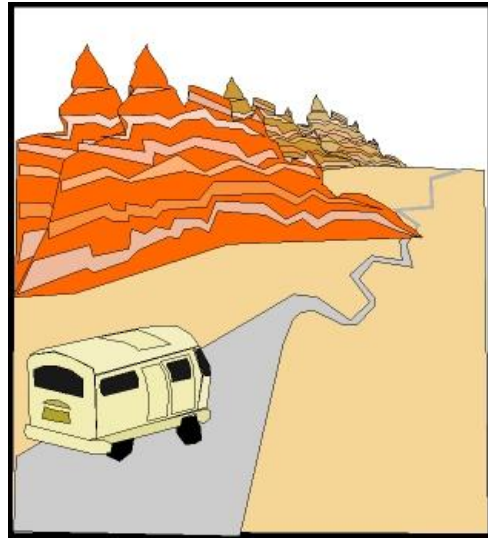


An excerpt from:



Navaho Arizona, population 64

After a few minutes of watching the young man study the menagerie of curios that gilded the van's interior, I waited for him to verbalize the question. We've been meditating daily for several years now and studying a variety of spiritual paths. We'd also done studies on how to enhance one's psychic abilities. Often we startled people, including each other, with the ability to anticipate their thoughts. Answering questions early, was always interesting, answers cesarean born. Sometimes though premature, they were correct.

I watched as he examined the van's decorations. He was trying to figure out what all the symbols and pictures meant. Rather than get into an in-depth and unnecessary explanation, I decided to explain as simply as possible, "We're magicians," I told him. He didn't know whether to be more surprised that I had answered his question before he'd asked, or the nature of the explanation. He just nodded, assuming that the matter was settled. I decided to determine just what kind of fool he was. We knew what kind of fools we were. I wanted to know a little about him, before I could relax having this stranger in our vehicle, for what could be days, as we worked our way east at a roaring speed of thirty-five to forty miles per hour across the sun-baked landscape.

I asked "What's your name?" "Aww, you don't want to know my name. It's a dumb name." He offered, using what sounded like *a completely prerecorded answer*. **Reel four**, if I'm not mistaken. He then looked quickly to the floor, away from my eyes in the mirror. I was not pleased, he was being evasive. This was a new psychosis. I would be reasonable. If he actually

didn't like his "REAL NAME" he could have done what many of our tribe had done, create a new more exciting persona. Renew and refresh voila! ! A new tag is born. He just wasn't that creative. Didn't know he had the option. He was, honestly ashamed of his name. No not a matter of danger, I realized, just embarrassment. I got a flash, a fix! My wife looked at me with disbelief, is this guy for real? I saw her train of thought. He didn't think he had an alternative, to "HIS... DUMB... NAME".

We had friends who renamed themselves regularly. I'd worn several names myself, in just the last few years settling with my initiation name of NEMO as my current favorite. We knew a Peacemaker, Tree, a Bear, an Asha and a Double A, of course we also knew innumerable Rainbows, Sunshines and even an Om Susannah. During a particularly psychedelic epoch, I went by "*Peter Purple*". I saw the answer, and I leapt for it.

My muse suggested that if I was bold, I could give our young friend a new insight to his name. My skeptical self roared back on his heels and nearly toppled over, are YOU KIDDING? This boy has a problem with his name and you think you can give him INSIGHT? Slip him an instant tab of self knowledge from your lofty height of hippie-wisdom? We'd just seen rough hippie wisdom, and it wasn't pretty. You think that your gleanings from the wisdom of the east can assist? Your philosophy studies have given you the right to assume that you could "HELP" this boy? How presumptuous!

Still so gently into my ear, my muse whispered "give it a go". Why not? I began gingerly walking out on the frozen lake. I turned back to him and said, "I bet there is something so wonderful, about your name, if you tell me. I will tell you something amazing about it. I will tell you something about your name that makes your name majestic."

My darling looked over, in complete disbelief. "Nah," he said. "I got a really dumb name." I said, "What do you have to lose?" He shrugged, and said, wincing just to pronounce it. "Mah names' Homer." He said, looking at the floor. "Homer," I relaxed, "are you kidding, that's a wonderful ancient name." "Nah," he said, "it's just dumb." *HOMER, HOMER*. You could hear from the way he said it, his own name was a curse, a word of disparagement, it had been used against him and he dragged it around, like a two hundred and fifty pound weight. He hurt, each time he forced himself to say it. *Hang up your shingle, bingle.*

I picked it up and knocked it out of the park. "Ever heard of Ulysses?" I asked. "Sure," he says, "now that's a name." "What do you know about Ulysses?", I asked, watching his face in the mirror. "Well, he's some ancient Greek warrior, I think," he said, puzzled. "You know how long ago he lived?", I asked. "Long ago", he agreed. "He lived over twenty centuries ago, in fact before the rise and fall of Rome. Before Christ! Do you know how you know, about Ulysses?" "Nope." he said. *I smiled as I leaned back to knock it over the back wall. Completely out of the park.*

"We know about this proud and wise warrior, because a poet named **HOMER** wrote about him, over twenty centuries ago." He was such a great poet, we still know the story he that he passed down through the centuries." He sat back, quieter than he had been before. He was processing some startling data. We just smiled in the front seat. **Wisdom and insight 'R us.** ...



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