

I Had a Thought Today

I had a thought today.

When African Americans, Jewish Americans, Irish Americans, and the rest talk about needing to create space to formulate or rediscover their cultural identity, they are not stating their need in the most lucid way possible.

What the speaker really needs is the space to rediscover their individual Self's identity -- Self in the Jungian, divine sense.

After all, if you were to sit one hundred or ten or five dark skinned people down in a room, and ask them to describe -- deeply, not with sound bites -- the cultural identity which they seek to manifest, you would catch glimpses of five or ten or one hundred very unique Selves indeed.

The subtle and not-so-subtle web strands which run through us and in close proximity to ourSelves can easily become constrictive and suffocating. Externally-originating energy strands amplified and given spin by mother, father, neighbor, communal myth, ethnic myth, spirit guide, or Heavenly Source often create powerful obfuscations to our uniquely personal strand spinner, otherwise known as our Soul.

I wish the banner wavers would find the courage to be silent long enough to face the wounds which blind them to the webs' weaving.

Seung Sahn Soen-sa, Zen Master, writes, "If you do not understand, you should not speak, for that is only blood dripping. It is better for you to keep your mouth shut as spring passes."

I had a thought today.

Who had a thought today?

What?

Who had a thought today?

Oh -- the voice which likes to generalize, which likes to rearrange labels like puzzle pieces, and which finds great pleasure -- no, shelter -- in this masturbatory activity.

Pretty harsh way to describe Intellectual Mind, isn't it?

Yes -- I've learned to be quite the tyrant.

What do you find shelter from?

What?

The shelter you find from juggling labels -- what would you feel if you weren't doing the jigsaw puzzle, dancing the jig.

Oh -- pain. Often in my groinal area, sometimes in my gut -- it's pretty mobile.

Pain?

Well -- darkness -- black crud -- absence of weightlessness -- sometimes real pain -- like OUCH-don't-hit-me pain -- sometimes feeling close to but not quite like the morning after a overly ambitious jog -- in the inner thigh region -- a release -- but tightness.....

What the speaker really needs is the space to rediscover their individual Self's identity.....

That sounds vaguely familiar.

You said it.

Who?

Good.

I ... we had a thought....

I had a fleeting image today.

I am collaborating on a moment with an angel on earth. An angelic soprano. I have a piece of constructive criticism for her -- I go to tell her, with an impulse to be violent, tyrannical with my communication -- but I see it coming up, resist, go softer, lighter, pulling back on the venom, compressing it into a tighter and tighter ball, becoming a wisp of a man, my comment to her nothing, air, wimpish,

but I can't hold back any more, can't hold it in,

so I pull away from her closeness, her warmth, her sweetness, I can feel it now... and

EXPLODE, and direct it down into the floor, into the wood floor ... pounding with my bare fist, I hunch over into a crouched ball, the venom flying out in a semi-controlled burst, as I shout:

THERE IS SO MUCH TER4OR/AN6GER/VI3LIENC

-- the word is a mix of all of them still choked in my throat even as I explode, but so briefly, so contained even now -- still the release is not enough...never enough....when will it be enough?

Reflections on Power, Technology, and Responsibility in 1993

Each human being has the potential to access a wealth of power, manifested in different forms, all ultimately originating from a divine Source.

Before the age of technology, the vast majority of human beings did not have easy access to massive physical, financial, nor spiritual power. With the exception of the children of wealthy aristocracy, and other inheritors of stored power, the average person desirous of power needed to work diligently to amass it. In the process, the person learned about the dangerous consequences of mis-using power in any of its forms (recall the Sorcerer's Apprentice).

Today, an average sixteen year old American "earns" the right to maneuver a 2,000 pound vehicle propelled by an internal combustion engine by answering a few simple questions and demonstrating the most basic operating skills. The child is not asked to diagram the life cycle of an oil molecule, to do an environmental impact study on the use of the car, nor to take apart and re-assemble the engine, thus discovering the awesome complexity he or she is about to control.

Thus does modern technology serve as *inherited power* (noted by Michael Crichton and others). The user of modern technology does not need to earn the power which technology provides, nor demonstrate any complete mastery of the tool -- the user inherits the intellectual, scientific, industrial, and political power which scores of individuals have collected over the centuries.

There have always been slip ups by the powerful, whether created by carelessness, ignorance, or maliciousness. However, never before have the instruments of power been so mighty, or so widely available to so many.

We as a species must learn a simple lesson, and we must learn it sooner rather than later: actions have consequences, and we are largely unconscious of them. (Chaos theory, a branch of modern mathematics, demonstrates that a butterfly flapping its wings over Hawaii is capable of creating a tornado over Nebraska.)

We are not gods. We are flawed human beings, obscured from the divine by our flesh and blood, but even more so by our limited consciousness. Fear, suppressed anger, and internal scars from a variety of sources make it difficult for us to greet each moment with a loving, appropriate action.

Nevertheless, while there is not much we can do about our status as incarnate beings, we do have available to us many varied tools which can raise our individual and collective consciousness.

Given the fact that we live in a world surrounded by technological devices which translate a simple human gesture into the leveraging of massive amounts of physical (the elevator button), intellectual (the computer keyboard), and energetic (the gas pedal and

light switch) power, the need for individuals to engage in consciousness-raising work has changed from a low-priority marginalized idea into an urgent, species-saving concern.

The tools of power already exist in the hands of children, young and old. We must face this fact, and turn to unearthing and passing on wisdom in manifesting this power.

I am not a philosopher. And yet I have a clear sense of what I want for myself and my fellow human beings.

I want us to be able to let the muse flow through our bodies and minds, spirit blending with flesh to create moments of life. Moments filled with the sound of singing; moments frozen in clay or stone; moments when pairs of eyes meet, creating light where no light was visible before.

Each one of us can live a life co-creating such moments. I simply know this is true. It is our duty as human beings alive during an extraordinary period of history to remind each other, in language appropriate to the listener, that to live such a life is within our grasp, and that the tools exist to aid us in reaching for it in our own unique way. Then we may step aside and watch as the moments blissfully ignite.

Journal Fragments

What I am is a loose amalgam of more dense and less dense energy, of light spots and dark spots, of Shadow and Self, held together by some fluctuating form of cohesion, moving through the known and unknown world. Inspired by Dionysis or Shiva, I whirl and swirl, now in color, now black and white, now visible to the eye, now obscured from all sensory organs, this element bubbling to the surface, that one diving into the depths of the subconscious, this one commandeering control of the major communications systems, that one feeling left out and silently screaming to be heard, to be witnessed, to be given space, the light of day.

There is nothing to "heal" -- the dark and light are witnessed, they interact; they alchemize, giving off heat, and warm radiance, and piercing darts, and balm.

I awoke this morning enrapt in an extraordinary feeling of wellness. I felt as if I was immersed in warm, golden honey -- enshrouded by an angel down comforter -- the experience gave new meaning to the phrase, "in love," for that's what I was -- literally within a palpable cocoon spun of god-like love.

To see through to completion a great work of art, one must de facto be possessed -- by muse, psychological demon, or professional obligation. In one form or another, the possessing force must always exist, for no one of their own free will would choose to embark on such a struggle-laden, sadomasochistic trajectory.

"Lighten up, David. It was just a quip."

Sure -- a quip. Do you realize that every moment, every instant that we quip and wit and skip and skid away our lives -- that we skid and skitter and surf along the illusions which keep us from the real stuff -- the Shadow, the Self -- is another instant gone by in which we allow the insanity to continue?

I'm sick of the facades -- I'm sick of the bullshit -- I'm sick of the god damn cowardice -- sure it's scary to remove the bandage of persona, to touch to smell the festering, pus-oozing wounds inside of us -- sure it's sheer terror to allow the truth of interconnectedness (oneness) with Bosnians, Somalians, Angolans, Palestinians, Cambodians -- But until we do -- until we stop the lies -- to ourselves about ourSelves and about the world around us, it will just keep festering, keep getting worse, until it

abscesses, and pops, and leaves us all bleeding and wailing and mourning -- mourning the now visible carnage, but more mourning our weakness, our faintness of heart, our laziness in the face of our work.

A human being is a curious blending of spirit energies of varying densities: a mixture of "matter" and "spirit."

For reasons mostly unknown to me, I am driven toward manifesting the spirit part of my Self as purely as possible.

And yet I feel materially constrained by the particular human density chosen for me this time around by my higher intelligence -- Jewish, male, well-educated, urban, a product of the late 20th century.

This feeling of being bound to my chosen humanity keeps me from leaving for the Himalayas. And yet my palpable sense of spirit disallows me from purely material or hedonistic pursuits.

Thus I participate in the creation of music theater. So steeped in humanity -- and at its best, so transcendent. Here my equilibrium is tumultuously felt.

---All segments written around July, 1993 (just before my first contact with Osho)