

Book 16

Mornings and Evenings

By: Dave Greenfield

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Introduction

This book contains ten works of prose fiction and drama which I composed between 2007 and 2014. The seven short stories and three plays address a variety of topics which tend to relate to questions of social change and personal growth in the midst of social reality.

The first play, "November Wind" comments on the true story of the self-inhalation of Roger Allen LaPorte in 1965.

The second piece, "New Morning" is an exploration of the dynamics of power and popular resistance. My use of nonsense names tends to demonstrate that this is a general story of power, deception and resistance to which one could replace the nonsense names with any number of names of various historically marginalized groups and dominating entities.

"A Hundred Days to Save Phil Ochs" is a wonderful exploration of the question of intervening in time to try to convince the 60's protest singer, Phil Ochs, not to commit suicide.

"Country of the Dream" is possibly my best short story, allowing for a kind of dream-based time travel by a completely fictional character back to one of my favorite events in history, the Diggers planting gardens on St. George's Hill in 1649.

The four Edwin stories are true stories about events from my childhood and early adolescence with only a few basic names changed.

"Matthew Jonathan Anthony" tells the true story of the activism and disappearance of a friend of mine, Matthew Hardy, in the early 1990's.

Finally, "Tea for Three" is a play that seems to be trying to work out a number of biblical and cultural issues through the medium of drama.

Overall, the content of this book represents that part of me that attempts to express questions of personal and social transformation through the medium of prose fiction and drama.

November Wind (PFW-001)

By: Dave Greenfield

(Stage Directions)

This play includes two characters, Roger and the Dreamer. Roger sits cross-legged on a raised platform near the front, centre stage. The Dreamer sits behind a screen, further back and to the right of Roger, and is not seen by the audience. The Dreamer may be played by either a male or female actor.

The Dreamer is a type of spirit or angel. The implication is that the play is set either in a spiritual afterlife or in an imagined thought space in the collective mind beyond time.

The play opens with the Dreamer speaking and asking Roger questions. The Dreamer does most of the talking through the play. Rogers's words are in quotations. The rest of the words are spoken by the Dreamer. It is best if the Dreamer speaks in a somewhat slow and semi-monotone voice, pausing between each sentence.

November Wind, (the text):

What is the meaning of your moment?

What is the meaning of your act?

Your name is Roger LaPorte.

You were born Roger LaPorte, in 1943.

"Yes".

"My name is Roger LaPorte."

You grew up in the years after 1945, like millions of others.

"Yes,".

What is the meaning of your moment?

What is the meaning of your act?

What is the meaning of America?

America who drops napalm on villages, and sprays agent orange on jungles.

What is the meaning of America?

What is the meaning of the pyramid called North America, the top of the pyramid of world empire Society?

What is the meaning?

What is the meaning of your moment?

What is the meaning of America?

Your name is Roger LaPorte?

"Yes,".

You grew up in the years after 1945, like millions of others.

"Yes,".

You grew up American.

You grew up Catholic.

You tried entering the seminary.

You considered the priesthood.

"Yes,".

You considered becoming a monk.

"Yes,".

Your rebellion found you here, in New York City.

"Yes,".

At the Catholic Worker, in 1965.

"yes,".

What does it mean to walk the stations of the cross?

What does it mean to hear the words,
"Jesus is condemned to death."?

What does it mean to hear the words,
"Jesus falls the first time."?

What does it mean to hear the words,
"The soldiers cast lots for his clothing."?

What is the meaning of your moment?

What is the meaning of your act?

I am a dreamer, not yet born,
But I reach out to you.
Your spirit is now in the spirit world.
You are at peace.
One day we will meet.
We will sing songs to each other with our souls.
We will sing about all the wonderful people who are now among the spirits.

You grew up in the years following 1945,
Following the dawn of the nuclear age, like millions of others.

During the years of your childhood, the House Un-American Activities Committee did what it could to black list those who might show you alternative ways of being.

But Pete Seeger still played his banjo.

Paul Robeson still sang, with his deep rich voice.

You lived through the Cuban Missile Crisis, like millions of others,
Wondering if the world was going to end tonight.

1965 finds you in New York City.

You gravitate to the Catholic Worker house,
Like many other young Catholics in rebellion.

You hear about Norman Morrison,
A thirty-one year old married man,
A Quaker peace activist,
Who sets himself on fire, in front of the Pentagon,
On November 2nd, 1965.

Robert McNamara hears about it, from inside his window, in his office in the Pentagon.

Tuesday, November 9th, will be the anniversary of Kristallnacht.

There is something fascist-like,
About raining napalm from the sky.

There is something fascist-like,
About bombs that explode, dropped from airplanes, that deafen people before they die.

It is not enough to speak with words.
What about our bodies?
What about all of us?
The all of us.

Our skin, our hair, our bones,
Our blood, our hearts, our lungs.

It is not enough to speak with words.
What about our bodies?
What about all of us?
What about the all of us?

Early in the morning,
On Tuesday, November 9th, 1965,
You sit cross-legged on the roadway,
In front of the United Nations building,
In New York City,
And set yourself on fire.

"Yes,".

You take a can of kerosene,
Pour it over yourself,
And strike a match.

"Yes,".

You set yourself on fire,
In solidarity with the people of Vietnam.

"Yes,".

You set yourself on fire,
As a profound protest,
Against the dropping of napalm,
The napalm burning the skin, of the men, women and children of Vietnam.

"Yes,".

You realize that you cannot remain a guilty bystander, watching the fires of war burn half way around the world.

You have to jump into the fire, to tell a million more that the fire must end.

The fire must end.

The fire must end.

The fire must end.

"Yes, I jumped into the fire.

I joined the fire.

I joined the reality.

The lives of the common people,

Half way around the world,

Are not more expendable than ours."

In the ambulance, you identify yourself,

As a Catholic Worker.

Some historians of the Catholic Worker movement, try to distance the movement from you.

But Fr. Berrigan,

Who says your funeral mass,

Refuses to condemn your act,

Saying you died to save others.

What is the meaning of your moment,

Your moment in time?

You were one of millions who grew up in the years following 1945.

You were supposed to serve the machine in some way.

Become a priest, become a lawyer,

Become a professor.

Become a steelworker, become a soldier,

Become a father.

Even a folk singer with political lyrics serves the machine.

You were supposed to serve the machine,

But you were the cog that came alive,

When all around you smiled, and smiled,
And wore masks, and turned the wheels.

You were the cog that came alive,
And spoke truth to the machine.

Told the machine what it is,
Corporate America,
Military complex America,
Destroyer of souls,
Eater of brains and dreams.

It is worse now than then.

We have all been raised,
With our mouse pads, and our cell phones,
Told that we could have,
Anything we wanted, with a click,
Losing interest, if we have to struggle,
And work for something.

But peace cannot be brought about,
With the click of a mouse.

Justice cannot come about,
By adding more names to your Facebook page.

Your name is Roger LaPorte.

Your spirit left this world,
On November 10th, 1965.

Your body did not survive,
The third degree burns, you inflicted on it.

You were the cog that came alive,
And spoke truth to the machine.

How many cogs must come alive,
Before the machine dissolves?

If setting yourself on fire,
Is only for one in fifty million,
What must the rest of us do,
To come alive?

What must the rest of us do,
To do the equivalent?
To love peace, and life, and justice,
With all our bodies.

With all our skin, and hair,
And bones, and blood,
And hearts, and lungs.

What must the rest of us do,

To honour you?

End of play

The New Morning (PFW-010)

by Dave Greenfield

The Gorklings were excited on this morning. A promise had been made by the Chamowgu, a promise of a new meaningful relationship between the Gorklings and the Chamowgu, a promise that there would be mutual listening, meaningful participation by the Gorklings and inclusive process.

The Gorklings had fought a long battle with the Chamowgu. The Chamowgu were the iron-clad ones, the ones who kept the iron system, the towers and cities of power, going. The Gorklings had fought against the Chamowgu for several centuries, to prevent them from taking their land, destroying their land, enslaving them and dominating them in so many other ways. The Chamowgu had inflicted much pain on the Gorklings, but the Gorklings had kept fighting.

Now, this promise of a new relationship had come from the Chamowgu. Several hundred Gorklings gathered in the theatre, to hear the Face of the Chamowgu speak. They grew quiet and the Face began speaking.

After about five or six minutes, it became obvious to the Gorklings that nothing had changed. The Face of the Chamowgu was essentially repeating all the lies that had been said before. Nothing would change in this so-called new relationship.

The Gorklings began murmuring among themselves, no longer silent. One of the elder Gorklings, who had been lied to by the Chamowgu for fifty years, stood up and said, "This is crap! This is absolute bloody crap!". The other Gorklings made noises of agreement, and a few clapped.

The Face of the Chamowgu continued speaking like a talking droning robot, but the Gorklings were now talking among themselves, strategizing and making plans to continue their fight.

They would have to continue fighting to retain their autonomy, drawing firm boundaries with the Chamowgu and all the ways of the iron fist. They would have to double their efforts, because as news spread about the promise made by the Chamowgu, some would be fooled. Some would be fooled into thinking that a new relationship actually did exist, when in fact there was none.

They knew that a few Gorklings would quite possibly be co-opted by the Chamowgu as had happened before, and the Chamowgu would appoint such co-opted individuals to rule over their fellow Gorklings. The Gorkling community would have to be strong and resist such attempts at co-optation.

When the Face of the Chamowgu had finished speaking, the Gorklings were silent. They filed out of the theatre saying nothing. They neither applauded nor hissed or booed. They left the theatre in silence, having drawn their conclusions, having made their plans.

It was back to the barricades, back to the battle. The drone of capitalism, colonialism, imperialism, the occupation, the empire, the machine, would continue in all its destructive fury. There was nothing new about this new morning.

End of Play

A Hundred Days to Save Phil Ochs (PFW-004)

By: Dave Greenfield

Time is like a river. It normally flows forward, but sometimes it hits rapids, swirls around and forms whirlpools, and you have an opportunity to go back and relive something, and possibly make changes, provided the changes aren't too large.

On the last day of 2010, I had an opportunity to go back in time and see if I could change one small fragment of history.

Like many who were born in the mid to late sixties, who grew up in the seventies and became progressive political activists in the eighties, I became interested in the decade in which I had been born, that decade of the sixties which cast such a long shadow across the decades that followed. Some time around 1988, I became aware of the sixties troubadour, the folk singer Phil Ochs. I bought or borrowed several of his albums, and memorized quite a number of his songs.

Phil Ochs, the folk singer and protest singer who helped put the civil rights and anti-war battles of the 1960's to music, had taken his own life on April 9th 1976, coincidentally the one-hundredth day of 1976. He had left no note, but many people saw his suicide as somehow symbolizing the death of optimism or a partial death of the movement. One commentator said that when Phil Ochs died, the world became a little bit safer for hypocrisy. His death by suicide is one of those instances where you sometimes find yourself wondering, what might he have been if he had lived. Surely his market would have re-emerged in the eighties, and if he couldn't write any more songs, he could have recorded other people's songs. He could have joined the Reagan era peace movement and the environmental movement.

In his song, "Tape from California", he had said, "The century is bending. Have a very happy ending.". This couplet meant that it would be possible for someone to travel back in time and meet him by playing one of his records backwards on one of the last remaining Mickey Mouse record players that had the function of playing records backwards. So, on the last day of 2010, at about noon, I put the "Tapes from California" album on a Mickey Mouse record player I had borrowed from a second cousin, and began playing the song, "When in Rome", backward, beginning at the end.

I willed the music to take me back thirty-five years, to downtown Manhattan. I closed my eyes, and soon the music faded, and I was standing in Manhattan on the afternoon of December 31st 1975.

I knew that that evening there would be a huge celebration in Time Square and elsewhere as Americans brought in the bicentennial year of 1976. So, I decided, for the time being, to mingle with the crowd. Once the new-year's crowd had faded, by about two or three in the morning, I managed to get some sleep in an old warehouse. Then at about nine in the morning, I awoke and began the task of trying to find the house where Phil was staying.

Shortly before Christmas of 1975, he had gone to stay with his sister who lived in Rockaway, a suburb of New York. Initially he was going to simply stay over Christmas, but his stay over Christmas became one month, two months and so forth. He would end up spending his final days at his sister's place, until his death on April 9th.

I had found the address for S. Ochs, his sister's name being Sonya or Sonny, in a Rockaway phonebook, and it didn't take too long to find the street, and the right house. So, at about 4:00 in the afternoon, on January 1st, I found myself on the front doorstep of the house where I believed Phil Ochs was staying. I rang the doorbell, but there was nobody home. I walked around the neighbourhood aimlessly for about an hour, then I went back to the same door and rang the doorbell again.

This time I was in luck. A man in his mid thirties, who looked a lot like Phil Ochs, opened the door. He said, "Hello."

"Are you Phil Ochs?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "I'm not giving any more concerts, at least not for now. It hurts too much."

I didn't quite know what to say, so I decided I would tell him the truth.

"Well, I've come from the future, to talk to you a certain amount."

He looked rather surprised, and then said, "Well that's a new one. Why don't you come in. Maybe we should talk. My sister and her son have gone out for the afternoon, probably for part of the evening too. Come in. I'll get us both a beer."

The two of us sat in his living room and I took a sip of beer, and there was a moment of silence.

Then I said, "I come from the year 2010. I found a way to slip back into time. I was only about eight years old this winter, and I had not yet heard of you. It wasn't until the late eighties that I started listening to your music. Your music, by the way, will last for many decades after your death."

He nodded, as if I had said the most normal thing. Then I decided to tell him what I knew.

"I know that you've probably been contemplating suicide over the past six months or a year."

He nodded.

I continued, "In our history, the record shows that you committed suicide on April 9th 1976."

He nodded, cleared his throat and said, "That sounds about right. I couldn't have told you the exact day, but it feels like about the right length of time it will take me to overcome my fears and uncertainties. Based on what you've told me, I really believe you do come from the future. I've never had this kind of experience before, but it's interesting."

Then I said, "I've come to see if you might be willing to reconsider, to see if you might be willing to stay alive and continue to give musical energy to the movement. We will definitely need good radical troubadours."

At this he smiled, and nodded his head. "I'm not surprised to hear you'll still need radical troubadours in the years and decades to come. You'll be dealing with the same old shit through the eighties and the nineties and past the year 2000?" He asked this with almost a tremble of sorrow in his voice. "So, tell me what's going to happen between now and 2010."

"Well" I said, "Later this year, America will elect a Democrat as president, a fellow named Jimmy Carter from Georgia. He will project the image of an honest man and a common man. He'll be seen by some as kind and compassionate and by others as too weak. His administration will last one term. Then in 1980, Ronald Reagan will be elected president and there will be a hard swing to the right. As he stations nuclear missiles in Western Europe and spouts off rhetoric about fighting a nuclear war, there will be huge marches for peace and disarmament. One huge march and rally of one point three million will be held here in New York in June of 1982. Stepping back a bit, in 1979, there will be an accident at a nuclear power plant in Pennsylvania which will occur just as the movement against nuclear power is gathering momentum. There will be concerts against nuclear power called the No Nukes concerts. There will be vast peace and disarmament protests across Western Europe, protests against the stationing of missiles. There will be concerts for peace and the environment everywhere. By the end of the eighties, the Cold War as we know it will come to an end. The Berlin Wall will come down in November of 1989, largely because Soviet statism in the Eastern Block will have spent its course. The urge to defend Communism as we know it in the Eastern block will simply run out of steam.

By the 1990's, it will become clear to many that corporations and governments are conspiring to over-ride the power of democracy with international free trade agreements. It will be called globalization, but it's really totalitarian capitalism."

At this point, Phil nodded. "None of this surprises me so far, but I have to say I'm rather sad."

I continued, "There will be more wars as well. In 1991, the U.S. will go to war against Iraq, when Iraq invades Kuwait. They will drive Iraq out of Kuwait, and impose sanctions on Iraq, but they won't completely topple the Iraqi regime until twelve years later when they invade again. There will be some of the largest anti-war demonstrations in human history, both in 1991 and in 2003.

In September of 2001, two airplanes hijacked by Muslim terrorists will be flown into the World Trade towers here in New York, and both towers will come down. A third plane will be flown into the Pentagon, causing damage on one side. A fourth plane will be brought down by the passengers in Pennsylvania. These actions will embolden the American right and lead to a deepening of the police state. I think you may have heard of George Bush. He was the chair of the Republican Party during the Watergate years. I believe he's about to become the director of the CIA later this month, January 1976."

Phil Ochs nodded, "Yes, I know of him to some extent."

"He'll be elected vice president under Reagan for two terms. Then he'll be president for a term, between 89 and 93. Then we'll have Democrats for two terms, and then his son, George Bush junior, will be elected in 2000. Then in 2008, the U.S. will react so strongly to the right-wing tendencies of the second Bush administration, that they'll elect a black man as president on the Democratic ticket. After a few months, it will become clear that he won't be changing too many things, and the military industrial complex will march on. At the end of 2010, the U.S. government and military are still making a mess of things, both economically and militarily. But there are still dissenters, and protesters, and resisters.

So what it all comes down to Phil, is that when we look at the next thirty-five years, we'll need someone like you to write the songs and sing them."

Phil smiled at this point, and said, "Well, you'll still have Tom Paxton, and Bob Dylan, and Pete Seeger, and perhaps others who I haven't heard of."

"Dylan will never really return to political song-writing," I said, "He'll keep on writing impressionistic songs that are way out there."

Phil nodded.

"Paxton will do some, but he will feel the need to write ordinary songs for the market place."

Phil nodded again. "Tom is a good person," he said, "but I can understand his desire, his need, to write for the market place. I won't hold it against him.

If all these things are going to happen in the next thirty-five years, I'm not so sure I want to be there. The worst of it all is, I can imagine myself continuing to be booted out of the way and stepped on, when I try to raise my voice in my own unique individual way. Ultimately, it's not the political level that makes someone depressed; it's the personal stuff, being stepped on and ignored too many times."

This time it was my turn to nod in agreement. "I certainly know what you mean Phil. It's that personal marginalization that hurts. You're also right that there will be a younger generation, some of whom have already started: Holly Near, Judy Small, Eric Bogle, John McCutcheon. A little later on there'll be Billy Bragg. A few of them will record your songs after you are gone. There will also be Phil Ochs tribute nights in many parts of the country."

"Yep," he said, "It's an old story. They kicked me in the face while I was alive, but once I was safely dead in the ground, they put flowers on my grave and wrote tributes. It's an old story."

I nodded.

I had thought initially, that I would come to visit Phil on a number of occasions over the next ninety-nine days, and try to convince him, little by little, not to hang himself. But everything seemed to come clear, in this one meeting with him. I had to let him make his own decision, and let history flow as it would. I had given him a glimpse of the next thirty-five years, and now I should depart and let him make his own decision.

We both finished our beers in silence, and set our empties on the coffee table. "Well, you're a good person Phil. You wrote some of the best songs of the twentieth century. I realize now that I can only leave you be and let you make up your own mind. It's really been wonderful chatting with you."

He nodded and walked with me to the door.

Finally he said, "I must say, you're the most interesting visitor I've had. It's not every day that somebody drops in from the future. How exactly did you manage to come back in time?"

I smiled. "By playing your song, "When in Rome" backward on a Mickey Mouse record player."

He burst into laughter. It was so wonderful to hear him laugh. His mood had been so sombre.

"Well, if the Walt Disney Corporation can do that, who knows what might be accomplished?"

We shook hands, and for the first time, there was a deep deep total feeling of mutual respect, the troubadour and the time-traveler shaking hands on the first day of the American bicentennial. There's a poem in that somewhere, I thought to myself, or maybe a painting.

We said our good-byes, and I headed down the steps and down the walkway to the street. Fortunately, I didn't need a Mickey Mouse record player to get back into my own time. I simply had to find a private place, where no one would see me disappear, and then close my eyes and wish myself back in 2010.

I found a park where there was a clump of trees. I walked into the trees, closed my eyes, and made my way back into my own time. The Mickey Mouse record player was just getting to the beginning of the song, "When in Rome". In our time, it had been thirteen minutes, the length of the song. I picked up the needle and turned the record player off. I lay down on my bed and fell asleep, needing some time to think and sleep on it all, thinking to myself as I drifted off, that it looks like time continues to flow like a river, down to the sea, down to the sea.

Country of the Dream (PFW-002)

By: Dave Greenfield

He didn't tell his parents about the three dreams he'd had just after he turned twelve. He didn't even tell his older sister, though she was probably the most intuitive member of the family.

For three nights in a row, a few days after his twelfth birthday, Steven had dreamed that he was standing on a hillside, in a countryside somewhere, on what seemed to be a bright spring day. There were about thirty or forty men, mostly in their twenties or thirties, milling about. Some of them were planting gardens, planting peas and beans, corn and potatoes. Others seemed to be constructing rough houses out of wood.

On each of these three nights, he had dreamed that he was standing in this place and watching all these men at work from a slight distance. As they spoke to each other, they seemed to speak in a dialect of English very different from what Steven was used to. Usually he could understand what they were saying, but often just barely.

On the fourth night, in his dream, he returned to this place. The men were still at work, planting gardens and building houses. On this occasion, however, one of them turned to him and said, "Hello my young friend. Would you like to help out with our work?"

"Sure," he heard himself saying, and he walked over to where the men were working, picked up a shovel, and began digging up the soil with the rest, preparing to plant seeds.

When he told them his name, Steven, one of them remarked, "Awe, Steven was a good man. The apostles chose him to distribute food to the widows among the first Christians. God called him from this life, first, so that people might look at him and the work he did, and realize that his humble work was really the greatest."

Steven did not quite comprehend the reference. So he simply said, "All right".

"My name is Gerard, and this man's name is Thomas, and this is William. This is Jacob, and this is Jonathan." Gerard said.

"I'm glad to meet you." said Steven.

"When you speak," said Gerard, "you sound like you come from a long ways away. You speak very differently than us."

Sensing that this place might be a long ways away from where he lived, Steven made an effort to say where he came from. "I come from Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada." he said.

Gerard frowned. "I can't say I've ever heard of that county. This land that we are digging on, this is St. George's Hill, the place where they say St. George slew the dragon. We are here, you might say, to confront the dragons of our own time, the large landowners and hoarders of wealth who would enclose the land and drive people into starvation and destitution. We are here to proclaim that all the earth is to be a common treasury for all human beings. And so we are digging and planting, planting seeds proclaiming that this land, this piece of earth, is a common space for all."

Steven found himself wondering now, not only where he was, but when he was. He blurted out suddenly, "What year is this?"

"Ah," said Gerard, "This be the good month of April in the year of our Lord 1649. This year, all the people of England were freed to begin again, after the beheading of the King Charles and the ending of the line of conquerors who have plagued us and ruled us for nigh six hundred years."

After Gerard had said this, the warm springtime hillside began to fade, and Steven found himself once again at home in his bed, at 6:00 in the morning.

After waking up from this fourth dream, he decided he had to tell his older sister. He and his sister had always gotten along reasonably well. She was seven years older than him, and this age difference meant that they had never really quarrelled to speak of, or experienced sibling rivalry. At nineteen, she was in her second year of university, majoring in history.

When he told her about his dreams, she was quite fascinated. "Wow!" she said, "You're dreaming about the Diggers of St. George's Hill? Absolutely cool! Absolutely cool!" She got out her guitar and began singing a song about the Diggers that he had never heard her sing. "In 1649, to St. George's Hill, A ragged band they call the Diggers came to show the people's will."

They had both grown up in a progressive household, and had been exposed to ideas such as socialism, cooperatives, and intentional communities. Steven had never specifically heard of the Diggers, but now they seemed to be coming to him in his dreams.

The following night in his dream, he was back on St. George's Hill. It was evening now, and the sun was setting. The air was getting cool. A group of some forty men were sitting around a campfire, sharing what food they had.

Gerard was the first to see him. "Hello there Steven. I wondered if you'd come back. Here, sit down among us. Have a piece of bread. So where is this county you come from, Saskata or something like that."

Then Steven remembered telling him where he came from. "Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada," he said, "And then realized that in 1649, these words meant nothing as place names. Where he now lived, in Regina, had been open prairie, land used by the Cree or the Blackfoot or the Assiniboine.

"The place where I come from," he said, "is in the new country, the countries that you have discovered across the ocean." and he waved his hand in the air, as if to point to a distant ocean.

"Ah," said Gerard, "The lands across the sea. I have heard of them, but I can't say I know a great deal about them."

"And I come from a different year," Steven continued. "Where I come from, it's not 1649."

"Very well," said Gerard, looking at him rather oddly, "What year is it where you come from?"

"It's 2010." said Steven.

There was an awe-struck silence for a moment, and Steven realized his voice had carried. Then Gerard said, "Do you mean that you have a different calendar that starts in a different year, or do you mean that you come from our future?"

"I come from your future." said Steven, and the awe-struck silence seemed to return.

"Well it doesn't surprise me." Gerard finally said. "You certainly talk quite a bit differently than we do, but that's all right. Everyone is welcome here."

Then Thomas, who had not yet spoken to Steven, cleared his throat and said, "Well, I'm glad to hear that the world will still be here in 2010. That's a long time from now, 361 years. I don't suppose they remember us."

Then Steven said, "Well, actually we do. I told my sister that I had been talking to this group of people planting gardens on St. George's Hill in 1649, and she knew right away the Diggers of St. George's Hill. She thought it was really wonderful."

Then Thomas said, "Dare I ask what life is like in 2010?"

"Well" said Steven, "we still have socialists, people who believe in sharing the earth in common."

"Now that's an interesting word," said Gerard. "I've never heard the word, socialist, hmmm, but I can tell what it might mean, to make things social, owned by the entire society. We have Papists, and Cavaliers, and Roundheads, and Levellers, and then we, we are the True Levellers. The Levellers believe that they can level ranks and create equality by giving every man a vote, but we believe we have to go further. We have to level the wealth so that everyone has an equal right to a piece of the earth. So we say the earth must be a common treasury for everyone. We call ourselves the True Levellers, but some have started calling us Diggers, because we are digging some gardens. That is all right I suppose, being known for your immediate activity. It has a certain dignity in it."

"Well, in 2010," said Steven, "we still have wars and oppression and greed, but we still have movements for justice, and peace, and caring for the earth."

"So it seems the struggle goes on." said Thomas. "But we will continue to do what we feel called to do," said Gerard, "in our time and place. Sometimes it's best not to know what lies ahead."

Then Steven began to feel the edges of the picture shaking and fading. Everything grew dark, and he awoke, back in his own bed in 2010.

After this dream, he decided he wanted to write down what he could remember from this dream and the one before. It seemed too sacred to send out to his friends on the web. So he just wrote it down in a file and stored it on his computer. Today was Sunday, and he spent some time doing web searches for some of these words: Diggers 1649, True Levellers and St. George's Hill. Coming across the name, Gerard Winstanley, as one of their leaders, he realized Winstanley must have been the person named Gerard he was talking to.

When nighttime came, he fell asleep, and it wasn't too long before he was back with the gardeners on St. George's Hill. It was morning on St. George's Hill, perhaps of the next day. Several of the men greeted him. "Hello Steven.". He smiled and said hi. He fell in working with the other men, helping them build their houses. There wasn't much talking, but as they reached noontime, they broke off work and had some pieces of bread for lunch.

After they were done eating, Gerard motioned to him that he wanted to speak to him alone. They walked off to the side a little ways, and Gerard said, "Last night I think I had a dream about your world. I saw a city with big sturdy houses, tall buildings, and strangest of all, what looked like carriages without horses. They were made of metal, with people inside, but traveled very quickly, though there were no animals pulling them, and they made a great roar when they moved."

"Yes," Steven said, "we call them cars."

"And yet within all this progress, the big houses, the carriages without horses, there was pain and sorrow."

"Yes, I suppose there was," said Steven. "We've grown greatly on the outside, but with regard to the inside, we're still trying to figure that out."

"This will probably be the last time you visit us," said Gerard, "so I'd like to give you something."

What few people realize is that when Moses went up the mountain the first time, he received from God the universal law of truth. The first tablets that he brought down simply said, "Love all your neighbours, both friends and strangers, as you love yourselves. Share all things in common, and be at peace with the world.". These are universal commands. When he saw the people worshipping a golden calf, he threw the tablets down and smashed them. He had to go up to the top of the mountain again and receive the universal law a second time, only this time, frustrated with the people, he could not write down these simple words. So he wrote ten commandments, seven of which begin "Thou shalt not...". He felt it would be many centuries before the people would be ready for the simple command of universal love, community and peace.

Here is a stone that comes from a sacred place. It is not a part of the tablets that Moses handled. It is rather a part of the universal tablet, a tablet of flesh, written in all our hearts. What is at the heart of this stone is that call to universal love, universal being, and oneness with the cosmos. Take this stone and hold it in your hand, whenever you need to be strengthened. You and your friends will need a lot of strength in the twenty-first century, if you take up that challenge of inward growth, dismantling the outward excesses, not to mention the injustices, the war economy, and the destruction of the earth. Hold this stone in your hand, whenever you need strength. We will be holding you, and all the people in your time, in our thoughts and prayers. Our purpose is to speak to you, and strengthen you through time."

Steven took the stone, and held it in his hand. Gerard smiled, and then turned to return to his work.

This warm sunny April day was breaking up now and fading. Once again Steven found himself in his bed, at perhaps 3:00 a.m.

But what was this? The stone was still in his hand. The stone was real. It had come with him from the dream. How on Earth could that be? Was it more than a dream? Had he actually somehow been there? Had his mind, and soul, and even his body, actually traveled to 1649?

He got up and set the stone on his bureau. The light of the full moon was coming in through his window, shining right on the top of the bureau, shining on the stone. It occurred to him that Gerard Winstanley would have seen the same moon, 360 years earlier.

He walked around his room, turned on his computer and wrote down what had happened in this most recent dream. Then he turned his computer off, laid down again and went back to sleep.

In the morning, he half expected the stone to be gone. He half expected that the part about the stone coming with him into this world had also been part of the dream. When he opened his eyes, however, he saw that the stone was still there, on the bureau, where he had placed it a few hours earlier.

It was Monday, so he had to go to school, back into that mundane world. He wondered if any of his friends would understand, or even be interested in the dreams.

He took the stone and put it in a safe place, in a bottom drawer. He didn't want Toby the cat to come in and knock it on to the floor.

He remembered Gerard's words. "In the twenty-first century, you and your friends will need a lot of strength. Hold this stone in your hand whenever you need strength. We will be holding you and all the people in your time in our thoughts and prayers."

It was nice to know there were progressive activists from another century holding him, and all the people of his time, in their thoughts and prayers.

Edwin's First Battle (PFW-006)

Edwin's parents were both blind, and Edwin had been born with partial sight having hereditary glaucoma inherited from his father.

Edwin's father, as a child, had attended a blind residential school in Brantford Ontario. His mother had lost her sight in her twenties and had attended the normal school system up to grade eight before quitting school to help support her family.

Edwin had been born in 1967 and was approaching the age at which he would need to begin school in the early 1970's. At the age of four, he went to a kindergarten at a local YWCA for a year, and at the age of five, he went to a kindergarten at a nearby school.

Blind and sight-impaired children born in the forties and fifties had still been attending the blind residential school from grades one to twelve, but by the seventies they were gradually phasing out this practice, sending kids to Brantford for six or eight years, for them to learn braille and cane travel skills, and then allowing them to come home and finish their education in their home communities.

In the spring of 1973, when Edwin was in kindergarten, Edwin's family moved across the city and bought a house on Kristen Avenue in a newer neighbourhood. His parents learned about a nice small school about three blocks away, and Edwin began attending this school to complete the last two months of kindergarten.

Edwin's father, for some reason, believed that Edwin should really go down to Brantford and attend the residential school as he had. Edwin's mother, on the other hand, wouldn't hear of it, and prayed that her young son Edwin might be able to stay in Saskatoon and attend school locally.

When Edwin completed kindergarten, it was communicated to Edwin's parents that Edwin would be quite welcome to continue at the neighbourhood school. St. Isadora School was a nice school with about a hundred and fifty students from kindergarten to grade eight. The parents tended to know each other which, in this case, gave the school a fairly warm friendly atmosphere. For now, as Edwin completed grade one with flying colours and went into grade two and then grade three, it was clear that Edwin would be able to attend the regular school system in his home community. There was, however, from time to time, the threat of being sent down to Brantford that reared its ugly head. It didn't come from the teachers or the principle or the school system; it seemed to come from Edwin's father who felt that Edwin needed to experience the residential school as he had.

At the end of grade four, Edwin and his parents had a discussion with the social worker assigned to Edwin, and they all seemed to agree that Edwin could continue at St. Isadora School beginning grade five the following fall.

In June of 1979, as Edwin was about to complete grade six, things seemed to come to a head. Edwin and a friend had been hanging out in Edwin's basement and his friend had gone home. His father came down and told Edwin to come upstairs because they were talking about him. Edwin came upstairs to the kitchen, and it turned out that Edwin's parents were talking about sending him to Brantford. Edwin's father was pontificating on why the time had come, while his mother was reluctantly allowing herself to agree. His father suggested they should make the first call that evening, that there was a number in Calgary for people to call to inquire about sending their kids to the blind residential school in Brantford.

Edwin felt a fair amount of fear, and knew that he would have to respond with a loud and resounding No!, to communicate that he was not interested in going down to Brantford. For that evening, no phone call was made and no step was taken, but the threat was there.

In August, while visiting a sight-impaired couple in Toronto, who were old friends of Edwin's parents, one of whom had been in Edwin's father's graduating class at Brantford, the subject was again raised of

Edwin going to Brantford. Their Toronto friends expounded on the supposed benefits of the residential school. Edwin however was not buying it.

Some time during grade seven, Edwin outlined to his mother the different options as he saw them. He wished to continue in the school system which he was in as long as things were going well, and if he found it too difficult, there were a couple other options locally that he would wish to try long before he would consider going to Brantford. Outlining his schedule of different options, he demonstrated that he could not possibly go to Brantford until grade twelve, and that was the time by which most people had come back from Brantford.

In the fall of 1979, as he entered grade seven, something of a bargain was struck in which Edwin agreed to learn braille, and later to learn cane travel skills, learning these skills locally, in return for being allowed to remain in his local community in the regular school system. Once Edwin was learning braille over the course of grade seven, the question of Edwin going down to Brantford seemed to fade away into the backdrop once and for all.

Edwin graduated from grade eight at St. Isadora School, and continued on to Easter Morning High School, where he completed grade twelve in 1985. The possibility of being sent down to Brantford was never again mentioned during his high school years. The issue seems to have reached its peak around grade six to grade seven and seems to have been satisfied when he agreed to learn braille and the next year, to learn cane travel skills.

Life has its interesting ironies. Edwin graduated from grade twelve in June of 1985, and in late June to July of 1985, he attended a summer computer camp for blind and sight-impaired teen-agers. It was held in a rural Kiwanis Park an hour or so north of Brantford. It was a three-week computer camp, and three times a week Edwin and the other campers went down to Brantford and went swimming at the swimming pool in the blind residential school. Now that Edwin had safely completed grade twelve, and there was no more danger of Edwin being sent to Brantford for schooling, he was finally setting foot in the city and in the building that he had feared for all those years. Now, fully safe from any threat of being sent to Brantford, he could set foot in the building and walk around without any fear or feelings of humiliation.

Edwin's first battle, to stay away from residential school and remain in his home community, had been successful.

The Thinker (PFW-008)

Edwin was raised in a fairly conservative working-class family. His parents and their relatives and friends, when they expressed opinions at all, tended to be fairly conservative to middle of the road. Politics was largely something you only talked about in passing during an election, and then usually with a non-committal shrug. Edwin's family tended to be non-committal swing voters.

In the fall of 1977, as Edwin began grade five and was approaching his tenth birthday, Edwin has a feeling of entering a new era in his life, of somehow being more mature. In his grade five and six classroom, he had a teacher who very much treated the students as young adults and told them that they were now young adults, no longer children. The teacher liked to encourage the students to think about social issues, issues like nuclear weapons, nuclear power, racism, and even questions of corporate power.

Edwin was interested in all the normal interests of a boy of the 1970's: outer space, the planets, stars and galaxies, and the history of space exploration, as well as geology and the natural history of the earth. He dreamed mostly of a career in physics, chemistry, astronomy, cosmology and the like.

One morning the teacher gave the class an hour-long talk on the Kraft Food monopoly, on how Kraft, with its much deeper pockets, could sell products for less than what a local farmer could, how Kraft, in effect, drove farmers out of business and was then able to buy up the land that the farmers had lost by being driven out of business.

When Edwin walked home that noon, he found himself wondering what people are called who study that sort of thing. It was so incredibly interesting. It was only years later that he would learn words like sociology, social work, political science and so forth. The next day, however, Edwin was back to focusing on stars, atoms and planets, leaving the content of the talk stored away in his memory, only to be revisited years later.

Grade five and six slid by with Edwin being exposed to new ideas, but without those ideas really sinking in. It would be in the fall to winter of 1979 to 1980, when he was in grade seven that the real new awakening would happen.

Over the years he had, from time to time, had stomach pains. He and his mother had largely ignored it as the pains usually tended to go away if he didn't think about it too much or if he got some fresh air. In October to November of 1979 however, the pain increased and on a couple occasions was accompanied by vomiting. In the last week of November, when he was having some fairly strong stomach pains, they decided to hospitalize him, put him under anesthetic and open him up to see what was wrong. They discovered that an incision he had had when he was a few days old had formed adhesions around his small intestine that seemed to be pulling on his small intestine and causing the pain. They managed to get his small intestine untangled and he spent ten days in the hospital 'til they took the stitches out.

Edwin had always been a sight-impaired person, having hereditary glaucoma, and now at the age of twelve his sight was clearly decreasing. He now read most of his literary material in the form of recorded cassette tapes and was in the process of learning braille.

A couple days into his stay at the hospital, his father and a family friend brought him a bag of recorded books from the local library. He had brought a tape recorder with him and was able to spend his time in hospital listening to books. Two of the books he got were S. E. Hinton's books, "That was Then; This is Now." and "The Outsiders". Both books had an impression on him, particularly "The Outsiders" with its theme of classism and injustice.

Edwin was released from hospital a couple weeks before Christmas, and over the Christmas-Newyear's break he read a book that his grade seven class had studied while he had been in hospital, Victor Hugo's "Jean Val Jean". The book ends with a religious vision as Jean Val Jean's soul leaves his body and takes

its flight to God. Edwin found himself saying, as he read the closing sentences, "We don't need religion; we need socialism.". As the 1970's drew to a close in the last days of December 1979, Edwin at the age of twelve, was coming to identify with an idea and vision called socialism.

The opening months of 1980 would bring more encounters that would help develop Edwin's sense of a social and socialist consciousness.

In the opening months of 1980, a number of events occurred in the local community and at school which got him thinking about questions of social justice and injustice and social change.

In January to February a few issues arose in the local blindness community that led him to start thinking about questions of blindness and disability rights and human rights in general. For several years he had gone bowling with the Blind Bowling League along with his father, but now suddenly he began to think of the Blind Bowling League as being a kind of segregation and that he wanted to be a part of the wider world.

Also, around this time, people in the Saskatoon area were grappling with the question of whether to build a uranium refinery north of the city. People in the Warman area and in Saskatoon itself were standing up and saying that they did not want to see a uranium refinery built, basing their opposition on both environmental and peace-related grounds. Edwin had taken an anti-nuclear position in a classroom debate the previous spring after Three Mile Island and his anti-nuclear perspective was reawakened as he followed the Warman refinery struggle in the media.

In November of 1979, Iranian students had taken some fifty staff at the American embassy hostage and had continued to hold them hostage into the new year. In February of 1980, Edwin participated in a classroom debate on the topic of was Iran right to be holding the hostages, with Edwin being a leading member of the four person debating team that debated on the side of Iran. Edwin's preparation for the debate got him thinking about issues of Western imperialism and questioning the assumption that the U.S. and the west were always right. The research and presentation that he and his fellow debaters did was fairly effective; Edwin and his team won the debate.

Some time in early February 1980 Edwin's grade seven and eight class was invited into the school gymnasium to watch an animated film production of George Orwell's "Animal Farm". The students were not told what "Animal Farm" was actually about, that it was an allegory for the Bolshevik Revolution and the rise of Stalin. What Edwin experienced in the film was an allegory for his own society, a society in which capitalist pigs had taken control of a historical process, and how it was now necessary to have another revolution to get rid of the pigs of capitalism.

On February 18th 1980, Canadians went to the polls and elected a federal government, putting the Liberals back in power with a slim majority. While listening to the election results Edwin found himself cheering for the NDP and thinking that perhaps there was a relationship between what the NDP stood for and his principles of equality that he had begun to think about in the past month or two. Previously politics had been more of a game. As a child he had tended to support the Progressive Conservative Party, because he thought their lawn signs looked nice. Now suddenly the question of who one votes for was intertwined with deeper questions of principle. In the coming months and years, he would learn about the history of the CCF and NDP, its contradictions and the struggles of people within the party to steer the party leftward, while other forces steered the party toward pragmatism.

On February 24th he listened to a twelve-hour musical review of the 1970's, a review which began by telling the story of the 1960's, both musically and historically, and then moved into the top ten hits of each of the ten years of the 1970's. He learned briefly about both the civil rights movement and the anti-Vietnam War movement and how they had affected young people and music. He learned for the first time about the shooting at Kent State in 1970, how four students had been shot and killed by the U.S. National Guard, in the act of marching for peace.

Through March and April, Edwin came to confirm his new feeling of social concern. He now started to think of it as his Personal Revolution. He began to date the beginning to around the beginning of the year, though he would later date it back to the beginning of December to his stay in the hospital. In truth his social consciousness had been cultivated gradually since the beginning of grade five over two years earlier, but it had only now come to fruition, the seed sprouting and becoming a flower.

The themes of his concerns seemed to weave together logically: equality, socialism, nonviolence, ecology. He thought about whatever he was able to pick up, in the media, at school, in books he was reading, and was somewhat helped by the fact that many of the writers and thinkers that had shaped his time had come from the activism of the sixties and seventies and were interested in gently sharing their wisdom.

In June a comment in a novel he was reading about a student in the sixties majoring in political science gave him a vision of what he wanted to do after high school. He wanted to go to university and major in political science and possibly sociology. In the listing of new books available on tape each month from the blind lending library he eagerly made note of books listed in the categories of social sciences, sociology, political science and history, and put them on the list of books he wanted to borrow.

In July he began listening to Maclean's Magazine on tape each week, and while it was a middle of the road magazine, it did contain, at that time, enough articles on social issues to peak his interest.

In early August he went to a summer camp for young people with disabilities for a week. He felt the camaraderie among campers and counselor in the songs they'd sing, the rock music they played on the stereo and so forth. He enjoyed a canoe trip they took across the lake, and thought about how actually experiencing the outdoors might be a part of being an environmentalist. During his week at camp, his voice dropped. He went away with the voice of a boy and returned with the voice of a man. There was no real explanation for why it happened over that week, but everyone commented when he returned that his voice was now much deeper.

In the first week after his return from camp, he began receiving the books he had ordered from the blind lending library. One of them was the book, "Without Marx or Jesus", a book written in 1971 which focused on the movements of the 1960's. Reading this book over a period of several days was like a burst of energy on the brain. He learned for the first time about such groups as Students for a Democratic Society, the Black Panthers and the Weathermen, and heard such terms for the first time as dissent, counter-culture and New Left. With his mind awash in the energy of these new ideas and words, he returned to school in September and began grade eight.

One term that had been mentioned at one point in the book was the concept of a Sit Down or Sit Down Strike. It was a form of labour protest used in the U.S. in the late 1930's and early forties when workers occupied a number of factories and essentially sat down in their work places and refused to produce.

Edwin had been using a typewriter at school to type essays and exams for the previous couple years, and a week or so into the school year, it became obvious that his typewriter needed a new ribbon. He told the staff who were responsible for getting a new ribbon that his typewriter needed one, but for some reason the action was not forthcoming. He probably could have waited a day or two and it would have all been settled, but Edwin decided to try out this form of protest he had recently learned about called a sit down. One afternoon after recess he and two or three other students from his class went out and sat in the mudroom saying they were on a sit down strike and they would not come into class. For the other students taking part in the sit down, it was a big hoot, a wonderful excuse to do something different and not come into class.

After ten or fifteen minutes, when they felt they had made their point, they cleared out of the mudroom and went back to class. Edwin's typewriter got a new ribbon the following day. Years later Edwin would reflect that this was really the first protest he'd been involved in, at the age of twelve about to turn thirteen.

During October and November, his class studied the Soviet Union and the Bolshevik Revolution, and they all wrote essays on the topic. Edwin learned about Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Trotsky and the Marxist socialist movement, and it opened his mind to the reality of a movement that went back many decades before the sixties for over a hundred years prior to the events of recent history. He began thinking of himself as a Marxist, sometimes with a qualifying adjective: a Christian Marxist, a libertarian Marxist, a liberal Marxist and so forth. He wanted a word that would connote a Marxism committed to values of liberty, humanness and possibly nonviolence. But even the word Marxist by itself felt good. It symbolized youth, questioning, progressiveness, principle and revolutionary action. He had never liked the word communist. It had too many negative connotations, but the word Marxist seemed to have a new freshness about it.

In the afternoon on Halloween, Edwin's grade seven and eight class held a dance in the school gymnasium and the students were invited to wear costumes. Edwin wore a full-length cape-like raincoat and carried an umbrella, and called himself an underground left-wing guerrilla. Why he associated being an underground left-wing guerrilla with wearing a raincoat and carrying an umbrella is not clear, but it got a few laughs and people asking him if he was waiting for the next torrential rain.

In late November, their teacher had a nervous breakdown and went on permanent sick leave. She had been used to teaching grade one and two students and had given herself the challenge of teaching a grade seven and eight class. Unfortunately the challenge had proven too much for her, and she had burned out by the 20th of November. The class carried on with a new teacher who was more used to teaching grade seven and eight students. Years later, Edwin would say that they had overthrown the teacher and that it was the first successful revolution in which he had participated.

During September and October, Edwin had also paid attention to the American presidential race, the race between Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan, with a sinking feeling that quite possibly Reagan was going to win. When Reagan won the election on November 4th, Edwin felt like finding some die-hard Marxists and heading for the hills, hunkering down, going underground for several years to wait out the storm. Obviously he continued in the midst of society, continuing with his school work and continuing to learn.

On December 8th 1980, a lone gunman named Mark Chapman shot and killed the musician John Lennon in front of his New York apartment. In the week that followed the local radio stations that Edwin often listened to played various John Lennon songs and had tributes that told the story of Lennon's life and music. Edwin's parents had been a generation older than the generation that idolized Lennon, while Edwin was half a generation younger having only been born in 1967, the year of Sergeant Pepper. In the week that followed the death of John Lennon, Edwin heard such songs as Revolution, Imagine, Give Peace a Chance and Power to the People for the first time. Edwin learned again how music had played a role in the dissenting movements of the sixties and early seventies.

As 1980 drew to a close, Edwin found himself reflecting on what a year it had been. During the course of 1980 he had grown from being a boy to being a man. It had been a year of discovery and realization, discovering himself as a socialist, leftist, Christian Marxist, whatever word you want to use. The young beginner mind of a year ago had grown into an aware, interested and concerned human being.

Edwin received a radio-cassette recorder for Christmas in 1980, and by late January he had begun listening to CBC Radio as well as to the local university station. Listening to CBC exposed him to a deeper and broader range of ideas and topics. The range of opinions people expressed was certainly broader than what you heard on commercial radio, and even a bit broader than the available television channels.

In April of 1981, he listened to an interview on the university station with the left-wing folk-singer, Barbara Dane. She operated a record label at that time called Paredon Records which recorded the music of various left-wing musicians from various parts of the world, from the Middle East to Latin America to the U.S. The interview was interspersed with a few of the songs she had recorded. Edwin popped a cassette into his recorder and recorded most of the interview. Over the coming weeks he would listen to the interview several times over and memorize a few of the songs.

As grade eight and his time in elementary school drew to a close, he found that his roster of heroes now included Christ, Karl Marx and to some extent Leon Trotsky.

In June, he was asked to give the valedictorian speech at his grade eight graduation. When he crafted his speech, he was able to sneak in, indirectly, the name of one of his new-found heroes by saying that "this graduation marks the end of an era in the lives of ten students." Most likely, nobody in the audience thought of Marx with an X as he said marks, but it was a fun way to put something of his left-wing self into his speech.

Over the previous four years, from his beginning in grade five to his completing of grade eight, Edwin had taken the journey from Mars to Marx, from being a nine-year-old interested in outer space to being a person of the left interested in questions of socialism and social change. Now he prepared to face the next chapter of his life, the chapter of high school and his adolescent years.

Under the Green Sun (PFW-005)

By: Dave Greenfield

As a partially sighted child attending school in the regular school system, Edwin had had a number of opportunities over the years to learn to swim.

In grade four, his entire class had taken swimming lessons over a period of several weeks. Both he and his parents, however, had expressed concern about Edwin participating, and it didn't take much to convince the school authorities not to include Edwin in the swimming class. Instead, Edwin stayed in the classroom by himself, during the hour or so that the other students were at swimming class, and listened to books on tape or did homework.

In grade five, his father had enrolled him in a swimming class at the local Y, but he had not really learned to swim in this class. He had learned some floating, but had not mastered the art of floating while moving.

In the spring of 1980, the grade seven and eight class that Edwin was a part of, again took some swimming lessons, this time at the swimming pool a couple blocks from the school. Edwin largely enjoyed splashing and moving around in the water, while keeping his feet on the ground, or at least his toes.

The bright sunlight shining in his face caused his surroundings to turn an odd shade of green. There was a green sun, and a green sky, and green water. He imagined he was on another planet where there was water and a green sun.

One day, perhaps the second time they went swimming, he had gotten into a part of the pool that was deeper than what he was used to. He thought he knew which direction to go to get to the shallower part, but somehow he had gotten turned around. He moved toward what he thought was a shallower part, and got in even deeper.

By this time, his feet could barely touch the bottom of the pool, while keeping his head above the water. He began jumping up and down, jumping up to breathe, then going back down to touch the bottom.

By now he was afraid. He was clearly in beyond his depth, literally. At some point, during one of his jumps up to the surface, he managed to shout the word, "help!". A moment or two later, he heard the lifeguard blow her whistle, the signal for people to leave the pool, and he knew that he had been heard. His teacher was the first to reach him and pull him out of the water. His friends patted him on the back and made him feel all right, but he did feel rather embarrassed.

After this experience, he vowed to be a lot more careful about how deep he went into the pool. When he realized, later, that this was probably the closest he had been to drowning, he thought of the experience as having given him a second chance at life. Having avoided drowning at the age of twelve, perhaps his life had a purpose.

The Calculator (PFW-009)

By: Dave Greenfield

The day began like any other ordinary day. Edwin got up at 7:30, got dressed and went to eat breakfast with his parents. His father left for work at twenty after eight, and he left for school at quarter to nine.

Edwin was twelve years old, and in June of 1980, about to complete grade seven. In recent months, a number of new ideas had begun to cross his mind, symbolized by words like equality, socialism and non-violence. He had started thinking about the world, and thinking about a set of values that might guide him through life. He was, slowly but surely, losing his eyesight. At this point, he still had enough sight to walk to school by himself without using a cane. He knew his surroundings, both inside the house and outside in the neighbourhood, based on a combination of what he remembered and what he was still able to glimpse.

The first hour and a half of class this morning were quite normal, as the students in the grade seven and eight classroom studied science and math. Then at recess time something totally unpredictable happened.

His friend and fellow student, Devin, had, for the past few days, been showing off his new calculator. It was a fairly thin pocket calculator that could be carried around in a leather case. Edwin thought to himself that it was about as thin as a thin-style Jersey Milk chocolate bar, possibly even thinner.

At recess time, for no apparent reason, and with no premeditation, Edwin put his hand into Devin's locker at the back of the classroom, and found Devin's calculator and pulled it out and walked around with it. Devin was out playing in the schoolyard and was not present when Edwin took the calculator.

After walking around with Devin's calculator for a few minutes, he walked down the hall and stuck the calculator in the space between the school library door and doorframe, between the hinges. He then began to close the library door with the calculator in the hinge space. As the door closed on the calculator, the calculator was soundly broken, firmly cut and bent a couple centimetres from one end. The calculator could never be used again.

Half a dozen or so fellow students had watched it all unfold, and news spread like wildfire that Edwin had stolen and broken Devin's calculator. Devin came in from outside, and both Devin and Edwin were called into the principal's office.

As Edwin waited outside the office, he went over in his mind what he was going to say. Yes, he would definitely confess to having done it, and he would justify himself by saying that somehow it was okay for him to have done it, that Devin probably stole it anyway. A few minutes later, sitting in front of the principal, he said just that, and the principal was not impressed. The principal had Edwin call home and tell his mother that he had broken Devin's calculator. His mother was very upset with him, and was the first to suggest that Edwin deserved the strap.

What Edwin perhaps should have said, and what would have been the truth, was that he had no angry or malicious feelings toward Devin, that none of his actions had been premeditated, neither taking the calculator from Devin's locker, nor putting it in the library door, and that at the moment when he closed the door on the calculator, he was in fact doing an experiment. He was literally curious to know which would be stronger, the school library door or the calculator.

About a year earlier, he had done the same thing with a toy cap gun, putting it in the hinge space in his own kitchen door and closing the door on the cap gun. That time, both the door and the cap gun came away with some scrapes, but the cap gun had not been broken.

He had acted in a physical way upon other objects around the house in the year or two previous. He had taken the washing machine lid that opened up and back, and bent it backward til the hinges had broken.

He had tried to blame that one on the cat, but his parents suspected it had been him. He had also taken several of the forks from their kitchen silverware collection and bent them into three, and then unbent them, leaving his mother to wonder why a couple of the forks had slight kinks in them.

Now, this same inquiring mind that had wondered about the physical impact on these other objects, had led him to break a calculator that belonged to someone else.

The principal drove him home about half an hour before lunch time, where his mother reiterated the idea that Edwin deserved the strap. After lunch, Edwin walked back to school, bringing an essay on energy alternatives that he had completed. He had arrived late, because he had walked most of the way to school and remembered that he had forgotten the essay, so he went back and got it.

The principal had spoken to the class, telling them all that he was going to give Edwin the strap. When Edwin arrived, the principal asked if he had anything to say for himself. Edwin felt like saying that he had just walked most of the way home and all the way back to school to get his essay, and that he remained a good student, but instead, he chose to say nothing.

The principal took him into the staff room, and with the secretary witnessing, he asked Edwin if he wanted the strap on the bum or on the hand. Edwin opted to have the strap on the hand. The principal gave him several moderate whacks on the hand. There was a moderate sting of pain, but nothing too serious. Then the principal told Edwin that he didn't want to see him for the rest of the day. Edwin walked back home by himself, wondering what had become of his principles today.

The next day, everything was back to normal. Edwin returned to being the almost straight A student. Edwin's father paid the cost of a new calculator for Devin, and Devin and Edwin continued to be friends.

Edwin never told anyone that his act had been completely non-malicious. He feared, perhaps, that no one would believe him if he said that it had all been an act of curiosity. He had taken the calculator out of Devin's locker, out of curiosity for what it would feel like to walk around with Devin's calculator in his pocket. He had placed the calculator in the library door hinge space and closed the door out of curiosity, to see which would be stronger, the door or the calculator.

This would be the last such act, of physically experimenting on objects in his surrounding world. Edwin realized that this time he had gone too far. He had embarrassed himself and caused pain to others.

A year later, when his class graduated from grade eight, he would be asked to be the valedictorian, and he would write a wonderful valedictory speech and be applauded, receiving a standing ovation from all the parents. The one bad day from a year earlier had been forgotten, and he had been allowed to be who he really was.

Introduction to "Matthew Jonathan Anthony"

Matthew Jonathan Anthony Hardy was born in October of 1974, and grew up largely in Saskatoon. I got to know him in the spring of 1991, when he was sixteen, a curious, caring and socially concerned young man. Matthew was raised as a Catholic in a family which often experienced social marginalization. By his mid teens, he had developed a kind of progressive-left interpretation of Christianity influenced by Christian anarchism, ecology, pacifism and socialism.

After he and his family returned to Saskatoon, after a year and a half in B.C., in the winter of 1990-1991, he got involved in the movement against the First Gulf War, as well as the local anti-nuclear and related environmental movement, and began worshipping in a progressive Catholic house-church community. It was in these contexts that I first encountered him.

As we became friends in the spring to summer of 1991, we spent a certain amount of time together discussing how to change the world, and I introduced him to my circle of friends.

Matthew also had a type of learning disability which caused him to fall behind in school, and in June of 1991, he decided to quit school and take his chances as a marginalized person in the capitalist economy. He had also experienced a certain amount of pain in his life, and this probably led him to use some street drugs such as marijuana and LSD.

In March of 1993, after spending some time with relatives in Calgary, he returned to Saskatoon in a very strange psychological state, a state which was likely either the result of some contact with some very bad drugs or an onset of schizophrenia. On April 3rd of 1993, he walked out of a party without his shoes on, and was never seen again by his immediate family or friends. He seems to have wandered around Saskatoon for at least a week, and possibly several weeks, and then at some point, ended up on a long narrow island in the river. His remains were found on the island in 2002 and identified. During the weeks and months that followed his disappearance, many people participated in a wide-ranging search for Matthew, but with no success.

In this play, Matthew tells his story. One of his strongest commitments was to opposing the nuclear industry, which in Saskatoon, is represented predominantly by two large uranium mining corporations, Cameco and Areva. Matthew, during his time with us, actually invented the figure of Cameco Man, a figure he hoped to develop as a figure of ridicule with which he would expose the destructive nature of uranium mining and the nuclear industry in general. I have developed this character of Cameco Man and added a companion character, Areva Man.

Matthew viewed himself as a warrior fighting against the nuclear industry. Today, I tend to view Matthew as a warrior who continues to fight against the nuclear industry in the spirit world, and to the people of Saskatoon, a prophet who challenges Saskatoon to stand up against the nuclear industry and other destructive industries.

In this play, I hope I have been true to who Matthew was, to his left-wing Catholicism, his activism and his personality in general. I have written this play with the deepest respect for Matthew, his family and all who knew him.

The setting of the play is a kind of spiritual space between earth and sky, where the spirit of Matthew, the Archangel Michael, the three saints Matthew is given as helpers, and the evil spirits of Cameco Corporation and Areva Corporation all interact, as activist and industry confront each other in the spiritual realm.

Matthew Jonathan Anthony, A Stage Play (PFW-013)

Introductory Notes:

The stage is relatively empty, with perhaps a few trees and a sense of ground or soil on the stage floor.

List of Characters:

Matthew Jonathan Anthony,
The Archangel Michael,
St. Benedict Labre,
St. Anthony of Egypt,
St. Joan of Arc,
Cameco Man,
Areva Man.

Matthew walks out on to the stage, entering from stage right.

Matthew speaks to the audience.

"My name is Matthew Jonathan Anthony: Matthew, the gift of God, Jonathan for Jonathan Swift the satirist, and Anthony for Anthony who went out into the desert to do battle with demons.

They say I went missing in the spring of 1993, but really I went to do battle with the nuclear industry demons who possess the soul of Saskatoon."

At this point, Cameco Man, a tall figure in a devil costume enters from stage left and laughs hideously.

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! You think you can do battle with us, but we will crush you every time."

Matthew turns to him and says, "So it is you, Cameco Man. You asked us all to trust in you."

At this point, the tall figure laughs again.

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! I will entice and smother and marginalize. I will buy the silence of the people of Saskatoon, til I have a strangle-hold on Saskatoon's soul, and there will be no discussion. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

Cameco Man then moves toward Matthew leeringly. He is taller than Matthew, and Matthew appears to shrink and move backward toward the right side of the stage. Then another figure appears behind Matthew and places his hand on Matthew's shoulder to steady him.

The figure speaks. "I am St. Michael, archangel of God. I have come to steady you and support you in your battles."

Upon hearing this, Cameco Man shrinks back to the left side of the stage, and appears very small.

Michael continues, speaking to Matthew, "To support you in your battles, I will give you three comrades who have done their share in battle in their lifetimes."

The first figure comes forward from the right side of the stage. Michael says, "This is Benedict Labre, patron saint of homeless people, single men and mentally ill people. He chose to live in poverty on the streets of Rome and fight the illusions of empire and the power structures. He will stand with you and fight."

Then the second figure comes forward from stage right. Michael introduces him, "This is St. Anthony of Egypt, Anthony who went out into the desert and did battle with demons, and helped found the Desert Fathers, walking away from the corrupt self-satisfied society of Alexandria."

Then a third figure comes out from stage right. Michael says, "And this is Joan of Arc who led an army in battle and was misunderstood and put to death."

These three will stand with you and help you do battle with the nuclear industry. They will support you in your fight against the nuclear demons. All you need do is call upon their names and they will be with you to provide assistance. God bless you in your battles."

At this point, Michael retreats and exits stage right. By this point Cameco Man has also exited stage left. Then the three saints fade to the edge at stage right and are hidden by shadows.

Matthew resumes speaking to the audience.

"I grew up in Saskatoon through the late 1970's and 1980's. I became aware very early that I was a little bit different from most of the people around me. One day when I was in kindergarten, we were asked to paint trees, and I painted trees but painted them purple. I was told that I couldn't do this. Trees are supposed to be green, not purple.

In 1989, me and my family moved out to B.C. for a year or so, but by the end of 1990, I, my mother, my two sisters and my little brother had all moved back to Saskatoon.

At the beginning of 1991, we marched to protest the First Gulf War. I began hanging out with some very cool people. From them I learned the tragedy of the nuclear industry: the uranium companies that wanted to mine uranium, and mine more uranium, and mine more uranium, and other parts of the nuclear industry that wanted to build nuclear reactors and bury nuclear waste, and deepen our nuclearization. I began to protest at Cameco every week, holding a weekly vigil, and sometimes there were others who went with us and we sang songs. One day in late October, just after it had snowed, a friend and I went out to Cameco, and I wrote the words, "URANIUM NO THANKS" in large letters in the new-fallen snow across Cameco's front lawn.

Then at the beginning of November, my sister and I went to Calgary. She was working for Green Peace, and I was hanging out at my aunt's place, sometimes half-heartedly looking for work, but mostly wondering what to do with my life.

I returned to Saskatoon in the spring of 1992, while my sister stayed in Alberta. The spring to summer of 1992 brought the anti-clearcutting blockade north of Meadow Lake. I traveled to the blockade and joined in the circles of people supporting it. A friend of mine made an artistic video of me doing various every day tasks, wanting to capture the essence of my every day life.

At the end of December of 1992, I felt it was time to go out to Calgary again. This time, something completely unexpected would happen. In Calgary, my mind was opened. My eyes were opened. My inner eye was opened. I suddenly saw the world in its totality. I saw the unseen forces of good and evil that are operating in our world, the good and evil spirits that are at play behind the outward structures.

When I came back from Calgary, in early March of 1993, my mind was in an extreme state of awareness, though it sometimes seemed like confusion. All the things we normally use to shield ourselves from reality had been stripped away. The masks, the niceties, the shields, they were all gone, and I saw reality. I saw that Saskatoon has a soul, and that that soul is possessed by the demons of the nuclear industry. There were demons everywhere: the nuclear demons, the fossil fuel demons, the demons of greed. Other people would walk down the street and see only buildings and cars and other people. I would walk down the street and see a thousand demons sharing the streets with the rest of us. Some of the demons had wings and they flew; some of them walked on the earth. They were the demons of the nuclear industry who had come to possess Saskatoon.

I couldn't explain to people what I was seeing. They would think I was crazy. When I did try to explain, they thought I was crazy and they worried that I was unwell.

Finally, ten days or so after getting back, I decided it was time to act. I found a large rock, and I began walking down toward Cameco, down toward the headquarters of the Canadian Mining and Energy Company, the largest uranium mining company in the world. I began walking toward Cameco, a walk of a couple miles, with the intention of throwing the rock through their front window.

As I walked past Avenue I, I ran into my friend, Bill. I told Bill what I was going to do. He stopped me and brought me to his home, and told me to go out into the backyard and meditate on the garden. Meditate on the seeds that would gradually sprout and grow and bear fruit. Meditate on the earth worms who digest earth and turn it into nutrient. Meditate on the slow and gentle ways of the garden, and realize that throwing rocks is not the way to go.

Meditating on the garden calmed me down, and I set the rock down and decided to go home. There would be no incident this day."

At this point, Cameco Man in his devil costume comes back on stage from stage left, and laughs hideously.

"Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! You think you can defeat us. You think you can do battle with us. But we will overwhelm you all the time."

Matthew then turns to Cameco Man and says,
"Awe Cameco Man, you are here again. I have come to do battle with you. So let the battle begin.

What do you have to say for yourself, all the uranium tailings up north, all the uranium tailings ponds, all the radioactive material exposed to the biosphere, radon, radium, polonium, thorium. Every day it leeches into the biosphere. Whether you are a bird or a fish or a muskrat, or a spruce tree or a bear, you are exposed to the radioactivity from the uranium mine tailings. What do you have to say for yourself Cameco Man?"

At this point, Cameco Man laughs, "Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! What I have to say is that there is no problem, no problem what so ever. The dangers of radioactivity exist only in the minds and imaginations of the anti-nuclear people."

Cameco Man now looms over Matthew and laughs hideously. "Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha."

Matthew puts out his hand as if to protect himself, and says, "Anthony, stand with me."

Anthony comes out of the shadows.

Anthony says, "I am St. Anthony. In my earthly life, I went out into the desert and did battle with demons. Now I am proud to stand with Matthew and do battle with the nuclear demons."

Anthony then raises a sword toward Cameco Man. Cameco Man also has a sword, but Anthony's sword is bigger and he breaks Cameco Man's sword. Cameco Man then shrinks back and exits stage left.

Then Anthony returns to the shadows to stage right.

Matthew then turns and continues to address the audience.

"In the last week of March, about three weeks after returning from Calgary, having failed to explain to the people around me what I saw, the demons of the nuclear industry who are all around us, I decided again that it was time to act.

I walked into City Hall with a knife, and I demanded to speak to the mayor about nuclear power, saying that if he would not speak to me, I would cut off my finger with the knife, symbolizing the fact that the nuclear industry is hurting us all. I was told bluntly that the mayor would not speak to me. So I began to cut off my finger with the knife. At this point they called the police and I was taken away.

I was questioned at the police station. I was imprisoned in a cell. I banged the walls of my cell, saying that uranium is killing us. They registered this as mental illness, to say that uranium is killing us, because everybody knows, supposedly, that uranium is safe, harmless and nice.

I was released into the care of my mother on April 1st, Diggers' Day, a day for turning the world upside-down."

At this point, Cameco Man returns again from stage left.

He laughs hideously, "Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! You thought you could prophecy by banging the walls of your jail cell. You thought you could draw attention to supposed problems with the nuclear industry, but nobody heard you. Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

Cameco Man leers over Matthew.

Then Matthew says, "If you're so nice, Cameco Man, why do you laugh like that, and why are you in a devil's costume?"

Cameco Man is somewhat taken aback. He begins speaking nicely. "O, I'm very nice and sweet, am I not? I give money to all sorts of good causes, hospitals and schools, and sports teams and arts groups. I'm giving money to everybody. I'm nice as pie."

Then Matthew says, "I dare you to try taking off your devil's costume."

Cameco Man attempts to, but cannot, because a devil is what he actually is.

Then Matthew says, "You see, you cannot remove your devil's costume, because it isn't a costume, it is what you are. A devil who gives to charity is still a devil."

Then Cameco Man grows angry. He says, "How dare you call me a devil, Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. How dare you call me a devil."

He leers over Matthew, and Matthew says, "St. Benedict, stand with me."

Benedict comes out of the shadows and introduces himself. "I am St. Benedict Labre. I lived on the streets of Rome for five years in the seventeen hundreds. I lived on the streets of Rome, living in poverty, entering the churches to pray and meditate in front of paintings and statues, to protest the imperialism and acquisitivism of eighteenth century society. I did battle with the demons of acquisitivism, and now I come to do battle with the nuclear industry."

Cameco Man then shrinks back to the left hand side of the stage, while St. Benedict follows him with a large sword. Cameco Man draws a new sword that he has. They clash, and Benedict breaks Cameco Man's sword. Cameco Man exits stage left. Then Benedict returns to the shadows stage right.

Then Matthew addresses the audience.

"After they returned me into my mother's care, on April 1st 1993, I realized it was time for me to leave. I had to walk away from Saskatoon like Anthony of Egypt walked away from Alexandria. The people around me meant well, but they did not have the strength to confront the nuclear demons that were possessing the soul of Saskatoon. I realized I had to walk away. I had to live simply like Benedict Labre lived in Rome, and I had to walk away like Anthony walked away from Alexandria.

So I walked out from a party, late on the evening of Saturday April 3rd, leaving my shoes behind, wanting to live as a true ascetic. I walked along the wet sand by the river. I took shelter with friends I had made by the river. I was surprised at all the attention I was getting. Everyone was trying to track me down. They did not seem to understand that I was choosing a prophetic ascetic lifestyle. I eventually retreated to the island in the river. I still made trips to shore from time to time, but for the most part I tried to live on the blades of grass, dandelions and grasshoppers I found there, on the island. John the Baptist had lived on locusts and wild honey. I wanted to live on grass blades, dandelions and grasshoppers. This was my calling, to walk in the shoes of John the Baptist, St. Anthony, St. Benedict Labre, and all those ascetics who've had the courage to live differently. It was only by me choosing to live differently that I could begin to heal the soul of Saskatoon, and exorcise the nuclear demons that had come to possess the Saskatoon soul.

There were people looking for me everywhere. There were posters up everywhere. They did not understand that I had gone to live as a prophet and ascetic, to heal the soul of Saskatoon, to resist the nuclear industry and all their willing puppets and servants.

So there I stayed on the island. My body grew weaker without proper food. When I went in the water sometimes, I would be chilled to the bone, for the water was cold.

My body grew weaker, like those of Benedict Labre and St. Francis of Assisi. St. Francis asked his body, Brother Donkey, to forgive him for his asceticism, realizing he had gone too far. St. Benedict Labre collapsed outside a church during holy week and was taken to a nearby home, where he died a few hours later. As for me, the life gradually went out of me and I passed away one cold night.

My spirit did not immediately depart this earth. I walked around this sad city with its soul possessed by the nuclear industry. From time to time, the demon, Cameco Man, would appear laughing before me. Finally, the archangel Michael put his hand on my shoulder and gave me three comrades whom you have seen here: Benedict Labre, Anthony of Egypt, and Joan of Arc. The four of us have done battle with Cameco Man, while my friends and comrades who still dwell in their bodies have done battle on the human plane. The four of us have done battle against Cameco Man, gradually driving him away.

Finally, after nine years, my remains were discovered, only a few bones left, and I knew that my friends and family could at least begin the journey toward closure and healing. It was time for me to walk forward into the realm of spirit, into the realm of light, but not before having one last battle with Cameco Man and his friend Areva Man."

At this point, two figures in devil costumes, Cameco Man and Areva Man, enter from stage left. They are both laughing hideously.

"Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha!. Now you will have to confront two of us. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha."

The two of them lunge toward Matthew. Matthew calls upon all three of his comrades.

Matthew says, "St. Benedict, St. Anthony, St. Joan, stand with me."

All three of them come out from the shadows, and they all have swords. Cameco Man and Areva Man also have swords. Matthew's three comrades confront Cameco Man and Areva Man.

Joan of Arc speaks to Areva Man, "You are a disgrace to the French nation. I did not lead the French army into battle against the English simply to have France develop nuclear power and nuclear weapons five hundred years later! I led the French army into battle, because God called upon me to help France become a great and holy nation. There is no holiness in your splitting of uranium atoms. There is no holiness in your mining uranium on other people's land. Your state nuclear complex has made France an unholy nation!"

Areva Man laughs hideously, "Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! If you had that kind of a tongue on you, it's easy to see why they burned you at the stake."

Joan replies, "I wasn't quite as feisty back then. Five hundred and eighty years in the Divine Kingdom does tend to make a gal feisty."

Away with both of these demons. Away with Cameco Man! Away with Areva Man!"

At Joan's command, Anthony and Benedict rush in and clash with Cameco Man and Areva Man. Benedict breaks the sword of Cameco Man and Anthony breaks the sword of Areva Man. Cameco Man and Areva Man fall to the ground. Benedict stabs Cameco Man, while Anthony stabs Areva Man. Cameco Man and Areva Man lie still, having died from the stab wounds. Joan watches over it all, holding her sword high in the air as a sign of victory.

Anthony says, "Cameco Man and Areva Man are dead. The battle in the realm of spirit is over. The forces of truth and ecological wisdom have defeated the nuclear industry on the spiritual plane. Now the battle remains on the earthly plane, to phase out the nuclear industry."

Then Anthony, Benedict and Joan walk back toward the right hand side of the stage and fade into the shadows.

Then Matthew addresses the audience.

"In the years that followed my departure, as I walked around Saskatoon in spirit form, and even now as I look down from the heavens, I see that the nuclear industry demons have grown strong in the soul of Saskatoon. They have been joined by the biotechnology demons and the tar sands demons. Still, we have defeated Cameco Man and Areva Man on the battlefield of spirit. This means their days are numbered, even though they appear to be strong. My message to all you Saskatonians is to do battle with these demonic industries. Do battle with them. Be part of the resistance, every day of your life."

Not long after my funeral, in the summer of 2002, the Archangel Michael sent Joan of Arc to lead me into the realm of Heaven, and finally, I left this earth behind."

At this point, Joan of Arc comes out from the shadows. She takes Matthew by the hand and she says, "Matthew, great warrior, great fighter, come with me. Come with me into the realm of Heaven. You have fought the battle well. Now come and sit among the saints and pray to God for God's intervention to oppose all destructive industries, the nuclear industry, the fossil fuels industry, the biotechnology industry. Come join us. Sit among the saints and pray for the healing of Mother Earth."

The two of them walk forward and exit stage right.

End of Play

Tea for Three: A Stage Play (PFW-003)

By: Dave Greenfield

Introductory Notes:

The play contains three characters: Hannah, Anna and Pan. The stage is made to look like the inside of a cave with rocks, stalactites and stalagmites. There are two exits, to the left and to the right. The exit to the right is implied to lead to an adjoining cave, with a further unseen exit into the wider world. The exit to the left enters directly out into the wider world.

Scene One:

As the play opens, Hannah, the older daughter of Lot, is cooking some oatmeal porridge on a fire. Anna, the younger daughter of Lot, gets up out of bed in the corner and comes toward Hannah.

Anna says, "So who exactly is this fellow anyway?"

Hannah says, "Do you mean Yahweh?"

Anna says, "Yeah!"

Hannah says, "I don't know much more about him than you do."

Anna says, "Sometimes Father spoke of him as if he was one being, but then there were two angels that came to our house. I wasn't sure whether the two of them were collectively Yahweh, or whether they were his servants."

Hannah says, "I think they were his servants. Here, have some porridge."

She dishes out some porridge for Anna who takes it and begins eating, sitting on a stone.

Hannah lets out a deep sigh.

Hannah says, "So all I know is this Yahweh fellow sent his servants to warn our family to get out of Sodom, and his servants were strong enough to restrain our door against an entire mob of men, and then as we left the city, this Yahweh fellow gave Father and ourselves the order not to turn around or look back, and when Mother turned around, she was turned into a pillar of salt."

At this point Hannah begins to cry.

"O my God" says Hannah, "I'll never forget the look on her face. She was walking in front of me, and when she turned around, I saw her face for just an instant, and then she was a pillar of salt, and I had no choice but to keep on walking."

Anna nods her head.

Anna says, "What kind of a person turns people to salt for turning around?"

Then Anna begins to cry as well.

The two of them then get up and embrace each other and comfort each other until they stop crying. The two of them separate and they both sit down.

Anna asks, "Did Father say how long he'd be away?"

Hannah yawns, "He left yesterday and said he thought he'd be away for about six days. So that means five more days. We have enough food to last a couple weeks: oatmeal, pita, some barley, some corn and potatoes.

He had this notion of going out hunting," Hannah continues, "Catching some large animals, bringing them back and feeding us all."

Anna says, "Well it will be different. I haven't eaten meat since we walked away from Sodom."

Then Hannah says, "Well, should we go and bathe in the stream?"

Anna says, "That sounds nice."

And the two of them run off, exiting stage right, to bathe in a stream which is either near the cave or deeper inside the cave. It's not made clear.

The lights are dimmed and this is the end of Scene One.

Scene Two:

The lights come on again and the two of them are returning from stage right. They are talking as they return.

Anna says, "I was wondering if I could make myself a more comfortable bed. There must be some softer material to lie on somewhere."

Hannah says, "Well maybe you can gather some leaves. That might be a bit softer than the hard ground."

Anna says, "Well that's an idea."

Then we hear a third voice coming from stage left, a male voice who seems to be humming or singing to himself.

"Tumba tumba tu tum, tumba tumba tu.
I've nothing more to do
But sing a song for me and you.
Tumba tumba tu."

As he enters from stage left, he is dressed in green and is carrying a Pan flute or Pan Pipe.

"Well good morning ladies," he says, to Hannah and Anna.

Hannah says, "Who on Earth are you?"
While Anna puts her hand over her mouth and seems to laugh to herself.

Pan says, "Ah, you inquire as to my identity. I am Pan, the gentle frolicking one."

At this point the two women laugh very spontaneously.

"You are Pan?" says Anna, "The gentle frolicking one?"

"Yes," says Pan. "More precisely, I am the Greek god of shepherds, nature, gentleness and sensuousness, and to entertain myself and others, I sometimes play on my Pan flute."

He then puts his Pan flute to his lips and begins to play, playing approximately the same tune he was singing when he came on to stage. The two women listen politely with smiles on their faces.

When he finishes, Anna says, "That was a nice sound, quite a break from the boring silence of this cave."

At this point, Pan looks around, as if noticing the surroundings for the first time.

Pan says, "And who might you be?"

Hannah says, "I am Hannah, daughter of Lot, and this is my younger sister Anna."

Pan says, "Ah, Hannah and Anna and Pan, we almost rhyme."

Anna says, "When you say you are a god, does that mean that you can know things from the past and future and in other places?"

Pan says, "Hmmm, yes I can. I know the history of these places around here back several thousand years, and I know what things are going to be like here and across the water for several thousand years in the future. So yes, I do know some things from the past and future. However, I don't always choose to know everything. For example, I don't always choose to know the details of someone's private life. I figure that someone's private life is their own affair."

Anna says, "Have you ever heard of a fellow named Yahweh?"

Pan straightens up and says, "Oh, that guy, yes, I know of him, and I've met him a few times, when he was in a good mood, fortunately. Why do you ask?"

There is a moment of awkward silence.

Then Hannah sighs and says, "Well, he destroyed our city. We think he rained fire and hot rocks down on our city, and all the people we knew in that city were killed. Only our father and the two of us made it out alive."

Anna says, "Our mother came with us, but when she turned around to look at the city, and what was happening to it, she turned into a pillar of salt."

At this point, Pan says, "O! You are the daughters of thee Lot, Lot, the man who is mentioned in the book of Genesis, in the Big Book."

"The Big Book?" says Anna.

"Yes" says Pan, "the Big Book. That whole story is told in the Big Book. The book is comprised of different smaller books, written over about eight or nine hundred years or so. I didn't recognize you at first, because the Big Book doesn't mention your names. It only refers to you as the daughters of Lot. How long ago did you escape from the city?"

Hannah says, "Well, I guess it was three weeks ago, three weeks ago today, and we came here fairly quickly."

Pan says, "Hmmm, so it's very fresh in your minds. I'm sorry." He says a bit awkwardly.

Hannah and Anna say together, softly, "That's okay."

Pan says, "How old are you?"

Hannah says, "I'm seventeen, and Anna is sixteen. We were both about to be married within the next few months, but the men we were betrothed to were killed along with everyone else."

Pan says, "The Big Book doesn't say very much more about you and Lot after you came to live in a cave. It does say one other thing, but the Big Book isn't always right."

Anna says, "What other thing does it say about us?"

Pan looks at the floor, then he says, "Well, it says that the two of you get your father drunk, and you both have sex with him."

Hannah and Anna both release gasps, then Hannah says, "Well the Big Book is definitely wrong about that! I couldn't imagine doing that"

Anna says, "At some point, hopefully, we'll meet some more men."

Then Pan says, "Well, yes, there are many good men in Greece, many lonely shepherds who would like to have the love of a woman."

There is a short awkward silence.

Then Anna says, "So I guess the reason we were asking you about Yahweh is because we were afraid he might come back and harm us."

Pan says, "Ah, I don't think so. His goal was to destroy the city. He's accomplished that. He reigned down fire and brimstone, turned the city into ashes and killed everybody in it. He warned your father about it, so you and your family could leave. He is an odd sort of fellow. He is a god like myself, only he is a god of fire and war. He lives mostly around the craters of active volcanoes, and some tribes have started worshipping him. The tribes that do tend to worship fire, and swords, and warfare, and violence. Over time, people's perceptions of Yahweh will evolve to the point where the name Yahweh is associated with the one universal divinity who is a god of love and gentleness and warmth. But there will be some who will keep citing some of the more violent fiery passages in the Big Book to justify fire and war and hatred. The true divinity is a little more complicated. The true universal divinity is like a pool of water, reflecting the sky. Whoever looks in to that pool of water, projects their own reflected image on to the deity. If they are a war-like people, they imagine a war-like god of fire. If they are a peaceful, joyful, life-loving people, they imagine deities of life and love, fun and frolic. A man imagines the deity as male. A woman imagines the deity as female, but the real deity is a pool reflecting the deep blue empty sky."

Hannah says, "Wow! That makes sense! My idea of God is of a beautiful rushing stream, who comforts all who drink her water, and nurtures all who dwell on her banks. That makes a lot more sense than someone sending fire down from the sky."

Then Pan plays a song on his Pan flute, a haunting melody. The women stretch out and sit down on smooth stones in the cave and seem to drink in the music.

After Pan is done playing, the two women clap their hands.

Anna says, "Wow! That's beautiful!

You know, Pan, you're only the second god that I've met, the other being Yahweh. You're very different from Yahweh. You're very gentle, very caring."

Pan smiles and says, "Well thank you. I try to be."

Anna says, (speaking slowly and carefully) "I want to ask you a question. Why do you think it is that Yahweh destroyed our city?"

Pan straightens up a bit and says, "Well, it depends who you talk to. Some people say he destroyed your city, Sodom, and the neighbouring city of Gomorrah, for both of them were destroyed, because the men in Sodom were having sex with each other."

Hannah says, "O that's totally stupid!"

Anna says, "Yeah, that's totally stupid!"

Then Hannah says, "There were a small number of men who had male partners, maybe a dozen or so, but a very small number out of several thousand men. We used to disagree with Father about that. Father always used to say it was a bad thing for men to have relations with each other, where as we felt it was okay. But most of the men were just ordinary men. They'd have a wife and children, and their daughters would marry the sons of other families, and their sons would marry the daughters of other families, and so forth. I don't think there was any more physical love among men in Sodom than anywhere else."

Then Pan says, "Well, what the Big Book says is that a great mob of men surrounded your house when the angels came to tell your father to leave the city, and they wanted to have sex with the angels."

Anna says, "Yeah, that is correct. That happened, and it was very very weird. Most of those men had never done anything like that before. They all had wives and families, and it almost felt to me as if the angels made the men act like that, because Yahweh wanted to destroy the city and needed to be able to justify it."

At this point Hannah nods her head.

Hannah says, "You know, we weren't any more wicked than any other city. We had a little bit of gambling, maybe two or three women who sold their bodies for sex, and once in awhile some people would have a bit too much to drink, but that happens everywhere. That happens in every city."

Pan at this point nods his head.

Pan says, "Well, then there's the second theory. The second theory is that Yahweh wanted to test his ability to destroy a city, so he had to convince himself that the people of Sodom and Gomorrah were wicked, in order to get up the courage to call down fire and brimstone on the cities."

Anna says, resentfully, "Oh, so we were an experiment. We were an experiment to see if Yahweh could destroy a city."

Hannah says, "So does he plan to destroy any more cities that you know of?"

Pan laughs and says, "Well, according to the Big Book, he sends a series of plagues across Egypt to convince the Pharaoh to let his people go free, and then he ends up drowning the Pharaoh and the Egyptian army in the sea. After this, he seems to let his people, the Israelites, do a lot of the killing for him, though he assists them. So he becomes more sophisticated over time, but he still has his moods."

Hannah says, "Pan, would you like some tea? I wasn't sure if deities drank tea or not."

Pan laughs and says, "Ah, certainly. Yes, certainly we drink tea, and I'd like some tea. Tea for three?"

Hannah says, "Tea for three."

Hannah gets up and begins preparing some tea.

Anna says, "Pan, why don't you play another song on your Pan flute while Hannah makes the tea."

Pan says, "All right, I will compose this song as I play it, and I will call it Tea for Three."

Pan then begins playing his Pan flute in a very joyful melody.

When he is finished, Anna says, "That was a very cheerful melody. I was wondering, Pan, are people able to play your Pan flute as well, or can only gods play it?"

Pan says, "Ah, I think people could probably play it, though to my knowledge, I'm the only one who ever has."

Anna says, "Where we grew up in Sodom, there were trumpets, and horns, and drums, and lyres, but I've never seen a Pan flute."

Anna walks over to Pan, and Pan hands her the Pan flute.

Pan says, "Handle it gently. You blow into the different holes and you make different tones, high or low, based on the length of the different pipes and the reed inside each pipe."

Anna begins to play the Pan flute, a bit awkwardly, but after a moment, she begins to play a tune of her own and it seems to come naturally to her. After a time, she tires of it and hands the Pan flute back to Pan.

Anna says, "Thank you very much."

Hannah says, "The tea is ready."

Hannah begins to pour three cups of tea.

Anna and Pan, and then Hannah, each take a cup, and begin sipping the tea.

After a short silence,

Anna says, speaking rather slowly, "I have a question for you Pan. Would you ever consider making love to either me or Hannah?"

Pan laughs and says, "Well, I do have something of a reputation. I have a reputation for chasing young nymphs through the woods."

Hannah says, "Ah,"

Pan says, "But one thing I will say, I only make love to the nymphs if it is consensual. I seduce these young nymphs in the woods. I have never imposed myself on a nymph by force."

Then Hannah says, "Ah, you're a perfect gentleman."

Pan continues, "Unfortunately, that's more than several of the Greek gods can say. Zeus has a reputation for disguising himself in various animal forms and imposing himself on young maidens in the field. Not to mention Boreas, the god of the north wind. Unfortunately, Yahweh isn't the only patriarchal god, though Yahweh is more likely to destroy a city or drown an army, rather than imposing himself upon women by force, but one kind of patriarchy is as bad as another.

In answer to your question Anna, you are both beautiful young women. Right now, the feelings I am feeling for you are primarily feelings of compassion. You've been hurt emotionally, and forced to flee your city by an angry war god. I feel compassion for you. I feel a sense of solidarity. You remind me of the women of Troy. Troy was a city that was eventually invaded and destroyed by the Greeks, with the help, I'm sorry to say, of a few Greek deities. Yes, the Greeks can destroy cities too. It isn't only Yahweh.

The day after the destruction of Troy, I went among the whaling women of Troy and comforted them in their sorrow. Over time, over the centuries that followed, as I realized that the Greeks had come to celebrate their victory at Troy, and that they considered a book that was written about it called the Iliad to

be a sacred book, I went forward in time a few centuries and convinced the playwright Euripides to write a play about the Trojan women. He wrote that play and called it the Trojan Women, to try to show the Greeks the other side, how the women of Troy felt when they were being divided up by the Greek warriors as war prizes. I didn't feel like making love to any of the women of Troy. I felt sorrow for them, and I comforted them as best I could."

Then Hannah says, "So do compassion and erotic feelings come from different parts of the male brain?"

Pan says, "Hmmm, to some extent they do, but not totally. It's an interesting question you ask though.

But in answer to your earlier question Anna, I could imagine myself making love to either of you, not right now, but at some time down the road. But I should warn you of one thing. If you wanted to have offspring with me, you would have to be prepared for the fact that our offspring would be demigods, part human, part deity."

The two women say, "Hmmm?"

Pan continues, "You would be able to raise a demigod for the first three years, but then after about three years, I and my fellow gods and goddesses would have to come and fetch him or her away and raise the young demigod among the gods. If, on the other hand, you just wanted to have fun and frolic with me, and make love for the purpose of pleasure, I could probably arrange things so that you did not conceive."

The two women both say, "Hmmm,"

There is a short silence.

Then Anna says, in a rather shy voice, "The reason I asked if you could imagine yourself making love to us, was because I feel that you're a very kind, gentle, caring and wonderful male, and I feel as if making love to you could somehow heal our pain."

Pan says, "Ah,"

Then Anna continues, "It's as if you are like an antidote to the brutal violence inflicted on us by the war god."

Pan says, quietly, "Hmmm. That is quite possible, although healing is not my specialty."

Pan then finishes the tea, sets the teacup down, gets up and begins to walk toward Hannah. He takes her by the hand and says, "I'm assuming it would be appropriate for me to make love to you first, since you are the older daughter."

Hannah laughs a bit awkwardly and says, "Well, I think Anna is the one who's horny right now."

Then Pan laughs, let's go of Hanna's hand, and says, "I guess everything is a little bit upside-down here."

Pan walks over to Anna, who rises to her feet.

Anna says, "yes, I am definitely aroused. There are some private places where we can lay together."

The two of them walk off stage, exiting stage right into the adjoining cave.

Hannah remains on stage, picks up the teacups and places them on a rock next to the teapot. She then lays down by herself and the lights go dim.

This is the end of Scene Two.

Scene Three:

As the lights come back on, the three of them are sitting eating bowls of rice. Anna is clearly filled with joy and seems to have a rapport with Pan, which Hannah doesn't quite share.

Anna says, "You are only the second male that I've ever made love to.

Pan says, "Ah, I wasn't sure whether or not you were a virgin."

Anna says, "Well, both Hannah and myself did manage to have sex a couple times with the men we were betrothed to. We really wanted to experience them in that mode before marrying them. There weren't a lot of places to go in the city that were private, but we managed to find a fairly private place. The other would always watch guard to make sure no one came by and saw us. Still, my experience hasn't been all that great, only twice, with a man who himself had been a virgin before we came together the first time. Being made love to by a god is a very different profound experience. I was right. Our lovemaking has healed me. I feel no more fear. I only feel joy, and the desire to move forward in life."

Then Hannah laughs and says, "Well, if doing it with Pan can do that for you, perhaps I should take my turn as well. It is interesting to speak of love as a healing art. While the two of you made love, I only had myself. I masturbated. I brought myself to a climax, and felt a great deal of joy, but probably not quite what you experienced."

The three of them finish their meal and then arise. Hannah and Pan look at each other.

Hannah says, "Well, I guess it's time."

Pan takes her by the hand and the two of them walk off stage, exiting stage right.

Anna is left by herself on stage, and after a moment, she picks up the Pan flute and begins to play a gentle haunting tune. The light focuses on Anna by herself playing the Pan flute. She plays a haunting tune for several minutes. After it is over, she places the Pan flute on the rock beside her.

Anna says, "I feel rather odd. I feel like I'm beginning a new life, a new, totally different phase of life."

She stands up and walks off stage to the left, the opposite direction of Pan and Hannah's exit. The lights go dim.

This is the end of Scene Three.

Scene Four:

As the lights come on again, all three of them are sitting centre stage. Now both Anna and Hannah seem to have a rapport with Pan. They both look very joyful.

Hannah says, "Would we all like some tea?"

Pan and Anna nod and say, "Sure."

Hannah gets up and begins to make some tea.

Anna says to Pan, "So you say that you encouraged a Greek playwright to write a play about the women of Troy."

Pan says, "Yes, Euripides, I encouraged Euripides to write his play, the Trojan Women."

Anna says, "What else have you done to encourage Greek culture?"

Pan says, "Well, after I gave some encouragement to Euripides, I also noticed this fellow Socrates who was encouraging the young people of Athens to think for themselves and question everything. I never personally made contact with him. Then I heard about his death. I was quite interested to hear about one of his students, Antisthenes. I did encourage Antisthenes to carry on the legacy of Socrates, to live simply, to remain free of the power structures and vested interests, and encourage people to think differently and live differently. Then, a little while after the death of Antisthenes, an even more interesting person arrived in Athens, Diogenes of Sinope. He took the idea of living simply, living differently, and living counter to the establishment, to an even greater extreme. For many years he lived in a tub and was known as the man in the tub. He spent his life challenging Athenian convention, and later Corinthian convention after he moved to Corinth. They called him Diogenes Kynikos, which is to say Diogenes the Dog. The term, Kynikos, would go down through the centuries as Cynic, and between Antisthenes and Diogenes, they founded what became known as the Cynic movement. They weren't cynical though, in the sense that that term is often used. They delighted in life and pleasure and in the world in its natural state. They were skeptical about the rulers of the world, the ruling class, and those conventions that encouraged people to conform to the will of the ruling class. They were cheerful dissenters and non-conformists."

Anna says, "Hmmm, they sound like interesting people."

Pan says, "While I was the one who worked with Antisthenes and Diogenes to encourage their practice of simplicity and non-conformity, it wasn't me in particular who they chose as their hero. The person they chose as their hero was Hercules the Titan. They saw him as a person of action. Most of his feats were harmless enough, but I'm not too comfortable with his crushing of Antaeus. Antaeus was a gentle giant who was the son of Gaia. He was protecting a community of small people, pigmies. He stood up to Hercules and they wrestled for quite some time. Then Hercules discovered that Antaeus's strength came from the earth, from Gaia, his mother. So he lifted Antaeus up above his head and held him, separated from the earth for several minutes, and Antaeus's power went out of him, and he died. It's a good lesson for us all, to keep ourselves rooted in the earth that we might gain strength and stand up against tyranny, but it's unfortunate that Antaeus was killed."

Then Anna says, speaking slowly, "So these are the Greeks in centuries still to come."

Pan says, "Yes, Euripides, Socrates, Antisthenes and Diogenes will live some thirteen to fourteen hundred years from now."

Anna says, "Will there ever be contact between our tribal societies here and the Greeks? They seem such a long ways away."

Pan laughs and says, "O yes, there will be contact, some of it good, some of it not so good. A contemporary of Diogenes will be known to history as Alexander the Great. He will go out and conquer the world. In fact, him and Diogenes will meet in Corinth. Alexander will say, "I am Alexander the great king." Diogenes will say, "I am Diogenes the dog." Alexander will say, "Is there anything I can do for you?" And Diogenes will say, "Well, perhaps you could step back a bit. You're blocking the sunlight." Then Alexander will go out and conquer the world before dying in Babylon. His empire will crumble fairly quickly and be subdivided. And somewhere in all of that, Judea will be dealing with Greek rule. Judea, or Judah, is the name they will end up calling the land where these tribal peoples now wander. There will be revolts against Zeus, but there will be others who learn Greek culture as well as Judean culture, and they will try to bring the best of both together.

And then there will be a young working-class lad from Galilee. He will be called Yeshua by his own people, but most of the world will come to know him as Jesus. He will encounter the Cynics in the streets

of a city near his home town of Nazareth, and he will learn from them how to think differently, how to think in terms of a universal humanity, rather than simply in terms of nationalism. Just as the Athenians didn't like the plays of Euripides or the thoughts of Socrates, or the actions of Antisthenes or Diogenes, a lot of people, especially in higher places, won't understand or appreciate young Yeshua. By this time, the Romans will be in charge. They won't understand Yeshua either, but they will see him as potentially disturbing the peace, the Roman peace. They will arrest him, and try him, and nail him to a cross. There will be others nailed to crosses, thousands of the followers of Spartacus and the Roman slave revolt he led will be nailed to crosses a century earlier, and thousands of Judean nationalist Zealots, trying to free Judea from Roman rule, will be nailed to crosses as well.

But young Yeshua will be nailed to a cross simply for speaking, not for taking up arms, simply for calling for love, universal brother and sisterhood, simplicity and social equity. His cross will become the most famous cross, even though he was only one out of tens of thousands, maybe even hundreds of thousands, whom the Romans crucified. He will be crucified, but his followers will continue to live and proclaim his message, and he will start to be seen as a god, or as an incarnation of the Divine. His message will tend to bring together the best in Judaism and the best in Greek and Roman culture. There will be those who will transfer the war-like tendencies of Yahweh on to the shoulders of Jesus, and try to make him into a war god, but others will see him as he was, as a peacemaker, healer and lover of all."

Hannah now brings the tea, hands teacups to both Pan and Anna, and takes a seat between them.

Hannah says, "This is quite a story. Now that you have healed us from our fear and pain, I think we are both feeling strong and joyful. This cave will have a difficult time holding us or keeping our interest. I think we want to come with you and see the world."

Anna throws back her head and laughs and claps and says, "Yeah! Yeah! We want to come with you and see this wide world."

Pan says, "I have definitely had an effect on you, but I'd like you to know that you've also had an effect on me. You've caused my compassion to grow. You've caused me to be able to mingle compassion and eros. I would be willing to take you with me and show you the wider world. I would be willing to introduce you to the shepherds I mentioned. I would be willing to show you many people from many different times, for with me you can travel in time as well as space. There is one thing we must discuss however."

The two women nod.

"We have to discuss what is to become of your father Lot."

The two women nod and say, "mmm hmm."

Pan says, "I have taught you compassion, as well as joy. We must all have compassion on Lot."

The two women nod in agreement and say, "Mmm hmmm."

Pan continues, "He has lost his home, his city, his wife, and now he is about to lose contact with his daughters. He will be coming back here in about four days, but I have a plan that will enable him to move forward in his life and be happy."

The two women say, "Hmmm?"

Pan says, "I should tell you about some colleagues of mine, Asclepius, the Greek god of health and healing. He is the son of Apollo, while I am the son of Dionisis. He in turn has six daughters, all of whom take care of some aspect of health, healing and well-being. His daughter, Panacea is the goddess of universal remedy. She tries to make sure that everything works out for the best, in various parts of a system, in a person's life or in a society's life.

I would like to ask Panacea to appear to your father, to tell him that the two of you are being taken care of, that you are well, and that it is time for him to begin a new phase of life, that it is time for him to travel to Egypt and find himself a new wife with whom he might have more children. He will recognize Panacea as an angel, and will listen to her."

Then Hannah says, "Do you think he will listen to a female angel? He is used to taking orders from male angels and male deities."

Pan says, "Yes, I think he will. He has grown now at the same time that you have. So with your permission, I will contact Panacea."

The two women nod.

Hannah says, "Yes, if that can work out, that will be wonderful. He can grow and learn just as we grow and learn."

Pan picks up his Pan flute and plays a gentle melody. When the melody is over, he says, "It is done."

Anna says, speaking slowly, "Do you use your Pan flute to contact other gods and goddesses?"

Pan says, "The heart of my act of contacting her was a completely quiet act of contact in my mind, but playing the Pan flute helps me focus and concentrate."

Anna says, "So if you are to take us with you, to see the wider world, how exactly will we travel? I think we are certainly ready to leave the confines of this cave. There is more to life surely, than living in a cave with only a bit of rice, oatmeal, wheat and barley and tea."

Pan says, "Well, the best way I can think of is for the three of us to ride on the winged horse, Pegasus. Pegasus can take us across land and mountains and seas, and backward and forward in time, if I command it. I don't know if either of you have ever ridden on a horse."

Hannah says, "I've ridden on a camel."

Pan says, "Well this is a little bit like a camel, but there are no humps. The best thing would be for you, Hannah, to ride in front and hold Pegasus' main. I'll ride behind you, and then Anna can ride behind me and hold on to me. As long as each of you is either holding on to Pegasus or to me, you'll be completely safe. Pegasus and I will make sure that you are held in place, as we go upward into the air. We can ride through storms, through wind and rain, and through time, and you will be gently held in place, until it is time to let down and land. Is there anything you would like to take with you?"

Hannah and Anna look around the cave.

Hannah says, "No, not really. Will we need food during the ride?"

Pan says, "Probably not, it will only take a few hours."

Hannah says, "Well then I don't think there's anything. We really don't have very much, rocks and leaves and a little bit of food and kitchen utensils."

Then Pan says, "Pegasus is on his way. Let's go outside and meet him."

The three of them exit stage left, entering out into the wider world, and the lights go dim.

This is the end of Scene Four.

End of play

THE END