

As they were driving back to #10 all three suddenly become silent and drifted off into their own thoughts and reminiscences of how the past got them to where they are:

In the mild rain of a Somerset spring afternoon she found the caressing winds of the pleasure of lying on her back and watching the clouds. After her eighth grade torture, of reading Hardy and Hawthorne, of watching her body emerge like the jutting peaks of the nearest hills, of having to retrieve spotted calves with lame back-legs, and the glaciating mistrust of her parents of her level of maturity, she was now a self-imposed prisoner of solitude and natural light. Her trans-exurban cottage life filled with the gloom and spineless conservation of scientific domesticity, made her treks into nature longer and more beneficial. One day she would, Thoreau-like, disappear into the woods, re-appearing with a tree-branch cane and a whitened brow.

But for now she could still smell the manure and could still hear the shrill voice of her dyslexic, venom-fomenting mother, upbraiding her for folding the linens the wrong way.

She turned on her side and began the third chapter of "Gravity's Rainbow".

The cows moored, but it didn't budge her.

His father clutched his small hand. The blinding light from the fifty skyscrapers of more than 130 stories in the Kudam in Berlin, frightened the sensitive young boy. As his father sat behind his jaeger schnitzel and his fourth beer, young Helmut played with a radiatory light plasm gyroscope on the table. Helium tubed vessels from the ionosphere poked across the sky and flitted near the Fernsehturm.

The spin of the gyroscopic Tesla coil and the buzz of the vessels combined to provoke thoughts of adventures in a new form of mathematical thinking. At six Helmut was well advanced of the majority of prophylactic calculus professors in Berlin. He could string enough equations to fit across the five sections of the Mauer.

But his nervous personality and slight eye-twitch made him shy and withdrawn around adults, except when his father bought him a crinkle-cut ice crème sandwich, and let him watch, from the upper balustrade, the kites floating around the heavenly head of the Siegestaule.

Helmut loved to joke about Godel with his older classmates, and deftly run his hand along the cages at

the Bahnhof Zoo. A playful East Indian orangutan almost shredded his assignment book with a ferocious swipe, but he jumped back and wound up pacifying it with the gift of a half-eaten banana.

One night he sat at his window and measured the acute angles of the parallax while messaging the fresh bumps on the back of his head, that he got from falling off a train track, after a failing prank.

Everyday that he entered the drawing room, Frau Mueller, the mistress of his Uncle Ludwig, would stop him to ask if he had finally exploded from all that genius that ate away at him. He puffed his checks and made a loud, bursting sound, as she laughed and went back to knitting.

The snow was now piling up, and the smoke of his Uncle's pipe made ringlets between his fingers.

James could again hear the jack-hammers outside his window as they flattened Fredville park and carried away in a lorry the planks of the sawed down sacred ageless oak. His mother was constantly ill and couldn't swallow the hindrances of this murder of nature. Those small bright houses around the tract of the park were also massacred and the families of pensioners and crafts people were lead away to inhabit more plastic vistas, like animals bound together by a rope. James and his family was somewhat secure on their perch above the parkland escarpments.

His father had a steady income from work here and abroad, but he was always seeking an access to some technology that would make them rich for life. The pride that made him search for other labor, seemed like a guest refusing the host's food, when he ran around looking for opportunities beyond his capacities.

He wasn't satisfied in dropping his plow in just one furrow at a time, but dreamed of an ideal of multi-tasking of human endeavors. James learned his zeal and competitive spirit from him. He wanted to achieve and give his family a better world to live in.

When his father woke with a pain in his back that paralyzed his left side he was a rock broken in two, with the mountains crushing in from all directions. When he died in his sleep, James , being the only child, was forced at nineteen, to rebuild his financial house from the bottom up. This responsibility and his growing spiritual yearnings gave him the strength to put things right.

When in the first year at grad school the undiagnosed seizures began he realized that his pain was reflected in the other-and that he must help those who suffer from the distortions and brevity of life.

His rise to the leader of the Green party came quickly. Everyone knew he was ready to serve and stood aside.

His victory by only two votes began a new chapter in progressive history. Then the viciousness of the global forces organized to control the World Council. Britain was maimed by her investments and her special relationship with America. It's politics was drifting off the edge of sensibility borne of the struggle of the common multitude, and profit became it's shadow and keeper. When the limited nuclear wars began in his first year of office he tried to calm the situation and take care of millions of victims. Now the power of actions of non-proliferation have been thrown out the window by a blood lust for vengeance, and victims and victors alike want retaliation.

His pulse and heartbeat were outside his body. He feared the next stage of this horrible outcome. But whatever happens-if he were to be cast aside or if sanity reigned-his fervent wish was to honor the memory of his father by making a difference against all odds.

As they reached #10 Helmut was dropped off at his flat. Leonora was bothered by her memories. They were sticking out all over and James sensed her state. In the cramped living quarters of the residence her tender hands were shaking and he could see her sad expression growing deeper

James: You seem out of sorts-what's wrong ?

Leonora: I fear for your life-something is out there that wants you dead.

James: A lot of people see me as a marked man-but I will never allow that to hinder my job.

Leonora: I wish you had more protection-and that we could just go away and forget the whole bloody mess !

James: I know-but with all that's going down we have to be on our toes.

Don't worry I have plenty of assets around to keep me out of harm's way.

Leonora: Can you trust them all?

James: I trust that those who hired them will monitor them properly-and weed out anyone who doesn't do their job or has done something strange.

Leonora: I hope you are right. I wouldn't be able to sleep at night if I knew someone who is so close is putting us in danger.

Oh, maybe I am being paranoid- I'm sorry for this-but I am tired of the violence and ignorance that I see around us. It hurts me to live in a world where millions have just died because of the anger of a few men over some useless property.

James: Well it obviously wasn't useless to them ! They used this opportunity to get control of the Council and they are fulfilling their aims. But they have opposition- which I count myself among.

As long as I am Prime Minister this government will never cave in to their plots and schemes.

Leonora: But I feel that they are surrounding us on all sides-and the middle will not hold.

If Edmunds or Tolliver get in-they will just be pawns to the power structure of the Council.

And they will make our country a part of the process of the destruction of all we have worked for.

James: We must strengthen our party and solidify our constituency-we must try to convince the progressive forces to stand with us and fight against the onslaught of the Empire builders-right in our own backyard.

Leonora: This is all well and good-but will it stop the tide from engulfing us when you are put out of office.

I don't share your optimism about the solidarity of progressives-they have historically been to self-enclosed

and interested in their own agendas that they wouldn't even piss on each other if they were on fire.

James: (Laughs broadly with a loving twinkle in his eye.)

True ! True ! But who else can we rely on !

Leonora: We can rely only upon ourselves and those who show that they are committed to the cause of justice in the battle against the domination and the suppression.

Each battle will be a war-and the side that has the most firepower will win !

James: When do these wars end-and how do we know when we have won ?

Leonora: They will end when we cannot retreat -and we will have won when there is no more enemy.

In less than three years Leonora's judgment had come true. Tolliver and Edmunds had worked to gain a majority over the Greens. James was eased out of office and his plans to create a democratic socialist Britain was thwarted. The World Council was getting more powerful and the major hyper-capitalist nations and corporate entities were nearly invincible.

The Earth was dying of uncontrollable pollution, global warming and privatized resource thievery.

The mind-boggling advances of science were being manipulated by those in control.

Sustainability was just a word in a dusty dictionary.

At this point it was necessary for Crescendo to re-appear from the underground and begin to send it's swarms of nomads all over the planet to begin a new chapter in their struggle.

The Servors were set to implement their coup de grace for this earth.

And everybody seemed to be holding their breath.

When James and Leonora left #10 they were sad about this shortening of their opportunity to change history. But their regret soon dissipated when they realized that they could help their world and possibly

save it by becoming activists.

Leonora began beefing up the Green party's revolutionary tactics and philosophy by writing intra-net global buzzblogs enriched with neural damping to have her words and images of social change visualized internally by her dedicated subscribers. She visited the neighborhoods and environs that supported her husband and offered radical solutions for their everyday lives. She joined in demonstrations and picketing of government sites against policies preter-natural to sustainable economic practices, with the zeal inherent in progressive actions of hell-raising.

James accompanied her in many of these efforts; but he was more successful on a global level through his oratory and lecturing. He began a twelve city lecture tour to express the vision of a planetary democratic socialism.

On this tour he went to Belfast to speak about Labor Movements, to Riga about Urban Design, to Talinn on Cultural Affinity, to Moscow on the Myth of mistaking Bureaucratic Capitalism for Real Popular Communism, to Krasnavorsk on Using the Last profits of Oil as an Investment in Social Wealth, to Paris on Racism as a Tool of Statist Reform, to Belgrade on a People's Defense of Ethnic Solidarity, to Sevilla on Agrarian Revolution of the Commons, to Lisbon on Detecting Poverty in Minorities, to Bologna on Continuity in Liberation Praxis, and finished his tour by speaking to three sold out audiences at Wembley, on the Coming of Friendly Fascism.

Helmut's mood plummeted and he went through the deepest alienation of his life. He still maintained a strong relationship with James and Leonora, but the fast-lane of being the favorite advisor to the Prime Minister was a road untaken and clogged with sentiments and unfulfilled promises. Helmut encapsulated himself in his work.

Which consisted of drawing up mathematical models for outstanding research on inter-catalytic negative micron space used in string/brane loops.