

AUTHENTICITY: Inhabiting Wildly Tender Revolution

When you live from your intuitive core, your belly, your heart, let your soul lead and spirit guide you, your words and actions will be naturally subversive.

You will go to your edge. You will soften. Become wildly tender.

Question is, will you wholly inhabit your own revolution? In beauty? This inner revolution is a perpetual ceremony of the heart. It's what you are for.

When you are real, cooked down to essence, rather than half-baked to get approval, to look good, the projections from others may fly, seek you out and try to stick to you. Don't let them. Instead, let your authenticity support you in carrying on whole-hearted, vulnerable conversation to resolve whatever arises. It is hard work. Uncomfortable. Deeply human. Can be harrowing. And often downright delicious. Intimate. Naked. Courageous work marked by your solid presence. Here. Now.

I'd rather be whole than good, C. G. Jung said. And by whole, he meant real, messy, ensouled, deeply human, heart-broken open with compassion flowing first to ourselves, to resource and prepare to let it flow widely, to others.

Being too comfortable, amenable, pliable to the point of contorting yourself — is a ticket to selling your soul right up the river. Don't buy it. When you live from your own knowing-ness, from your gut and your wildly-rooted intelligence, you feel alive. Genuinely, madly, creatively alive.

Being real — true to your Self, your soul — is gritty. And grit causes friction, makes fire to clear the way for living a revolutionary act. This act is marked by action that the earth and the soul of the world are crying out for. And the cry is going to get louder, more pain-filled, and grievous before enough souls answer wholeheartedly.

When you get real, it is actually not about you. Your individual program is only the ground from which you step. From which you step and choose whether you will make this life of yours a walk of grit and beauty, or one of accommodation to the forces that insist you do it their way, be well-behaved, produce, consume, make nice, and as the poet, Mary Oliver says, 'barely breathing and calling it a life.'

Thing is we're not talking a self-improvement project; that's only the gateway. We are being used. By Spirit. One way or the other: we go consciously or we are abducted — individually and collectively, now. So it's a great time to dive in.

When we realize we have no choice but to offer ourselves up — like a sacrifice — to the mystery of Great Spirit's guidance, this guidance insists on shaping us as a soul-centered contributor. And we're in it! Soul's got us. And Spirit carries us along. We're goners to those egoic, mechanistic, competitive ways; the ways that have undone the earth and so many souls who walk the earth, swim

her waters, send roots down into her and watch from the skies.

To inhabit your own core, your vital, knowing center and a soul-centered way of being, you need to do the inner excavation. What we call, in Jungian psychology-speak, Shadow work and in shamanic-speak, Underworld soul work, including ego-dismemberment work to heal old wounds and retrieve parts of your soul you had otherwise disowned or split off. We need these pieces of our souls, as well as aspects of our bodies, and our connection with Spirit, and with the earth, along with the Other-than-human-ones and wild intelligent forms of life — to feel deliciously alive, ready to roll, to serve this crying earth and love 'em up.

This is real adult work, asking everything of you. And will alter your world completely, but before that happens you'll be met with severing old ways, dismemberment, metaphoric death, dreams, visions — both lovely and horrifically heart-pounding, yummy, gut-wrenching, Beauty, raging tears, sweet snot, broken open heart, blue-shimmering darkness, warm, comforting light. Rebirth. Love. Hope. A deep sense of connection with it all. And a palpable knowing of what you are for.

So it's a slow dive, a conscious descent into the depths of your soul, the dark ground of your being and your dreams: the Underworld of your psyche. This is vital work — no way around it — to discover what you've tucked away in the archetypal Shadow of your own psyche. If you're lucky you will unearth what you had otherwise disowned to adapt to the egoic, mechanistic, competitive, earth-ravaging ways of modern Western culture. And most often, these pieces of your otherwise whole psyche that you had disowned are what makes you utterly You. Beautifully. Creatively. Wildly alive. Authentically so. You. And you are needed here.

Your essential soul's powers — what you were born with before you lost track of them and they, you — are to be found there, in that excavation into your dark depths, awaiting you to carry them home, like mama leopard carries kitties. With a fierce tenderness, knowing that all life — yours, your beloveds, the earth, humans and other than humans — is at stake. The world needs you to be fully alive. Real. The world needs you to find, bring home and embody your soul's gifts and healing powers. It's messy work. It's what we are for.

When you are transparent, you will stand out as you are truly seen. When you are transparent, others can "see through" you into you as your heart and true essence shines. You are clear, direct and kind. You are not an enigma; you don't leave people scratching their heads wondering what you just said and did.

You do not hide. You are honest to the bone. You are courage enfleshed.



When you are congruent, you are wholistically aligned. What you think, say, feel in your heart, feel in your body and the actions you take line up to support and reflect each other. You know it in your body, often in your gut, when you put your attention there.

Congruent. Authenticity happens in the guts and bowels of your life. Being authentic is the grunt-work of the soul, of any deeply human, spiritual path. Being half here, half there, half-hearted, faking it to look good, strategizing to make things easier for your self -- that's the common way of the unconscious clotted middle, driven by our egoic, addicted culture. It's a way that lacks wholeheartedness. Lacks real courage to let the heart break. Shatter. Broken whole and holy open to finally know compassion for self, others, earth. To live and love — on-fire, fully alive, juiced and ready to serve.

Being authentic and soul-centered costs you your ticket to ride from the collective mainstream to the illusion of safe and secure. And opens the door to your bloody and glistening, broken whole heart — reveals to you the honey of this wildly delicious, messy life. Leaves you and those you touch, feeling radically free. Without choice now. Solid and light. Authenticity strips away all that is NOT real. All that is not made from love, to love. All that is of enriched soul and in-spired Spirit remains. There is no living a soul-centered life without being authentic — without mustering the courage to do the excavating in the dark: the Shadow work.

Again, C. G. Jung: 'People will do anything, no matter how absurd, to avoid facing their own souls.' What will you do?

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THE MUIR REPORT

Will the real **Shithole** Country please stand up... while looking through an open picture window of a bar in North Beach, watching the football game, with two street people, we saw an ad asking for donations for a group purporting to help poor Africans.

The ad featured a woman with a child living in a thatched hut, on a piece of dirt, cooking a meal over a wood fire. Upon seeing the ad, one of the homeless men blurted out, "Jesus, look at that, I'd give my right arm to have a thatched hut and a warm fire and a piece of dirt to squat on, it would be a damn sight better than living in a leaky tent on a piece of cold sidewalk, worrying about the police stealing all my stuff". It's come to this.

Meanwhile a delegation from the United Nations went to the tent encampment in Berkeley, in front of the Municipal building and declared it cruel and unusual punishment in direct violation of the **U.N.s** bill of rights guaranteeing everyone a safe place to live. Which is the real shithole country?

The mean streak extends to undocumented workers. ICE agents systematically raided 7-11 stores, public transit busses and work sites in their never ending battle to bring justice to the poorest and hardest working group in the country. Entire families were broken up, grandparents displaced and children disappeared. This, all occurring in a year touted as the most

prosperous on record. There must be a direct correlation between riches and misery. Money knows no borders, it can travel unrestricted all over the globe, while workers must endure unspeakable suffering for merely going where the work is. Crime is rape, murder and theft, not trying to support one's family. no one with callouses on their hands should be subjected to this indignity.

It wasn't that long ago that we complained black people weren't working enough, now we complain brown people are working too much. Meanness, like heroin and alcohol is an addiction. no school yard bully ever stopped after beating up one weaker student, nor will the government stop the ongoing harassment of the poor. The only question is, "who's next. Martin Luther King said "**We may have all come here on different ships but we are all in the same boat now**", headed for the shoals. Up is down and down is up, Trump's reign has forced us to rewrite some famous quotations. The expression used to be, "**never attribute to malice what can be explained by stupidity**," it now is, "**don't attribute to stupidity what can be explained by malice**." Mencken said "**The U.S. consisted of jackasses led by jackals**," now it is "**jackals led by jackasses**."

"**Behind every great fortune there is a great crime**," now should be, "**Behind every great crime is a great fortune**."

The women's march was well attended and generally peaceful. The best poster was carried by a dignified older lady and read "I'd call Trump a cunt but he lacks warmth and depth". Looking forward to seeing you all at the next march.

- Muir Walker