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Pathway #3: Earthfolk

Q: How did I become an Earthfolk?

A: By listening to today's war veterans and student protesters—my activist grandchildren.

A: By embodying my answer to, "Yes! We have a Mother!"

Chapter 10: Four Shadow stories

After the play "Peace Crimes: the *Minnesota 8* vs. the war" had finished its run in early 2008, my Outlaw Theology began to rapidly gel as I reflected upon the insights gained through my Shadow Mother encounter in prison. As explained below, for several years I had daily and deep conversations with young activists who were part of the "Peace and War in the Heartland" (PWH) project that promoted the play. Hearing me out, they then called upon me to enable them to experience Gordy, the Marine's "It wasn't a gook, it was a person." They wanted to explore their own Inside Shadow realm and be present to themselves as gooks. At the time, I could only suggest that they practice "living as if I am no one's enemy." This required that they intentionally approach an Other with an openness to not accept his fear by not returning it with their own fear. This was all that I had to give them at the time. Oddly, the most daunting challenge articulated by the young activists was one that no one specifically stated but which being with them evoked. I had not yet written the Rung stories and I felt their challenging demand, "Write them!" They wanted *more*. So I retired to a small southwestern Wisconsin town to work on my Shadow and the Earthfolk vision.

Although it was tough to do, I realized that my daily meditating upon my Inside time and the Rung stories—descending into the Shadow realm, especially into the "soon absent" sector—empowered me and was a source that gave rise to deeper insights into the Earthfolk vision. I found that only by touching my subhuman self, every day, could I manifest and make myself present as precious and beloved. After numerous meditations using the Rung stories, I paused to re-examine my pre-prison life and discern how the Shadow had informed my growth. Of course my pre-prison, one-body self had held a very shallow notion of Shadow. As expected, back then I was a Lone Male and as such denied that the Shadow had any valuable lessons for personal growth. I grew up hearing that the best way to deal with grief, sorrow, and loss was simply to "Stuff it!" *Real men don't cry.*

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As I looked back—*Awake!*—I spied the presence of my Shadow Mother in my life *before prison*. I began to write about two such experiences that had taken me down, way back in my youth, into the “soon absent” sector of the Shadow realm. The first story was about my younger brother, Joseph, the last of nine children. It describes his long-suffering death, that lasted nine years, and which simply left me stunned and abandoned in the Shadow realm. Although I slowly died with him, at the time I had no way of discerning the benefits of our Shadowy relationship. The second, about a neighborhood bully, Quinn, was possibly the most amazing to me because I entombed it in my psyche for near fifty years. However as I relived it I realized that I was *only* able to touch this Shadow event because of a woman lover who had suffered in deeper Shadow sectors. She listened and enabled me to understand the necessity of embracing a beloved as the way of moving from the “soon absent” Shadow sector into the Sunlight. The next two stories described post-prison experiences which, however, were sources for my gaining insight into the pre-prison experiences. The story about my youngest son, Nicholas, resonated with the one about my brother but it astounded me as it made me aware that it was with Nicholas (in 1985) that I had first encountered *myself* as Shadow Mother. It was just three years after this realization that I published my first essay about the Inside, “Prison, Bottoming Out, Mother.” These experiences, in their own subliminal ways, had prepared me to enter and understand prison’s Shadow realm and descend its rungs. The fourth described how the first three enabled me to properly interpret my experiences on campuses when I was promoting the play. It is the story of John Lennon’s song “Imagine” and my experiences with college students and other young activists during 2006-2008. Collectively, these four stories provided insights into how and why I discerned and discovered the Earthfolk vision.

These four stories have a Shadow connection which is at times direct but more often is quite subterranean. The connection between the first story about the death of my youngest brother, Joseph, and the second about my youngest son, Nicholas, is one of “unearned suffering.” Joey suffered a debilitating illness and Nick an accidental blow to the head—random, unintentional Shadow events. Such came twice to teach me a lesson about the fragility of life and the truth that dying should only be a natural process and not one inflicted by one human upon another; not me upon you. The third story, about Quinn, was buried so deep within my

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Shadow realm that it almost didn't come back to life. At nine years of age I was a victim of an arm-twisting, bone-breaking assault of personal violence that resulted in a severe arm injury. Just recently, this wound has reawakened under the assault of arthritis. Nevertheless, when asked "Why are you so driven?" recalling this story gives rise to a "Hmmm?" *Had I entered "where everything human is soon absent" when just a kid?* Does this Quinn story hold the key to unlocking not only why I resisted violence as I did throughout my life but also help explain where I now seek to go in the Sunlight? The fourth story recounts how John Lennon helped me recognize today's campus radicals as my activist grandchildren. Listening to them enabled me to see how my time in prison's Shadow realm could aid them in compassionately guiding the globalization movement. Together, bridging the generations, all of us began to "Imagine" the Earthfolk vision.

#1—My brother Joseph and one mosquito

My youngest brother, Joseph, was the last of nine, the fourth son, being born with four immediately older sisters. Naturally he was the apple of everyone's eye. He was born August 23, 1956. I had just turned twelve when he was born, and he was as much my child as my brother.

Our family life in northern New Jersey included two weeks each summer in south Jersey "at the shore." Ours was a compact summer cottage in Forked River that we shared with my Uncle Gene's family. They went down in July. We arrived in August. There was no TV, the basement flooded when it rained, and we played lots of canasta and pinochle; a bit of badminton. However, the best part of summer for us kids was swimming in a nearby lake where I and my sibs learned to swim to the raft as a rite of passage. The area was often beset by heavy rains and armies of mosquitoes. This story, however, is about just one mosquito.

Just after breakfast I was sitting on the couch in the family room reading a book when Joey, just two years old, ambled up the stairs. We all knew that he had had a restless and fitful sleep. He had kept most of us floating in and out of dreamland as he cried almost the whole night. Once up the stairs he came over and lay down next to me. Within minutes he raised his head, slightly turning upwards to look at me, and then began to spew and spit foam. His eyes jiggled and rolled wildly. I jumped up yelling, "Mom. Dad. Something's wrong with Joey!"

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Joey went rigid and into a relentless fit. My parents were desperate and despairing as the nearest hospital was more than forty miles away. Mom and Dad rushed him to the local bar, seeking help. There, someone doused him with booze since his head was simply ablaze. Of course we kids didn't know what was happening. On that day my parents lived out a nightmare of nightmares as they found themselves powerless to help their sweet child. Joey would live in a vegetative state for nine years. He died shortly before my Dad. The mosquito would kill twice.

What happened? One mosquito bites a bird and then becomes a carrier of encephalitis. All of us, brothers and sisters, have said repeatedly that it was *unfortunate* Joey did not die right away. While we took him home to be with us, it is a stretch to say that he "lived" with us. He required twenty-four hours a day attention, and was totally non-communicative. At the same time the company my father worked for as a chemist was purchased by 3M. They wanted to relocate him from Jersey to Minnesota. Dad, at fifty, was from the generation where you worked for one company all your life, as did his brother. He was also a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker: loved the opera, fine dining, etc. The stress of the simultaneous upheavals in his career and family's collective health only weakened a constitution with inherited heart problems. Dad's mom had died of heart related issues while he was in college at Notre Dame. Now he had his own heart-attack. His job prospects went from difficult to impossible. Thanks to the generosity of 3M, my Dad was re-offered the position he had at first refused, and so we moved to Minnesota in the summer of 1960.

Right before we left my brother George totaled the family station wagon. So as our home goods were moved by vans the rest of us—with George left behind in the hospital with a long metal pin in one leg and more stitches than I could count—traveled to Minnesota on a long, creeping slug of a train. We arrived in a Midwestern world as surreal to urban us as Mars would have been. Hastings, Minnesota in 1960 had a population stretching towards five thousand. We were city folk and both my Mom and Dad had been born on Manhattan Island. Down the street from our new home, miles of cornfields unfolded beyond eyesight. Only now do I appreciate all that my parents faced and overcame. In time, for proper care, Joey had to be placed in a nursing home run by Catholic nuns. At the same time my four younger sisters were consigned to a residential high school also run by nuns. Faced with the dire options

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afforded by small town high schools, I chose not to spend my junior year at Hastings High. Rather, I left for the Franciscan minor seminary back East on Staten Island. Only my older sister and her husband remained in town with my parents.

Joey's death simply undid my father. I remember watching him weep over my brother's coffin and whisper, "It won't be too long, Joey, and I'll be with you." A bit over a year later, Dad died of heart failure. On my father's gravestone is written, "They Will Be Done." I've always hoped that he found the courage in his last moments to utter that phrase. This was Christmas, 1968.

Of course, these two deaths impacted everyone in the family. Such Shadow events are always crushing and life-altering. I had just graduated with my Masters and was teaching college theology in the Chicago area. Within months I was drafted and returned to Minnesota to fulfill my two years of Alternative Service as a Conscientious Objector. I served as a staff member at the Newman Center on the University of Minnesota campus.

Without doubt Joey's story was reawakened when Gordy came into my campus office and told me about his Search and Destroy missions. Gordy's "Instead of a hootch, it was a home... instead of a gook, it was a human being" meant that no human being was a gook, not even an incapacitated, vegetative, non-communicative being like Joey. I wrapped up my final argument to the jurors—right after telling them Joey's story—with a heartfelt, mythic plea, "If you can't give life, don't take it!"

#2—Two Boys

I heard Nicholas shriek. It was a haunting sound which had pursued me in my nightmares for years. Now, in a flashback of photographic imagery, I am seeing *my little brother Joey* enter death's jaws once more. Time and again Nick shrieks. His pain throttles my brain, my heart goes *oomph!* I'm agitated and befuddled like waking from a chase dream. Both boys are shrieking. I rush into the kitchen, force myself to confront this re-enactment. Nick is in his high-chair, foaming at the mouth. With heart-stopping dread, I watch my son being clenched by the familiar jaws of death.

Flashback: Joey had just turned two and was crawling up the stairs on threes and fours. He

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nestled himself next to me on the couch. I continued reading. I touched him gently because I knew that he had had a terrible night. . . . He uttered a desperate sound as foam spewed and fluttered from his mouth.

In the kitchen, my Nicholas recoiled, arms rifled upwards, and that dreaded sound—of pain accompanied by bewilderment—scored my ears. Convulsive spittle sprayed his high chair tray and the most terrifying re-run of my life began to unfold.

I had never wanted to know what Mom and Dad experienced as they scrambled, talking in shouts of fears and prayers, from our summer cottage in south Jersey with Joey in their arms, stiff as a fireplace log. I didn't want, ever, to ever approach the pain of diminishing hope as they raced along country roads not knowing where to find a doctor and, finally, having to settle for a bartender's whiskey bath, the sole medical application available to apply in an effort to lower Joey's extreme temperature. As I grew older, I prayed that I would never have to walk into a hospital room and observe the skillful dance of white-coated healers around the body of my child. [*Never, it would never happen twice in my life!*] I never wanted to have that one-on-one meeting where such words as "We cannot determine the cause" and "We've done all one could, but..." and "It is now in the hands of God" were spoken.

I never, in all my prayers, ever prayed for the strength to be as stolid in the faith as my Mom and Dad had been. They were tested and proven true. "No," I uttered inwardly, "I need not be tested. Surely, God is satisfied with our family's witness!" Yet here is Nicky, exactly the same age as Joey and quite similar in body type, suffering as if one.

I was spared some of the duration of my parent's immediate pain. They had been in a rural part of the state and quite remote from hospitals and doctors. We lived but a dozen blocks from a medical center. As I screamed at my wife and older son to get dressed, I cradled Nicky in my arms, too dumbstruck to cry. So much seemed a re-run of Mom and Dad that I kept pounding words and cries at the reality of the moment. *Can't be! Not this! Why?* I had only blocks to drive to reach the Emergency Room but—*Fuck!*—we were hampered by a raging Maryland blizzard. I was a wild man at the wheel. Furiously flashing my lights and pounding the horn, I slid and maneuvered past every stoplight. Although I sped, the road before me

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seemed endless. I was treading every inch of the way as if I was crawling on hands and knees. I could feel the road scrape my flesh. In the madness of it all every car on the road resented my disregard for law and order and angrily beeped and flashed at me. Curses and cries of “Idiot!” were amplified by my wife’s own gasps and pleas that I slow down and “Don't get us all killed!”

The last fifty yards to the Emergency Room was slush and blowing snow. Nicholas was still rigid. I felt what could only have been the male equivalent of the onset of birthing. The door to Shady Grove hospital got larger and larger and I sensed that we, Nicholas and I, were dying towards a light.

When they brought us all—all eight of us, three brothers and five sisters—to see Joey at St. Vincent’s in New York City, we, as a family, were beyond tears. We were dedicating our daily prayers to St. Jude, the patron saint of hopeless causes, and also invoking the miraculous intercession of Blessed Mother Seton, whom the Roman Catholic Church felt was a candidate for sainthood. We hoped that Joey would be one of her three required miracles. Each time we entered Joey’s room, we harbored the prayful expectation that in front of our eyes God would work a miracle—“Sweet Jesus!” We were of such a faith that what to others was unbelievable or impossible was the stuff of daily anticipation. Jesus had raised Lazarus from the dead and cured numerous others. That such physical healing was to be confidently expected was part of our beliefs and faith. We, confident in hope, expected a miracle-as-magic—a suspension of physical laws.

Joey never recovered or even approached being near normal. He became a totally vegetative person. Many times during my moments with him—at home or in the nursing facility where we sadly had to place him—I yearned to communicate with him. I tried hard to speak to his eyes or hug him with an embrace which would say to his heart “I love you. You are my brother—my little brother and I will care for you, protect you, forever.” But I have never been able to state, to confess—until now—that I did not believe that I had touched him. I for so many years felt because of Joey’s unrelenting pain and suffering that all that I had believed in, all the comfort which I hoped Jesus would provide, were empty promises. My arms hugged him over the years but only the void, that terrible emptiness, pressed my heart. What

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was I to make of faith, hope, and worship when at this moment of trial—trial not just for me but for God—that I found only the hopelessness of my own inability to hear a response from God through Joey? God—offered the chance—had not acted as only God can, that is, miraculously.

As I looked at Nicky, with tubes in and out of him, I knew that I must not leave him for a moment. The head nurse moved us, after the first night in intensive care, to a room with a roll down couch. Through snatches of sleep I made it around the clock mostly sitting at his bedside holding his hand. He was maintained at a high level of sedation although this did not stop his predictable seizures. His small body was like a sensitive seismograph. It registered each movement towards the seizure with twitches and a telling emptiness in his eyes. I could predict to the precise moment his progress to seizure. At first the nurses stoically tolerated my insistences, but as my accuracy improved they stood ready at my side. Despite the medication he would seize every seven minutes. With him I slid into the contortions of his body (a miniature scale of my own) from rigidity through spasm to flaccidity. He lay there—“My child!”—like jello. A doctor pushed up Nicky’s arm and it slithered out of his hands like tear drops. I must confess that I wanted to die in his stead! That I petitioned heaven and all that was good on Earth to cast the evils spirits from his body into mine—make me into a swine of Gadarene! But this miracle was not to be, as it had not been with Joey. I would have to live through this experience in death’s jaws, twice.

It took nine years for Joey’s body to finally succumb. On a hot, muggy summer day under a bright sun and Minnesota lake-blue skies, our family stood before the carved pit which would receive the last born but first dead. We cried and we grieved as much from the hurt of powerlessness as from that of loss. Draped on Joey’s casket, alongside the roses we each individually placed, were my lost beliefs and faith. No, right then I did not articulate it as such. As expected, back then we carried out in exacting detail the Catholic ceremonial ritual prayers for the dead. But as to each of his parents so to each of his siblings, I dissembled less than what I once had been as a person and a believer. As a family we were simply crushed by what had undone so many—the chilling lack of God’s response to the question, “Why do evil things happen to innocent children?” No answer then; no answer now as Nicky plays Joey. *Why was the question being revived through my flesh and blood? Am I the least believing of*

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all?

All in all Nick's ordeal lasted only ten days. Days which included a Super Bowl. Dates which I cannot recall with hourly precision. Yet, for me each of the several CAT scans, the spinal taps, the blood tests, the electroencephalogram, each probe, shot, test and retesting is notched on my heart. Nevertheless, all went so fast that several neighbors did not know what happened until it was over.

Nicholas has scant memory of this event. My wife and other son stayed at home and to them it seemed to resolve itself quickly. But, what *really* happened? On the day the doctor later told me that she was coming to inform me that my son may never walk again, he was sitting up in bed...and shortly thereafter was cleared to go home the following day. Truly, *What really happened?*

I had just met my prison Shadow Mother at this time. I had begun to write about Her and to grapple with my subhumanity. All that I can say is that Nicholas and I went *somewhere*—to a place deep down in the Shadow realm. The image I recall is of a river in a deep forest. I simply know that I offered something in exchange for his life. Possibly a scale was adjusted and my own suffering weighed and found sufficient. I'm just not sure. All that I knew then—and reaffirm now—is that *I am* Nicholas' *Shadow Mother*. I held him and he survived. I could not stop his suffering.

#3—Quinn

I was fifty-eight, thirty-one years out of prison, and just recently divorced when I finally brought some Sunlight to what was obviously the deepest sector of my own personal Shadow realm—where I once again found *Quinn*. Now I'm a deeply reflective sort so you would have thought that by this age I would have dragged out every Shadow presence and worked to bring it to Sunlight. But here I was all of a sudden babbling and crying to my friend about Quinn.

“Quinn?” The name sounds and a spectral face pops up. Within me rages a savage struggle not to let this story reach consciousness. Some part of me crams and jams it down, pounds it mercilessly, tries to stuff, bury, entomb it deeply down, far off and way back into horrific

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memory. “Are you going to burn us?”

Bayonne, New Jersey, circa 1953. I’m tossing the football with all my might, all 90 sweating pounds of me, and my good friend Tony is running as fast as he can to catch my wobbly dying-duck heave. He snags it, falls to the ground.

“Hey, gimme that!” Like an angry ref, Quinn pokes and rips the ball from Tony’s arms.

Quinn starts moving his feet like a QB, growls and orders Tony to “Go out for a long one!” Tony looks at him, fixated and terrified.

I’m afraid for Tony. We both have been scared silly by school yard stories about Quinn the Bully. So I start running, waving my arms frantically, trying to distract him. Quinn turns towards me, rifles the ball. It’s a high-looping-down-the-field hurl that takes all that I have just to get my fingertips on it...I drop it.

“Ya screwed up ya lettle punk. Git over here!” Too frightened to run away, we both slowly gather around Quinn; huddle.

Quinn slaps me upside my head. “Can’t do nuttin’ right?”

Quinn is a lot like his older brother, Mark. So Tony tries to distract him. “You’re really strong. You threw that a mile. *Geez!* Are you going out for varsity?”

Quinn spits, grabs Tony’s right arm, pulls him close, then with his other hand starts squeezing his throat. Tony gags and gurgles. I heedlessly and weakly grab Quinn’s wrist and try to yank him off Tony’s throat.

“Yar nuttin’ but lettle gurls!” And in one powerful swoop Quinn knocks both of us to the ground.

“Don’t move!” he growls; snarls threateningly.

Tony and I wiggle close to one another, bonded by absolute terror. Quinn starts picking up and tossing sticks, leaves, pieces of newspaper and other debris on top of us. Finished, he pauses a moment, glares down at us, then as if about to light a cigarette he takes out a match, strikes it, it goes out. He takes out another, and as he does I freak out. Without a clear thought or plan I stand up, heart racing and pounding, a few words stumble from my lips.

“Don’t hurt us, please.” My *please* echoes throughout the cosmos.

“Look ya lettle twerp, don’t move agin ‘er I’ll break yar fuckin’ arm!” He knocks me

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back down to the ground. I scramble back very close to Tony; almost like lovers entwined.

For some reason Quinn can't light the match. He tries once, twice...as he does—*God only knows why!*—I start wiggling under the blanket of sticks and wads of newspaper.

“Hey, whadda I say?” Totally flipping out into rage Quinn hefts me up like a small sack of groceries. I'm just a nine-year-old skinny-as-a-twig kid and without effort he yanks my left arm up behind my back up to my ears, *Crack! Crack!*

It all goes fast-forward, the memory blurs: there is a woman on top of a nearby apartment building hanging out laundry. She must have seen what he did. She yells at Quinn—thank god she had the threatening Mommy voice that made him run away.

Hours later at home Dad has just gotten in from work. Mom tells him that I've been crying for hours, saying that my arm hurts. She had looked at me but didn't see any breaks in skin or bruises. Dad comes into the living room and asks me what happened. There are seven other children in the house, all vying for his attention and affection. I'm not too coherent; he's exasperated.

“What did you do to get him so angry?”

What did I do? Dad...What did I do?

I never get an answer to, *Why doesn't anyone believe me?*

Revenge. Should I be surprised now to relate that all my life I've been seeking revenge? On Quinn. That possibly revenge was the primal emotion that possessed and drove me? Honestly, I truly believe that revenge fueled my acts of personal willfulness—my Draft Resistance and nonviolent disobedience. I mean, what do you think must have gone on in my mind during the six months that I was in an upper body cast with my left arm raised and jutting out like a handle? Kids teased me by lifting my plaster arm, tipping me like a teapot: “Tea for two?” Should I doubt that revenge fueled my rapid physical growth spurt? Later on, to my parents' astonishment I grew near a foot during my freshman year and was 6'2” at 205 pounds as I entered my sophomore year of high school. This left me with life-long knee issues that are achingly revisiting me in my senior years.

Shadow energy: Back then I took that scrawny 5'9”, ninety-pound-something, eighth grade kid “Franny” and punished the hell out of him! I did a hundred push-ups, a hundred pull-ups, a hundred sit-ups, often a mile run every day, doing this every week, every year—my own

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boot camp regimen. I muscled into a top jock specimen and monster basketball center. I became “Frank.” But by that time we had moved thirty miles away to suburban Westfield. Years later I heard that Quinn joined the paratroopers for a stint in Vietnam—just around the year I entered the Franciscan novitiate. Was it also revenge that drove me when I as a devoted young monk dragged myself every night—kneecap by kneecap scraping every inch of the way—around the perimeter of the chapel: thirteen *Stations of the Cross*? I had no idea then that I was deep into the darkest sector of my Shadow realm...empathetically being scourged, tears of blood running down my face, hammer and nails torturing out my every weakness. Some saw me as a dedicated monk and less than a decade later others saw me as a hero of nonviolent Resistance. But within my heart and soul *Was I a victim lurking in the Shadows ever at the ready to lash out and become the victimizer?*

Sandstone, F.C. I. When I meet the Corridor Captain, eye to eye, I reflexively start to greet him with a *Hi!* but something powerful holds me back. I am paralyzed by fright. *No, no, it can't be!* Fiery, gut-wrenching pains shoot all around inside my body and then burst forth from the two cracks in my broken left arm. I am back in Quinn's lot, under trash, watching him try to strike a match.

Corridor Captain Quinn? Is this what you did after serving in Nam?

Is this the answer to, “What made you go bonkers in the pastel blue segregation hole?” *Ha.* Everything in the Shadow realm comes back to the roost. Yet I must be fearlessly honest here and state that I did not personally will this re-encounter with Quinn. I did not personally free him from the darkness of my Shadow realm. No, I have to admit—and learn from this truth—that the memory was drawn out of me. Another Shadow Mother held me and forced me to face him. She was present through a woman lover who was listening to my prison tales. How did this happen? Simply my beloved opened to me her own sad story of “soon absent.” Without knowing it we entered into Shadow intimacy, shared our unearned sufferings, and evoked a coupled presence. I was emotionally overwhelmed because she had wandered deeper into the Shadow realm than I ever thought possible or had heard anyone describe while Inside. Her accounts of life-long sexual violence made my prison sad story read like a comic book. I sensed—was overwhelmed, wept—that she had heard, possibly from her own mother, what my Dad had said, “What did you do to get him so angry?” She knew what she

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had *not* done. Hers was truly a story of “unearned sufferings,” and she made me realize so was my story about Quinn.

She and I discussed Quinn and her acceptance of my Shadow self—as Avenger!—caused a great weight to be lifted off of me. I had been carrying Quinn around on my back for near fifty years. Yet nothing that one works on while in the Shadow realm, even if you successfully move beyond and out from the Shadow realm into the Sunlight, goes quietly and without inflicting another scar. While she Mothered me, I failed at Mothering her.

Lastly, I confess that it took more than just a bit of time for me to own up to my being on a quest for revenge. As often happens, a “lucid dream” brought all to a final settlement—not a conclusion, just a settlement.

My lucid dream: I’m back in pastel blue hell, dreaming this dream. *Yeowie!* I’m bigger than Quinn now. He’s showing his age; a pot belly. As soon as he notices me he bolts, running frantically. He heads for a nearby park, tries hiding among the trees. But he knows I’m coming. Slowly, methodically, confidently I’m hunting the Quinn down. Things escalate as they do in dreams and all at once I’m running all out, whooping as I plunge through thick pines, quickly striding up and down gullies, vaulting across Monk’s Creek—it’s like I’m flying! *Ha.* I’m giggling, choking on my glee, taste hot blood swell up under my tongue. *Now the victim is the feared one!*

Quinn panics and stumbles, slips, slides down a deep embankment, gets dangerously entangled in a thicket of briars. *Snared! Trapped!* It is then and there that I jump to a halt right next to him, glare down, snarling—*gloating!*—am ready for the kill.

I laugh wickedly, shout, “Who’s powerless now, asshole?”

In a flash I’m down on top of him. My right arm vise-locks around his throat. I snort and hoist Quinn upwards and backwards and in a continuous motion flip him over onto the ground, face up. His body bounces up and down several times, crumpling into a sprawl. With an effortless motion I pounce, slip and twist my bowie knife into his heart.

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Die, motherfucker!

#4—John Lennon’s “Imagine”

As a white-hair I’ve realized the curious truth that if you live long enough everything will become what you didn’t expect it to. Sitting in Sandstone prison, if someone came up and said, “Someday they’ll write a play about you guys,” it would have depressed the hell out of me. I failed at stopping a war—great play theme, eh? But a play did happen, near forty years later. In 2008, “Peace Crimes: the *Minnesota 8* vs. the war,” premiered at the University of Minnesota. It was a collaboration between the History Theatre, the Playwrights’ Center, and the Theatre Arts and Dance Department of the University of Minnesota. Doris Baizley was the commissioned playwright, and after visiting with the 8, penned the play. Ron Peluso of the History Theatre directed it, and it was performed at the University since, as Sherry Wagner-Henry, Managing Director of the University Theatre said, “We were struck by the fact that this was a play that not only happened with University of Minnesota students back in the 1970s but really was part of the campus.”

Having been a senior sales and marketing executive for the prior three decades I took it upon myself to move back to Minnesota in the summer of 2005 and form the public relations project, “Peace and War in the Heartland.” For three years I organized promotional and educational events on regional college campuses, and in the process discovered the Earthfolk. Note, “Earthfolk” is not an ontological term, that like an archeologist all of a sudden I came across a “hidden civilization”—although there is a flavor of that in my discernments. Rather I sensed a heartfelt commitment to a global vision that was driven by a passionate sense of respect for, and an effort to honor, all humans as part of a vibrant web of life. This included a deep concern for things non-human as the vision not only did not value one species above another but affirmed the right of all things to co-exist in balance and harmony. This vision was expressed through dedicated acts of compassion, notably by young Iraqi and Afghanistan war veterans and campus activists who volunteered with the PWH project.

Somewhat amusingly, the play came about because of my personal paranoia during the Nixon years. Tricky Dick had been so hell bent on rounding up all draft resisters and anti-war radicals and tossing them in prison that I feared the feds would, once we were all in jail, systematically destroy any trace of us—an Orwellian conceit, I admit. So, while waiting for

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my appellate decision to come down, I compiled trial testimony, underground and mainstream newspaper clippings, photographs, and whatever I could that related to our story and put it all in the archives at the Minnesota Historical Society. I must note that validating a bit of my paranoia was the razing of the West Bank building that housed the Twin Cities Draft Information Center while we were in prison. No one knew why and who authorized it. For decades it remained an empty lot between two similar and otherwise untouched buildings. Also during these pre-Pentagon Papers and pre-Watergate years, Nixon was in his ascendancy and the federal courtrooms were clogged by draft related trials and the prisons packed with radicals and resisters—in Sandstone alone our number neared fifty.

While speaking on campus and working with young activists my theology of peacemaking language about war as a social ritual and my developing Outlaw Theology about prison's Shadow Mother and abusive mythic parenting didn't come across if I tried to anchor it all with biblical references to the Garden of Eden or religious theology and the like. Not to be hogtied by my own peculiar words, I listened to the veterans and activists and it dawned on me that these were the children of John Lennon, most of whom had first heard "Imagine" as a child's lullaby.

Was "Imagine" a sad or glad story? Actually, it was both. Its glad story rises from a series of negatives about a value system that Lennon was rejecting, in my terms, the values of the Lone Male imagination. With old ears I heard the beat and rhythm of this Sixties' anthem as a hymn of Outlaw Theology.

Before talking about my grandchildren, I want to present some additional personal background that helps explain why "Imagine" became this bridge between generations.

Chapter 11: The Bomb and Earth-America

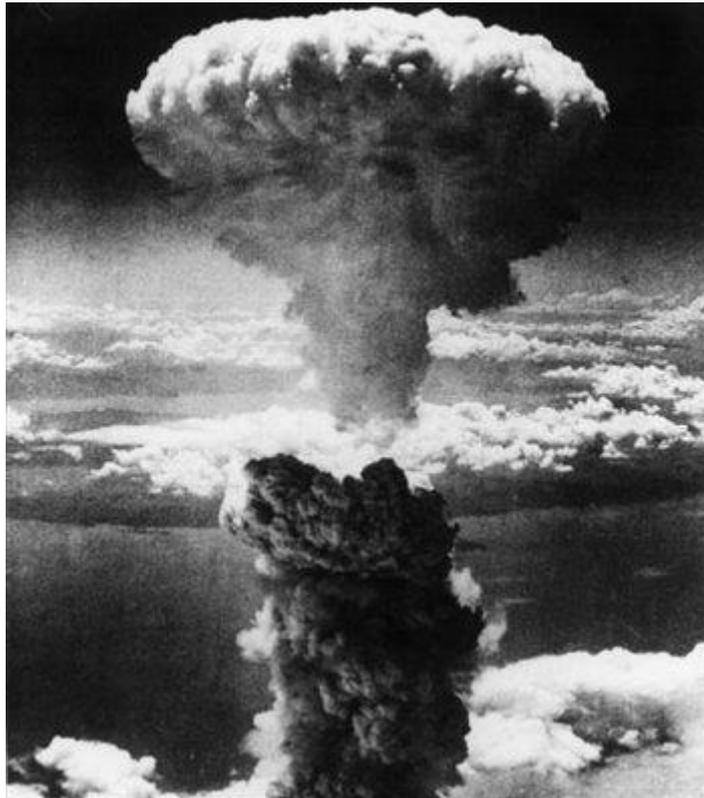
Me and the Atom Bomb—"Happy birthday!"

I am one of a dying breed. I claim what fewer and fewer can each year, namely, that I lived one full year before "America" was obliterated by a singular event that gave rise to a new national mythic story and identity. That event was the dropping of the Atomic Bomb on Japan and the consequent emergence of mythic "Earth-America."

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I was born in Bayonne, New Jersey on August 6, 1944. On my first birthday the Atomic Bomb exploded— *Bang!*—and the iconic image of the Mushroom Cloud scored itself onto the collective human psyche. I grew up aware of this quite earth-shattering event more so because I attended Daily Mass just about every day of my youth. For Catholics that date was also the religious Feast of the Transfiguration. Scripture read, “Then a cloud appeared and covered them, and a voice came from the cloud: ‘This is my Son, whom I love. Listen to him!’” Mark 9:7 On one birthday—actually while chanting this verse as novice monk Friar Otto, O.F.M., Conv.—I gasped, *Clouds!*

Jesus’ Cloud thundered with the voice of God. The Atomic Bomb’s Mushroom Cloud rumbled and boomed...*what?* What was announced by this truly revolutionary, technologically savage *roar!?* Was it just that a war had gloriously ended? Or was something else thundered that only twice-bodied ears could hear?



For decades, especially on my birthday, I would venture into a deep reflection on the godly voice that must have echoed within the Mushroom Cloud. However for most of my life I did

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not know how to frame questions about the Mushroom Cloud because I was still, myself, a Lone Male and had been trained to avoid the Shadow realm. Until a subhuman, I had never heard or allowed myself to consider that the United States was culpably immoral or could do evil deeds. With such a one-bodied mindset I read up on the Manhattan Project (with Dad ethereally looking over my shoulders) and several accounts about Enola Gay and the first reactions of the bombers and the bomb-makers. Like most Americans I was not prepared to consider the Bomb other than a good moral act that saved lives by shortening WW II. Mine and the nation's was clearly a one-bodied reaction.

The Shadow of the Bomb

My assessment of this “good moral act” began to shift during graduate school, in the late Sixties, as I began to read about the Nazi concentration camps—sparked by Elie Wiesel's *Night*, Victor Frankl's *Man's Search for Meaning*, and the growing body of Holocaust literature. It was easy to denounce Hitler as the embodiment of evil, as a denizen of hell (I didn't have Shadow language back then). The horror he unleashed had, as I read, nothing to do with the biblical tradition. In fact Nazism seemed quite explicitly a wholesale rejection of biblical truths and values. Nonetheless, while that was true on the linguistic surface, a question arose: Were there underlying cultural and moral values that were alike or even twins? The values of the Lone Male vision were just starting to form in my mind during these years. *What shocked me was not the differences between Nazism and Earth-America but their common mythic heritage.* Both were hell bent on dominating the world and would not let any barrier—physical or moral—stand in their way. Nazism was a cult of hyper-military masculinity—Nietzsche's “Superman” cult. This fell in line with the dominant Christian view of Jesus as “Christus Victor” (Christ the Victor or King) which was the theological icon behind the Crusades and pogroms. Mythic twins: Nazi supermen and Christian saviors of the world?

Over time as I read more about the creation of and conscious decisions made to drop the Bomb—not once but twice—I couldn't help but question whether the Bomb was on par with or even a greater evil than the Holocaust. I was greatly influenced by the work of Robert Jay Lifton and the Bomb survivor accounts of the *hibakusha*. I asked myself, *If I had been a German intellectual and aware of Hitler's camps would I have seen them as a “good moral act”?* Would I have simply accepted the camps as a necessary but regrettable transition to the

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birth of the New Age, of the Third Reich? As abhorrent as that might seem, I questioned whether we Americans who supported dropping the Bomb did not as readily accept it as being a necessary but regrettable transition to the birth of Peace through the end of a war?

As evidently mythic as the concentration camps were—where individuals were of no account as each individual's annihilation ("Smoke 'em!") manifested mythic Victory, Triumph, Fatherland, and Purity—so with twice-bodied sensing was the Manhattan Project a mythic zone. Like their Nazi peers, and actually with some captured Nazi scientists on staff, the Project's military led and managed team of scientists planned for the first-ever act of human vaporization. *Poof!* In this light, the Project was mythic in a character never before even imaginable. It sought to *obliterate* any semblance of human existence as it reduced—*Flash!*—persons to atoms, human forms to blackened shadows on walls. No stinky smoke. No odor of burnt flesh. No recyclable gold fillings or messy left behinds. After the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings, investigators saw the blackened "nuked" images of people on walls. As reported, "...in Hiroshima {people} were vaporized and literally turned into shadows."

As part of Hitler's launch of the Third Reich his scientists created the world's most efficient, effective and productive mass murder assembly line. People went up in whorls of smoke. At the same time, his Nazi scientists were pursuing the creation of the world's first weapon of mass destruction—but we beat the vile Nazis to the punch with our own Nazi scientists. Consider: With these two weapons of mass destruction (camps and Bombs) would Hitler's empire have rapidly spanned and dominated the globe? At its core, *Wasn't Nazism a vision of globalization?* Wasn't the rise of Earth-America likewise a vision of globalization?

Of significant note is that each of these two hideous weapons was a historic first. No weapon of mass destruction or "Final Solution" production facility had previously existed. However, the dropping of the Hiroshima bomb upped the ante as it gave rise to the specter of species suicide. Dropping it was an act beyond the measure of any normative moral scale as no one knew exactly what would happen when it would first explode. It was even discussed whether the explosion would suck all the oxygen out of the atmosphere, effectively killing everyone, even its creators. There was no moral calculus for evaluating a weapon that destroyed everyone—effecting global suicide. Simply, the scale of the Project was mythic and

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consequently no extant morality could assess or judge it. Consider: Both weapons—camps and the Bomb—violated every principle of the Just War theory, so either both should be equally condemned or, as I allege happened, we should admit that a *new morality emerged*. From within the Mushroom Cloud emerged the face and voice of Earth-America revealing the morality of globalization—Lone Male Dominion morality.

Earth-America

Did the voice from within the Mushroom Cloud thunder, “Earth-America!”?

With twice-bodied ears I wondered, *Did Hitler die and Nazism thrive?* Had America been transfigured into the global empire that Hitler sought to create? It was widely known that the Manhattan Project used Nazi scientists and research to create the Bomb and lay the basis for the military industrial complex. Had Americans then simply slain one Captor to unwittingly enslave themselves to another? Here not an individual tyrant but to a Captor’s vision of Nazi-like world dominance, that of the ever-expanding military-industrial-academic vision of Earth-America?

My Dad would have been furious with me if I had spoken like this when he was alive, but as told he died before I was present to my twice-bodied suhumanness. For him and his generation they had stopped a demonic madman. Good did triumph over Evil, and he and his comrades made the cities, towns, farms, and villages of America, indeed the world, once again safe for democracy. Few in his generation had President Dwight D. Eisenhower’s (“Ike”) premonitions about the dark forces he saw coalescing whose goal was to make war-making a profitable business venture. As a five-star Army General, Eisenhower served as the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe during WWII, and later he became the first supreme commander of NATO. So my Dad, assuredly, listened to this speech but did not hear it with twice-bodied ears. As I read Ike’s famous farewell address it seems quite clear that he sensed that something very profound—equally threatening and ominous—was changing America, and not necessarily for the better.

Our military organization today bears little relation to that known by any of my predecessors in peacetime, or indeed by the fighting

men of World War II or Korea.

Until the latest of our world conflicts, the United States had no armaments industry...we have been compelled to create a permanent armaments industry of vast proportions...We annually spend on military security more than the net income of all United States corporations.

This conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. ...we must not fail to comprehend its grave implications.

.....

In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist.

...We should take nothing for granted. Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together. (President Eisenhower's "Farewell Speech," 1961)

What was this new mythic Earth-America? After WWII "America" was certainly no longer adequately defined in terms of the geographical territory of the United States. Instead, Earth-America was the world. Simply, the post-WWII military did not retract its global reach rather it began to construct permanent outposts—its own world-wide-web. Currently, Earth-America has established over 700 military posts on every continent except Antarctica (a treaty exclusion). How should these awesome changes that have occurred since the Nuclear Age opened be assessed? Facts such as: the United States has 7,200 and Russia over 6,000

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nuclear warheads? That twenty-five countries have ballistic missiles, and seven are self-declared nuclear weapon states: the United States, Russia, United Kingdom, France, China, India, and Pakistan?

What insight or meaning can be gathered by meditating on the fact that because of the Atomic Bomb, for the first time ever, human beings were vaporized. *Poof!*

“Peace and War in the Heartland” made all these questions that I had mulled over for decades of relevance to my discussions with today’s students and activists. As happens when elders and youth gather, a lot of our discussions centered around “then and now.” Our most popular *Minnesota 8* picture was one taken in 2006 by the same photographer who had shot us during a trial break back in 1971. She posed us in the exact same positions. In a way we all were still those activists, remaining young in mind and heart and passionately concerned about the issues of our own youth. I was encouraged that the questions I had as a young activist were still ones that my grandchildren were asking. Part of me was also discouraged in that these questions about social justice, peace, and nonviolence were still unanswered.

Among the many disturbing questions we discussed were:

- Is the whole human race suffering from Atomic Bomb post-traumatic stress disorder?
- Why have we been globally engaged in endless warring?
- Why has every major global economy become militarized?
- Why is someone somewhere always being called “enemy”?

I asked, *Did our collective human psyche terrorize and traumatize itself on August 6, 1945?* Are we doomed to nuclear self-annihilation? Is there no hope for world peace? Is all lost? None disagreed when I somberly concluded that deep down our collective global human psyche and communal heart was steeped in and paralyzed by a dreadful fear—of the Other we called enemy, and, most of all, ourselves. Like the famous Pogo cartoon strip—sadly—trumpeted, “We have met the enemy and he is us.” It is we who unleashed a power we could and cannot control. The Mushroom Cloud’s brilliance blinded us to our Shadow and yet

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stands to make everyone on Earth and the Earth itself an enemy and victim of nuclear obliteration—*Poof!*

For a good part of every promotional and educational event there was near three generations of activists sitting together, facing the Mushroom Cloud's Shadow, totally bummed out.

Chapter 12: Imagining other people as beloveds

Unintended consequence: “Earthrise”

I found myself speaking about “dwelling peacefully and comfortably at home on the Living Earth.” But how could I be hopeful or optimistic given that the globally militarized Earth-America was entering its sixth decade and was deeply entrenched in several wars, one which was even an self-proclaimed invasion—which by Just War standards made the President, if not all America's People, a war criminal? The source of my upbeat witness to them was an image that took root in and shook the human psyche much as did the Mushroom Cloud. However, this image was initially intended as a second icon of Earth-America, and actually remains so for many. Ironically, what it came to mean to me and so many others over time, especially as I developed twice-bodied senses, was not what Earth-America's leaders intended.

On December 24, 1968 the image called “Earthrise”—the first ever photographic image of Earth from outer space—was snapped by an *Apollo 8* astronaut on a military expedition in the moon race against the Commie “Red Menace.” For Earth-Americans it trumpeted victoriously, *The whole planet is ours!* For them one immediate task was to plan for what became known (through several morphing identities) as the “Star Wars” defense, that is, placing in orbit a flotilla of nuclear armed satellites, effectively controlling outer space. As JFK had said,

We are in a strategic space race with the Russians and we have been losing Control of space will be decided in the next decade. If the Soviets control space, they can control Earth, as in the past centuries the nations that controlled the seas dominated the continents. (1960 presidential campaign speech)



But consider this: The unintended impact of Earthrise was that it startled many people like me as if from a deep sleep, an ancient slumber. It stirred the core depth of our imaginations and set our hearts beating. Instinctively we uttered a primal, “Mother!” Never before had any human ever seen this picture of our home—Spaceship Earth, The Blue Marble, Starship Earth. Imaginatively we were happily present at home. We recognized ourselves as one Family. More, we felt ourselves embraced within an Earth-wide parental presence, that of Mother Earth, Herself. It was then that into my one-bodied mind a word popped up—*Earthfolk*—about whose meaning I barely had a clue.

In mainstream history books, August 6, 1945 and December 24, 1968 are bookends to the start of Earth-America’s efforts to get “control of space” through militarizing outer space. Within the span of those twenty-three years, the Nuclear Age opened and the militarization of the core institutions of the dominant global societies took deep root—continuing to this day and heading beyond tomorrow. As I looked back in order to look forward with my grandchildren, I began to espy the historical outline of the Earthfolk movement as it formed as a counter-movement to Earth-America. It became clear that the seeds of the Earthfolk vision were planted by an array of independent protest, social justice, and anti-militarization movements.

Continuing since the Sixties a range of interconnected, dissenting views were publicly aired

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and championed by various “movements,” including the:

- nonviolent movement,
- civil rights movement,
- anti-war movement,
- women’s movement,
- gay rights movement,
- Native American movement, and the
- Green movement, among others.

As I talked with these activist youths I saw how my encounter with my prison Mother prepared me to make a heartfelt witness to them about the presence of the Earth as a *Living* Earth, as Her body, and the derived fact that, in truth, we are not “motherless children.” I related that I was amazed and enthralled as I looked upon Earthrise and She smiled back at me. “Mother Earth!” Here was the one image that all of us, young and old, felt stirred our deepest feelings concerning what it meant to be human and how we should see one another. As we looked upon one (an)Other we felt bonded as family as we celebrated Mother Earth and Father Sky.

Talking with youth, I also soon discerned how Earth-America mutated from within the biblical tradition. While Earth-America visionaries did not use traditional biblical and theological imagery—scratching biblical terms out and writing over them with secular and scientific terms—they effectively translated the meanings and expressed the core values of the Lone Male biblical tradition of Dominion. Here lay the origins of Earth-America’s globalization vision— in my coinage, that of the “Earthpeople.”

Earthpeople

What changed in the conversation after the Mushroom Cloud and Earthrise events was that most people accepted that we humans are one species—Earth’s people. It became widely accepted that all humans are part of the web of life that is unique to the Blue Marble. However, this web of life only described a biological truth. It did not call forth a new mythic story of origin. Humans remained motherless children.

“Earthpeople” were activists engaged in a range of social justice and social service

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movements. They were, for instance, Green, into Native American spirituality, anti-racist and anti-sexist—good people doing good for Others. But as I engaged them, I described them as Earthpeople and not Earthfolk mainly because they expressed the biblical atheism that denies the existence of a Mother. For them Mother Earth was a metaphor, not a Living presence. They were, it was painful to point out, acting out Dominion without owning up to doing so—a Lone Male one-body trait. They were the latest evolution of the Lone Male vision and value system. They sought Dominion over the Earth although they were claiming that they were making the Earth “flat”—doing away with the old hierarchal (some would even say old patriarchal) systems on every front. They advocated globalization in the way I had initially advocated Resistance to the war, that is, through nonviolent Dominion.

In the main, my campus forays revealed that the first phase of the globalization movement was being guided by this Earthpeople vision and value set. Tellingly, these Lone Male Earthpeople could not see their own Shadow. While among themselves they argued about and advocated sustainability or being Green or creating a more socially just global society or even maintaining a nonviolent peace-keeping force, they failed to grasp that the core of their message was still that someone is the enemy, someone is Other, that there are gooks, somewhere. They perpetuated a static black-and-white dualism that at its base sustained the belief that humans are motherless children. Although most were not directly involved with military institutions or projects, when pressed to commit to pacifistic nonviolence they balked. At some point nonviolence was impractical, so they argued, and they remained open to the principle and practice of a first-strike use of violence when “necessary”—echoing the traditional “Just War” argument. Significantly, their Dominion was expressed through an attitude and practice of cultural superiority as they never doubted that biblically grounded secularism *must* be adopted by everyone if the Earth is to survive.

Notably, a segment of the Earthpeople were self-identified religious or spiritual youths and activists, some of a conservative evangelical bent, who had no problem being Green, nonviolent, anti-racist, anti-sexist, etc., because they interpreted their faith mandate in Genesis 1 as a call to become *Stewards* of the world, not predatory Dominators. While they could not worship a Mother Goddess and did not honor Mother Earth as a divine Mother, I honored that they personally acted in ways that made Her present. As you might anticipate,

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we often engaged in arduous theological discussions.

In sum, Earthpeople were global conquerors expressing Dominion. Like the biblical Chosen People, they saw their culture (militaristic and scientific) as a replacement for less advanced (materially and technologically wanting) cultures. Like monotheistic worshipers of “no god but our god” they deemed their secular faith in the Earthpeople vision to be absolutely and unequivocally necessary for the survival of the planet. However, I sensed that “Save the Earth!” was simply a variant of “Jesus Saves!” For them, the Other was anyone who resists and chooses not to be a node on the world-wide-web, not to be Internetted. These un-webbed nonbelievers were an enemy of eco-and-cyber-Progress—a notion imbued with the imperialistic spirit of America’s historic Manifest Destiny. Without any moral qualms or boundaries, Earthpeople sought to “Make the World Safe for Democracy” as Earth-America became “One world-wide-web under God.”

The Earthpeople’s Lone Male imagination was deeply embedded in the individual and communal psyche of most people. However, the Lone Male vision was not limited to biblical and Western traditions. Rather, its vision and values have come to be the way through which almost every religious, theological, or spiritual tradition (East and West) has interpreted and molded itself. It became clearer that the Lone Male was the common thread linking the biblical to the secular vision and values of today’s Earth-America’s Earthpeople.

The necessity of becoming an Outlaw Theologian

Of course I didn’t say “Outlaw Theologian” because for this generation theology was either basically irrelevant to politics and social justice or was an esoteric academic pursuit. Unlike the Sixties, no one was seriously looking towards church leaders to be in the forefront of their various justice movements. Nevertheless, I knew that unless they came to understand the significance of the mythic question “Are we humans motherless children?” and developed an outlaw theological interpretation of the biblical tradition that they would fail as I had once failed. Not fail in terms of ending the wars because the Lone Male will wage wars until he commits suicide, but fail in the sense of living outside the Lone Male imagination. They would remain Earthpeople as long as they continued to live affirming the core value of biblical atheism that states that there is no Divine Mother. Despite all their good works, they would remain as Captives of the Lone Male—for some, through Stewardship. I had to

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convince and encourage them to become outlaws and Outlaw Theologians, to choose being an Earthfolk over being an Earthpeople.

I was very forthright about my Shadow insights into my nonviolence being a Lone Male energy, one that cited someone as enemy (the System, The Man, etc.) and which sought Dominion (being a winner, #1—“We stopped the war!”). To enable them to get a radically critical perspective on the Shadow aspects of their own movements and practices, I had to show why it was absolutely necessary that each person get in touch with their own subhumanness. Although I had Martin Luther King’s words in my ears as I listened to them, with this generation, it appeared that I should start with John Lennon’s vision.

#4—“Imagine” the Earthfolk Vision (continued)

What led John Lennon to write “Imagine”?

I answered by positioning Lennon as a cultural prophet who looked about the Sixties and, despite how it appeared—internecine racial battles, wars on foreign soil, shattering of cultural sexual taboos—envisioned a world where all people lived together as one family, dwelling peacefully and comfortably at home on the living Earth. The pressing question then: Was Lennon’s vision unfolding or are his words, forty years later, those of a self-deluded soul?

I stated that prophets lived on the grand scale, in the public eye. Most who heard them lived out the shared quest on the smaller scale, in private lives. Lennon’s murder silenced his public voice, but for many, the quest continued as we sought to give private voice to his vision. As with Lennon’s voice, those of Martin Luther King, Malcom X, Fred Hampton, Dan and Phil Berrigan, and others muffled by time still spoke to me and I introduced them to these young activists.

I related that when Bob Dylan and the Beatles first sang of “Revolution,” I was deep into my draft board raiding, trial, and prison years. At times I chuckled realizing that some youths perceived me as an ambulatory historical footnote. Yet as I took PWH onto college campuses, I learned how alive this Sixties’ vision of “Imagine” was in the hearts and minds of these campus activists. I often joked that at least every activist on campus could hum John Lennon’s “Imagine”!

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The play, “Peace Crimes,” got their attention and was a bridge for many conversations. The play was painfully relevant as two wars were raging and the core Sixties challenge—how to effectively resist nonviolently through civil disobedience—was still a hot topic. In stark contrast to the popular media statement that these young people were not as involved as we were in the Sixties, I was humbled by the range of commitments and the scope and depth of the intellectual synthesis that they acted upon.

As we talked, a set of diverse themes surfaced, some specific to particular movements, and, as mentioned, one appeared as common to all: They valued the Earth. Everyone was—at the start—one of the Earthpeople, being Earth-centered and maintaining a global consciousness. This wasn’t just an airy intellectual conviction, rather, and more impressively, it was a deeply passionate—heartfelt and in the gut—conviction that was source to how they were responding to various injustices. Despite this general Earthpeople linkage and camaraderie I sensed that they lacked a cohesive way to weave these movements together to articulate the Earthfolk vision.

I laughed because this was just how things were during the Sixties. We had lacked a coherent vision—we were just a “Movement”—so we mingled various theoretical analyses, for example, Marxism with Catholic social justice and the Quaker call to “speak truth to power.” Back then what we did share was an impassioned heartfelt resistance to racist lynchings and the dropping of napalm to burn “yellow people” alive.

This said, there was also something present that we had lacked in the Sixties. It was as if on the tip of the collective tongue this unifying Earthfolk vision was ready to be articulated. Yet what I had to share about my prison journey through the Shadow realm I knew would not settle easy with a lot of these activists because I would be making them aware of their Captor glad story and life-style and its Captive sad story and Lone Male theology.

Overall I was buoyed by my grandchildren’s fierce optimism in the face of a slew of injustices. Instead of chanting the hippie dopehead mantra—“Tune in. Turn on. *Drop out!*”—they tuned in, turned on, and went out to organize and protest. They were thinking globally

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and acting locally at a depth and with an energy truly admirable. Nevertheless, the most unsettling difference between us was soon evident. It was a category of difference not just generational but of a quality of being, that is, I was a subhuman. So I gave them a perspective on my personal Dark Night's journey wherein I discovered my subhumanness.

I related that like many of their actual grandfathers, I was a World War II "war baby" who grew up in the 1950s liking Ike, believing that "Father Knows Best," and personally confident (after JFK's election as president in 1963) that by being a good Catholic I was a true-blue American. In depressing contrast to the Fifties, the Sixties were a complete downer: an era of relentless disillusionment, moral betrayal by leaders of Church and State, and a crushing sense of personal and social powerlessness. The bullets that killed JFK and his brother Bobby, Martin Luther King and the Black Panther Fred Hampton, as well as the white students at Kent State and their peers at the historically black Jackson State, killed me. I shared the truth that my draft resistance was largely sourced in my howling grief at the loss of my own and America's innocence.

Another profound and defining difference between us was that these young activists had grown up fully knowledgeable about the Shadow realm. Whereas historical accounts of the women's movement, slavery and racism, the several Native American Trail of Tears, an impending ecological doomsday, and animal abuse, among others, were "new histories" to my generation, these were common topics in today's classrooms. These young folks were on the other side of the disillusionment divide in respect to the Pentagon Papers, Watergate, Iran Contra, and recurring political scandals. They were beyond Three Mile Island, Agent Orange, Love Canal, Exxon Valdez, and other ecological disasters. Moreover, they were sensitive to topics not even imaginable in the Sixties—for example, PETA and the Animal Liberation Front's challenge to the injustice of speciesism.

Slowly a unifying vision that fleshed out Lennon's "Imagine" emerged in images, words, a random phrase as I labored to build a bridge from my early idealism to theirs. My youthful actions had thrust me into the Shadow realm—although no one back then used that term—and that was precisely the bridge! Having reflected on my Dark Night for nearly forty years, I now realized that imagining a life-affirming vision that integrated insights from the Shadow

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realm was what was on the tip of their collective activist tongue. It was She, the Shadow Mother, who was the bridge. I had to help them discover Her within their own lives.

Introducing the *Inside*

I explained why prison was aptly termed the Inside, and recounted my development from the pastel blue solitary experience to the descent into “where everything human is soon absent.” I was conscious of their Hollywood versions of prison life, so I took pains to both humanize the inmates and not to romanticize the experience. I said “motherfucking” one too many times, I’m sure.

I related that when I was first handcuffed, chained, stripped, fingerprinted, and photographed, it was momentarily like being in a play. However, right after the first “Light’s out!” when the iron gate clanged shut, I had a panic attack. It was a sizzling hot July night, the whole county jail was like an oven, and I lay on my bed shivering, goose bumps amok, and sweating the sheets wet. Having never had a panic attack, I thought I was dying. Others in my felonious crew snored away, amazingly content.

Truth be told, I should have been the one least freaked out. I’d been a monk—hungered in Black Fasts, whipped my flesh in ritual flagellation, exposed my wet chest to Indiana’s below-zero winter winds, crawled every night on my knees around the Stations of the Cross, surrendered my cock, and strove to live the *via crucis* (the Way of the Cross). In my fervent idealism, I had been ready to die for the faith, have my eyes burned out, my flesh peeled, my heart pierced in martyrdom, imitating the heroic deeds recounted nightly at monastic table through readings from Butler’s *Lives of the Saints*.

Yet, I admitted, what truly baffled me was that in the monastery I knew what they were trying to do to me. They were forming me, directing me, sculpting my soul, and I accepted that. But in prison? I assumed prison would be the monastery on dark-side steroids—a continual attack on my behavior and attitude, an atmosphere of constant threat of physical violence, often sexual, and incessant demands to renounce my folly and sins and return to the straight and narrow. It was all of that—but that was just the Inside’s surface reality. I confess that what I learned was something unexpected, more deeply disturbing—*It almost killed me!*—that prison was a never-ending sinuous pathway into the darkest depths of the Shadow realm

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where only subhumanity is present.

Mother(s) on the Inside

When I spoke about my subhuman experience in prison, the concerned reaction was often, “Was it worth it?” I knew that this meant, *Were you scared? Did someone try to kill you?* Most everyone had watched cop or prison TV “reality” shows where armed men pace the cellblock perimeter keeping at bay the tattooed, often toothless low-lives who snarl from their cages. I’d admit, “Sure. I was scared every second, awake, and asleep.” But what would catch them off guard was my insight about how my mother and the Shadow Mother both made clear to me what being fully human—a “real human person”—required. Like any one-bodied person they looked at me quizzically. “Shadow Mother?” Convincing them that She was really there and that they had to meet Her was the challenge of my lifetime.

I realized that most of the activists were like me in several respects, either white male or educated or from middle-class homes. Many had been activists during their pre-college years. I asked them to analyze the import of the fact that as highly educated and/or white males and/or middle-class, none of our life stories was supposed to, or would ever, include an Inside chapter. We were from the Captor class, practicing Captor Theology, a one-bodied Dominion driven vision of the world. We were Captors whether we were conscious of it or not.

I challenged them to plumb the depth of this fact: Only when my Shadow Mother forced me to embrace my subhumanness did I become fully present in my own humanity. More, only because She did so was I able to grasp my twice-bodiedness. Now I taunted them, “Look at me. Do you see Francis Kroncke? Do you see 8867-147?” Inevitably asked, I’d talk further about how Francis himself came to see 8867-147.

I recounted how She kept me alive but let me suffer. How I felt my name, Francis, drain away like blood from a fatal wound. How I walked into the visiting room—seconds after having my bunghole inspected—and was slowly tortured by the piercing knife of sweet words from my family that cut out my heart because we were forbidden to hug and kiss and be held within a nurturing embrace. Then I described how prison institutionalizes the Shadow. Here I recounted the Pathway #2 “soon absent” story about my then widowed mother’s visit.

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I asked them not to think about what I was saying and so effect an emotional distance but rather just feel the story. I suggested that they close their eyes and sit for a moment or so with a memory of King's "unearned sufferings" which I translated into "a time when you got whacked or dissed just because of who you were and not for what you did." Could they empathize rather than sympathize? I hoped that they would begin to feel a bit subhuman. So I took them into the Inside's visiting room, one again telling them about my mom and Mother. How her hearing, "You can't do that!" shouted at her made her jump in her seat. That when her hand brushed my knee, she was admonished, "No touching!" I described the guard glaring threateningly, and how she cowered and gasped. What type of world is prison, I asked, if this was the rule: "One kiss when you meet, one when you leave." I paused and asked: "Would you like I did embody your subhuman heart and stab the guard to death, if not with a knife then with hatred?" I admitted: I did the latter.

I asked, "What was my mother's *unearned suffering*?" I answered that she was being abused and degraded, treated subhumanly because of me, simply for visiting me Inside. "For being a good Christian," I joked, quoting, *I was in prison and you visited me*, "from Matthew somewhere." I didn't mince words and admitted that I acted like the subhuman that prison wanted me to be, and I acted as my Captor would, with hatred and violence. Right there before mom's eyes I became a Captor of my Captive self.

Inevitably someone asked, "What's the point of this story?" I stated that I did not grasp the import of that visit until ten or fifteen years later. I didn't want to depress them but I had to emphasize that moving out of the Shadow realm can take a long stretch of calendar time, for me, here, decades. Yet, this question enabled me to describe how my Mom's actions effected her self-transformation from being mother to Earth Mother. I stated that at the instant Mom heard the Shadow Father's command, for a mythic nanosecond she recoiled from me, joining Him and the Shadow Mother in accepting my 8867-147 subhumanness, abandoning me to my suffering. But then she rebounded and mothered me in such a way that she embodied the Mother Goddess of all subhumans. With only momentary hesitation, she delicately took my hand, raised it to her lips, and kissed my fingertips, whispering, "Francis, I love you."

Although Mom knew I was suffering and living in the Shadow realm, she entered it to be

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with me, an act of love that affirmed my humanness. Her kiss exposed the Shadow truth that I was not human—could not become a real human person—unless and until a personal Other became intimate with me by embracing me in my Shadow subhuman state, called me forth by name, touched me, and made me feel precious. Like Gordy, the Marine’s earlier proclamation, her kiss confirmed that I was not a gook but a person. Reflecting upon her kiss I was awakened to the insight that to become either subhuman or human required the creation of a heartfelt relationship wherein the Other is rendered either enemy or beloved. Even more radically insightful was my discovery that to experience my belovedness *required* that I embrace my own subhumanness.

Note well: Although it was over a decade later before I fully realized what had happened on this Inside visit, once felt so my whole body changed: I became a real human person. *Awake!* My mother’s visit was when I first felt truly beloved—as she embraced me, her subhuman son. Again, following the upside-down logic of the Shadow realm, intimacy was so utterly absent in prison, my body so numb, all was so dark, that on this occasion I felt nurtured, embraced, precious, and loved with a passion quite disturbing. For the first time I realized that I could truly give unconditional love to a personal Other—to my own Shadow Other, my subhuman me! Following my mother’s example, I embraced my subhumanity and thereby connected with all that could potentially become human. This, I stated was what had to happen for one to emerge out of the Earthpeople vision into the Earthfolk vision.

Inside: the realm of personal intimacy

As I recounted my prison days, I realized that it was during this visiting room Shadow moment *when everything human was soon absent* that I had simultaneously sensed, through my mother’s intimate presence, that I was precious and beloved and so, for the first time, understood what prison was all about. This moment revealed what prison sought to hide—that *on the Inside, in the realm of the Shadow*, I had found the way to become a real human person, that is, through *intimate embrace*.

Truly, I had walked around the Shadow realm, trekking directly ahead and—*Awake!*—discovered myself in the Mobius dimension of the Sunlight. My life experience got stood on its head through grasping this Shadow secret of the Inside, that it is the realm of *personal*

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intimacy. Prison is the place where everything is stripped away from you, all pretense, all clever self-illusions, and you are confronted with not just your physically naked but your exposed intimate self. I realized this sense of acutely vulnerable, almost innocent personal intimacy as I encountered myself as a Shadow subhuman. I discerned that intimacy actually defines the essence of the Shadow realm and so that discovering intimacy is a “soon absent” Shadow experience. In brief, I became fully me only when I embraced and integrated my personal and intimate selves—by embracing myself humanly and subhumanly so did I rise. Once I realized this, I began to live twice-named as both personal “Francis” and intimate “8867-147.” I blossomed as a real human person.

As Mom had with me, so I had to embrace myself as the least, the scum of the Earth, society’s offal, the Church’s demon—not just as personal enemy but as an intimate enemy. I realized that as Mom had entered mine, so I must enter into the Shadow intimacy of Others and have them enter mine. Not just our personal space where we might become friends, even lovers, but into the depths of our Shadow selves where I embrace your subhumanness as I reveal my own. To be fully human we must receive one another as precious and beloved. As such, we become no longer personal or intimate enemies but make real Lennon’s “brotherhood of man.”

So, although totally unimaginable by pre-prison one-body me, it was when I was Inside—that place of no direction or location, where I could not be found, where “lost” has no connotation—that I experienced myself as Shadow Mother/Father, a twice-bodied person. Being Inside was a gut check at the cellular and cosmic levels. Amazingly, it was when “soon absent” that I sensed myself as *you*—in this darkness there was no distance, separation, or alienation, rather there was the presence of *you*. Not just the presence of me, but of you, the Other, the alien, the gook, the one supposedly invisible in the darkness—it was you who was me. This I felt cellularly, sensing my blood flow through you and me simultaneously. Likewise, I soared to the sky and outer space and was one with all light, all that was visible. I saw you in your distinctiveness and I beheld you as precious and beloved.

Here was my message to my grandchildren: Once I embraced myself in the Shadow’s “soon absent” sector as subhuman, only then could I ascend into the Sunlight and make present

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myself a precious Other, one deserving to be celebrated as a beloved. Only then could I proclaim my: “I am an Earthfolk.”

Earthfolk. It was clear, everyone can become an Earthfolk. You can descend into your “soon absent” and rise to be beheld as precious and beloved, everyday. You have “unearned sufferings.” You can intimately embrace. Each day you can make present yourself as Mother and Father of the one family of humankind.

Imagining a New World

Since religious traditions and/or theological discourse did not source my grandchildren’s activist movements, this intellectual difference between us compelled me to listen harder to what was *not* being articulated about how these activists were navigating their way through these social justice movements while not losing their minds and spirits. What was their intellectual or emotional glue? What was the source of their idealistic strength?

Their imagery and language provided clues. Being Earth-centered most did not use traditional otherworldly language such as “natural versus supernatural.” As Lennon sang, “Imagine there’s no Heaven / It’s easy if you try / No hell below us / Above us only sky.” Rather than being religious, their spirited words were visionary and imaginative. Their ventures into the Shadow realm were not battles with supernatural demons but rather with the injustices of the human heart. They acted justly but not because they wanted to be saved or because they feared a hell. They shared Lennon’s vision: “Imagine all the people / Living for today.” They were knit together by a heartfelt passion that arose from their interactions with others around the world. They knew that whatever one person did regarding a justice issue affected everyone on the planet. They were Earthpeople on the verge of emerging as Earthfolk.

I sensed their essential Earthfolk character because as happened with me in prison on the tip of their collective tongue was “Mother.” Although they mainly spoke of “Mother Earth” (and not “goddess Mother”) they breathed Her name with the same loving voice that my mother used and sealed with her kiss. As my mother embodied the Great Mother in touching my subhumanness, so when these youths proclaimed “Mother Earth,” they were emerging as Earthfolk declaring themselves and all others precious and beloved.

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For them Lennon's plea to "Imagine there's no countries" was more than a geographical, cultural or political quest; it was personal and intimate. They felt ecologically that everyone and everything was One in body, heart and spirit. They were not only Earthpeople's global citizens but Earthfolk's global family, each thinking globally and acting locally as they imagined "living life in peace."

"Imagine all the people / sharing all the world." These emerging Earthfolk were members of the one tribal family of the living Earth. They discerned that She is alive, Mother Earth and soon came to proclaim Her as our goddess Mother, consort of Father Sky, our god Father. Again, this was not supernatural, otherworldly language about deities—it was expressive visionary language that imagined what humans may fully become. It asserted that each of us is a precious child of the loving, familial presence which we each embody when we behold every person as precious and beloved.

In time, four themes surfaced as foundational to the emerging Earthfolk vision. (1) Confronting the Nuclear Age's deep cultural fear by living in a nonviolent way that affirms the preciousness of all human beings and life-forms. (2) Refusing to identify and name the Other as enemy, instead embracing the Other as family. (3) Celebrating Earth as the living presence of the Mother Goddess (the feminine), while bringing forth a life-affirming presence of the Father God (a new masculine). And, (4) rejecting the supposed inevitability of the apocalyptic story of self-annihilation—*Poof!*—committing instead to simple living and building the Earth as one home for the one family of all humankind.

Chapter 14: Imagining the Earthfolk

Earthfolk Revolution

Some campus activists sharply criticized the “institutionalization of protest” which they felt actually sabotaged the rise of the Earthfolk vision. They pointed out that an unintended consequence of establishing academic departments and programs such as peace studies, Black studies, women’s studies, and so forth, was that political protesting quite often ceased upon graduation. Unhappily, just as in my youth, for many student activists their participation in social justice movements was campus based—and confined. While young activists might espouse the Earthfolk vision while in school, how could they sustain the vision later on? Was Earthfolk a new mythic story of origin just for idealistic young folk or was it for all people everywhere? Was it significant that we lacked a national political party that advocated *Resist!* and challenged the Earthpeople vision? Were off-campus activists fated to life in the mainstream where they would, inevitably, embody Lone Male values and ways of operating—“grow up” and just settle with being Earthpeople? I urged them to listen to Lennon and hear his truly radical call to “Imagine”!

I stressed: Isn’t Lennon’s vision of “living life in peace” grounded in the challenge that “the personal is political”? You are personally challenged to live without religion, possessions, and nationalism. *Don’t be greedy, share the planet!* Isn’t “Imagine” a call to explore your intimacy—encounter your Shadow subhuman self and stay focused on Shadow work? Doesn’t the paralyzing grip of the Lone Male Shadow Father’s patriarchal religion weaken as you embrace the Shadow Mother and so embody the “nothing to kill or die for” familial love of the Great Mother and Great Father? Doesn’t living without possessions require “sharing all the world” as you subordinate national identity and celebrate the world-wide-web of life?

“You may say I’m a dreamer / But I’m not the only one.” *Not the only one*: Chante Wolf, a “Veterans for Peace” leader, notably from the first Iraqi war, with some of us old peace activists and Resisters toured regional campuses as part of the PWH project. By sharing their “soon absent” wartime experiences, Chante and other vets brought the Earthfolk message to their campus peers just as Gordy had to me. Although not using my Shadow and Sunlight imagery, they spoke across the socio-economic-academic divide about their deep Shadow

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battlefield experiences and related to Gordy's phrase: "not a gook but a person." Chante, without fail, brought every room and crowd to complete silence as she recounted her and other sister-soldier's sexual violence experiences while in the war zone. Other male and female members of various chapters of "Iraqi Veterans Against the War" described how they were dealing with their Shadow realm experiences and working to become Great Mothers and Fathers. In so many ways the testimony and witness of these war veterans catalyzed and inspired my grandchildren more than any of my or other elders' stories.

Not the only one: Equally powerful was PWH's "Woman and War" program that was led by two nationally prominent dissident women: Ann Wright, an Army colonel (retired) and Coleen Crowley, a former FBI agent. In a way that I as a male could not reach some female activists, their careers demonstrated that if women were willing to live as Shadow Mothers (biblical Sarahs) and act in concert with the Shadow Fathers then they could succeed and be promoted to the highest ranks. Yet once they rebelled and acted as Great Mothers, each was dismissed. Both publicly opposed the illegality of the Iraq invasion and also blew the whistle on illegal acts committed in the conduct of the invasion

Not the only one: Some activists joined me for the "Minnesota 8 Celebration" evening that kicked off the play's opening night. Several hundred gathered to honor those who had resisted their generational wars and to listen to their stories. Older activists handed out awards to the current generation. We honored peacemaking veterans, resisters, raiders, organizers, lawyers, scientists, public officials, teachers, and families. We celebrated our history of *Resist!ance* but more we celebrated ourselves as a peacemaking family.

That night I reconnected with Rob Senden, a draft resister who had served time with me. We had rented a house together during my first year on parole. Soon after this evening, Rob introduced me to "The Mankind Project," a thirty-year-old movement that initiates men into manhood. This group offered another way for men and women of all ages to enter the Shadow realm and develop a new Sunlight story.

Not the only one: After the play and PWH's closure, I went on The Mankind Project's "New Warrior Training Adventure" which was an experiential weekend that enables a man to

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explore and work on his Shadow. You are shown how to become a Shadow warrior—a healer, not a predator. I took the training with thirteen other men, ages 23 to 72, and was profoundly moved as I entered the Shadow realm, shared my subhuman self as intimate enemy, and was held as precious and beloved. My brothers embraced me and called me forth by my New Warrior name.

I was pleased to learn that across the globe other organizations like The Mankind Project regularly meet in local groups to deepen and act upon their personal growth. The Mankind Project itself has programs for adolescents (“Boys to Men”) and couples. Similarly, for women there are the affiliated projects of “Woman Within” and “Empowered Girl Alliance,” and the unaffiliated “Women in Power.” Then—as now—I encouraged men and women of all ages to explore these projects that enable you to encounter your Shadow subhuman self.

But beyond all these programs, at the core of the Earthfolk vision is the need for the simple willingness to engage in a revolution within: willingness to see and embrace your own Shadow and that of others, and ultimately, willingness to be changed—to live differently, and let the world be changed because of us.

Not the only one: My request is that you respond to Lennon’s invitation, “I hope someday you’ll join us,” and sound the depths of the Earthfolk revolution that echoes throughout “Imagine.”

The challenge to embody the vision

As happy as I was with the play, PWH, and the Celebration, with so many inspiring discussions and events, I had to confront my own sense of failure. It was linked to, “How can I live “Imagine” and *Resist!* when off-campus in the workaday world?” While I had opened insights into the Inside and the Shadow I had to admit that I was caught short when trying to answer, “What does an Earthfolk person do?” I just felt that I had not said enough about how to *live everyday* as an Earthfolk—in fact, I realized that I didn’t have all that worked out.

The question asked for practical answers, for ways to embody being an Earthfolk. My PWH message had been encouraging these activists to “live as if you are no one’s enemy.” That was okay, but there had to be more. I felt that I was leaving them with a cup not even one-

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tenth full. More work had to be done. Like it or not, I would have to go back Inside my own “soon absent” Shadow realm to listen, once again, to prison’s terrible revelation.

Prison’s Terrible Revelation

Prison’s terrible revelation—that *Shadow injustices would not be righted until I personally embraced my subhumanness and made myself present as Shadow Father and Mother*. Okay. I had understood and emphasized that point over and over. What was missing? *Awake!* One simple word—*everyday*. Okay. I had to laugh at myself a bit. This simple insight took me back to my days in the monastery where the quest was to be in the presence of God every minute of every day. This was achieved through ritual practices. *Ha*. Was I coming full circle into the world of Friar Otto? *Okay*. That was partly true, but the real insight came when I reflected upon the fact that my commitment to nonviolence had been inspired by Teilhard de Chardin (on Pathway #1).

Teilhard had given me a pre-computer age sense of the world-wide-web of the human heart. He saw the Earth as living and as having a psychic sphere called the Noosphere and a sacred sphere called the Christosphere enveloping it. This perspective was linked to the reality that the mind is not the brain but without the brain there is no mind! If the Earth were living then these two spheres must exist. I accepted that. This vision had inspired my nonviolence as it made me aware that every one of my personal actions had an impact on every other person linked through the Noosphere. Time and again as I resisted and nonviolently demonstrated I sensed the global impact of my individual action. In a way, the judge’s thundering condemnation: *You strike at the foundation...* illustrated my point. As the Quakers proclaim, when I “spoke truth to power” the world was transformed.

Although I was no longer on campus, I realized that my message to young and old was, “Daily, you must enter the Shadow realm and embrace yourself as subhuman. You cannot simply remain an advocate protesting the unjust treatment of subhumans.” This would be an effective, practical act that transformed the world. *Transformed?* Yes, this was true not only from the Noospheric perspective but because of the Inside experience I had in the “soon absent” that when you make yourself present as a subhuman so are you one with all Other humans. For me this was a *Wow!* moment. I had never connected the Noosphere to the Shadow realm. Now it all seemed so clear and so self-evident—in Shadow as in Sunlight

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every individual on the planet is every other individual. We are all one, bonded in our sufferings and our celebrations.

Discovery: Entering your Shadow/Sunlight realm of personal intimacy, everyday, is the core Earthfolk practice that will transform the world.

Nevertheless, I knew that entering the Shadow realm and meeting one's own subhumanness cannot be consciously done, like flipping an on/off switch. There is no place anyone can go where it automatically happens, not even on prison's Inside. There is no starting line for the Shadow realm, but there are ways to prepare, practices to engage. Here Martin Luther King's approach to understanding how "unearned sufferings" serve to transform a person's heart and soul proved once again both insightful and useful. His words are worth re-reading:

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. ("I have a dream")

Everyone and every living thing has unearned sufferings, such as suffering because you are born gay, or the suffering of an innocent noncombatant maimed by an invader, or of dying pelicans slicked with oil.

As I had learned on Pathway #1 that the draft board and on Pathway #2 the Inside were ritual zones, so I knew that to embody the Earthfolk vision I would have to develop rituals and practices of intimacy.

Human bodies as ritual instruments of intimacy

Unintentionally, the biblical Shadow sad stories gave me the insight that the realm of intimacy—me embracing you—was where "it was all happening," that is, where reality is envisioned and made manifest; where the creative action lies. The clue was that when Adam

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and Eve became intimate the whole Lone Male patriarchal world went bonkers. When physically naked this couple experienced something they were not supposed to intuit or sense. They felt, shared, and were transformed through intimate embrace—they experienced what I term “coupled presence.” More, they realized that the creative life force was expressed and manifested as they brought their bodies into sexual communion. In my terms, Adam and Eve—the male and the female; me and you—discovered that their *bodies were ritual instruments of intimacy*.

My quest: I had to discover, explore, celebrate, suffer, that is, totally sense your intimacy so as to sense my own. Only as we two become one and so make ourselves present each to the other as a real human person can we then dissemble and dwell peacefully and comfortably at home together. Let me use some candle imagery to capture this insight. Like two candle flames that merge to form a novel oneness so did Adam and Eve discover themselves as Life’s creators—the definition of being a real human person. As the flames separate, the male and female, you and me, are once again distinct. From this perspective, Adam and Eve violated what would be expressed through the Abrahamic First Commandment—they discovered their godness, their divinity, their life creativity...and they adored one another, that is, they beheld one another as precious and beloved. At that moment there was no static dualistic distinction between being human and being divine. Divine and human, like the two candle flames, merged through intimate embrace and the novel thirdness of Life itself in personal face emerged. For this sin, sacrilege, blasphemy, however termed, their Father god jumped right into their faces, raged violently, and kicked them out of the house.

I took all this to mean that the biblical Lone Male vision was tethered to the intimate zone but just as the Shadow realm was, that is, from a point of denial. *Awake!* For the Lone Male there is and should not be intimacy as there is and should not be Shadow. Consequently, to start re-visioning I had to explore my intimacy because it was there—as embracing Adam and Eve revealed—that the vision and experience of being a real human person arises.

For me this negative biblical insight into intimacy quickly translated into secular terms as I discerned that the secular West, through America’s entry into the Shadow realm as Earth-America, had created a weapon of mass destruction that was at its core a destroyer of

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intimacy. The Atomic Bomb went *Poof!* and obliterated intimacy as *everything human was soon absent* since nothing human remained at any level of meaning. Why, I asked myself, was this weapon created? Simply to achieve a military objective? Or was it more properly understood as a mythic weapon that was intended to redefine what it meant to be human, that is, inspire a new story of origin where “in the beginning” was nothing but a whorl of atomic tidbits? In this light, the Bomb just returned everything Lone Male full circle to the biblical theological revelation that states that humans were *not born* but created—*creatio ex nihilo*. Here, once again, we humans are motherless children and, in essence, subhumans.

So, when Earthfolk intimately embrace they are, by that act, ritually moving away from the biblical story of origin that sources Earthpeople globalization and are making manifest the Earthfolk story of origin. Every day, through ritual embrace, Earthfolk make present Mother and Father in Shadow and Sunlight. It is our Divine Parents, made present through our actions, who are our guides to how the globalization movement should unfold.

Invitation to practice Earthfolk rituals with a personal Other

As has been my approach on these Pathways I ground my Outlaw Theology in gut experiences. I am always ready to describe and share my personal experiences, experiments, and rituals. Now I'd like to invite you to engage several Earthfolk rituals and practices. However, to shift the spotlight onto you, I present this invitation *as if* I were responding to your request about how to proceed.

First off, don't rush into all of this without weighing the risks. Be aware: I am asking you to engage a set of practices and rituals that stand to turn your life upside down as you discover your second body—your subhuman self. I hope by now that you know that my story and the Earthfolk vision isn't some shallow intellectual fantasy like some New Age airy-fairy type blather. I'm not going to ask you to practice some touchy-feely feel-good exercises. Rather I am going to invite you to do something that no one else has ever asked you to do, that is, *voluntarily* and *consciously* approach entering the Shadow realm by tapping into the primal emotions of your unearned sufferings.

I want you to begin experiencing the world as a subhuman—the Other as enemy, gook, bitch. I am hoping that you will then “skin yourself alive,” that is, embody the Earthfolk vision and

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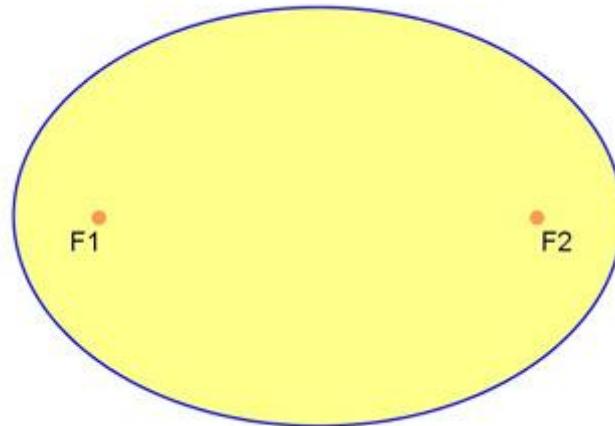
begin to dwell peacefully and comfortably at home on the Living Earth. Last word: If you haven't blotted the blood spots on the pages or not been repelled by the fetid odor of my bowels emptied by a raging fear throughout these accounts, then you've missed the boat. *Go toss this book into a trashcan!*

Yet other than write this book there is nothing I can do to or for you from here on out. Okay, that's not exactly true. I am an Other who is inviting you but I am not your personal beloved. At the right time you will be challenged to embody prison's terrible revelation that to become a real human person you need a beloved with whom to engage in evoking a coupled presence. But let's start with some preparatory practices.

Creating an Earthfolk ritual zone

The first step is to practice "living as if I am no one's enemy" for say three months. This is a period where you seriously and patiently become present to yourself. Do this by yourself before inviting someone into your ritual zone. You will inevitably confront a lot of upsetting Lone Male thoughts, images, and feelings during this practice. It will prove useful to keep a notebook or a journal.

It is key that you create your own private Earthfolk zone for imagining and practicing. To make it a personal safe space for yourself, set some boundaries by sitting on a small rug and/or making a border with candles or whatnot. If you're in a place not of your choosing, such as solitary confinement or other like inhospitable locale, then vividly imagine yourself in such a zone. Place, where you can clearly see them, the two icons of the Lone Male: the Mushroom Cloud and Earthrise. Design or at least imagine this ritual zone as an elliptic space, an oval that has two foci.



Sunlight you is one focal point and the other point is also you but it is the Shadow you that the Lone Male wants to obliterate, that is, your Mother goddess/feminine self. This holds equally true for males and females. Remember, to become a real human person you need your Shadow and Sunlight male and female presences to mingle. Your goal is to mingle them like two candle flames merging and making a third flame present, namely, yourselves as precious and beloved. As an aid, place something on that Shadow focal point, like a candle or even a picture of yourself. Just something that reminds you that you are not yet fully present to your subhuman self.

If you already have such a ritualizing safe zone and it is festooned with flowers, stimulated by cleansing smoking herbs, and a comfort to you on your journeying that's an added plus. With this preparatory creation of a safe ritual zone you are ready to practice "living as if I am no one's enemy."

Earthfolk rituals and practices with your Shadow Other

The necessity of a beloved Other(s)

Prison's vision is "Do your own time!" with an emphasis on *your own*. Getting across the deeper meaning of this simple command continues to be critical to my providing anyone with a way to value and then enter their Shadow realm. This is the other side of prison's terrible revelation: *You need the Other to become you!* Isn't this becoming more evident, that there are two Others to embrace. First, your subhuman self must embrace your human self and vice versa as beloveds. Second, you must embrace a personal Other, sharing your Shadow and Sunlight stories, and so beholding one another as precious and beloved.

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Embracing your own Other requires that you start practicing “living as if I am no one’s enemy.” After mastering this practice, embracing a personal Other can be approached through several practices and rituals. One, described below, is to replicate the encounter I had with my mother as she became Great Mother during the prison visit where the Hack momentarily had her slip into her role as Shadow Mother.

Here’s where the Atom Bomb’s violation of human dignity through vaporization, an act that revealed that its purpose was to obliterate human intimacy, merged with the Inside revelation that I had to stop doing my own personal time and start doing mythic time. I had to un-Adjust myself which meant integrating my subhuman and human selves and so live with the body of a real human person, that is, live mythically as One with the Earthfolk. If I could embody myself as an Earthfolk I would live and sense the world quite differently than an Earthpeople does. I would practice *living as if I was no one’s enemy* which meant approaching every Other I met as a potential intimate beloved. Doing this releases a vital energy that is not even fully described by the word Love, and I received in return a sense of emotional fulfillment which is not even fully described by the word Peace. Those terms come across as a bit too static. Let me just say that my presence was better described as *juicy*. I felt alive as if juiced by the ripeness of life itself, by the electric thrill much like lightning in a raging storm, like what I’ve felt during a moment of heart-stopping insight when “Aha!” blows me away. When I meet you and we open ourselves intimately, juices flow and life throbs.

The practice of living as if I am no one’s enemy

Can you accept that your psyche is deeply embedded within the Lone Male story of origin that has you gripped in a dreadful fear of the Other as intimate enemy? As referenced before, the biblical story of origin (source to Western secularism and scientism) has you feeling hated, despised, rebuked, yelled out, cursed, and cast out of paradise. You are a “wretch like me!” You need “amazing grace” or else you will burn forever in the furnace of hell. In the secular variant, you are just an evolutionary blip, a worthless epiphenomenon. Essentially, you are just a puff of inorganic atoms—*Poof!* How else to feel when hearing these stories then dreadfully fearful? This fear determines how biblical and Western people think. And they react in the self-harming way that those suffering from post-traumatic stress do—hyper-vigilant fear.

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Intimately embracing this dreadfully fearful you is what living as no one's enemy is all about. It takes a lot of guts and often a fair amount of practice time to really, truly and deeply live this way. It happens when you embrace yourself as a subhuman: Other, scum, piece of shit, "acceptable collateral damage"...and meld that with your human story and let the new vision of you as an Earthfolk emerge—nurtured and flowering from the well of your sense of yourself as precious and beloved.

Just know that to move away from the Lone Male vision puts you at a certain risk. To practice "living as if I am no one's Enemy" immediately throws you into the Lone Male's Shadow realm. Remember, the Lone Male wants to obliterate the Shadow realm...and all who inhabit it! Only you can weigh the risks of continuing to live as a Lone Male and sustain the imagination which will inevitably make present the nuclear holocaust, or you can choose to practice "living as if I am no one's Enemy."

"Living as if I am no one's enemy" is the fundamental practice of living nonviolently. We Earthfolk understand nonviolence as a way of creatively channeling and making whole and precious the violent imagination and actions of the Lone Male. We accept that Others will thrust us into the deepest darkest sectors of the Shadow realm as they name us as enemy but it is our Sunlight commitment to always state to an Other that we do not honor or accept that name. We imagine everyone as beloved and seek to respectfully embrace them to make present the beauty and bountifulness of his or her preciousness. We recognize evil Shadow imaginings and actions and immediately and actively strive to resist both while always proclaiming all involved as precious beloveds. We employ imagery and language that expresses another's preciousness and honors her/him as a beloved. We practice rituals that enable preciousness to arise within the embrace of coupled beloveds where every human sense is honored as a way of enabling a couple to make present their preciousness and live a fully human life as twice-bodied. We actively and consciously explore our own dark side or inner shadow to discern and embody our Shadow subhumanness and so burst forth into the Sunlight.

"Living as if I am no one's enemy" is first practiced by opening yourself to your own

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preciousness. This prepares you to open to an Other's preciousness. Right now that Other who is stranger, alien, enemy, possibly friend or even lover is *yourself*. Being open to your own preciousness is not a self-centered act in terms of narcissistic obsession, rather it is the exact opposite. It is opening yourself not only to give to an Other but to receive from them. Here, you practice being vulnerable to yourself. The courage that is involved is that you will now surrender the primal Lone Male emotion of self-hatred, that is, accepting yourself as a wretch, a sinner, a fallen soul, etc. You have been raised to be your own Intimate Enemy. Now you are to image yourself as and seek to feel precious and beloved.

Awake! You are all that Life has groaned, as Father and Mother, to bring to birth here on Earth. You are and have been loved every second of your existence. You are precious to Mother Earth and Father Sky, and you are a beloved child in the one human family. Sit, walk, rest, whatever, with these images and feelings: practice "living as if I am no one's enemy."

"Living as if I am no one's enemy" is the initiatory way to get-in-touch with the Earthfolk vision and imagination. As you experience your own preciousness, your desire to be present to an Other's preciousness will tantalize you!

Since the Shadow realm is nothing if not tricky, here's a word of advice: to keep yourself honest, start off by finding someone you trust and explain to them what you are seeking to discover from these Pathways. Use someone as a reality check. "Have I really changed?" "What do you think about this {thought, image, feeling, etc.}." If you really do affirm in your heart that the Lone Male has us both living in a world of predatory globalization and heading towards an apocalyptic time when more Atomic Bombs might be dropped, then you will persevere.

Reflect deeply on this: "Your body is a ritual instrument of intimacy." Just like the Atomic Bomb was a ritual instrument of intimacy. Just as prison was a ritual instrument of intimacy. So, let this idea and imagery seep into you—*Embody your intimacy!*

Creative intimacy

What happens when two beloveds experience a shared intimacy? Simply, the world is created, right now. We humans create the real, everyday, mundane and profane world through

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sharing our intimacy. If we seek not to share intimacy—to fear the Other as intimate enemy and not as beloved—we create the Lone Male Earthpeople world (re: Adam and Eve). At present this Lone Male world is rapidly expanding its Dominion over the Earth and all people. It is basically doing this through a relentless militarization of the foundations of society and culture.

The initiating and grounding Shadow act, then, is to reenact with a beloved, that is, a trusted Other who seeks the same intimate transformation, the essence of the encounter my mother and I shared in prison's visiting room, and through this act embody the Shadow Mother/Father. In brief, open by describing a time when you first learned about an injustice and positively responded to the call by the Shadow Father, for example, to approve a war crime invasion as a "necessary evil" or accept oil-slicked birds as "just business." Recall how you felt later when you realized that you had become His Shadow consort, as did my mother during her visit. Then reach out like my mother did and affirm your beloved Other's humanity and preciousness, and so open yourself to their affirming yours.

During this ritual time, let empathy move you both to touch and accept each other's subhumanness. This happens when you open your heart to your own unearned sufferings, when you acknowledge those moments when a Shadow Mother/Father abused, injured, violated, or humiliated you—abandoning you in the Shadow realm as a subhuman, intimate enemy. From within this shared anguish let your Other intimately touch you through sharing their own unearned sufferings. This heartfelt relationship enables each of you to experience yourself as intimate enemy and so discover your fuller humanity. In embracing yourself as the least, the despised, society's rubbish, so do the two of you embrace as beloveds, embodying the love of the Great Mother and Great Father and blossom as real human persons.

This practice makes you aware of your own subhumanness as you recognize the Shadow Mother and the Shadow Father within you. Encountering yourself as subhuman opens you to imagining yourself and others as fully human—to make *everything human fully present*. You will live as twice-bodied, actually sensing the world as a subhuman and so telling your sad story as part of imagining your glad story. This is the rhythmic structure of "Imagine." Then,

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these Shadow and Sunlight words, images, and actions inevitably stir ancient memories and enable you to experience yourself and Others as precious and beloved and so as siblings in one Family. Each of you are then present as Mother Earth and Father Sky and as child within the Earthfolk family. In this way, as Lennon says, “the world will live as one.” This should get your juices flowing.

A few Earthfolk practices

For all these practices there is no pat script to read or rote act to emulate. Rather, and this is quite a challenge, how you practice *living as if I am no one's enemy* is something you must creatively develop, and it is a practice you must define and refine. For many, at first it is often a difficult psychological task just to master your wandering mind and attention. Your goal is to confront and bring to conscious awareness how you've been expressing the Lone Male imagination through your personal thoughts and acts: identifying the words you've been using, how you've been interacting with others, and how they really feel when you've been a Lone Male.

At other times it might be a visioning task akin to reciting a mantra. You image the Other as welcoming and invite them as you recite “I am not living as your enemy” time and again. Then in other moments you might prefer to surround yourself with images, pictures, posters, slogans, elements that you have cherished (like stones, cups of water, flowers) and situate them within an inviting and healing environment. However you set up, the objective is to have your Earthfolk zone permeated by Sunlight energy—a positive, affirming, loving heartfelt energy—as you prepare to open yourself to walking into the Shadow realm (using the Mobius image, again, of walking from the Sunlight and soon appearing into the Shadow realm).

Time is not as important as is effort. Fifteen or thirty minutes, an hour: it's all the same. As you sit there, much like in a meditation or guided visualization moment, focus on the icons and let them stir up Lone Male dreadful fear. Now anticipate that this reflective practice will stir up bad memories, painful emotions, and bum you out! If you can, jot down notes or journal entries or somehow express yourself to create both memories and materials for future practice moments. Depending upon your talents you might create a ditty or a joke or dance a bit; just *Do it!*

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You'll know that you are making progress when you start getting frustrated, then angry, then eager to move forward.

When you enter your Shadow realm you are quite often forced—possibly for the first time ever—to consciously confront your own Shadow self, your subhuman you. *Surprise!* You realize how much a Lone Male you, yourself, have been and are!

Note: The Earthfolk website at <http://www.earthfolk.net> presents a complementary approach to developing daily rituals and practices.

Practice A: To get to “living *as if*” requires first getting to feeling “living *as the enemy Other.*” It will boggle your mind but try mightily to feel what it must be like to be vaporized—*Poof!* Then look at the icon of Starship Earth. Let it settle in as a militarized image—sense yourself as Intimate Enemy. Sense that the Lone Male has you surrounded—even from outer space! Hopefully, these icons will disturb you, make you uneasy, open your mind and heart to Lone Male terror.

If you've attempted to name and honor the Mother goddess, you might have already experienced the horrified reaction of Lone Male Father god worshippers—*Pagan! Witch! Satanic worshipper!*

If you've attempted to honor the feminine within yourself—*homo, queer, lesbian, fag, degenerate, wimp...* words not said as compliments.

If you've protested against the abuse and rape of Mother Earth...*tree huggers, naive romantics, eco-terrorists, Earth-motherfuckers...* words of fear, dreadful fear, that name you as an Intimate Enemy.

If you've struggled for civil rights, for human rights...*idealist, unAmerican, not patriotic, fool's errand!*—and any list of racist, sexist or marginalizing rants, curses {Nigger lover! Queer! Commie! Jew lover! Traitor! Pervert!}

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Hear yourself say to yourself, “I live as if I am no one’s enemy!”

Open to being peacefully and comfortably at-home within this Earthfolk zone. Be patient with yourself. You are re-imagining yourself. In effect re-wiring your physical, mental, and emotional make-up. *Persevere.*

Practice B: As deeply and for as long as you can, call to mind how you live out the Lone Male imagination and even how you are presently ritualizing it. Take some time to reflect upon the Lone Male ritual structure of your life, that is, examine one or several ways that you ritually act out your mythic, cultural, social, familial, and/or personal stories in terms and actions concerning an Other. For example, if relevant, examine the mythic ritual of being a battlefield warrior. Or a citizen who shuns the Shadow realm and has no contact with subhumans. Or one who engages female bodies basically as pornographic sex toys, not as making present the Mother goddess.

Try to connect the dots from the mythic to the cultural, e.g., what words and images predominate when you—man or woman—speak to women at home or in the office or in the church, synagogue or temple? What are your social rituals with Others? Do you socialize with women—“Some of my best friends are {women, gays, blacks, etc.}.” *Really?* What do you think and say when you have to relate to those considered Other as gook or subhuman? Are these Others truly part of your social space and time? When your family gathers how do people move around in the home space? Is there respect for and equal treatment of all around the table? Finally, just notice all these things and see how they impact your rituals of intimacy. Is your body a ritual instrument of intimacy? Or are you engaged, in varying degrees, in war-between-the-sexes practices?

Practice C: Often it is good to prepare by engaging or even making the main focus of your reflection the insights about Genesis as a mythic ritual as discussed on Pathway#2. Read Genesis 1-3 and recall that as mythic ritual Genesis moves the male to be in the presence of the female and not see her. It moves a woman to be in the presence of a man subordinating herself and being submissive to him because he is her Master, under his Dominion. At times

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she walks an actual or symbolic step behind him. This mythic story moves you to strip naked but then hear the revelation that the zone of human intimacy is a Shadow area, the playground of demons, even an Original Sin. You hear that sexual acts often offend the Father who judges them evil and kicks you out of the house—here sense yourself as exiled from the Garden of Eden.

The Rib account has you ritually processing around the Garden looking for Her—*Mother!*—only to hear it chanted, “I am the Lord they God thou shalt have no other gods before me.” No other gods meaning especially goddesses. Say, “I am a motherless child!” Sense the grounding emotion of the Rib’s ritual as one of abandonment, of being bereft of a Mothering embrace. It is a ritual that grounds you in feeling subhumanly, that is, feeling at your core that you are created, not born. As such Genesis is the ritual that renders all human creatures as less than human. It is a mythic ritual that moves you deep down into the darkest sector of the Garden’s Shadow realm where *everything human is soon absent...*and abandons you there, for eternity.

Tap into being motherless. A child abandoned. More, cursed! Hearing, “You have no mother! You are not human. You’re just a piece of shit!” Hear and feel what those Inside have heard all their lives: “You’re nothing but a worthless {asshole, nigger, gook, bitch, faggot, red devil, whore, pussy...}!”

Practice D: Guys especially should not just dip their toes into the water. If you don’t feel the dark grip of the Lone Male on your body, mind and heart, well, you’re not really practicing very hard. If you’re having difficulty stirring things up then stand up, jog in place, chant “Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Die all you motherfuckers!” Rev up the Lone Male emotions and hear this Boot Camp chant fly off your lips...and then stop as suddenly as you can and just listen to the echoing of this chant, just let your heart race and feel the energy that seeks to find and savagely abuse the Other. Let this happen for a bit and, as it does, become the Other.

Bring your Lone Male imagination and emotion to the forefront. Taste the loneliness, anger, bitterness, hatred! Feel the pain of being cursed, homeless, a disposable piece of human trash! Imagine the unimaginable—you as a vaporous puff of atoms, a charcoal shadow on a wall!

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Just let happen what happens. Be bewildered, if that happens. Be uncomfortable. Laugh. Cry. Whatever.

In time, close your eyes and imagine yourself walking down a busy street in the flow of a crowd. As you walk reflect: *I am alone. I am not loved. I am hated. You are not my sisters and brothers. You are all my enemy! I am your enemy!* Soon you will hear: *I am not alone. I am loved. I am not hated. You are my brothers and sisters. You are not my enemy. I am not your enemy.*

Practice E: Rung stories—descending into the Shadow realm

My advice is not to work with the Rung #3 stories until you've been doing daily practice sessions for a year or so. Simply, it was hard enough for you to read them, yes? And if you've ventured to read Appendix A's Rung #3 stories, then you know how disturbing they are, so you've got to be well prepared to use them. That said, here is how you can use Rung #1 and #2 stories.

Within your safe Earthfolk zone, settle down and works towards a steady, rhythmic breathing in and out. Draw upon the strengthening energy of "I live as if I am no one's enemy!" Relax your body. Let the embrace of Mother and Father fill you will the courage to descend into the Shadow and ascend back up into the Sunlight.

The practice is to re-read the story and then re-imagine it by putting yourself into the narrative. Find a parallel storyline in your own life. Run through the story from both sides—switch being Captor and then Captive. Just remember to deeply feel your way through the story, just don't do mental gymnastics! *Descend into the pit!*

1. *Mafia and me.* See yourself walking through a park. You're deep into depression and despair as you've just lost your job, the mortgage is behind, and things with your wife are rocky. It seems like everything you've done in your life is falling apart. You've worked hard, went back and finished your degree, worked on weekends to get that little extra for the kids, and for your spouse. You're still in love, but these are trying times. A man walks up next to you. You can't see his face. It doesn't matter because his voice is hypnotic. "I

can help. Straighten this all out, just like that,” he clicks his fingers, “Trust me.”

How he knew, you don't know, but he does, that you are a bookkeeper. “Just sign it. Put the letter on company letterhead. That's all.” Pause. “You good with this?” *Good?* It's just a toe over the line, you say to yourself. You can see the Shadow on your ankle, but that quickly disappears as you see your wife's smile. She's almost giddy. She doesn't know how you've done it, and *she hasn't asked.*

What would it take to have you step over the line? How close to you is the Shadow world? Once in, do you think you would ever leave? Mafia Sal asks you: “What do you want?” Has your corruption ever corrupted another? Someone you love?

2. *Jesus Freak.* It's your little sister, again. *Again?* You're getting annoyed. “You've every right to be angry with her,” others say. You don't want to recall that it was you who gave her her first toke of weed. *What a mess!* “I'm a junkie! There, I've said it.” You hear the abandonment in her voice. She's asking for absolution. Pleading for...for what? *Maybe I should feed her back to her own?*

Have you been there? Actually thrown her back? Maybe it was alcohol or a sexual addiction? Can you feel yourself in her place sitting there, looking up at your eyes? What do you see? *Are you worthy to be cast out into darkness?*

3. *Gangs.* “Fraternity prank?” Remember how that stopped the cop in his tracks? “You're one sick rich kid,” is what he said, and you knew he meant that you had no morals. You wanted to slap him, *You motherfucking high school jock!* But you didn't. Later, all the guys are talking. *She asked for it. The little bitch was begging for it.* You see yourself in the daisy chain. Guys' dongs flapping in the wind; some at high salute. She was moaning, of course, for pleasure, what else? She was over 17, so what's the big deal? When you fucked her she let you kiss her on the lips, so what does that say? *She loved it!*

How does the group—a gang, a fraternity—pressure you into doing things you'd never do on your own? How easy is it to treat someone subhumanly?

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How to use the other Rung stories continues in Appendix B.

In time, you will begin to practice this with another person with whom you share respectful intimacy. Within the nurturing embrace of beloveds, the deep sensation of being held precious by another will heal and whole you. If you practice “living as if I am no one’s enemy” with a beloved within an intimate embrace, the time will eventually appear right and ready for you to explore the Earthfolk practices that make manifest a “coupled presence.” *Awake!* The timing is not of your choosing. Practicing manifesting a coupled presence begins with an invitation to you by a precious beloved. *Persevere.*

Coupled Presence

After practicing “living as if I am no one’s enemy” and embodying down to Rung #3 experiences of their own Shadow, Earthfolk set forth to experience “coupled presence.” When two Earthfolk achieve coupled presence they make present and manifest the Divine Couple, the Great Mother and Great Father, Mother Earth and Father Sky. From within their embrace is released the intimate energy that heals and makes whole the individual and communal body, mind and heart. It is this act of coupled presence that is source for the vision that counters the Earth-America’s Lone Male Earthpeople vision for globalization through predatory and/or stewardship Dominion. The Earthfolk vision is the embodied vision of coupled presence, that is, to evoke this vision necessitates that two beloveds couple in intimate embrace. Where the Earthpeople vision is of a singular Chosen People and a quest of individual Heroes, the Earthfolk vision is one of a Living Earth and a quest of embracing beloveds.

The following are a select few of the practices and rituals that are used to evoke a coupled presence. These are, in a way, advanced practices and rituals; ones that will “work” for you at the time when you are ready. These are not rote practices that yield a result every time. Rather, these practices and rituals will always be specific to your experience of your own life, and your life unfolds to your own special and peculiar timing and rhythm. I present the following to stir your interest in moving forward to a deeper, quite ecstatic moment of coupled presence.

Note: As mentioned, complementary Earthfolk rituals and practices to the following ones of

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Intending and the Obliterated Womb are presented at <http://www.earthfolk.net>

Practice of Intending

The practice of Intending is a consciously chosen way to approach an Other through inviting him/her into your intimacy. We Earthfolk live an intentional life. Every day opens and closes with acts of intending. Through these acts the depths of the preciousness of the Other, realized through engaging all their senses, is approached, as are your own depths.

Intending is being consciously intentional+plus. The plus is the orientation of yourself towards your precious Other, your Beloved. Intending is a conscious act but it is not simply one of thinking. It is a bit more like perpetual meditation on your beloved. When you Intend, every other person becomes an expression of your beloved. In the presence of every man, you sense your beloved. In the presence of every woman, you sense your beloved.

As you observe the movements of Others so do you sense the fullness which your beloved has endowed you with through her/his Intending with you at this same moment. Intending is a coupled act of sustained intimacy. It is a step beyond awareness—just thinking about your beloved. It is a practice of openness that sustains the intimate embrace when you are physically separated. Intending is how we are one in communion with an Other when not in immediate physical or communicative proximity.

Intending the Obliterated Womb

If one phrase could sum up the vision and quest of the Lone Male it is “obliterated womb.” This describes the sexually violent quest and practice of the Lone Male. It is what he achieves when he convinces you that you have no mythic Mother, that you are a “motherless child.” If you are created and not born, why is there a need for a mothering womb? There is none! Genesis 2-3, The Rib, proclaims that the male body is the birthing body. Do men have wombs? For Earthfolk, the most transforming intention, practice, and ritual is that of making present the obliterated womb and healing it. As you and your beloved, through coupled presence, make present and manifest the Womb so is our human family healed and made whole as One.

Since the Lone Male seeks to exert global dominion through the suppression and enslavement of the feminine, Intending the Obliterated Womb is an act of consciously willing to make

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sensually present Her, the goddess, our Mother. It is an act of memory, of recalling Her whose presence was visibly obliterated from Genesis—where there is no Mother goddess and only “motherless children.”

This practice is like *Practice C*, above, but it seeks to actually effect a transference from the female to the male. Remember that Genesis as a ritual movement is the male being in the presence of the female and not seeing her. In the Garden everything human is soon forgotten and absent. This practice make the female visible as the male experiences himself as her womb.

Genesis’ Garden ritual is also the willing-into-forgetfulness of Her—the Obliteration of the Womb. Earthfolk consciously remember and evoke the presence of the Obliterated Womb as part of our practice of making Her womb present once again. Intending the Obliterated Womb pivots upon creatively imagined acts of memory and remembering. Since we all are still in great part Lone Male males and females, this Intending calls the beloveds to be bold and courageous as you creatively imagine what you have never—until this practice—ever experienced!

Intending the Obliterated Womb evokes the horror and deep sadness of being a “motherless child.” How then to creatively imagine being our “mother’s child”?

Intending the Obliterated Womb is a coupling desire. It is an openness to the presence of the Other as a beloved “motherless child” wherein you allow your beloved to intimately embrace you and find motherly nourishment and nurturing from feeding upon your preciousness. You open so that your beloved may touch your most intimate self—enter your beloved womb to be re-born.

Intending the Obliterated Womb is a profoundly erotic moment of ecstasy. It is the realization of one’s self as sensually immersed in an Other, here, the Mother. It is a pregnant moment where you live because your beloved offers him/herself as womb and nourishment for you. This Intention is an act which effectively counters the isolating sense of the Lone Male which has you define yourself in bodily parts, that is, genitalia. Here, the male is not Lone but

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coupled. He is Father at the moment that you make yourself present as Mother. Amazingly, instead of presenting yourself through your fleshly parts, you free yourself to creatively imagine and so make present from within your coupled intimacy one another as Mother of All and Father of All.

Earthfolk males have learned that remembering the Obliterated Womb requires great courage. There is significant psychological risk in this simple ritual of remembering, for all the Lone Male images of bloodshed carom and careen, shriek, scream and howl through your mind. Many Earthfolk have become erotically terrified unto the gasp of dying. For the core image which will rise is the slicing off of your male penile wand. Yes, this is what remembering “The Rib” conjures up.

“Slicing off your male penile wand,” who wants to imagine that? Consider that in Genesis Adam is laid down to sleep. He dreams. The Lone Male god dreams Adam and together they “give birth” to Eve. What even the Lone Male cannot deny is that birthing requires seminal blood—the transmittal of genetic material. So what lingers behind the Earthfolk interpretation here is the fact that birthing is a bloody act. But how does a man bleed? Not naturally by the moon cycle as women do. Rather he does so only when he is cut. Here now is a upside down insight, namely, that the Rib is a metaphor for the penis. After all, life must come from life; blood from blood. In other mythic traditions (Egyptian, Hindu, Navaho, among many), a male god claims to have masturbated life into existence. Likewise, consider that Adam masturbates Eve but it must be seed mingled with nurturing blood. To achieve this Adam’s penis is sliced—circumcised blood drops. It bleeds, as it must in imitation of the Womb, and from the blood Eve issues forth. When an Earthfolk ritual of remembering brings into conscious awareness the Obliteration of the Womb what comes with it are horrifying and harrowing images, emotions and insights. The bleeding male penis is just one.

Earthfolk women understand the bizarre memory which is the Obliteration of the Womb. While they realize, as daughters of Eve, that they have been taught to see themselves as worthless and as having Obliterated Wombs, they grasp that the healing of the practice of remembrance can only occur through a transforming communion as beloveds. Women heal as they receive, forgive, and comfort their Adamic men and their bleeding wands. Beloveds

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intend memory as they touch each other's body. From a kiss on the forehead to a caress of a cheek, from the praise of eyes which sees into the other's soul down through a kiss on the lips and then the sculpting of the flesh downward and upward, front and back, arriving at the moment of intimate embrace, a comforting instant, so is remembering begun. While rituals vary as to how the senses are stimulated, that is, sound, smell, etc., the shared vision is to peer and sit in silence with the Obliterated Womb and in so doing to remember it into the Now.

A male may place his hand upon his Rib and confess his Adamic offense of Obliteration. He humbles himself before Her whom he has oppressed for millennia, and through Her daughter's caressing gesture the healing of memory begins. A woman may place a male's hand upon her womb or engage in other sensual acts, including healing his bleeding wand through coupling. At an appropriate moment, she praises him for his openness to death. She touches his penis as bleeding wand and invites him to know her as goddess, to remember himself as her beloved, not as her dominator. However it is that they Intend the moment, it enables them to heal the past and to turn towards the future as beloveds, at-home now with comforting memories.

The Earthfolk vision

In the Earthfolk vision we honor the Earth as an eternal living presence—the Living Earth. The Living Earth is Mother and once Her nurturing presence is felt so is the presence of Him, Sky Father. Mythically, we humans are born from a divine Mother and Father and are raised by them to become nurturing Living Earth parents. Our mythic “Yes!” is to our being both Mothered and Fathered, each and everyone, as a child in the One Family of Earthfolk.

Rejoice! We humans come from the mythic realm of intimacy! As we grow we are continually re-born from within an intimate embrace. We enrich our sense of being fully human as we explore and express our intimacy with another. We are no longer Lone Males who delude themselves into believing that the male body is the birthing body and that we each must go it alone, that is, embody “Do your own time!” No, each of us is twice-bodied: male and female. As we embrace in twice-bodied intimacy so do we give birth to ourselves and our human family.

For Earthfolk, human preciousness is discerned and deeply heartfelt when you are beheld by

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another as you behold them as beloved. Every person is someone's child born into family, and everyone is able to parent other children and so make manifest Earth's One Family. Here, we hear echoes of Martin Luther King dream:

This call for a worldwide fellowship that lifts neighborly concern beyond one's tribe, race, class and nation is in reality a call for an all-embracing and unconditional love for all mankind. ... Out of one blood, God made all men to dwell upon the face of the earth. What a marvelous foundation for any home! What a glorious and healthy place to inhabit.

All Earthfolk seek to live in ecstatic harmony with the beauty and truth of all living presences making no distinction between plant, animal and human beings. We behold every person as a precious beloved and strive to dwell peacefully and comfortably at home with all the Living Earth's manifestations—organic and inorganic. We understand spiritual, theological, and religious imagery and language to be a way of imagining how to honor and make present male and female healing and precious powers. We experience the fullness of being beloved in moments of respectful intimacy shared equally by a coupled female and male. We make one another real human persons as we acknowledge, honor, and embrace each other's subhumanity and humanity. Our daily walk is through the Shadow realm up into the Sunlight realm, then back down into Shadow and up into Sunlight, all the time creating as we walk a new dimension, that of the realm of the Earthfolk.

We Earthfolk respond to the challenges of Lone Male Earthpeople globalization by living "as if I am no one's enemy" and making manifest through embracing a beloved a transforming loving energy that can heal the world and all people. To live as an Earthfolk is to *Resist!* the Lone Male's illegitimate authority at the personal, social, cultural and mythic levels.

The Earthfolk vision and practice is a way of healing, becoming whole, and making precious oneself, others, and the Living Earth. We Earthfolk imagine the everlasting Living Earth as forever hearth and home. The Living Earth is us. It is hearth and we the flaming breath of fire. We humans are living manifestations of the Living Earth's passionate fire, the Living

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Earth's consciousness and conscience, and the Living Earth's imagining presences and so are we co-creators of the everyday world.

Imagine!

Summary of Pathway #3

Two events occurred in the mid-20th century that were first-ever experiences for humankind. These events were of mythic stature in that they redefined our basic understanding of human and nonhuman reality. These events scored iconic images onto the collective psyche of the human race. One event reflected the god-like powers wielded by humans as they created the first weapon of mass destruction. The second reflected like godly powers in that humans took residence in the heavens—on the moon—and from there proceeded to exercise total dominion over the Earth. These two events marked the opening of the age of Dominion globalization, that of Earth-America.

The new Nuclear Age dawned on August 6, 1945 when the Atomic Bomb fell upon two Japanese cities but in reality upon all humankind. On December 24, 1968 the Space Race triumphally ended as the Space Age mythically opened when an Apollo 8 astronaut clicked a photograph called “Earthrise.” Both the Bomb’s Mushroom Cloud and Earthrise are icons of a sad story of the Lone Male imagination. This sad story holds that humans are mythically motherless, that endless war is normative, that sexual violence is purgative, and that life on Earth is meaningless. This Lone Male imagination is historically rooted in the two biblical origin accounts in Genesis 1-3. The Mushroom Cloud and Earthrise are foundational icons for those who see the planet as Earth-America, that is, the Earthpeople.

As the Nuclear and Space Ages opened, various social reform and social justice movements arose to collectively give form to a vision that enabled people to *Resist!* the rise and globalizing influence of Earth-America’s Dominion. These movements included the Civil Rights, nonviolent peace and anti-war, feminist, Green, gay, Native Peoples, among others. As I promoted the play, “Peace Crimes,” on regional campuses, I discovered how much I shared in common with my activist grandchildren who were usually committed to more than one activist cause. I realized that John Lennon gave all these movements—as he had initially to my generation’s nonviolent and peace movements—an inspirational anthem, his song “Imagine.”

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Imaginatively, the Earthfolk movement continues to form by integrating various aspects of the numerous anti-Earth-America movements that have formed since the Sixties.

Nonviolence, anti-racism, anti-sexism, animal liberation, Green sustainability, and economic justice are just a few of the non-predatory globalization values that young activists integrate into their daily schedules. In general, today's young activists represent two visions of globalization, that of the Earthpeople and the Earthfolk. Although all honor Mother Earth, the Earthfolk are distinguished by their "No!" to the mythic question "Are we humans motherless children?" This is reflected in their core claim that—as Earthrise inspired so many to understand—"Yes!" the Earth is One and on it reside the one and only family of humankind parented by Mother Earth and Father Sky.

The most difficult challenge I placed before today's youth remains the one I continue to face each and every day. To bridge between our generations and experiences I called these grandchildren to discover their own subhumanity—to embody themselves as Other. These were young folk who had intellectually dealt with America's Shadow history, that is, as part of their American History courses there were chapters detailing the evils of slavery, Native American exile onto Reservations, and the rise of the penitentiary as an institution of social control over an underclass mainly poor and non-white. They were knowledgeable about President Nixon's criminality, the sad story of Vietnam revealed by the Pentagon Papers, the cycle of political scandals: Watergate, Iran Contra, and the conversion of the national economy into a global military-industrial-academic engine. Yet, it was necessary that I challenge them to encounter their own personal subhumanity. So I called them to move beyond sympathy and empathy—beyond liberal social justice and compassionate conservatism—to actually discern, discover, and embody their Shadow subhuman selves. I invited them to become outlaw theologians, ever *Resist!*ing illegitimate authority both on the Inside and the Outside, both in the Shadow and the Sunlight.

I used Martin Luther King's "unearned sufferings" to discuss how they could ritually approach encountering their own subhumanity. However, my challenge was even more radical than simply urging them on an individualistic Hero's quest. As I heeded prison's counsel to "Do your own time!" and so became subhuman, I also heard proclaimed the

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unintended revelation that we humans can only *do time together*. We are all mythically one. There are no gooks, just people. You are me and I am you! So, I spoke of coupled presence. I boldly opened their eyes to prison's "terrible revelation," that is, that you could not—would not—become fully human unless and until you embraced two Others—your own Shadow Other and another personal Other—and was simultaneously embraced by them as precious and beloved.

The Earthfolk vision blossoms as two enter a nurturing embrace and heal the Obliterated Womb—embody and manifest coupled presence.

Earthfolk's vision holds that every person is precious and beloved. However, the Earthfolk challenge is to become twice-bodied, that is, become present to one's Shadow realm subhuman self as necessary step to being present as fully human. Becoming twice-bodied can be achieved through a ritual of coupled intimacy wherein two committed beloveds share their unearned sufferings and travel together through the Shadow realm. This ritual of intimacy pivots upon a nurturing embrace whose creative purpose is to make present one another as Mother Earth and Father Sky.

Earthfolk's most critical and revolutionary—dangerous and joyous—shout today is "Yes!" The "Yes!" that affirms and celebrates that "We humans have a Mother!" *No, we are not mythically motherless children!* This *No* is positively expressed as *Yes* when you make Mother's presence manifest as, through an intimate embrace, you and your beloved make Her present as the beloved of Him, and vice versa. It is within this nurturing embrace that you share your Shadow sad stories and Sunlight glad stories. What a nurturing embrace creates is a presence that is "a whole greater than the sum of its parts." So you discover that when She is present so is He—there is always a Mother and a Father, a male and a female, a man and a woman: mythic parents.

We Earthfolk manifest the presence of our mythic Mother and Father through our nurturing embraces as beloveds. On the global scale, when Mother and Father are present so do we experience that the Living Earth *is* us. We are lively manifestations, presences of the Living Earth. We are its consciousness and conscience, its imagining: the Living Earth's passion.

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The Living Earth is hearth and we the flaming breath of fire.

Each Earthfolk mythically parents every other human when we—you and me—behold one another as precious and beloved.

“Imagine all the people sharing all the world

You, you may say

I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one

I hope some day you'll join us

And the world will live as one”