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The Evolution Revolution

As I jetted onto the runway in the stream of consciousness which flowed forth from me, I fell from one flight of fantasy into another, a HUAC hearing of sorts to determine what type of HUman being I was, whether I was AntiCommunist or Un-American, and therefore, undesirable for further service in the military. On the way, I found a paperback on my knee which, I presumed, had been responsible for the dreadful flight I'd had the night before—that is, for having kept me awake all night testifying before the Un-American Activities Committee of my own House.

With that, did not I find the better part of myself back behind bars again where I belonged.

Why I'd been away so long, I hardly remembered the place. Greeted by my own lofty thoughts, the guardian of my soul, Sir Michael the Archangel, as I walked through the pearly gates of the Naval Station Brig at Pearl Harbor, only this time to the beat of my heart, I had to admit, it felt good to be back home.

Having fallen back into the habit of putting off till tomorrow the unfurling of my case against the Navy, had I unwittingly lost touch with my soul. And in spite of the great demand I placed upon her to be ever at my side in the struggle to bring this wayward individuality of mine back into harmony with the other members of my body, I knew that her showing me round the great obstacle which lay before me, by taking me back down to the hinterlands of my being to give form to what still plagued me, would be music to my ears.

Looking around at the incentive of my old mentor, Hewhay, I caught sight of her true beauty, the ability to govern and discipline oneself through reason alone.

"Such prudence comes at a high price," had her father, my old mentor, informed me as my soul stepped out of the shadows of my mind to stand before me in all her beauty, in spite of how dreadful the truth can sometimes be.

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"To pluck this fruit from the Tree of Life," interjected my soul from her vantage point within the image in which she stood, "you must strip me of all pretense."

"Look into the mirror through which you see," proffered Michael, who did, on such occasions as these, give space to the place in my life where, contrary to conventional wisdom, everything is just as real as the sorry life it reflects.

"I told you about the wolf," piped up my mentor. "But what I failed to show you was its mirror image, which has only recently come to the surface in the guise of Paul the Apostle."

On that note, was I sent crashing back down to the ground of my being, like a shooting star, to reconcile the primitive man within me with Milady Madonna.

"I hope you—all will bear with me," had Paul begged of those of us foolish enough to give this one-time persecutor of the very men and women, who had come out to hear him speak, the consideration he sought.

"Untrained in speech, though I am," he went on to say, "I sometimes find it necessary to boast about my limited knowledge of the spiritual realm. And while nothing may be gained by it, I will go on speaking, like a fool, about those visions and revelations the Lord has bestowed upon him. For I know a person in Christ who fourteen years ago was caught up to the third heaven—whether in the body or out of the body I do not know, for only God knows—was caught up to Paradise and heard things that are not to be told, that no mortal is permitted to repeat... considering the extraordinary nature of these revelations. To keep me from getting too elated, a thorn was given me in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to torment me. Three times I appealed to the Lord about this, that it would leave me, but He said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for you, for power is made perfect in weakness;' whenever I am weak, then am I strong." 2 Cor 12:1-10.

"Look into the beam within your own eye!" Suggested my shadow, Michael, as his voice came crashing back into my awareness, like the sudden peel of church bells at the hour of the Angelus.

"Within the world of the looking glass," reiterated my soul.

With that, did I fall prey to the fire that burned within. Down I fell as the flames shot higher. And as my body burned with the desire to express what I knew not, I fell prisoner to the beast within. Filled with an insatiable desire for union with soul, was I driven to penetrate ever more deeply the womb of my imagination in my never-ending search for what would unite us forever.

In having been pulled up from my animal existence by the indomitable forces of an evolving image of God—to stand tall like St. Paul as a beacon to all who have succumbed to the falsetto call of a wrong way of life—had I finally deciphered the holographic prescription that'd been etched into the stony altar of my heart late last fall? Or had I given my self over to fantasizing too much?

"Look into Who You Really Are," proclaimed my mentor from somewhere across the great void that did still separate me from nirvana, or at least from seeing things the way he saw them. "Look into the Pearl of Great Price."

Why, I had gotten so wrapped up in my fantasies that I had lost touch with my soul. Having had my experiences overseas last year limited by my command to the virtual realities of my mind, much like those pot-smoking, acid-head friends whom I had chastised for the same crime, I awoke, one morning, with the realization that I'd even lost contact with the other members of the crew. When I realized how close I was to becoming an island unto itself, I panicked at the thought of succumbing to the schizophrenia that waited for me around the bend.

Confronted again, by my worst fear, was I forced to swim round the bend in my stream of consciousness, so as to avoid falling through a crack or split in my personality. Pulled from the raging water of this stream, as my nature rose up against me in the only way she knew how, through those contents of the imagination of which I still remained unaware, I found my self sitting in a row boat with that ever faithful old coot and mentor of mine, Hewhay, and guardian extraordinaire, the White Knight himself, Sir Michael the Archangel.

"Why were you so afraid of the truth of your being as she rose up in anger at how poorly you've been treating her lately?" Asked my mentor.

"What d'ya mean?" I asked.

"Other than what she demands from you when her Mother nature forces you to go off and play with the truth of your being, which still remains hidden from you within the masculine and feminine poles of your animal nature," responded Michael instead, "you give her little body."

"I still don't understand what you're trying to tell me," grappled I with a mere glimmer of the truth.

"Don't you see, my son," chimed in my mentor. "When a man asks a woman for her hand in marriage, he is really asking her to take his soul's place until he becomes aware of the part in life, his soul must play to free him from his lust for her. Thus does the natural man bind himself to what would one day make him a eunuch or whole man—his own muse—in the ultimate act of love in which she sings to him, in words that are music to his ears, as long as he shall live, the inspiration he seeks to embody. Only the natural man must know who he is before he can join hands with his soul to become a eunuch. Otherwise, he just takes her place, and is then driven to seek union with his yet hidden male identity in every Tom, Dick, and Harry who strikes his fancy, for he must bring to the relationship between him and his soul the skill that will unite him with his imagination."

Left holding onto my inordinate desires for union with soul, I screamed out in anguish over my condition, that sinking feeling whereby one gets sucked down to

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the level of an unconscious animal after having failed to find the god, or god-like behavior which would satisfy the cravings of the beast within oneself on a more humane level—that mythological place, the more adventuresome folk among us call Middle Earth, the end result of the long tug of war twixt god and beast to create a more homogeneous will, in which the image is finally reunited with its true intent. Sucked down through the swirling hot, desert sands of my mind, like some poor hapless grain of sand in an hour glass, which has run out of time in its never-ending search for another way out of having to slog through this hell, over and over, I found my self racing through the narrow winding streets of a small city in Spain, out in front of a thousand other guys with a bull at our heels. To the incessant drumbeat of my heart and the cymbals that clanged around in my head, did not I race against the rhythms of my body and its bullheaded tendency to gravitate down to the level of a beast to satisfy this great need of mine to give body to soul.

"O baby!" Screamed out my shadow from somewhere across the great void that still separated me from my soul, who seemed to be asking something more of me than being in the brig with her again, as I gallivanted off, in the guise of a wolf, to sniff out the one female who could excite my imagination to greater heights.

Confronted instead, by one bullheaded, all-American son of the Great Sea Bitch Herself, a chaplain whose name eludes my memory, was not I transformed into the very pussy I sought—the moment I expressed the desire to be processed as a conscientious objector. By the time it dawned on me why I'd been unable to find my soul in any of her usual haunts, in my hour of greatest need, was I shot down by the unholy side of this bungling billy for having switched roles with her.

When I asked via that little cherub within me, my own nascent conscientious objectorship, if to kill was not a sin, why the old billy looked at me with such surprise at the surfacing of the truth, that if looks could kill, he would have kilt me.

"Hey! Look at what you've done now, ya bungling old fool," rang out the voices in my head as I left my first interview ever with a chaplain of the sixth fleet, dressed in a kilt instead of the usual twill.

Having recognized, in his voice, that same all-American, bullheaded son of the Great Sea Bitch, who had invoked the War Prayer of Lady Madonna's invert, that Medusa, the Great Gray Whore herself, back over in Nam late last summer, how could I have told the bungling billy, without having prejudiced him against me, that he prayed to the gorgon who turned men's hearts to stone whene'er they gazed into her eyes or the moral equivalent of their lust to take life into their own hands? How could I have ever convinced this stubborn old salt to sever the head of this gorgon from its host, the very body he had given it?

Having given the salty old dog a brief history of my entry into the Navy, had I responded to his serpentine line of questioning as best I could. When asked upon

what I did base my conscientious objection to military service, I replied, "Why upon the very tenant that one shall not kill, if one understands the true meaning of military service."

"And what do you understand the true meaning of military service to be?" Had he inquired with a smile behind which hid the devil waiting to ambush me.

"Why to kill," I had stated with the steel of Perseus, "which then obligates me, as a nonviolent, to refuse military service if I understand this to be its true purpose."

Having lopped off the head of this gorgon, much to the surprise of my interlocutor, I still refused to look into her eyes in spite of repeated attempts on his part to ensnare me or get me to turn from the reflection that so shielded me from falling prey to such rigid thinking.

"Do you believe in self-defense or the just war theory?" Had he struck back in a supreme effort to gain ascendancy over the moral superiority that did permeate my body with the scent of frankincense and myrrh.

"The truth needs no defending," had I put forth in my struggle to bag the head of this gorgon before its lies overcame me, "for the truth is its own defense against the illusions that spring forth from the head, like so many snakes. Have you not heard it said that he who saves his life will lose it, while he who loses his life for Christ's sake or the sake of His message will save it? As far as a just theory of war, why I've never heard of such an animal. Or if indeed, such a beast does exist, I have yet to lay eyes upon this gorgon of which you have spoken, in such a way as to keep its lies from turning my heart to stone—as they have yours, ya old fool," I concluded within the confines of my being.

Moved by the tears of my soul to have pity upon those still living out of the Old Testament, had I seen the beauty of this chaplain's soul lying there asleep within the hinterlands of his being, waiting for the old prince to awaken her from the Big Sleep. As I looked down upon those who'd fallen by the wayside, fighting real people instead, I watched them get swept away like dead leaves in a whirlwind, while my soul wept over the way, Nature rid herself of such rigid thinkers.

"I don't know why," cried out the more philosophically inclined side of my nature, that little band of resisters hidden away somewhere deep within my psyche, "nobody ever showed you how to free your soul from the terrible fate of being bought and sold into slavery to another."

As I looked at life from their perspective, I was not too surprised, when I stumbled upon my soul again, to find her weeping over our stubborn refusal to let go of the rigid thought patterns that set us so at odds with each other.

"How easily you—all are diverted from the truth by your own stray thoughts," my soul reminded me. "The more you entertain such negative projections, the more rigid does your thinking become, and perverse, your behavior, as you give

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body to these dark intimations of the truth. Thus do you allow the beast in you to ascend to the throne, in spite of our best efforts to alert you to this mishap. And so are you driven to expand your genitals instead of your minds, to orgasm rather than to realize, while I weep over the fate of yet another hapless generation."

With that, did I take off on yet another flight of fantasy, no longer afraid of the catatonia into which I feared falling if I continued to pursue these notes from the underground. Grounded, at an early age, by the crash of my real father from the flight of fantasy we call reality, I was instilled with a fear of flying that bordered on the unholy. Little did I know I would suffer the same fate, a complete breakdown of my mental makeup to rid it of those attitudes deemed detrimental to the well-being of the God struggling to give birth to Himself from somewhere deep within my being. Only I'd been led astray, taught by my stepfather to beat off the advances of this loving God, when all this creative potential wanted from me was a body willing to do its bidding. Having been thwarted by my tunnel vision—that dark night of the soul through which we must all pass to see the light at the other end—I fell into the hands of that evil magician, Instinct, whose actions had once reflected the thoughts of my mentor. O how I longed to see Who I Am, to be free from the spell of the Evil Magician to act instinctively when all else failed to satiate the constant need of mine to give body to soul. For now, I had to content myself with the task of trying to catch the wind, or spirit of such lofty thoughts, in some concrete way if I wished to capture the moment and immortalize my soul.

She didn't miss much—my soul, that is. Untainted by the Midas touch or need to objectify that which we do not possess, she could easily see through all the hocus-pocus of that master of deceit, the Evil Magician, Instinct himself, for it was Wisdom who had taught him everything he knew. In Her great wisdom, had She the foresight to hold back on sharing with this Satan anymore of Herself than Her images, when he began to show signs of an unwillingness to face the other side of himself, or truth of his being.

In his lust for Her, did this primitive will of ours rebel against the Creator's plan to reveal the true identity of the Original Being to those who accepted the challenge to evolve into both the image and likeness of God. Ignorant of the consequences of pursuing one over the other, did he embark upon one of the most ambitious campaigns ever devised by this obtuse will of ours to bring about the annihilation of the imaginable by the unimaginable—the mass extinction of the last species of humans on the planet. Having filled our heads with the need to destroy this obtuse image of our selves, before it destroyed us, had he succeeded in getting us to accept his destiny as our own. So did the shadow of the will of God lock horns with its own fully evolved potential in mortal combat for the Soul of mankind, She Who Must Be Obeyed, if ever we are to inherit the face of the earth...