

THE SECOND JOURNEY

Frank Wiedmann

“We are but fumblers of a quick evolution. The animal we call man has had but the blink of the cosmogonic eye to adjust to the reality of existing in a vertical perpendicular to the earth. It will take thousands of more generations to master this reality — as the cat has mastered the four-legged. Evolution is flowing in this direction and if we participate in awareness and practice of the human upright NOW, we can ride the flow into the state of highest evolution — space-time creativity. Because I know the way, you have come to me over these long journeys.

“Not only must each of us struggle to accomplish the human upright in childhood years, but our bodies are too unformed to adjust properly to the evitable fall, crash, injury of childhood play. To these, the body adapts in the only way it can — chronically tense a muscle, pour in inflexible scar tissue, change the course of bone flow, cease relying on the injured site. And then too — since man can not conceive a thought or create an action which is not preceded by imagery — we learn movement through the images presented by those in front of us. The images we copy are the lethargic, twisted bodies peopling our homes, the block, the society. As if to protect itself, lest someone discover the terrible secret that we are but caricatures of true human potential, society perpetuates an unwritten injunction: KILL ANYTHING THAT MOVES. In these ways that I point out, you and I are stunted. And note well: God has never condescended to enter a crooked spine.

“I have attempted to counteract this bondage. Few today would live as I have chosen, nor would they want to. No matter; I am pioneer and cartographer of the brave new world — the immense labyrinth of the soma, of the living, bodily experience of the whole human being. I dance the sun awake, I cause the solar celebration. I also shimmy the blood and run the mountains. Through movement, I am coterminus with the life forces. Consider: the egg fires into the fallopian tubes at 60 mph; 98% of the atomic particles composing us destruct and recreate each year; the skull bones themselves rhythmically pulsate with every breath. Consider how all life manifesting itself as motion is conscious life — with as much awareness of its environment as the limitations of its motion permits. For these reasons, my explorations are at the source of all activity.

“Ecstasy is as much a natural requirement for the human frame as mineral salts, water and sleep. Man has always known that the way of stillness and the way of movement are the two paths to ecstasy. I have chosen the way of movement. Most people do not accept this path for the simplest of reasons — fatigue. They rush through the paces of the day, and then collapse beside a drink and a television, attempting a relaxation they know they need but do not know how to manage. What they fail to realize is that fatigue is not the result of doing ‘too

much' but of doing ANYTHING incorrectly. Sitting before a television forces the entire musculature to focus on a single point for endless hours and the visceral energy to labor against this unnatural cessation of organic movement. They arise each morning fatigued; functions blunted. The discipline and ecstasy of movement will not be attempted by such people. Yet I will continue somatic exploration until all my movements are as flawless as the movement of an eyelid."

So saying, he flung away his garment with a shout. He hovered; felt the sun climb his spine. He waited for the coming and swimming idea. Upon him, he crouched in the secret released fields of earth; let go the root; passed through the womb. World-space was in pure interchange with his being; counterpoise — he rhythmically happened. Out, out into the swarm of energy in the grain fields; thereafter rising on the wind to his supple inclusion among forest — through the through out leaves of trees into the minds of animals, walking over slain tons of needles. Thinking to cross a blue hollow through the dangers of feeding time, where — for one brief moment — he was again perceived as human flesh. . .then skeleton. . .then the simplest of geometric shapes moving on space. Then, then only a consciousness demanding: "say to the still earth, I flow; speak to the rapid waters, I am. Enter the few steps of the dance that you most are, and like the river that floats your hair freed from your brain, be flowing, resisting, crashing, parting, yielding, plunging, daring, recovering, forgiving, ebbing, swirling, lapping, falling ALL AT ONCE."

Editor's note: *This is the third of four allegories which first appeared in the Deep Creek Review, Telluride, Colorado.*