

consciousness is an essential priority for a healthy human society. There will be markets, which are wonderful mechanisms for organizing many — but not all — human activities, as long as we remember that markets are composed of people who live together on one planet and need to care about one another's welfare. As in any aspect of public life, markets need rules to assure fair dealing and protect community interests from the behavior of people who lack the maturity to act responsibly. Firms can compete to offer the best-quality products or the best customer service, but they wouldn't be focused on trying to destroy other firms to create a monopoly. Take Judy Wicks's White Dog Cafe in Philadelphia, for example. She started working with local farmers and featuring local foods both to support the local economy and to give herself a competitive advantage. Then she realized that if she's really serious about rebuilding agriculture in her area, she should encourage other restaurants to do what she was doing. So she reached out to them. This is a completely different perspective than the cowboy capitalism where you destroy your competition and put your restaurant on every street corner in an effort to become a monopoly.

Cooper: You're trying to convince the elderly to take an active role in building a global community. A few years ago you turned sixty-five yourself. What was that like?

Korten: I wasn't very excited about it at first. [Laughter.] But my wife and the staff of *YES!* organized a party, part of which was a simple Native American ceremony of initiation into elderhood. It involved some discussion of what it means to become an elder of the tribe and how the years ahead would be a time of significant responsibility and contribution. It totally turned my head around on the meaning of turning sixty-five. I'd been thinking about getting my will in order and preparing to move out of my role as board chair of *YES!* [Laughter.] But after the ceremony I dug into writing *The Great Turning* and embarked on the most intensive speaking tour of my life. I'm still adjusting to being an elder; it's a different kind of role, but it's a terribly important one, and I have a lot of work left to do. I didn't bat an eye at turning seventy and figure I have at least another ten — and possibly twenty — productive years ahead.

We need to change the story on aging. As the baby boomers move into their elder years, I want them to recognize that they have a great responsibility not to go away, but to make use of their experience, financial independence, and discretionary time to advance the Great Turning. Our mission at *YES!* magazine — which I continue to chair — is to tell the stories of the people and organizations doing this. It's a whole lot more fun than sitting around waiting for the Grim Reaper. There are enormous opportunities out there for everyone to engage in this work.

One thing I've realized is that, as we move into our elder years, our culture tells us that we're supposed to go away. This supports the cause of Empire, because elderly people are most likely to have arrived at the higher levels of consciousness and to be relatively immune to manipulation by the propaganda machine. Empire doesn't want awakened elders out in public talking to people still living in the cultural trance. ■

Looking For Work

ALISON LUTERMAN

Consider the pigeons of the city,
how in their filthy swoop and dive they fatten
on dusty Dorito crumbs;
consider their evolution
through generations of squawk and squalor,
peck and fight. (And what did it take for that one,
strutting his kingly amethyst ruff,
his neck sheen of subdued emerald,
his fat gray feathers of survival,
to survive here?)

Consider the homeless man outside Albertson's,
approaching every car with his rags and Windex,
whose far-distant ancestor
was able to track and kill
the wildebeest, the antelope, and the cape hare.
Consider how far he has come,
listening to his Walkman between customers,
and yet how faithful he stays to the wild
dictates of seek and hunt and gather,
scoping out the best shelters for meals,
the cleanest beds, the one
tight face still able to open.

Consider your bank account,
dipping like a low-flying bird,
then spreading wings and planing
over the fields of dead numbers,
canceled checks, ancient pay stubs,
long afternoons bought and paid for
in boredom and lost purpose. And the live
bodies of your brothers and sisters, crushed
in the trash compactor of Unwanted Ads.

Consider yourself,
marching in and out of these institutions
in your skirt and nylons, leaving ferocious lipstick tracks
on styrofoam coffee cups,
your name and address on application forms,
like one of your ancestors peeing on a thorn bush.