

The Earthfolk Vision

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“Are you an Earthfolk?” This question burned my *subhuman* ears as I huddled in absolute dread in that sector of prison’s darkest, most forlorn realm where “everything human is soon absent.” There, I underwent a *qualitative*, heartfelt human transformation. I became (and remain, in government tracking records) subhuman 8867-147. I felt myself (dis)embodied as Other in the most despised of ways. In this “soon absent” sector there was no individuality, not a shred of personhood. Everyone was Other—a numbered inventory of the State. Ironically, but also prophetically, each was the other. One and all shared an intimacy of darkness, abandonment, and betrayal.

As intended, to enter “the Inside” (as inmates label prison), the initiatory *Admission & Orientation* procedure made “Francis X. Kroncke” 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.” Henceforth, I was forever Francis/ 8867-147, never to be cleaved. Symptomatically, I urged friends, even my closest anti-war accomplices, not to visit, restricting such moments to immediate family members. I just about stopped writing to everyone. I became a slave of the State, doing time, serving The Man.

Being a subhuman meant having no privacy in any aspect. In prison’s “soon absent” realm there was no space provided where I could experience my humanity in any normal sense of the term. My property: an unlockable three-by-three cubicle. There was no place to go for a nanosecond of solitude—the johns were doorless; every tick-and-tock I was watched. I lived exposed like a

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lidless eyeball. What may be incommunicable was the devastating impact of living within an utter absence of privacy—of never being left alone, of always being part of the inmate “Population.” I even slept in collective dorms with up to seventy others, double-bunked—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 went on inventory runs: body counts and asshole numerations. They scanned my blanketed body and checked my digits at 3 a.m.—“x” a box, “Check 8867-147.” All they wanted was my subhuman body, and, since it was not a body I had ever known before, I simply yielded it to them. Like a whore I surrendered my subhuman self, let them do with me whatever they wanted: use me, abuse me, dispose of me. Slavishly, I accepted being a subhuman. I existed, as all subhumans do, with my former “normal” self displaced somewhere, maybe out in some cosmic security locker.

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—an odious, outlaw presence. As a subhuman slave of the State, my body was being slowly but surely sensately rewired. 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.”

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Note well, subhumans sense the world just as humans do but always with a dehumanizing twist. 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 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.

On the Inside, 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. You become The Man's bitch—"Fag!"—as everything that empowers a male is stripped away. I experienced "my body, *not* myself." At any moment it could be, "Bend over! Spread 'em!" Lights out meant listening to the groaning, bed-spring-creaking "Slap the bitch!" romantic banter of prison's sodomitic darkness. What one hears 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.

This experience of "soon absent" ignited a revolution in my understanding of the physical world. I was suddenly present to myself in a way only other inmates could grasp. Simply, I was no longer alive as *only* human. I slipped down an experiential rung and met myself as a

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subordinated, subjected, dispossessed, expendable, disposable, and digitized entity. 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. The transformation was one of mythic proportion and storyline as I had to face the fact that I was a “twice-bodied” human/subhuman. I hope that this sounds as bizarre as I felt as I was upended and swept away by this upheaval.

I had never met anyone who claimed to consciously exist as twice-bodied. The words and images I struggled with to describe my state made me sound schizophrenic or simply mad. All I clearly had was this question from the “soon absent” realm, yet I scarce knew what “Earthfolk” meant, either. The question became a taunting mantra that wreaked havoc throughout my mind and heart for ten years after parole as I wandered in a dark night’s journey. I was unable to fully face the import of the insight that was developing: that if I was to become a truly free and fully integrated person, I had to acknowledge and come to own my subhuman self—learn to live every day as twice-bodied. Strangely, the question conjured up a feeling of deep connectedness, but in a most curious way—uttering “Earthfolk” kept me connected to my *subhuman* heart. Twice-bodied, I began to live in the light as I had in the dark—connected to everyone as intimately One, but linked through and because of my subhumanness.

Only when I came to honestly and fearlessly state aloud and in public that “Yes, I am an Earthfolk!” did this affirmation free me to *consciously* exist as a twice-bodied human/subhuman whose heart was intimate with all others, both humans and subhumans. In doing so, I became a distinct mythic personality—a twice-bodied presence.

Yes, I am an Earthfolk! But why am I asking if you are also?

Globalization

I need you to ponder the question because the world and human existence is undergoing a mythic shift, and the question itself poses a mythic challenge. The shift is popularly described as “the forces of globalization.” While “globalization” is claimed to be happening, there is no clear definition of the term. It is a catch-all for a broadly sensed series of changes in everything from shifts in the climate to corporate identity to technological innovation. Tellingly, in prison’s “soon absent” sector, I experienced the core *emotional* challenge that globalization poses—that is, to honor my global heart.

In the “soon absent” sector, I grasped that I was imprisoned because my protests against the Vietnam War had proven futile and failed to stop *We, the People* from killing other global people. I became an outlaw because I lacked the heart to treat others as subhumans, regardless of how legal and official was their designation as vile and disposable Others: enemies, gooks, Communists, *et al.* More, I had refused to ground my national identity as an American in the act of shedding blood “in service to my country.” In the darkness—outside of the law while Inside—as a subhuman I, as other inmates, had no cultural or ethnic or religious or political identity. I, as others, was simply a number, my 8867-147. Oddly, we were *globally one* with a subhuman heart beating in sync with all subhumans, worldwide. Curiously, as the tiniest of sparks flares most brightly in pitch darkness, just so, as a digitized subhuman, I first touched my global Earthfolk heart. In the “soon absent” zone, I breathed my first breath as a global Earthfolk.

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As did my experience in prison's darkness, so, I hold, does this mythic shift pose a most pressing challenge to your human heart. Indicative of this mythic shift is the fact that as nationalistic identities fade as the call to become a "global citizen" intensifies, so does your global identity stand to redefine your sense of personal identity. As nationalistic and cultural identities shift, even blend or merge, the core question arises as to how you will relate personally to others who have historically and culturally been Other to you—that is, definable as subhuman: to be conquered, dominated, or digitized. In this light, "Are you an Earthfolk?" solicits an answer about your global heart—how you relate to all that exists: inorganic and organic entities. It poses the challenge of your living as a twice-bodied presence, seeking intimacy with all living beings—human and subhuman. Of course, it is apparent that the question requires that you recognize, accept, and integrate your subhuman self. Clearly, you can say "No!" But if you can discern and own your own subhuman self then, against daunting odds, together we can provide a heartfelt vision for guiding the forces of globalization.

The operational question that arises is whether or not you want to experience your subhuman self. Am I suggesting that you go to prison? Or that everyone must enter that sector where *everything human is soon absent*? Yes and no. *Yes*, in that I want you to own the darkness which is the prison system. *No*, in that I don't want you to stay locked down in the "soon absent" sector—although I want you to own that sector as where you will discern the emotional ground for developing your global heart. However, before I present a daily disciplined practice that enables you to enter the "soon absent" sector and begin to nurture your global heart, in preparation, you should clarify (1) how you assess the current quality of life on the planet, (2)

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how you understand the mythic aspects of your sense of identity, and (3) the mythic options that confront you as globalization lurches forward.

As to the first, the quality of life on the planet—is it fair and honest to state that we humans are living in the *worst of times*? Mad men still stockpile nuclear weapons and make contingency plans to use them. In political speak this is heard from our leaders as “All options are on the table.” The question for many is not *if* but *when* will the next nuclear holocaust occur? Post–World War II history could be evidence for the diagnosis that the world, but notably America, is a culture reeling under the impact of nuclear post-traumatic stress syndrome. We cannot seem to stop killing ourselves, whether ecologically, economically, or ethnically.

Is it likewise fair and honest to state that we humans are living in the *best of times*? We are the first humans ever to see our planet from outer space—the Blue Marble. We are the first to be able to claim global citizenry. We are networked through a worldwide web and can share the richness of all cultures and lifestyles. We are poised to imagine a global vision of human love and justice that is inspired by and respects all traditions, and so develop a vision that invites everyone to explore the pathways that lead toward living peacefully and comfortably at home on a living Earth. In brief, to be guided by a vision that sees *you* as a precious Other, as one who is beloved.

Worst or best? Your answer leads to the next, about the mythic aspects of your sense of identity—which, likewise, links back to the “soon absent” sector. Consider that the *worst* answer finds its source in the personal dynamic that is revealed at the core of Western culture’s biblical

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imagination and vision. In the aftermath of the Garden of Eden story, being human means realizing and accepting that one is living in the darkest sector *where everything human is soon absent*—the cosmic zone called Earth. Life on Earth is like the Inside: miserable, an experience of exile, one of being cursed. Emotionally, this vision is grounded in the experience of unceasing dreadful fear. Although nominally human, life on Earth is near inhuman, and the goal of a good life is for us to atone for being human and surrender ourselves to a Redeemer. What is atoned for is the subhuman body, tagged as “fallen.” In a sense, Earthly humans are functionally subhumans and happiness is only realized in the afterlife, off Earth, up in “heaven.”

Tellingly, the prime directive is for humans to exercise dominion over all creatures and things. Equally core is the revelation that in personal relationships the female is to define her meaning through subordination to the male. Furthermore, in a most bizarre way, the female is then to discern and accept that she, and all feminine aspects, are derived from the male body, as from Adam’s flesh. Even more shocking and biologically nonsensical than a male body being the birthing body is the unstated but clearly proclaimed revelation that there is no Mother Goddess, that all humans are *mythically motherless children*. Is not this a revelation that sexual violence—the denial of Her existence and the eradication of the memory of Her, our Mother—is how we males are to honor and practice this dreadful vision?

Is it not proper to describe the biblical Earth as *where everything human is soon absent* if humans are motherless, live in dreadful fear, and all that is feminine is condemned as a devilish dark art?

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Within this dreadful mythic imagination, the “best of times” can only be proclaimed after an apocalyptic End Time event occurs wherein the Old Earth is destroyed and a New Earth is made manifest. Can we accept that this destruction began and is ongoing, soon to be realized in a nuclear holocaust? Of critical note is that the biblical “worst of times” framework is one of a repelling and exiling dualism where all dark, subhuman experiences are to be rejected, atoned for, denounced, and/or fled. In the biblical vision there is no value gained by integrating the subhuman experiences of the “soon absent” sector in a search for one’s full humanity.

In secular terms, while the wording and imagery of this biblically sourced “worst of times” vision are modified or replaced, the core emotional experience of dreadful fear and the devaluation of the feminine is fully expressed through what I term the *Warrior’s Quest vision*. It is a vision that, oddly but somewhat synergistically, has given rise to the “best of times” Earthfolk vision. Understanding this imaginative synergy addresses the required third clarification about the mythic options that are set before you for leading the globalization movement.

Warrior’s Quest Vision

Historically, the Warrior’s Quest vision was fully manifested on the first day of the Nuclear Age, August 6, 1945, when the first-ever weapon of mass destruction, the atomic bomb, was dropped and—as never recorded before in the annals of history—human beings were vaporized. *Poof!* After the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings, investigators saw the blackened *nuked* images of people on walls. They reported that “in Hiroshima [people] were vaporized and literally turned into shadows.” The icon of this Warrior’s Quest is the atomic Mushroom Cloud.

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As America's then foremost general and retiring president, Dwight Eisenhower, forewarned, the Nuclear Age has permanently situated humans in a worst-of-times vision which raises the question whether the whole human race continues to suffer from atomic bomb post-traumatic stress disorder. Globally, humans have continually engaged in endless warring, every major global economy has become militarized, and, of critical note, *someone somewhere* is always being called "enemy" or "a threat to national security"—an odious Other, an outlaw, and a subhuman targeted as disposable "collateral damage."

On December 24, 1968, the image called "Earthrise"—the first-ever photographic image of Earth from outer space—was snapped by an *Apollo 8* astronaut on a military expedition in the moon race against the Commie "Red Menace." Warrior Questers trumpeted victoriously, *The whole planet is ours!* For them one immediate task was to plan for what has become known (through several morphing identities) as the "Star Wars" defense—that is, placing in orbit a flotilla of nuclear armed satellites, effectively controlling outer space. As President John F. Kennedy stated, "We are in a strategic space race with the Russians and we have been losing.... Control of space will be decided in the next decade. If the Soviets control space, they can control Earth, as in the past centuries the nations that controlled the seas dominated the continents." (1960 presidential campaign speech)

But consider this quirky synergy: An unintended impact of "Earthrise" was that it startled many people, like me, as if from a deep sleep, an ancient slumber. It stirred the core depth of our imaginations and set our hearts beating. Instinctively we uttered a primal, "Mother Earth!" Never

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before had any human seen this picture of our home—Spaceship Earth, Blue Marble, Starship Earth. Imaginatively we were happily present at home. We recognized ourselves as one global family. We were swept up in a “One Earth, One Human Family” best-of-times vision.

Here can be traced the historical emergence of the Earthfolk movement as it formed through a series of converging political protest, social justice, and anti-militarization counter-movements to the Warrior’s Quest vision. Continuing until today these interconnected, dissenting views were publicly aired and championed by varied movements, including the Nonviolent, the Civil Rights, the Anti-War, the Women’s, the Gay Rights, the Native American, and the Green, among others.

Yet, while it is fair and honest to say that these counter-movements have impacted, even revolutionized, aspects of the Warrior's Quest imagination, it is also proper to say that they have not altered the core vision of the motherless children mythos or the core dreadful fear that permeates the human heart. Doubtlessly, the Warrior’s Quest vision is deeply embedded in the individual and communal psyche of most people around the globe.

At present, it is the Warrior's Quest vision that energizes the globalization movement. It is a dominion-based and domination-driven vision which stands to transform the whole Earth into a dark sector *where everything human is soon absent*. Of import is that the Warrior’s Quest practices include (1) using violence as the first resort to resolve relational and relationship issues; (2) proclaiming oneself as Good and one’s enemy as Evil; (3) never acknowledging one’s own dark side or inner shadow; (4) using imagery and language to make one’s enemy a subhuman; (5) subordinating and suppressing—even annihilating—feminine ways: visions, powers, truth,

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values and practices; and (6) enacting rituals that seek to redeem one's fallen or lesser self or release one from the bondage of one's earthly existence through shedding blood as sacrificial offering or proof of faithfulness.

The Warrior's Quest story is an ongoing saga of endless warring that is driven by a passionate sexual violence to obliterate the feminine. It anticipates and seeks an End-of-Time cataclysm wherein either the Earth is destroyed and all life annihilated, or the male deity returns to fashion a New Earth, or all human life is thrust into a higher state of ultra-human being.

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At my trial (1971) I was attorney *pro se* in tandem with a seasoned trial lawyer representing my co-defendants. We had been indicted for “sabotage of the national defense” but prosecuted for interfering “by force, violence” with the Selective Service System. We had destroyed thousands of files of men about to be drafted, and in a paper-based world they effectively disappeared from the System, unless they chose to re-register. We faced, and eventually received, the maximum sentence of five years in federal prison.

What is of note, however, is that after eight days of testimony from thirteen witnesses, including several Vietnam veterans, theologians, nonviolent activists, an eminent American historian, and, notably, an ecologist specializing in the impact of herbicides on people—soldiers and civilians—in the war zone, the judge ruled that all of my testimony was “irrelevant and immaterial.” The psychological impact was devastating. This decision was made after the judge had approved my presenting a closing argument, which indicated that

he was allowing my “Defense of Necessity” argument, anchored in the vision and mandates of the Roman Catholic “Documents of Vatican II,” to be decided by jury deliberation. But after my impassioned final close, he yanked a psychic lever and I plunged through a deep hole into a darkness of mind, heart and soul that rendered me a veritable mute. In essence, the judge ruled that I had been a babbling, incoherent, and frivolous near-raving maniac. Imagine hearing, after you witnessed with all your might, intellect, and guts to the deepest truths and beliefs of your life, that you are dismissed as “irrelevant and immaterial.” Truly, while still in the courtroom the judge had anointed me as a subhuman.

To add insult to injury, within a week the local archbishop circulated a letter reprimanding the clergy for allowing me, “a criminal,” into their pulpits. He forbade them from continuing to do so, and, invoking his privilege as diocesan administrator, stated that I had to submit to instruction by his seminary theologians. This was a form of “forced re-education” as I already had a masters degree in theology from a renowned Jesuit university. He closed with, “You have no right to preach in a Catholic Church, nor do you have my permission to do such. With cordial best wishes, sincerely yours in Christ....”

I entered prison having lost my church and country, effectively an outlaw and a heretic. Understand then that, while walking the Yard inside prison, I often reflected, “Why is the government (and the Church) afraid of me?” So afraid that they indicted me as a saboteur and gave me the maximum sentence of five years? After all, I had only destroyed draft files—pieces of paper—and this was my first offense. Something was going on about which I surely was not aware.

Here is where the impact of being “motherless children” and the reality of mythic sexual violence served to open my heart to the Earthfolk question. I realized that my nonviolent activism and resistance to the Vietnam War was saying, on the symbolic and metaphorical level, that “I am trying *not* to be a violent, warrior male!”—or at least, that I was seeking to be nonviolent and would not affirm by honoring the Draft that I would kill for the State or the Church. I was also saying, “I will not call anyone my Enemy.” And, possibly even more threateningly, I was saying, “I want to mother. I want to embrace the Other. I want to honor the preciousness of all people.”

Over time, I realized that it was during my most forlorn moments in the *where everything human is soon absent* sector that I sensed that I was precious and beloved, even as I slowly accepted that I was subhuman. I realized this as I looked at all the other subhumans caged with me and grasped that our heartbeat was one. The prison system had relentlessly labored to strip away every shred of my humanity and dignity, only to enable me to brightly see the humanity in myself and all subhuman Others. All that I had ever striven for, all my time in seminary, monastery, theology schools, and in peacemaking activism, it was all so that I could finally touch my global heart—with subhuman beat and therefore the One Heart of the One Family.

Although I could not intellectually articulate it at the time, this heartfelt moment revealed what prison sought to hide—that *on the Inside, in the realm of the “soon absent,”* I had found a way to become a real human person, through beholding myself and every Other as precious and beloved, every day. Each and all, twice-bodied presences.

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Although the fullness of the Earthfolk vision would unfold slowly over decades, its emergence accelerated near the opening of this millennium as the many activist counter-movements to the Warrior's Quest vision were revitalized by insights provided by advances in ecological sciences, the Internet, and high technology. All around, people began to speak about diverse forms of global and personal interconnectedness. Some spoke about the "web of life," others about "Mother Earth." It was touted that "high tech" led to "high touch," meaning that people around the globe could be instantly in personal communication 24/7/365.

An Earthfolk Invitation

The uniqueness of the Earthfolk movement is defined by the insights provided by *your* experience of your global heart. However, to capture that experience requires dramatic changes in how you open yourself to sensing your body—that is, experience yourself as being fundamentally twice-bodied. It requires that you, in your own manner, touch down inside the "soon absent" sector. If you do so, the most profound mythic shift stands to occur as you touch your global heart and so realize that you have a Mother, here, and that the Earth is alive—itsself, a part of your twice-bodied self. But before inviting you to explore an Earthfolk practice that may enable you to touch your global heart, I will review the essential insights and beliefs of the Earthfolk vision. Doing so will clarify why your effort to touch your global heart is worth the risk of entering the foreboding "soon absent" sector.

In the Earthfolk vision of living peacefully and comfortably at home on the One Earth, the Earth is honored as an eternal living presence. This Living Earth is our Mother. We humans are living

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manifestations of the Living Earth's passionate fire. We are the Living Earth's consciousness and conscience. We are the Living Earth's co-creators of the everyday world.

We Earthfolk seek to live in ecstatic harmony with the beauty and truth of all living presences, making no distinction between "plant," "animal" and "human" beings. We behold every person as a precious beloved, and strive to live peacefully and comfortably at home with all the Living Earth's manifestations—organic and inorganic. We understand spiritual, theological, and religious imagery and language to be a way of imagining how to honor and make present feminine and masculine powers of healing and loving.

Our Earthfolk practices include "living as if I am no one's enemy," and using nonviolence as the first and last resort to resolve relational and relationship issues. We practice nonviolence as a way of creatively channeling and making whole the violent imagination and actions of the Warrior's Quest vision. We accept that Warrior Questers will name you as enemy, but we encourage you to practice "living as if I am no one's enemy" and so not honor or accept that name. In perceiving everyone as beloved, we respectfully embrace them and encourage all to share in the beauty and bountifulness of each one's preciousness. We recognize evil imaginings and actions and immediately and actively resist both while always proclaiming all involved as precious beloveds. We actively and consciously explore our own dark side or inner shadow, using imagery and language that express our and your preciousness.

The Earthfolk story is an ongoing saga of humans manifesting a life of living peacefully and comfortably at home on the Living Earth. We become fully human as we are beheld and as we behold

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others as beloveds, delighting in sharing our mutual preciousness and so making manifest the healing that makes us eternally whole as One Human Family.

Earthfolk Daily Practice

Finally, as to a daily practice. Where once my personal witness of resistance to violence was mainly focused on changing political and social values and institutions, prison, once again, upended me most profoundly as I realized that *I was imprisoning myself!* I was doing so because I was still looking at the world as a Warrior Quester. Even though I used nonviolent witness and methods, I was embodying the Warrior's Quest vision of life as I peered at certain fellow human beings and envisioned them as an odious Other or as a vile enemy, calling guards "hacks" or "goons." I realized that I was keeping alive and even promoting the dominant global vision that fueled globalization's predatory endless warfare.

How then to enable myself and others to see differently, to re-vision and envision anew? I had to *resist myself* by becoming an outlaw to my own lawful world—to plot and effect an escape, scale the barbed-wire fences of the ideological and theological prisons I myself had helped erect! I had to become the change I sought to see in the world. I had to *re-imagine myself*—in short, I had to step up and answer the Earthfolk question! But how could I begin to embrace you as neither Other nor my enemy in endless warfare?

The daily practice I developed was to shift my mythic image of and language about *you*—the Other. I could not do anything to prevent you from naming me as enemy or outlaw or vile Other, but I could *refuse to live as if I am your enemy*. I could daily practice "living as if I am no one's enemy." I could

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reverse the personal dynamic of hating the Other—you—by refusing to accept, in mind and heart, *my* being Other.

This practice often forced me to remember that I had had several seemingly insane days in prison where I felt fully free. I remember walking the Yard, scoping out the tower guards with guns nestled in their elbows, catching the glints of the barbed razor-wire of the perimeter fence...and laughing! More, humming *I am free! I am free!* Truly loony experiences that only made sense years later as I began to practice living as if I am no one's enemy, and sensing the shift in my mythic image of you from Enemy to a sibling in the One Family.

How do you begin this practice if you have never felt that you are Other and, certainly, not a subhuman?

The objective of this simple practice is to reverse the language and imagery that flows so intensely through the Warrior's Quest vision where "someone somewhere" is always being named Other or presented as a subhuman. Just spend some time with mass media, say, consciously watch TV news programs. Carefully observe the imagery and language used about Others, whether it is presented in blaring racist language, such as "towel heads" or "sand jockeys" or "illegal immigrants," or a bit more muted where attacks on minorities are sugar-coated with political code words as is happening with the efforts to restrict access to the vote and so reversing the Voting Rights act. Listen and observe in other group settings such as places of worship. Even there attitudes about the Other (infidels, devils, nonbelievers, and other words) are rampant, often buried under historical layers of prejudice and

judgment so thick but familiar that it takes a great effort on your part to ferret them out. As you listen the technique for reversing is to hear and observe all this and apply it to yourself.

If you have been blessed and never been emotionally abused by being publicly named as Other—even with seemingly popular lingo like “Pig!” or “Scab!” or “Bitch!” or “*Your* kind!”—then you need to practice and practice making yourself Other and opening yourself, progressively, to the subhuman darkness that all these—even popular—words and instances of abuse convey. Once you work with this daily practice, you will sense how the concept of Other plays out in almost every sector of human relationships. Even in professional sports, you often hear how some fans are so invested in really venting hatred about the opposing team. At times such language about and images of the Other simply flies off the charts and leads to fan riots, even deaths. While it is easier to look at the extreme examples of how Others and subhumans are identified in society, such as the extremes of war language where the simple adjective “terrorist” with an accompanying picture instantly evokes visceral repulsion, anger, and a virtual taste of blood on your lips, it is important to practice observing your personal interactions at home, in the office, out in your local community and espy how the Other is spoken about and imaged.

This practice of “living as if I am no one’s enemy” is just a first step; a small but necessary step. Anyone can do it. But it has its risk factors. If you do reverse the personal dynamic of hating the Other, through this practice you will feel all that hatred in your own body. Over time, you will begin to sense your subhuman body—it may react with its own violence of wanting *revenge*! Even revenge against yourself; a tricky psychological reversal. You might feel yourself hating yourself, much like I

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did when I realized that I had imprisoned myself since I was still acting out Warrior's Quest values even in prison where I turned the guards and other inmates into Others and treated them subhumanly.

At this juncture you will face, as I did, *resisting yourself* by becoming an outlaw to your own lawful world. Here is the next step in more actively engaging the Other and seeking out the dark sector *where everything human is soon absent*. You become this outlaw by meeting outlaws, by visiting prisons, spending time with the poor and dispossessed, by being philanthropic not just with your money but with your personal time. It is not difficult, believe me, to find these Others—many look just like me, which is just like you! We are all around you, not far distant from your home and office. Only you, however, can start on this journey towards finding the Other both within and outside of yourself. Only you can open yourself to discovering your global heart as a twice-bodied Earthfolk.

But perseverance in the practice will eventually bring you to a point where you accept your twice-bodied self and walk through your day being *consciously* twice-bodied. You will know that you have reached that stage when, like my loony days in the joint, you will clearly see the Other all around you, sense the Other within you, and walk among all people as twice-bodied, “living as if I am no one's enemy” and humming *I am free! I am free!* As this happens, it will become simply a reflex on your part to begin to image and speak about the Other (which is now *you!*) as precious and beloved.

Over the decades, as I continued this daily practice, the new language of the Earthfolk vision unfolded as I found ways to express how my global heart made me feel about you—notably, as my precious Beloved. Join me in practicing living each day “as if I am no one's enemy.” In doing so, you will slowly open to your global heart, where you will discern and discover that *living as if I am no one's*

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enemy makes you present to your subhuman self. Honoring your subhuman self will unleash a rush of insight and emotional elation as you sense the depth and experience the fullness of your human self. Such happens as you touch your twice-bodied global heart. From this heart, I invite you to join me in exploring how we can embody this new vision and share it with our global family.

All said, *we humans face a perilous choice*. We can either continue to war endlessly and ravage the Earth in terms of people and resources, or we can rise to the challenge and imagine and embody a fresh and vigorous vision to resist predatory Warrior's Quest-led globalization. We can opt to blind ourselves to the realities of that vision of globalized endless warfare, or we can discipline ourselves to see and feel anew. If we choose, we can re-imagine ourselves and begin to live out the emerging vision of the global heart, that of the *Earthfolk*.

What is your answer?

"Are you an Earthfolk?"

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