

Indoctrination

Adam In Eden

There are many realities.
Each one of us, to be exact.
Each of those who have passed before us.
Each of the animals.
And so on.

Why does the author lump all of us together? Especially, why does he insist on reiterating "you" so often and indiscriminately? Ordinarily, as regards distinctions amongst humans, 'discrimination' bears a negative connotation. He supposes paranoia could be considered a worse condition.

He is obliged to reach amongst the immense mass of YOU seeking a confirmation of himself, seeking a justification for his unique existence, all the while discriminating against YOU. He knows there are some of you 'out there' who feel nearly as he does. What you feel then, is mostly a prolonged sadness and loneliness.

The author will not deny his tendency towards negation; sometimes blanket negation; all-inclusive negation - of YOU. What could be more unfair? You challenge him to produce something positive, some affirmation of yourselves, your otherness. You grow weary of shunting him aside as though he was the accursed fly, with your "Paranoid!". You wish he would take a flying leap, since its all so bad; and cease bothering you.

If he had the place all to himself, surely he would be sadder and lonelier than he is now. If he had been deposited here in one of the first six days of genesis as Adam had been, Adam Durchanek, in Eden. Well, the author cannot so hypothesize, lest he engage in the writing of fictions.

But for the sake of some obtuse abstruseness, let's assume he had been deposited in this now as his supposed primogenitor had been, without another soul about to tell him a thing (or two). Would there have been an Eve readily available to instruct him, as easy as plucking a rib. What would she know? Was she assumed to be all-knowing? Or was she assumed to be only the temptress; the Red Fruit. But it is said it was she who was tempted. Er... how convenient. The pursuit of knowledge is a defenseless preoccupation.

The author's Rib desired to know. Wanting to know was the Red Fruit. Yes, Man has wanted to know. It has been said some frickin bastard has forbidden us to know. Just forbid a Man something, and see what happens.

Man has wanted to know. He has wanted to travel this earth over; he has wanted to transport the riches he has found to his lair, his cave, his hovel, his house, mansion, castle; his 'home'. This puny two-legged

Indoctrination

appurtenance has wanted to build, to move mountains, to fly, to construct a stairway to the heavens, to walk about upon heavenly bodies ... er ... all the while crapping in his own nest.

He dragged the world behind him; he skidded the world; he harnessed his friends and his enemies, and his slaves, in order to drag and to skid. He used parts of trees to roll the world; he constructed wheels on axles; he harnessed many beasts and many men. Archmedies happened along. Icarus flew into the sun, until he experienced a major malfunction. Man worked passage over the waters. Everywhere, as omnipresent Adam burgeoned into his different strains and pigments, he learned to float on water, although he knew nothing of buoyancy. He progressed rapidly in his romance with the water. He dug out logs, he fabricated frames. like ribs, like animal ribs, like his own ribs, covering them with bark and animal skins. He made rafts of logs, bound with leather strips and hemp. Finally ships of reed, wood, of nickel, bronze, steel, aluminum, and ultimately of chemicals and fibers. The story of man and the water fills our imaginations with romance, hardships, trepidation, longing and fear of the great dark water.

There is much one is able to narrate, this day, of man and the sea, which would not fall into the category of affirmation, that is, if it is the author who must relate to YOU, as he does, and must, despite his inclination to do otherwise.

Instead he is imagining himself being placed here, not in Eden, as was Adam, but in this Twentieth Century, without YOU, but with the centuries of man's doings behind him.

Often, while he and his wife were cruising in their sailboat, whose hull was constructed of chemicals and fibers, whose sails were likewise fabricated in their warp and weft (woof) of chemical fibers polymerized from petroleum, whose rigging and hardware was forged from a sophisticated metallurgy; whose engine (iron sail) was fabricated in a foreign land, that in turn received its motive power from fuels extracted from the desert and geological alluvia, where the earth in the past millennia had transformed itself into a Promethean residue. Yes!, often, while cruising, they marveled at those early explorers and navigators; how could they not help but marvel? They had merely to look upon a representation of the earth over which they moved, where somebody else had already traveled, who had recorded the water's depth in great detail, and what dangers might lie hidden in the great dark water below to cause us harm.

Does the author sound false? Do you detect a feigned eulogy; does he come across as truly appreciative?

He supposes he is no more appreciative than Adam when Adam was presented with Eden. The author has taken much 'for granted'; nearly all. He finds himself uttering "How Clever!"; "How Marvelous!". Its that wonderful ease; wonderful to him; the ages of man's endeavor that has

Indoctrination

accumulated in this now - this me. All the more awful to contemplate that his brethren will impose a contentious, threatening ideological posturing upon this wonder. (This Gud or Gudless awful need to control and to dominate.) But even more marvelous than Man is the total creation, the total aftermath of the 'Big Bang', what the author has taken to calling the Eighth Day. Man IS incidental. We are to the earth as a virus is to one's being, a mere particle. The earth will devise an immunity to us eventually. Then perhaps she will not die by our hands. Other creatures and evolutions will have a chance. Perhaps the author will exhibit his natural homo sapiens arrogance in saying he, as Man, may more fully enjoy this earth and its wonders than any other creation alive; perhaps he would like to think so; the author would like you to think so too (without the arrogance).

But now, hypothetically, The author will step aside as another creature; just as 'a life', in the sailing craft you have made. He will peruse the charts, the tidal and current tables you have compiled, setting out to travel the waters of this earth and this life. He will come to places where you have marked the dangers, skirting them. He will glance at the aneroid version of Toricelli's invention, and study the skies, remembering what you have told me concerning the warning signs of the coming maelstroms. When the wind is about, he will hoist sail, no longer made of skins. When the tidal current proves too strong, or darkness is approaching, He will hurry along to the safety of a protected anchorage with your iron sail and Promethean wind.

Yes!, he owes You for the ease; he is never thankful enough. He owes even more to those who have come before. While he owes you so much, he still feels the uncomplimentariness of You, but does not hold You entirely responsible. As surely as Someone knows, Someone besides we ourselves, our journey from out the darkness, has found us on a long road; we care not to turn back, even though the vast uncomplimentariness remains surrounding us, and stretching out before us.

Until - he travels into her hidden recesses, the secret she holds, ever eluding, yet ever enchanting one; with sails hoisted as when he was twelve lying in the open fields, the great ships of clouds passed overhead as he lay in the open field, imagining horizons beyond, in some very real dream.

Did the author betray some positive note? 'Barely and grudgingly', you will say. Perhaps there is more he could say. Like Adam, he has taken certain things 'For Granted'. He has tended to take Your 'Goodness' For Granted. But you see, you have built this snare for yourself. You have extolled the 'Good'; you have insisted that he be 'Good'; you have punished him, or shamed him, for the 'Bad', and rewarded him for his 'Good' (in principle). Actually you have ignored most of the 'Good', because that is what You expected of him. Now, he expects it of You. He expects All

Indoctrination

Good. Is that unfair? Do you not expect All Good of him? Why do you punish the Bad in him?

You say you know he is Bad, and pretend to tolerate his badness. Is this a new principle, or is this a way of asking him to tolerate you? You say you still believe in 'goodness', but realize it is an impossible goal. You say we may or may not be innately good. We can only be 'good' through constant effort and vigilance, being watchful of the badness in ourselves. We grow weary of the effort, and the vigilance; then the bad escapes. We require forgiveness during those times; you say. The stratagem of 'goodness' fails you both. We can only ambush each other endlessly. My goodness is better than your goodness. Goodness becomes a matter of righteousness; a cloying, hoilier-than-thouness. 'Goodness', if it had ever contained something of merit, has been transformed into an affront, a weapon. Goodness ceases to come from the 'heart', its veritable wellspring. It becomes a commodity in the political arena; my goodness in exchange for your fealty.

'Goodness' becomes a persuasive tool. Perhaps the best we can achieve is a tolerance of one another; perhaps such is the ultimate goodness. If we could only achieve that much; tolerance - with 'Love'. Is that possible?

By the time the author had become twelve; that is, by the time the earth had traversed about the sun twelve times during his life, he had been immersed in 'goodness' and mercy at the Convent at Nazareth, under the Holy Order of the Sisters of Mercy. He had been before the altar in excess of one thousand times, enough to last several lifetimes. As many children played house, post office, Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief; Cops and Robbers, Cowboys and Indians; he and his schoolmates played Priest, Bishop, Cardinal and Pope. (nope, nobody played Christ or the Father or the Holy Ghost.) They administered Necco Wafers as the Eucharist, the Holy Sacrament (The Body Of Christ). They were not chastised; it was not a sacrilege to perform the ritual in innocence, even though they were not ordained. They had been taught well; the graft was taking; the desired affect had been achieved; they were being nurtured in tolerance - with Love. If they uttered foul language, or abused the Lord in name, their mouths were scoured with bitter P & G laundry soap. Recalcitrance was punished through physical means; studied and controlled blows to the open palms; the submissive gesture. Spare not the Rod!! Learning to accept the definition was not easy; tolerance was not a general assumption one could apply as a resultant to his actions, but it was a condition at which one could marvel. It too was a tool, much like 'goodness'.

The author does not look back upon the Nuns as an experience full of misgivings. He does not understand fully its meaning or its affect upon him. He did not suffer the awful premonitions of eternal hell as did Stephan Daedalus, but he did obtain a notion of Gud made in the image

Indoctrination

of Man. Somehow, inside, Gud made in the image of Man seemed pointless, considering what man is. Perhaps Gud, made in the image of Man is the embodiment, the personification of man's hope and desire for perfection, the ultimate goal of his imaginary strivings, as he walks along the dimly lighted road. It was even harder to imagine Gud made in the image of something else. Impossible perhaps; a Griffin anyone? A White Whale? A Lightning Bug?

There were times when the author became fearful, felt small; in the dark especially, when he could not run fast enough; he would reach out, promising 'goodness', to the blue-eyed, long, red-blond, curly, fair-haired, bearded, aquiline-nosed, benevolent apparition, if he would only see the suthor through the tortures of the moment. He felt certain HE laughed at him, as HE must laugh at all of us in our petty tribulations and embarrassingly indecent impiety. More than likely He did not hear or did not notice. If HE had HE might have been tempted to kick our rears for our blasphemous utility, and for our back-handed devoutness. (HE might very well be a SHE).

Now, at this more advanced age, the author feels the absence of a REAL GUD, in the affairs of Men; He s a need for HIS intercession. He may have HIS hands full in some other sphere. If we all prostrated ourselves, howling together towards the heavens, imploring His blessing, do you suppose HE could be persuaded to restore our purpose? Could we make a believer out of HIM?

There are many Guds; there have been many Guds. Deities. Some have appeared with the culture from which they spring, acting as its guiding light; some have appeared or disappeared with the adventitious. Christ's physiognomy has acquired a variety of modifications, depending upon the image of he who so personifies and portrays Him (and betrays Him). His countenance and make-up suggest a different origin than has been customarily depicted in Northern and Western Cultures.

Although you may envision the possibilities, if the author should continue this line of thought; He hadn't really intended to digress so much beyond Adam.

In the main, it must be said 'we' are diverse.

The author is abundant with question and speculative answer, when he should be abundant with reverence and thankfulness; so you intimate. He is confused by many of you claiming many different Guds to be the one true Gud; perhaps the spirit of ecumenicalism is lost in the paucity of language.

Indeed, if, as the author maintains, Man is incidental, so is Gud in the shape of Man, as the Son is also incidental.

Therein lies the Rib.