It ought to be possible then for students of any color to attend any public institution they select without having to be backed up by troops. It ought to be possible for American consumers of any color to receive equal service in places of public accommodation, such as hotels and restaurants and theaters and retail stores without being forced to resort to demonstrations in the street. And it ought to be possible for Americans of any color to register to vote in a free election without interference or fear of reprisal. It ought to be possible, in short, for every American to enjoy the privileges of being an American without regard to his race or his color. ... Next week I shall ask the Congress of the United States to act, to make a commitment it has not fully made in this century to the proposition that race has no place in American life or law.

This speech brought forth the seeds that became the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1965 Voting Rights Act. It bespoke of real, concrete benefits. It was not the hot air of a campaign speech. It was not the even-handed approach to the class struggle that is needed; but it was an attempt to help the common people, to help the class opposite from which he came; and it was delivered with sincerity on his face and in his voice. It won for the young president the admiration and respect of millions of people, myself included. It caused many of us young people to start thinking about our shortcomings as a nation. If America was really “the greatest nation on earth” (as my countrymen liked to boast), then we were preparing ourselves for a very sad world.

Cynics will respond as did a recent Chinese opponent to my equal opportunity and population control agenda. We were

driving past a group of Chinese men and women in bamboo hats who were all squatting in the hot sun and pulling weeds from the university lawn. "In your equal opportunity world," he said, "who's going to do work like that?"

My answer was, "With equal opportunity and population control, with no army of surplus people and a high demand for workers, we'll quickly invent the tools and machinery we need to eliminate most of the physical exertion needed for jobs such as that one. As a struggling college student, I once climbed up ladders with a hod (a v-shaped, wooden container loaded with bricks or mortar) on my shoulder. Now we do that job using a concrete pump and a crane."

A similar question might be asked regarding latent homosexuality: "without it, who's going to do the really tough police, fire-fighting, military and construction work?" My answer is two-fold. First, during WWII, when the men were off at war, women showed that they were capable of doing all these jobs. Secondly -- and this requires some imagination on your part, in a world without macho men who relish adversity and project outward their inner conflicts, in a world that is much less overpopulated and violent, these jobs will not be nearly as difficult and dangerous as they are now.

CHAPTER 8

They broke the news to me in the week before Christmas break, almost half way through the school year. I'll never know who chose this time or why. It may have been Kyle's mother, Helen, when she saw how attached to each other Alice and I were becoming. It may have been the psychologists for the school system. They might have guessed that I would need the Christmas break -- not to piece the puzzle together -- but to mentally adjust to the reality of my situation, to the limits of the others' consciousness and communicability. If so, they were right. I'm still adjusting.

It was in the morning, just before classes. I was in the shop, printing a job for the school system. Hoyt was standing in front of me and to my right, with his back turned, looking out the window well.

"You know, Dave, many of us believe that you were sent by God to replace Jimmy Edwards."

"Jimmy Edwards? Who's he?" I asked.

"You don't know?"

"No."

"The previous spring, during a thunder storm, the two Jimmys, Jimmy Edwards and Jimmy Cohen" (two guards on the basketball team), "ran outside to take down the flag. While they were taking it down, lightning hit the flag pole and traveled down the steel cable that we were using as a flag rope. Cohen was seriously injured and Edwards died, immediately."

I pictured in my mind exactly how this would have happened. Edwards, who had had the better grip of the cable, was on the ground, his body charred, smoking and convulsing. Cohen, his best friend, was screaming in pain and shock.

Everything was quickly becoming clear to me. All the students, on both floors of the building, had run to the windows on the south side of their classrooms. They looked out, and that is what they saw and heard. All the kids in the school had become traumatized, especially Jimmy Edwards' classmates, but none so much as Alice, his life-long, neighborhood sweetheart.

Jimmy had been a very happy and popular kid. Everyone loves a lover! In addition to taking down the flag, playing guard on the basketball team and loving Alice, he had done the printing that I was doing at this moment. The people of this serene, stable and affluent community, religious people, didn't want to believe that their God would allow the life of such a good and innocent young man to be cut short so brutally and senselessly. So, when a young man of the same age and similar, kindly disposition showed up the next fall, it was comforting and easy for them to believe that Heaven had taken Jimmy and sent David to replace him.

That's why most of them didn't need or want to know anything about the real me or where I'd come from. Each of them had their own images of what heaven was like and their own preconceptions of what kind of person God would send as his errand boy. Mrs. Epstein and the B'nai B'rith threesome had found it hard to believe that God's errand boy could be anything less than 100% Jewish; and if he was, his errands and messages did not concern them.

Of course, I wanted to understand my friends and help them if I could. To do so, I would have to learn all about religion and psychology. I knew next to nothing about both of them at this time. My mother had often taken me with her to her Christian churches, but I had gradually opted for my father's agnosticism. Similarly, the only psychology I had picked up was from Dale Carnegie and my father -- the psychology needed to sell merchandise. I had heard of Freud; but his books, censored in America until the early 1950s, were still not readily available. Neither did I possess, at this time, the confidence and independence of mind needed to seek them out and read them.

My introduction to the unconscious mind was a book entitled, "The Hidden Persuaders," by Vance Packard. It exposed the subliminal appeals that advertisers were using to manipulate and brainwash people. Fragrances and aromas were already being vented at unknowing but targeted customers. Signs on TV and in the movie theaters were already being flashed long enough to be understood but not long enough to pass the threshold of conscious awareness. This was not the clinical psychology that my friends needed, but it would have to suffice as my introduction to motivation and the unconscious mind.

Over the Christmas break, I made friends with a boy in my own neighborhood, a boy whose father owned an advertising company. Up until this time and to his credit, Gary had only been interested in the artistic aspects of his father's business. Gary had already become a pretty good artist and cartoonist. His parents encouraged my interest in psychology because they saw dollar signs in it if Gary and I chose to work together. On many a night at his house and over a chess board, we would brainstorm the subjects of

psychology and advertising.

Little did I realize at this time, that my School 80 friends were being deviously subjected to manipulation similar to that practiced by the advertising industry. In both cases, the object was and is money. The only difference was the subject of the lies and repression. In the first case, it was history. In the second it is motivation. In the long run, the distortion and repression of history does much more than the selling of unneeded goods and services to harm us. *When lies, guilt and wishful thinking cause us to become confused about our past, we lose our navigational compass, we lose our ability to wisely chart our course for the future.*

This of course, brings us to the other subject that I knew I had to master: religion. I was quite sure that God hadn't sent my family to Indianapolis or me to School 80. School 80 wishful thinking renewed my interest in religion but made me more skeptical than ever. So, I started going to church with my mother on Sunday mornings. Mother had been raised Catholic; but in a deal struck between her and my father's mother (a devout, Dutch protestant), she agreed to become protestant and to try to raise her kids as protestants. She had chosen the Presbyterian denomination. The first Protestant church she attended in Indianapolis was the one that looked most grand, established and wealthy, the most like a Catholic church. For my mother, God had to be on the side of the rich. But if he existed and if this were true, why were the rich so unhappy?

I went several times with her to this church. The minister's sermons were long, boring and largely incomprehensible to me. I soon learned to anticipate when it was time to dig in my pocket for the small offering that she had given me. Shortly before collection time, the minister would invariably

turn up the volume of his sermon to wake everyone from their slumber. My mother's nervousness and gum chewing would also invariably increase at this time because she was full of guilt, and this guy was masterly at reminding the guilty of their need to be saved, of their need to be true believers and their need to show it at collection time.

I pointed all this out to her, but -- like most parents -- at no time did she want to delve into the wellsprings of her guilt, into the specifics of the mistakes she'd made in life. Like most arrogant teenagers, I assumed that I would get it right and not replicate any of her mistakes. My marriage and family life would be the stuff of fairy tales! Oh, how simple the world seems to the very young!

Mother soon began going to a smaller Presbyterian church in our neighborhood. This one was headed by a personable pastor who tried to take a more personal interest in the members of his flock. I appreciated his efforts but could see even then that religion, though powerful in its hold on people, had not provided and was not about to provide any solutions for people's problems.

CHAPTER 9

At this time, I didn't have any of those solutions either; so, on January 2nd, when school resumed, I resumed my role as Jimmy Edwards' Heaven-sent substitute. Now I played the role knowingly and willingly. I was already well on the road to thinking entirely for myself and rejecting all traditional, religious beliefs; but I did not yet understand the issues well enough to openly challenge the conventional wisdom. I still assumed that it would be best for everyone if I did what was expected of me; so, I did my level best to jump through every hoop they placed before me. We won all our remaining basketball games, the last one with School 91 in a most dramatic fashion that I'll describe below. The dances resumed every Friday night with Alice and the gang.

Under the guise of wanting to play chess with me, which he couldn't have wanted to do because he was a terrible player and always lost, Mr. Kindly, our principal, began to meet with me regularly in his office during lunch hour. He was keenly interested in and wanting to know about my relationships with all the other students.

“Is everything going OK, Dave? Do they all still like you? How about the students in the other class? Do they all, at least, accept you? ... Good!”

Now that there were no burning mysteries to be solved, some of my classes were becoming less interesting. In particular, Mrs. Epstein's classes, especially the subjects most easy for me, seemed intolerably boring. At such times, a very nasty game would start. As a teacher and an adult, I am more than a bit embarrassed to tell you about it. But tell

you I must because it was an integral part of the second half of the school year. I did not invent this vice or the enhanced technology used for it at School 80, but I did become its worst perpetrator.

The girls and the trio (of Charles, Howie and Harold) were all too well behaved to engage in this despicable game. But whenever the rest of us became bored -- increasingly during the springtime of the year -- one of us boys would remove from his pocket an empty, clear, plastic, Parker ink cartridge that had been clipped at both ends. Into this miniature cannon barrel, the miscreant would load a "spitball," a chewed-up ball of paper, or two or three. You can guess the rest. Tellerman, Arie, Larry, Tyler and I became nations onto ourselves in the spitball wars that erupted. Secret alliances and treaty agreements were formed and reformed. Arms contracts were concluded. Clouds of these unsanitary missiles often filled the classroom air. More than two decades later, while on a trip up the Amazon with my first wife, I became the first tourist in our group to knock a pack of cigarettes from its perch at thirty yards with a dart blown from a blow pipe. Everyone wondered how such a very near-sighted fellow could master the weapon so quickly. I didn't tell them.

Naturally, escalating spitball wars sometimes forced our mild-mannered sovereign to put her foot down. On two occasions, this involved me having to go to Mr. Kindly's office.

Picture my guilty, hanging head and the kindly old man trying to act angry. "Alright Dave, this has to stop. I warned you once. Now you have to choose between the paddle and me telling your father."

I chose the paddle, and took a series of hard whacks to the hind end.

“What’s been bothering you, Dave? Why have you been so unruly lately? Is there trouble at home?”

“No more than the usual,” I answered.

Then it hit me. His question awakened what had been troubling me ever since being told about Jimmy Edwards. “Mr. Kindly, what’s going to happen after the end of this school year? Am I going to go to Broad Ripple High School, here in the neighborhood with my friends; or will I go to Arlington High School in the neighborhood where I live?”

“Oh, you’ll have to go to Arlington High School. Once you’re out of this school, they aren’t going to want to remember anything about this school -- or me -- or you.”

“You’re kidding!” I said.

“No, I’m quite serious.”

He was confident, and I sensed that he was right. He had been consulting with the clinical psychologists working for the school system. They and their successors have not been competent enough to stop even the ongoing violence in America, much less cure people of the traumas of the past. Yet they know a lot more than average folks, and they knew a whole lot more than I did at this time.

I was devastated! I was, by far, the most popular kid in the school, accepted unconditionally by everyone and loved by everyone except Jimmy Cohen the B’nai B’rith threesome. Moreover, I was the only kid from a “special class” *in memorable history* that had been popular with the students of the “regular” classes.

Three years later, in our junior year at our respective high schools, I hoped that my School 80 friends had gotten over their trauma. I tried to contact them at the Butler University Field House where Arie and the Broad Ripple basketball team were playing in the city finals of the annual high school basketball tournament. I walked up into the stands and saw Nancy Carlyle. “Hi Nancy,” I said, smiling enthusiastically.

But instead of responding in kind, her eyes glazed over and she went into what appeared to be a hypnotic trance. This so alarmed me that I beat a hasty retreat and made no other effort to contact my School 80 friends until over fifty years later.

A few months before starting this book, I found Tyler’s name listed in a Wisconsin phone directory and called him from China. Tyler couldn’t remember anything about me or School 80. When I asked Tyler what he did for a living, his answer assured me that his forgetfulness was no accident.

“I’m an electrician,” he said.

Tyler’s career path and every work day of his life have been determined, just as were Sam Tigular’s, by his need to drain off the electricity locked within an isolated and traumatized part of his brain. That part of Tyler’s brain contains the painful sights and sounds from that fateful day in the spring of 1962. Whole nations and humanity *per se* are still undergoing repetition compulsion for the traumas we’ve suffered, chief among them being the *Great Flood* and the *Species War*, the cryptic major subject of all our religions and most of our holidays. It also shaped most of our sports. Yet, I had to coin the expression, *Species War*. That’s how crazy we are! But back at School 80, in the spring of 1963...

My devastation made something immediately clear to Mr.

Kindly. That something would take me many years and law school to totally figure out. The school system had been using me. Whoever had substituted that steel cable for the broken flagpole rope, probably Mr. Hoyt, had been guilty of “wrongful death negligence.” He and his employer, the Indianapolis Public School System [by the doctrine of *Respondeat Superior*, “Let the master answer” (for the wrongs of the servant)], had joint and several liability for Edwards’ death, for Cohen’s injury and for the emotional distress of all the traumatized students. Had any of them filed a wrongful death or negligence law suit, all the others would have found out and joined as plaintiffs. The school system would have lost millions of dollars, tens or maybe even hundreds of millions of today’s dollars! But back in the early 60s, especially in middle America, most people were not litigious and knowledgeable of the law. They were ignorant and religious; and “God’s realm of responsibility” was, for them, a huge one.

So, the lawyers and psychologists for the Indianapolis Public School System inspired -- or at least did all they could to further -- the myth of David Huttner’s heavenly mission. The Republican Party was doing locally, with me, what the Democratic Party was doing nationally with John Kennedy, the modern-day King Arthur, the ruler of Camelot and God’s representative on Earth. But I did not yet understand all this and continued to willingly go along with it. I continued, as did JFK, to play the role. In Kennedy’s case, the hoped-for benefit was re-election for himself and all the Democrats riding on his coat tails.

CHAPTER 10

Jimmy Cohen's family was affluent. They owned the Chevrolet dealership in the Broad Ripple part of town. They didn't need the money from a law suit, but they deserved it. In retrospect, I realize that Jimmy had a legitimate reason for disliking me.

You might guess that the French teacher wouldn't have liked me either. If there was any class wherein I could be expected to be hopelessly bored and disinterested, it was French. Remember: I had had no French previously and my classmates were in their fourth year of studying it. I was forced to attend these classes only because the school didn't offer any other foreign language, and there was no other place for me to go at this time. But it was impossible for any heterosexual young man not to like Miss Mars or for her to not know it. As we liked to say, "Miss Mars was," physically and aesthetically, "out of this world!" She materialized only once a week for French class, and prior to every class there would be a fight between most of the boys but never Charles (and Howie who couldn't run very well) for the seats up front and closest to her. I always managed to get one of those seats and was too overwhelmed by her beauty to do anything other than stare at her. I never learned any French, but she was sympathetic enough to give me a passing grade.

Needless to say, our worship of Miss Mars was a sign of our immaturity and did not have a positive effect upon our relationships with our female classmates. Margie was the one female in the school who was capable of being my soul mate, but I rarely gave her the respect and attention that this status

merited and required. We didn't look a whole lot like each other or each other's opposite sex parent, but neither did Alice and I.

When Margie and I talked, it was always while being alone. We lived in the same, northeastern side of town and the same, Arlington High School District. We knew that we would be together in high school. Our parents had to drive us to and from school each day, but neither of us took the initiative to suggest car-pooling. After school, Margie and I would sit outside the west door of the building, waiting for our mothers to pick us up. Though shy, Margie perceived me as a real, flesh and blood person and not a refugee from Heaven. We sometimes talked about our families. She also had an effective father and one sibling, an opposite sex sibling: we were both heterosexual. It must have humiliated Margie for me to be Alice's boyfriend, knowing as she did that she had much more in common with me than Alice did. Yet we never explicitly broached the subject of Jimmy Edwards and the other students' expectations of me. Even one day when we knew our mothers would both be late in picking us up and I treated her to a milk shake at nearby, Lindner's Ice Cream Parlor, these subjects never explicitly arose.

“Good shake?”

“Yeah, thanks David. What do you want to do when you grow up?”

“I'm not sure, but there's still plenty of time to decide that,” I answered. “How about you?”

“I'm not sure either, but I'll definitely go to college and have an interesting career. I'm not going to be a home body,” she assured me.

“We’ve got one more game coming up, the big game.”

“With your rivals, with School 91?” Margie asked.

“Yeah; and win, lose or draw, we’ll have a dance afterward.”

Margie, with a pitiful look on her face, responded, “That should be interesting.” She was, of course, being facetious and referring to Alice but didn’t directly say so.

Throughout our four years of high school together, I remained a gadfly and Margie a wallflower. She was liberated at a time when most all of us were too backward in our gender stereotypes to appreciate her for the honest person she was: a western woman who refused to play dumb and maintained her self-respect.

When I graduated from law school in 1998, only to find that the same Orwellian, neo-phobic and latent homosexual individuals who were censoring my books also censored my admission to the NY Bar Association, I was desperate to find a smart woman who could become my wife and publishing partner. Margie was the first person I thought of. But there were over one hundred Margie Doyles in the nationwide phone directory. It took me two or three days of phone calling before I found her.

“Hi, Margie Doyle of School 80 and Arlington High School?”

“Yes...”

“It’s David, David Huttner. Do you remember me?”

“Of course.”

“I’ve been living in New York City, where I’m a censored

lawyer and social science writer.”

“Oh?”

“How about you? What have you done with your life?”

“I’ve been working as the database manager for a hospital here in the Houston area.”

“That’s fantastic, Margie! Database manager and accountant are the first two positions I need to fill for my publishing business. Marry me and work with me, please! Mine are, by far, the best social science works ever written, and they need to get out.”

“You’re too late, Dave. Just yesterday I accepted a new job offer from NASA (the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, a department of the federal government).”

Immediately, I smelled a rat. “Margie, had you put out any resumes?”

“No.”

“Were you actively looking for a new job?”

“No.”

“Margie, the secret police -- who monitor all of my communications and oppress me -- got to you slightly before I did.”

“Why would they do that?”

“Because they need to isolate me as part of the ruling class’s effort to censor my books.”

“Why do they want to censor your books?”

I then explained to her what the class struggle is about and added that they don't want to make the necessary compromises needed to tame it.

To this I should have added: "and they won't compromise because they are overwhelmingly Orwellian, latent homosexuals, people with heterosexual role models but same sex siblings. Though successful bread-winners and breeders, they lead miserable and meaningless lives because they can't make the all-important change to themselves. They can neither rid themselves of their homosexual urges nor (owing to homophobia) gratify them. They are unable to love and are motivated only by fear. Due to homophobia, they feel they must hide their homosexuality; so, they grow up wearing a mask and become masterful liars, cheaters and thieves who, unable to love and motivated only by fear, value only money, power and the proliferation of their own genes. These seemingly born scoundrels quite naturally and increasingly acquire all the positions of power in our world, which they use to humiliate others and thus soothe the self-hatred born of their own internal conflict. They are the police, the military, the legislators, the court justices, the executives, the bankers and the rich people in every country and walk of life. *Worse of all, because they unconsciously associate all truth and change with the removal of their masks, they dread and reflexively oppose all truth and change.* So, every year, as that prophet, George Orwell understood, our world is ever more strife-torn, ever more over-populated, ever more polluted, ever more loveless and ever more dominated by the people who do most to make it that way. We cannot make any social progress, anywhere, without eradicating homophobia and enabling everyone to love.

I also should have told her the sources of homophobia, as I

told you in Endnote 8, above.

Had I been able to say all of this at that time, Margie might have believed me; but I couldn't and she didn't.

“I don't believe you Dave.”

“Margie, do you really think that glamorous and high-paying NASA tapped you to work for them because they had heard of what a great database manager you were at the hospital?”

Believe it or not, this woman with an I.Q. of over 150 answered, “Yes.”

Nobody but my mother ever did fully believe in me, and she was too scared to even want to know anything about my research and writings. What more could I expect of Margie, Margie whom I had always largely ignored. How could she believe that a veteran of the School 80 spitball wars was now the world's social science leader?

Years later, after having read *Decoding the Deluge*, Margie admitted that I had been correct in my assessment of her NASA job offer. But by that time, she had already married a NASA engineer.

But back at School 80 in the spring of 1963, I was becoming angrier and angrier. I had been doing what I thought was my best to help all the students in this school. I wasn't astute enough to understand the legal ways in which I was helping the Indianapolis Public School System or educated enough to understand that mythology and religion are not the optimal means of dealing with our problems; but it was clear to me that I was in some way helping the school system. Why else would their psychologists be working with Mr. Kindly, our school's principal, telling him what to expect of

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traumatized children, as they were obviously doing; and why would Kindly be privately working with me? What had any of them done to improve *my* life? What prospect was there of my friends ever doing anything for me if they were all going to forget me in a few months?

However, I no longer dared to vent my anger and frustration in overt acts of aggression. I didn't dare to take part in any more spitball fights. So, when the opportunity arose, I became subtly disruptive.

CHAPTER 11

“OK class, open your history books to Chapter 12, page 246, ‘World War II in Europe,’” said our leader. “What was the issue in this theatre at the beginning of the war?”

Charles: Whether or not the Germans should be allowed to over-run countries in Eastern Europe and murder millions of Jews and other innocent minorities.

Mrs. Epstein: Well, which country did they invade first, and why?

Linda: Czechoslovakia, because that madman, Hitler, claimed that the German people needed ‘Lebensraum.’

Numerous and unanimous grunts of affirmation followed.

Me: Wait a minute...Don’t you think your explanation is a bit simplistic?

Jenny and the two Judys (in unison): Not at all. Hitler hated Jews. Don’t you know that? He blamed us for all of the world’s problems.

Me: Yes, I understand that, but a nation of some sixty million people would not have followed him if there hadn’t been some truth to what he was saying.

Charles: Don’t tell me you’re an anti-Semite too? What on earth are you suggesting, David?

Me: Only that it’s unrealistic to blame the war on any single person and pretend that there weren’t real, historical conflicts between the various parties involved. Take for

example, the two opposing religious groups. The Jews, ‘the Chosen People,’ expect to do well in this life. The Christian religion compliments this ideology, telling its followers that they are born guilty and that if they suffer and turn the other cheek enough, they will be rewarded *in the next life*. It’s inevitable that the nails will periodically retaliate against the hammers.

With this, the five or six Jewish people in the class exploded in anger. The accusations flew fast and furiously: “You are absolutely crazy, David,” “I’ll never speak to you again, David,” “Just imagine, a Nazi in our own class!” etc.

This conversation was one of the seminal points in my development as a social scientist. I was learning not to accept at face value conventional wisdom and wishful thinking. I was learning to probe beneath the surface of events. But during the lunch break, I was once more in Mr. Kindly’s office.

“Ok, David, you were correct in your reasoned approach to the subject; but given the pain and strong emotions this subject raises among Jewish people, don’t you think you were a bit insensitive in the way you expressed yourself? Didn’t you know that you were going to hurt their feelings?”

“Eh...what should I care what they think of me. You yourself said that in a few more months, they are going to forget everything about me, forget they ever knew me.”

The startled but speechless look on his face assured me that he got the point. I was calling in the debt for my services, and those services would have to be repaid in some way. About twenty-four hours later, in exactly the same setting, the offer of payback was made.

“David, how would you like to join the Northside Optimist’s Club?”

“What’s that, Mr. Kindly?”

“It’s a men’s club. The finest and most successful men in town are members. They meet at the Marriott Hotel each month for a fine dinner; and after dinner, someone always delivers an interesting speech. You’ll have a great time and learn a lot from them.”

“That sounds great Mr. Kindly!” And indeed, it was. It was flattering and very educational to be the only kid in a sophisticated men’s club. This kid who had never been anywhere was awed by the hotel’s plush interior and the heavy, white table cloths of the dining room. I felt like Alice in wonderland.

At my first dinner with them, as I curiously eyed a strange utensil, the elderly man sitting next to me smiled and said, “That’s a butter knife.”

Many of the after-dinner speeches were over my head. Speaker: “And of course, the moral of the story is: never judge a crook by his cover.” At many such times, I would be the only one in the room who wasn’t laughing, but I did my best to listen and learn.

I was soon being trained for public speaking and debate by an attorney. We sometimes met in Barry Lange’s law office. He was impressive.

“Alright, let’s see what you have, Dave,” he said, taking the rough draft of my speech. “Da, dat, da, dat, da, dat.” The pen followed his eyes and stuck out whole paragraphs. “Ah! This is good. “There is no human progress without learning,

and education...produces the learning?’ No.” He struck the last, gestured with his left hand and spoke as the right hand wrote, “and education is the tried-and-true path to learning. It starts with the spoon feeding of young minds that are little more than passive sponges; but with the shaping of values, goals...”

Picture a fourteen-year-old, mechanically imitating him, my hand gesturing as Barry’s did before a live audience, “But with the shaping of values, goals and disciplined habits of investigation, those sponges grow the tentacles capable of probing every nook and cranny of the universe and leading humanity forward.” Now you’ve got a good picture of what my first speech was like.

Although no kid can have the experience and conviction to be a great public speaker, the coaching was a great confidence builder that set me apart, politically, from my peers. I won one or two speech contests. Moreover, the subject of our speech contests, “The Importance of Education,” did have a positive influence upon my evolving values and career goals. It would never be sufficient for me to acquire wealth or power without the education to use it wisely and for the betterment of mankind.

So, with this compact concluded, I willingly resumed the role that I was expected to play. There was one more major act to be performed: the final basketball game of the season with our arch-rival, School #91. For most of the kids in the regular class, the success or failure of this school year -- and the preservation of my status as God’s angel -- would depend on the outcome of that game.

The stands were packed -- mostly with the fans of the home team -- their team. But our contingent was numerous

enough to not be intimidated. My mother and sister were there too, and Sis was vocal enough to remind me that she too had great expectations of her hero.

The defense for both sides was furious, forcing even more than the usual amount of errors. I turned over the ball more than once and made my usual, poor shooting performance.

Yet it was nip and tuck all the way. The lead jockeyed back and forth continually. In the fourth quarter, with ten seconds left to go, the players and the cheerleaders were all exhausted, the partisans for each team were hoarse, the other team had the ball and a one-point lead.

My man, Michael Logan, the cocky, wannabe, younger brother of an all-city, high school guard, was crossing mid-court with the ball. Our only chance was for me to steal it -- immediately -- and drive up-court for a layup. But he was at least as fast as I was, so I resorted to a trick. It was a simple one, but it worked.

Turning my head slightly toward the crowd to my left, I shouted with a surprised look on my face, "Look!" He did, just long enough for my left hand to knock the ball away from him and up court. I got it and drove all the way to the basket. With three seconds on the clock, I went up for the layup. He did the only thing he could. He tackled me.

I don't know how this near-sighted kid who never shot better than fifty percent from the foul line managed to make both shots, but I did. If angels do exist, they were definitely guiding my hands or the ball in those final seconds. In any event, everyone on our side except my mother and sister left the gymnasium certain that this was the case.

Bill, Ronny and Kyle were slightly in front of me as we

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walked off the floor. I was close enough to see their faces and read their minds and lips.

Kyle: Well, what do you think of him now?

Bill and Ronny both shrugged with indecision.

Kyle: But he *was* sent by God.

Bill and Ronny (in unison): Oh *definitely!*

One of the few partisans on our side that knew better, that knew me to be a mere mortal, my sister, forgot everything about my unexceptional basketball record except those last two shots. Four decades later and without having read any of my books, she still believed that I had missed my calling and belonged in the NBA!

CHAPTER 12

My high school had over three thousand kids in it. This made it easy to forget about my old friends at School 80, except when I saw Margie.

I kept up with current events throughout my high school days.

When, as a junior (a third-year student in a four-year high school), two of the smartest and most urbane seniors approached me and suggested that I join their young Republican club, I couldn't say no. I went to one or two of their meetings before that school year ended.

The next summer, I got a call from a man who introduced himself as Paul Tory.

“Dave, you were a member of the young Republican club at your high school, weren't you? Mark Stillman referred me to you,” he said.

When I confirmed, he added, “The Republican National Headquarters has sent me here to organize a chapter of the Teenage Republicans. It's a new, experimental undertaking. We're starting these clubs in a few metropolitan areas, the goal being to actively support the party and to develop future leaders. We'd like you to head up the group in Indianapolis and Marion County. What do ya say?”

I was flattered. What could I say other than, “Sure, sounds great.” Paul had moved into the area from New Jersey and was living in a house trailer. He coached me and debriefed me regularly. I developed a club at my high school and used

contacts who did the same for us at about half a dozen other high schools. We not only helped the adult party to sweep all but one of the elections that November (the prosecutor's office – there had to be some semblance of checks and balances), but we also made money doing it. That's right, my political organization operated in the black! (Politics is supposed to cost money.) I organized a hayride and a dance at the Indiana State Fairgrounds. Newsweek later described our Marion County Republican Party as the most well-oiled and effective political machine in the nation.

When that Newsweek article appeared, I was already having serious doubts about my work for the party. One of the election tricks my troops and I played at Paul's and the party's direction was downright despicable; but he continually assured me that our party was the light, the truth and the way and that the end justifies the means. I was only seventeen years old – dumb enough to believe it, dumb enough to not know consciously that Paul worked for the CIA and that the CIA was training me. It took me three more years to figure that out.

The lightning bolt that killed Jimmy Edwards caused me to play the role I played (to be "sent from God"), which in turn caused me to come to the attention of and be trained by the US intelligence community. That involvement caused me to devote the rest of my life to social and political change – but not as one of the obedient cadre that they had hoped to develop. Never again would I trust anyone else to do my political thinking. Never again would I assume that "God" had done anything. If my piers could be so easily, uniformly, irrationally and superstitiously convinced that "God" had taken Jimmy Edwards's life and had sent me to replace him, how many other beliefs about "God" might be wrong? What

evidence was there for “His” existence? Experience forced me to ponder these questions at an early age and resolve to find the answers.

Neither the nation-wide, Democratic Party apotheosis of John F. Kennedy nor the neighborhood, Republican Party apotheosis of me helped anyone in the long run. Both involved conspiracies and lies. Both encouraged the naïve belief in “God” and social irresponsibility.

The world is not made up of gods and devils. Men are of varying shades of gray as a result of their knowledge and their deeds. Our world has always been and remains a savage one owing to our failure to form happy marriages and our failure to set limits on our genetic competition. Each generation of successful savages contributes a wealth of mythical distortions and lies to our cultural heritage. The lies cover up, rationalize and promote savagery [the Mister Hyde (as in hide the truth) portion of our schizophrenic personalities]. Rejecting the lies is the first task of all of us who long for a more sustainable and civilized world. Discovering the truth requires us to be responsible adults and not babies who believe in some big parent in the sky. For if you believe in a big parent in the sky; then that parent’s will trumps our own; and “He” or “She” already has all the knowledge we need. Indeed, for the most zealous believers, it is vain and irreverent for us to even try to learn about the many “taboo” subjects. To do so is to encroach upon “God’s” domain and interfere with “His” or “Her” prerogatives.

Kennedy’s greatest failing was not his Roman Catholicism. It was his religion per se. It kept his mind in a little box and made an intellectual baby out of him. He was, nevertheless, an uncommonly good and inspirational leader because he

had a great faith in his own ability -- and our ability -- to learn; and he was relatively unafraid to make the changes that learning requires and demands.

It was in this spirit and with the motivation of love, agape, engendered by my School #80 classmates, that I labored for the next fifty years to find the answers to our most general problems. I struggled to work my way through undergraduate school and law school. My undergraduate subject major was not one that my nuclear family would endorse, but it was the one that our social family most needed to know and understand: comparative, political economic systems. In the course of learning to understand life from the point of view of the people on the bottom and learning their (R) ideology, Marxism; I became a social pariah within our own country with no chance of having well-remunerated work or a happy marriage and family life. But this path (that born-billionaire John Kennedy never knew) was the most important one that the goal of learning clearly illuminated. That same path took me too to Berlin, but for half a year, not just a few hours, and to not one but to both sides of the Berlin Wall. It led me to New York City and to becoming part of a United Nations family, to traveling around the world and to living within the culture most opposite of our own, within China for more than eleven years.

I wasn't sent by God or a billionaire's family. I can't promise you a rose garden or a chicken in your pot. In this overcrowded world, with ten to twenty times the people we need; no government can even ethically promise you a job. Neither do I share any of JFK's prejudices or yours. But I have learned what we can and must do to create heaven on Earth. Please read all my books, watch all my videos (at

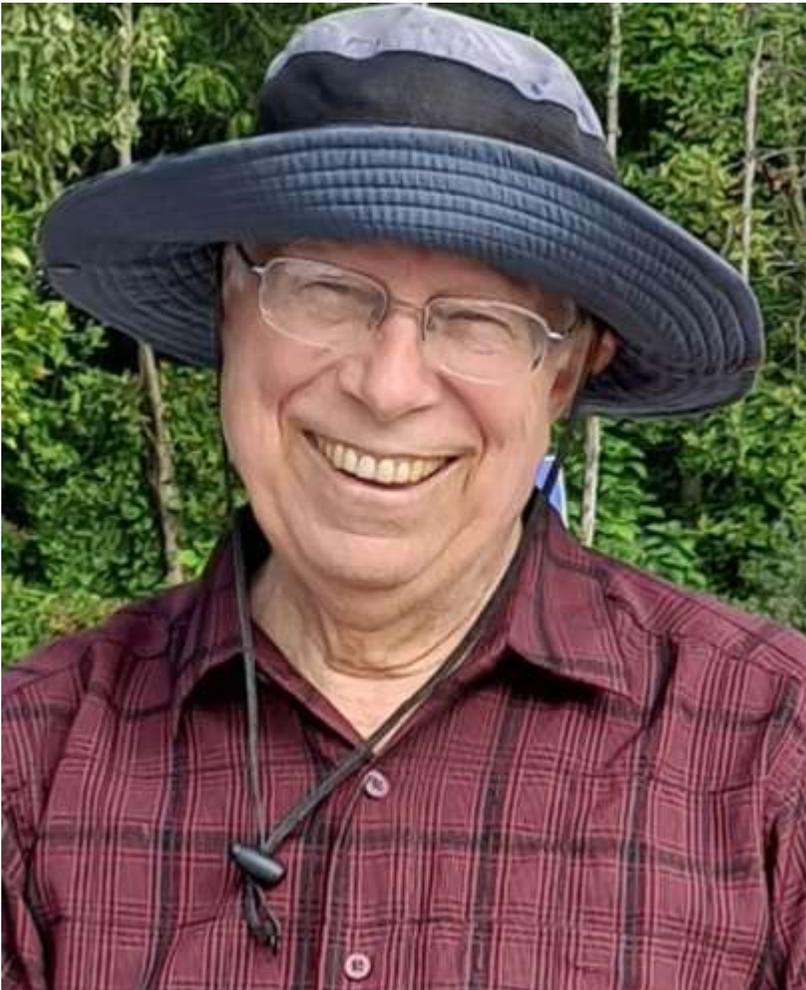
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PeaceLoveAndProgressParty.org) and form your own, discreet cell of the Peace Love and Progress Party.

Thanking you for your attention,
David.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I, David Huttner, was born in Chicago, Illinois in 1949. I am the author of numerous, self-published social science works and unpublished screenplays. I graduated from CUNY Law School and passed the NY State Bar Exam in 1998 and have worked as a realtor and stockbroker. For most of my working life, I drove a NYC taxi. I returned to the US in 2020 after living and teaching in China for eleven years.



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<http://www.PeaceLoveAndProgressParty.org/>

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ENDNOTES

¹ The New Social Science is contained within 3-volume *Decoding the Deluge and Finding the Path for Civilization* and its supplement *Stage II of the Nonviolent Rainbow Revolution. Irish Mythology Passageway to Prehistory* and *Just Say No to Latent Homosexual Crusades* are entertaining introductions to the New Social Science. These and the other nine publications of the [Peace Love and Progress Party](#) are free downloads.

² Jack Ruby, a known mafia crony, shot and killed Lee Harvey Oswald, the alleged assassin while Oswald was in the custody of the Dallas police. We all saw the video tape of the Oswald murder on television. Ruby did not know the President or any of his family personally. He wasn't even a registered Democrat. Oswald was certain to get the death penalty for any involvement he had in the Kennedy assassination. Ruby's only possible motive for killing Oswald as he did when he did was to close Oswald's mouth, so obviously both Oswald and Ruby knew about other conspirators. Had the most powerful Americans not known about the other conspirators, they would have forced Ruby to talk. (The CIA had long been training their counterparts around the world in torture techniques, so it is absurd to think that the American government would be above such practices in a case most vital to the interests of the American people.) But Ruby died over three years and one month later in Parkland Hospital, allegedly of lung

cancer, without ever revealing his secrets. Therefore, the converse is true: the wealthiest and most powerful Americans already knew the identity of the other assassins and conspirators.

³ It has always been widely believed that JFK's father, Joseph P. Kennedy, was a major bootlegger with numerous mafia connections during the prohibition period. These claims are said to be wildly exaggerated by the Wikipedia article and other Internet articles on J. P. Whatever the extent of his mafia connections may have been, J.P was a shrewd businessman. He did make many millions in real estate (e. g. the purchase and renting of Chicago's Merchandise Mart), the motion picture industry (i. e. the organization and refinancing of several studios, later merging several of them into RKO Studios) and in stock manipulations that were either legal or legal at the time of his participation. It seems to be undisputed that, shortly after prohibition, he purchased the exclusive US importation rights of Gordon's gin, Dewar's scotch and the liquors of Schenley Industries in Canada. (One has to wonder, who, other than the one importing them during prohibition, would have been in a position to profit from them after prohibition?) It is also undisputed that JP's father was a Boston saloon keeper.

⁴ Except to say that I found Robert Morrow's 1988 book, "The Senator Must Die," about Bobby's assassination very convincing; I shall not deal herein

with Bobby's assassination or political events that are outside of this story's central, 1962–1963-time frame.

⁵ With these words, J. Paul Getty summarized a few dozen behavioral psychology Ph.D. dissertations.

⁶ Here's what Wikipedia says of Douglass. "Frederick Douglass (born Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey, c. February 1817 or 1818[a] – February 20, 1895) was an American social reformer, abolitionist, orator, writer, and statesman. After escaping from slavery in Maryland, he became a national leader of the abolitionist movement in Massachusetts and New York, becoming famous for his oratory and incisive antislavery writings. Accordingly, he was described by abolitionists in his time as a living counterexample to slaveholders' arguments that slaves lacked the intellectual capacity to function as independent American citizens. Northerners at the time found it hard to believe that such a great orator had once been a slave. It was in response to this disbelief that Douglass wrote his first autobiography."

⁷ "Jesus" is Paul of Tarsus' symbol for the perfect lamb of God, the lamb that, once sacrificed, will forever slake the angry gods' thirst for revenge and "save" (from hell) Jesus' sacrificers/cannibalizers. To serve as such, Jesus symbolizes the amalgamated sons, the killers or would-be killers of the original four universal and ambivalent elements of the godhead (all of them fathers of sorts: the primal fathers, the same-sex parent, one's ongoing genetic

competitors, and the parent species). The killers of the parent (*Homo erectus*) species, the Species War victors, are the 5th, derivative and universal element of the godhead. People who participate in this childish and magical rite (“the communion”) escape the fate they earn, and those who don’t are “unsaved” and of lesser consequence.

⁸ Homophobia has at least three sources. The minor but permanent source is its incompatibility with reproductive competition. Even once we have minimized K and R to create a civilized world, there will still be and should be some reproductive competition among us. A major and general source is monogamy within our non-standardized-family context. Monogamy forces homosexual folks to choose between having love and having children. Another major source, effecting males, is the savagely-high birth rate of K and R society. (The rational birth rate is the one corresponding to the greatest *decrease* in the death rate.) Women being baby-making machines forces men to become killing machines. That role is incompatible with male homosexuality and forces homosexual men to bury their loving nature beneath a false persona that purports to be the opposite.

⁹ For those too young to remember it, here is Wikipedia’s apt description of it: The Cuban Missile Crisis, also known as the October Crisis of 1962 (Spanish: Crisis de Octubre), the Caribbean Crisis (Russian: Карибский кризис, tr. Karibsky krizis, IPA: [kəˈrʲɪpskʲɪj ˈkrʲizʲɪs]), or the Missile Scare, was a

35-day (16 October – 20 November 1962) confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union, which escalated into an international crisis when American deployments of missiles in Italy and Turkey were matched by Soviet deployments of similar ballistic missiles in Cuba. Despite the short time frame, the Cuban Missile Crisis remains a defining moment in US national security and nuclear war preparation. The confrontation is often considered the closest the Cold War came to escalating into a full-scale nuclear war.

¹⁰ All the names of non-public persons have been changed to protect their privacy and that of their families, but "Kindly" is very similar to the real name.

¹¹ If you haven't yet learned about our "special biological systems" and the revolutionary "New Medicine of Ryke Geerd Hamer," see the blog by the latter title on the Blogs Page of PeaceLoveAndProgressParty.org. See also Ch 3, Section B, Part vi of "What the Non-Chinese Peoples Must Do..."

¹² Edith Bunker was the wife/mother in the popular 1970s sitcom, "All in the Family." Played by actress Jean Stapleton, Edith was wise and sweet but more than a bit slow. When she did perceive something, it was through rose-colored glasses.

¹³ I could have given you this information in cryptic drips and drabs of dialog the way writers of the last millennium did; but in the Third Millennium, I

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don't think we should have to cater to homophobia. We are long overdue to accept and adjust to the fact that more than half of us are bisexual or homosexual. Our lives will continue to be complicated by sexual orientation differences and troubled by incest complexes until we tame the K and R class struggle and regulate marriage and child rearing as I describe in one of my other books, "Stage II of the Nonviolent Rainbow Revolution."



In 1962-1963, at Indianapolis Public School #80, strange and coincidental events caused all of the students and many of the teachers to believe that I, the new, 8th grade student, had been sent by God. At this time, many people across the nation believed that their young, handsome president and his beautiful wife were God's representatives on Earth, the stuff of Arthurian legend that would turn the world into a Camelot. Both myths were lies, but these events motivated me to find the truth. In the fifty years since then, I've discovered what we collectively must do to create heaven on Earth.

