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In the 7 years which have passed since I wrote this manuscript I look at this problem from a different perspective. I have with enormous effort and cost repositioned the stones in Berlin. The light of the sun will draw a circle between the five stones instead of a five pointed star. This is a great improvement to the Project. A circle is much more adequate to symbolize a united mankind. Since my first attempt to find a place for the stone of HOPE in Cape Town, I have learnt that the Global Stone Project is not a determined construction; it is rather a project in progress. Facing reality, people involved will add important details which finally make the Global Stone Project a product of global team work. I am proud for having learnt that lesson and grateful to the people in South Africa.

Note : Written before I left Cape Town

I have finally made it.

The eight thousand miles from Cape Town to Gran Canaria was the last and the longest link on my journey, sailing around the world. More than 250 thousand miles and fifty years lie behind me. I was 20 when I first sailed out on the river Rhine in Colon, Germany, in my self-made catamaran, to journey around the world. It was a promise made to me while reading in Bernard Moitessier's famous book, "Journal de Bord", that the fastest way to yourself is through sailing around the world. He gave away his victory and decided to sail back to a beautiful island in the Pacific. I kept my goal in mind, despite all storms and obstacles. Being fifty years on the journey, it has taken me a little bit longer than planned. On my long journey I have weathered some storms at sea, even more I struggled on the awkward path to finding myself.

In Florida, a friend beached my catamaran, and in his back yard I built a trimaran that I later capsized in the middle of Atlantic. For sixteen days I sat in a one-man life-raft in cold water up to my chest. I suffered a Near Death Experience (NDE) due to hypothermia, passed through The Tunnel, saw my body from outside and survived by drinking salt water and eating raw fish, unfortunately not knowing it was a delicacy.

Six years ago I set sail again to complete my circumnavigation. I saw the dying reefs in the Caribbean, the diminished rainforests and the millions of people living in slums in Venezuela, one of the richest countries of world. The catastrophic changes in world conditions after one generation were just too much to see and pass by.

In 1998 in Venezuela I began to collect my first two stones for a project which would allow me to deal with the problems of our time and share my experiences with other people, with the hope of changing the downward path by finding a new perspective.

The Global Stone Project consists of ten stones collected from five continents. Three continents lie behind me and each of them has its own specific problems. Looking back on Africa, I experienced things that had been unimaginable to me. With my arrival in Africa, all started smoothly. Helped by the German Embassy and the Department of Mining and Energy I made contact with Kelgran Granite. A meeting was scheduled with the Managing Director, Mr. Rob Brown. To spend the intervening time, I went to the internet café nearby the hotel with my companion. On the way back, in the early afternoon on a busy street in the center of

Johannesburg, a hand slammed brutally into my face from behind, covering mouth and nose. With eight men on top of two of us, there was no chance to fight. Struggling for air, a thousand thoughts flew through my mind. I remembered Dr. Kyriacos C. Markides had written in his book, "The Magnus of Strovolos", about a spiritual healer from Cyprus. In a life-threatening situation just draw a pentagram in your imagination on your mental screen, and put yourself in the center of it. On the point of passing out, I saw dots of light flying towards me, forming a five-pointed star. My predators' grips loosened and I heard my companion screaming, as she ran from the racing gang, who tore her bag with money and passport from her neck. People on the street gazed in fear and shame at us, but nobody lifted a hand to help. Blood ran from the neck of my companion. Scars will stay there forever as trophy of life balanced between victory and defeat. Hours later, policemen as black as the attackers came to visit us in our hotel to make an interrogation and to awkwardly write a report.

Maybe one has to experience life-threatening brutality and ever-present anxiety to the extent we did, to develop a deeper understanding of this continent and the people it contains.

A few months later, when I met Nobel laureate Archbishop Desmond Tutu, we spoke about the problems and the image of this young state which has developed since its recent transformation. On one side it glows with tolerance, forgiveness and reconciliation; on the other side, its image is damaged by high crime rates, brutality, rape and corruption. I should not have mentioned this last, for Reverend Tutu immediately pointed his finger at Helmut Kohl, who also is involved in corrupt affairs. "He is not a good example for us. Even so, you people have 2000 years of cultural runoff while we have just started a new culture," he said.

In my project for dealing with global awareness and conflict management, I would like to open a window on the phenomena of crime, brutality and fear which we experience in this country as nowhere else in our travels around the world. To explain this form of behavior on the basis of race, culture, religion or even as a result of poverty would be just too simple. In an environment where lions, tigers, snakes, powerful elephants, furious hippopotamuses, isolation and decadence threaten man, human beings have developed similar behavior in order to survive.

The latest archeological findings provide evidence that mankind started its long journey into a brutal world to become human 250 thousand years ago, out of the southern tip of Africa.

It is obvious that man, in a brutal environment, has developed similar behavior in order to survive. If this was the cradle of man then we all carry in us the behavior and survival mechanisms first developed there, maybe even genetically encoded. The Holocaust and the pressing of the red knob by a pilot to eliminate 250 thousand people – as happened over Hiroshima 60 years ago – provide sufficient examples. Brutality motivated by religion or fanaticism of some kind has characterized man through all his history up to now.

Supposing man deep inside his heart has a conscience inherited from his spiritual roots, which balances our survival instincts. This might involve an ethical parameter, self-control and the ability to evaluate potential actions with a moral quality-control apparatus, all also the result of evolution. It is obvious there is a wide range in the standards achieved individually as well as collectively.

On our way to become human in God's image, we achieved dominance over the world, and we have developed self-consciousness and intelligence. We endanger our environment, have

become our own biggest enemy and have lost God from our sight. Only hope can give us the courage to keep on going to perhaps finally find Him in ourselves.

The question, why do we still treat each other in this brutal way, worse than beasts, will lead us to contemplate the mechanism of evolution, to the law of cause and effect, to forgiveness, unconditional love and inner freedom which allow us to be tolerant, respect all forms of life and finally allow us to live peacefully despite the great diversity among all of us.

Meeting this wise, big-hearted and humorous man, was to me one of the most valuable experiences of my life. He gave me courage to continue my project despite all difficulties and obstacles, to finally complete it. A few days after our meeting, which I recorded for my documentary film, his secretary, Ms. Lavinia, sent me a strong letter of support.

More or less at the same time I met with Nobel Laureate and former president of South Africa, F.W. de Klerk, whose vision and courage made transformation possible. With him also I spoke about the problems and future of this beautiful country, from a different perspective. What worries him most is the increasing crime and brutality, the growing impoverished townships, the slums and AIDS. Among the black community the high expectations, enthusiasm and hope after the transformation is fading, replaced by disappointment and increasing anger.

The people of South Africa and maybe also the rest of the world had expected miracles from Nelson Mandela and the transformation from Apartheid to a society with equal rights, not realizing that the peaceful hand-over of power from the white minority to the black majority was already more than a miracle. Equal rights demand that people also shoulder equal duties. It will take a long process to find a balance, as differences on all levels are still very high. F.W. de Klerk shares the Noble Prize with Nelson Mandela. He will support my project and promises to come to inaugurate the Stone of Hope and he said he will try to bring Nelson Mandela along.

His determination and the patience necessary to survive almost 30 years in prison and finally achieve his goal cause him to have my full respect and sympathy.

However, to give up power, to fight terror in the black and white community simultaneously, and to be confronted with suspicion from both of them, to be labeled a loser, requires one to be a visionary with indestructible confidence in God, and therefore F.W. de Klerk has my special admiration.

My aim is to get these 3 heroes of humanity together one more time, and ask them to set the Stone of Hope in South Africa as a signal for all people who are struggling for equal rights for gender, beliefs or whatever cause they might have.

After the dreadful attack in Johannesburg, the months spent living in the quarry, working with the huge stone, were hard and joyful at the same time. It was comforting to know we are under the vigilant gaze of the security guards day and night. Getting up with the sun, working in the shade, forming and finishing the stone, enjoying the progress and diving tired and happy into a natural pond filled with pure rain water to wash off the granite dust ... that was my round of days. We were all alarmed one morning as a huge Caterpillar Excavator had disappeared during the night, and we were back to reality, cleansed of illusion, and we had to accept the fact that security is relative. Despite all these experiences, it was beyond my imagination that we could be robbed again a year later, while we slept in our yacht at the

Royal Cape Yacht Club, in the dry dock, under the control of video cameras and security personnel.

After a rough trip with strong winds against the Agulhas current we were curious what Cape Town one of the most beautiful towns in the world had to offer. I did not have any specific expectations; I was just curious and open for everything while searching for a suitable location to place the Stone of Hope.

In Cape Town in search for ten square meters to place the Stone of Hope.

We received a friendly welcome at the Royal Cape Yacht Club, the most active sailing club we have encountered on our trip around the world. Then we set out to explore the town for a suitable place to install the African stone. At the civic center we asked to meet Mr. Gerald Morkel, who was mayor of Cape Town at the time. Still inexperienced in the jungle of Cape Town's bureaucracy, I thought I misunderstood when Ms. Audrey, his secretary, gave us an appointment for a day about 2 months later. I explained to her that we were sailing around the world, depend on the prevailing winds, and must be at sea by the time. Besides that, our objective was only to give away a piece of sculpture in a worldwide project for awareness and peace. I handed over an application with the project's description, pictures and press information. This was the first of about thirty documentation files that we handed out in the next 18 months to come. Repeatedly, I called Ms. Audrey to ask her to sneak me in whenever a slot opened up in the calendar because somebody had cancelled a meeting with the mayor. Over time I came to understand that civil servants in Cape Town demonstrate their importance by the lengths of their appointment calendars. Luckily, we managed to speak with the mayor and the Head of Environmental Planning, Mr. Clive James, after about three weeks. It was he, who recommended a new school complex in one of the townships at the Cape Flats as a good spot to place the stone. This was not an adequate place in respect to the placements of the other global stones, especially with the high prestigious place in Berlin. It Rather was a place of banning.

A few days later, we met Ms. Sandra Hustwick, who was then the person handling the Global Stone Project. On this, the very first of many meetings, I explained the project and the function of sunlight, which links the five continents with Berlin on the 21st of June. I also told her that in Berlin on this very day light, by reflection, makes five invisible straight lines between the continental stones and thus forms a five-pointed star. This form is called a pentagram in Greek, and has always been known as a symbol of mankind, as is seen in the famous drawing by Leonardo da Vinci of a man standing with legs apart and arms extended. She asked me why the project does not have six pairs of stones, since the world has 6 continents. I asked her where the sixth continent was? "In the Antarctic," she answered. "Oh, that would really be something special, to bring a block of ice to Berlin with a few penguins on top," I suggested humorously. She looked disturbed and showed no appreciation of my joke. I realized that she has not understood the function of sunlight in this project, nor had she understood the philosophy behind the project. I tried to explain it all again, and argued that, on the 21st of June, the Antarctic is shrouded in permanent darkness and light cannot be reflected back from it. Also, one pair of stones cost about US \$100 thousand, and my stressed budget had no reserves. Furthermore, each continent's stones require about two years of work. She was always friendly but I sensed her unease. The pentagram obviously made her uncomfortable. Finally, she stated that the pentagram is the symbol of Satan. I was absolutely perplexed. I know this symbol from my childhood, when it was painted above the doors of houses and stables to protect humans and animals from evil, on the sixth of January, the day of the three Holy Kings. Apart from that, I associated the five-pointed star with Christ,

Nettenheim, Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe's Faust. During the following year, I collected everything I could find related to this symbol, which has accompanied man throughout history for thousands of years. The five-pointed star, which symbolizes the human being, has been accepted in many cultures as positive. On the other hand, when it is been inverted, with the head down, it has been misused in magic rituals. In the Cape region, the symbol is used by the Satanic Church. I learned from Ms. Hustwick that disgusting rituals and criminal acts perpetrated by this group are dealt with by a special division of the police.

In my opinion, this problem should be dealt with publicly, and the stone would have been a good occasion to do so. It is not the symbol itself that is criminal, but rather the people abusing it by performing criminal acts and representing themselves by the symbol.

In the following year we had a few more meetings and a lot of interactions by telephone, mostly with her answering machine. In Cape Town it seems to be a rule with very few exception to not return calls.

I got the impression Ms. Hustwick just wanted to solve the problem by wearing down my patience. On one occasion she gave me a hand-written notice with a few addresses of religious groups that had to be consulted.

First I went to the Anglican Church and spoke with the bishop's secretary, who surprisingly had mastered German very well, with an Austrian accent. I explained the project and the problem and handed him a complete file, and asked for an appointment with the bishop. A few days later, the friendly secretary informed us that an appointment was not possible but the church in general had nothing against the project. I asked for a written statement but that was refused because it would require an official letter from the Civic Centre. I had the feeling that the whole matter made the bishop's secretary uncomfortable.

In the Jewish community, the project was handled in a similar fashion, and the Rabbi did not grant me a personal meeting. The same thing happened with Mr. David Hart from the National Heritage. We were able to speak with Ms. Anusuya Chinsamy-Turan, the head of the Museum Board without any problem or delay. She welcomed the idea enthusiastically and a few days later gave us a letter of support signed by the full Board of the Museum. They recommended the Company's Garden, which is considered the cultural center of the history white South Africa as a good place for the stone of hope. Ms. Pippa Skotnes, professor of Fine Arts at the Michaelis School in Cape Town, expressed her support in a letter. We collected a lot of letters of support and spoke with everybody in town who would possibly be involved in decision making at the final meeting of the executive committee headed by the mayor.

The time to set sail with the prevailing wind had expired. Week after week, Ms. Hustwick had urgent work to do that delayed the preparation of her report on the project. Ms. Lavinia, the secretary to Archbishop Desmond Tutu, told us that she has received a call from Ms. Hustwick in which she angrily complained about the strong letter of support the bishop had given to us. She accused me of lying to him about the function of the pentagram as part of the project. She was upset when she heard that the bishop and I had openly discussed this problem. The incident showed me that she was pulling strings behind the scenes to try to avoid having the Stone of Hope set in Cape Town.

I can understand it when people are suspicious of my project. For many it is hard to imagine and not easy to accept that one single person is undertaking such a huge worldwide project,

self-funded, without hope of profit and willing to work for many years without personal benefit. For people like Ms. Hustwick, who may see the world from a superior religious perspective, it must seem more likely that behind me and the project would be an anonymous organization or even the devil himself.

Certainly, it cannot be expected that everybody working in the governmental administration of Cape Town will understand the GSP from an artistic point of view or grasp the complicated physics behind it, or even accept the philosophy underlying it, but I expected a little more tolerance in a democratic country, in a town that calls itself a world city. My experience in Cape Town showed me again how limiting enormous power can be, and the power that civil servants have.

Of course, only I know for sure that I am the only person undertaking this project. The sponsors I have found along the way and others who have helped me do not know one another. I do not belong to any organization or sect, and only I am responsible for the project.

After six months, Ms. Hustwick finally had the project report prepared for the executive committee. She told me: "I am sure the Committee will never approve the Project as long as it is related to a pentagram." The date for the meeting was set and the mayor allowed me to participate so I could explain the project to the members, answer their questions and convey my intentions.

Two days before the meeting, it was canceled. Mr. Morkel had to face defeat in a power struggle between the parties in the Cape Province and had to leave office.

With the new mayor, Ms. Nomaindia Mfeketo, a new set of civil servants took position and the whole procedure started again from zero: the filing of applications, handing over of the project files, waiting endlessly for appointments, finding support and avoiding landmines, knowing that Ms. Hustwick was still active in the background. The new person in charge, Ms. Yasmine Colley, was open to the project, was trying hard to find a place for the stone in town, and set about getting things organized. Visiting the parliament, I was told that since the transition it was legal to use ten different languages used by different ethnic groups. I thought it would be a good idea to inscribe the word "Hope" in all of them on the stone that remains in the country as a gift. Together with my companion, I drove more than a thousand kilometers to the quarry northwest of Pretoria and worked for a few weeks to modify the stone. Back in Cape Town, things were slowly advancing so I decided to leave in early May at the latest to avoid another winter at the Cape of Storms. When I left, everything was well prepared. I really thought that the stone has found its place on Hertzog Boulevard, and it was just a matter of convenience for the member of the committee to get together and make the final decision. My friend, Bartholomeus Grill, Correspondent from "Die Zeit", was kindly willing to follow up on the project during my absence. If I had known that the meeting would happen just shortly after my departure (as it did) I would have delayed leaving. On the actual day of the committee meeting, he was out of the country and nobody was there to defend my interests. The project was turned down, and I still have not received – even now -- an official notice with an explanation. A protocol of the meeting, which reached me indirectly, shows that Ms. Hustwick either did not understand the concept of the project or did not want to understand it, because her interpretation that I want to interconnect the whole world with the pentagram is simply wrong. She neither included any of the materials about the history of the symbol I passed on to her, nor did she mention any of the supporting letters from institutions and well-known people in Cape Town.

In a continent where Voodoo and black magic are in common practice, people are burdened by irrational fears, which limit their personal freedom. Cape Townians may be not aware of it, but they have lived for centuries safe and without major catastrophes under the symbol of the pentagram. Europeans coming in the old days to South Africa formed the fortress in Cape Town in the shape of a five-pointed star, on the strength of their strong religious faith.

A public discussion in the Cape about the pentagram might eliminate the power of the satanic church has over people like Ms. Hustwick and others.

I have to ask myself whether the committee's rejection is in fact a personal defeat or a defeat for the project. It could actually be the beginning of a process of awareness for all involved, which could lead to inner freedom.

The Global Stone Project began with the simple intention, to use boulders in an artistic way to raise awareness of the problems and conflicts in this world, with the goal of finding new ways to reach a more peaceful future. The project is a continuously evolving process and not the projection of a ready-made plan. My ideas, those of other people, the conflicts and experiences with the people involved merge to a process evolving.

In any case, I will return to that beautiful city I got to know, with its lovely and extraordinary people who made me feel at home. As a person who considers himself a citizen of the world, I will forever associate Cape Town with the feeling of home. I still believe the Cape of Good Hope is the best place for the Stone of Hope.

*Royal Cape Yacht Club
Cape Town
South Africa*

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