

CHAPTER 5 Culture and History - Part 2

Eleanora got right into the history lesson: “I want you to understand the history behind the answers to your questions about how we came to where we are as a society. She laid out the sequence of events which led to the tectonic shift in power, starting after the Board’s decision to limit the number of babies a woman could have. The Board recognized that the men could use assistants to make appointments and to clean up labs. Ali was a conceptual thinker and preferred not to get mired in the details, but she did have some fascination with the original cast of characters.

“You already heard about Alek and Petar, the scientists who believed women should be educated and working as scientists, and Alek’s wife, Ana, and their daughter, Alyce, and close friend Suzanne, all of whom were secretly studying and doing lab work in Alek’s home. Our history calls them the secret five. You may also recall that Alek and Ana had brought their son, whose name was Jason. Jason did not become a science hero. He was not interested in being tutored by his father, especially since his sister was being educated, so he moved into the cave with the men and declared himself independent from his family. Nonetheless, he was an asset to the colony as a contributor to the gene pool and he was willing and capable of doing much needed manual labor, and most importantly, perhaps miraculously, he kept his mouth shut about the activities in his parents’ home, not out of loyalty but because frankly, he didn’t give a damn, and he mistakenly believed that this information was of no importance or value to anyone. Perhaps better said, he didn’t think anyone would pay him for the information, and if he told it for free, it would no longer be a possible asset in the future.”

“Alyce at 18 Earth Years [EY] coupled with 38 EY old Petar having been under his tutelage with her mother and Suzanne for 5 EY. She gave birth to Marlana who at 18 EY coupled with Alek Jr, son of Alek and Suzanne, then 24EY. Marlana and Alek Jr gave birth to twin girls: Janessa and Jelena, both of whom turned out to be extremely bright and had an aptitude for science.”

“By the time the twins were born, the educational program for teenage girls had expanded. They needed to know how to type and take dictation and keep books and write letters. The Board was aware that there were several women qualified to teach various subjects to expand the education for girls. Ana and Alyce taught math and science to teenage girls. One of the original colonists had been a secretary so she taught the girls secretarial skills. Sara, who had been the first mid wife, and had developed the home economics class, was secretly studying medicine. With the growing population, she anticipated the need for nurses and was already preparing women for that job.

“With this education, girls entered the lower echelon of the workforce. Janessa and Jelena continued their education and worked in the lab in Alek and Ana’s home under the supervision of what had become the secret six: Ana, Alek, Petar, Alyce, Suzanne, and Alek Jr. By this time, the talented young women who were invited to study in Alek’s secret lab formed a formal club which was visible to the community as a club to learn skills like knitting, and weaving, and embroidery, and drawing, and to discuss books at their nightly meetings. No one suspected foul play or came to see what they were doing or questioned why their progress on the pieces they rarely brought home was so slow.”

Like proper girls being educated in the 19th century, Ali thought, how appropriate; they could have said they made mistakes and had to rip out their work or maybe they were channeling Penelope waiting for Odysseus, weaving by day and ripping out at night so the piece would not be finished until he came home.

“Proper young LADIES,” Eleanora corrected her with a bit of a smirk.

“I sit corrected,” Ali fired back, this time enjoying the response to her thoughts.

“Penelope indeed,” Eleanora mumbled under her breath.

Eleanora paused to ask if Ali was understanding and finding the information interesting. Ali was mesmerized, waiting to see what would happen next, what would give a clue to how the colony switched from men in power to women in power. *It is reading a bit like genesis in the bible minus the word begat,* Ali thought.

Ok, Eleanora said, "Back to history Petar provided leadership as well as education for the women until the day he died. Alek Jr assisted Petar and took over his leadership and his place in history. By the 50th-interval anniversary (39 EY) of the colony, several talented females had breakthrough projects in the lab, but the men still had to take credit because women were not allowed to do scientific research."

"Ana and Suzanne and Alyce had given up teaching and taken desk jobs: Suzanne as the Assistant to the Principal of the high school, Ana as the assistant to the president of the boys' College, and Alyce as the Assistant to the Mayor, who, by the way, was strongly attracted to her. Ana was 70 EY in exceptionally good health, and sharp as a tack. Everyone respected her. What the 3 women came to recognize was that they, not the men, were running a high school, a college for boys and governing the colony. The men were signing the papers the women prepared, often with little input from their bosses. At meetings, the women were the ones directing the discussion from their position taking notes which allowed them free reign to ask questions about a decision, thereby often redirecting the misguided thinking that was taking place. Sometimes they flat out altered the minutes which no one seemed to notice or care about. The men preferred spending their time playing some stupid game that involved hitting a ball and a stick. At first the women were amused and impressed with how much female talent was being ignored or wasted or going unrecognized, but eventually they started to feel angry."

"THERE IT IS!" Ali thought: "Angry women. Talented, smart, angry women."

Ignoring Ali's mental outburst, Eleanora continued the story. "At the age of 16 EY, the twins made a major breakthrough in genetic code which would allow couples to predetermine the sex of their child. The girls of course could not claim their success; it had to be Petar who made the discovery. Petar, then 72, EY wrote a paper under his name, outlining the research that the girls had completed. Detached from the paper, which was published to the community, was a document to be made public upon his death, a paper indicating that it was the twins, not him who had made the discovery."

"During the next 2 intervals (1.6 EY), the Board put in place a policy that they, the Board would determine the sex of each child to be born. That was the same interval as the 50th-interval anniversary and the interval Petar died."

Now Ali was on the edge of her seat like an owner of a thoroughbred at the Kentucky Derby; *Petar's dead; time to expose the truth.*

"It was Suzanne and Ana, both well respected (for women), who came forward with Petar's disclosure. The backlash was fierce. The women were accused of forging the document even though it was handwritten and signed, and Alek supported the claim of his wife and lover and testified that he personally knew the work of his grandchildren. After 33 EY (43 intervals) of hiding the labs and the work being done in his house by women, he opened the doors of the lab to the public. The result was a declaration by the Board that Alek's lab and all other science labs must be used by real scientists (aka men). Meanwhile Ana petitioned the Dean of the college to let the twins enroll in the boy's classes; she was reprimanded. Suzanne's request to put boys and girls together in math and science classes was similarly received. At the same time, Alyce asked the Board to reverse their decision to ban women from science labs, and she was reprimanded."

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THAT WAS IT, the tipping point. Ana first called together the young scientists who had been working in her house. They sat in her living room like a real sewing circle.

Ana opened the meeting: "We need to accumulate some power so we can bring about change; we need to be able to do our work and be recognized for it. Does anyone have any ideas?"

One of the women jokingly suggested: "Let's sedate the men and just take over."

Another laughed, asking: "And, exactly what do you propose we do with them when they wake up?"

Then Ljina, who was a descendant of Alek and Suzanne, disclosed: "I have been working on an anesthesia to use when people break a bone or need surgery. I have discovered that before it puts you out, it makes you compliant;" she continued with a somewhat sheepish look. "I've tried it on my lover and it's great, no apparent negative side effects, and it can be administered as often as you like in the proper dose, of course."

It was a jaw dropping moment. The women just stared at her, momentarily catatonic.

"Say that again," one of the women shouted.

"Will it kill them?" another asked.

Ljina slowly repeated herself adding, "I haven't experimented with a lethal dose, but theoretically there must be one. Do you want me to disclose the formula; only a few of you will understand it."

Ana replied: "No need for that. Are you absolutely certain it will work flawlessly."

"As close as I can be at this stage of the trials," Ljina replied.

Ana was energized and clearly taking charge. "Ljina, how much of this can you produce and how quickly without being noticed."

Ljina asked: "How much do you want by when?"

Ana: "Within a week, 300 doses; within a month 3,000 doses; 10,000 in 3 months."

Ljina replied: "I'm working in Alek's lab, and I have a substantial 'sewing circle.'" You could see she was calculating in her head. "I can do it."

Ana: "Ljina, we need a placebo."

Ljina: "Already have one."

Suzanne jumped up. "Ana, you aren't thinking....."

Ana with resolve: "Yes... I.... am."

Suzanne: "That's crazy"

From the woman who suggested drugging the men, as if she suddenly understood what she had said: "Ana, I was only joking;" then addressing the group: "Really, I didn't mean **this**."

Ana had a plan, and she didn't care what anyone meant or who thought she was crazy. "The next step is to assemble all the Village women to present this idea."

Suzanne, Alyce, and Ana worked together to assemble the village women to discuss how to respond to the rejection of the Twins' research and plans for an upcoming celebration of 50 intervals of Paradieceo. The assembly was held in the only meeting place in the Village: the gym/auditorium/cafeteria of what was then the Boys' School. They built the school before the houses or the Bubble had been completed. The room, like most of Paradieceo Village, was efficient, and practical. The walls were lengths of burlap stretched from one stud to the next. At one end of the room, a wooden platform could be folded up against the wall or lowered to be used as a stage. Square wooden tables and straight back chairs seated 4 people. They were bought by trade before there were Wilderness people making the furniture and wall coverings. The sun shone through the narrow horizontal windows which stretched across the front of the building. Almost all the Village women attended, sitting 3 or 4 to a table. The Research scientists who had attended the "Sewing Circle" in Ana's home, sat together at 3 tables they had pushed together in the front of the room.

Ana and Ljina stood on the platform together. Ana gave the background and explained the basic concept of the plan followed by Ljina explaining the need to conduct a blind study to assure the safety and effectiveness of the drug.

Ana addressed the group who were mumbling to one another, trying to figure out what she was up to. "How many of you are assistants to men in charge of organizations or managing in an organization of any kind." About 25 hands went up. "Keep 'em up for a minute." She pointed to one after another. Hospital administrator, Minister of Trade, Men's club president, Minister of building & development, Head of Animal husbandry, Agriculture department, etc., etc. "Excellent, we have almost every decision-maker represented. Now, those of you who have your hands up, how many of you believe you could do and perhaps are doing your boss's job?" 25 hands remained up; you could hear a pin drop in the room. "Exactly, I rest my case. Obviously, our plan needs to be kept secret for it to work, so I count on all of you to utter not a word of this to anyone."

Ana sat down and started scribbling something on a piece of paper. The women started whispering to one another. Ana stood up and the room went quiet. "First, I need 60 volunteers to administer Ljina's drug to your husbands as a clinical trial. Next, I want to speak with those of you who are assisting men in leadership positions. Alyce, you and Ljina will meet with those who want to volunteer for the clinical trial of the drug and sort out how to do the research. If you are assisting someone in a leadership position and want to volunteer for the clinical trial, meet with me first."

"Wait just one minute." A young woman, in her 20's stood up. I won't have any part of this, and I will tell my husband what you plan to do."

"Who is your husband," Ana asked.

"Ashton," she replied.

"You've been married a short time?" Ana questioned.

"18 cycles (7.2 Earth months)," the woman responded.

Ana replied: "I know your husband; he works in developing and domesticating animals; he is cruel to the animals, and I'm betting he abuses you. Are you afraid of him?"

No response: the woman just stared at Ana; *how could she know?*

Ana responded in a gentle tone: "If you drug him, he won't hurt you. If you tell him, he won't believe you."

That woman broke down in tears.

Another stood up. "My husband doesn't beat me; I love him, and I will not do this to him."

Ana responded, in an even, but assertive tone, moving her focused stare from one woman to another, "we need more than a majority, probably at least 2/3 participation to carry this off, but if one or two of you bail out, and tell your husbands; they won't believe you; they do not believe we are smart enough and organized enough to plan a picnic. We can move forward if we have a couple of hold outs. If you don't drug your husbands, someone else will."

Ana at first was concerned about the dissenting voices, but she could see that mob psychology was beginning to take over. The women who dissented were young. They could be a threat to the plan, but fortunately Ana had not given any details, only that they wished to overthrow the men, had a drug to use, and everyone would need to cooperate. She excused the dissenters from the meeting.

It was the administrative Assistants, and the women who were foreclosed from an education and those who could not work in research labs or advance in their careers that were angry enough to support the conspiracy; that was at least 70% of the female population. Some of them, like Ana, were original settlers, had been

subjected to the 10-child rule and treated like servants being relegated to the care and feeding of the little ones and the sexual desires of men old enough to be their fathers and grandfathers. Many of them had worked their tails off in secret to get an education to do jobs they were not allowed to do.

Ana decided to test the mood in the room: "Do I have to deliver a political or motivational speech to convince all of you that this move is necessary."

The voices rose like notes on a scale: "No," "No." "I'm in." So am I." "No need to convince me....."

Just like the mob that killed Caesar in Shakespeare's play, Ali thought. She believed that had she been there, she probably would have been all in despite her lofty morals and ethics. She could feel the energy in that room a century ago coming through Eleanora's voice.

Ana, meeting with the administrative assistants: "I want each of you to draw up a contract which would put you in charge, and relieve your boss of responsibility, gradually, of course while the drugs build up in his system. We will meet in 5 units/days, and I will lay out a plan for how we will carry this out."

Eleanora suggested they take a lunch break.

Ali begged Eleanora to continue the story before having lunch.

Eleanora went to order lunch to be brought to her flat and then continued the story.

Ana continued to be in charge: "First I want to make it very clear that this plan will move forward only if the clinical trials are successful. There will be a community celebration of 50 intervals since the founding of Paradiaceo. All men will be drugged and those in management positions will sign the contracts giving their authority to their female assistants."

One woman stood up "That won't work; they will take over as soon as they come out from under the drug if not that time the next."

"We will keep giving them the drug in their tea until the new order is established," Ana said.

"Or maybe forever," Ljina added. Everyone laughed.

"What about the men who don't show up for the meeting?"

Ljina: "There will be strippers at the meeting so they will likely attend, but if not, someone will give them the drug; we will work that out, trust us."

Another woman got up. "Ljina, I need more information; how often do you have to administer a dose to sustain the desired condition of compliance; what are the dangers of an overdose; can this stuff kill you?"

Ljina answered: "We won't know for sure for a while how this will work on every person, but one dose per unit/day should be sufficient, the dose is calculated by the person's weight. It does build up in the system, so even if you miss a dose occasionally the condition of compliance will be sustained. An overdose results in unconsciousness, but if you want to kill one of them, you will have to add other drugs to make a proper cocktail." Everyone laughed, providing a welcome moment of relief.

"Can you make enough to supply the colony forever?" another woman asked.

"The nectar comes from a bush in the Wilderness and could be domesticated or replicated if need be; There will not be a supply problem," Ljina explained.

Marlena objected: "My husband has been the champion of women all his life. And what about men whose expertise we need, like doctors and engineers?"

She was right, Ali thought *Alek Jr. did not deserve this fate*. She was becoming a bit distressed that she had become so enthusiastically on board with the plot that led to the permanent subservience of the men in their culture.

Eleanora had anticipated Ali's consternation, but she was not ready to deal with it.

Ljina spoke up: "they will be compliant, not stupid; teachers will teach, doctors will doctor, and engineers will engineer, but they will comply when told to educate and apprentice women; systems will be changed to benefit us; our pay will be equal, for example. Marlana, I don't think anything will happen that your husband would object to."

Suzanne, Alek Jr.'s mother, spoke up. "My son would be the first to volunteer to be a subject in the trials. We are not killing these men; we are making them compliant, for the betterment of our society. Alek Jr. will have women visibly and legally in his classes and by his side. We cannot afford to remove men from those jobs because we do not yet have enough female expertise to fill them; those are jobs of expertise, not jobs of power," Marlana agreed.

Ana chimed in: "Alek Jr and his father before him never were seeking power or wealth; they want their science to benefit the community; if they knew what we were doing they would help make the drug."

Alyce added: "No one will be in pain, and they will not care about losing their power because they will be in their happy place. We are not abusing them."

One woman who had threatened to tell her husband, stood up. She looked much frailer than she had at the previous meeting. "I told my husband that you were launching a plot and you had a drug. He laughed and called me stupid and told me all women were stupid and that if there was a drug, he would know about it and then he hit me and told me not to spread this stupidity to anyone because it would embarrass him."

Another woman who told her husband said he told his boss who said: "Your wife is crazy, what can they do to us? We control everything: money, decisions, rules, even sex,"

Everyone with tasks to do worked hard and fast to prepare for the 50-interval community celebration. The administrative assistants had their contracts prepared. Ljina and her needle work crew had prepared 6 months of the drug. They decided to call it nectar. The clinical trials were very successful, not only in proving the nectar works, but thanks to the careful record keeping of the participants, how much to take at what weight and how long it lasts. Alyce got the mayor to sign an invitation to the celebration when he thought he was signing something else, a technique she used quite often. The invitation went to all the men in town commanding them to attend a meeting to discuss some important issues for the future of town, and to celebrate 50 intervals of progress; the event would have women and alcohol.

When they arrived at the town hall, some of the young unmarried women dressed in sexy attire, would greet them with alcohol laced with Ljina's nectar. They had everyone's name on a checklist which went to a central person who would tell the waitresses when to cut off the nectar for each guest who was at his limit. It was not unusual for the mayor to invite influential men to gatherings with drinks and scantily dressed women; to invite all the men was unusual, but the anniversary made the special celebration reasonable.

Much to the distress of the organizers, the mayor arrived quite late. The meeting was on his calendar, but he forgot. One of the waitresses was designated to give him a 'double.'

The mayor went up to the principal of the Boys' School and whispered, "why are we here?"

"Because you invited us," answered the principal, waving his invitation.

"How long have you been here?"

"Half a block." (1hr 15 min Earth time)

Ali, having overcome her momentary guilt about being sucked in by the scheme, was positively gleeful. *Are they really going to get away with this?* Ali wondered. There were lots of stories from Earth about women gaining some power over men, even a movie in the 20th century about a woman sexually harassing a male employee. But it took nearly two centuries to achieve equality, and then only in some countries.

Eleanora could hardly keep from gloating in response to Ali's thought.

The mayor sought out Alyce: "why did I call this?"

Alyce wasn't sure everyone was inebriated aka drugged aka nectared enough to sign the necessary documents, so she mentioned the anniversary celebration and admonished the mayor to enjoy the party a bit before starting the meeting. The mayor didn't seem to notice that he still didn't know why the meeting had been called, but he was most agreeable with drinking a bit more and fondling a few breasts before starting the meeting.

The mayor was feeling-up boobs! Just like home! Ali was having trouble keeping from laughing.

Eleanora paused only a moment to shoot Ali a sharp glance.

After about a half hour, Alyce went looking for the mayor, having to drag him away from a young woman he had cornered. *Ok, she told herself, now or never!* She took a deep breath and explained to the mayor that he had decided he wanted to have a bit more time off, perhaps to play more golf, so he was going to sign over a few of his responsibilities to her as outlined in the document she was holding and that others should follow suit signing over some of their responsibilities to their assistants. She whispered: "You will need golf partners, you know."

He laughed heartily, "what a great idea; did I think of that?"

"Yes, of course," Alyce replied demurely.

"As usual, you have all the details organized and figured out, my lovely."

My lovely? Alyce must want to puke! Ali thought. Eleanora managed to avoid being distracted by the bit of theatre happening inside Ali's head.

The mayor then directed Alyce to call the meeting to order. He admonished them to sign the documents they were given by their secretaries and assistants. The men who were not in positions of power looked on with approval; could they possibly get to play golf too? No one, not one man, read the documents he was handed. Everyone signed.

Ana then told the Dean that he had signed a proclamation that women would be allowed in all classes that were currently attended by men only. Ana was looking at her boss up over her eyeglasses with a tiny smile: "You know, we will have women doctors and lawyers and engineers and yes, scientists." She was shaking all over inside, barely containing her excitement.

The dean was quite pleased with himself. "It's about time," was his response. When the managers and supervisors understood that they would be able to hand over some of their duties to women so that they could have more leisure time, everyone agreed this was a wonderful idea, and that they should spend this celebration time playing golf.

It took many cycles of gradually transferring more and more responsibility before the men traded offices and desks with their assistants. They were sad about giving up their offices, but they were compliant.

Marlena did eventually tell Alek Jr. what they had done; she was giving him a very light dose of the nectar feeling she could always up the dose if he got belligerent. Alek jr. was supportive and simply continued his work. He had never sought power; he lost nothing.

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"That's it," Eleanora said, "a cultural revolution to rival your industrial revolution."

"If I read this in a book, I would think it was crazy; no way could such a cultural shift occur in such a short time," Ali replied.

"Then you better not read about the events and great cultural upheavals in Earth history. Is Joan of Arc believable, how about your US near political coup of the 21st century, or Hitler's influence over the German people, or the growth of Christianity."

Ali submitted: "They say 'Life is stranger than fiction.'" Taking a bit of a left turn, she asked: "Where is the golf course?"

Eleanora smiled. "It was where the park is now. The women who were elected to the Board decided that life would be better with a park. Do you play golf?"

Ali: "Oh NO! Nothing that requires propelling a ball in a predesignated direction; no golf, no tennis, no basketball, no volleyball."

Eleanora could not keep from laughing as she recommended that they finish the story.

"That was the revolution, but it took many stages/ten intervals (7.75 Earth years) to get where we are now. As the plan played out in the cycles/2 Earth weeks and intervals (9.3 Earth months), and stages that followed, the positions and salaries of men and women were reversed. Alek Jr. became rare as a male professor. As soon as the women took over the Board, which was renamed the Council, boys from the age of 4 were given small doses of the nectar each unit/day in school. At the beginning of the next school interval/year, history was eradicated from the boy's curriculum. I think mothers had not anticipated the unintended consequences for their sons; most didn't know nectar was being administered or that the curriculum was changing; they were never asked for consent. No one is quite sure who initiated those practices."

"Meanwhile, content on nectar, none of the men cared about anything that was happening; there was no impetus to pass down stories about the good old times when males were men. A few men became belligerent. It was necessary to discipline them, and to increase their dose. The women had no problem employing men who had desk jobs all their lives to dig the foundations for the houses that were being built and/or taking men out of their homes and confining them in institutional quarters."

"Life was significantly improved for women, especially work life, so wives and lovers and mothers complied with the Council's policy regarding the nectar. The political system changed quite quickly from patriarchal to matriarchal; the Council became more and more powerful, changing laws to fit their agenda. Gradually, societal practices changed as well."

"Over the course of several stages (7.75 Earth years), the cognitive abilities of many men started to show some deterioration from a combination of the nectar (contrary to the promised lack of side effects) and having nothing important or worthwhile to decide or to think about. Professionals: doctors and engineers and scientists fared better than others. Psychic abilities in males disappeared even more quickly making it possible for women to converse telepathically with males being unable to understand. There had been no drug trials on children so no one anticipated that the nectar would cause some cognitive deterioration in schoolboys as well. As it became more difficult for them to learn complicated subjects, they were given simpler and simpler work which in turn did not present anything challenging to think about. There is also some speculation that from generation to generation, there were tiny shifts in DNA adding to the downward spiral. Boys, over-drugged and undereducated from an early age, did not grow up to be fully developed intellectually or socially. Gradually, young men were not deemed bright enough to do college work. As time went on, the Counsel outlined the jobs men could do, and researchers worked on establishing the criteria for each of the jobs which you see in place today."

Ali now thinking about the woman on the observation platform, interrupted: "Were boys still brought up by their mothers."

"Institutionalizing boys was a gradual process as well. Both boys and girls were in school settings until mothers finished work and brought them home. Let's just say the boys were not a joy to be with in the evenings, not because they misbehaved, but because they were dull and they sucked up time and attention, so it was the mothers who asked the Council to institutionalize them. At first, mothers visited them occasionally on weekends, but that dropped off. The law against seeing one's son came about because the few mothers who continued visiting their boys were disturbed about how the boys were treated and those mothers caused some disruption."

Ali tried hard to hide her distress but was not very successful. *Life without my brothers would be unbearable; she could feel her older brother's arm around her, telling her everything would be OK.* She could barely hold back the tears. *You're to observe, not judge; you're here to observe, not judge.* The mantra helped her compose herself.

Eleanora paused for a few minutes and decided not to engage Ali's distress. She was concerned about the depth of Ali's feelings and the potential loss of objectivity, but was encouraged by Ali's determination to withhold judgment. *This young woman is going to struggle to develop the objectivity she needs to pursue her chosen profession.* Ali did not hear Eleanora's thoughts.

Eleanora continued: "Becoming a lesbian community was also an evolution."

Ali's mind was screaming: *ALSO, an evolution, like disenfranchising and institutionalizing boys was an evolution. You're here to observe; here to observe.....*

"There were, of course, always natural born lesbians, and they could finally live the life that was right for them, but becoming a totally lesbian community happened gradually. Ljina was partly right; initially men at the 50-interval celebration did not lose their intelligence or expertise and professional men continued to be satisfactory husbands and fathers at least long enough for the next generation of boys to become adults, and for more women to get the education they needed to take over the professional jobs. Impotence did not occur in the first generation of nectared males. It occurred after the nectar was administered from an early age, and it can be reversed when the nectar is suspended early enough. So, within two generations, males on nectar were not viable sexual partners in addition to being intellectually challenged. Heterosexual women soon found that they could achieve sexual satisfaction with another woman and have a very satisfying martial relationship with an intelligent and interesting partner. It was the heterosexuals who initiated the idea of taking a few males off the nectar so they would be capable of performing. Today, males are available for sex in the club and wives who have a heterosexual partner understand their partner's need for male sexual activity. The regulation banning heterosexual marriage followed the overwhelming number of women marrying women. Like having mothers visiting boys, the interest of a very small number of women in marrying a male caused some social disruption."

"Of course, we are talking about many stages/decades to change the culture permanently: all the original men with memories of before the revolution had to die out and, as any anthropologist knows, without history or knowledge of other cultures, people assume life has always been and will always be the way it is."

Ali was starting to put 2 and 2 together. *The nectar's impact on the male IQ helped hasten the process; the women didn't have to forget; they were driving the change.* "Without knowledge of other cultures.... Is that why you remain so isolated? Aren't you concerned that I might expose students to a different cultural point of view?"

Eleanora recognized that this was not a question born merely of curiosity; the underlying issue was huge, and the answer would at very least impact Ali's curriculum in teaching girls. Given her personal integrity and her demonstrated difficulty in separating her values from her work, it could possibly keep her from teaching. Eleanora's demeanor was pensive; her voice was steady, and one might say measured, and her gaze was unfaltering. "I think that we are solid enough in our cultural values that we do not fear learning about other

cultures; we are isolated because we do not want the hassle and the stress of dealing with outsiders who may judge and condemn us as you are struggling not to do."

Ali put her hand on her forehead shielding her eyes. She could feel her body temperature rise, and imagined she was crimson. She looked down and then back up at Eleanora's uninterrupted gaze. Tears were welling up in her eyes.

In this moment, Eleanora was not a grandmother figure, or even an advocate. *This is a good old-fashioned intervention, just like in AA back home.* Ali remembered a class back in college where the professor told the students: "If you want to be an anthropologist, you have to know clearly who you are, what your values are, where are your limits and boundaries, what you are willing to give up to meet your goals." *That's what I will do while I am here; discover who I am, and that's what must not be erased from my mind.*

In Eleanora's mind, Ali had just defined her mission. If she asked for Eleanora's help, she would give it, but Ali was not asking. Eleanora continued: "We are concerned that someone will view the way we deal with men as a human rights concern and try to pressure us to change with sanctions and other such nonsense."

Ali mentally and emotionally came back to the lesson: "And I know just the culture which would do that."

Eleanora responded: "Yes, Earth's Europeans, Americans and others would do well to adopt a non-interference policy."

Ali responded: "I suppose you are referring to the attempts to assimilate indigenous peoples to the values and practices, language, and religion of the so-called civilized world. The perpetrators believed they were acting out of Christian charity; giving heathens access to the clear advantages of civilization and a ticket to heaven."

Eleanora: "Yes and other interventions right up until today. It is often difficult to see the line between cultural practices and human rights violations. I have replaced the Golden Rule (do to others what you would like to have done to you) with my Titanian Rule '(Do unto others as they wish to be done unto.) The Golden Rule applies my values to others; the Titanian rule considers the values of the others."

Ali: "In anthropology classes we do apply something like your titanium rule. We have a code of conduct, something like a Hippocratic oath, to not interfere or intervene or be judgmental about other cultures, and we try to be diplomats from our own culture."

Eleanora was listening with great interest and found some comfort in what Ali was telling her. "Back to your question: I am not afraid of what you will teach because you are here to observe, not to proselytize. I believe that unlike my stereotype of the country you come from, despite your personal values, and I will say judgements, you seem to be able to respect our right to follow our beliefs and plot our destiny."

Ali responded: "You're right;" not daring to think, *I hope.*

Eleanora left the room of secrets to get the lunch delivery.

Ali was seriously conflicted. What she observed in the science building and what she was hearing about nectar looked and sounded like slavery. *Shouldn't equality be the goal even if it takes a long time to get there?* She paused and realized she was making judgements rather than observations. Maybe she was troubled because SHE had been cheering on a process which simply substituted one inequality for another. *I have a lot of soul searching and learning ahead,* she concluded.