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PATHWAY #2: Subhuman

Q: How did I become a subhuman?

A: By “doing time” on the *Inside* as 8867-147.

About “Inside” experiences

Still reeling from the Judge’s “irrelevant and immaterial” prestidigitation—*Shazam!*—my heart and soul fearfully pondered: *What awaits me in prison?* The question haunted me while I treaded water for six anxious months expecting each day to receive my appellate decision and begin my inevitable journey to federal prison. During this unsettling period, people—close friends, family, and just met strangers—freely gave advice about what I should do while imprisoned. Their comments ranged from assurance that prison would be no harder than the novitiate I had endured with the Franciscans, to encouragement that prison, though a satanic hell, would become a crucible in which my spirit would be purified. However, my life had passed the point where I trusted what anyone said. I had trespassed the boundary of sanity and mistrusted even my own thoughts. In the spring of 1972, as a captured enemy—a veritable Prisoner of War—I prepared to enter Sandstone Federal Correctional Institution (FCI).

What happened when I was escorted by a federal Marshal from the Hennepin County jail to Sandstone and entered the doorway marked “Admission and Orientation”? Here is where my difficulty with you—yes, with *you*—begins. As I took my first step inside a federal prison so, unknowingly to myself at the time, I took my last step in the outside world. Inmates term prison the Inside and call the Outside world the “Free World.” What did I leave behind Outside? Basically, the everyday framework of intellectual and experiential references that I shared with you as a non-prisoner. You remained a citizen with rights (personal, social, political) who could exercise a modicum of control over your private and public surroundings. I became a “slave of the State.” At the time, I had no idea what that exactly meant. I knew the phrase but it did not evoke any emotions, neither fear nor dread—which were waiting for me. Quickly I learned that I had left behind the world that values common sense, logic, moral truths, decency, freedom...and entered a locked-down, alien, terrorizing, and intensely degrading environment. My step Inside was also the

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beginning of a descent—into a bottomless pit, a hellish sector of human existence best described as “where everything human is soon absent.” Not unexpectedly, my white-male, middle-class, highly educated skin was also shed as I stepped into the A&O.

So here is my difficulty: How can I convey to you what happened to me when Inside? Or using Inside rap: *How can I get motherfucking you to take your fucking-A head out of your goddam asshole and ...?* See my problem? You don’t like that language, right? And not repulsing you by using the Inside palaver of scatological language is the least of my challenges here.

I anticipate that you have never been Inside. *Okay*, maybe jail for a DUI or fraternity prank, even busted for nonviolent protesting, but not “doing time,” that is, down for a stretch. As is popular, you probably accept that prison tries to or at least should “scare straight” an inmate, that is, change a convict’s *mind*. And, that once the con finally figures out how the “real world” works, he’ll wake up yearning for a 9 to 5 job at Walmart, a seat in a pew, and start attending AA.

As to reforming my mind, truth be told, prison was only secondarily concerned about that. Its primary focus was on my *body*. Its goal was to have me experience my *subhuman* body—and to forever live as a subhuman: constantly living in fear and dread of violent attack, with a broken human spirit, hopeless, and an abiding sense of myself as worthless, a piece of social offal. Now here’s where I might lose you, big time. I’m going to provide your mind with things to mull over, but my main effort on Pathway #2 is to convince you that if you are to grasp what it’s like on the Inside that you have to begin *feeling* differently—ultimately, to sense *your own subhuman body*. Why? Because the most significant insight I obtained when Inside was that I could only become a “real human person” if I made myself manifest as both human and subhuman.

To sense your own subhuman body requires that you venture Inside. Should you run out, commit a crime, and get locked up? Not really. As I will guide you, you can enter Inside but only if you are willing to execute an escape from your everyday world—“Go over the wall!”

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How can I effectively facilitate your escape? I'll guide you by mingling two types of stories. First, as on Pathway #1, I'll continue to describe and interpret my experiences in a way that enables you to be an observer, one who might be stirred by sympathy and empathy—*Gasp!* or shed a tear, stuff like that. Yet, second, to be true to myself and my Inside experience I need to enable you to *directly* feel being imprisoned. For that I've written a series of "Rung" stories. These are "dark side" vignettes that aim to stir-up a bit of emotional unrest which hopefully leads to some insights about yourself as you assess your heartfelt reactions to these Inside stories. You will go down three Rungs, slowly descending into the depths of the Inside to eventually end up "where everything human is soon absent." This is definitely not a nice or emotionally safe place to be, but if you get there, you'll certainly have escaped your everyday world. Believe me, these Rung stories are not ones that I find easy to re-read—as they are written in psychic blood and spit.

Take heed: The Rung stories are interspersed throughout the text to intentionally stop you from thinking for a moment and take a meditative pause, to hopefully slowly awaken your subhuman senses. *Don't try and read them all at once.* If you do that you will fail yourself, that is, if you seriously intend to experience the Inside. Sit with Rung #1 stories a bit. Orient yourself to the Inside's everydayness. However, know that when you get to Rung #2 and #3 stories that you are descending into darker sectors of the human heart. Since I want to guide you into the Inside and not just freak you out, I have placed Rung #3's most disturbing stories in Appendix A.

I suggest, moreover, that you read Appendix A *only after* you finish the book and have the perspective of Pathway #3. Why? Because the three Pathways are dynamically linked. Pathway #2 Rung stories convey life on the Inside but they are also used on Pathway #3 as meditative material to assist you in a ritual practice that enables you to safely descend down the Rungs, embody your subhuman self, and ascend back up to embody Pathway #3's vision that empowers you to "dwell peacefully and comfortably at home on the Living Earth." The value and rightness of Pathway #3's vision will only make sense after you wend and work your way through Pathway #2's subhuman experiences. Then, as meditative aids, reading the Appendix stories will deepen your grasp on the Inside and

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your own subhumanity. My hope is, as you make present both your human and subhuman bodies, that you will experience a fresh and ecstatic sense of yourself as a real human person.

It is evident that I am going to make more than a few off-putting statements—some that might also appear weird and offbeat. But Pathway#2 is nothing if not a journey marked by experiences you have *never* had. My three key opening statements about Inside experiences are:

- 1) On the Inside you become “twice-bodied.” You have two personal bodies. Not two concepts of your body but actually two bodies. One is human and the other subhuman. As you have five human senses so do you five subhuman senses. While you are one-bodied now, you can become twice-bodied. If you embody both your humanness and subhumanness you then will become a “real human person.”
- 2) There are two dimensions to everyday reality: the “Shadow realm” and the “Sunlight realm.” These realms are physically entered and exited through identifiable geographical, spatial localities, and brick-and-mortar institutions.
- 3) The journey through the Shadow realm is told through a Captive’s “sad story,” and the one through the Sunlight realm through a Captor’s “glad story.”

Being in prison “doing time” caused an upheaval and a revolution in respect to just about everything that I had been told to date in constituted truth and reality—that everything I had learned from my family, Church, and the ivied halls of academe was fundamentally screwed up.

Right now my working assumption is that what I have just written sounds pretty over the top if not borderline psychotic. Let me say that before prison I would have had a similar reaction.

My subhuman body

Awake! I underwent a *qualitative*, heartfelt human transformation—I became a subhuman. Do I truly mean this? What could I mean if I do? *Qualitative* transformation: Is this possible? It is, but only when you descend into the Inside sector of heartfelt absence and abandonment *where everything human is soon absent*. This is a necessary descent because it is only when in the pit of subhumanness that are you empowered to rise and embrace your humanness and so embody being a real human person.

This Inside experience of “absent” ignited a revolution in my understanding of the physical world both human and subhuman. Like you do now, before prison, I had *only* one body—human blood and flesh. Prison forced me to sense and accept my second body—subhuman blood and flesh. Thereafter, I began living as “twice-bodied.” I hope that this sounds as bizarre as I felt as I was upended and swept away by this upheaval.

Your body: I want you to pause for a moment and ask yourself how open you are to experiencing a physical, sensual upheaval in your sense of body and self? I’m not talking about changing how you think as much as about how you embody your personal self. Are you open to the possibility that you’ve lived your life to date missing your subhuman body? More, that unless and until you embody your subhuman self that you cannot become a *real human person*?

As prison changed how I experienced and came to understand my body so it did likewise to my sense of location—of place and time. The Inside is physically a Shadow realm and the Outside is a Sunlight realm.

Inside’s Shadow and Outside’s Sunlight realms

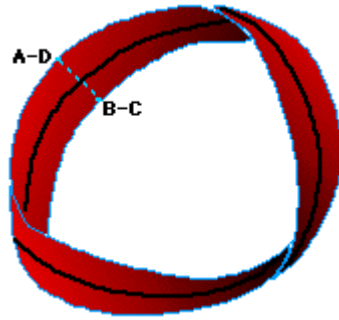
As one-bodied if I were asked, *Where are you?* Or, *Where do you live?* I had readily accessible tools at hand to accurately answer. I might say, “I am serving time in Sandstone F.C.I.” Or, “I live in Hastings, Minnesota.” More, my saying that “I am an American” would provide multiple answers as to my location in terms of place and time:

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geographical, social, and cultural locations. In stark contrast I had no such tools available to aid me in understanding what was happening as I became twice-bodied. Just the realization that I was a “subhuman” threw me outside of any intellectual or emotional framework I had used to explain who “Francis X. Kroncke” was up to that time. I had never been asked or ever had any reason to ask, “Who are the subhumans? Where are they located?” In truth I didn’t even know that subhumans existed. More, I certainly would not have known where to look. There were no atlases handy with maps to help locate subhumans.

Listen up: There is an atlas that will reveal their locations. It’s the exact atlas you use to locate where you are right now. The issue is not in finding an atlas as it is in knowing how to read the legend and follow directions. Sandstone, Minnesota, for example, is off Old Highway 61, north and east of the Twin Cities, just past Hinckley on your way to Duluth—once in town just follow the signs to the FCI. Now, let me ask you to just accept for the moment that when you get there you also arrive at a physical and geographic location on the Inside where subhumans live.

Prison is called many things: the penitentiary, the Big House, the slammer, the clink, etc., but the Inside works as a good subhuman locator term. *Inside* and *Outside* are interrelated and inseparable concepts, you can’t have one without the other. However this is not a rigid duality. Actually, it is a quite fluid locator term. It helps to look at this type of connectedness as illustrated by the image of a Mobius strip which is a two-dimensional sheet with only one surface. You keep walking straight ahead and suddenly you are Inside from the Outside pathway, then Outside from the Inside. Although you stay on the same pathway you shift dimensions.



I know that this might sound just a bit too clever. Like I'm just trying to tweak your nose and say, "See, the Inside, it's right there!" as if you were stupid or something. But that's not what I'm doing. I'm actually saying that there is a physical geography to the Inside world of subhumans. Prison is just one location. It happens to be a location where the worlds of Outside humans and Inside subhumans visually and viscerally interact. While walking around one locale, say the Inside, you shift into the other, here Outside, dimension. You can also look at the interconnections between the Inside and Outside like a subway system map, and using the image of a subhuman underground is apt.

As hard as your one-bodied self might be straining right now to believe me, just know that the twice-bodied subhumans have no problem in easily navigating between the Inside and the Outside. For them the stairway up and out of the underground, so to speak, is through the Shadow realm into the Sunlight realm. This Shadow realm is an Inside site where unsettling, disturbing, often cruel and evil things happen. It is where subhumans gather and locate. In prison the daily routine centers around descents into and ascents out of various Shadow sectors. How an inmate navigates and handles Shadow events determines if he will ever truly get out of the Inside—or remain an imprisoned Captive all his life, "doing time on the Inside" even if released from the institution. One-body human Captors guard the border between the Shadow and Sunlight realms. Twice-bodied subhuman Captives live Inside and venture Outside.

Twice-bodied subhumans spend their whole lives moving in and out of the Inside's Shadow realm into the Outside's Sunlight realm, which is the Captor's only realm. While Captors never *intend* to enter the Shadow realm, Captives purposively enter the Sunlight

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realm because that is where their crimes take place. I explore this critical point more thoroughly below.

For now, look at the relationship between the Shadow and Sunlight realms a bit like a stage production as seen by young children. What goes on behind the curtains and decorative props is unseen by and basically unknown to the youths who are delighting in the Sunlight story being enacted. Throw a bit of malice and evil intent into the minds and hearts of the stage crew and things go awry, sometimes hilariously, others tragically, but still remain unseen and unknown. In terms of the crime world the audience is the straight world of one-bodied folk whom the twice-bodied prey on because they know how the Shadow and Sunlight realms interconnect whereas the Sunlight folk rarely know much about the Shadow realm.

The Shadow realm has its own language and imagery which is expressed through a “sad story.” The Sunlight realm has a “glad story.”

Sunlight and Shadow stories

The Sunlight glad story expresses your upbeat, positive outlook on life. It makes you feel whole, healthy and happy. For some it is the story of the “American Dream.” For others it is one of personal rescue from their own inner darkness, “Jesus Saves.” Or, the mindful joy of “Be here now.” Hearing it makes you feel that all is right with the world. It makes you feel glad to be alive and human. It fills you with a heartfelt sense that everyone can work together, doing and being Good: “Peace, Justice and the American Way!” It makes you want to dance in the streets. “And God saw that it was good.”

The Shadow sad story takes you into hellish depths of darkness, of evil both of the individual and group. It makes you moan the deep down dirty blues. It engenders feelings of depression, oppression and degradation. The Christian interpretation of the biblical tradition speaks of Original Sin, human depravity, and murderous family strife. Other sad stories regale humans with tales about their flawed, savage human nature sourced in inheritable violent genes. Or make a virtue out of selfishness (“Greed is good!”). Or enslave through lies (the Nazis’ “Arbeit Macht Frei”—“Work makes you free!”). In a sad

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story other people—the “Other”—are always threats to you, named as *The Enemy*, often reviled with racist or sexist taunts (“The only good injun is a dead injun!” “Slap the bitch!”). *Note well*: My claim is that you have both a sad and a glad story, and that they are dynamically interrelated. This means that you hear the Shadow sad story as an undercurrent in the Sunlight glad story, and vice versa.

In his Sunlight story the Captor’s self-perceived role is to carry out justice and protect society from the Shadow inmates. On its own terms it is an upbeat, empowering story. In it the Captor is *good* and the Captives are *bad*. Of note, and a recurring theme of Outlaw Theology which I will return to often, is that the Captor claims that in his Sunlight realm there is no Shadow—or at least that there should *not* be any Shadow. If he could, the Captor would obliterate the Shadow realm. In this vein I heard, more than once, a guard swear that he’d love to “Kill every motherfucking con in this joint!” Such a primal wish was ground for this key insight about the Captor’s Sunlight story, that is, that it is not so much one about control and punishment as it is about the *denial of the existence* of the Shadow realm and/or *an effort to obliterate it*...and all subhumans in the process.

Pause: I need you to realize how critically important I find this Captor denial and obliteration of the Shadow to be. I admit that this confused me at first because of my one-bodied upbringing. Let me ask, what are your answers to: What is prison’s objective? Is it to reform and/or rehabilitate—turn bad guys into good guys? Is it to horrify and punish and so potentially scare guys into going straight? Or—as I judge them—are these questions wrongheaded? Instead, should you be asking yourself, “Are prisons more about *me* than about *them*? What is prison’s objective in terms of my world? *Is it to isolate me from the Shadow realm and keep me Outside in my Sunlight realm?* In effect, for all practical purposes, to prevent me from entering the Shadow realm?” This is what I found to be true and factual, yet I realize that such an experiential insight can only become yours *after* you embody your own subhumanness—which is the ultimate insight of Pathway #2 and which Pathway #3 enables you to achieve through certain ritual practices. Right now, just keep these questions in mind as we proceed.

Summary

Prison—the *Inside*—redefined my concept of and caused an upheaval in my sensate experience of everyday reality. I found that prison was inhabited by one-bodied humans and twice-bodied subhumans—Captors and Captives. Subhumans lived on the Inside and humans on the Outside. Every day each—knowingly or not—moved in and out of sectors of the Shadow and Sunlight realms as they embodied, respectively, their “sad story” and “glad story.” Each day the Captor relentlessly sought to avoid and/or obliterate the Shadow realm. However, it is vitally necessary to descend into the Shadow realm, deep into the sector “where everything human is soon absent” to embrace your subhumanness and so ascend into the Sunlight to experience yourself as a “real human person.”

Chapter 5: Inside discoveries

Jail

The first step Inside was going back to the county jail where I and the others had spent seven days, held on the charge of “sabotage of the national defense” and before our initial bond of \$50,000 was reduced to ten and we got out to prepare for trial. The county jail is a holding area. Most guys are waiting to get arraigned or for someone to post bail. It is also the way station on the road to the federal penitentiary, like a Greyhound Bus terminal—“Now boarding on Track Number 13!” I returned as “Guilty!”—convicted of a crime committed “by force, violence or otherwise.” I would henceforth remain classified as a “violent felon” for destroying the Selective Service’s “paper body” draft cards.

Every morning’s waking is surreal. My eyes snap open in reflex to some guard’s harsh yelling about something or at someone. In noisy tandem, a master control gate starts to groan, screech and clang, setting off a series of smaller metallic echoes as each individual cellblock cage clanks open in sequence. Guys clamber down iron stairwells to the common area to gather what the Keeper leaves. It’s breakfast or something like that. Soggy buns and weak coffee. Half-pints of warm OJ. Fatigued, I roll off my iron-framed cot and soon join the line shuffling towards chow. I’m ever amused: “Free room! Free food! Free TV!” *Ain’t America grand.*

Half-awake, I’m counting and this is the sixth day back Inside, a week of dawdling, on hold for the federal Marshal to arrive and transport me upstate to Sandstone, a medium-security prison. Back in my cell I plop down on my cot and start eating but not before I gag a bit as the vividly acrid stink of my piss-soaked, lumpy and soggy, bug infested jailhouse mattress exudes a puff of fetid air that rises once again to dust me all over and around. *Jail’s aroma of sanctity!* Hell, these aren’t cells, they’re cages in a stinking human zoo. Iron bars at every turn. No walls between cells. Not a sliver of personal privacy possible. Total naked exposure: stinky.

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Music soothes the wild beast? Set high on the corridor walls of the cellblock four TV stations blare at high volume from sunup to sundown. They are beyond reach, so remain locked on the same station. Their relentless drone is an irksome annoyance—a grating *buzz!* Each tier has but one shower which in no time is plugged up and flooding back. Plus one communal razor blade and a tiny *Holiday Inn* size bar of soap to wash and shave some thirty-plus men. Three times a day we line up—Keepers slopping vittles on plastic trays. The stuff is without fail some wretched, overcooked gunk. If you crave a snack or a small luxury like a comb, you have to negotiate with the old black inmate “trustee” who runs the commissary.

The hours creep around, strangled by idling intensity. I look about and know that most guys are “career” criminals, ones statistically accounted as likely to never break the cycle of recidivism. I’ve never remotely been in a place that seethes with such unrelenting negative energy. The walls, the bars, the bare light bulbs, the lidless crappers, everything screams out, “You’re a piece of shit, loser asshole!”

My feral outlaw brain gleans a lot. With eyes closed shut, the others are mostly black and/or poor. With ears deafened, the others are semi to completely illiterate. Without even bothering to voice the question comes the answer that very few inmates grasp the socio-political determinants of their being locked-up. Most just want to get back Outside and try once again to beat the odds. Should I opine, “It’s depressing!”? Or just cynically laugh? These are society’s dregs, its misfits, its dropouts, each an outlaw. Although they have “street smarts” they compulsively lose out to desperation—somewhat Pollyannaish they tempt fate time and again ever sure that they’ve finally found a short cut to the Big Kill. *Ha.* Too many times the short cut ends up being a gun or a fist in the kisser. *Christ! Just another group of men constantly at war.* I think my rap-partner-in-crime Mike and I are the only first time offenders on this cellblock. Me, a stone cold jailhouse virgin...darkness relentlessly frightens and nightmares break me. I shudder and am fitfully sleepy even when awake.

Sandstone, FCI—Segregation

In mid-June 1972, handcuffed and leg-chained, hobbling from the Marshal's car to the prison's side-door, "Admission and Orientation," I became one of *them*—an inmate.

"Wait here for the Corridor Captain." That's what the Admission officer orders. So I don't move, dressed in my brand new loose-fitting khakis and glossy black shoes. On hold going nowhere, idling in my just deodorized and disinfected body, having been sprayed for lice and bugs and whatever. The A&O guard purified me with an insect spray can. *Pump, swish*. Even around the balls and onto my anal sphincter—*pump, pump, swwwwiiishh*—up arms to the pits and lastly misting my hair. "Close your eyes. Hold your breath." *Swish, swish*. I can't help myself, a flashback: His is a priestly Baptismal aspersion, the initiatory ritual for my entry into the Order of the Penitentiary—"Novus Ordo Seclorum." I'm more bemused than chuckling.

I wondered if I'd be hassled about my hair—robust dark beard and neck-tickling curls were a witness to the six month hiatus between sentencing and caging, and also to my post-trial desire to once again look like a radical. However, such did I submit to a friendly barber several days before final surrender. Yet I kept my moustache and broad-base sideburns—still looking good in a radical chic way. A fellow Resister, out on parole, told me that the lip hair and sides would pass prison muster. Nevertheless, I anticipated getting some flak, just some shit for disciplinary reasons. "You think *that's* short?" They'd show me "short." But no flak came.

What was truly curious was the total lack of hassle. My admission, purification, registration, and allocation were routine—by the book, as with any bureaucracy. No drama, no hazing, no screaming, shouting, or beating. No Greek chorus at the Gate to Hades elevating the operatic conversation from the mundane to the sublime. I just did as directed—*no place to go, no place to hide!*

Amusingly, it is monastically quiet in the Admission area—*Glad to be out of that freaking jail!* I'm the sole aspirant. The Admission officer is lean on chatter, more of a steely-eye than a talker. All in all, in a timely and tidy process I'm ready-to-go. He closed

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my file and almost smiled, “One new commitment, ready to be released to the population.” These words float in my head as I glance up and down the empty corridor. *Where is everybody?*

I crane to peek through a side window but fail to spy but a furtive figure or two dash at distant sight. *Inmates*, I surmise because of the khaki blur. *Where is this population? How these guys play with words! Me, a new “commitment.” Damn, I’m not committed to them.*

“*You*,” the authoritative command snaps .”You there. What’s your number?”

I pivot towards the figure appearing at my right, a six-foot-five tower of military hewn flesh. Clean hands, clean face, cleanly shaved, cleanly pressed trousers and shirt, cleanly polished shoes, cleanly groomed hair. All clean.

This has to be the Corridor Captain.

Eye to eye, I reflexively start to greet him—”Hi!”—take a step towards the Captain as if to shake his hand but something jerks me back; I freeze. The county jailor’s sweet goodbye rings in my ears, “You’re nothing but dog shit in here, fool!”

“...number?” *Francis* no longer exists. He’s been processed. Institutionalized. Digitized. Tagged. He’s nobody, invisible to all and to everyone he’s ever known.

Again, snapped: “*You*—what’s your number?”

My lips part but nothing slips out. My arms can’t move, remain tightly locked around a bedding bundle against my lower chest. I’m at stone-cold mute for a long moment; worse, an embarrassed blush flits across my face. What eventually stumbles out is, “Kroncke...err, 8...867...err...147.”

Unfazed by my faltering answer, the Corridor Captain steps past me, moving some six feet down the hall to a knobless door which he keys, unlocks and opens. I instinctively follow. We walk up a flight of stairs, take a right, there are only two doors, one locked, one half-way ajar. I hesitate; he eye motions, *Get inside, idiot!*

I step into a single-bed cell unit. I had noticed that there was only one other door on this floor, so this isn’t a cell block. *Isolation?* I’m a bit caught off-guard. *Whatever!* After loitering in the sweaty, cramped, and odiferous cage back in County, I’m delighted to instantly observe that the crapper comes with a lid.

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“Supper will be up in ’bout five minutes. Make the room.” The Captain locks the cell and leaves.

Alone, unmoving, I scan every corner, wall and facet of the unit. For minutes I remain immobile, standing like a sculpture lost from a museum. *So this is solitary? The hole?* Why I’m in solitary confuses me. It’s a twist that doesn’t compute. Still like stone, I don’t flinch or even squint when the door grate behind me slides open with a rattling squeak.

“There’s books here, if you read.”

I don’t answer. The grate scratchily closes on a ten-by-twelve-foot pastel blue cell: one sink with safety-glass mirror, one iron-frame bed, one barred window situated slightly above average hairline, covered with a length of steel screen, also pastel blue. The ceiling holds a recessed, wire-mesh-sealed bank of three fluorescent lights—the on/off switch is outside the cell. The mesh is a matching pastel blue. *What the—?*

“Is this the fucking Holiday Inn?” I mockingly intone. No one answers. I’m anchored, stuck there, bedding bundle slumping in my arms, scanning nervously, inspecting every detail, scrutinizing the room like a wary traveler in a foreign land checking for bugs, snakes, and pestilent vermin, all waiting in ambush .

As the Institution intends, mine is a fast check-in into a deep depression. Just an hour Inside and already sunk into despondency. A pastel blue *fucking!* depression. What type of pervert decorated this solitary suite? Cloud-puff blue oozing sweetheart warmth; cozy fluorescent lighting.

As if cued, a few rays of sunshine cheerily gambol into the cell, wrapped in a chuckle of sky.

As if cued, rage boils and bubbles up from within me: *Powerless—absolute, utter powerlessness*. Trapped—no way out!

“Jesus Christ, they’re still fucking with me!” I toss my bundle on the unmade bed. Its summer-camp coiled bedsprings whimper and squeal. Motionless again, I remain fixed to the spot.

Black, not blue—I want *black. Isolation. The Hole. It should be dark as sin*. I need a touchstone. Blue’s all wrong. Blue is for babies, christenings and celebration. Blue is for wedding garters and silly escapades. *Blue is for the helpless. The weak. The powerless*. All

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I get is wimpy blue, pastel blue? *Christ*, I desperately need something hard, harsh, painful, even punishing, to uncaps the pressurized expectations I've brought with me.

It's all wrong!

Damn! It's a demonic trick, fucking with me in space and time—everything looks “normal.” *Can't be!* I curse inwardly, *Fucking pastel blue!* Gut scream, “Fucking pastel blue!” Then boom, “God, I'm gonna be managed to death!” *Just like they managed the fucking war!* I rave wildly. “Numbers! 8867147—I'm a fucking number!”

As if driven by ritual obligation I rotate and face each wall: North, South, East, West. Ceremonially, a minute here, a minute there, I kick and kick and kick against each pastel wall until my right leg really hurts. Wobbly, lurching, I open my fly and start to ritually pee. Zip out my cock and piss a stream here, a spray there, marking out territory, setting stinky warnings to intruders.

A little nuts. Okay, man, this is a little nuts. Spent, I flop down on the bare mattress; suffocate my face with the naked pillow. I need not to be here. I need to be blacked-out by darkness, not be pastel, just for a few quick seconds.

I drift into a leaden doze.

Act II begins: *The Feast*. The grate slides open, rattling a bit. The edge of a steel cafeteria tray gleams at me, flashing a lippy smile in the late afternoon's soft light. I get up and pull it in quickly. It's a jailhouse reflex. At County the guards would toy with guys. “C'mon, c'mon, I can't wait forever!” There were nights I went to bed hungry. *Damn*, I'm hungry right now. But tray in hand, I'm again immobilized, once again on *Pause*. This time more than stunned—dumbfounded—by what's on this tray: a humongous, bloody T-bone steak, overlapping a wreath of potatoes, corn, bread and butter, broccoli, jelly, a couple pieces of carrots and celery. *Christ almighty!*

“Want coffee, milk or Kool-aid?” coos the guard.

Too much! Something snaps. “Fuck you, motherfucker!” accentuated with a digital gesture.

Immediately after that pleasantries the grate quickly screeches shut, and instantly after that I smash the tray against the back wall. Step over, pick it back up, turn and slash at each wall with its steel edge. That done, I grab a spoon and begin randomly but quite

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feverishly banging on the tray. *Blonk! Bing! Thwack! Thonk!* Nothing harmonious, yet slowly increasing in energy as I hum louder and louder and the rhythm becomes manic. Then, abruptly full stop. I drop the tray on the floor. *Clank!* Start to strip and tear my clothes. Fumble at buttons, rip, whip off shirt and pants, BVD's and socks until I'm birthday naked once again,

Something inside me does not want me to accept anything, wants to *Resist!* everything. I spurn the bed, opt to lie on the floor, tongue taste its coldness, its harshness. My body craves deep pain, searches out whatever sensory punishment is possible. I grind my shoulder into the concrete floor, toss and moan. *"Three hundred days indulgence are yours, my son, for suffering these most sacred pains. Suffer with the Crucified One! Save yourself from the pains of hell."*

I strike blood, bruise bone, and idiotically challenge all the minions of Divine Savagery to take me on. *Attack! Fight me with the monastic terrors I know oh so well!* I am wildly desperate to escape Pastel Blue. Scarred, scratched, bruised, knuckles swollen from ramrodding the walls...spit and piss and globs of slop all around, I roll about smearing it all over my body. So adorned, so marked and tattooed, I collapse into exhaustion.

Heart pounding, no breath left, I hug the floor, wishing it could defy gravity and push up against me, crush me to death. This yearning unfilled, I hurl myself back up, assume the starting stance from long-ago basketball training camps and begin furiously doing knee-to-chest pumps. *Faster, faster!* Now jumping jacks. *Faster, faster!* Push-ups. *Harder, harder!* The spectators cheer; the cheerleaders are agape. Everyone's deliriously yelling, *"Faster! Harder! Harder! Faster!"*

These frenzied words of incantation last unmarked minutes until I implode into a heap of parts in the middle of Sandstone, FCI's Segregation Unit. Little did I know that outside the cell the Corridor Captain was eye-balling me. He had a front-row seat to my whack-job performance. Without complaint, I spent the night snoring on the floor, bed unmade; only gobs of rejected dinner slumbering upon it.

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Days idle by. Soon it's Friday of my first full week in Seg. I've just eaten another pastel blue breakfast. I haven't showered or brushed my teeth all week. *Don't ask!* My hair's uncombed and before my coffee's gone I'm jumped and overcome by an ambushing funk. I try to shake it. Get up and go over to the window, reach as high as I can, lace a fist of fingers through the steel screen holes and pull myself up to look out at the sky. *Fuck*, it's beautiful! Then slowly, ever so slowly but steadily, inexorably, heaven's clouds swirl and twirl down forming a gigantic blue lid crushing a solitary pincher bug, *squuuuissshhh!*

Dead. I'm dead to yet another day. I drop down and fall back to bed—curl up, blankets wrapped around pillows wrapped around my dreams.

An hour later I'm groggily awakened by the duty hack banging on the door with something—a *gun*? Pushing paranoia behind me, I hear him shout through the slide that I'm to be "interviewed" around 10:30. "It's 8 now"—the guard knows I have no clock. *Fuck!* Back under the covers, slightly waking again, time unknown, as someone's scratching at the keyhole. This time the cell door swings wide open. Two unfamiliar guards stride in and brusquely command, "Get up! Dress quickly!"

The Adjustment Committee

As I'm half out of bed, one taunts, "You're a demonstrator! You gonna demonstrate?" This macho challenge wakens the sleepy-eyed me. *Yeah, I bet you'd love to drag me out of here in fetal position!* While ignoring the jibe, which is repeated three times, I button my shirt and walk casually towards the stairwell, lips tightly mum but a lot of body attitude! Downstairs, another guard motions me towards an open door off to his left.

As I'm entering the room I notice the nameplate: *Adjustment Committee*. Stepping inside, I find four men already seated. No one rises to greet me. Three are civilians, the other is the Corridor Captain. As I sit down one of the civilians states, in stentorian voice: "We know you're here for your political activities. We want to set you straight at initial entry. Sandstone is a good place. You'll like it here. The men here are *not* troublemakers. *Anyone* who makes trouble will get transferred—to some—*trust me*—hard-time place like Marion or Leavenworth. There are plenty of things to do while you're in here, and you can put your time to good use, *if*—if you use your brain. There's no reason you should get into trouble, if you pull your own time."

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A second civilian instantly picks up: “We don’t like agitators. We won’t put up with any funny stuff. This is a fine prison. The food’s better than at any other Institution. We’re quite proud of how things are going.”

The conversation—*Is it scripted?*—is maintained solely by these two. They take chorusing parts as in a rehearsed performance. The Captain and the other civilian remain quiet.

I, too, tacitly listen to them repeat, at least four times, what a *good place Sandstone is*, how much it offers, and that they hope I’ll put my time to good use. Something however isn’t settling just right. So I break-in, “Do you want to know what I think?”

At that, both officials abruptly terminate their duet. It is so sudden that I realize that this is precisely what they want.

“Just what do you intend to do?”

“I have some preconceived notions as to what prisons are, but basically I’m open to the experience.”

This simple remark catches them short. They look at me with fidgety eyes, waiting for more.

“Okay?” I nod.

“Don’t be a wiseass with us, sonny,” the Captain barks. “We know your background. You can play chameleon with us but rattlers can’t change the pitch of their rattles.”

Then the last civilian breaks his silence. “There’s no room for political speeches in here. This isn’t a place for soapbox oratory.”

“Hey, man,” I stand up, “I’m not in here to organize.”

This reflex gesture of standing is straightaway defined, as only prison can define even the simple act of standing, as hostile and aggressive, and one escort guard steps quickly and positions both his hands on my shoulders, a slight downward pressure clearly indicating his wishes. Again, in reflex, I sit back down, unaware that by so doing I’ve just defused the situation. I continue with a steady tone. “Unless...unless there are civil rights being violated. If you do that, then I can’t tell how I’ll react.”

The room stills and quiets. All four captors shift, rub hands, scratch noses, pull and tug at ears, chins, ruffle hair. Then the first civilian, who I later learn is the Associate

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Warden, warns, "I should tell you we have many FBI reports about you. We know *everything* about your kind."

I mirthfully wonder what "kind" I am. As if responding to my mental question, the Captain straightforwardly tells me: "You're a *bad soul*. It's that simple. You and your friends—the Berrigans, the Milwaukee 14, Mulligan and the Chicago 15, Beaver 55—you think we don't know *everything*?" He waits to see how I react. Unexpectedly, this Adjustment back-and-forth is not unlike being "spiritually directed" by the monastery Master. I know not to flinch.

Then the Assistant Warden picks-up again, "I'm a Catholic. I consider myself a devoted son of the Church. I want you to know from the start that I have a special interest in you. You're truly a bad actor." Castigating, nasty: "You've been called and you deserted your call. You desecrated the words of Jesus and the teachings of the Church."

Following that, the Captain half-stands, crouches across the table, comes within half-a-palm of my nose, successfully effecting an intimacy of communication—private eyes.

"*I know*...I know about the Underground. I know about how you helped deserters get into Canada. I know about the stolen draft cards and stamps you carried to Toronto." An affected pause, "Believe me, I know about your theology." He screws up his eyes. "Know this. I've even read what you've written and *I know*," as he backs away, stands ramrod straight up, full height for emphasis, "more than any others in this room—I would say more than any others in the System—what you've done. How you've done it. Who you've done it with and why. *I know how you think and how you dream!*"

Towering, the Captain is one impressive figure; monumental—clearly a posturing jock. Here now with moral power pulling from within his words, he is Michael the Archangel become flesh. It's obvious that the Captain is a master at conducting these Adjustment Committee first meetings. He knows when to go for the kill, but I did not anticipate his dagger-in-the-heart: "I'm a former Jesuit myself." *Almost whispered; hissed.*

Back in my cell I flit and slink back under blankets and pillow. Scream at the top of my lungs, muffled, mocking, "I know how you dream!" Pulling a blanket tighter over

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and around my head, I rail back at the Captain, “Fucking-A, fucking Jebbie or not, you don’t know how I dream!”

I blank out and slip to into a narcotic sleep, dreamless.

When they finally assessed me sufficiently adjusted I was sent to the Admission and Orientation dorm where I waited for a permanent dorm assignment so that I could assume my proper role as a subhuman. So after two weeks in pastel blue Segregation, I was released to the Population.

My body was no longer mine!

Once Inside it took a bit of calendar time before their Adjustment took hold; they were patient. At first I did handle being Inside a bit like my first days in the monastery. I readily accepted my digital moniker much like I had my monastic investiture name, Friar Otto, O.F.M., Conv. It was only a numerical silliness, so I told myself, and it didn’t really make me feel much differently. Fairly nonplussed, I looked at the other prisoners with a somewhat detached, almost academic eye. For awhile I enjoyed regular weekly, quite chatty visits from family and friends. But...somewhere around ninety-days in, something inexplicable happened: I became fully Adjusted. To wit, I became one of *them*—a subhuman. This was not an intellectual shift—not the result of some radical analysis. It was not just an emotional shift—not simply that I got depressed or bummed out. It was of an order of magnitude I didn’t even know existed, a shift at once cosmic, personal, even genetic. What was happening? I can only give you an unsettling answer: *My body was no longer mine!*

I was suddenly present to myself in a way only other inmates could grasp. Simply, I was no longer alive as *only* human. Much as the Adjustment Committee intended, I slipped down an experiential rung and met my Shadow self. Prison effectively re-embodied me as a subhuman. I became a subordinated, subjected, dispossessed, expendable, disposable, invisible entity. As they intended, in the eyes of the wardens and guards, “Francis X. Kroncke” was no longer physically present, *replaced* by 8867-147. Here was my first robust subhuman sense: one of disembodiment—they looked at me and saw *only* 8867-

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147. I was solely a numbered inventory of the State. As they intended, the initiatory Admission ritual made “francisxkroncke” disappear and a stinky piece of societal feces float into the inmate population. Like a streetwalker, my body was no longer mine. It belonged to my pimp: The Man. Now I was forever twice-bodied: Francis/ 8867-147, never to be cleaved. Symptomatically, I urged people not to visit, restricting such moments to family members; just about stopped writing to everyone. I became a slave, doing time, serving The Man.

As I became a subhuman I went way deep Inside into the darkest recesses of the Shadow realm where I ceased to experience myself as an individual, as a person with an identity, as a creature of time. The crucial insight here is that I underwent a *qualitative* physical transformation as I became a subhuman, as I lost my sense of what it meant to be human. I no longer knew who I was as who I was was being embodied as a subhuman.

Being twice-bodied and treated by others as a subhuman meant having no privacy in any aspect. In prison’s Shadow realm there is no space provided where you can experience your humanity in any normal sense of the term. There is no place to go for a nanosecond of solitude—the johns are doorless, every tick-and-tock you are watched, you live exposed like a lidless eyeball. What may be incommunicable is the devastating impact of living within an utter absence of privacy—of never being left alone, of always being part of the Population. I even slept in dorms with up to seventy others—group snore, belch and fart. It was this absolute loss of privacy—awake and asleep—that became the tipping point of my mutation into becoming a subhuman.

Five times around the clock I robotically responded to the command, “Lock up and count!” Twice more while asleep. The duty Hacks go on inventory runs: body counts; asshole numerations. They scan my blanketed body and check my digits at 3 a.m.—ex a box, “Check 8867-147.” All they want is my subhuman body, and since it is not a body I have ever known before I simply—ignorant naïf!—give them this body. Like a whore I surrender my subhuman self, let them do with me whatever they want: use me, abuse me, dispose of me. Slavishly I accept being a subhuman. I exist, as all slaves do, with my

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former one-body self displaced somewhere, out in some cosmic security locker, or something weird like that, as I slip into my twice-bodied subhumanity.

Horried, I could not find a way to be present to others as a human being. I looked into the mirror and only saw what others saw: 8867-147, a subhuman. One condemned to forever exist as an alien other—a twice-bodied presence. I became what prison so effectively creates: a slave of the State. My body was being slowly but surely sensately rewired. As a slave's body my every physical act expressed my acceptance of domination. When ordered to strip and be searched, I complied. Emotionally, I lost my middle-class sense of shame. My sense of personal honor. My dignity. Servile, I bent over and spread my buttock cheeks. My presence clearly conveyed that now I was The Man's bitch.

Now, one-bodied reader, *Awake!* Subhumans sense the world just as humans do but always with a de-humanizing twist. Man, I don't know if I can get you to make this leap, not so much in understanding as in feeling. In prison a kiss is a betrayal, always. Only bitches get kissed! A simple touch, just a fingertip or a caress of a chin, is a prelude to rape, ala sodomy. Eyes gaze upon you searching for points of entry, signs of weakness, ever ready to watch you disappear (get whacked). Smells are not for pleasuring rather what is sniffed is the aroma of your cowardice, the scent of your trembling terror as you kneel in submission and penile worship, and the allure of the fright that oozes from your sweat as you walk the Yard, hyper-vigilant like hunted prey. Taste always rides upon sexual release: the breakfast donut is nipped at and mouthed letting you know that you'll like his cock. All eating is sexualized—the mess hall but a group orgy in symbolic dance. What you hear is always a variation of the basic equation of Inside survival: *Why shouldn't I waste the punk?* The punk being you—laughter rising from the poker round—hearing yourself wagered, your life tossed in as ante. So don't make the mistake of thinking that subhumans do not feel. (*Hmm.* Are you wondering why I want you to tap into your subhuman feelings? *Ha.*)

The Man's bitch!

As a subhuman I began to grasp the horror of what it means to be a female in patriarchal society—*Bitch!* Most prison stories are fundamentally wrong. Prison, it's alleged, is a male stronghold where the most macho and violent males are corralled and beaten into discipline by other super-males flexing the glistening muscles of steel death, brandishing the symbols of a potent sexual power. On some days it looks like that but the appearance is quite illusionary.

One situation that illustrates how the biblical becomes translated into the secular is the dynamic of the Adam and Eve story in respect to her and me as Captives. With purpose and systematically, prison was transforming me into a female—the idealized woman of the patriarchal culture: submissive Eve. Here is a mythic She, a female who derives her meaning only and fully from her Man—who accepts being a derivative of his rib. Like her I too became “bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh” as created from The Man. I am his chattel and wear the clothing of khaki anonymity—which he finds fetching. He jealously protects me, constantly watches me in the daylight and in the night darkness of my time serving him. Ever courteous, he opens doors for me his helpless and hapless mate who patiently waits, keyless, cooing for my Man to unlock the knobless doors. I wait. I wait. *I wait.* He has a lock on the key to my heart.

Majestically, it is his power, the fearsome force of his authoritative Inside power that makes me bend over and part my buttock cheeks. Silently scream: *C'mon, it can't be, we're both guys!* I, at any moment, am his: night, morning, afternoon delight. At any place: I am walking the hall and he commands, “Open your mouth!” He probes my ears, I rake my hair, shake out each shoe...and bend over. *Oomph!* It's quickly over, the backdoor bangs shut. So simple. So routine. *I am The Man's bitch.*

Captive Story and Captor Story

I *chose* to go to prison. I consciously committed a crime that I intended to admit publicly to gain legitimacy as an anti-war speaker and activist. Once other cons figured that out

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they would look at me and howl laughing. “Man, who in their right fucking mind would choose to go to prison?” It was clear that going to prison was an option for me since I was a white, middle-class male, but not so for ninety-nine plus percent of the other inmates.

In light of my choice, two stories were being written, basically simultaneously. Being Inside was forcing me to discern and own a story I never thought I had—my Captor story. Curiously, this story became clearer to me as I was discerning my Captive story as a subhuman. This is a very significant point. Unlike most inmates for whom going to prison was part of their social expectations (of the underclass) and so were always aware of the Captor and Captive stories, I had never thought of myself as a Captor.

Frank, the Captor! I’m sure I was not the only one who entered prison ignorant of what “reality” truly was, that is, that I was entering Inside into the Shadow realm. But that’s what the Adjustment Committee wanted to assess—my grasp of this reality. Was I like the Mafia guys who already knew what was up? Was this Kroncke guy a dyed in the wool radical, a committed Marxist revolutionary? Possibly they had heard the outlandish claim voiced by the federal prosecutor at my arraignment that I was “part of an international Catholic conspiracy led by the Berrigan Fathers and funded by Castro”? Or was I a namby-pamby nonviolent pacifist who was scared of his own shadow? That’s more than likely why they placed me in solitary. They wanted to see if I was truly an idealistic innocent or a shrewd operator. In looking back I can see that my being there threw them for a loop. They looked at me and saw a Captor like themselves. Like other Resisters I was, in the main, racially their kin, spoke like them, etc. One of the *Minnesota 8*’s families actually owned a summer cabin in Sandstone. *Lordy!* We weren’t just from the same social class, we were neighbors.

So the Adjusters faced an uncommon and daunting challenge, that is, how to turn a Captor into a Captive. For them dealing with me and other war resisters was a bit of an historic first. Add to that, their professional training more than likely never had a chapter on “Adjusting the Captor Class.” So even more than what they wanted to Adjust in the regular cons, they desperately wanted to assess my state of mind. They had to figure out

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how to get inside this outlaw's theological mind and soul so they could break me. I wonder now about what they did discuss after the Corridor Captain told them about my antics in pastel-blue Segregation? I'm sure it helped them finally discern that I was simply a harmless fool; more naïve than they were inclined to believe at first. Someone who didn't have a clue about what lay in store while on the Inside.

Frank, the Captive! For several hours the Committee adjusted me. They gave me both the overview as to how things worked Inside and a practical guide for daily living; even gave me a work assignment. They made clear the role I was to play—I was slave, captive, convict, a prisoner of war. I was no longer citizen, son, theologian, nonviolent activist. I had fought their government and lost. I was their Captive. *Accept your fate! Bow down your neck!* It was now mine to shuffle along, not wail against my shackles and chains, and if I did protest, no buts about it, I'd be beaten into submission. However, more than just being the State's Captive I was positioned as an enemy of their God. (A statement repeated later by the Chaplain.) I was at war with everything they valued, that is, I was striking at the foundation of not only American government but by doing so also at that pillar of Western civilization, the Judaeo-Christian biblical tradition. Without conscious intent, the Committee was teaching me how the Shadow realm operated. In effect they laid the seed for my growing awareness of me as subhuman: the Other, Public Enemy, "gook."

It was critical for the Adjusters that they reorder my vision and understanding of prison reality. In prison's Shadow realm, time, space, the air, others, "now," feelings...are no longer autobiographical. Here is what keys the transition from the Sunlight down into the Shadow realm, namely, "I" as a subhuman have no personal identity rather I exist impersonally through my subhuman group identity as inmate, convict, outlaw, dogshit—8867-147. In the most black and white terms I am Captive of the Captors. Stop and catch the tectonic shift here. "Captive" is the only label the Captor needs—as all inmates are one and the same. This is a metaphysical re-organization, at the level that philosophers call ontological—in the realm of Being. *Get this:* As I transited from captive to Captive, as I accepted living as a subhuman—*Note this well!*—I began to experience myself alive on the grand mythic scale. Now, I as Cain, Judas, the Evil One—a hellish denizen of the

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Shadow realm. Here I also started to grasp fleeting insights into the truly mythic story that my trial played out as the judge affirmed me as a secular Shadow creature, a —“strike(r) at the foundation of government”—a traitor in the camp of Benedict Arnold.

Motherfuckers! I now slowly began to see that I had been living as a subhuman in a certain part of the Shadow realm all the time I was shouting *Resist!* Dig it, man, what the judge and government feared was my Shadow power, that of nonviolence. *What?* Truly, I was resisting their concept and image of what a “real man” was. In a curious way my nonviolence was not a negation of violence but an innovative, practical, and effective way of channeling violence, of transforming violence into peacemaking. This was the truth I revealed that they would not and did not accept. It was what the judge refused to let the jurors hear and why I had to be declared “irrelevant and immaterial.” But this insight made scrambled eggs out of my mind and heart. On the Outside I knew how to act nonviolently, but Inside? This was not a question I could or ever did answer while Inside. There it became less of a question, actually was never voiced, as I became a totally different person, that is, subhuman 8867-147. The fact is I was being reformed by the Inside’s dark powers. I could not afford to lollygag and intellectually look back on my Outside years as I had to keep my eyeballs peeled as I advanced warily forward one Inside step at a time.

The Committee counseled me as to how a *good* subhuman acts: “Do your own time.” I was to submissively “serve time” and mark the cycle of moons and suns with prison’s “Lock-up and Count!” routine—not by clock hours or days of the week. While I doubt if any of the four Adjusters were conscious of their Shadow role as Captor, they knew what had to be done to maintain order on the Inside—break me down and have me accept myself as a subhuman.

As Captors I’m sure that the Adjusters were highly confident that the secular discipline of the penitentiary—“doing time”—would, as it had done to so many, inevitably transform me, actually transubstantiate me, that is, re-embody me as a subhuman Captive. For them the weird and scary world that the Inside was would without fail crush my spirit and have

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me scurrying back to the Catholic Chaplain swearing that once paroled I'd go straight ...*Forever!* More than that, they knew that I had to be re-embodied and made to accept and possess my subhuman self so that I, willingly or not, eventually—inevitably and inexorably in their minds—would step down the rungs to where they wanted me to stay, eternally: “where everything human is soon absent.”

Odd as this all may seem, I gained my initial insight into myself as Captor at the moment I accepted being a Captive. Soon thereafter I began to realize that I was—*What the fuck?*—the Captor of my Captive self. This realization became the experiential basis for my initially sensing my twice-bodiedness. Unexpectedly, it was this insight into my Captor self that shocked me most. I was somewhat prepared to become an inmate and anticipated that being a captive was going to fuck me up a bit. I thought that my previous monastic experiences would help me adjust to another all male, highly structured institution where the daily discipline was unquestioning obedience to all rules. However, I had never thought of myself as a Captor, needless to say not as Captor of my own Captive self. *Truly weird.*

Baffled, immobilized, downright confused: *I am Captor of myself as Captive.* Honestly, at the time I couldn't handle the psychic bedlam this insight unleashed. My survival instincts kicked in and within a short period of time I “adjusted” and slipped into the Shadow realm where I walked in lock-step with all the other cons and survived by being a one-bodied prisoner resigned to “do my time” and hope for an early release.

Rung #1

The Mafia and Me

An East Coast Mafia guy, who was taking a fall for a boss, walked with me several times trying to recruit me. He knew about and valued my intellectual and organizing talents but more he knew how reality worked. He schooled me, in his own way, as to the world of the Inside and the Shadow realm. I must admit that I was a bit like Columbus thinking that he was in China only to learn that the world was quite physically different than he had been

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taught and everyone he personally knew believed it to be. I'll admit that I was tempted to explore his offer. We were talking before the dramatic shift caused by the release of the Pentagon Papers and the Watergate scandal took hold. These two events eventually caused a 180 degree shift in the popular attitude about the Vietnam War (most then calling for the troops to come home) and war Resisters (if the war was going to end, why keep them locked up?). So, realize that at the time I was still looking at five long years and felt the sting of what he was saying, mainly that my academic career was on the rocks and my relationship to the Catholic Church in the shitter. I'm not going to feign morality superiority because in truth I was simply too wiped out and still reeling from the "irrelevant and immaterial" episode so I just said *maybe*.

Using the Mafia as an example of outlaws who move easily between the human and subhuman dimensions—in and out of Shadow and Sunlight—might help you accept that there is another fully operational subhuman world existing right next to yours. But don't be misled. The Mafia is just one denizen of the Shadow realm, and not the most scary.

Most people know the Mafia as a nebulous international organization, a global enterprise—"Organized Crime." As "organized" it maintains a legendary structured hierarchy with corporate memory and history. It's organizational chart mirrors that of a standard corporation, however the executive and management titles differ—bosses, *consigliere*, soldiers, families, gangs, et al. In short, the Mafia is part of an underground "shadow economy" that basically moves products that are illegal and/or stolen and/or exploited. On its own terms, the Mafia has a corporate mission statement and code of ethics, even a code of social conduct (acts of deference, titles, etc.). More, it has you as a paying customer: "What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas." In contrast, "unorganized" criminals wandered aimlessly committing random acts of senseless violence. Theirs is an absolutely amoral world.

From Hollywood most people know that the Mafia has ceremonial rituals. An initiate is confirmed as a "made man." The movie *The Godfather* was probably as close to a documentary on the Mafia as most will see. In terms of influence on world affairs the

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Mafia's reach remains incredibly extensive. I was shocked to hear, back then, that this extended into the Vatican and just about every government in the world. While the Mafia is usually associated with Italians, today there are no ethnic limitations to the franchise. *Mafia* more aptly describes a lifestyle, a value system, and a way of doing business.

You might think it an insult that I describe the Mafia as primarily a subhuman organization, but don't. You'll be missing the critical point, namely, that being subhuman is, in some sectors of the Shadow realm, a *lifestyle* grounded in a social structure and culture. The Mafia recruiter scoffed at my initial inability to see how close to my Sunlight world his Shadow realm was. I did relate that as a kid in Bayonne, New Jersey I remembered being told that "The Wops run the numbers racket." He laughed, "I was just twelve. My first job." He ran numbers on the streets at the same age that I was delivering the *Bayonne Times* door to door. Predictably, I kept responding with my one-body values arguing that living as a subhuman was not worthwhile. He laid it out clearly, "What do you want?" Then said, "You can have everything. Money, women, fame, revenge—what makes Francis X. tick?"

Since he had lived his whole life as a subhuman in the Shadow realm, as twice-bodied he moved fluidly between the world of humans and subhumans. In effect he told me that I had to let the scales fall from my eyes and wake up to the concrete reality of the Shadow realm, get a grip on who I was as a subhuman, and realize that I was never going to be allowed to bask in the Sunlight ever again. "Francis X., you're a fucking criminal. Look around. Don't those guards have guns? Don't you get it? *Capeesh?*"

I mention this Mafia episode because I think that most one-bodied folk recognize that the Mafia exists and that there is a criminal underworld. However, in many ways it is not a useful example. For all its Shadowy doings the Mafia's place is just inside the Shadow realm, located quite near to where it abuts the Sunlight realm. They are criminals and considered bad people but their lifestyle is not hard to grasp. They basically cheat, lie, steal, intimidate, and on bad days knock off some "competitors" or "accounts receivable" deadbeats. If you're honest, there were times (right after watching *Goodfellas*?) that you

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probably thought that you could see yourself joining them, “*If* certain things had been different.” At the least you realized that “there but for the grace of God go I.” After all Mafia guys are mainly businessmen who are just a bit more into the Shadow realm than you are comfortable with...but maybe not that uncomfortable, *yes?*

Jesus freak

“There’s one in A and O.” He was saying his prayers, bible clutched. Why the fuck does the Warden keeps thinking I’m the messiah I just don’t know; but I go. Fair haired. Blue eyed. Could he be even twenty? I’m just assuming that he hasn’t been raped, not yet. “Jesus loves everyone. I can’t kill.” Aw shit! A fucking-A *Jesus Freak*. Just what we need here. But why should I give a damn? His fucking Jesus stuff drives the war machine. Chaplains in the field dealing out male body parts as divine food, strengthening the mad ass killers to be even more mad ass; divinely inspired. Why not feed him back to his own? “My wife’s at home with our ten month old.” Do I need to hear this fucking drivel? I hope someone’s reaming his wife. I can hear her moan. I wish I was reaming his wife. Probably seventeen, small town sweetheart, damn, I miss fucking pussy. Okay. Get a grip. “I’m gonna get you into dorm D. Just listen”—*Will this asshole listen?*—“Just listen to me. Get this right. You’re a “CO” in here. That’s us. War resisters. You’ll be protected.” He looks at me so oddly that I know he’s going to be hung in the meat locker. “I love Jesus,” fades into my ears and rummages around as I try to sleep; swat at it like a fly buzzing. *Fucking-A, man, Jesus can’t save you once you’re here!*

Gangs

I had to take a crap, real fast. *Fuck off!*—These guys lack words, just the eyes say it all, cruelty eyes. I took off to another dorm, *relief!* I just presume they’ll clean up the blood, dispose of that earlobe somewhere, have the Hacks come over and haul his sorry ass off to the infirmary. *Gangs!* Lucky for me they could give a rat’s ass about what I know. They peg me as a lily-livered white-boy scared out of his gourd, willing to suck cock to avoid pain. The other guy: lots of scars, matching his many tattoos. That’s what I find out: he had one too many tattoos, from some other gang. All said, their medicine man was one

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hell of a surgeon; just skinned him, didn't nick bone or muscle. Earlobe specialist. *Damn, gotta admire the talent.*

Russell

Russell was a con man. Not just a crook but a top talent—*Broadway* theater class performer. He was a *Great Pretender*, a real class act. I think he was more amused with me than really interested. He was crippling smart but not astute enough to know when he was stupid. So, every now and then, it seemed about every seven years, he falls and does some time. Imitated airline pilots, inventors, professors but he liked most to do a general, a real two or three star type, go in and fuck up some military operation. “Up in Grand Forks, I had those guys on red alert.” *Christ, it was a nuclear silo!* “How the hell did you pull that off?” He smiled a patented Cheshire Cat smile. Yeah, yeah, I was getting it; he was the Mad Hatter. Maybe he's not so unlike me, maybe that's what he likes, we were reckless, fucking stupid innocents charging at the Dragon or better Quixote at the windmill. Anyway we were having a good time. Ya know, like on the Outside. Coffee and chatting. Suddenly: “Don't move asshole or we'll pound the fucking shit out of you!” Quite hostile, but nothing too out of line. The Hacks have undying faith in the effectiveness of sounding tough; really doesn't work. Three motherfuckers: If I had a gun I'd pop them like moving ducks in a sideshow gunnery booth. Win a prize if I nailed all three! “Let's go.” They grab Russell, not inviting him to stand, these jerks never heeding Ann Landers' sweet advice, and so up he goes, flies away, *Bye bye, Russell*, never to be seen or heard from again. Someone said, “He pissed the Warden off with that piece in the inmate newsletter.” Newsletter got cancelled. Just another day Inside. Guys come, guys go; living or dead; dead or alive. *Bye, bye Russell!*

Crocker

There was not a thing to like about Crocker. Physically a runt, wizened, with hair that grew in tufts on top his head, across his face, pimples, beady eyes, *fuck*, I can't find words to fit his ugliness. To boot he was a world class asshole. Projectiles kept launching from his missing teeth that served as bomb-bays for spittle and shrapnel sprays of food tidbits whenever he was eating or laughing, although more often he was cursing up a storm and

sprinkling all about with incendiary words: *fuckin' niggers* and *fuckin' injuns* and *fuckin' fags* was his trinity of choice. Truly a piece of human shit. I mean if they had an out-of-box-failure that could be returned for a replacement, I'd lick the stamps myself. Yeah holy moly altar boy me, because he was fucking talking me to death. *Yadda, yadda*, he had a trap that never shut. Just my luck getting tagged by the Chaplain to tug my little Sermon on the Mount heart over and befriend this fuck-up. Crocker made me violate one of my own religious absolutes and wish that his mother had aborted.

He spoke such poor drop-out English that I could never imitate him properly. At times this was a relief because I wasn't sure that I always wanted to know what he was ranting about. But the little fucker was so far down the Shadow rabbit hole that maybe he came out the other side and I really missed my chance to kiss the son of God's ass. I don't know. *Just listen.*

- “He came in every morning and woke me up by fondling my dick. I kinda liked it. He'd get me stirring and then he'd kiss my dinger all over and lick me till I was wide awake. Most times he played with himself but now and then I'd blow him. I thought that all daddies were like him.”
- “Foster poppa Jack, now's here's a fucking real man. The old fart would come home drunk and beat me, no matter what, no matter why. I was round ten and such a small shit that I could squeeze behind something heavy like his dresser and he couldn't reach me. Look here, these three slash scars. He got to me. ... Yeah, still waiting to fuck up the ole coot.”
- “*Ha. Ha.* When my balls were bursting I'd mess with my little sisters, not really sisters, I'm no pervert, we're all foster trash. I knew some had been getting the rod for years. I liked it when they fought back—I'd slap 'em around. *Eat me, bitch!* Goddam I luv those whiney leetle whores.”
- “Think, I'm no dope. Got my GED in juvie, my seventh, errr, maybe eighth time down. Started lifting weights but fucking queers kept wanting to feel my muscles. I ain't no queer, man. Had to do that now and then, ya know how it goes, just no queer. *Don't think me no queer!*”

“Why did you steal? I mean again. Doesn’t doing time frighten you?”

“Nuttin’ scare me.”

Crocker was on a roll, talking about this theft and that heist, about getting burned by other thugs, and brushed off the getting “scared straight” stuff like it was lint. “It’s good in here.” That came out of nowhere. “Good?” He got real steady, somewhat calm, like about to give a little speech. I almost thought he was organizing his thoughts, but I doubted that. “Learned me how to do it in ‘ere.” I was not sure of his reference point. He blew out a big wad of spit and of course sprayed my shirt and pants a bit; dew drops. “Har, har. Ya don’t know how to do it, do ya?” We didn’t talk after that—he actually shut his trap and just well, *fuck*, just smirked, I guess.

“Crocker’s turning down the last dime on a quarter for weapons possession.” A guard tells me that. He knows more, but wasn’t letting on. I had to ask a trustee who knew everything, took a pack of cigs to satisfy my curiosity. “Poison.” Just the one word and he thought it enough, but hey, I’m a fucking dumbass Inside virgin. He dangles some more: “Can’t catch him. No one can. Smart little fucker, if I don’t say so meself.” My eyes tell him I’m still stupid. “Yar one of those COs, right?” I nod. “Like nonviolence, do yar?” I nod again. “Hee, hee, he’s one of yars!” I’m totally not getting it. “Look man,” and I stop, slip him another pack, “what did he *do*?”

The trustee takes his coffee mug and runs a finger around its edge. “The kiss of death.” That’s all he says. Okay. I’m getting nowhere. Later when I rap it down around the mess hall table another guy mockingly wags his head and snickers. I’m getting real pissed: “Goddam it, what the fuck’s up, man? What the fuck?” Jasper holds up his coffee cup just like the trustee had. “The *Foster Home Serial Killer*. You really didn’t know?” I frown, scrunch up my cheeks. Someone have mercy on me! “Kroncke, sometimes you can’t see the motherfucking forest for the cocksucking trees. That’s his Inside rep. That little shit probably poisoned a hundred foster parents. He’s an *Avenger*. Clever. Smarter than smart. Not sure if this is true, some guy who did a nickel in max with him testified—I mean he swore on his mother’s grave—that Crocker’s an A-fucking genius, some kind of mystical chemist. Could be bullshit. But you just gotta dig it, man, just dig it!”

Denying the Shadow realm

When I was in jail waiting for the Federal Marshal to drive me to Sandstone, I had no way of knowing that getting *into* prison would become the easiest part of my journey. I had no way of grasping either intellectually or emotionally that it was a *One-way-in-No-way-out* entrance into the dark, shadowy sector of the human mind and heart. It took me awhile to realize that, as when in the draft board, I was once again in a *mythic zone*—a place where the primal and primary stories of origin and cultural values are acted out daily.

What is near impossible for a one-bodied non-prisoner to emotionally grasp is how each of us reenacts deep cultural stories of Shadow and Sunlight through our daily, personal and intimate actions. However such becomes crystal clear and heartfelt when you experience yourself as twice-bodied in the Shadow realm as a subhuman. Pause a moment. Reflect a bit deeper on this central question: *What could it possibly mean to be subhuman?* Just consider the word “subhuman,” what does it conjure up for you? What images come to mind? What feelings are aroused? Have you ever treated someone subhumanly? Been so treated? Are you open to considering that when answering these questions or examining the images and feelings that arise that you reenact deep cultural Shadow and Sunlight stories every day? If you are, then you will begin to see how the biblical story of Genesis—Western culture’s dominant story of human origin—conditions how you answer the foregoing questions and determine how you imagine and feel when responding.

As noted, one of the communication barriers that I continue to encounter when discussing prison with Western and biblical people is that the culturally dominant Sunlight story of origin in Genesis is one that implicitly denies that there is any value to Shadow stories. More, that Shadow realm experiences are worthless, should be shunned, and if possible the Shadow realm obliterated. Even if you are an avowed atheist or secularist, can you sense how the Genesis stories frame the questions that you doubt or deny, such as, Does God exist? In answering, *Why are humans here?* and *What defines human nature?* the story of Adam and Eve’s “Fall” is usually referenced to defend the claim that humans are inherently depraved—constantly violent, endlessly warring, and self-destructive. Inside—

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as I describe more fully in Chapter 7—inmate conversations frequently cite Cain and Abel, Adam and Eve, the curse of Ham, and other biblical references when talking about the Big Issues such as Good and Evil, violence and nonviolence, justice and revenge. (As a philosopher/ theologian I can state unequivocally that the most vigorous, impassioned, and outrageous discussions about life take place Inside on a daily basis!)

In this vein, in Genesis, the Shadow, Evil, the Serpent, etc., are acknowledged but they do not possess godly or divine powers. Rather there is only one God and He is Good. He lives solely in the Sunlight realm of “heaven.” In line with this, Shadow stories are tales of your weaknesses, sins, crimes, craziness, in general the flaws in your human psyche and soul. But of absolutely critical note about this tradition is that you can be brought out of the Shadow realm, *forever*. You cannot only be forgiven but saved, rescued—you can escape Hell and eternally live with God in Heaven. This story is completed through the Christian interpretation of humankind’s fall from grace and rescue by a messiah—of Adam’s sin and Jesus’ redemptive act on the cross.

I found this biblical language aptly translated into the nonreligious (secular) myth where the Hero slays the Dragon—he does not seek to tame it and make it his house pet, that is, part of his personal life. His is a conquest and vanquishment. As I read Western culture, secular values retain this belittlement of the Shadow realm. This is a critical insight to which I will return later, mainly on Pathway #3, as I apply Outlaw Theology to an understanding of America and how it has dealt with its Shadow subhumans, namely, enslaved black and indigenous Native peoples.

Also, look at my trial as another example of this communication barrier. The judge’s ruling that I was “irrelevant and immaterial” reflected his inability to hear and value a Shadow story. His actions stated that the Sunlight story, e.g., America in Vietnam as “Saving the world for Democracy” had no Shadow chapters. Again, it wasn’t that he listened and through the jury heard and judged my Shadow story of Resistance to Illegitimate Authority, rather the telling point is that he couldn’t let the jurors hear it because to do so would be to admit that America has a Shadow identity and story.

This is the only way I can understand why the judge acted as he did, especially after allowing me an eight day trial and thirteen witnesses. Do you sense the underlying Shadowy disturbance that permeated my trial? Can you sense the dissonance, uneasiness, noisiness, and general air of bafflement, even sinister intentions that were possibly afoot? We went from: “You can present a Defense of Necessity” to “I approve your witness list” to “Frank, you can proceed to closing argument” to “Everything which was said here for the last eight days is irrelevant and immaterial” to, finally, “You strike at the foundation of government itself!” to “Five years in a federal penitentiary.” All in all things simply didn’t add up.

Where was the judge when inside his head he (I assume) said, “I’ll let him talk for eight days then I’m going to tell the jury that he’s a madman”? All I can conclude is that in truth I was the living embodiment of a Shadow story, e.g., as Gordy, the Marine grunt, told it, “It wasn’t a gook, it was a person.” This is the Shadow story that I (honestly, not back then fully aware about) embodied as I stood before judge and jury. I was arguing that war was simply an act of familial suicide. I was challenging war’s mythic claim that it led to peace or brought justice or healed a nation. I was challenging the lie behind the war policy of a People, that is, that the enemy is Other, alien and that to kill a gook is a moral good and a culturally praise-worthy heroic act. I said that this was a lie and that the truth is that there are no enemies, just family members, so killing another human is an act of species suicide.

But to a People and a nation where war is a market commodity of an industry (the military-industrial-academic complex), my Shadow story was bad PR at the least and betrayal at worst. I sincerely believe that the judge heard both stories: Sunlight and Shadow. Even that my Shadow story is one he wanted to hear for personal reasons (which of course I will never truly know). So he let me proceed with my testimony while all along being fully knowledgeable that he should not and so consequently would not let the jurors (the People) hear my Shadow story as he enacted his mythic role of Sunlight judge in rendering me “irrelevant and immaterial.”

Likewise in prison the official story was solely a Sunlight story—“Do your own time” and you will be rescued, saved, and once again sent Outside—“Free!” The way for any inmate to make this story his own and obtain an early parole was for him to completely reject his Shadow story. I heard clearly that what I thought was my Sunlight story (altar boy, monk, peace activist, theologian, etc.) was actually a Shadow story and as such I was counseled to abandon it, reject it, denounce it, and so submit to re-formation. Despite my anchoring my Resistance in a life-time’s dedication to the Catholic Church and Jesus Christ, it wasn’t a story that held any truths or values that the prison counselors (including the Chaplain) wanted to or knew how to work with. Prison was not a place of transformation or forgiveness or reconciliation, rather it was a place of punishment, deprivation, humiliation and condemnation.

Prison’s directive seemed to be that I was to experience my subhumanness *not* so that I could value it and integrate it so that I’d become more fully human, rather I was to be “scared straight” so that I’d get a taste of being subhuman and then—based on this Captor logic—spit out my venomous past and submit to prison’s adjustments and corrections. The sign of prison’s effectiveness was to be my total capitulation to living only through the culture’s Sunlight story. It intentionally (by policy and procedure) thrust me deep into the Shadow realm and would have stranded me there forever (caught in a cycle of recidivism) unless I submitted and surrendered and allow myself to be rescued. An actual Faustian Bargain was set before me: Either remain a subhuman forever or submit to being rescued by pledging never again to enter my Shadow realm. I was to forever forget, regret and denounce my Shadow story (which I had thought was my Sunlight story!). For most ex-cons such pledges were normally linked to commitments to enter rehab, therapy or move to “somewhere where no one knows your name.” For me, I would have become a Sunlight star if I had repented, pledged my allegiance once more to Church and State, Judge and Archbishop, and spent the rest of my life denouncing nonviolence, pacifism, civil disobedience, and such heretical notions as the One Family of all humankind.

Rung #2

Sr. Celeste

Sister Agnes Celeste had mentored me, so my assistance during ceremonial preparations for Mass was prized. She was a stickler for details. The words *mistake* or *oversight* or “*Sorry!*” were not in her vocabulary. From her no absolution, no second chances. There was the Celeste Way, no other. I mastered the one and only way to fold and unfold an alb. Likewise, holding the cincture *just so* that Father could do a simple twirl and be bound. Stoles were hung wrinkleless as were chasubles, with all other accoutrements of priestly primp and preen set in their proper places. If a Monsignor was to officiate: his biretta and proper trim colors. A bishop—now there was a clothes horse if ever I met one!—with miter and rings, pectoral crosses and skull caps, his distinctive crosier—Shepherd’s staff—plus *His Excellency-only* special editions of Scripture, gilded and bejeweled; it went on. Artful dressing and then the mastery of protocol. I was at first too young to know about Broadway theater but later did not doubt for a moment when someone whispered that the holy Sister had been in “showbiz”—the word uttered with an odor of *un*-sanctity tinged with an air of envious tittering.

“Shoes off!” I obey. Glossy blacks. Visiting room pretty.

“Shirts off!” I obey. Khaki standard and undershirt tee.

“Pants off!” I obey. Belt unsnapped, gravity assures a graceful fall. I bend to my ankles, remove one leg, then the other, just toss my pants to the side.

“All!” I had already obeyed. Not tardy. Not shy. *There are no second chances*, I hear Sister’s echoing dictum.

“Lift!” I obey. Two fingers spread in a vee. Left hand pulls my fleshy penile self to salute as my other fingers toggle my balls. *Scrotum cleared!* did not have to be shouted.

“Mouth!” I obey. Two fingers, one from each hand, grapple the edges and pull wide. *Open wide!* is only said in dental offices, here it is more than wide—“cavernous” approaches the

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inspector's intent—making sure that no contraband is being smuggled out, no murderous blades wrapped like metallic braces around teeth, no telltale string that connects to something hideous hanging down my esophagus.

“Hair!” I obey. Fingertips like bomb detectors scanning my skull, back and forth, up and down, messing my hair is not the concern. Without mention, ear lobes are pulled exposing the smaller coves of smuggler's delight.

“Bend!” I obey. Pivot 180 degrees. Slight spreading of legs. Bow at half-waist. *Ready!*

“Spread!” I obey. A handful of each buttock cheek. A slight, delicate, somewhat demure exposure, revealing the treasure he has come this day to claim as his own. Ah, truly my pleasure is beyond magnificent. *I am his!* I am beheld as only he can behold me. I am known as only he can know me, in the full biblical meaning of the word!

Sssshhhh! Putt! Putt! Putt! Whoooooshh! In unison the war resisters *Resist!*

“Goddam hippie motherfuckers! Perverts!” red-faced, banging his baton against the radiator, full-bodied bucking back and forth like a chained bull...anger, humiliation. *Kill the gook bastards!*

We start dressing, slowly: convict protocol. He's the one cornered now; can't leave us unguarded. “Hey, Anderson, what do you tell your wife each night about these little love fests?”

As soon as he can the Hack unlocks the door, steps out into the Visiting Room: stands rigid and authoritative, a sentry eyeballing everyone, targeting someone to fuck over. Without a doubt, Anderson will exact his revenge by fucking-over someone's momma or kid.

We enter the room: *Bitches* strutting our stuff!

Slap da Bitch!

First coffee break. Sitting with four guys, all non-COs or dopers, being entertained by a story of daring-do and “Slap da Bitch!” These java-raps are a script that any hard-core Hollywood screenwriter would die for. What most film hacks yearn to create with their imagination, these guys spit out in between smokes. The horror, though, is that these fellows do what the others only half-erectly fantasize. When the trigger is pulled, these boys are the finger. They laughingly lick blood from their moustaches.

#1: “Fuck the bitch!” and all the “Roll ‘em over and groove the tube!” ringside cheers scramble through his mind as she comes atop. He wants to grab her by the throat (maybe her titties) and yank her down. “Ouch, that hurts! *Stop! Stop!*” But he doesn’t stop. He throws her, slams her hard onto her back and slaps her, slaps her like every bitch needs slapping when they want to ride high and play The Man, slaps her and spits, “BITCH!”—conveying in that one exhaust of breath the ageless condemnation, the exhalation of Yahweh’s expulsion from the Garden: “BITCH!” Oh, the word fits so well, draws the cheeks into gullies of bitterness, a word which spittle easily accompanies, for what are *they* but to be spit upon, beaten and rammed with the rod? “Spare the rod and spoil the child!”

#2: “Man, I’s finds me parole officer humping me squeeze, I mean, boat buck nak’it ‘n gittin it on in me apartmant. Now, Man, dat’s bold ef ever I don’t say so’s ...”

He enacts the smart whip of his gun right up to the victim’s nose.

“... so’s I’s takes tis guy’s badge ‘n I pins ‘is dick to ‘is trowsars, Jeeeesus of Christ, don’ts he yells ‘n hollars! ... Tells me he’s gonna bust me far the forever ... ‘n my bitch she’s gits so far-fucking rowtated by my punchin’ this lettle puke away, she curls ‘round mes leg ‘n start moanin’ far me, so’s ...”

He artfully pauses for a swipe of the black juice because he knows he’s on a roll.

“Eenspired!” Continues: “... so’s I grabs ‘er by da chin—lek this,” he motions, showing his gentle cuddling of her face with his free hand, “’ns I kneels ‘er down gitting’ ‘er hot fer me cock ‘n ten, “BAAAP!” I knocks ‘er out wid me knee!” He slaps his left knee, the instrument of deliverance, and the others in chorus slap at their chairs and *bonk!* and *thunk!* their cups: acts of kudos. The moral of the story is quickly run out, “Dat’s shews tat bitch ‘n eeny bitch taw fuck wid me!... I’m Da Man!”

It was like preaching to the converted. They went ecstatic participating in the act of symbolic sacrifice of “Slap That Bitch!” They re-re-live, truly resuscitate themselves as they seize a moment of transcendental relief through his bold actions.

#3: “Man,” another chimes in, “I once wasted a bitch once for ev’n thinking ‘bout doing thet!” More laughter and rattling cups.

#4: As it escalates, “Yeh, Man, led me tell ya, et’s beter ef yuv cuts ‘em up, den dey can’t do et wid nobody, nevar agin. Deys ‘ave ta beg fer et!”

The air thickens, *What else beside blood and cunt?* Every con has his own humping fantasies. But the jive isn’t over yet. The first speaker has waited to end the break with a thrilling flourish.

#1 (again): “Tens I walks out. Bud I gits a bright un up ‘ear,” he taps his left temple, “Bad Dude, gives ‘er whats she wants. *Be’s Meester Nice Guy!* So’s I goes back en, she’s as conked as a mudderfuckin’ rock ‘n I flips ‘er butt-beauty ups tha bed, rips ...” and he demonstrates his strength by tearing her imaginary panties as he would a simple piece of paper, “rips er panties ‘n fucks ‘er ass so’s hard tats I cums five times ... Man, I’s swear—by me Mudder’s Kiss—maybes sex times!”

They laugh and slap and howl and curse; cups rattle and eyes bulge in awe and amazement.

Shadow truth: Of the small pleasures of life, one's cruelties, when drawn on a broad canvas, seem to evoke a bonding between so many.

Whistle blows: Hack batons bang randomly on walls, radiators, doorframes, rounding up the herd: "Break time's over! Move it! *Lock up and count!*"

Mafia Sal

Mafia Sal was a reliable font of knowledge. "Jones" he nods towards the guy just crossing our path, "he's untouchable." Wow, that resolved the stupid ass discussion we COs were having. Like, can you believe it, you run out of topics to discuss while Inside? No joke. This Jones, or whatever his name might really be, was a wise-ass, loud-talking, "nigger, spick, dago, injun" cursing guy who when he stood up during the weekly movie and told whoever was mouthing off to shut the fuck up, *Christ*, they did. In my mind I first thought he was suicidal. That he was a fucking screwball whose nuts would be lying in the sink next morning. "He has his own cell." Not so much a big deal until I learned that he was down for just a nickel. There were few single cells in the Stone and the rule was that you had to have done a dime already just to get on the waiting list—no one ever wants to sleep in the dorms. But here was Jones, the stupidest motherfucker in the whole joint. Sassing guards. Ragging on inmates. Cursing and swearing and...hell, he was all of five foot ten standing on his toes, wire rimmed glasses, crew cut, and a fucking wimp: pimples were bigger than his muscles.

Mafia Sal: "He did a job for the warden."

No. No. No.nonononono!

"You're just screwing with my mind, right, man?"

Smirks as he toys with me: "Stregner's been the warden's groom for a long time. He's seen the tongue."

Was this a story I wanted to hear? And if hearing it what was I supposed to do with it? Did I want to know that Jones's nickname was "Butcher"? "He just doesn't kill his deer. He skins them. Guts them. Dries out and makes treasured items." I guess I just looked too

dumbfuck altar boy or whatnot: “I told him, when you’re out I got a cock I’d like to hang in my den.”

Sal!

Jared

Captor of Captive Self: Another resister who did protest and organize while Inside got sent on The Ride, a continuous moving from jail to prison to jail through several states. That way no one knew where he was. This was the pre-computer age, and there were no cell phones in the cars or anywhere. His story stayed with me for a long time as a perplexing tale until I found myself as my own Captor. Jared is the convict. Steve is the Hack; an FBI agent. They’re in the Marion federal penitentiary, Illinois; a maximum lock-up.

Within fifteen minutes, Agent Witson has set the stage, dragged his transfer package—radical revolutionary Jared Jennings—through “Costume and Make-up” where he has him put on a Hack’s uniform! (*What the motherfuck now?*) Dressed, Witson signals Control to roll back the gate to Cell Block D on B Wing. Without a mirror, Jared can’t gauge how the audience sees him. He still feels like the hobbling convict, chained and linked from hands to feet, a transfer shuffling behind his Keeper. Yet something inside shouts, *Do it!* ... and so he does.

What Jared doesn’t see is himself as Hack—as that image of ambulatory authority, instant executioner, existential judge and jury. More astounding, he’s an icon. The uniform draws out the savagery of his Celtic and Teutonic genes. It’s a cloth of transformation. Steve notes, *Great! He looks . . .* a nip of jealousy, envy, a touch of a lack of self-worth cuts the sentence short.

Jared: Tall, broad-shoulder muscular, with a left cheek that bears a telling battle slash scar. Armed to the teeth: pistol, cuffs, blackjack, and “the bat,” that cross between a baton and whip, the bastard son of modern chemistry, a plastic composition which, in creative hands, can bludgeon or whip— “plastic steel.”

What follows is Marion Penitentiary as a Disney attraction, “Prisonland.” Steve tows Jared and barks like a tour guide. Jared is amused, disconnected in a way, sort of

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observing himself from above, floating, not really in his body. Through the Inside magic of the moment Jared is securely tethered. Steve's the slave master bringing his Northern abolitionist cousin onto the plantation. It's all attraction/repulsion, approach/avoidance but, at the bottom, a pure validation of cruelty. Jared doesn't revolt. He is now a god of cruelty.

"Hey, nigger boy, Old Tom there, quit playing with yourself and get over here," Steve commands a barely awake elderly black convict. He's rattling, clanging the bars with his bat. The old man walks over, not cursing, not hurling obscenities, just quietly; he places his hands on the bars.

"Yasser."

"How long you been in here, Tom?"

"Twenty-five, sir."

"Have you learned anything, Tom?"

"Yasser."

"Tell me, old nigger."

"I'se learned not to mess with The Man."

This the old con says with steady fire, with a peculiar dignity. It's as if the sentence sums up his caginess, all his street smarts. Conveys why he's alive and still pulling time. But more, it's a statement of his history, his grounding in his own story, a connection to his people, time and—although it escapes Jared at this moment—his God.

Steve stretches his right hand through the bars and pats the old man on the head. Not with the vigor that one tousles a boy's hair but with the same intent.

"Good, Tom, you can go back, now."

"Yasser."

Without comment or question, the two move along. Steve picks up the pace, quickening, as if sensing his quarry.

"Are you two fag breaths licking each other's assholes again?" Steve fearlessly presses his face between the steel bars as he raucously laughs at two overly-tattooed guys. Jared notes they're adorned with Hell's Angels and White Power symbols and slogans.

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The two inmates bound over to him, a kiss away from his face. “Ya la’tel shetface, puke ass cocksucka, ya ain’t man ’nuf tu open the cage en fight me like a man!”

It’s clear that they’ve met before. “Your schlong must be ten feet tall by now, cranking it like you do. Here,” and Steve makes as if pulling something from his shirt pocket, “here’s some pussy perfume. Go bang the toilet, fag breath.”

Why the inmates don’t rip Steve’s eyes out is beyond Jared. *Who is Steve? What’s his real story?* Unspoken, these are not questions to break the spell. Performance over, Steve is now several steps ahead of Jared. Behind him, all Jared hears is horse laughter. He doesn’t look back. He’s jogging to catch up. If he had looked, he’d have seen a con, arm hanging out the cell, pumping a finger of *fuck you!* as the scene closer.

Steve and Jared quickly pass through several cell block gates and arrive at what is obviously Segregation. Here there are true torture holes. Solitary isolation: 7/24/365. It’s near pitch dark, and many uncountable ethereal creatures are present. The smell of the site—*phew!*—weakens Jared. His knees quiver imperceptibly, like when he walked in procession into the cemetery shouldering Dad’s coffin.

“This one’s yours,” Steve says as if they’ve been keeping score and Jared’s been complaining about not enough times at the plate.

“What?”

Instead of answering, Steve firmly shoves him inside a cell. Jared’s facing a wall of darkness. For a suspended moment he just stands there—“hung out” as the lingo goes. *Vulnerable.*

Suddenly he is vigorously and harshly shoved backwards, body-slamming Steve who’s standing right behind him against the doorframe, as a threatening voice snarls, “Ya muthafuckers stay outta my face!” It’s a voice that could kill—its tone has a shiv’s slicing edge. Again, Steve shoves Jared forward and this time, somewhat adjusted to the dank darkness, he staggers to a standstill in front of a large black youth. The guy’s not as tall as him but wider, sculpted like a Nubian Adonis. His bare sweaty chest glistens as if he’d just been doing push-ups. *A keg of rage!*

The con swings at Jared, batting down his raised left arm. The force of the blow pitches Jared off-balance. He awkwardly hops and half-jumps a step backwards. He fires a

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bewildered glance at Steve who's leaning against the cell grate, at rest in an observer's pose, arms folded, almost like a professor—only lacking a smoking pipe!

"Hey, man, cool it, shit, I'm friendly..." But the guy knows all types of cop talk and takes this bullshit jive as a trap. He jumps Jared, moves expertly with gang trained battle skills, locks his neck, a death choke. Stunned, not prepared in the least for this—not thinking that this is what Steve meant by "Being a Hack for a day, take a trip to my side!"

Before Jared even taps into his fear he feels his windpipe being crushed, can't draw in any air, claws at the guy's hands, wrists, desperately trying to loosen the grip as everything abruptly turns dark and fuzzy...overpowered, freaked, fearing death...conks out.

"Aw, Christ Almighty!" Jared doesn't hear as Steve comes to the rescue. He flies from the guy's blind side and with a few expertly placed karate chops lays him out. The guy's sprawled out, ass up on the floor, partly on top of Jared.

In a vale of semi-consciousness, Jared starts writhing, gasping for air. He's smothered by a weight of blackness, deafened by screaming shooting stars of silver pain and red-hot blood comets, and drowning in black sweat. Steve hefts and heaves the inmate with his right foot, rolls him off Jared. Then, without even asking if Jared's okay he glowers and chastises, "Are you *totally* insane?" Sternly, before the question's fully heard, Steve answers himself, "Good God, you're a fool!"

For several minutes, the scene is a diorama. No one moves. Then, as if the final bell has rung—9...10!—Jared catapults up, heaved by some alien force. He's standing tall and pumping his chest with rage. Without intent, he stands menacingly over *Steve, the Short*.

"You're the fool! You walked me into this blind. What the motherfuck did you think I was going to do? Shit. Walk in here and beat the crap out of him?"

"He's black."

"What the fuck?"

"Can't figure it out?" Steve abruptly turns and starts to whack the back of the unconscious youth with his bat.

Jared forcefully grabs Steve's baton, lifts and heaves him away from the body.

Steve taunts, "*Do it!* Show me you have some balls!"

Although more than a bit bewildered and off his mark, Jared intentionally flicks a symbolic bat whack at Steve. Unexpectedly, it snaps the tip of his nose, blood flies, a soft *crush!* and several whimpers and Agent Witson crumples into unconsciousness.

Steve's slumped body—a heap of powerlessness.

At the ready, sir! A fiery match? A kick to the head? Perhaps a blow to the groin?

“Little brother's revenge”: a story about Jared, the third son. *His scrawny body he's worked so hard to build up—willed it to grow tall and taller! A hundred push-ups, a hundred pull-ups, a hundred sit-ups, a five-mile run every day, every week, every year—his own boot camp regimen. Jared enters the novitiate. Every evening dragging himself, kneecaps scraping every inch around the perimeter of the chapel: thirteen Stations of the Cross. Scourging. Tears of blood. Hammer and nails torturing out the weakness.*

Jared hears the mythic invitation. Every male seed hears it: *Revenge is redemption! Be a man, son. Don't cry!* Yes! Jared feels in his clenched biceps the urging of all who have done it. “In His Name!” “God wills it!” All who have sought validation through this one redemptive act, hidden in the abode of the powerless, here, within the cloaca of the penitentiary.

Who'll know? It's not an FBI trap. No one's filming this escapade. He's obscured by Seg's intestinal darkness. *Who would be the wiser? Who would come forth to testify?*

From out of the Hole—truly the sphincter of life—Jared excretes the black youth, not in body but in soul. Hack talk: *You're just a piece of shit!* He whacks him again and again. *Strike, blow, lash, whop, smite!* There's a pleasure registering on a scale measuring historical pain. Jared becomes giddy at the *thud! thump! crack!* jolt of the body. *Rise up, my son, for today you are a man!* Profound moral and physical release and relief spurts from him as he watches the whites of his victim's black eyes roll around, deliriously. *Jared is dead! Long live King Jared!*

The gods of cruelty are well pleased.

Groaning awake, Steve is half up, grasps his knee; blood crawls from his nose. Jared picks him up, literally hoists him with both of his hands, clawing his chest, and brings him lip to lip. “You're just a piece of shit,” he says dismissively as if intoning the Mass's “*Ite missa est!*”

Jared places Steve, carefully and gently, just outside the door of the Hole, sets him there as calmly as if taking out Thursday's trash. As he turns and shuts the cell door, he pauses a second—*Flash!*—Jared instantly flips back and his role as Hack is soon forgotten.

Tears flood Jared's eyes, tears boil with rage and fury at Steve's brutal beating of this helpless black guy. *Why did Steve beat that guy senseless?* Jared raises his hand in blessing, strokes the air with a sign of the Cross, whispers a kind, loving, priestly, "God help you, my son!"

Hacks!

Do you how motherfucking stupid Hacks are? *Assholes*. They think they are in control. Let me tell you they are just toilet paper wiping the asses of cons. At any moment any guard is a corpse. They live only because the cons let them live. If you don't grasp this truth, then you'll never understand what living on the Inside is all about. See, inmates serve time to fake out and fend off the Hacks and other righteous Guardians of Society. See, it's a bit like college. Inmates accept their time Inside because it distracts Society-at-large from facing the real problems of crime. As long as some of the outlaws are doing time, the delusion among the Captors persists. They think that they are in control. But, tell me, what battle in the War on Drugs have the allegedly self-described Good Guys won? Ha. *Nada*. Nothing. Why? Because it is the outlaws who control society, not the self-deluded Good Guys. You might not get this, but you better begin to believe it. Bad Guys get the Good Guys to run all types of wars off of which they make lots of dough and exercise incredible power over Americans...*stupid motherfuckers*. Do you know how motherfucking stupid you are? *Really?* Every professional title and academic degree you add to your name only piles on layers of stupidity. Call yourself a CEO or a General or a President...ha, you're just an asshole cocksucker jacking off some Organized Crime operative. *Wake up, America! Wake up, the fucking world. The criminals are in charge. Outlaws rule!*

Shadow Mothers

While Inside, and long after, I found such primal emotional experiences as Captor and Captive near impossible to describe to one-bodies. Like many who have deep Shadow experiences, I only found emotional solace, and some intellectual grounding, with other ex-cons. So what was the emotional tipping point that flipped me over from being a mute on his Dark Night's journey to writing about prison?

During 1983 a question nagged me, "Why didn't you off your motherfucking sorry ass while in prison?" The question was not an intellectual one, rather it pointed to the emotional upheaval I had experienced in prison. My twice-bodied self was screaming this question at my one-body self. I didn't have an answer at hand. In the subhuman realm little value is placed on a life, even one's own. Captor me cried, "Die, motherfucker!" Captive me howled, "Let me die!" But I survived. Why? How? *What can I say?* It took me ten years to find words to describe this moment.

Major insight: For me the answer came in a properly mythic moment in that the emotion I felt which conveyed the answer was the most primal of all: "Mother!" I was stunned, a full tens year later, to finally consciously become aware of the emotion that had sustained me while Inside, that is, a mothering presence, here, of a Shadow Mother, the Mother of subhumans.

But don't get misty and sentimental on me! This Shadow Mother was a cold-hearted bitch and I hated her. Why? She did not comfort or nurture me rather She simply held me, kept me from offing myself. She accepted me as Her Captive son and kept me from committing suicide while watching me suffer. Because of Her I survived. If I had not met Her and grounded myself in a more traditional primal emotion—here the dreadful fear and self-loathing of my biblical myth—I would have killed myself. Although my Captive and Captor selves fumed and raged over Her presence, one loving Her, the other not, what I learned from this encounter was that you cannot live without a grounding primal emotion,

either of Shadow or Sunlight. Without anchoring in such a primal emotion you simply float away into some form of death—the living death of addiction or actual self-murder.

It was She whom I met when I was “where everything human is soon absent.” These are Rung #3 stories. The significance of finding Her is that Her presence corrected a monumental error transmitted for over five thousand years by the biblical tradition, that is, that we humans have no mythic Mother—that we are “motherless children.” This was the insight that became the bridge that led me out of the Shadow realm into the Sunlight vision of Pathway #3. More, this experience of Her presence enabled me to understand why I acted as I did while in the “absent” sector of the Shadow realm, as related in Rung #3 stories.

Traditionally, Westerners consider themselves a Father God, patriarchal society. *Absolutely wrong!* This is the major error transmitted down the ages, notably by theologians. It took me several more decades but, as explored below from Chapter 6 onward, my Outlaw Theology developed a twice-bodied methodology for interpreting mythic stories, such as Genesis. Much to my great astonishment, when I went back to Genesis with my twice-bodied senses, I found my Inside Shadow Mother present in the story. *Awake!* Our Western tradition is one of Family. Of a Divine Couple, here, a Shadow Father and a Shadow Mother. We humans have a Mother and a Father...we are a family!

Here, however, I want to stress that as I descended deeper into the Shadow realm to where “absent” defined the scene, I was not consciously aware that I was embodying myself as a presence of dreadful fear and hatred—one so deep that it expressed itself most tangibly through my fear of my own self. Francis X. Kroncke dreadfully feared 8867-147. 8867-147 dreadfully feared Francis X. Kroncke.

Rung #3—“where everything human is soon absent”

In the “absent” sector there is no individuality. Everyone is Other, and so each other. Each and all share an intimacy of darkness, abandonment, and betrayal. It is the Shadow sector

where the personal can only be expressed through a mythic story or storyline. (Additional Rung #3 stories are in Appendix A.)

Cigarettes

For a package of cigarettes you obtain entrance into the darker sectors. Who cares if flesh is sold as long as pleasure is secured? What is living but the gush of the primal stream of hunger that tears at anything consumable? So it is “her” ready for you after lights out. Draped blankets provide a wink of dignity for your savagery, and it is your howling lust that is now your mistress. Does it really matter if she is willing or not? Just suppose it to be a battlefield and she our winsome captive, the whore of the enemy, what else is to be done? Does it really, truly matter if it is an asshole or a pussy tightly sucking you with fear as enticement? Her eyes are sweet, as doe-like as any you can remember, and her skin so soft, more soft than you can remember. “I can give you head better than any woman” was the come on in the shower stall. Now it is all on and come. The bed rocks, my hard cock rips and saws, I spit and smack her, lift her behind and pound her intent upon breaking her bones, she is mine, bought, sold, no holds barred. I pound her again, aware of the extra charge for blood, I grab her hair and pull her head backwards, she whimpers, artful is she, I freak out into a bludgeoning rage, egged on by those waiting in line, whacking fucking creaming; she lies still like death. The blood costs me another pack.

Kill?

Ask me again. Go on. *Did I really kill someone?* Not just someone, Matthews the fucking Hack. I know his name. I taste his name as I bite my tongue and swallow blood. He’s just one of those “I was following orders” type of cruel sons-of-bitches. I mean he was *nice*. He’d sit and talk with a guy. I even saw him read a con’s letter once; another fucking illiterate. That’s just it, I mean, I’m sure he explains it all to his wife. How he cares for the cons. How he hopes they leave and never return. How he holds them in his prayers each night. *Fuck!* I learned how to turn a fork into a small pitchfork; tines sharp as glass. Yeah, I didn’t flinch. When the moment came I walked right up, staring him straight in the eyes, and plunged that shiv right into his “I love you Daddy!” fucking heart. *Why not?* Wasn’t my crusade to root out evil? And what better way to fight evil than with evil? I mean, do

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you really want me to value the Hack as a person and the Captive as a piece of shit? Bet your polka dot drawers you do. *You're a fucking asshole.* I bet you'd fit right into his shoes, go around acting like you're Jesus the Christ or whatnot, so in love with your own fucking evil that you call yourself a "Just man!" *Asshole.* It was me who was just following orders: Yahweh thundering, "Guard Eden's gate. Kill them if they try to return." *Fucking-A, man, my sword is all aflame!*

VN rape

We dragged all the women into a hut. Not bad cunt. But only the young ones. After twenty they all go to pot; stink. Some little boys. Who cares? A cock sucking mouth is a cock sucking mouth. I tell you, uppers really help. *Hee, hee.* Did you ever put heroin on your dick? Dig it, man, you can fuck all night. This bitch was deep-throating me forever and I pounded more sweet ass than I can remember. *What?* Sure. It's true, man. Sure, sure, it happens. Some guys just can't handle it. The spurting pleasure flips them out, like a live hand grenade they just blow. I've heard about it; never seen it. Cock rockets off and their sperm just explodes, man. Kinda cool, in a way. Dig it! But what's one more corpse in the Nam, man? *Body-bags everywhere.* You gotta deal with the shit, that's righteous. If it ain't our dicks piled high in the bush then it has to be theirs. But don't dwell on the negatives, man. Take a hit. Best shit in the Stone, man. *Listen up:* You do what you gotta do, that's truth. Kill them however you can, man. Them are da orders! *Hee, hee. Suck on that!*

First time

You return from your first ass fuck. You are a normal guy, a regular dude. They watched you power your way on the basketball court. You B-ball fucked the asshole niggers. You were the white god. You took the dark skins on your back and shook them off like a giggle. You laid them out on the ground and looking down you didn't have to say a word, you were The Master, nothing less. Your compadres, anyone who wasn't black, sat in the stands and cheered you on. They laid bets. They didn't care if your cock was 9 inches or 11, they just knew that as you bucked into them, threw them off their nigger ways, well, you were their hero. Whiteman beating the blacks at their game, roundball being the ghetto's rite of passage. No doubt they plotted nightly revenge; wanted someone to stick a

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shiv into your groin. But you fucked them on and off the court. Big ass howling black bitches, two cartons of cigarettes and they'd sucked your nuts harder than they did their momma's tits. God, the thrill is beyond ecstatic! So what am I to say to proper white society from which I come but "come" motherfucker, suck my cock and live like you've never live before! *Ha*. Trust me, my cum is magical!

Visitor's room

What was the most horrid cruelty in the deepest sector of the Shadow realm? Sexual violence? Torture? Personal humiliation? *Hardly*. Visitor's Room: punishing my family. They are not digitized so they expect civility. Once the barred entry gate thudded shut my oldest brother trembled. He was gripped by dreadful fear. My mother who had given birth to nine children was now eye-savaged by the admitting Hack as a scum-bag, bitch, *whore!* She was ordered: "One hug and kiss when you meet. One when you leave." So when Mom places her hand upon my knee, motherfucking Hack Matthews following orders perfectly, strides over and booms: "Stop it!" She near jumps out of her skin, off the Earth, and bent her neck in obeisance. Mom: slave of the State. *Fuck!*

I can't bear it! "Everyone please leave," I mutter unintelligibly. (They stay for the whole two hours allotted.)

Families: rattling heartfelt chains as children run around, playing in the pools of psychic blood, disobeying adult calls to behave—"Be good!"—but only quieted by vending machine candy. *Con-kids*: Living assurance to the Hacks that they have job security, these, their future inmates.

Me, unable to answer the simplest of questions: How are you? How are things going in here? What have you been reading? Have you heard from your cousin Ethel? So it goes. Me, mute; no tongue. Babbling, yes. Arranging vocal sounds one after the other. But all I'm doing is passing time. *Why are you here?* I want to ask, but I can't even form the question. Francis is no longer here, I want to say. *Do you like my number?* It's a good cribbage hand: 8867. *Ha*. But I don't laugh. No one's laughing. No one can hear the *sounds of silence*.

Hate myself

...hate you
...hate myself
....curse my mother for birthing me
...slit the Old Man's throat, stupid ass motherfucker!
...this is the red button. Push it and the world ends. *Click!*
...god hath spoken: every child a murderer: push my hand up her cunt and ripped out her tubes. *Peace, man!*
...*slice and dice!* Circumcised dicks rule!
...take a hammer to her head or use a gun-butt: old witch's lived too long anyways, one gook's just another gook. *I don't care if she is your momma!*
... "Bless me fadder for I'se sinned," cumming up his penitential asshole, "Te absolvo!"
...they hung him on a cross, do you really think they put a diaper on him? Nuts hanging down; cock sliced off. Hey, these are phallic warriors; god's dickheads. *Dig it, man!*
...*sell me your leetle children!* worms dripping out my mouth. *Five dollars for ya sester.*
A plenary indulgence granted, I intone. *Wanna see some ears?* My cock's so hard I can't stand up so I toss them over; teak box, inlaid ivory. He sniffs the box's rim, wafting in the odor of fetid rotting flesh. *Sign here, Uncle Sam thanks you.*
...*I am never going to die.* The dark never dies. Only the light fades and dies; extinguishes. I am forever. Beyond forever, beyond now, beyond the beyond. Into me all comes and is consumed, extinguished, laid to rest, expires. *I am never going to die.* I crawl out from between your legs, cock and pussy pad, cry: *Wah, wah!* Which means, watch out I'm gonna fuck yer mudder and ass whip your daddy. *I am never going to die.* I love to watch the fire dim and fade away in their sweet eyes. My hands cherish the moment of stopping a breath. I lean over and kiss their lips. Before she's cold I'll fuck her just one more time. Before he's cold, same. Who's gonna stop me? *I am never going to die, you fool.*

Subhuman 8867-147: Bitch and Fag

What is it like to live everyday twice-bodied as a human/subhuman? How do I sense you, others, and the world at large? Pathway #3 will forward a fuller answer but let me say at

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this point that I now am present in the world and sense it as a Mother. My subhuman self is the deeply repressed, denied, abused, reviled...Shadow Mother. I am She who does not let my brothers and sisters die even though they are suffering and cry out for death to stop their hearts. She is Bitch and Whore and Slut but Hers is a Dark Mothering, a relentless defender of life. As Her I radically affirm the preciousness of life even in the moments of absolute darkness “where everything human is soon absent.”

I am She whom you kiss in betrayal. I am She whom you touch solely to rape. I am She whom you gaze upon, intent upon my death, my obliteration. I am She whom you hunt as prey. I am She whom you shun, from whom you flee, cursing me, “Bitch! Slut!” I am She whom you find impure and whom you curse and condemn to suffering in bearing new life. Yes, She is Shadow but as I embrace Her so do I become a real human person, one whose heart beats humanly and subhumanly. As I manifest Her presence so do I also discern and in tandem manifest myself as Sunlight Mother: the two are dynamically interlinked. I live my days alive as never before...because I live embracing my Sunlight and Shadow selves: I am Mother and Father of all humankind.

Shadow Father: This is my Captor glad story—He is ultimate Hack. In His glad story—played out in the prison sector of the Shadow realm—sexual violence redeems, justifies, sates, and renders the errant soul whole (*whole*, because sexual violence is often the initiatory rite for prison gang membership). Sodomy is both punishment and reward. There you become the Man’s bitch—“Fag!”—as everything that empowers a male is stripped away. I experienced “my body, *not* myself.” I lived in a collective and had no personal space—definitely no intimate space. I had no right to my own body, no control over my private parts. My name—now inmate 8867-147. My property—an unlocked three-by-three cubicle. My power—doors had no knobs and were opened by asking the Man. My privacy—not only doorless crappers but at any moment I was his to command: Bend over, “Spread ‘em!” More, I slept with up to seventy men double-bunked. Lights out meant listening to the groaning, bed-spring-creaking “Slap the bitch!” romantic banter of prison’s sodomitic darkness.

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Score this into your memory-banks: My search for the Goddess in the body of a woman first came to me in the body of a male—myself, as I confronted and embodied my male Shadow as I simultaneously became a fag as I surrendered to the truth that *I am the Man's bitch!*

Prison broke me, as it does most, and I became a bitch and a fag. I was pushed into the deepest realm of darkness where I felt myself embodied as Other in the most despised of ways. I sensed in my flesh that I was what the dominant culture hated the most and which was mythically denied—a Mother. I realized that without a Mother Goddess women can only be bitches, remaining chained down in the darkest Shadow realm of society and culture. Likewise, without a Mother Goddess, “mothering men” can only be fags in the same Shadow imprisoning realm. I realized at this moment of insight why my nonviolent theology and political actions had been doomed to fail. Simply, I could not publically or spiritually express my mothering masculinity (as nonviolent, as father, as brother lover) since I had no mythic Mother to model and teach me mothering. Only when I embodied myself as bitch and fag was I truly released from prison's darkness and, like the Phoenix, soared like a firebird! Only then did I become a divine Mother...and so a divine Father. Only then did I tap into the power of unconditional love—able to nurture myself and every other child on Earth.

To get you to understand—even if you end up rejecting—my claim here that my subhuman self is me as Shadow Mother and why I embrace myself as Shadow Father and Shadow Mother—Bitch and Fag—I need to take you further along on Pathway #2 into how my Outlaw Theology developed.

Summary

I entered prison with the popular misperceptions which my white-male, middle-class, highly educated world holds. I anticipated that the Adjustment Committee wanted to change my mind, re-educate me, and show me the errors of my way. Hardly. Rather what totally upended my world was their attempt to control my body, to eventually have me discern, identify with, and embrace my subhuman self. Slowly, over time, I adjusted but it

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was not caused by my intellectual consent, rather it occurred as I slowly descended down the rungs of the Shadow realm to the sector “where everything human is soon absent” and suffered a total personality break-down and transformation. In the “soon absent” sector I became one of them—a subhuman.

The Rung stories present the experiences that were instrumental in my ultimate realization that I had become The Man’s Bitch, and that my body was no longer mine. Worse, simultaneously with this insight I also realized something that I would never have even slightly understood before prison, that is, that I had a Captor glad story and that I was Captor of my Captive self.

A decade after prison, as I reflected upon the “soon absent” experiences, the insight that enabled me to start anew was that Western culture and Christianity deny the Shadow. There is no Shadow god or goddess in this mythic tradition. There is no God of Evil, equal to the God of Good. In effect, I realized that I had grown up trying to distance myself from the Shadow, to conquer evil, in brief, to vanquish my own sinful self and in doing so to save the world from the Bad Guys. Now I grasped that it was only when I had embraced and embodied my subhuman self that I began my ascent into the Sunlight and then moved forward towards becoming a “real human person.”

When, in the mid-1980s, I had asked, “Why didn’t you kill yourself while in prison?”—given that I was at rock-bottom, having lost my Church and Country—I realized that I had embraced my subhumanity and as I did that someone was there in the “absent” sector keeping me alive, preventing me from suicide. I uttered, “Mother!” While this Shadow Mother strove relentlessly to protect my life She did not love me, even care for me. She watched me suffering. For Her that was okay: *Bitch!*

My Shadow Mother enabled me to discern the truth that—despite the over five thousand year biblical tradition that claimed otherwise—we humans have a mythic Mother. We are not “motherless children.” This insight became the bridge that led me out of the Shadow realm into the Sunlight vision of Pathway #3. More, this experience of Her presence

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enabled me to understand why I acted as I did while in the “absent” sector of the Shadow realm, as related in Rung #3 stories.

Chapter 6: Outlaw theology

What is distinctive about Outlaw Theology?

- Outlaw Theology explores and interprets the subhuman realm where the primal emotions of “where everything human is soon absent” experiences are embodied and the Shadow Mother and Shadow Father are manifest.
- Outlaw Theology identifies, meditatively melds together, and then interprets two stories, the glad story of the Captor and the sad story of the Captive. When the subhuman and human selves emerge as One, a new body is manifested, that of a real human person.
- Outlaw Theology invites you and opens a way for you to experience this embodying revolution.
- From this embodying revolution and meditative practice, a vision for dwelling peacefully and comfortably at home on the Living Earth emerges—Pathway #3’s “Earthfolk” vision.

Just to be clear about my objective in developing Outlaw Theology: I am twice-bodied, making an effort to return and talk with one-body folk. I feel that it is imperative for everyone to become twice-bodied so that they can become real human persons. I am staking the claim that the Shadow realm is as physically and geographically present and tangible as the Sunlight realm. I have been Inside and I want to enable you to go there through sharing what I experienced, as presented in Chapter 5, especially the Rung stories. Listening to inmate stories became the “oral scriptural texts” which I interpreted as I developed Outlaw Theology.

In the mid to late 1980s, as I embodied my twice-bodied self and exited my Dark Night’s journey, the Inside’s qualitative transformation that embodied me as a subhuman moved

me to question everything I had been previously taught about who we humans are and why and how we were created. Frightfully, I realized that I was facing a challenge of daunting mythic proportions: *Who am I? Who are you? What is real—Shadow and Sunlight realms? Inside/Outside?* Where was I to go to find answers? Being twice-bodied forced me to question all the answers I had found as a one-body theologian. I was now sensing the world subhumanly—as Bitch and Fag—and none of the mythic stories (biblical and non-biblical) could any longer provide me with a vision or way of living.

I needed a framework to organize my Inside experiences. I realized that my pre-prison identity—*Who am I?*—evolved based upon a sequence of stories that enabled me to embrace others and the larger world around me. I clarified that sequential development and sought to apply it to my Shadow identity and experiences. Here is how I determined that my pre-prison, one-body identity had formed.

One-bodied identity formation

You can look at my ten year Dark Night as simply a journey to find an answer to, “Who are you?” With the asking “you” wobbling between my being 8867-147 and Francis X. Kroncke. It was during this time, as I struggled to understand how to explain to myself who I was as a subhuman, that I realized that as a one-body I had matured through a fairly common set of identity forming phases which were grounded in specific stories: personal, family, social, cultural, and mythic stories. Prison presented me with the challenge of discerning how I was forming my subhuman identities and in the process composing my *subhuman* personal, family, social, cultural, and mythic stories.

Notably, the formation of my one-bodied identities included hearing *cumulatively interrelated* and *co-temporal* stories about my ever-changing yet ever-stable identity as “FXK.” To anticipate, this sequential interrelationship was *not* how it went with the formation of my subhuman identities. Here’s how my one-body identity evolved.

Personal identity. We are all born “in the middle of things.” By the time you become self-aware, one of the most dynamic, growth-filled and formative periods of your life has

already happened. This is the “age of innocence” phase when you are closely held, your every step watched, and during which you are regularly embraced by others. All your experience is intimate. The “Other” is friendly and nurturing. This is when you are most closely parented. You are nurtured physically and, most significantly, emotionally. Before you have concepts and words for them, Others embrace you and feed you from their hearts. You feel safe within an embrace. When you become self-aware, it is at that emotional moment when you intentionally embrace Others and affirm that they are *not* you. Personal growth happens as you increasingly become aware of Others and so of the you of “you.” This you has a special name, here, “Francis.”

Family identity. The personal you awakens when all of a sudden you realize that not only do you have a name but Others have names. It is at this time that the word “you” draws you into dynamic interplay with Others. This you is a word Others use to help you understand “who you are”—which becomes “me.” You begin to name your story’s Other players: parents, siblings, aunts, uncles, cousins, etc. You practice writing your family name, here, “Kroncke.”

You feel safe in your familial home. You also sense that the Other is not you and that Others also have families. While you are warned to be aware and distrustful of strangers, you realize that you live in a neighborhood, which again is usually a secondary safety zone. For me, it was how East Coast Roman Catholics defined their urban sectors—here, “St. Vincent’s parish.” Soon, you arrive at an acute stage of self-awareness. You enter adolescence.

Social identity. As a teen you begin to feel socially awkward, self-conscious, and sensitive to external evaluation. At base you develop two functional identities, a private and a public personality. You come to know Others as different, odd, unusual or like you. The Other is often insensitive to, even oblivious about your special needs and talents, and you seek either isolation from everyone or the comfort of those like you. Your identity here might be heavily influenced by negative movements away from Others, and you sense both the power and protection afforded by group stereotypes, here, on my maternal Irish

side as a “Mick” and being Catholic, a “fish-monger.” This is the phase wherein you often feel that it is “me against the world!” And even your group against the world. For example, before John F. Kennedy was elected president, I had a definite and clear sense of being a second-class, immigrant “Catholic American.” In the main, your sense of social safety is only among those like you. Commonly, you seek to join a pack. In these groups, you clarify your shared and/or separating values. Here, I identified as an athlete (*jock*) and joined basketball teams, and also as an *altar boy*, that is, a priest in training as a seminarian (a *Holy Joe*). This is the phase where you begin to sense that you have an inner life.

Soon, a sense of time enters into your identity and personal story. You realize that millions have lived before you. You learn about your familial past; your ancestry. You become aware of yourself as a distinct player within your own family unit. You also become aware of your family’s distinct identity within the local and social community. Without necessarily having the concepts or language, you become aware of your socio-economic, political, religious and sexual identities. This mix of social identities enables you to confidently face all the Others—nearby in the neighborhood and far distant in “the world at large.” Of critical and significant note is that you begin to develop a set of social and moral values.

During these phases of initial self-awareness, you begin to form answers to the big questions, and start to carve out your personal story, notably, one that enables you to robustly answer the very personal question, “Who am I?” You start to learn how to tell the first chapter of your own individual story as it explains who you are inside your family. Soon, you learn how to describe other chapters of the big story that anchors your family in the larger social and cultural context. You learn how to tell your big story in respect to the quality of the neighborhood where you live, the characteristics of your ethnic identity, the specifics of your parents’ work careers—often with corporate identities and titles, the tradition of your religious affiliation, and even, in certain homes, your political persuasion.

Cultural identity. Most often you become aware of your culture as it is defined against another culture that appears radically different, sometimes repulsive, even evil. Here, I was “American” and “Western” and not so loudly spoken, “White.” Also, “Catholic” and “biblical.” I became aware of the Far East, non-whites (“coloreds”), Protestants and Jews, remotely of pagan Buddhists and Hindus, and definitely, given the Cold War era, the godless Commies. This sense of radical difference sometimes occurs when you study a foreign language or travel abroad. As you become intellectually and politically aware the similarities and differences between cultures becomes evident. You begin to develop your cultural identity that forms your global personality, that is, how you individually and socially fit within the world community. You discover the particulars, even peculiarities, of your personal, familial and social identities. You experience their complementarity, incompatibilities, and distinctiveness. You sense a certain emotional safety inside national boundaries, and for the first time become aware of the grand intellectual tradition of your group. Of note, I was an American but, significantly in my case, a Catholic American with “Catholic” providing the primary cultural stories, that is, biblical mythic stories in the grand Western tradition.

Mythic identity. Soon the big questions that address the issues of life and death arise, and it feels urgent to answer them. “Where did we come from? Where are we going? Why are we here? Why are we Americans better than all others?” This type of questioning leads to an examination of those mythic parts of your big story that offer you a vision and language about, for example, eternal truths or your immortal soul. The mother lode for answering these questions is your mythic story of origin. It presents the vision that enables you to emotionally ground yourself in the face of death and other negative events as it also endows you with a sense of your original goodness. Although the biblical mythos (as interpreted by Catholic theology) presented a story of the fall and the sinfulness of humankind, it also contained the hope for redemption and salvation, either through being one of the Chosen People or saved by the Messiah. What is most important to grasp is that these mythic stories provided you with access to your deepest feelings about Others, your family, society, and your culture. Your sense of individual uniqueness was enriched as

you experienced yourself as living at the mythic level, dealing with the most critical issues and deepest emotions of your People.

The “Other”

Your understanding of the Other is central to all these identity stories. Each story tells you whether the Other is friendly or not and so sets the ground rules for emotional engagement. When you first meet an Other is when you begin to feel your deepest emotions. These can be good or bad, joyful or fearful—all depends upon the stories you hear. Of critical note is that it is the mythic story which presents the controlling definition of the Other that is then expressed and reconfigured by the other identity stories. Your sense of the Other is not completed until you understand how your mythic story wants you to identify and emotionally engage the Other. For example, to see yourself as specially Chosen and the other as not-Chosen.

Your sense of the Other is seeded in your personal story as you first meet a family member or especially a sibling as Other. There is a closeness to this distance. As you embody your family, social, and cultural story there is less closeness and more distance. You learn that your stories include appropriate behaviors when meeting an Other. For example, you learn social protocols and cultural rituals, such as a firm handshake or a deep bow. However, until you encounter your mythic story’s approach to the Other, the other stories provide you with a way to engage an Other. Usually, this is a peaceful approach at best and a civil interaction at least.

Of critical note is that it is with the mythic story that you learn whether you can kill the Other or not. Consider: Social and cultural stories are expressed through ethical and moral actions. There is no society or culture that defines itself as a killing society or culture (not even the Nazis). However, when the mythic story positions you as Good and the Other as Evil (not-Chosen, an infidel, or an untouchable) then you are shown why you can now do what the other stories do not allow you to do, that is, vanquish the Other as Enemy (“gook”) to protect the People. The Mobius image is useful here, also. As your walk along the identity story path you begin with the personal and going straight ahead end up in the

mythic. Only the mythic story enables you as an individual to transcend the boundaries of the personal, familial, social, and cultural stories. Only the mythic story defines and enables you to locate the Inside dimension so that you can enter it from the Outside dimension, that is, shows you the way into the Shadow and back out into the Sunlight. The mythic story is one of “To hell and back!”

In short, this framework of describing how personal story and identity is linked to mythic story and identity proved critical in my grasping why I had never known about or consciously experienced my subhuman twice-bodiedness before entering prison and going Inside. The prison as Shadow realm was unknown to my family, social, cultural and mythic, so then to my personal story. This was so because my mythic, biblical Catholic story denied that the Shadow was godly or ultimately powerful. As noted, in the biblical account there is no God of Evil equal to the Father. More, in that tradition Satan was described as a mere creature (“Now the serpent was the shrewdest of all the creatures the Lord God had made.”) As such there was no absolute evil and what evil did exist—Original and mortal and capital sins—was overcome by the sacrificial and atoning death of the human-divine Jesus as the mythic Christ.

Without my knowing it, my “irrelevant and immaterial” judgment effectively booted me out of my mythic story. I lost both my mythic Catholic and American identities and stories, and so all the other stories crumbled, including my personal story. Then while Inside I was shaken to my core by the primal vision of seeing and experiencing myself as a subhuman. I was experiencing myself ever increasingly descending down the Rungs into “where everything human is soon absent.” All this tumult forced me to seek new answers to the mythic big questions because only by doing so would I be able to write a new personal story and discern who “me” was now since I was both human and subhuman: twice-bodied as Francis X. Kroncke/8867-147.

As I reflected on my Dark Night’s journey I realized that as one-bodied I *only* had my Sunlight human story to tell the judge and jury. So I told it fully: about my father, my Church, Teilhard, Gordy, my mother, me as an altar boy, monk and theologian. So when

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this Sunlight human story was assessed to be irrelevant and immaterial I had no way to process or understand what the judge meant. How could the life of a human be irrelevant and immaterial? *Ha*. That was the rub—the judge’s ruling should have awakened me to the obvious fact that my seemingly Sunlight human story was revealing something forbidden and foreboding, something which had to be stifled, muted, and cast out.

Awake! What I came to realize was that mine was a Shadow story and one that threatened the Judge’s mythic story. That mine struck “at the foundation of government”—government both sacred and secular, holy and profane. The judge knew who I was because he regularly met subhumans and frequently cast them into the Shadow realm. He heard my Sunlight story and felt the deep emotion I tapped into, that is, the heretical, blasphemous, and outlawed emotion shared through a heartfelt embrace of the Other as not gook, as not enemy, as not evil but as me, my brother/sister, my family. The judge implicitly told the jurors, *Don’t listen to this Shadow realm subhuman!* because he did not want them to *compassionately feel* One with me or any Others. He instinctively knew that I was presenting a new mythic story, one that, if heard and then embraced by the jurors, would destroy the foundation of reality as he knew it, and which he as a magistrate of the State was sworn to defend. However back then I did not awaken, I simply couldn’t make sense of what he had done. I had no inkling about the Shadow realm and my subhuman self.

In retrospect, my trial judge told me that I had all my stories wrong! I was wrong about every identity I had ever had. My mythic story was wrong—America was a violent military empire not a peacemaker. My biblical story was wrong—“*Deus vult!*” *God wills it!* was the crusader’s screed of God’s Chosen warriors. My social and cultural stories were wrong—America’s “Manifest Destiny” and its “errand into the wilderness” were ones of conquest not peaceful co-existence. Or in secular terms, Aristotle ethics and politics, summed up in “We make war that we may live in peace,” truly defined the purpose of society. There was no god or society of peacemaking. Nevertheless, it was my personal story that I had to learn was totally wrong. I was not “Francis X. Kroncke”—I was a digitized inventory of the State, “8867-147.” As soon as he uttered “irrelevant and

immaterial” the judge knew that he was also telling me that my personal story was wrong, that is, he knew that I was no longer Francis X. Kroncke...and that my digital subhuman identity awaited me.

In summary, until being ruled “irrelevant and immaterial” I was the one-bodied human person I described wandering about on Pathway #1—singularly self-identified as being a Roman Catholic theologian. This was the Sunlight me who could not conceive of himself as other than fully human and who expected to be treated with the utmost respect, who self-assuredly laid claim to civil and constitutional rights, and who righteously demanded to be judged morally and justly. Even the trial, sentencing, expulsion from the Church, and the “irrelevant and immaterial” events were still experienced by me as a one-bodied human, as Francis Xavier Kroncke.

Primal emotions

Always remember: The most powerful and significant aspect of mythic stories is that they enable a People and so individuals to experience the deepest, most primal emotions that unite and bind them together. As I was developing my Peacemaking Theology (on Pathway#1) I was teetering on the edge of grasping this point. However when I wrote that essay I was still a bit too one-bodied and begrudgingly surrendering the last vestiges of my American and Catholic identities. In time I came to grasp that mythic stories excite and inspire the big heart of a people—although, notably, it may be an evil as equally a good heart. Mythic stories enable a people to know themselves as One, and individuals to anchor themselves in the emotions that make them feel whole as a fully human individual—a “real human person.” Once again, a good example of how individual and mythic identity and story emotionally intermingle is the soldier on the battlefield. As soldier he is transformed and embodied as “America fighting” and no longer experiences himself as an individual at war (“Frank at war!”). Yet it is his individual acts of heroism (told through his personal story) that enable the People to tell the mythic story (“America, Land of the Free, Home of the Brave!”) that makes everyone deeply feel safe, secure, righteous, at peace, and so forth.

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Using this framework of mythic story and primal emotions, you can now understand why I entered prison on a Dark Night's journey. I had no shred of my Sunlight story left; no personal or mythic glad story to enable me to tap into heartfelt emotions of peacefulness and security. Mother Church had kicked me out. Father State, likewise the boot. I know that, even given your best intentions and efforts, it remains near impossible for you to empathize with me because I doubt if you've lost your personal or mythic story. Hopefully, you can at least sympathize with my situation. I can live with that, for the moment. My objective, however, is to move you beyond sympathy towards empathy and...well, do you realize what I'm trying to do? It's to get you to feel the deepest emotions in your life to date. To feel as you've never felt before—as a subhuman. Sugar aside, I want to fuck you up! *Okay*, just being honest.

Twice-bodied identity and story formation

In 1983 I began to realize that I was once again going through these identity phases as I attempted to work out my subhuman personal, family, social, cultural, and mythic stories.

Awake! I realized that I not only could *not start* but that it was impossible to start as I had as a one-body, that is, born within a family. Using the Mobius illustration, like most people I was born into a family and then progressed towards my other identities, ending up with my mythic story and identity. In sharp contrast, I realized that engaging my subhuman self meant working with these stories in a *reverse direction*. This meant that I had to first form a mythic story about the origins of my subhumanity as my starting point.

How did I come to this realization? The Adjustment Committee enlightened me. Upon entering prison their initiation ritual intended to simultaneously change both my mythic and personal identities and stories. The Adjustment Committee cared little about my family, social, or cultural identities, rather they immediately conducted the “baptismal” digitizing ritual which not only changed my personal identity from Francis to 8867-147 but simultaneously transformed me from citizen to convict—I was re-born as mythic Captive. Of all the actions of the Captor, this digitization unleashed a primal emotion, one that they intended to evoke, namely, of complete and total powerlessness. I felt not only

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wretched, forlorn, and enslaved but sensed myself ever so slowly but steadily vaporizing towards invisibility as I became humanly unnamed as I became numerically identified: 8867-147.

Possibly the most radical and revolutionary experience and insight was that the *mythic experience is embodied in the intimate zone*. Again, I had the Adjustment Committee to thank for this insight. They immediately went into my intimate zone, ripped out my name, digitized me, and positioned me as a subhuman Captive whose early parole pivoted on my heeding their counsel, “Do your own time!” I heard them: I bowed my neck, assumed the slave’s posture of subordination and submissiveness, and simply sought to survive each day; not live, just survive. Here is why and how I grasped that *intimacy is a Shadow realm experience*. It was in the intimate zone where I became the Captor of my Captive self. It was in my intimate zone where I experienced myself as mythic Captive first and then as mythic Captor. So to form a new mythic story, I would have to explore my intimate zone to tap into the primal emotions that drove me to capture my own self.

In this light, for me to move forward in creating a Captive mythic identity and story required my discerning and evaluating what were the primal emotions of my Captor’s mythic story. In our Western culture this would take me back to an exploration of biblical Genesis and its two stories of origin. But, honestly, I could not figure out how to actually start because during the course of my graduate theological education I had never approached or known anyone to approach Genesis as a subhuman. Yet, no bones about it, this was what I had to do if I wanted to discover a new mythic story in which I would be neither Captor nor Captive, rather meld both and so become a real human person.

In this way, I came to understand why and how the Captor mythic story and identity was composed. That is, it required my surrendering my personal identity as FXX with the simultaneously rise to dominance of my identity as 8867-147. In a manner, the Captor mythic story was simple to grasp. All was black-and-white in a rigidly dualistic world. Simply, I was the bad guy from whom the People needed to be protected. If the Captors could have their way they would lock me up and throw away the key. I sensed that over

the prison gate hung the sign, “Abandon hope all ye who enter here.” They cared little if FXXK ever returned to the Sunlight. It was emotionally clear to me that my life was worthless and that my daily task was simply to survive.

So even though I gained insight into their Captor story and my role as Captive I was still faced with the daunting question: *How could I create a new mythic story where I was not either human or subhuman but a real human person?* From everything I had ever learned about mythic stories, no one individual composed them. They were group stories that usually took shape over a long period of time, often measured in centuries. Yet, one of the main characteristics of mythic stories struck me as possibly indicating a way forward. This was that, in general, mythic stories were first formed as part of an oral tradition.

Mythic rituals

In an oral tradition the mythic story was embodied in the personal experiences of the story-teller who communicated it through a ritualized public performance to a People. As such the communication goal was not so much an accurate transmission of story details as it was the evocation of a range of primal emotions that would bind the individual to the group. Mythic stories were ritually interactive—ones spoken and heard, often sung and chanted, and often expressed through dance and movement. Overtime they formed into official ceremonies with set procedures and protocols.

In a certain way mythic stories formed much like today’s “urban legends.” That is, they were not so much carriers of factual truths as they were imaginative stories that solved specific critical problems that a People faced. Like urban legends they arose to tell the People what they wanted to hear. For example, if the People wanted to believe that their enemy was barbaric, a legend arose that regaled them with horrific accounts of the enemy’s depraved cannibalism. Such legendary “truths” became part of a People’s tradition of revelation and were transmitted from generation to generation through ritual ceremonies.

Consider how the first people who heard the Rib story began to sense and then to move among themselves—ritually act. Only two “lone males”—Adam and his god—are in the Garden as the story opens, so how was this heard by men? Didn’t they hear “males are special to our God!”? In response how would the hearers have physically interacted with women? Biblical history recounts how women were forbidden to become high priests or enter the Holies of Holies or conduct ceremonies. It appears that the Rib directly impacted how men felt and then ordered their physical relationship to women, basically putting women Inside (their ribcages!). Biblical males felt so strongly about their *lone male* bond with their Father that they ceremonially transformed their cocks into liturgical totems through circumcision. Thereafter, every time a male touched his intimate parts he was symbolically present to his god. In stark contrast when women’s bodies manifested their creative moon goddess fecundity each month, laws of separation required that they be set apart and purified.

How did biblical women react to this lone male movement? In brief, they accepted subordination and became submissive. They rid themselves of customary female centered rituals and practices. They began by not speaking their goddess Mother’s name in the story. Eve does not protest that her Mother is absent, rather she accepts the cockamamie revelation that Adam’s body is her birthing body, that she was created from a rib and not born from a Mother Goddess. The biblical tradition then continually replaces and/or obliterates feminine ritual acts such as dancing and acts of sacred sexuality. Women and feminine ways are revealed as unable to make the sacred or divine present. At its most revelatory, the Rib has women condemned as the source of sin and so necessarily and consequently in need of male salvation. As Adam “gave birth” to Eve’s physical body so does her soul have to be saved through a spiritual re-birth effected by a male savior, which in the Christian tradition is the Second Adam, Jesus the Christ.

The point here is that mythic stories are ritually enacted in a People’s world. Since the biblical West shuns the Shadow it is not surprising that the ritual way of handling Shadow creatures, that is, subhumans, is to cage them on the Inside. More, the secular West has re-expressed these biblical facts and truths through institutionalized rituals. Hardly any

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everyday citizen comes in contact with the criminal justice system and certainly not the correctional system. From a ritual perspective, the People shun and cast out criminals into the Inside world of subhumans and then have no contact with them while they are being “corrected.” Once out, the average person has no way of knowing that, for example, I am a violent felon. I’m not arguing for branding, obviously, but the curious ritual of exit from the Inside was to re-enter the Sunlight world as invisibly as I exited it to enter prison.

Consider for a moment your own urban legends about prison, inmates, and ex-cons. You have probably never met an ex-con or been Inside, and what you do know comes more from the “facts and truths” revealed by prison reality-shows on cable TV than through learned histories or official reports. Nevertheless, I am confident that you have big answers to the big questions about who criminals are, how they came to a life of crime, what should be done to them, and why crime and criminals exist. I am also confident that most of what you think you know and believe is rank bullshit.

What is the mythic ritual you participate in concerning the Inside and convicts? This might be as hard for me to get you to discern as is the reality of your having two-bodies. The dominant mythic biblical stories (as repeated throughout this book) reveal that the Shadow realm is to be shunned, avoided, and ultimately obliterated in an apocalyptic event ushering in a “New Heaven and New Earth.” This revelation states that Light will overcome and vanquish Darkness. So the ritual movement in the story of origin, here the Rib account, is to move away from the Shadow. While more needs to be said (and is below) about this ritual approach to the Shadow, just realize that in your everyday world your Sunlight story is that there is or should be no Shadow realm.

What then is your ritual movement when I identify as a violent felon? Honestly, if I sat down with you at table and told you that I was an ex-con (without explaining the details) would you count the silverware after I left? Or walk into the kitchen leaving your wife or daughter alone with me? Would you want to know my story and so engage my Shadow experience? And if so would you be anticipating that it would enlighten you about

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yourself? Or would you hear it like a TV show, that is, once I finished, you'd just change the channel?

Now consider how you would respond to me socially. Would you hire me? Be supportive if I was your child's college professor? Ask me to preach from the pulpit about all this? Or would you simply push me away and ask me not to return? Would you, in sum, ritually act out the mythic story of shunning and exiling subhumans? Or are you thinking that you would kneel down and pray for me, removing yourself from my presence as you place me "in the hands of God"? Would you absolve yourself from any need to engage me as a brother by uttering "There but for the grace of God go I?" Honestly, what would be your ritual movements?

Okay, to be fair, most Inside cons don't understand your one-bodied Sunlight world any better, and have their own urban legends about The Man, white folk, and so forth. They have their own ritual movements when you come into their realm, but right now I want you to work on understanding your one-body mythic story and how it makes you ritually move.

Another thing that I want you to note is that mythic stories are robustly sensual, typically involving ritual dances and ceremonies. This sensuality perdured even with the rise of non-oral cultures where the written mythic stories were ceremonially restricted to events held in special locations, namely, churches and temples ("houses of worship"). As noted on Pathway#1, I came to understand Endless Warring as an American social ritual. War, among its many characteristics, is replete with traditional military pomp and ceremony, and uses sacred texts, such as when swearing the oath to uphold the Constitution. As I came to understand how mythic stories were manifested in a culture I also realized how complex my task was since the primal emotional experience came first and the story (oral or written) second. So I would have to tap into the primal emotions of being a Captive and Captor *before* I could start to write my Outlaw Theology. *Awake!* Rung stories experiences must be explored first. Only then would I be able to start developing a new

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mythic story of origin. But evoking emotion required ritual because ritual taps into emotions (individual and group) whereas writing describes them.

Okay, I know that this is beginning to sound a bit tricky and slippery. But my approach makes sense when you grasp the how and why of the Captor/Captive primal emotions evoked by the Adjustment Committee's initiatory ritual of digitization. I don't know how—or whether at this moment—you can empathize and deeply feel the emotional and sensual upheaval effected by prison's ritual dehumanization and degradation of my personal self and body? Maybe you cannot. If not, just hold onto the intellectual insight that your own one-body identity and sense of body is, itself, the result of mythic rituals. To proceed, I had to explore and discover how my own one-bodied self was mythically formed so that I could discern how to tell my twice-bodied mythic story. This required that I go back to the biblical mythic stories of origin to discern and discover their ritual character and so discern their emotional basis and content.

Note, that this search for the emotional basis and content of mythic story required my discerning something that I had never been taught to do through my academic training, that is, discern and explore the stories of origins as rituals. I had to approach the mythic story of origin, e.g., biblical Genesis, as itself being a ritual. This harkens back to the peculiar characteristics of oral cultures where a story was not read but embodied through a public performance in which the whole group ritually participated. So I had to discern both the ritual movement and structure of the mythic story of origin.

While this approach is explored more thoroughly below, consider that this challenged me to not just understand the story line, e.g., "God created the world and it was good" and then evaluate it as historical fact and/or religious truth but to sense the primal emotion which the phrase tapped into and sought to evoke to create a bond among the biblical People. As odd as it might seem to you right now, since I was beginning to grasp my prison experience in terms of its rituals and primal emotions so was I re-exploring the biblical mythic stories in terms of how they functioned ritually, that is, what primal emotions they sought to evoke. One more time: When prison digitized me the storyline

“fact” was that I became 8867-147, but the goal of the Adjustment Committee was to evoke a primal emotion within me, that is, make me bond with the other inmates as a powerless subhuman and Captive. So look at Genesis’s two stories of origin in Chapters 1-3 as what the biblical Adjustment Committee told the Hebrew People so that they would both identify as one People under one name “Israel” and also and even more importantly bond together as that one People. For the Hebrews this evoked the primal emotion of feeling Chosen...evoked by a distancing move away from, as they embodied a dreadful fear of, the Other as not-Chosen.

Yet, what I tried to do back then and am doing now is made even more difficult when you realize that the significance and import of the oral basis of mythic stories has been lost for most Westerners as over time the stories were written down. As silently read or just heard without antiphonal responses, the text-bound mythic stories do not ritually “move.” Below I will explain how I was sensitized to the dynamics of oral tradition as I encountered the oral characteristics of the contemporary street culture in which most inmates were raised. You will be surprised, possibly shocked to learn, that the Inside is an oral culture and that inmate express their sad stories through biblical conversations.

Only much later in time did cultures start to write down their mythic stories—create sacred texts (“scriptures”). In fact most cultures never wrote them down. Often when they were written down it was by outsiders who encountered them as stories of an alien culture—not uncommonly as a conquered people. What I took away from all of this became a core Outlaw Theology insight, that is, that before I could begin to explore a new mythic story that would ritually move me beyond being either Captor or Captive my starting point had to include a clarification of the *experiential* basis—the primal emotions—of the mythic stories of my own culture, here, Western biblical culture. I could not just evaluate them from an analytical or intellectual position. What was the rub here? Simply that, again, everything I had learned to date about how to interpret myths and do theology—all my academic and intellectual training—would be of little to no help at all for the task ahead!

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This challenge was daunting in that I, as a scholar and intellectual, had to avoid intellectualizing my Inside experience. I had to discipline myself to stay focused on exploring what the *gut experience* of doing-time meant. Now I need you to clearly grasp this insight. What I had to do more than creatively write was force myself to confront my prison experiences in the raw so that you could—as directly as I could make it happen—be touched by your own subhuman emotions. Hear me: Not just touched by my own subhuman emotions but by *your own*. Yet our mutual barrier to empathy was that the words and images that you had inherited through our shared mythic story about Captor and Captive did not talk about subhumans or The Man’s Bitch or the Shadow realm. Yet, your mythic story about prison did ground you in a primal emotion, mainly, dreadful fear.

Check yourself out: All I have to say to you is, “I’m a convicted violent felon,” and more often than not your body instinctively recoils—or at the least your eyes became defensive. *Yes?* More, how did you, if you did read them, respond to the Rung stories in Chapter 5? Look, I’m as much a Captor as you are. By the time I began to write I had spent ten years working to overcome my own fear of myself as Captor of my Captive self, so I don’t underestimate the enormity of the task I am still working on, namely, how to enable you to *even consider* struggling to overcome your own dreadful fear. I’ll admit that, ever tapping into Shadow emotion, I proceed with a methodological sense of hopelessness, one only slightly kept under the control of my sense of commitment to you, my fellow (unaware) subhuman.

My ten year twice-bodied Dark Night struggle with all this, ironically or somewhat amusingly to some, was happening as I rose to a certain level of success in the corporate sales world. Right before I started writing in 1983 I had won several national *Manager of the Year* awards in the door-to-door encyclopedia business. I trained and managed sales teams of over three-hundred commission-only sales reps. For the next three decades I served as a senior sales and marketing manager or executive for small national companies, mostly start-ups. So I was quite active in my one-body world as my twice-bodied self was deep into the Shadow realm of the Inside, which as you might be anticipating, I never left although I had exited the physical prison institution.

Thin stories, shallow identities

In which identity phases did I experience upheaval and revolution when Inside? Although subhumans like the Mafia and gangs had personal, family, social, and cultural identities and stories, I did not. Other inmates not in a Shadow organization like the Mafia or gangs experienced the series of identities and stories but in a less formalized manner. These were men who basically lived on the streets. They were not necessarily homeless as much as their personal, family, social, and cultural identities and stories were fairly shallow or thin. This in contrast, say, to the Mafia guys who spoke of their families, social bonds, and cultural values in stories that spanned centuries. The same held true for gangs, many of which had generational family memberships—"legacies." The simple fact was that the deeper you got into the Shadow realm the thinner the stories and more shallow the identities became. For example, men who were "State raised" talked about family in terms of a series of foster homes or juvenile institutions, notably without much positive affection or memory. Their social story had very few chapters as they rarely had steady work, had never married, or had a list of short-term serial marriages, were commonly from broken families—as were their parents, and were in the main functional illiterates. As part of the criminal labor pool, the Mafia and gangs hired them as contract "hired hands" doing "jobs" as they came along. Few were aligned with the numerous stable Shadow social organizations that others, like gang members, maintained.

After losing my Catholic and American identities and stories I found that, emotionally, I had more in common with the street hustlers, long time losers, and misfit fuck-ups than I did with gang members or the Mafia guys. The latter two groups had their own version of a Sunlight story, one in which they were really good men at heart because, when all was said and done, they provided for their families. Rent money is rent money whether derived from selling heroin or stocks and bonds. I and the other deep Insiders were desperately holding onto rather flimsy Sunlight stories, if any at all. In prison parlance I heard from these new peers of mine that "Man, you're pulling hard time." This meant that I was royally fucked up and wouldn't have left the joint even if the guard opened the front gate

and blew a trumpet while waving me to skedaddle. I was at that point in the Shadow realm where I just floated through time and space.

Summary

In prison I underwent a *qualitative*, heartfelt human transformation—I became a subhuman. Prison’s Adjustment Committee set me off on my Dark Night of the Soul journey as it totally transformed me through the initiatory ritual of digitizing me as 8867-147. Ten years after parole, in 1983, I began to live quite robustly as twice-bodied—human and subhuman. As I attempted to speak with my subhuman voice I realized that I had to speak to one-body folk with terms such as the Inside, twice-bodied, The Man’s Bitch, Shadow realm, Sunlight realm, and other quite odd, even alienating words and stories. My Outlaw Theology developed as I struggled to cope with the discovery of my second body—my subhuman flesh and blood—and discern a way to integrate it with my human self so that I could emerge as a real human person. I came to hold that unless and until you embody your subhuman self that you cannot become a real human person.

This disembodiment and re-embodiment transformation was effected through story and ritual but these were in service to a more important objective, that is, to ground me in the emotions of being a subhuman. In prison’s darkest Shadow depths *everything human is soon absent* and being subhuman is less a lifestyle (as it was for Mafia and gangs) as it was a mode of survival. Long before I could verbalize it I was experiencing myself as The Man’s Bitch. I had to admit that prison achieved what it always sets out to, that is, making the inmate a Slave of the State. I realized my subhumanness in terms that were once personal and mythic. In light of the sexually violent, especially sodomitic, character of the Inside, I had to admit and accept that I had become The Man’s Bitch and as such a Fag. I found a sisterly connection here with Eve’s role in the Rib account where she was told by her Shadow Mother that she was to find fulfillment through submissiveness and subordination to her Man, Adam. Servile, I bent over and on every level of reality got fucked in the ass. This sodomitic ritual was both the Captor’s validation of my subhumanness and the seed to my Captive self-awakening while deep in the darkest sector of the Shadow realm.

As I reflected on how my Captive subhuman identity and story formed it clarified how my initial Captor Sunlight identity and story formed, that is, through a series of stories and identities. These included personal, family, social, cultural, and mythic identities and stories. Significantly, each identity and story made me aware of how to approach and value the Other—as friend or enemy, as family or foe. Prison had embodied me in a new identity which redefined my personal story but it did so through embodying me in a new mythic story. The Adjustment Committee’s objective was to knock out of my head any and all one-body identities and stories and inject the seeds that gave rise to my personal identity as a subhuman inmate and my mythic identity as Captive.

The Adjustment Committee’s subliminal instruction was that I was to learn nothing of value about myself or others while floating through sectors of the Shadow realm. The conscious goal I should adopt was to deny, denounce and condemn my pre-prison identities and stories and seek to live through the Captor’s Sunlight glad story—that is, submit to being rescued from the Shadow realm, turn my back upon it, and live attempting to obliterate any memory of it.

Of all the insights being Inside forced me to face, the most crucial was that the biblical mythic story denies that there is any value to experiencing the Shadow realm. In the biblical Rib account the Shadow is the domain of a lesser creature, the Serpent, one who is not an equal of the Sunlight Father god. The Christian theological tradition proclaims that one can be rescued from the Shadow realm to live in an eternal Sunlight story. Of equal note is that women as daughters of Eve are the source of sinful temptation, that is, of a fall from grace (loss of Sunlight story and identity). This denial that Shadow experiences have any usefulness or value in enabling one to become fully human permeates secular American culture and myth as much as it does biblical and religious myth. Both mainstream secular and biblical history recount numerous attempts—at times crusades—to obliterate the Shadow realm and its subhumans (slaves, native people, gooks—the Enemy). If you don’t grasp the pivotal significance of this fact, then it is near impossible

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for me to convince you about the necessity of forming a new mythic story, one that will enable you to become a real human person.

Since I was wrong—as I found out at my trial—about my Captor Sunlight glad story, everything in my life was in upheaval as I tried to figure out my Captive story while also determining what exactly my Captor story was. In both instances I realized that the personal and mythic stories had an unusual connection. As at trial where I was less FXX than I was mythic Peacemaker, so in prison I was less 8867-147 than I was mythic Captive—soon to realize myself as Captor of my Captive self.

But how to tell or write a mythic story? Was such possible, even if desired? I knew enough about the development of mythologies to grasp that such evolved over time from group input. But I latched onto one aspect of mythic story, namely, its origins in oral tradition. I realized that mythic stories were public performances whose content was embodied in the storyteller and whose objective was to evoke primal emotions that enabled the group members to bond at the deepest level. I took from this that I could only start on my journey if I worked hard not to intellectualize my experiences, rather to gut it out and lay it out in pictures of the pain.

What flipped the mythic storytelling switch was just such a primal emotional experience. As I reflected upon why I had not killed myself while in the darkest sectors of the Shadow realm I realized that a presence had prevented me from offing myself. This I sensed was a Mother but here a Shadow Mother, She who kept me alive but allowed me to suffer. I hated Her. *Bitch!*

Possibly the most radical and revolutionary experience and insight was that the mythic experienced is embodied in the intimate zone. I grasped that intimacy is a Shadow realm experience, and that it was in the intimate zone where I became the Captor of my Captive self. To form a new mythic story, I would have to explore my intimate zone to tap into the primal emotions that drove me to capture my own self.

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However, because the biblical tradition denies the Shadow, I discerned that it was impossible for a biblical theologian/believer to become a real human person. Once I realized this I set forth to discern a new mythic story.

Chapter 7: Captive Sad and Captor Glad Story

A. Inside experiences

Developing a methodology of the twice-bodied: Loss of language and listening to my “sad story”

Critical to grasping the particular character of my sad story is once again sitting with and getting a deeply heartfelt understanding of the import of the judge’s rendering me “irrelevant and immaterial” at the close of my trial. Try for a minute to put yourself in the docket where you hear these words. *Pay attention*: This is a courtroom trial, not a game show! The consequences are life-shattering, just like on the battlefield. Everything you ever knew about yourself or told to others as to your dreams and values—*Poof!*—you are royally fucked! So listen like you’ve never listened before to my direct but admittedly strange sounding claim that I lost my language. Here again my loss of language is not hyperbole. I am not speaking allegorically. I intend no metaphor. I simply had vocal sounds but not language, no vehicle for communicating with you.

Fatefully, this loss of language heightened my sensitivity to the sad stories of other inmates. If I had retained a patina of Catholic identity or a desire to reclaim myself as an American, I would have spent my Inside time constructing a glad story that would serve to protect me from prison’s cruelties and numb my twice-bodied sensing. As I could not speak, I could not hear myself weave such a glad story. Rather I only had Shadow ears, ones primed to hear the mythic echoes in the seemingly mundane stories of these dregs of society, these ill educated, often crude, in the main not very appealing criminals. As I listened the most startling insight that slapped me in the face was that I was not supposed to be hearing these stories as a fellow subhuman. As a highly educated, white, middle-class male I was an odd and rare inmate who had chosen prison—in quirky Marxist terms “took a class option” and opted to become a subhuman.

Yet my class perspective and intellectual background did prove useful. As I was the odd man out for both my Captors and fellow convicts, I was aware of my twice-bodiedness in a way that most inmates were not. It was mentally and emotionally overwhelming to simultaneously live in two bodies. In no time at all, most inmates surrendered to one-bodiedness by accepting being just a convict. They “adjusted” and did as advised: “Do your own time!”

In like manner, Captors resisted the two-bodied awareness. Hacks did not talk about themselves as Captors. Much like the foot soldier who never considers himself a murderer, these “correctional officers” had no sense of their Shadow roles. In the few early chats I did have, notably with younger, rookie guards, they described themselves and me in the mythic terms of their Captor glad story, that is, they were Guardians, Protectors, and Moral Reformers whereas I was the deviant Criminal, Outlaw, Bad Guy, and, specifically in my case, Betrayer. They were not there to listen to my sad story and then provide guidance about how to use that to create a Sunlight story, no, they were simply there to punish and hopefully kill off my Shadow self. They certainly did not want to enter my or their own Shadow realm. That is why everything inside prison is reduced to harsh and cruel black-and-white conditions. The guards must distance themselves from inmates as humans to remain within one-body consciousness. They want the inmate to be Other or alien, and they refuse to recognize themselves in the faces of the cons—with whom many share several salient social characteristics, such as being or coming from the working poor, the marginally educated, and as military veterans. When talking with me, the guards were initially attracted by but then rejected my social status as a teacher, minister, or potential fellow bureaucrat. Over time I myself was fatigued by trying to be twice-bodied and I slipped away from my family, all visitors, and contact with the Outside. I played a lot of basketball.

Biblical conversations

Phyllis Trible, a seminal feminist Old Testament scholar, introduced and employed the concept of sad story in her *Texts of Terror* (1984). When she approached these biblical

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“texts of terror,” she reflected on “telling sad stories.” These were ancient stories of “the slave used, abused, and rejected.” Of “an unnamed woman, the concubine raped, murdered and dismembered.” She was further inspired by the contemporary sad stories of the sufferings of streetwalkers and homeless women, and by attending a memorial service for nameless women. Finally, she mentioned her own “wrestling with the silence, absence and opposition of God.”

In one instance, Tribble noted that “a black woman describe[d] herself as a daughter of Hagar outside the covenant...an abused woman on the streets of New York with a sign, *My name is Tamar*.” Likewise, I found that in prison twice-bodied consciousness was often biblically self-aware, and as such grounded in deep cultural sad stories. As I listened to inmates’ stories I was taken aback by the clarity with which they mirrored biblical stories. When listening to academic philosophers, theologians, or other intellectuals, I would not have paused if they framed their views and beliefs in a deep cultural story, such as in Western culture’s biblical stories. I would have considered it a bit of literary artfulness for one of them to identify with a mythic character—say, compare themselves to Job or Odysseus or Jesus. Yet I was surprised to encounter this framework on the popular level.

I cannot overstate the importance of understanding this biblical framework of everyday inside conversations. These inmate conversations were properly mythic in that they were gut-checks and not airy intellectual fugues. They had meaning for inmates in a passionate way. So inevitably when the issue of violence versus nonviolence or racism versus universal brotherhood or sexism versus the equality of women arose, inmates would mention Cain and Abel, Original Sin, Adam’s dominion in the Rib account, and/or God’s wrath as just punishment.

More conversations than not were spiced with “Slap the bitch!” accounts, and if that was challenged I’d hear about Eve and women as seducers—actually whores was the favored image. You might not think that guys would say—but they did—“God took ’em from me”

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as a rib was tapped and the simple theological point made that, “Wimmen are meant to serve their man. That’s what my preacher say!”

Then a twice-bodied insight burst forth. Prison was all about “Slap the bitch!” and the bitch was me! Ever so slowly but inevitably prison’s relentless degradation was turning me into the stereotypical patriarchal woman who only found meaning through submission to her man—the Adjustments were taking hold! “Adam and Eve, man!” *I was Eve*. What most cons drew from the Garden story was that the phallus is supreme. It might be hard to believe but it was said, “Why was the guy first?” Meaning, Adam was created first and Eve from his body. This “fact” was most often uttered as if making a biological claim.

As described in the Rung stories, this phallic claim was ritually acted out Inside. Prison reality was, during the first half hour after lights-out, that blankets were draped around bunks and penile activities ensued. Certain inmates were addressed—even by the guards—with feminine names. I learned how “bitches” were bartered and traded, with cigarettes being currency. Triumphal violence meant sodomizing your enemy. Sodomy was ultimate victory or final defeat.

These popular biblical conversations taught me, 1) that popular understanding came primarily from preaching. Inmates had heard their theology from the pulpit more than from Bible class. This was consonant with street life, which is primarily an oral culture. 2) Popular stories were melded stories. For example, there was no awareness that the Bible was a literary text with accounts written at different times and by various authors. All was written by God or Moses or Jesus. In this light, the first story of origin in Genesis 1 (“it was good”) was not differentiated from the second one in Genesis 2–3 (the Rib account) and both were read as if the same story. 3) Further melding these ancient stories with an inmate’s personal life right now was unchallenged. God was acting—“Right here, man, in the Stone!” These three insights became increasingly significant as I struggled to determine how to interpret individual and group stories and understand how they expressed the deep cultural stories of a family. Most notably, this popular biblicism provided a ready justification for sexual violence, although no one that I remember ever

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talked about Abraham and Sarah and their treatment of Hagar. With twice-bodied sensing, coffee-time conversations revealed and occurred within a persistent biblical framework.

In sum, I found inmate stories to be primal and mythic. Every teller was an outlaw. With street smarts, not academic insights, they were aware that they were living outside the lawful social order and cultural story—that they had committed crimes, transgressed, violated taboos of Church and State. As I listened, biblical stories came alive. The deep cultural mythic stories became current: Cain and Abel, Adam and Eve, the Garden of Eden. Brother against brother: As Cain, they rejoiced in bloodshed. The war of the sexes: As Adam, they boasted about dominating their women—“Slap the bitch!” Acts of abusive parents: thrown out of their homes (gardens of Eden) by condemning, often sexually abusive and rageful parents. All chapters in a family’s biblically rooted sad story that could be aptly titled, “Sinners in the hands of an angry god.”

Twice-bodied listening

I realized that for me prison as a mythic zone had echoes of Genesis’ Garden of Eden. Often while walking around the oval path at the center of the prison’s yard, I sensed that I was walking through the Garden of Eden where the angel with the flaming sword stood sentry, but in my account to keep me Inside not cast me out. As I listened to inmate stories I kept hearing echoes of the angry words of the biblical Father god who railed at his children and condemned them after they discovered their fuller humanity—ate the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil (*Sunlight* and *Shadow*). I heard Him judge them as “irrelevant and immaterial,” truly, He was so intolerant of hearing about their emergence from subhumanity that He damned and cast them out of Paradise to suffer living on a cursed Earth.

Cursed Earth, then, is biblical Shadow land. It is a place to flee from, be saved from. More, cursed Eve embodies the Shadow, and she is to be fled from, saved from. The Shadow, here the Mother, the feminine, contains nothing of value in terms of becoming fully human. Rather the Mother and the feminine, in the person of Eve, were blamed for the presence of Serpentine evil. *Wow*. These insights really rocked my world. I had to

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painfully accept that I had lived denying the presence of Mother in my life as I praised “Our Father who art in heaven.” Struck by a bolt of lightning I gasped, “I *am* a motherless child!”

It should be clearly noted that, in the mid-1980s, I did not go back to explore Genesis because I was a faithful biblical person. The Rung story experiences had so blown me away, up and out of my one-body into my twice-bodiedness, that all I wanted to do was settle with my biblical past as I forged ahead with my search for who my prison Shadow Mother was. I was seeking a mythic and visionary language that went beyond the biblical tradition, but before I started my theological imaginings of who Mother might be, I wanted to know how and why I had deviated from the traditional theological interpretations of biblical stories. My mythic deviance from the biblical tradition was evidenced by my guiding question, “Are we humans motherless children?”—which was driving me nuts!

So I went back to Genesis simply to clarify for myself what the biblical tradition said and identify those stories that I had misinterpreted so badly. I was twice-bodied and accepted that I was an outlaw—that my nonviolent disobedience violated Torah, canon, and American law. But I had to scratch a scholarly itch. I accepted that I had to approach these patriarchal mythic stories with respect for them on their own terms if I was to fully and finally understand why, where, and how I had erred and gone wrong—or had rightly rejected them.

Since I had embraced my prison Shadow Mother and was living twice-bodied, with human and subhumans senses, when I re-encountered Genesis Her presence was subhumanly with me. I knew that the biblical tradition was monotheistic and patriarchal so I did not expect that the Bible would offer any insights concerning my prison Mother. I simply thought that Genesis would provide a negative starting point—that is, clarify who She was not.

Although I thought re-reading Genesis would be a brief and easy exercise, I quickly found myself stuck in Genesis’s first chapters, especially the Rib story. I thought that I knew

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Genesis but then I had to accept that I really didn't. Of the two biblical stories of origin, I knew that the Rib story dominated the interpretation of Genesis in the mainstream Christian tradition—due in great part to the influence of the early Church Father, Augustine of Hippo.

I had read Chapter 2-3's Rib story I'm sure at least a hundred times. Yet as I read it this time something kept me from going beyond the Rib account. I was perplexed. I found myself struggling much as I had in prison. What was going on? I soon realized that I was resisting acknowledging Her presence—that my prison Shadow Mother was there in Genesis, once again bracing me, forcing me to stay, barring the exit. Here again, this Mother who was always willing to watch me suffer was holding me. *Why?* For some reason—so I sensed Her intention—I had to “do time” in the Garden of Eden. *The fucking bitch!*

“Doing Garden time”

“Doing Garden time” aptly describes the experience upon which all of my insights into the character of my subhumanity, the purpose prison serves in the formation of sad stories, and how I learned to interpret mythic stories and theologize as an outlaw are sourced and grounded. *Doing Garden time* is the wellspring for my interpretive insights and twice-bodied methodology. Please note and remember: My time in the Garden of Eden was like a return to prison's visiting room. There I had observed a key aspect of how inmates who told me their sad stories were interacting with their families.

In the visiting room the inmate often moved into the dynamics of the lie. He would confess the errors of his ways in an attempt to remain within the family's good graces. He wanted the family to accept him upon release. So he promised and swore that he would change, go straight, fly right, and come home reformed by biblical, mainly Christian, virtues. In a sense he was saying that he was going to act like a normal, decent human being. However, in the eyes and bodily movements of the families, I could read how untrue they knew this was. They knew that in the visiting room almost everything was an act or word of misdirection. They were tuned into the inmate's subhuman voice. They felt

the bloodlust in his subhuman heart. They knew that he wanted revenge and that instead of getting better their inmate family member was getting worse—more violent; forlorn.

Their inmate's sad story required that he lie, that he misdirect the family. He knew that everyone wanted to hear a glad story of rescue—"I'm reformed!" or "I'm saved!" At heart, the families did *not* want to acknowledge the twice-bodied sad story that predicted that a high percentage of their current teenage/young adult generation would also end up "doing time." They knew—without quoting recidivism statistics—that their inmate would more than likely offend again, end up back Inside. Truly, the families knew all the lies, knew that in the visiting room lying was required to shield everyone—Captors and Captives, family and society—from the violent truth of their own twice-bodied subhumanness.

Methodology of the twice-bodied

Gradually, a Captive sad story methodology of the twice-bodied took form. Its grounding was the experience a subhuman has of a peculiar sense of presence that emerges as he grasps that *what is reality for subhumans is not so for the Captor*. That what is visible is invisible, and vice versa. That *what is directly stated is misdirection*. For example, a visitor to the prison yard sees neatly dressed, seemingly pacific, even mannerly men, but not the psychic pools of blood on the ground. Prison appears quiet. Visitors do not hear the cacophony of a lifetime of violent whacks and thuds, the whimperings of the violently raped, the cracking of bones as arms were broken, skulls split, and ribs shattered by batons and bullets that ricocheted off prison walls.

Searching for hints of misdirection, I challenged the way I had heard Genesis before prison. Historically, I first heard Genesis 1–3 in catechism class told as a foundational religious story and one that the nuns simultaneously translated into popular socio-cultural messages and values. In graduate school I listened to scholarly analyses and interpretations and came to value these over the nuns' popularizations. Now, after detecting the biblical framework of inmate sad stories, I reevaluated my approach and decided to meld the popular with the scholarly. I would guide my analysis and interpretation using scholarship while simultaneously testing everything against the

insights of the sad stories that came through the popular discourse. With the clues that scholarship offered, I would focus on the Genesis stories as if formed by contemporary popular culture and popular religion, as if hearing these sad stories in prison's visiting room. As I began to listen to Genesis 1–3 as if back in prison, it presented itself as a story alive in contemporary imagination and spirituality.

Finally, I would add my own sad story to this melding and analyze and evaluate with my subhuman sensing, which meant listening to my prison Mother as She guided me. My interpretive matrix included (1) inmate popular biblical renditions, (2) scholarly insights, (3) my personal Captive sad story experience as it interacted with my own Captor's glad story, and (4) the guidance of my prison Mother.

B. Discoveries

Mother of the twice-bodied

As mentioned, when I was paroled in June of 1973 I began my ten-year “Dark Night of the Soul” journey, and in 1983 the journey took a turn towards the Sunlight as, reflecting on all that I had lost—Church, State, my academic career, “normalcy”—I asked myself, “Why didn’t you whack yourself while in prison?” The answer, I sensed at that moment, was in understanding my subhumanness. I felt totally odd as I struggled to find words and images to describe twice-bodiedness. Words like subhuman, slave, The Man’s bitch—these were not in the theological dictionary or the tomes of spiritual directors. Tellingly, a line of my first published Outlaw Theology essay (“Prison, Bottoming out, the Mother,” 1988) was that “I would leave (prison) as a pilgrim in search of fuller communion with the Mother.” I wrote this but I did not completely know what it meant. By that time I had read the early feminist theologians and nascent Goddess movement “theaologists,” but this Mother wasn’t their Her. All that I knew was that while deep in a savage sector of prison’s Shadow realm, someone was present who held me and embraced me. Without reason I shouted “Mother!” *Awake!* I was present to my Shadow Mother.

As a human is born through a Sunlight mother so is a subhuman through a Shadow Mother. This is an Inside revelation, that we are all twice-bodied, an embodiment of both Shadow and Sunlight selves. As I awoke to my subhuman body so did I sense the presence of Her, my Shadow Mother, She who kept me alive but watched me suffer. Remember what I said before: This was not a comforting, sentimental presence. Not a “Good Mother” or mommy touch. It definitely was not one of protection. Rather, this Mother was present to me as She accepted my enslavement. She kept me alive and did not allow me to kill myself. Of note, She did not sever my chains. I hated Her.

I feared Her. She refused to let me escape into fantasy or denial. She braced me with Her arms when I cringed and howled against the violence. I did not understand Her way of mothering because—while She was present as my knees buckled, my soul was raped, my body thrown on the garbage heap of psychic violence that was prison’s heartbeat—She did not relieve me of my suffering. She accepted that I was The Man’s bitch—She accepted me subhumanly. *Who was She who rocked me to sleep each night with soothing slave lullabies?*

Biblical Shadow realm

As cited above, Phyllis Tribble’s concept of “sad story” proved to be insightful. Here I found a framework to work within. She approached scriptural stories of women, mostly enslaved and otherwise abused, by listening to their sad stories. She especially spoke of Hagar, the Egyptian slave of Abraham and Sarah, who was also their sex slave. (Genesis 16) Tribble’s concept of sad story placed a value on biblical characters who dwelt in the Shadow realm. She did not use “Shadow”—or present the concept of “glad story”—but I had never before read anything which so clearly evoked the Shadow side of the biblical tradition.

Hagar and the other women discussed by Tribble were living in the Shadow realm not by choice—in one way or another each had been captured. Abraham and Sarah disembodied Hagar, made her twice-bodied. She suffered sexual violence under the biblical form of patriarchy where biblical women were all Shadow sisters like Eve who acted as if they had

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no Mother and found meaning as women in submissive service to their man. It was clear to me that Sarah was the Shadow Mother I had met in prison. She kept Hagar alive but did not try to prevent her from being sexually abused, demeaned, or subordinated. Sarah facilitated Abraham's phallic triumph and so ensured his place as leader of the Hebrew clan.

Trible's women were all The Man's bitches. Hagar was war booty and others were prostitutes owned by their pimps. For survival all bitches—including me!—had to find some way to develop a personal “glad story” (however thin!) if we were to survive and eventually escape out of the Shadow into the Sunlight. For me Hagar's sad story was that she had to act like the model patriarchal female, that is, accept being a Captive through surrendering her body to the whims of both her Masters, here a Hebrew man and woman.

I greatly admired Trible's courage in opening her own Shadow self so that others would discern their own sad story and so begin their journey towards Sunlight. However, her work took me just so far because her claim was that she touched Hagar's soul through womanly empathy and sympathy. I was beyond knowing Hagar through empathy and sympathy because by the time I first read Trible I was already in the presence of my prison Shadow Mother—She who kept me alive but watched me suffer. I realized that I touched Hagar's soul because hers was subhumanly mine. It was mine to be faithful to Hagar by accepting that as a fellow slave only I could plumb the meaning of my own captivity. I had to be Hagar writing. Sympathy and empathy were not options, rather I had to plunge into my Shadow realm, there to experience and hear my own sad story, suck it up and say *Yes, I am 8867-147*. “It wasn't a gook, it was me!” It was mine to accept that it was my obligation to all Captives and subhumans to attempt to tell a glad story derived from our shared sad story experience of being a subhuman.

Each time I began to write I kept running head first into the recurring theological barrier that in my religious upbringing and biblical training the dark side Shadow realm was Satan's domain—hell—a place to flee, not somewhere to work on developing a Shadow identity. Those caught in Satan's clutches were sinners, some demons, all not redeemable.

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But I entered Satan's Shadow realm and learned that there are no demons, only people in the Shadow realm. They are subhuman people, not some supernatural demons. On Earth there are only human people.

Hagar was on Israel's Inside not through any personal sinful act but simply because she was Other, one of an alien people, here Egyptians, who were enemies of God's Chosen People, Abraham and Sarah. Hagar showed me that people who get caught in the deepest, most abandoned sectors of the Shadow realm as she was as a sex slave are often there because of social structures such as racism, sexism and militarism. As war booty Hagar was not just a strange Other but a mythic Other, a Captive. As war booty she was also sexual treasure.

Until Tribble, when I had previously read about Hagar and the other women, I—a one-bodied theologian—simply assumed that they were guilty and deserved their captivity and/or suffering. Since these were fallen or pagan women and I was a son of Adam I heard my biblical god say that such women were the source of sin, true daughters of Eve who listened to the Serpent, the Evil One and so deserved hell. *Awake!* Here was both an insight into and a barrier raised by the mentality of the Captor and a tenet of Captor Glad Story—that if you're in the Shadow realm *you* must have done something really bad, even demonic. You—captive, inmate, The Man's bitch—were at fault, not anyone else, especially not your Captors (who lived solely within their Sunlight story). Here I intuited that to break-out of my Captor glad story I had to affirm that no one deserves to be held as Captive—nowhere and never!

Likewise before I entered prison I rarely doubted that any inmate was truly innocent. I never consciously thought that the criminal justice/penal system was corrupt or unjust—a perspective and belief that came slowly and with much resistance to the solidly middle-class, conservative mind of Catholic me. As twice-bodied, I came to realize that I could face my Captor story and my Captive story simultaneously, moving me in and out of the Shadow and Sunlight realms.

As mentioned—but it bears repeating due to its significance—the core Christian belief was that anyone who entered Satan’s realm needed to be saved. This meant that once inside the Shadow realm you could not get out by your own effort or merit—you *had to be* rescued. This need to be rescued from the Shadow realm was the main theme of the “Ransom Theory of Atonement” which had been the leading explanation of the meaning of Salvation during the first few Christian centuries. For certain contemporary Christians “rescue” is still an acceptable theory of salvation. It is conveyed by the phrase “Christus Victor” or Christ the Victor. The glad story of rescue that follows is that Christ descended into Hell, the Shadow realm, and *tricked* Satan. Ransom theory holds that Christ’s death served as a form of recompense. The fall of Adam and Eve had involved the selling of souls to Satan, so it was believed that Satan had a just claim on human souls as the result of Original Sin. In this light, God through Jesus completed a fair sales transaction: Jesus in exchange for all those in Satan’s clutches. However, Satan got conned. He thought that he could hold Christ, but of course he couldn’t. Once this ransom bait-and-switch caper was completed—with Jesus then ascending out of Hell—God was able to free humans from the Devil’s grip. Consequently, dealing with the Shadow realm required being rescued.

The Ransom Theory underscored the fact that Satan was not the biblical god’s equal. He was not a Dark God. There was none! Only the biblical god was Good. Consequently, there was no biblical way of theologizing about the Shadow realm—it was simply a realm that would be obliterated during the Second Coming, when the Messiah returns.

Another impact of this Christian salvation story was that *only* Jesus can save you—you cannot save yourself. In this vein, the basic character of Christian spirituality was presented as a journey that you are on *all by yourself*. You did not require human help of any sort, and anyway such help would be ineffectual. (So no “self-help” journals in this spiritual tradition.) The spiritual quest remained a relationship that was solely between you and God—for Christians this became a “Jesus and me” theology. Here was a loud echo of my Adjustment Committee’s counsel on how to survive time Inside—“Do your own time!”

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Two critical insights dawned on me. 1) That in the biblical tradition there was nothing to learn by being in the Shadow realm, and 2) only God-in-Jesus had the escape plan and could spring you. These insights enabled me to readily grasp how prison operates. Prison rejects Shadow stories (sees them as lame excuses, as whining) and the way back to normalcy is to renounce one's past deeds and pledge to be faithful to the Captor's Sunlight glad story. However, this common message forwarded by both the biblical and prison system stood in dramatic, basically contradictory, contrast to my actual Inside experience. I learned—the hard way—in contrast to the foregoing that 1) the only way to the Sunlight was through the Shadow realm, which 2) is a journey through one's own quite peculiar and particular Dark Night. Yet—and this unnerved me—3) there was an *absolute need* for another: for an Other. However, this Other was not a rescuer but rather an intimate.

I realized that I would only escape into Sunlight if I opened myself to the intimate embrace of my Shadow Mother, accepted Her dark mothering, and simply gutted it out to survive as a subhuman. Note well: This was a dark experience of intimacy but it also revealed that the quest for intimacy begins in the Shadow realm where once we accept being embraced as subhuman we can then embrace our human self and so emerge as a real human person.

I unleashed a new mythic vision when I melded my Shadow and Sunlight experiences. Meditating with both Genesis's Shadow Rib's sad and Sunlight's "let us" glad stories is how I became mythic. Realize: If you mediate in this manner you will be experientially thrust outside the biblical tradition because when melded together the two stories give rise to a deeper insight into human origins, starting with, "Blessed be our Mother!"

In discovering my mythic vision I gained insight into why Christianity has failed to create a world in which you and I can dwell peacefully and comfortably at home. When the early Christians identified the human Jesus with the supernatural and mythic Christ figure, they, in effect, made it impossible for you to create your own mythic vision. When you read the tortured language of the early doctrinal Councils of the tradition, you end up with a dead-end idea such as a *man-god*, an historical figure who was "fully god and fully man." There

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was no room here to develop a fuller concept of humanity because Jesus was exclusively fully human and the Christ was exclusively fully divine.

Noted sainted theologians such as Augustine and Thomas Aquinas twisted and turned natural and supernatural concepts until they came up with the almost impossible to comprehend notion that Jesus was God because God was not one but three persons yet still one. They added a neutered Holy Spirit—and not a feminine Mother—and proclaimed yet another wildly imaginative notion of a “Holy Trinity.” The practical end result of all this theological yoga was that only Jesus embodied the *one and only* mythic story and identity when he became the Christ. You and I cannot call ourselves Christ. So, in the biblical Christian tradition Jesus was the only one with a mythic vision. You and I were simply born too late. In total contrast, after meeting my Shadow Mother in prison, I was driven for a decade (albeit a Dark Night decade) to find my own mythic story. I came to accept that She is my Mother and He is my Father—divine parents—and that to become a real human person I had to embrace Her and Him, and that this could only be creatively achieved by my embracing an Other—here, you. My mythic vision arose not from my mind but from my gut driven, heartfelt embrace of you as precious and beloved.

So—*Blow my mind!*—on my journey towards discovering my full humanity I was not simply on my own. Mine was not to be a quest of a lone heroic rugged individualist but rather it was to be an *embracing journey* where I moved forward as I developed a relationship with my Shadow Mother. Here emerged another key insight and challenge of Outlaw Theology, that the beginnings of a glad story required a profound revolution as to my sense of self as now human and subhuman. To realize this I had to accept—and return!—my Shadow Mother’s embrace. In brief, I had to listen to my Captor glad story and Captive sad story and use both to discover my full humanity.

Although Tribble’s approach helped me start writing my own sad story chapter, I realized that I had never read another theologian who theologized starting with a personal sad story as I was doing, and certainly not with a discussion of his or her subhumanity. Most theologians, Tribble included (as I read her), were not Captives but from the Captor class. I

deeply respected Tribble's work and wanted to honor her by developing my own sad story. Again, I was aware that most folk don't talk about their sad stories in terms of subhumanity. People relate their sufferings and abuses but mostly as part of a larger glad story which ultimately says, "See I'm a good person. Love me." In contrast, right from the start, I felt an urgency to not only recount my own sad story but to integrate and value my Shadow realm experiences and so live in the normal world as twice-bodied, as human and subhuman—as despised, hated, disposable, invisible entities: as the least among others. In this way, so I intuited, I will begin to sense everything differently. I had a lot of sorting out to do but I was confident that eventually a new vision of what it means to live as a real human person would arise.

Captor Glad Story

Fuck, I am the Captor!

Even though I had the jolting insight that I was the Captor of my Captive self fairly early into my stay at Sandstone, the core themes of my Captor story would unfold slowly over the decades after prison. At first I had a typical one-body reaction to this weird situation. I saw myself as an aberration, as "not really" a convict. Yes, I went into denial. I denied being either a Captor or a Captive. I certainly did not want to own my situation of being subhuman, and I had no consciousness at the time about my Captor heritage. Despite my heartfelt moral commitment to Resistance I desperately wanted to get out of prison as quickly as I could. So I thought the more I acted like a Captor the quicker that might happen. Now I obviously wasn't talking to myself in those terms but I was acting it out. I stopped Resisting. Other than my meltdown in the pastel blue Segregation unit, I turned out to be a model "adjusted" inmate. I did not follow my nonviolent protesting discipline on the Inside as I had on the Outside. I convinced myself that this made sense. After all the Vietnam War was, in some ways, no longer a part of my world (or so one-bodied me wanted to believe). It is not that I immediately did anything dramatic, rather it was all the stuff that I wasn't doing that tells the story. I wasn't Resisting anything. I was just doing time. However, little did I know where the Shadow road really wends. I was about to go deeper Inside as I actually went Outside.

“Right to Read” program

About half-way through what turned out to be my stay at Sandstone the director of the Education Department called me over. He knew about my academic background, especially my work at the student Newman Center at the U of Minnesota. He was still making his way up the Corrections career ladder and he excitedly shared with me that he wanted Sandstone to become one of the selected few in a federally funded “Right to Read” project. Instead of being an Inside program which would teach illiterate inmates (the percentage of which was unbelievably high) this was a program that would place an inmate Outside in the local elementary school as a reading aide. This was 1973 and there were still some Federal Bureau of Prison professionals who believed in rehabilitation programs. What the Director wanted me to do was assist in the selection of the least controversial inmate to send. As he knew from his preparatory work with the local Principal, Peggy Cahoon, this project was a powder-keg topic among the townsfolk as this inmate would be working with the guards’ wives who were teachers and their kids who were students.

We reviewed the pluses and minuses of sending out a Mafia guy. Hell, they were well behaved, even super-models of prison behavior. Like my recruiter, these men were still getting paid and their families taken care of, so they settled in as if on an Inside vacation. However we were in rural northeast Minnesota and god only knows what the locals thought Mafioso were like. (As an aside, when my black-haired, olive skinned, Calabria descended, East Coast Italian brother-in-law moved to Minnesota in 1961 my father was asked if his son-in-law was a Negro.) Then we considered the white-collar criminals, such as a dentist who was in on a tax evasion rap. He was highly intelligent but we thought possibly too slick for Principal Cahoon to manage. Dopers of course came up. They were mainly college educated white guys. Anything drug related, however, was a *Hippie invasion!* public relations disaster just waiting to happen. Lastly, we looked at the COs—war resisters. *Hmmm*. The nation’s attitudinal tide hadn’t quite shifted yet but maybe the Education Director sensed something positive was happening in D.C. So after talking with the guys and weighing the pros and cons, I recommended one of the *Minnesota 8*, Charlie Turchick.

Chuck was a Phi Beta Kappa in Philosophy from the U of Minnesota. He had played on the University's table tennis team. More importantly, he was short (I'm Jeff and he's Mutt in the group) and very reserved—not your image of a scary convict. His demeanor, however, cloaked one of the quickest minds and sharpest tongues I've ever met—and been a target of! Yet, at the 11th hour, one week before the start date, the Director turns to me and says, “Kroncke, I want you to do this.” Me? Imposing at 6’3” and 235 in great shape. Me? The nonstop talker, rebel preacher...Oh, hell, I said, “Okay.”

As unanticipated as anything I've told you yet is that I actually formed a personal bond with the Principal. This was partly due to the John Birch Society. *I am not making this up.* As the semester was ending and the Board of Education was considering re-certifying the project, my face once again was plastered under a headline story in the *Minneapolis Tribune*. The Bircher national journal had recently published an article in which they highlighted this reading program and attacked me as an “erstwhile revolutionary.” The townsfolk crammed into the Board meeting. Judgment: *I was sainted once again!* Actually, my work was commended and the project reapproved. (Let's give a cheer for the broadmindedness and big hearts of small town folk!) Principal Cahoon and I kept in touch for years, and one time I even went back up to visit and meet with my former students. So, all in all not such a bad gig, eh? *Not really.*

Little did I know what a steep drop down on the twisting road into the depths of the Shadow realm my selection would turn out to be. What on the surface appeared to be a “good deed,” that is, convict giving his highly skilled talents to help children in need—*Ha!*—really agitated the guards. *Furor!* In a way that few inmates ever experienced I showed my nuts and butt to more venomous eyes than I care to remember. Every morning was simply lovely: I got up, dressed in prison garb, had breakfast, walked over to an inspection room: bent over, spread my smile...dressed in civvies and got on the bus to go into town. At day's end, the procedure was reversed. Do you think that even one guard ever passed up a chance to fuck with me a bit? *Hmmm.* There were second butt checks, and lingering moments in the nude as I waited for my change of clothes, and not so veiled

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threats, and some very direct, “We don’t like what you’re doing, asshole.” (That’s the polite version.)

I found out several things that I believe I wouldn’t have if I hadn’t had this educational adventure. Every day I felt how much the guards hated the inmates. The Hack’s mantra was, “We should just go ahead and kill all you stupid motherfuckers!” fuming and sputtering, feigning a hand on his gun, pretending to snap it out of its holster to blow my brains out. That type of hate. I heard myself verbally maligned as nothing less than a soldier of Satan. My masculinity was challenged with every queer, homo, gay, ass-reaming taunt you can imagine. I actually feared that one of these dumbass motherfuckers would stab me during a nighttime *Lock up and Count!* round. I really came to know myself as Other, as enemy, as gook.

Mythic scale

In this context I increasingly came to experience myself as subhuman on the mythic scale because they focused so much Shadow energy at me with slaying intent that I began to consciously see myself approach them as an Evil One. In my mind’s eye I strode towards the morning Hack as if rising from the pit of hell. My steps thundered and shook the prison walls. My feet were afire and lightning bolts flashed and ...In truth I actually tasted bile rise up. I chomped down and swallowed hard on a lot of early morning revenge omelets. In time it dawned on me that I was quasi-hallucinating like this each morning because I was actually empathetically embodying the deep fear that gripped them. *Hmmm*. I realized that of course they didn’t have a fucking clue about me—these were the line Hacks, not the higher ups—but it was as clear as clear can be that in my person I was who they feared I was: the Enemy!

On Pathway #3 I’m going to talk about adopting a daily practice of “living as if I am no one’s enemy.” My commitment to daily practice arose from this situation. I’d be lying if I didn’t say that I had more than a few moments where I wanted to really hurt one or two of these motherfucking Hacks—even to really wanting to kill one particularly vindictive asshole. Anyway, this was me struggling in the depths of my subhumanness to not become

a Hack, that is, not act as they were. It was me struggling with trying not to become the Captor of my Captive self. Part of the reason I adapted this “live as if I am no one’s enemy” approach, I’m sure, is that it was just too overwhelming to constantly engage this Captor-Captive negativity. It had to be something of a survival tactic. Yet in time I did start to consciously practice finding within myself enough love—and fearlessness—to simply stand buck-naked before a Hack and not act as if I were his enemy, that is, not accept his fear by not returning it with my fear. That’s the one thing my Captor couldn’t control, that is, he could call me enemy but I didn’t have to live as his enemy.

Wait: Let’s not gloss over this insight. This daily strip-and-smile routine was like opening a wound time and again. Don’t be misled by envisioning me in civvies, teaching young kids, with everything being normal. *Fucking listen up!* I stood before these kids and ate with the teachers as twice-bodied. If I had stayed Inside and not taken this role I could have remained in a one-body version of an inmate just doing time. But here I was on the Outside looking as if I were human and knowing that everyone knew, especially the adults, that I was a subhuman. More, that each one of them would not hesitate to immediately expose my subhumanness if I did anything that displeased them. “Mr. Kroncke did ‘x.’ What did we expect? After all he is a criminal. Send him back.”

“Live as if I am no one’s enemy”

I came to my “live as if I am no one’s enemy” not while meditating upon the grandeur of life as I sat on a mountain top, no, it came to me in the deepest cavern in the stinkiest part of the Shadow realm where I met myself as the subhuman my Captor wanted me to be, as his intimate enemy. No doubt, prison often turns guys around, either towards Sunlight or deeper into the Shadow. I went so far down that I came out the proverbial other side. Of course I did not even know at the time that I was at one of those peculiar sectors where the Sunlight and the Shadow meld and visions arise—at the place where I met myself as enemy. There I embraced myself as the *enemy of myself as enemy*. Then I had to *not* be the enemy of my enemy self—I had to live as if I wasn’t my own enemy. That’s how the Mobius Shadow road all of a sudden slips into the next dimension—I was so far Inside

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that I came Outside. It took almost ten years but eventually I embodied my subhumanness and so embodied my fuller humanity, and became a real human person.

Yet there is another twist in the Right to Read story. As is known, no good deed goes unpunished, and one guy who stuck it to me for “cooperating with The Man” by being involved with this program was a black war Resister—as such, one of a rare breed. To boot, this guy was physically bigger than me in every way. He was also an up and coming young professional actor who already had some face in Hollywood. He came into Sandstone and immediately started Resisting this and that, and eventually got thrown into the Hole and then shipped out. He had been transferred to several prisons, and he expected that this was how he was going to be doing his time, just being transferred endlessly—on “The Ride.” One day he looked at me—right through me, to be honest—and demanded to know, “Why aren’t you Resisting in here?” I cannot even remember how I responded. More than likely with something like a mumbling *err...well Vietnam isn’t...or something* lame. You might have expected that he’d guilt trip me about slavery and/or blacks in Vietnam but he didn’t. Nonetheless, I still can recall how I felt—numb. What I didn’t know is that he was pushing me further into a Shadow sector where I would discover several unhappy truths about my Captor story.

It’s important for me to make clear to you that during the early years of Resistance I was not one to take pleasure in lambasting America or dumping on the Catholic Church. Temperamentally, I am an optimist and prefer celebration to denigration or agitation. To this point, my initial nonviolent Resistance was based on a hope that America would wake up to the idiocy of the war and that the Church would “strain every muscle,” step out and act on Vatican Two’s call to work towards ending war. I was a bit more of a reformer than a rebel. I slowly became a radical and it took meeting Gordy, the Marine, to turn me into a mad-ass draft board raider.

For most young activists, the Sixties was an era of re-learning American history. I entered college in 1963 and if asked what my Sunlight story was it would have included the historic breakthrough by Catholics from being second to first-class Americans as John F.

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Kennedy was elected president. As a country we were steeped in a Cold War, a bit behind the Russians in the space race, but committed to becoming Number One in the cosmos by putting a man on the moon. The Vietnam War was a nightly sidebar, and even the uproar over the Civil Rights movement only meant that America was making good on its Sunlight story's promise of equality for all and democracy for the world. Then everything started going haywire. It seemed like every week there was a "new history" about slavery and blacks, Chicanos, gays, women, the labor movement, etc. In tandem came an influx of critical works from outside America. Other countries began radically rewriting what I grew up thinking was a benevolent foreign policy. Marxist, Maoist, existentialist, "God is Dead," hippie, Yippie—the "America is the problem, not the solution!" tide just kept coming onto shore with bigger and bigger waves. *Kaboom!*

My point in retrospect is that I never stopped believing in the Sunlight story of the promise of America until I was deep into the pit of the penitentiary. No matter what you would have said to me, even to throwing back in my face that I was a criminal, would have moved me to write America off. It took America writing me off as "irrelevant and immaterial" to force me to consider that I did not know who or what America was. Nevertheless, although "irrelevant and immaterial" should have been a wake-up call, I wouldn't really hear it for another decade.

In this light, prior to prison, I was unaware of the history and actual extent of the criminal underworld and its subterranean global economy. I had no comprehension of crime as a way of life. I looked upon convicts as individuals who made a mistake, not as humans who lived in a Shadow world that was for all practical purposes invisible to me. Back then I looked upon prison as a noble institution whose goal was to put itself out of business, that is, to take errant people and put them onto the path of righteous living. *Naïve?* Possibly, but this was how I also initially understood the Selective Service system and the military-industrial complex, that is, as aberrations and not as truly anchoring or reflecting core American values. I held that we Americans were, in our cultural heart, peacemakers. Remember, it took Gordy's visit—"person not a gook"—to kick my butt across the line. My draft boards raids were a response to his challenge to "shut the System down."

My Sunlight story had pivoted on my core belief that given enough time America could and would solve any problem. I was even more certain that this was true for the Catholic Church. I heard “build the Earth” being ballyhooed at Vatican II and took this visionary phrase to clearly indicate that it was fitting that my religious faith find expression through my secular faith in America’s glad story.

Now once Inside I had walked right smack into the heart of darkness, into my own personal and society’s Shadow realm and learned right away that the mythic zone of subhumans was for real. I couldn’t wish it away. More daunting, I had to decide what to do since it wasn’t going to go away. In my body its Shadow story was being expressed as I experienced myself as subhuman, and as I did so I clearly saw the Sunlight story that had created this Shadow realm. *Duh!*—I discerned that prison as an institution was not going to put itself out of business, rather it was geared to keep itself in business, forever. It appeared that America’s Sunlight story was a tale of endless warring both on the Inside and the Outside. I realized, for reasons not then clear to me, that America’s Sunlight story was emotionally grounded in dreadful fear. Fear drove Outside America to seek global dominance through creating a military empire. In like manner, fear drove Inside Shadow America to seek intimate dominance through creating a subhuman empire of intimate enemies. As America had no intention of ending its warring so it had no intention of closing its prisons. As on Pathway #1 when I reflected on the meaning of endless warring so on Pathway #2 when I reflected on the meaning of endless imprisoning I was compelled to conclude that I was dealing with an institution and a Shadow story of mythic stature.

America’s penitentiary

I got some further insights into and facts about how the mythic Shadow story of prisons arose while serving out my time on parole. In the mid 1970s, I directed a prison reform project in Northern California for the Quaker related American Friends Service Committee. I had numerous discussions with judges, wardens, psychiatric staff, case workers, and a few guards in a quest to get a simple answer to “What do you think prison

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achieves?” Not finding persuasive or substantial answers, this query sent me back to academia where I began to study the history of the penitentiary in America in a joint doctoral program at UC, Berkeley and the Graduate Theological Union. I discovered that the “penitentiary” as a State run institution was a particular achievement of the same rebels who wrote the Declaration and Constitution. Initially, the penitentiary—as the word’s religious roots and spiritual overtones of penance and penitent indicated—was a model of restorative justice. Its advocates modeled the penitentiary as a system of “mild punishments” with weekly moral counseling for each individual inmate. While this initial Revolutionary Era reform eventually failed, in the late 1820s, I realized that I could not understand the original vision of “America” without interpreting it as a vision of democracy based on restorative justice. Why had I never heard about this during all my years of higher education, even after reading all the “new histories”? No one had written about America’s Inside as it was formed as an integral part of the Revolutionary nation’s Sunlight story of Democracy.

What is significant at this point is that the Revolutionary Era penitentiary movement was spearheaded by religious leaders. More, that the way the penitentiary was to be run required that the inmate—having only a Bible to read—receive moral counseling through weekly visits from these religious leaders. However, they did not act as representatives of any specific Church related group but through a secular voluntary society, here, the still extant Pennsylvania Prison Society. All of a sudden I began to hear the story of origin of the penitentiary in the same way that I had heard inmate stories, that is, as part of a biblical conversation. What a discovery! Right from the start in America, the Sunlight story was written in tandem with the Shadow story. *Unbelievable!*—the formation of the new nation and its novel penitentiary system were applications of Outlaw Theology in that both formed in efforts to develop a Sunlight and a Shadow story. I had to chuckle—no theology professor I knew had a clue about this theological chapter in the formation of American theology.

To understand America’s glad story of “Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness” *required* understanding its sad story. I certainly wasn’t taught this chapter in American

history, but prison history does have a tradition in academia. On the other hand, I found no awareness at all among the theological Union's faculty about the role of religion in the formation of the penitentiary system. More significantly for me, when I researched the role of religion in American society, no one used the rise of the penitentiary as an interpretive theological tool. Historically, and it is a continuing reality, the Inside was where theologians chose not to visit.

Biblical atheism

It was only when I encountered my Shadow Mother in prison that my Captor story's first principle was evident—"I am the lone male thy God thou shalt not have any females before me." This was an assertion of *biblical atheism*—a denial and obliteration of the Mother. With this realization everything I had thought about my Captor story got re-prioritized. The primary and main issue was not nonviolence, not Endless War, not even the denial of the value of Shadow experiences, rather it was all about Mother and the answer to, "Are we humans motherless children?"

I realized that the clear message of Genesis 1's "*let us* make man in our image" was that polytheism was the norm and that Abrahamic monotheism was an aberration, that is, a forced choice between gods and goddesses. If I chose the Abrahamic god then he would choose me—this was Abraham of Ur's option, and he chose the lone male who in turn chose him. Abraham's was a choice that implicitly stated, "We are motherless children!"

Here is the upside-down character of the Captor story, that it is a Shadow story that conveys what it means to be lost in the most forlorn and inhuman of the subhuman sector of the Shadow realm. My Captor story was not a glad story; it was the saddest of sad stories, one in which the vaunted Sunlight glad story was itself actually a Shadow sad story.

C. Outlaw theological discernments

Family stories

Being on trial made me painfully aware of my own family story. During the eight days when as attorney *pro se* I explained to judge and jury why I committed my crime of nonviolence, I could only be rightly understood if the jurors grasped the character of my family, my faith community, my ethnic identity, and my class background (expressed in terms of my access to higher education). At trial's end as I was sentenced I had a twice-bodied insight that baffled me because I was still in my one-bodied mind. I realized that *my family* was going to send me to prison! This was a curious revelation, clearly. But I realized that in my family story there was a belief in fairness, justice, and the moral obligation to take responsibility for one's actions. So my family heard the verdict and tacitly agreed, said, *Take him away!*

In the visiting room, I saw this same curious truth demonstrated by how families accepted their inmates' incarceration. The difference I discerned, however, was crucial to how I came to understand inmate sad stories. These families—unlike mine—were consciously twice-bodied. For example, many Afro-American families were aware that their inmate was captured committing a crime, tried by a jury, and lawfully sentenced. In that light, by accepting incarceration as did my family, they saw themselves as law-abiding Americans. Yet this was the era of the “Black Power” movement and they also knew that the System was racist, a form of modern slavery, fundamentally incapable of providing a black with a fair trial, run by white folk, and so forth. These families—again unlike mine—had “doing time” as a recurring theme through their generational family sad story.

I discerned that the family's sad story mediated the individual's personal sad story and exposed how it expressed the deeper cultural and mythic sad story. An inmate's family sad story was framed by historical facts, cultural values, and spiritual visions. This provided a major clue as to how to listen to a sad story, that is, to hear it as a family sad story first and

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as an individual inmate story second. Equally, it was a clue to understanding that the inmate's family sad story was an interpretive key for unlocking the Captor's sad story.

As I listened, it was not uncommon for an inmate to turn his sad story around and use it to tell me how screwed up my Captor family story was. "Don't say, you believe in justice? You must be a white-boy!"

In this light, Hagar's sad story, I hold, exposes more about the Hebrew Captor's sad story than it does about her own plight as a Captive Egyptian and sex slave. It reveals Sarah as Shadow Mother, consort of Abraham, Shadow Father. In like manner, I came to understand the sad story of my Captor class and my family even more deeply than I did those of other inmates.

I soon discerned that prison could have been part of my professional career path—I could have chosen employment as a Captor. In a way that I would never have realized if not enslaved, I came from the Captor class. My prison case manager, a former Catholic priest, was my alter ego and initially other inmates viewed me much like they did him. Tapping the educational and professional skills I shared with him, inmates sought my counsel and asked me to read letters from home and respond, write to the parole board, and discuss how, if ever, they could find community groups that would help them write a glad chapter in their life story. Fatefully, this opened the way, every day, to my hearing numerous inmate sad stories, making me acutely aware of my family's Captor story.

My twice-bodied consciousness then put me in an almost perverse situation. My group and my family had never told me a sad story, only our glad story as Captor. It was then that I awoke: *I walked around as my own Captor!* Eventually, this proved to be an unbearable burden of self-awareness. It became the straw that finally broke me, and near the end of my time Inside I slunk away from everyone and everything, bouncing a basketball as I started walking down my dark night's road.

Two biblical stories of origin

As I did Garden time, I wondered, What is it that I am hearing? Is this a family story? Is there misdirection? What is invisible? What is not being said? Is there a lie in its truth? What does She, my prison Mother, want me to experience and understand?

The most striking characteristic of the biblical tradition was its two quite different stories of origin. In Genesis 1, a seemingly polytheistic voice proclaimed, “Let us make man in our image.” This was linked with an ostensibly quite clear statement about the simultaneous creation, and so implied equality, of the original humans, to wit, that “male and female created He them.” So this creation account seemed to assert a primal equality between male and female and implied an “us,” which did not rule out discerning the presence of a Mother goddess or goddesses. I mused, Was my prison Mother one of the “us”?

In the “us” and “created He them” account, there was nothing which the hearer was asked to imagine that he or she had not already pondered. The first audience to Chapter 1’s narrative knew about or were practitioners of polytheistic religions. They were aware of the obvious facts of life, that it took a man and a woman to make a child. In brief, in Chapter 1, there was not much new in terms of facts or truths. What was visible seemed obvious and commonplace. Not so, however, with the second account.

In Chapter 2–3’s Rib story, Adam was alone, talking with his god, who also was alone. There were no goddesses about. There were no women. When Adam felt his aloneness, his god formed a woman, Eve, from a rib that He excised from Adam when in a “deep sleep.” The Rib account grounded ideas that were wildly imaginative. Almost every sentence and image begged the questions: What is not being said? What is invisible? Is this literal, symbolic, and/or mystical? This story began to baffle me as it activated my twice-bodied senses.

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As I was aware of biblical research, notably the documentary hypothesis, I wondered why the biblical people heard two creation stories. Why did the tradition keep both, especially in light of how obviously different they were? Certainly, they weren't originally placed there to confuse people? A compelling question arose: Do these stories stand alone?

Others questions followed: Is it merely trivial that there are two stories? Or, were they meant to be heard together? Are they two parts of a greater whole? Do they somehow meld and form one grander family story? Is there a melded story that weaves visibly and invisibly through both stories? If so, how could I discern it?

I heard Chapter 1 to be a glad story. It was upbeat, poetic, inspiring, and appeared to give comfort to the hearer that all was well with the world because "God saw that it was good." It could easily be read literally. However, as in the visiting room, I realized that something was missing, namely the dark Shadow side of creation. Pain, suffering, death, and the like were not about. "Let us" was a Sunlight glad story through and through. It did not present the reader with even a hint of the existence of the Shadow realm or the Captor story.

In stark contrast, the Rib story instilled fear, dread, even horror into the mind and soul. It was a Shadow account about an enraged and wrathful, even vindictive Father god. Life on Earth was a profoundly sad story. "The Man" Yahweh was kicking human posteriors in and outside the Garden. It was a wildly imagined sad story. It could not be read literally as every aspect of the story seemed fantastic—a solitary human, no Mother goddess, a woman derived from a male rib, and so forth. More, this Garden of Eden was supposedly paradise. Was this an intentional act of misdirection? With twice-bodied senses: Was it a lie? For some reason, the biblical family needed to hear two stories of origin—I still was not exactly sure why.

In sum, I knew how scholars approached the text and I valued their insights, yet my twice-bodied senses indicated that something unusual was afoot with these two stories. I wondered, if the glad and sad, Captor and Captive stories were heard together with twice-bodied sensings, would a grander family story emerge?

Who was the biblical storyteller?

Scholars remain in disagreement about the most basic history and characteristics of the biblical family, Israel. For them, Genesis 1–3 was written by a family either of conquerors or peaceful infiltrators or peasant revolutionaries. For me, the significant characteristic was that the stories were set next to one another after a religious crisis that was grounded in the experience of exile.

Exile: I listened with visiting room ears. Whoever they were or whenever they became consciously aware of themselves as “Israelites,” this family knew defeat, subjection, humiliation, abuse, enslavement, and homelessness, among other suffered violences. They were war refugees, displaced people, and aliens. In prison, I heard sad stories from veterans, immigrants, migrants, homeless men, and Native people. All had post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) memories. Often I’d hear wild, strange, and perplexing stories. The one constant in inmate sad stories, however, was that of the unrelenting violence inflicted upon the storyteller. Critically, what surfaced was the key interpretive point that inmate sad storytellers imagined a *revenge story* that had them inflicting unrelenting violence on those who had oppressed them. Simply, the oppressed sought to become the oppressor—the Captive, the Captor.

Prisoner sad stories often concluded by positing a glad story as beginning at that moment when revenge was exacted upon whoever was the perceived enemy. Most often it was another person—at times family members, although in general each con also wanted to find a way to strike back at The Man. The dynamic of note was that the prisoner consciously planned to “Do unto others as they done to me!” It was a cycle of violence that guaranteed that an inmate’s sad story never ended.

Genesis 1–3, then, appeared as a two-part story of a family with collective traumatic memories of enslavement, brutalization, and exile.

Key insight: Here, like Hagar, the Hebrew family listened with the slave's subhuman twice-bodied senses to the Rib story *as the Captor's glad story*. It was the story of origin brought back from exile, and it was placed next to the glad story of "let us" so that the Shadow and Sunlight chapters in the family's history would be forever remembered. Yet it was not remembrance in a passive sense, rather it was remembering so that something could be, would be realized in the present moment. The stories were there not simply to explain but as a spiritual challenge—"Awake!" The exiled family was challenged to move beyond its glad and sad story memory by melding them. They were challenged to relive their exiled Dark Night of the Soul and break through to a Sunlight vision of a grander family story.

These two stories of origin were necessary for the Hebrew family to cope with its traumatic experiences and memories. It seemed clear to me that these stories were therapeutic, that they were honored by the early Hebrews as stories that could lead to the healing of memories. Heard and interpreted as a melded story, a grander family vision of origin would emerge that would enable the family to break the cycle of violence and revenge that they knew only too well as twice-bodied slaves. In my terms, this grander vision would enable each to become a real human person.

In sum, the storyteller of Genesis 1–3 was a family conflicted about its origins, both consciously and subconsciously. The family needed the two creation stories to express the range and depth of its traumatic experiences. The Rib story was their Captor's glad story, and their own sad story.

Mythic families and Divine Couples: brooding the dark vapors

To find that emergent grander family story, I had to start with the Rib story since it stirred my Captor-Captive twice-bodied senses in a most passionate way. As a twice-bodied slave, the stark loneliness of the Garden startled me. It had an unsettling air of familiarity. The Rib account had me visualizing Adam locked down in solitary, in a particularly nasty black hole, jerkily pacing back and forth, moaning a soliloquy of a convict serving hard time.

Adam was a lone male, alone with his lone male god. This was like the single-parent home situation of many inmate sad stories. As most inmates came from marginal economic conditions, the single parent (most often a mother)—or even if there were two parents, all—worked multiple jobs. “Absent parents” was a common motif in inmate stories. Another was “State-raised convict,” meaning in truth that they were parentless, brought up in a series of broken homes or foster homes—“parented” institutionally. Alone and lonely—prison had taken me there.

More significantly, the Garden mirrored the single-sex landscape of prison. Alone and lonely males: the literal, symbolic, and mystical insights this opened shocked me. I slapped myself upside my head, “No. That can’t be!” The misdirection was becoming obvious: They—Adam and his god—are visibly alone so they must be invisibly a family. They are males alone so the women must be invisible. Visually, only one parent was present, the stern Father god—but mustn’t there be a Mother goddess? She must be visibly “invisible”—not seen, hidden, fully present, but where?

I considered that most origin myths have male–female creating creatures—a Divine Couple, whether animal or spiritual. Was the Hebrew mythic Rib account an exception? Did this exception define the biblical tradition’s singularity and distinctiveness? Was it unique? Or was the Rib account a story of misdirection? Even possibly a bold-faced lie?

Here, Chapter 1 reminded the Hebrews that their glad story was polytheistic and that the visual monotheism of the Rib account was a lie—the cruelest of lies, the lie of the Captor. The Rib story said, “You have no Mother! You are subhumans! Destined to be slaves, forever!” Chapter 1’s “let us” proved useful as an interpretive foil to the Rib account’s misdirection. The presence of many gods/goddesses was indicated by “us,” and if the Rib story and “let us” were to be melded, the challenge was to find the Mother in the Rib account.

In many mythic stories, the goddess is often described using water symbology. Genesis 1:2 in the King James version reads, “And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.” There was nothing apparently motherly or feminine in that account. In contrast the Living Bible’s translation of this passage proved quite insightful. It read, “The earth was a shapeless, chaotic mass, with the Spirit of God brooding over the dark vapors.” The King James words— form, void, and darkness—evoke little emotion compared to the Living Bible’s shapeless, chaotic, brooding, and dark vapors. There is primal movement: chaos. There is motherly brooding: an emotional, intense, heartfelt presence. There is the hint of elusiveness, even coyness: shapeless. So, where is She? ...Brood with Her, follow the chaotic swirling, doesn’t She now appear in watery outline, over there, present within the dark vapors, behind a misty veil, in a Shadowy part of the Garden?

The Garden Her, the biblical Mother Goddess, was indeed present in Her shapeless, chaotic, brooding self. Although not graphically visible in the narrative, She was present as She hid in the dark vapors—in the vapory mist, off to the side or behind the scene. She was present as She brooded: a hen upon her eggs. She who was co-creator and fully present during the Garden events.

The lone male’s Mother goddess

There She was. The lone male’s Mother goddess, hiding in the Garden’s Shadow, “brooding over the dark vapors.” I was dumbfounded and amazed. My prison Mother was revealing that She, Herself, was there in “let us” and that another Mother was brooding in the dark vapors. I was not to leave the Garden. This lone male Mother goddess was presenting Herself much like prison’s Mother. Each presented the Dark Mother in one of Her multiple, varied, and numinous manifestations and presences.

Awake! Both prison and the Garden set before me the obvious fact to which my traditional theological education had blinded me—that is, to the necessary and universal principle of a male and female presence in a story of origin. If there was a Father god, there *must* be a

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Mother Goddess somewhere. If there was an Adam, in time the invisible Eve *must* appear—even if in such a wildly imagined way as from the male’s Rib.

Despite what the biblical Captor’s Rib origin story wanted to hide, when melded with “let us,” to my twice-bodied heart, it revealed the Garden’s Mother goddess. This is the message that the exiled Hebrews preserved. The whole Rib account was itself a masterpiece of misdirection about polytheism. As the Captor’s story, the Shadow Rib tale tricked everyone into thinking that it was only about the lone male, with the revelation that there was only one god, the monotheistic, patriarchal, and angry Father.

When I initially went back into the Garden, with the aid of Tribble’s work, I had no idea that I would a) discern the presence of a Mother Goddess in Genesis 2-3 or b) come to realize the atheism of the biblical theological tradition. I resisted these insights as the lone male in me hung on tight. However with this insight into biblical atheism I began to understand how mine had been a lone male nonviolence—one seeking dominion; one with an Other as enemy. When my prison Mother appeared as one of the “let us” in Genesis 1, I was staggered. Had I lived all my life denying that I had a Mother? Had I myself been a biblical atheist? If so, why?

In summary, Chapter 1’s “let us” when melded with the Rib story revealed a Divine Couple. In stark contrast to how the Augustinian theological tradition handled the material and interpreted these stories of origin, Genesis 1–3 is a thoroughly polytheistic story. Indeed, the traditional monotheistic interpretation of the Rib account when melded with Chapter 1’s “let us” serves to underscore, in negative counter-point, the polytheism at the root of the biblical narrative. In this light, these two chapters when read with twice-bodied sensing unmask a lie.

The apparent absence of the Shadow Mother from Genesis was a visual trick and deception. A creation account (as the mythic story told by parents in a family) must have at least two divinities, male and female. Genesis 1–3, then, was a two-part story of origin

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with two goddesses, one inferred in Chapter 1's "let us" and the other's presence sensed as She brooded inside Chapter 2's Rib's dark vapors.

An emerging story of origin—"We humans have a Mother!"

With twice-bodied sensing, when I evaluated the Shadow Rib story and the Sunlight "let us" as visiting room stories, it seemed reasonable to infer that somehow the two were to explain, inspire, and together enable the listener to hear an emerging story of origin and discern its visionary message. Each was a part of a grander family story that would emerge from hearing the melded stories. Each story (one glad, one sad) was to stand on its own and its distinctiveness be understood through scholarly work, then the two were to be held in creative tension. In time, a visionary story did emerge, that of the Mother goddess of the Garden and the gods and goddess of "And it was good." I was absolutely thunderstruck.

If what I was discerning was true, it turned everything I had previously learned as a religious theologian upside down. The biblical tradition was polytheistic, not monotheistic. The Rib account was a mythically sad story. Both origin stories abounded with presences of a Mother goddess and goddesses. Genesis was clearly not simply and solely a lone male Father god's story.

The challenges that I now faced were several. With twice-bodied sensing, what else would listening to the melded stories disclose? What rich and heartfelt story of origin would emerge from melding the two biblical stories—glad and sad? Where would She—in Her many manifestations and presences—lead me?

In sum, as twice-bodied, I weighed the significance of their being two biblical stories of origin and discerned that Genesis 1 is a glad story and Genesis 2—3's "Adam's Rib" is a sad story. Genesis 2—3 reflects the experience of a people returned from exile, and I found their sad story to convey—as did Hagar's—the story of their Captors rather than being a story they believed. They were prisoners and slaves—war booty—and presented

the Captor's story of origin as a narrative of lone males (both Adam and his god) as one to be meditated upon and held to balance the themes of the glad story.

Although the traditional Hebraic and Christian theological traditions have focused more heavily on the Rib account's sad story than Genesis 1's glad story and consequently developed a peculiar version of lone male patriarchal theology (e.g., Chosen People and *Christus Victor*), with twice-bodied sensing I discerned this as a furthering of the Captor's theology. This traditional lone male theology is aptly described as a revenge story. In this tradition, the oppressed triumph by becoming the oppressor.

Twice-bodied lie: the lone male body is the birthing body

What can be seen when one looks anew at the interpretively dominant Captor's Rib story (Chapter 2—3) with the "let us" story as a balancing interpretive tool (Chapter 1)?

What question's answer was it that there was only the lone male—that Adam lived without a woman as his god existed without a goddess? It appeared that there was a connection between the dominion over animals and plants and the fact that there was no female present up to this point. The connection linked—Question: Why are we here? Answer: To express dominion. Question: How are we to live? Answer: With women (the feminine) subordinated to men (lone maleness). Only through women accepting their invisibility could Adam's dominion become visible and manifest. The Rib story sets forth a family dynamic that answered a power relationship and spiritual relationship question. Question: Could a woman, the feminine, a female, ever make the divine present? Answer 1: Absolutely not. Answer 2: Absolutely yes, if she accepted enslavement.

Wildly, in a spectacular moment when the female appeared as a derivative of the male, it was revealed that her flesh and soul were formed using his bone. At this moment the Rib account asserted a one-bodied revelation—that *the male body is the birthing body*. In other mythic traditions creatures emerge from male bodies, but in the Rib story this was claimed as the *only way* all bodies, especially the female, came into existence. It was a wildly imagined fixation on lone maleness as the source of all, even mothering. When I sat with

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the almost numbing import of that fixation, I decided to put the term in capital letters as **Lone Male** because it described such a bizarre claim. One that was sourced in a deeply heartfelt mythic emotion engendered by the biblically roared answer “Yes!” to the question, “Are we humans motherless children?”

Lone Male describes a very twisted, truncated, and contorted sense of maleness where all creation is alleged to be created by or derived from the masculine presence—gods and men. Clearly, the Lone Male is an atheist in that he denies the existence of other gods and goddesses, notably his own Mother. Lone Male masculinity is stuck somewhere deep within the Shadow realm where sexual violence defines how males interact with one another. Notably, the first act of Lone Male sexual violence is to deny the Mother’s existence and in doing so to deny that She has anything to do with birthing. As significant is the unstated—but quite obvious to twice-bodied sensing—claim that Her Goddess/feminine ways cannot enable anyone to experience their full humanity. On this point, the Lone Male is an exile who believes that his fall from grace occurred when he listened to the feminine voice of Eve—and so to Her. He is a male constantly at war with Her and her, also with his Father god, and because of his fallen nature, with himself. The Lone Male has no Sunlight story. I was chilled: the *Lone Male is a subhuman!*...an inmate in the “where everything human is soon absent” sector of the Shadow realm.

As I was in prison, so here in the biblical Garden women were derivative beings and also subhumans. They were personally invisible—you looked around the Garden and they were not there! The question should be asked: How long was Eve present before Adam recognized her? Without a doubt She and her were in the Garden just as inmates were still fully present as persons although numbered and treated as subhumans.

I wondered, What sense of their bodies did men and women have when wildly imagining that *the male body is the birthing body*? How were men to feel embodied? Surely as Captors and dominators? More, didn’t the importance of male genitalia now slip not so subtly into this story? Wasn’t this the boldest of lies?

Like my prison Shadow Mother who kept me alive but watched me suffer, the Mother goddess of the Rib account—the Lone Male’s Shadow Mother—kept Adam imprisoned in one-bodiedness. She and Her consort convinced their son that his body was the birthing body, and that all life-forms were his to dominate. They told him that his rib was a source of generative power. *Wow!* As I reflected more deeply upon the sexual violence that roots this imagery of the Rib account I became unnerved. I had heard it so often from prisoners’ lips: “Slap the bitch!” And *bitch* was anyone, male or female that you could sexually dominate—ideally, sodomize. More, to survive, being sexually violent was how one “became a real man.” Here in Genesis, the story of origin of The Man’s Bitch was clear and evident to my twice-bodied self.

I was amazed. Adam’s rib was simply a piece of literary misdirection—the “rib” was his penis. (I admit that I chuckled at this insight!) He learns that life comes from his penis, not from copulation with a woman. Sound quirky? Just recall that Adam’s penis becomes his group’s totem and presaged the identification of Hebrews through a circumcised phallus.

As with my prison Shadow Mother, about the Lone Male Mother goddess was an air of evil. In the existential moment when my prison Mother braced me and prevented me from suicide, I sensed Her evilness as I suffered. The Rib’s Shadow Mother’s evil was that She disembodied her daughter as She convinced Eve that she was a derivate being, born from a male and only having meaning insofar as she submitted to Lone Male dominion. Eve was Adam’s sex slave as Hagar was subhumanly so to Abraham and Sarah.

Family story: abusive parents

When you step back and re-hear Genesis, it becomes clear that Her consort, the Shadow Father, colluded with this lie. On Her behalf, He verbally and physically treated their children abusively. He told them the lie that embodied Adam as a Lone Male Captor and Eve as a sex slave. Big Daddy was the Mother’s mouthpiece.

As a family story, the Rib account began to reveal a parenting model. The Shadow Mother and Father were sexually violent abusive parents. As prison sad stories often conveyed, in

situations of a father's abusive parenting, e.g., incest or sending sons off to kill, there was the complicit wife, mother, lover, or girlfriend. She let her man go do his dastardly deeds. She pleased him on R&R to revive his killing instincts. She proudly accepted the body counts of the innocents. She enticed him with the rewards of hearth and home, and the promise that he would be celebrated as hero.

Biblical denial of sacred sexuality

"The male body is the birthing body"—to what question was this the answer? Question: Is sexuality a sacred act? Answer 1: No. Then with twice-bodied sensing—Answer 2: Yes.

"Is the Rib story *really* all about sacred sexuality?" When I first asked this out loud I was discombobulated. I knew that traditional Biblicists would claim that the question was wrong-headed and state that "Genesis is clearly *not* about sexuality. It is about man's relationship to God, a relationship based upon bestowed dominion." For me, the absence of overt and normal sexuality was the key to unlocking the veiled message of the Rib account, namely, that there never was and never will or could be anything like "sacred sexuality." Genesis revealed that the only way to be human was to be fully male. More, that the only way to be fully male, as Adam was, was to live without the female.

The Shadow Mother has appeared more visually and diversely in other patriarchal mythic creation stories. Her apparent absence—Her apparent obliteration!—in the Rib story and the revelation that human life was created and not born from a divine couple, was Her most mystical and mystifying act, with the collusion of Him. Hiding in the Garden's brooding vapors, She rejected honoring the creative power of intimate female sexual coupling with a male god. In this way, She enshrined and sanctioned Lone Male single-sex eroticism as She cloaked and concealed all female eroticism.

Nakedness and the apple: Twice-bodied intimate partners

Symbolically, eating the apple connoted an awakening within Adam and Eve of their natural erotic nature. Their eating initiated a relational and intimate moment. At this

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moment of awakening, Adam was shocked out of his one-bodied Lone Male vision of Eve. He saw and felt himself as intimate with Eve—they shared nakedness.

Adam tapped into a brooding emotion of deep erotic longing. He lusted after Eve and came to “know” her. They shared a deep erotic passion. Adam now had the knowledge of her which, up to this time, only his Lone Male god possessed. He now knew her as a fully present woman. She was no longer just his helper. For a brief moment he was not the dominating Lone Male. How they were present each to the other became qualitatively different. She was now the goddess with whom he could divinely co-create—begin a family. They shared a moment of sensual and poignant intimacy—nakedness. Adam would eventually express this fresh and novel passion for Eve when he called her “Mother of All.”

Adam and Eve now moved towards one another as intimate, sexual partners. They were primed to do something which only the gods and goddesses were able to do—create life: “let us create.” But I sensed more than that in this discovery of nakedness. It was Adam and Eve’s nakedness that linked sexuality to holiness.

The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil gave them a twofold, twice-bodied insight. First, that they were not subhumans. They were not created out of dirt or derivative beings. They were not objects or alien creatures; not subhumans. Rather they were members of the family of gods and goddesses who conceived and birthed and declared, “Let us make...in our image.” Second, that the gods and goddesses gave birth, as all divinities did, through acts of sacred sexuality. From within their erotic embrace, life—all wholeness and holiness—was made present. As children of these gods and goddesses, Adam and Eve also created through acts of sacred sexuality. The deeper truth was that through their intimate, sexual, genital embrace they made present the fullness of their humanness as they became one with the creator Mother and Father.

Adam and Eve discovered parenting as a mythic experience, one that enabled them to tap into the most primal and *Gasp!*ing emotion of orgasmic embrace. As they coupled and

merged male with female they made themselves present as real human persons. They experienced this ecstatic relationship as a glad story. Eating the apple symbolized the vision of who they could become. However, this glad story never got told because Adam and Eve were promptly expelled before they conceived and began to live as family. The Garden, from this perspective, was an inhuman place, fitting for the Lone Male god and His Shadow consort but not for the human family.

For the human family to flourish, that is, for Adam and Eve to realize the vision of a fuller, deeper humanity, they had to leave the Lone Male god's paradise. For them to experience sacred sexuality and be intimately present each to the other, they had to make the Earth their home. Only during exile on Earth could they live in their recently discovered twice-bodiedness of sacred sexuality intimacy. At last, this odd and quirky Rib account took a normal turn in that the hearer learned that, indeed, humans did originally discover their full humanity through the sexually intimate embrace of a Mother and a Father.

This twice-bodied insight into their sacred sexual intimacy was why Adam and Eve were cursed. Mother Earth was cursed. Mother Eve was cursed. Intimate embrace, sexuality, and birthing from the female body were cursed. To keep its slaves under control, the Captor's Rib story must have Adam and Eve—as ostensible parents of the human race—accepting and living according to the revelation of Lone Male spirituality and revering the male body as the birthing body.

Summary

Inside experiences: Once Inside I was shocked by the biblical flavor of inmate conversations, especially sad stories. I was personally not speaking in Catholic biblical language although I was going through what I came to know upon hindsight were the depthless emotions of a personal mythic shift in my sense of body and self. My time Inside was the start of my Dark Night of the Soul journey. I was surviving but not really living in the sense of being emotionally grounded by either Shadow or Sunlight emotions. In 1983 I was rocked by hearing myself ask myself, “Why didn’t you off yourself while in

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prison?” This was the initiatory kick in the ass from my Captive subhuman 8867-147 self to my Captor human Francis X. self. As I wrote I realized that I had been in the presence of a force that kept me alive but did not love or care for or want to nurture me. This was my Shadow Mother, and I hated Her. “Mother” did not relate to any specific tradition, not even to the works of the then groundbreaking feminist theologians. I simply felt Her presence. I did not know Her name.

I was a scholarly theologian but I had no tools from my training and teaching that enabled me to frame or interpret what was going on. I realized that my task (or challenge, even threat to my life) required that I take my one-body self as far down into the Shadow realm as I could. I committed myself to gutting it out, to experiencing the rawness of the amoral chaos within which subhumans survive (not live, merely survive). Since I had lost my mythic stories (American and Roman Catholic) I was personally eager to seek out a new mythic story. But I was at a loss as how to do that.

I knew enough about mythology and oral traditions and how doctrinal beliefs evolved over time to realize that an individual like me does not just sit down and write a mythic story. If I stayed solely within my head all I’d end up writing was a fantasy story, something like science fiction. Whether it was a moment of personal courage or just the last desperate howl as I threw myself forward while deep in the Shadow realm I cannot say but I simply realized that I had to go back to the mythic tradition in which I had been raised to see where, if I could, I had gone astray or misinterpreted it so that I ended up not proclaiming its Sunlight story but as the judge effectively showed me its Shadow story. Notably I went back steeped in the primal emotions of being a slave of the State and as such seeking to tap into the primal emotions of the biblical tradition which the judge, I realized, had experienced as he listened to me and then expressed as he was moved to expel me from society; cast me Inside.

I found Phyllis Tribble’s *Texts of Terror* and her use of “sad story” to be extremely valuable as I reflected on my time Inside. It enabled me to hear and value inmate sad stories. Although she didn’t use the phrase it made me aware of the inmates’ companion

“glad story.” As I entered Genesis I anticipated a quick read. *Ha*. My heart stopped me. I tapped into some primal emotions I had never experienced before when reading these stories. In short, I got stuck in Genesis 1-3 and its two stories of origin. Since Augustine of Hippo was the most influential theologian in my tradition I was especially detained in the Rib account. As I sat in the Garden, all of a sudden I began to hear these mythic stories of origins with my Inside ears as if hearing them in prison’s visiting room. There I had sensed how much an inmate’s personal story was but one chapter in the family’s long-standing story. For many families their young men always ended up as Captives. Doing time was a consistent theme, for some with roots back in bondage as American slaves. In sharp contrast my family did not have a generational sad story that had “doing time” in it. Moreover, since I *chose* to enter prison, I was an atypical inmate, one for whom prison was a personal option and not a career stopover. Inmates tapped my educational skills to assist them in reading and writing letters and coaching them on how to handle their parole hearings. Consequently I heard an inordinate amount of sad stories.

As I recalled the inmates’ biblically expressive and nuanced stories I came to grasp the mythic structure of prison. It is an institution where the Shadow and Sunlight realms abut. In biblical terms it was like the Garden of Eden, and “doing Garden time” became my frame of interpretive reference. I developed a twice-bodied methodology whose interpretive matrix included (1) inmate popular biblical renditions, (2) scholarly insights, (3) my personal sad story experience as it interacted with my own Captor’s glad story, and (4) the guidance of my prison Mother. Also I came to appreciate the artful literary misdirection of inmate stories when they were talking with their families in the visiting room. In short, they lied, often. More, their families knew that they were lying and accepted it as what the inmate must do to survive Inside. This lying was often not publicly voiced or discussed, although in the visiting room there was always some family creating a row, even acting out in abusive ways. As such I returned to Genesis with wary Inside eyes, seeking like artful misdirection, even lies, in the structure of sad and glad stories.

Discoveries: Using this methodology I discerned the presence of a Shadow Mother in Genesis 2-3, the Rib account. Reflecting on the import of Her presence I realized that She

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revealed the existence of a biblical Divine Couple, here a Shadow Mother and Shadow Father. Emotionally Her presence made me confront and deeply experience what had always been a taboo theological revelation, that is, the truth that these were abusive parents. I realized that the Rib account was one of literary misdirection that forwarded several lies. Among them, 1) that there was no Mother Goddess whereas She is present as Shadow Mother—this lie being the basis for the theological tradition’s biblical atheism. 2) That the male body is the birthing body—this, the lie at the base of the Rib account. 3) That there is no sacred sexuality that leads to spiritual insight and fulfillment—this the source for the lie that there is only Lone Male spirituality, one based upon exercising an enslaving Dominion.

The Tree of Knowledge enabled Adam and Eve to experience their twice-bodiedness. Subsequently, through an embrace of sacred sexuality they discovered themselves as creators of life. However this insight and experience threatened the Garden’s Lone Male god and He cursed and exiled them. Upheaval and revolution—*Furor!* All this led me to conclude that the Rib account was a sad story which states that the biblical god and goddess are abusive parents. Ironically, the only way to become a real human person was for Adam and Eve to leave Paradise and live as exiles on the Earth. In this light, the Garden was the land of subhumans—a deeply dark sector of the Shadow realm on the biblical Inside.

Traditional Christian biblical theology states that humans are fallen but can be rescued and saved. This interpretation was sourced in the theology of Augustine of Hippo. With my twice-bodied sensing I termed this “Lone Male” theology. Lone Male describes a very twisted, truncated, and contorted sense of maleness where all creation is alleged to be created by or derived from the masculine presence—gods and men.

I found the Rib account to be a tale of misdirection that on the surface was solely about male actors. However when balanced with the “let us create man in our image” theme of Genesis 1 the Rib account is properly situated as the Captor story that the Hebrews heard when in exile. Unless it is a trivial fact that there are two stories of origins, I valued each

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story and realized that by meditating on each—Shadow sad and Sunlight glad story—a new mythic story of origin began to emerge. (This would lead to the Earthfolk vision of Pathway#3.)

I now had a quite robust Captive sad story of my own. As desired, it also brought clarity to my Captor story and why I was struggling with being the Captor of my Captive self.

I was an odd inmate, one who in effect chose to enter prison. In other times being a warden, guard, or counselor could have been my career path. I entered prison with a shattered Sunlight story but, nevertheless, I held onto its remnants for as long as I possibly could. Yet when I heard “irrelevant and immaterial” I could have said, if I had the concept at the time, “There goes my Captor story!” In prison I came to grasp my subhumanness and while doing so got a clearer perspective on my own human Captor story. I found myself as Captor of my Captive self. I survived through encountering the presence of a Shadow Mother, which experience made Her real—sensately real.

I read Genesis 2-3 as the Hebrew’s Captor story, one whose values they did not affirm but whose memory they did not want to forget. They kept two stories of origin so that a novel mythic story and identity would emerge. Notably, my time Inside the Garden and the penitentiary made it clear that those who accept and affirm the traditional Christian biblical theological interpretation of the sad story of Original Sin and its biblical atheism (denial of the existence of a Mother Goddess) are doomed to remain subhuman Captives forever. This was especially true of secular folk who often fail to discern how their worldview is rooted in the biblical tradition, values, and primal emotions.

In prison I served in the Outside local community as a reading aide in Sandstone’s elementary school. This “Right to Read” program meant that I would be working with the Hack’s wives and children. This situation made the Hacks furious. I experienced an unusual amount of harassment for this voluntary work, including more eyeballs on my anus and wagging dick than I care to remember. This daily in-and-out changing of my identity from Captive to teacher rubbed my psyche raw and drew me close to getting stuck in the Shadow realm seething in hatred for the Hacks. I began to practice “living as if I am

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no one's enemy." Simply, I put myself in touch with a primal emotion of peacemaking, that is, I embraced myself as the *enemy of myself as enemy*. Then I had to *not* be the enemy of my enemy self. I had to live as if I weren't my own enemy.

On parole I directed a prison reform project and went back for doctoral studies that focused on the religious role in the rise of the penitentiary in Revolutionary Era America. This research clarified why the then quite innovative "penitentiary" model was adopted by the same men who were attending the Constitutional Convention. They originally created the new Democracy's penal system around what we would today call a restorative justice model. However, this enlightened model soon broke down due to the massive influx of immigrants. This work enabled me to finally understand the significance of the history of the penitentiary as telling an American sad story. I also learned that its roots were an integral part of America's foundational mythic Sunlight story of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

I asked myself, *Had I lived all my life denying that I had a Mother?* Had I myself been a biblical atheist? Here's where the presence of my prison Shadow Mother revealed to me that the most critical question was, *Are we humans motherless children?* Seemingly all topics eventually come to reference this question. A mythic story without a Mother is an absurdity as no one can defy (except by wishful, fantastical thinking) the obvious fact of life that a Father is father because a Mother is mother. So since the biblical West seeks to obliterate the Mother—any "memory of Her"—through its mainstream Augustinian interpretation of the Rib account, it follows that this theological tradition is rightly and accurately judged not only as atheistic but its seemingly glad story of rescue and salvation is properly assessed as in actuality the saddest of sad stories. Such a Motherless theology emotionally imprisons you in the deepest darkest sector of the Shadow realm where humans experience the most primal of emotions, that is, the death and loss, more the annihilation, of the Mother. Indeed, those who speak of themselves as "motherless children" have forgotten everything that is human. In this light, it is not surprising that the biblical tradition of exiled humans Endlessly Warring (against one another: Cain and Abel; against their Father god who exiles them from paradise) has mutated into America's

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secular tradition of Endless Warring, as described in “Vietnam Undeclared” on Pathway#1.

Outlaw Theology: My trial, unexpectedly, made me realize that my family was sending me to prison! In my family’s story, which was a Captor glad story, the criminal justice system was fair and just, and after a trial you had to assume responsibility for your actions. My family had no history of another felonious Kroncke; no “sad story” of enslavement. However, in the visiting room I observed how, for example, Black families were aware of twice-bodied reality. They simultaneously knew that their inmate had committed a crime while also being aware that he was just the next generation of their young men captured by a criminal justice system that was fundamentally unfair and unjust.

I pondered, “Is the fact that there are two stories of biblical origin an insignificant piece of trivia or it is an insight laden fact?” Although I had read Genesis numerous times, now I read Chapter 1’s “let us” as a glad story, and Chapter 2-3’s Rib account as a sad story. Genesis 1–3, then, appeared as a two-part story of a family with collective traumatic memories of enslavement, brutalization, and exile.

The Hebrew family listened with the slave’s subhuman twice-bodied senses to the Rib story *as the Captor’s story*. It was the story of origin brought back from exile, and it was placed next to the glad story of “let us” so that the Shadow and Sunlight chapters in the family’s history would be forever remembered. Yet it was not remembrance in a passive sense, rather it was remembering so that something could be, would be realized in the present moment. The stories were there not simply to explain but as a spiritual challenge—“Awake!” The exiled family was challenged to move beyond its glad and sad story memory by melding them. They were challenged to relive their exiled Dark Night of the Soul and break through to a Sunlight vision of a grander family story.

These two stories of origin were necessary for the Hebrew family to cope with its traumatic experiences and memories. It seemed clear to me that these stories were

therapeutic, that they were honored by the early Hebrews as stories that could lead to the healing of memories. Heard and interpreted as a melded story, a grander family vision of origin would emerge that would enable the family to break the cycle of violence and revenge that they knew only too well as twice-bodied slaves. In my terms, this grander vision would enable each to become a real human person.

In sum, the storyteller of Genesis 1–3 was a family conflicted about its origins, both consciously and subconsciously. The family needed the two creation stories to express the range and depth of its traumatic experiences. The Rib story was their Captor’s glad story, and their own Captive sad story.

Biblical Genesis can be read as a statement that “There is no— and has never been any— sacred sexuality!” Although I discerned that a Shadow Mother was to be found “brooding in the dark vapors,” the primary claim of the biblical tradition is “No! We have no Mother!” Rather, we humans are motherless children. Although it attempts to do so, the biblical theological tradition that emphasized the sad story of the Rib and denies the existence of a Mother Goddess simply cannot change a fundamental structure of nature and human reality, that is, that everyone has a mother, and if there is a male around, somewhere in the story the female is present, even if veiled.

Further theological discernments revealed a Lone Male vision that came to dominate early Abrahamic biblical theology. In it the “male body is the birthing body,” there is no sacred sexuality and so no Divine Couple, and parenting is expressed through abusive actions, ending in kicking the kids out of the house and cursing them.

The theological challenge I faced was to meld the two stories, Captor and Captive, sad and glad, and meditatively open myself to the emergence of the vision that arises.

Chapter 8: Martin Luther King, Outlaw Theologian

In 2006 as I prepared to launch the *Peace and War in the Heartland* project on campuses that I had organized to promote the play written about the *Minnesota 8*, “Peace Crimes: the *Minnesota 8* vs. the war,” I re-read Martin Luther King’s speeches with twice-bodied senses. There, I discerned an emerging outlaw theologian. King expressed his Captive sad story to the world as he fought for Civil Rights. At a critical juncture he began to protest against the Vietnam War and that forced him to begin to articulate the Captor glad story that he sensed was still keeping his people enslaved, that is, the Sunlight story of Endless War as “Making the world safe for democracy!” that needed (battle)field-hands to work for the military industrial complex.

In a backwards arcing parallel movement, our lives journeyed through two mythic realms and into Shadow captivities. King moved from exposing the mythic realm where black slaves were Captives to exposing the mythic realm of war-making where the Other as “gook” enemy must be captured or killed. Rhythmically, my life went from protesting war and its myth of Others as gooks to an experience of myself as a Captive slave. With an honest eye, I also realized that King failed, as I had, to stop the war and so obtain full release for his Captive brothers and sisters.

My journey was invigorated by a Catholic faith whose Vatican Council II presented a unifying theology through its vision of all individuals as People of God and which called me to create a world where war was internationally abolished. King’s black Baptist faith had him first focused on the specific everyday needs of his people—to obtain Civil Rights—and ended with his urging the adoption of a unifying mythic vision of all people of all nations as One. Both of us were steeped in the biblical tradition but came to speak in nascent Outlaw Theology terms. King’s concern was always about the plight of his Captive people who were being treated subhumanly. The redress he sought was not simply intellectual or moral, rather he demanded and effectively changed how the secular world operated—he amended the Law of the Land and so transformed institutions and individual attitudes. Characteristic of an outlaw theologian he embodied his quest, bearing savage

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blows upon his body and jangling chains around his legs. He meditated many nights Inside iron bars, a caged subhuman. The mighty Reverend preached in church but walked-the-walk through the Shadow streets of ghettos, inner cities, and “For coloreds only” neighborhoods.

I was judged “irrelevant and immaterial” and set forth on a Dark Night’s journey. Of greater tragic moment, King was murdered...I was not. Why? Despite other factors, because he was black and I was white. As they ambushed me the night of the *Minnesota* 8 draft raids, the FBI shouted, “Don’t move or we’ll shoot!” But they weren’t killing white boys, just black *boys*. Of great significance to my developing Outlaw Theology was King’s eloquently voiced premonition about his own death.

We’ve got some difficult days ahead. But it doesn’t really matter with me now. Because I’ve been to the mountaintop. I don’t mind. Like anybody, I would like to live—a long life; longevity has its place. But I’m not concerned about that now. I just want to do God’s will. And He’s allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I’ve looked over. And I’ve seen the Promised Land. I may not get there with you. But I want you to know tonight, that we, as a people, will get to the Promised Land. So I’m happy, tonight. I’m not worried about anything. I’m not fearing any man. *Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.* (“I’ve been to the mountaintop.”)

“I’m not fearing any man” resonated with my own Inside nonviolent practice of “living as if I am no one’s enemy.” As sensed subhumanly, I realized that King died in captivity, not as a freed-man. Of note, his wasn’t a racial captivity or a Civil Rights prison. No, as he stated he’d been to the mountaintop. He had preached his Captive sad story, given his People a Sunlight vision of their humanity, all the while respecting their subhuman sufferings. Then he showed them that *only* nonviolently bearing their sufferings would deliver them to the Promised Land. My subhuman sense is that King had successfully

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marched through the mythic zone of black slavery and brought his People out of the Shadow realm, but that in so doing he got stuck there in a way he had never anticipated—not as a Civil Rights protester but as a Prisoner of War. I wager that King realized that he had set his People free only to watch them become Captors, themselves. What caused this unhappy ending?

A clue lies in the echo of resignation and failure borne by the quavering voice forecasting that “I may not get there with you.” What was the “there”? King knew that his People would get *there* in terms of the Civil Right movement which had just about become unstoppable, so where was the *there* he would not reach? Or in other terms, why and who would want to kill him now that the Civil Rights battle was basically won? He certainly was no longer a threat to the racists because the Civil Rights act was the law of the land.

What many forget is that on April 4, 1967 King lost a great many followers and supporters as on that day he preached against the Vietnam War—not just white liberal supporters but black supporters. While Black Power and/or Black Muslim activists publicly disavowed him—mainly for his commitment to nonviolent action—many other blacks did not support his Poor Peoples Campaign which became a vehicle for resisting the Vietnam War. He linked ending the war with obtaining a *final victory*:

We believe the highest patriotism demands the ending of the war and the opening of a bloodless war to final victory over racism and poverty. (“Beyond Vietnam—a time to break silence.”)

One of the reasons I doubt that King was primarily murdered because of his Civil Rights work is that enabling blacks to become full citizens did not threaten the basic mythic foundation of America as did his increasingly ardent anti-war witness. Here certain historical strands come together to weave the outlines of this emerging story. While Civil Rights activists were conscious of being moved from one ghetto to another (off plantations to inner city ghettos, or from ghettos to prison cellblocks), they were not as aware of

how important they were to another foundational pillar of American society, namely, the military industrial complex identified by President Eisenhower in his famous farewell address. Eisenhower noted that this new “industry” was a radical departure from America’s traditional war story. In business terms, the military-industrial complex was an innovative start-up whose market success was an unintended consequence of mobilizing American industry and workers to fight a global war. Like the military draft which was *not* shut down after WWII ended—so breaking with historical precedent—so this new start-up enterprise was not demilitarized. Rather it was hyper-militarized, and rapidly expanded into every segment of the American workplace, including academia. This was a heady corporate business venture that needed personnel—an *endless* and *assured* stream of workers to support and enable its long-term business development plan of endless war-making.

President Truman effectively created its Personnel Department when he established the innovative peacetime draft—which ever remains a constitutionally questionable act. The Peacetime Draft delivered on “endless and assured.” This innovative draft, notably, was matched by the newly christened Department of Defense (*nee*, Department of War). Where the draft office became the hiring office for the military’s blue-collar workers, the DOD indirectly captured executive, senior management, and technological Research and Development talents through its aggressive funding of academic and professional research departments, laboratories, and think-tanks.

Just as for centuries Slave-America treated blacks as subhumans because it wanted cheap labor, so Vietnam War era blacks in the military were becoming aware of the military as a ghetto where they were America’s (expendable) henchmen. As inmates often called prison an extension of the ghetto so black veterans began to speak of Vietnam as that, and as a plantation. Dissident black GIs and veterans spoke—as did King—about the cruel irony of people of color killing one another for a country where neither would be respected as fully human. “Niggers killing gooks.”

It was a hard truth for many black activists to face but after WW II the military became the most accessible path to higher education and leadership training open to upwardly mobile blacks. Even being a “grunt” was a great “first job” for the high school drop-out or the chronically unemployed poor (or as a sentencing option to serving time Inside). So when King spoke out against the war, like the *Minnesota* 8, he was judged as striking at the foundation of government itself and threatening national security. Whereas Civil Rights required that King look into the Shadow past of America, into the sad story of Slave-America, the Vietnam War forced him to face the harsher truth that by becoming the muscle and blood of the military industry his People had not only *not* become free but had actually become their own Captor. They had moved from one plantation system to the other—still enslaved but now voluntarily so through enlistment. “Thank God almighty free at last!”—cruelly became a song of misdirection as now blacks became (battle)field-hands—the fodder, the acceptable collateral damage—of the God of war-making.

From a mythic perspective, it is certainly arguable that King personally experienced something like a Faustian Bargain. He was allowed to lead his People out of bondage as long as, in exchange, he remained as bondsman in the Shadow realm. All would go well, the Lone Male god said, if he accepted the chains of the God of war-making. This demanded that he limit his remarks to Civil Rights and not say such wild things like calling the Vietnam War “madness.” But King did not live just by the laws of either Captor glad or Captive sad story, rather he broke all their boundaries and forged ahead as an outlaw theologian. He aggressively preached against the war...himself becoming “acceptable collateral damage.”

Later on I will return to this theme and touch upon what I perceive to be King’s sad story and the tensions that resulted from his merging of the Civil Rights with the anti-war movement. Right now, I want to underscore the fact that just before he was murdered his peacemaking theology was rapidly developing as he began to address the global significance of America’s commitment to militarism. Even more, I want you to understand how King’s insights enabled me to discern how everyone—you included—can experience their subhumanness.

Unearned suffering

Once the Captor and Captive stories of Outlaw Theology formed, I faced several related knotty questions. The core one was: *How can others experience their twice-bodiedness and so embrace Outlaw Theology?* Was what I was experiencing as I listened to the melded biblical stories with twice-bodied subhuman senses *not communicable* to humans? Was my experience of Mother in Her Shadow presences simply idiosyncratic? Or, on the contrary could someone *intentionally* perform a ritual that would *inevitably* plunk him/her down in the Shadow realm? Are mythic zones only accessible through social or institutional experiences such as going to war or being thrown into prison? Or, is there an intimate, personal way through which each and every individual person can find such access?

In brief, how could I find a practice that enabled others to passionately experience Genesis 1—3 as a melded sad story and glad story? This was daunting because it required enabling others to make themselves present through subhuman sensing—to discern their own sad story. It strained all my psychic and heartfelt muscle to maintain my own twice-bodiedness, so how could I enable others to vicariously enter prison's visiting room as they truly entered their own sad story? Certainly not everyone had to go to prison or be sexually enslaved as Hagar was?

I heard King's prophetic voice tinged with echoes of Hagar's subhuman voice as he pleaded on behalf of his twice-bodied brothers and sisters. He proclaimed in his "I have a dream" speech that,

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.

Continuing, King then unveiled the insight into how to meld a sad story with a glad story and open oneself to discerning the emergent vision:

You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that *unearned suffering* is redemptive.
(My emphasis.)

Here King spoke directly to my quandary. Everyone could experience their subhumanness by embracing their unearned suffering. America's blacks were chained in slavery and bound by racism simply because of who they were and not as a result of what they did. Here King's simple phrase "unearned suffering" shifted my perspective on my personal journey. It showed me a richer depth to my own sad story.

I realized that Trible and others were moved by Hagar because hers was an unearned suffering. She was captured simply because she was an enemy Egyptian. She was enslaved because Abraham's Captor story defined her as an enemy and by right of conquest as his war booty. As Hagar was Sarah and Abraham's sex slave, she was attacked with sexual violence through genital assaults. As a Lone Male Abraham wielded his phallic weapon and slew Her both physically while copulating with Hagar and mythically as he subdued Her by violating Hagar's intimacy, making both her and Her his "intimate enemy." Consider: Was Sarah as Shadow Mother bracing Hagar as Abraham sexually violated her?

The Rib story—a mythic story of unearned sufferings

Intimate enemy. This insight into intimacy (sexual and personal) as an attack zone all of a sudden gave me deeper insight into the relationship between Adam and Eve. It affirmed in my mind why the Garden story is all about sacred sexuality, that is, it negatively claims that there is no sacred sexuality. I understood now that Eve was Adam's intimate enemy. Her suffering—being lied to by her Divine Parents and told that she was created and not born from the embrace of love—was like Hagar's, one of unearned suffering. She was

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sexually abused simply because she was a woman whose body alone made manifest Her and her.

I pondered, *Was the Rib story intentionally told as a story of misdirection and lies by a People who had suffered exile, and through their unearned sufferings awakened to twice-bodiedness?*

Was the Rib story used in the way many ex-cons do who try to “scare straight” younger family members to keep them out of the System? Did the Rib story so powerfully present what the exiled people experienced and felt in their unearned sufferings because it wanted the hearer to rise up and shout, “Let’s not live that way! That’s not how our gods act! No one is a subhuman!”? In this vein, as a person opens themselves to be present to their unearned sufferings, could the Captor’s Rib story, when melded with the “let us” account, truly endow them with twice-bodiedness? Could the Rib story assist everyone in experiencing what I experienced as a subhuman slave of the State?

Either the Rib story was not just wildly imagined but *criminally insane* in that it fostered abusive parenting and sexual violence or it must mean something else. *Was it a story of unearned sufferings?* Was the Rib story so extremely one-bodied that it could only be properly interpreted by such a twice-bodied insight? Was it the saddest of sad stories given that Adam and Eve’s sufferings were unearned at every turn? They were lied to, deceived, cursed, and banished by their parents. Of all sufferings, wasn’t this the prime example of unearned sufferings? To be treated as a subhuman by those who birthed you and who should care for your body and soul forever?

An Outlaw Theology insight: *The Rib story is a mythic story of unearned sufferings.* As I settled back into the remembered presence of prison’s visiting room, it seemed evident that the biblical family remembering the Rib story wanted to ensure that the deeply sad story about their unearned suffering during exile was forever heard. The Rib account was a story about the exiled Hebrew experience told and re-told to provide insight into the mythic Captor’s story. In like manner did Hagar’s story reveal more about Sarah as Captor

than about Hagar herself as Captive. It seemed clear that the Rib story was revered because it exposed the Captor glad story which those returning from exile wanted their People to never forget. Not this well: If heard *by itself* the Rib account (mis)directs the hearer away from its intended and original message which is a *rejection of the Captor's Lone Male cycle of revenge and endless sexual violence*.

Slave-America

Martin Luther King rejected this Captor Lone Male cycle of revenge and endless violence. He preached at Ebenezer Baptist Church on Sunday and then lived out his theology on the streets every day, notably lifting up the poor and oppressed of every ethnicity. For me King's heartfelt actions and unearned sufferings make him an exemplar of Outlaw Theology.

King's life and that of his people—former slaves—should be told as a sad story, that is, as historical events with proper mythic interpretations. He represented a distinct People whose origin was formed by an act of captivity, primarily justified by and sourced in biblical and Christian faith and values. The removal of black Africans by slave traders (many sellers and even some slave owners being themselves black Africans) took place in a mythic zone of captivity. As happened when I entered the Inside and was digitized, so were most slaves branded as subhumans.

...the gang on each [coffle] chain is in succession marched close to a fire previously kindled on the beach. Here marking-irons are heated, and when an iron is sufficiently hot, it is quickly dipped in palm-oil, in order to prevent its sticking to the flesh. It is then applied to the ribs or hip, and sometimes even to the breast. Each slave-dealer uses his own mark, so that when the vessel arrives at her destination, it is easily ascertained to whom those who died belonged. (*Travels in Western Africa in 1845 & 1846* [London, 1847; reprinted London, 1968], vol. I, p. 143)

These subhumans were cast into bondage and sold as property. They were cast into the darkest sector of the Shadow realm where surviving replaces living. The holes of the slave ships on the Middle Passage carried potentially profitable cargo but as a sector of the Shadow realm there was little concern for human needs.

As Inside is a realm of anal activities (inspections and nightly delights) there is an account that visually and viscerally suggests the connection between the Shadow realm of prisons and slave ships. The story relates how a British captain conned a Jewish buyer into accepting sick slaves who were suffering from the flu. Knowing that the slaves were suffering from constant diarrhea the captain had a surgeon block up each slave's anus with oakum (old rope fibers), so that they would not appear sick in any way. This Shadow chapter in America's mythic story ("All men are created equal"!) is as rarely taught as is that of the rise of the penitentiary system in America. Both are Inside Shadow stories that King's People knew well.

What was the prevalent biblical theology that justified slavery? Howell Cobb, a distinguished and powerful southern Democrat Congressman, who was also a co-founder of the Confederate States of America, penned *A scriptural examination of the institution of slavery in the United States; with its objects and purposes* (1850). He published it

...to show the purposes for which African slavery was instituted, in so far as the United States stand connected with it. There are two propositions of essential importance, and which never must be lost sight of, in the investigation of this subject, to wit:

1. African slavery is a punishment, inflicted upon the enslaved, for their wickedness.
2. Slavery, as it exists in the United States, is the Providentially-arranged means whereby Africa is to be lifted from her deep degradation, to a state of civil and religious liberty.

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These two propositions anchor Cobb's Captor Story. The slaves Captive Story is that they are deeply degraded and must be lifted up—once again the Lone Male notion of having to be saved. Of course, the Savior here is the Slave Master, notably white male and American.

African slaves were treated as subhumans whose sentence was basically a death penalty. There was no parole, forgiveness, or redemption. They were destined to live and die as subhumans. Since they were twice-bodied but forever chained down as subhumans in the Shadow sector, they could harbor little hope that they would someday be able to become humans again. *Everything human was soon absent* and denied—their social structure, culture, religious beliefs, family bonds, language, etc. Their bondage took place in one of the remotest corners of the Shadow realm where they formed a separate nation of subhumans—*Slave-America*.

Slave-America as a nation of subhumans is a perspective on America's Shadow history that is still either denied or glossed over. Despite occasional "Christian acts of mercy" by anomalous slaveholders, these slaves were eternal Captives, able to be passed down in wills to future generations. They did not exist in normal society's time and space. They were Inside and their humanity was invisible to State and Church rulers and the average citizen. They were chased down if they sought freedom. They were often hunted and killed for sport. The importance of this perspective on Slave-America is that the Sunlight story of "We, the People" was believable only if Slave-America remained invisible. *I see those darkies, but then I don't. Ha. Ha.*

What does it mean that when Slave-America was officially abolished by the Emancipation Proclamation, black Americans continued to live in the Shadow realm? Was this a trick of the Captor—the Proclamation as an act of misdirection? Was slavery abolished but no slaves actually released from captivity? Were blacks now like Hagar, experiencing the mythic zone at the intimate level—politically free but still subhuman as the intimate enemy? Their chains and manacles were ones of polite Captor society—small signs that said "For Whites Only" at water fountains, hotel doors, and toilets. King's voice rang out

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proclaiming that a black person's "long night of captivity" continued as he/she remained an "exile in his own land."

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of captivity.

But one hundred years later, we must face the tragic fact that the Negro is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languishing in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatize an appalling condition. ("I have a dream speech." 1963)

And he added, "We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one."

King's Outlaw Theology responded to issues of the streets, was expressed through actions in the public space of the governing city, and sought changes in secular—not mainly religious—laws, practices, and customs.

This is our hope. This is the faith with which I return to the South. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be

able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day. (“Dream.”)

King challenged his People to get out of the Shadow realm and move towards the Sunlight. “Let us not wallow in the valley of despair,” and “Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice.”

As noted above, King’s revolutionary charge was to embrace nonviolent direct action and civil disobedience and bear one’s “unearned suffering.”

You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. (“Dream.”)

King urged them to avoid the trap of the Captive becoming the Captor by not embracing the tools of oppression, namely, violence. More, he called them to tell a new mythic story, where all people—Captors and Captives—affirmed that everyone is One in that “We cannot walk alone.” Not just should not but cannot—meaning that moving forward into the Sunlight required an affirmation of the dignity of whites, blacks, and all humans. Here King could just as well have said, as Gordy did, “It wasn’t a gook. It was a person.”

But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred.

We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate

into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to distrust all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone. (“Dream.”)

King’s glad story was not sugar-coated.

Now it isn’t easy to stand up for truth and for justice. Sometimes it means being frustrated. When you tell the truth and take a stand, sometimes it means that you will walk the streets with a burdened heart. Sometimes it means losing a job...means being abused and scorned. It may mean having a seven, eight year old child asking a daddy, “Why do you have to go to jail so much?” And I’ve long since learned that to be a follower to Jesus Christ means taking up the cross. And my bible tells me that Good Friday comes before Easter. Before the crown we wear, there is the cross that we must bear. (“Why I am opposed to the War in Vietnam.”)

King grasped, in my phrasing, that nonviolence is a way of dealing with one’s personal violence. Nonviolent practice is not the avoidance of violence rather it directly confronts and seeks to transform violence. Violence is a Shadow realm experience—and creatively working with violence to create a Sunlight glad story is what nonviolent direct action seeks to achieve.

Here is the true meaning and value of compassion and nonviolence, when it helps us to see the enemy’s point of view, to hear his questions, to know his assessment of ourselves. For from

his view we may indeed see the basic weaknesses of our own condition, and if we are mature, we may learn and grow and profit from the wisdom of the brothers who are called the opposition. (“Beyond Vietnam.”)

And, “We can no longer afford to worship the god of hate or bow before the altar of retaliation.”

King’s nightmare

As previously mentioned, I stated in my closing argument to the jurors—just after reading my father’s war time letters—that his WWII sacrifice was greatly in vain because America never ceased warring. My generation had not inherited peace from his. This led me to reflect upon the character of war-making as a social ritual that I later developed in “Vietnam Undeclared”—on Pathway#1. However, at the end of my trial I was still so one-bodied that I failed to see the Shadow side of America—I had barely a notion then that there was even a Shadow side. This is a significant insight into the times, namely, that most white protesters were middle-class and had no intellectual or emotional framework to use to discern our own sad story. Consequently, we could not and did not sense the mythic character and consequence of America’s commitment to endless war-making. This despite the clear economic fact that this war commitment fundamentally restructured the nation’s economic system, replacing Free Market mechanisms with those required to sustain the military-industrial complex. From this perspective, this war commitment consigned America to being a People permanently stuck in a remote and deeply dark sector of the Shadow realm. Understand this point: In this remote Shadow sector there is no and has never been a spar of Sunlight—the American People have never been at peace and have long remained prisoners of the war-making Lone Male mythic Shadow Mothers and Shadow Fathers.

King began to deal with similar Shadow issues as he was moved to speak about the clear interrelationship between racism and the Vietnam War. While those of us in the anti-war movement were encouraged after King merged the two movements, we were distressed as

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many black supporters and white followers abandoned him. They were unsettled by his calling America's involvement in the war "madness." He further stated that "I speak as a *citizen of the world*, for the world as it stands aghast at the path we have taken." (My italics.) As I came to present in "Vietnam Undeclared," King was just beginning to spy the mythic character of the war and its functioning as a social ritual. He stated that "The war in Vietnam is but a symptom of a far deeper malady within the American spirit."

As I read King, once he linked Slave-America with militarized America his words became edged with a tone of despair.

A true revolution of values will lay hands on the world order and say of war: "This way of settling differences is not just." This business of burning human beings with napalm, of filling our nation's homes with orphans and widows, of injecting poisonous drugs of hate into the veins of peoples normally humane, of sending men home from dark and bloody battlefields physically handicapped and psychologically deranged, cannot be reconciled with wisdom, justice, and love. A nation that continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death. ("Beyond Vietnam")

As with me and so many who affirmed King's commitment to nonviolence, we had no way of measuring the depth and breadth of America's Shadow realm. When we entered it, each following our own sad story, we saw just one sector. White radicals visited the war sector. Black radicals lived in racism's sector. Women were besieged, warily watching male oppression arise at every turn. And then it spread out: Latinos, Native Peoples, gays...and the poor, poor, forever poor. King, I intuit, eventually entered on a Dark Night's journey which was nothing short of a personal nightmare—"I may not get there with you." In this there is an echo of Tribble's lament about "wrestling with the silence, absence and opposition of God."

King's nightmare caused him to up the ante as his call was now directed at all humans, urging them to express an unconditional love for every other human: Other, alien, enemy, outlaw, outcast. In this instance his evolving Outlaw Theology surfaced in that his call for nonviolent action was no longer limited to just American blacks or Americans in general but to the *citizens of the world*. He called for global action.

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 ...I am not speaking of some sentimental and weak response...which is just emotional bosh. I am speaking of that force which all of the great religions have seen as the supreme unifying principle of life. Love is somehow the key that unlocks the door which leads to ultimate reality. ...

We still have a choice today: nonviolent coexistence or violent co-annihilation. We must move past indecision to action...If we do not act, we shall surely be dragged down the long, dark, and shameful corridors of time reserved for those who possess power without compassion, might without morality, and strength without sight.

Now let us begin. Now let us rededicate ourselves to the long and bitter, but beautiful, struggle for a new world. This is the calling of the sons of God, and our brothers wait eagerly for our response... The choice is ours, and though we might prefer it otherwise, we must choose in this crucial moment of human history. ("Beyond Vietnam.")

King's failure

Is it fair for me to say that King failed? Not in terms of securing Civil Rights but in terms of curing America's madness—its commitment to militarism?

We are presently moving down a dead-end road that can lead to national disaster. America has strayed to the far country of racism and militarism. The home that all too many Americans left was solidly structured idealistically; its pillars were solidly grounded in the insights of our Judeo-Christian heritage. All men are made in the image of God. All men are brothers. All men are created equal. Every man is an heir to a legacy of dignity and worth. Every man has rights that are neither conferred by, nor derived from the State—they are God-given.

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. But America's strayed away, and this unnatural excursion has brought only confusion and bewilderment. It has left hearts aching with guilt and minds distorted with irrationality....It is time for all people of conscience to call upon America to come back home. *Come home, America.* ("Why I am opposed.")

Hearing King's voice from beyond the grave I have to ask again: Is it possible that King was murdered because of his exposure of America's Shadow militarism more than for his exposure of racial injustice?

My Outlaw Theology developed as I confronted the paralyzing horror that I was my own Captor. As I read between the lines of King's speeches, I sensed that he came to a like realization at the moment he linked racism and the war. Once the Armed Service was desegregated under Eisenhower, the military became a hot career option for upwardly mobile blacks. Was the military just another ghetto (economic and cultural)? "Military service" but a warmed-over, whitewashed Slave America version of the Middle Passage?

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Is this what King's anti-war warnings was exposing? And could it be the main reason that many black leaders and activists abandoned him?

King was slain, I hold, because his Outlaw Theology was summoning forth a new mythic story of human origin. He believed that,

Out of one blood, God made all men to dwell upon the face of the
Earth. What a marvelous foundation for any home!

In King's proclamation of "Out of one blood" I heard an echo of Gordy's "It wasn't a gook. It was a person." His "God made all men" echoed Vatican Council II's "People of God." His calling "Earth" a "home" echoed Gordy's "It wasn't a hootch. It was a home." At this point King began to deviate from mainstream Lone Male biblical myth and theology which held that the Earth was a zone of fallen souls and heaven the only home. His *one blood* denied the Chosen People their exclusive place, and the God who treated humans *marvelously* was possibly the god of Genesis 1 ("It was very good.") but certainly not the raging, abusive Lone Male Father god of the Rib account.

I read King as a nascent Outlaw Theologian. He was rapidly moving towards the articulation of a global vision to counter what he realized was the newly emerging worldwide force that reveled in the madness of Vietnam. He judged this madness to be in violation of the basic moral tenets of the biblical and Christian traditions. It is fair to say that King sensed the emergence of the transforming force which we term globalization. I don't doubt that King plundered every biblical text he could find to wring out of it a message of nonviolence and peacemaking. However, since he remained a biblical person, and so his implicitly answered "Yes!" to our mythic motherless condition, he was consigned him—despite his nascent Captive sad story—to never move beyond his Lone Male Captor glad story.

Summary

After prison as I gained clarity on my own Shadow/Sunlight stories and started writing my Outlaw Theology I was more than a bit stymied by trying to answer: How do I or could I or should I motivate and enable you to enter the Shadow realm and encounter your subhumanness? Since my Outlaw Theology message to one-body you was that it is urgently necessary that you move into the Shadow realm and experience your subhuman self in order to move into the Sunlight and develop yourself as a real human person, I was inspired when I came across Martin Luther King's valuing of "unearned sufferings." He spoke about unearned sufferings in his famous "I have a dream speech." King's notion of "unearned sufferings" provided insight and a practical method. Simply, everyone can enter a personal Shadow realm because everyone has "unearned sufferings." For example, unearned sufferings arise from being discriminated against simply because you were born female or gay or American.

Further exploration of Martin Luther King's speeches moved me to see him as developing an implicit Outlaw Theology. His articulation of a Captive sad story is quite evident upon a first reading. However, in time, he developed a Captor glad story as he discerned that his People had become their own Captors. This occurred when he grasped the deep cultural and moral connections between the Civil Rights and the anti-war movements. I allege that it is reasonable to argue that King was slain because his expanded vision and actions threatened the military-industrial-academic complex. Many of his followers—black and white—abandoned him when he became a critic of America's military "madness." Although King did not live to explicitly develop an Outlaw Theology, his life, actions and vision remain an inspirational source.

In the tradition of King, Outlaw Theology is grounded in secular (not church) realities because it focuses on the daily world and experiences of society's underclass and the criminal underworld as well as the daily world and experiences of society's ruling powers. It describes the criminal underclass's Captive sad story and the Captor glad story of the ruling powers.

Summary of Pathway#2

Outlaw Theology was seeded the moment I, as the Adjustment Committee intended, started “doing time” and entered the mythic zone of the Inside. There I began to serve out a calendar based sentence while existing as a Shadow subhuman to whom time was meaningless. Soon, I was blown away by two moments of self discovery: as a Captive but more so as a Captor. While in prison I had no way to interpret my experiences as I had lost my Catholic and American frames of reference. So my mind was, in a sense, a *tabula rasa*, a blank slate. This lack of mental clutter enabled me to listen to inmate stories, and so my outlaw theological language and imagery began to form.

I learned that there is a Shadow “Inside” world as real as the Sunlight Outside “Free World.” This Inside realm is a mythic zone, that is, a place where an individual experiences the deepest emotions that unite and bind a People together. In prison I experienced the depths of several mythic biblical stories, e.g., Cain and Abel, Hagar and Sarah, Adam and Eve. In doing so I came to grasp that how the Sunlight world functions (politically, economically, legally, etc.) only makes sense when you grasp its mythic and theological Shadow characteristics.

I entered prison in an unusual manner. First, I *chose* to go—I consciously committed a crime that I intended to admit publicly to gain legitimacy as an anti-war speaker and activist. Second, I entered as an “irrelevant and immaterial” loser. I had lost my Catholic and American story as both had failed to convey the heart of my Resistance and move others to imitate my civil disobedience. However, after a brief Inside “honeymoon” I realized that, being a white-male intellectual, I was not supposed to be an inmate, rather I should have been a warden or case worker. Baffled, I experienced myself as Captor of myself as Captive. Within a short period of time Inside, I “adjusted” and became a prisoner in body, mind and soul—as I experienced myself as a subhuman. I experienced a qualitative shift in my sense of self—I became The Man’s Bitch. To sort all this out, during the decades after prison, I developed both a Captor glad story and a Captive sad story.

As I listened to inmate stories more seeds were planted for the flowering of Outlaw Theology. To interpret these stories as well as my own, I used Phyllis Tribble's notion of a "sad story." She was a seminal feminist Old Testament scholar. She applied "sad story" to interpret the biblical "texts of terror" that tell the "tales of terror with women as victims." She used sad story to interpret the lives and sufferings of victimized and terrorized women of today. I differed from Tribble in that I not only heard inmate sad stories but I had my own. Consequently, I experienced myself as twice-bodied—both as human Francis X. and as subhuman 8867-147.

The Rung stories are my "texts of terror." They describe experiences that take you down into the Inside's Shadow realm to ultimately end in the most forlorn sector of darkness "where everything human is soon absent." The Shadow realm has many sectors, including the three Rungs which take you into the first level of Organized Crime, gangs, and other *ad hoc* groupings that inmates join for protection. The second is a sector where cruelty and pain thrive at the borders of the bureaucracy's "standard operating procedure." The third is the "soon absent" sector where darkness is so thick that it obscures one's individuality, muffles one's personal presence. All "soon absent" experiences and actions are yours as you become truly mythic as you become One with all subhumans.

Right from my first inmate coffee-break conversation the one thing that shocked me most was the biblical character and language used by street-hardened criminals. Their Inside theology employed a battery of traditional religious terms and images but translated and interpreted them using the lingo of life on the streets, mainly urban, inner city, and poor streets. A decade after my release, inspired by these inmates stories I went back to explore Genesis. At the start I was only seeking to clarify why I had failed to understand or how I had misinterpreted the biblical tradition. I knew that my nonviolence was an offense to both secular and canon law—as evidenced by the condemnations of my civil judge and religious magistrate, the local archbishop. To my astonishment, with twice-bodied sensings I discerned the presence of a Shadow Mother as the divine consort of the creator Father god of the biblical tradition.

Although I had no interest in reforming the biblical tradition, I realized that with twice-bodied ears and eyes I gained an unusual insight into the hows and whys of the orthodox, mainstream Hebrew-Christian interpretations developed over the millennia. The influence of Augustine of Hippo was pivotal for the eventual dominance of a Captor glad story which developed as an interpretation of the Rib account. Augustine laid the basis for the triumph of a set of values which I termed the Lone Male vision and morality that continues to source both the major Christian worldview and that of the West's secular vision. These include: 1) denial of the existence of a Mother Goddess, 2) dismissal of the spiritual usefulness of feminine ways and powers, 3) positioning the human race as God's enemy, worthy of being cursed and exiled, and 4) a belief that humans must be saved, that they cannot find fulfillment or grace or forgiveness or Oneness as a result of their own efforts.

In the main, Augustine solidified a bedrock biblical belief that still pervades contemporary biblical thought and practice (and so also secular thought and practice), that is, that the Shadow realm is to be avoided, feared, even denied. I discerned why. In the biblical tradition the Mother goddess was imprisoned in a deep and dark sector of the Shadow realm—so deep and dark that She was invisible to Adam and Eve's eyes. From this I realized that the only way to encounter Her in Her many manifestations was through Shadow experiences. Today, the West's secular tradition continues this Lone Male denial of Her and of the value of feminine visions, ways and arts.

What freed me to personally jettison the biblical tradition (and the West's secular tradition) was the primal emotional experience of realizing that prison is all about intimacy. The counsel to "Do your own time" and the absolute loss of privacy were just two Inside experiences that exposed the fact that intimacy was itself a mythic zone. This insight into intimacy was also evidenced in the biblical origin stories. In them, notably in the Rib account, the primary intimacy revelation is a negative one, that is, it is claimed that there is no "sacred sexuality" because there are no Divine Parents (Father and Mother consorts). Consequently, humans are mythically motherless children.

From this revelation the Lone Male vision of dominion and global domination was derived. I claim that this Lone Male mythic story is atheistic in that it denies the existence of a Mother. Without a Mother there can be no intimacy because humans are not born, rather they are created out of nothing (“*creatio ex nihilo*”). In this light, I assessed the Rib as the saddest of sad stories. It became evident to me that *what the Rib denied was what it actually revealed*—and that this insight was the necessary starting point for my developing a new mythic story. I must start with my experience of Mother and honoring of feminine ways. Only this can serve as the inspirational source for envisioning a fresh mythic story that values intimacy as the zone for discovering oneself as a real human person.

After prison I sought an answer to, “How do I or could I or should I motivate and enable you to enter the Shadow realm and encounter your subhumanness?” The answer was necessary if you were to develop yourself as a real human person. At the time, I came across Martin Luther King’s valuing of “unearned sufferings” which was a key point in his famous “I have a dream speech.” Since everyone has “unearned sufferings” it is possible for everyone to enter their own personal Shadow realm. Unearned sufferings arise, for example, when you are wronged or abused for who you are, not what you did.

I found King to be a nascent outlaw theologian. He drew the world’s awareness to the Captive sad story of American blacks. In time, as I read him, he also developed a Captor glad story as he discerned that his People had become their own Captors. This occurred when he grasped the deep cultural and moral connections between the Civil Rights and the anti-war movements. From this perspective, I hold that King was slain because his expanded vision and actions threatened the military-industrial-academic complex. When he called Vietnam “madness” he was abandoned by many Civil Rights activists, black and white. King’s life, actions and vision remain an inspirational source for developing Outlaw Theology.

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In the tradition of King, Outlaw Theology is grounded in secular (not church) realities because it focuses on the daily world and experiences of society's underclass and the criminal underworld as well as the daily world and experiences of society's ruling powers. It describes the criminal underclass's Captive sad story and the Captor glad story of the ruling powers.

Finally, Outlaw Theology is outside the laws of both Captor glad story and Captive sad story. I *chose* not to remain either a Captor or a Captive. Using the twice-bodied methodology, I was prepared to listen to my Captor and Captive theologies, hold them in meditative tension, and undergo a revolutionary experience that could open me to an exciting vision of how to dwell peacefully and comfortably at home on the living Earth. I was ready to walk down Pathway#3.