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The Religion of God-Father

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Part I. The Psychodrama of God

I have often been asked: Is the idea of God still valid in our time? Yes, it is.

It was more than fifty years ago, before the outbreak of the First World War, that I had three Dialogues About God, *God the Creator*, *God the Lover*, and *God the Scientist*. I sent out an invitation to an encounter with all men. "Come to me and meet me," I said, "rejoice! I have good news for you! The riddle of our world is solved."

As long as I remember, I had before me two alternatives. I asked myself: "Who is this me? A name? A bit of nothing, vanishing like a rainbow in the sky, never to return? Or is this me the most real thing there is, the Creator of the world, the first and the final being, the all-inclusive thing? In other words, am I nothing, or am I God?"

The confrontation with these two alternatives was the dilemma which ran like a red line throughout my life. I suspect that every man is troubled by the same dilemma. Everyone has to find out for himself whether these alternatives are also meaningful to him. Every man is involved in this dilemma, whether he admits it or not. We all suffer from doubt and fear that we are passing fancies, without any consequence, and we are annoyed and angry because of it.

I began to search for an answer and when I did not find it, I began to dig deeper into my own mind, into my own world. I began to try to find meaning in an existence which appears meaningless in itself. If there is nothing else in life except a dreamlike passing into nothing, at least we can protest against an unreasonable fate, an unpardonable sin, a mistake of the cosmos to have thrown us out here, into the desert of this planet, perceiving, feeling, thinking, without any chance or hope to become something which really matters. My quest, therefore, was: "Am I, this perishable thing, a hopeless existence, or am I at the center of all creation, of the entire cosmos?"

I began to wonder whether I do not have, besides the responsibility for myself and for my own care, also a responsibility for *all* the people around me, my mother and father, my sister and brother, my friends, all the people in town and beyond it, a responsibility for everything which happens in the nations, in far-reaching continents, among all the people on earth, their wars and revolutions and miseries—is that not *my* responsibility? Is not the whole universe *my* responsibility? Responsibility cannot stop anywhere except in the all-inclusiveness of all things which stir and spread life.

If there is responsibility it must be for more than mere existence. It must be for a bigger role! How can I assume it unless I have a function in creating this universe, unless I am a partner in its creation? I must have been there in the beginning, billions of years ago. And I will be there billions of years hence. "I created myself, therefore, I exist."

I began to think of the Gods which our forefathers have produced, the concepts they have evolved. I began to think, of course, living in Western civilization, of the God of the Hebrews, a great Godhead, the God who is outside me, far distant in space, unreachable and unknown, a mystery. It was

a construction of the Godhead which was suitable for the time in which the Hebrews lived; it fulfilled a great function then, for them. People were then frightened and dependent upon an enormous Supreme Creator whom they could trust and who guided their lives and who gave their life a meaning. It was a God whom they never saw, it was something like a He-God, He, the God, a God who was outside their world but of whom they felt that he is the greatest help in their lives.

And then I began to realize that there were other forms of Godheads which in the course of centuries and millennia men brought about, always when there was a great crisis in the development of the world. And then came Christ and he made that mysterious, invisible, distant God very close, very personal. He was brought to visibility in the form of a personal appearance of God. He was the Thou-God, the God who is near, not as much the God of power and enormous wisdom and intelligence but the God of love and sweetness and closeness. And that was the God which Christ brought into this world.

But again, two thousand years have gone by and here we find that that very great idea of Christ has not failed exactly, but the people are not too easily sensitized by this concept. God may never change, in a philosophical, universal way, but the concept of God which man creates changes. And the moment has again come to reevaluate and to adjust the concept of the highest, supreme Being to us as we are now, to the world in which we live today. The Godhead above the clouds, the God reaching into outer space and who is invisible has lost his meaning. The God who is the God of love has been betrayed so many times by men that something more had to be added, a God which does not come from the Thou, but who comes from within our own person, through the I, through me. I began to think of me. I began then to relate myself to the be-

ginning, to the Genesis, the Bible, the book which has been given to us in two forms, as the old and as a new testament. In the old testament God is a He, in the new testament he is a Thou; but now there is a new God, a new voice of experience, a new communication with God which comes through the I itself, through me, through you, through every me, the millions of me's. Now, of course, for a moment it sounds as if we are losing ground because we had a single God and now, suddenly by relating the idea of God, the idea of creativity, to all the individuals, we suddenly have millions of Gods. We have the problem of how to bring all these millions of Gods together into some common denominator. The cosmic God came first, then came the concept of the God of Love which included the cosmic God. And now, in our time, the "I" God includes both the cosmic God and the God of Love. I began then to open the book, the Genesis, and there I read. And I began then to try to understand how they came to assume that God created the world at a certain time, so many thousands of years ago, in the past somewhere and that he has proceeded in a certain way. And suddenly it became clear to me that what the Bible and what the Genesis say is that our ancestors, being like children, projected the beginning in the past, thinking that the world has been created in the past somewhere, long before they existed. Actually, the universe is continuously becoming and so is God; being the result of millions and millions of forces which fill the cosmos, he is in becoming. You and I are the parts, contributory forces, rivulets, to establish one day that moment when the words of the Genesis will become true.

I suddenly felt reborn. I began then to hear voices, not in the sense of a mental patient, but in the sense of a person beginning to feel that he hears a voice which reaches all beings and which speaks to all beings in the same language, which

is understood by all men, and one which gives us hope, which gives our life direction, which gives our cosmos a direction and a meaning, that the universe is not just a jungle and a bundle of wild forces, that it is basically infinite creativity. And that this infinite creativity which is true on all levels of existence, whether it is now physical or social or biological, whether it is in our galaxy or in other galaxies, far away from us, whether it is in the past or in the present or in the future, ties us together. We are all bound together by responsibility for all things, there is no limited, partial responsibility. And responsibility makes us automatically also creators of the world. And I began to feel that I am, and I began to feel that I am the father and that I am responsible, I am responsible for everything which happens, I am responsible for everything which will happen in the future, for everything which happened in the past, and even if I am helpless to do anything, to remove the causes of suffering or to do anything, that I have now the operational link to the entire world. Everything belongs to me and I belong to everybody. Responsibility is the tie which we share and which brings us into the cosmos. And responsibility for the future of the world, a responsibility which does not always look back, but which looks forward. And so I saw the cosmos as an enormous enterprise, billions of partners, invisible hands, arms stretched out, one to touch the other, all being able, through responsibility, to be Gods.

And it was in such a mood of utter inspiration that I rushed into the house in which I lived. It was a house in the midst of the Valley of May, in a little town near Vienna. The only thing I heard was a voice, words, words, coming, going through my head. I didn't have the patience to sit down and write them down, so I grabbed one red pencil after another, went into the top room of the house near the tower and be-

gan to write all the words upon the walls, all the words which I heard and which were spoken by me aloud:

I Am the Father.	Ich bin der Vater.
I Am the Father of My Son.	Ich bin der Vater meines
I Am the Father of My	Sohnes.
Mother and of My Father.	Ich bin der Vater meiner
I Am the Father of My	Mutter und meines Vaters.
Grandfather and of My	Ich bin der Vater meines
Great-grandfather.	Ahns und meines Urahns.
I Am the Father of My	Ich bin der Vater meines
Brother and of My Sister.	Bruders und meiner
I Am the Father of My	Schwester.
Grandchild and of My	Ich bin der Vater meines
Great-grandchild.	Enkels und meines
	Urenkels.
I Am the Father of the Sky	Ich bin der Vater des
Above Your Head and of	Himmels über meinem
the Earth Beneath Your	Haupte und der Erde unter
Feet.	meinen Füßen.
I Am the Father of the Light-	Ich bin der Vater des Blitzes
ning that Springs from the	aus meinen Wolken und
Clouds and of the Rainbow	des Regenbogens über
Above the Houses.	euren Dächern.
I Am the Father of the Birds	Ich bin der Vater des Vogels
Flying Through the Trees	auf meiner Schulter und
and of the Beasts Running	des Viehs, gelehnt an
Through the Woods.	meinen Schenkel.
I Am the Father of the	Ich bin der Vater der Blüten
Mountains Towering to the	vor meinen Augen und der

Sky and of the Flowers	Worte gesprochen zu
Blooming in the Meadow.	meinen Ohren.
I Am the Father of Your	Ich bin der Vater deiner
Tongues and of your Eyes,	Ohren selber und des
of Your Breasts and of	Mundes entsprungen aus
Your Ankles.	meinem Worte.
I Am the Father of the Dust	Ich bin der Vater deines
from Which You Come	Aufbruchs vom Staube und
and of the Silence into	des Schweigens, rauchend
Which You Sink.	über eure Öde.

That is what I heard. I heard "I." I did not hear "He" or "Thou," I heard "I." There is a deep meaning in this. "He" would have been wrong; it would have pushed responsibility upon the cosmic God. "Thou" would have been wrong, it would have pushed responsibility upon Christ. It's "I." It's *my* responsibility.

And I wrote and wrote and wrote that morning, until I fell exhausted upon the floor. For weeks and months no one knew about the words I had written on that wall. And I did not think that they were *my* words. I felt they passed through me and that just as through me, they pass through every man with some modifications here and there, perhaps. But, in principle, those words and that experience I share with all.

Those words were then collected, put into manuscript form, and published as *Das Testament des Vaters*, in the USA translated into English and published under the title *The Words of the Father, The Psychodrama of God*. The book was published anonymously. It was anonymous as a matter of principle because I felt I would have to put on the cover the names of all the people in the world, and of the people who have passed away and all those yet to be born. It was a matter of principle

because these were not my words and therefore this was not my book.

And these words and this experience I want to share with all.

Part II. A Note on My Religious Autobiography

I

I have been asked frequently whether I have been guided by any model in the development of my religious thought and conduct. In my formative years I have been exposed and susceptible to many outstanding examples of behavior. The first religious book which impressed me was the Genesis of the Old Testament. The legendary and historical figure of Moses made a lasting impression. I was then about four to five years old. In later years many of my friends thought it was Jesus rather than Moses when they saw me walking through the gardens of Vienna with a blond beard, surrounded by children, listening to the song of birds and weaving tales, sitting on a low branch of the trees. Christ was more than a prophet and messiah, he was the Son of God. But when I left the home of my parents and lived like a beggar, trying to help the poor and to help the handicapped, I was acclaimed a new Francis of Assisi, a mystic like Master Eckhart, a prophet like Mohammed, a contemporary of Jesus like John the Baptist, St. Paul and St. Peter, and last not least, Socrates. In later years the founder of Chassidism, Baal Shem, was considered my most plausible model. All these comparisons and analyses are related to the most impressionable years of my life, between 1895 and 1920. Around 1920 the period of total religious involvement came to an end. After 1920 I started increasingly to become a different person.

I agree with my many interpreters that during the first

few decades of my life I was an interesting phenomenon, interesting even to myself, looking back at the riddle, trying to decipher it. I do not think, however, that any of my interpreters are accurate in assessing my motivations. If I should have died when I was about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, no one would have known of the religious Moreno. All my interpreters do not follow the simple path which my life had, and which terminated with my book on God, *Das Testament des Vaters*, in 1920, proclaiming myself as the Creator of the universe. However paradoxical and absurd it may sound today, there was not a single prophet or religious founder who preceded me who was my model. From my earliest years on I had only one impulse, not to be a Moses or a Christ, a mystic or a philosopher, a prophet or messiah, but *to be God, the Father himself*. I did everything a man could do to explain this to the world and if I failed to become what I proclaimed, that does not discredit my search for my truth. God, the Father, the substance of the universe, the essence of life, is the only thing that matters as a religious credo. I never deviated from this path; when I was a little boy, trying to play God, God was my model. But as there was no one who had ever been God, I had to create the image myself. How to embody God, to give him a tangible reality was my question and still is.

II

Because of the uniqueness of this experience, I tried to formulate an accurate account of the events in my early years. In various places the year of my birth is given as the 20th of May, 1892. I had no birth certificate, but it is possible that I was born in 1889 or 1890, comparing my age with that of my next following sibling, my sister Victoria. The name of my father was Moreno Nissim Levy. I carried my first name as

Jacques or Jacob, completely written out Jacob Moreno Levy, later shortened to J. L. Moreno, in the U.S.A. This was the name by which I became known.

The two earliest events in my life which relate to my God consciousness took place when I was between four and five years of age, around 1895. I was attending a Bible school for Sephardic Jews. It was then I was taught Hebrew and when I read for the first time the book of Genesis, the first part of the Hebrew testament. I just see before me the words "Bereshit Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echod." The teacher was an old rabbi, his name was Begireanu, with a long white beard as was the custom. The second event was playing God one afternoon, when children of the neighborhood gathered in the basement of our house. I proclaimed to the children that I am God in heaven and they are my angels. A heaven was built then in several levels to visualize heaven, and on top there was the throne of God, where I sat. The angels were dancing and flying. One of the angels challenged me to fly like them. I raised my arms, winged through space, fell, and broke my right arm. This story is of great importance to my recollection and I tried, the best I could, to authenticate it. My most important witness was, of course, my mother who came rapidly to help in the treatment of my ailing arm. My mother repeatedly stated that this is a true story. Many of my uncles and aunts and some of my cousins who were among the children maintained the truth of the event up to their old age. Whatever I may have done in the course of years to elaborate and fantasize on the story, the kernel of the story is undoubtedly true. My mother frequently referred to this child's play up to the last two years of her life. For me it is like the original impulse from which everything which occurred later emanated and to which everything seemed to return. I recall that I was brought to a gypsy healer to treat

the broken arm and the great effect it had upon myself, my belief that I am a special case, that I am God and that God permitted me to play God and also that the one who plays God is punished for his daring. It was as if I had become a "fallen" God. The experience has never left me and has saved my life up to now. One can easily figure it as a neurosis or childish imagination or as an absurdity, a foolhardy, insane fantasy, but I took it seriously. Therefore, the next twenty years of my life were shaped by it.

One may wonder what motivations, what reasons I had to maintain such a fantastic dream of achievement. I believe that it has a great deal to do with the status of religious achievement when I was born. Moses was the great legislator for the Commandments. Isaiah was a great prophet in Israel. John the Baptist was the great seer of the coming of Christianity. Then came Christ, the Messiah, the Son of God. Next to him was John the Evangelist, Peter the Founder of the Church, Paul the Apostle of the Romans, the great mystics and saints throughout the ages, up to our time, as Master Eckhart, Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, John Calvin, Johannes Hus; in the Jewish line of religious achievement Sabbatai Zvi and finally Baal Shem, the founder of Chassidism.

My effort was to transcend and supersede all these achievements. After the Son of God had descended from heaven and saved the world there was nothing more, no other great achievement than to be God the Father himself. Throughout my life I tried to portray in concept and action this idea.

The great difficulty in establishing the visible reality of God, comparable with the previous efforts of the prophets and messiahs, was the impossibility of acting out a tangible image of God. Moses, John the Baptist, Francis of Assisi, Baal Shem, even Christ the Messiah had a body formed after the likeness

of man. But God the Father had not any semblance of similarity, except for the fact of subjectivity and creativity which they shared. I tried frequently to extend my feeling and thoughts to include every imaginable form of existence and to extinguish myself from being, so that God the Father could take the place of my mortal substance.

The next step after the God-playing in the house near the river Danube took place between 1907 and 1910 in the gardens of Vienna. The most characteristic aspect of this period was its anonymity, my insistence that no report be made of it. It should remain in the silent sharing of my companions who founded with me the "Religion of the Encounter." Up to that time nothing was written and nothing was planned to be communicated to the world as to our existence.

In the group there was I, myself, the man playing God or God playing man, who came from Bucarest to Vienna. Chaim Kellmer, chassid from Czernowitz, Bukowina, doctor of philosophy which he gave up to work the land, a warm, human man with a cherubic face. Chaim Kellmer starved himself, while ailing from TB, volunteered as a soldier in the First World War, died in the war, trying to cure the world. Jan Feda from Prague, friend of Thomas Masaryk, overcoming Kant and Hegel, friend of Bezruc. Tall, thin, ascetic, the flower of Czechoslovak youth. Hans Brauchbar, Viennese, doctor of medicine, later moved to Russia, disappeared. Andreas Pétö; he belongs to the second circle, a doctor of medicine, a sensuous and polygamous man. He came from Budapest and returned there, took care of motorically handicapped children.

We all wore beards, we never stood still, walked, walked, stopped everyone we encountered along the way, shook hands and talked to them. We were all poor but we shared whatever we had, our poverty.

All those involved in this died during the First World War. I remained alone to carry on.

The third step was the period of my *religious* writings, reporting the miracle of my life which lasted from 1911 to 1924. It was initiated by the following pronouncement: "Das heilige Feuer das diese Schrift atmet ist die Einladung zu einer Begegnung."¹ Translated from the German into English: "The sacred calling which these words inspire is the invitation to an Encounter—an Encounter in actuality, face to face, not on paper—in your house or on the street—wherever you are."

More important than science is its result,
One answer provokes a hundred questions.

More important than poetry is its result,
one poem invokes a hundred heroic acts.

More important than recognition is its result,
the result is pain and guilt.

More important than procreation is the child.
More important than evolution of creation is the
evolution of the creator.

In the place of the imperative steps the emperor.
In the place of the creative steps the creator.
A meeting of two: eye to eye, face to face.
And when you are near I will tear your eyes out
and place them instead of mine,
and you will tear my eyes out
and will place them instead of yours;
then I will look at you with your eyes,
and you will look at me with mine.

¹ *Einladung zu einer Begegnung*, Vienna, 1914.

This period was climaxed by *Das Testament des Vaters* which appeared in 1920. It was appropriately an anonymous book as it carried the words of God himself. With this book and with simultaneous dialogues and speeches, my religious existence came to an end in 1924.

I was apparently the first man in recorded history to announce the Father-God and his rule and that he spoke directly to us. There is no evidence for it but I have a hunch that long before our time, long before the man-related God, there was someone who envisioned the Father-God and that traces of him were lost and forgotten. Here he is again, to stay. God may take many forms, personified in many cults, but the essence will always be the same.

Underlying all formulations of God experience is, of course, the one concept which gives meaning to all and to all forms of life and at any moment in all situations. The Cosmic God, the Thou-God, the I-God, and any other nomination, they are all part and parcel of the Father-God with whom they rise and with whom they fall. The Father-God is the one in which all the universe is embedded and which stands for everything in life and death. He does not need a religion or followers, he just *is*. In accord with this, all prophets, seers, saints, including Jesus and Buddha and Lao-tse, are false pretenders and obfuscators of what we all have in common. When Buddha is unhappy with the misfortunes of his life and how the world is run, for that he has to blame himself. He should not blame Brahma as the cause. When Jesus walks through Palestine and tries to give solace to the poor and ailing or when he enters the temple and throws out the money-lender, that is the way he views the world. But when he blames Jehovah for his crucifixion: "Eli, Eli, Lama Sahaftani?" that is not up to him to say. And when Mohammed proclaims: "Allah, Allah, Ibn Allah," that is fair; but when he adds:

"And I [Mohammed] am his prophet," that is a distortion of truth.

And so it goes for many others who have overstated themselves and ruled themselves out thereby. Do not blame God for your evil, blame yourself. Everyone could undertake to pronounce the Father-God because he is in all of us. He does not need an ambassador.

Therefore, my pronouncing him and formulating him in a humble way in *The Words of the Father* is in no way absurd or provocative. On the contrary, it is just a natural expression of the highest form of reality. Absurd is only my intervention in it. *The Words of the Father* does not make a fool out of God, it makes a fool out of me. Who am I to dare to incarnate and portray him? *That* is absurd and insane. May I be forgiven for this crime.

The following writers have been influential, positively or negatively, in shaping my own formulations:

III

Bergson-Peirce. Bergson's and Charles Saunders Peirce's discussion of spontaneity was a step forward, but it was abstract and metaphysical; they failed to reach the level of concretization. In the form of spontaneity training which I introduced, the practice of spontaneity was indispensable for the refinement of its theory.

Buber. My relationship to Buber involved the concept of the encounter and the consequences of its concretization in the process of I and Thou² first elaborated by me in 1914 and later in my Dialogues in the *Daimon Magazine*, 1918-1919. Paul Johnson has pointed out these facts in his insightful *Psychology of Religion* in a section called "Buber and

² See Martin Buber, *Ich und Du* [I and Thou], Insel Verlag, 1924.

Moreno." However, I had no direct contact with Buber until 1918 when he became a Contributing Editor to the *Daimon Magazine*, the leading existentialist and expressionist magazine of that period. Buber has rendered a great service by promoting the concept of the encounter and I and Thou. But he did not become a chassid. Chassidism is meaningful only if you become a chassid, act like a chassid, and live like a chassid, even if you do not know anything about Baal Shem or Buber.

Freud. Freud considered himself an atheist in his book *The Future of an Illusion* (1927). He defined religion, as the title indicates, as an illusion, as an evasion from the reality principle. He describes it as a vague "oceanic feeling." In contrast, my work is of a religious nature from early youth on.

New Waves of Christianity, Kierkegaard. A more substantial figure, although he did not live in the twentieth century but in the middle of the nineteenth, was Søren Kierkegaard. His influence had made itself felt particularly between 1900 and 1920 in the Germanic countries. His emphasis was upon concretization, but his concretization was limited to a single individual, to himself. He was not able to establish a genuine transaction. He had the "I," he did not have the "Thou" when his engagement to his bride was broken off and the marriage never consummated.

The relationship between I and Thou in the form of the encounter is the burning issue in our time. The central concept of existentialism is reduced to abstract philosophic meaning largely through the writings of Husserl and Sartre. In our time the concept of the encounter has been enlarged to include the emotional, social, and cultural emphases and has attained a popular vogue, especially in the U.S.A. where it is spreading. Encounter has reached the sociometric level, the sociology of

the people, by the people, and for the people. It is no longer a matter for philosophers, priests, physicians, scientists, but a matter of the people.

IV

The next step started in 1925 with my moving from Europe to the United States of America, establishing myself with a secular name, J. L. Moreno, and becoming a philosopher and a scientist, trying to continue through group psychotherapy, psychodrama, sociometry, and encounter groups—that to which I had dedicated my previous, religious life. I coined the terms group therapy, group psychotherapy, encounter groups, and psychodrama, and defined sociometry as "the science of measuring interpersonal relations." My journal, *Sociometry*, became an official journal of the American Sociological Association, 1955. Group psychotherapy and psychodrama are spreading throughout the world via international congresses.

V

The image of God could have taken a musical form, a symphony à la Beethoven or an opera à la Wagner, in stone à la Rodin or Michelangelo, in paint, colors, or other materials of various origin as da Vinci or Picasso, or many of the great visionaries. But all that would not have been enough. *The people needed a living father, encounterable, present, not manufactured or canonized.* My inspiration is closer to such men who aspired to less than I did, like Moses, who brought the Commandments to the people, or Christ, who accomplished a divine concretization in the form of man of his time. But I am profoundly aware of having hardly touched on the Father-God concretely. I have remained amorphous as a living God. I do not want to diminish and to belittle the efforts which I made during the plastic years of my adolescence when I al-

most lost my life, almost evaporated into the beyond, not through sickness but through health. But I have failed so utterly in turning the moment in the world's needs. The hope is gone from the faces of men. Our youth is bewildered. Many children are stopped from being born because of the worthlessness of birth and life. It is in the last calamities that my failure comes through. I must admit humbly that my megalomania is shattered. Nothing is left but the crown and the throne. The body is dead.

My failure to become concrete has not been without awards and limited success. All my scientific attempts in the field of psychotherapy had strong religious undercurrents. In order to make the news of my discoveries known and to demonstrate the benefits which people could derive from them, I made trips around the world. On these trips I found in my wife, Zerka, a partner difficult to surpass. Every group and psychodrama session was a living encounter. People came with their problems to meet us. It would be difficult to enumerate all the places we visited, from Arkansas to California, from San Francisco to Montreal, from Paris to London, Munich, Vienna, Frankfurt, Bonn, Heidelberg, Cologne, Prague, Warsaw, Budapest, Oslo, Moscow, Belgrade, Rome, Athens, Constantinople, Barcelona, Jerusalem, finally the Pavlov and Bechterev Institutes in Leningrad—to mention but a few. They heralded the dawn of a new therapeutic religion which is gradually spreading the news of the new cosmic man and fighting the anti-man. However, all these accomplishments and advances did not deceive me as to the failure of the concreteness of establishing the Father-God for all people as a uniting bond between them. Mainly, therefore, the world is divided, fragmented, hopelessly wandering into the darkness of an uncertain future.

VI

Summing up:

How to Concretize the Image of the God-Father. One way of spreading yourself out if you have just a little body like a man is to be the entire universe, to expand, having more brains, more eyes, more ears, more arms, more legs, more lungs, more heart. Another way is to take in everything which is already in the universe, all the people, and to bring them together, unifying what is apart, man and man, man and animal, man and plant, man and planets and stars, integration of the world. Another way is to hold the future of the universe within the bonds of your power, before the things separate themselves from you and develop apart from you. The robot, for instance, is developing apart from man, building a future world for himself. Is it still possible to hold back the ramifications of his growth, to bring him back under man's control, or is it too late? The God-Father is irresistible, he has an irresistible drive to include everything into one. It is, therefore, difficult to mold the God-Father unless he arouses the cooperation of every other part of existence, to help him, developing the capacity to hear everything which happens all over the world, to see everything, to feel everything, to share with everybody pain and joy, hope and the excitement of living, to become more and more all-sharing, all-creating, all-involving. Then they will see you everywhere and recognize you, that you are not only one man or another man, but the God-Father himself. In our time God should not be only in one church or another, but in every medium which connects people with one another, on every TV screen, on every ship, in every plane, in every dream. If he is not, he should be. He should be made to be. The end of the world may come, but not the end of the God-Father as long as there are things to create.