The Evolution of Creation

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The Evolution of Creation

O. K., this is it. This time I'm going to write it down for good. I don't know why, but I just couldn't get myself to sit down and write what has really happened. After all, it shouldn't be too hard. I mean, I lived it, I was there. Maybe I'm scared of what could happen to me, to history, to humanity once people find out my truth, the truth. Maybe I'm just scared of the truth itself. Or maybe I'm just afraid to be wrong again and that my truth is no truth at all. Oh well, who is going to read this anyway? I'm probably making it more difficult than it needs to be. I'm just going to take a deep breath and start at the beginning.

In the beginning there was God, at least that's who I'm starting out with. God was all powerful and all knowing. Well, actually God wasn't all knowing, nobody is. I could be all knowing if I wanted to but I think it would get boring after a while; there would be no anticipation, no surprises, no truths to search for. God, on the other hand, was all knowing in the sense that he knew as much as there was for him to know at the time without me telling him anything.

But, of course, telling him anything was out of the question because I wasn't physically there. In fact, nobody else was. It was just God. God was all alone, living in an empty darkness, void of features and beings. He had no friends, no enemies, no teachers, no lovers, no parents, not even TV. He had nothing. This fact had a great deal to do with how much he could know.
I guess this is a good place to pause and tell you about his sex, which was among the many things that he didn't know. In fact, I don't even know that. By being the only being around, he didn't have much of a chance to compare his anatomical parts to that of others and, therefore, place them into their proper categories. Besides, whether he had a penis or a vagina wouldn't have made a significant difference since they couldn't have been put to their normal sexual uses anyway. What is either one going to do without the other? They just become feelingless parts like noses with nothing to smell and eyes with nothing to see. Without the power struggle between the two, since it takes two to have a power struggle, they are as good as foreheads and appendixes.

So you might be wondering why I keep using "he" and "his" to talk about "God" and "God's" if neither I nor he know what sex he was, and there is a very simple answer-- I'm a guy, at least I think I am. Since I didn't want to bore you by using "God" and "God's" throughout the whole narration, I decided that I needed something to replace them every once in a while. At first I didn't want to use the male pronoun because men have taken advantage of it for hundreds of years. But the female pronoun is too popular nowadays and I'm getting tired of hearing it. I also didn't want to use "it" and "its" because it is too disrespectful. So I was left with the choice of making up a sexless one such as "dre" or "dfghg" or "agx", or just sticking with my own pronoun: "he". If I had been a woman, and I'm not ruling out
the possibility of ever becoming one, I would have used "she," but I'm not so I won't.

Anyway, God was all alone in the vastness of space. The kingdom of our powerful creator was more like a torture chamber out of a Tom Clancy novel, where the evil Commie agents submerge the brave American spies into a special pool where they can't see, hear, or feel anything until they agree to cooperate, than the lighted blue ceilings and white floors the average Jack imagines. One major difference between Tom's torture chamber and heaven's is that God had the chance to feel himself; so at least he knew he existed.

God was all and everything. Not even a particle of dust existed anywhere else in heaven. He lived in a Newtonian fantasy. There was no gravity to pull him down, up, or sideways, no wind to slow him down, no sun to warm him up. He just floated in mid-vacuum waiting for Newton to give him a slight push and send him into perpetual motion. But of course, if such event had happened, the absence of wind and points of relation would have prevented him from noticing even the slightest difference. Motion and rest are one and the same in a complete vacuum with no place to go and nothing to see.

So God just floated in heaven, either in one place or across its vastness, growing older and, slowly, wiser. Nature or nurture? That's been the ageless question of psychology. Damn those laws of ethics that won't allow a regular experimenter like you and me to place newborns in small, dark closets with nothing but the occasional
food to keep them alive! We are limited to the natural occurrence of dysfunctional fathers and mothers who lock their children in the attic, bedroom, or closet; but even under these (un)fortunate circumstances the subjects get more than zero environmental stimulus. But ho! What's this? There must be a god out there! A psychologist's wet dream-- absolutely no external factors to corrupt our data, no need to feed the subject, and studying one subject out of 3.5 billion might not be very reliable, but when it is one out of one, we can be 100 percent sure that whatever our results are will apply to the entire population.

Unaware of my/our continuous research God lived his normal life. Day after day, night after night, he slowly matured on his own. Of course he did not know what was day and what was night, but if he had had a watch, especially one of those nuclear ones that loses a second every trillion years plus or minus one, he would have known exactly what time of the day it was.

And God lived. Unlike a kid that has been shut in a closet, he didn't get any bigger; there weren't any extra atoms to make new cells. The only changes were in his brain. It was molding itself from a formless glump of matter, much like a newborn's, into that of an adult god's. Neurons slowly became myelinated by using excess fat from other parts of the brain. They became faster and stronger. God was developing from the little kid he was born as into an adult; he was becoming a man.

By now you might be wondering what God did besides grow. I mean, everybody grows, but growing is such a small part of our lives. We grow
automatically, so we have time to think and do other things, like watch TV. One thing for sure is that God didn't watch any TV. Not only he didn't have a television, but there weren't any TV stations to broadcast any shows, nor anything to broadcast. Think back to your childhood summer days-- especially those days when you had been watching TV for six straight hours and your dad or mom was beginning to have that why-don't-you-go-out-and-play-or-go-read-a-book look. What did you do? Most of you, like me, either went out to play or read a book. What did God do? He couldn't go outside, because he was already there. He couldn't play either, because there was nobody and nothing to play with, except for himself. He couldn't just read a book because there weren't any and if there had been, there wasn't any light to stimulate the rods and the cones in his eyes. So what did we do when there wasn't anything to do and dad or mom had just turned off the TV? Most of us probably just went outside, sat somewhere and daydreamed about a fire or some other catastrophe hitting our homes and either: 1. we were inside and saved the whole family, or 2. we were outside and everybody inside died because we weren't there to save them. But, most importantly, we thought. And that's what God did most of his free time; the rest he slept.

But he didn't think about saving his family or being some superhero or winning the race around the world. In fact, at first, he didn't think about anything. If he had been a human baby, he might have thought about being hungry or cold or wet; but since he couldn't experience any of these things, he never thought of them. As his
brain developed and he began to think, he noticed, like one and two year olds, that he was something and that he could touch things that felt being touched; he was somebody. The next stage for children usually involves their interaction with others. They learn that they are expected to follow some rules and that breaking them leads to punishment. They also learn that different people play different roles in life and that all these roles have a unifying motive; whatever it may be. Well, needless to say, even though I'm going to say it, God skipped this stage. This doesn't mean that he stopped developing; his brain just moved along into the next stages.

As he got older, his thinking became more abstract; which is the next stage of development. He was able to think about the future, a very monotonous future. He knew that at times he would sleep, and that at other times he would just be there, with any luck, thinking about something. He also knew that he would be thinking about what he was going to be thinking about the next time he was thinking and the time after that. Everyday was a routine--he would sleep, wake up, either daydream or think about thinking, and then go back to sleep.

I also like to sleep and think, but, most of all I like to daydream. I usually daydream about someday being somebody important, doing big, important, secret things. I dream of being a good ruler who cares about the little people and not just about himself or the powerful people. I daydream about being a vicious ruler, surrounded by sex slaves and little people that do whatever I tell them to. Sometimes I daydream about being the best athlete in the world and that nobody can
stop me. Other times I just dream about being a good writer writing the best book ever. But I never do any of the things I dream about, because I spend all my time dreaming about how great I can be and not enough time doing something about it. I can see in my mind the finished product of what I would like to be, but the enormity of such achievement leaves me drained of all my will. But, frankly, whenever I take a realistic look at my goals, I doubt that anybody could ever reach them. Not even the most perfect god.

And God was as perfect as he could be. As in the matter of his sex, since he was the only being around, he didn't have a chance to compare himself to others. So he couldn't feel superior or inferior. For all I know, he could have been the biggest tyrant ever, but since he didn't have other beings and things to destroy, he could not prove his tyranny. Picture Hitler or Stalin or the meanest, most conservative congressman living by himself in a world of nothing. Would any of these individuals be able to benefit by trying to destroy nothing? Of course not. They would actually be the best beings around since there wouldn't be anyone better.

So God was the best and the most knowledgeable and the most powerful and the only being in the universe. He continued to grow older and his thinking became even more abstract. His developmental stage was now equivalent to that of a teenager's. He began to think of the possibility of there being other beings like him out there. Maybe he wasn't the only one of whatever he was. Similarly to our search for other intelligent beings in our and other galaxies, he hoped that he would
be able to find something that he could touch but that at the same time did not cause him the feeling of being touched. In other words, touch something that wasn't he. The problem was that he didn't know how to go around looking for those other beings. How was he going to search from place to place when, as far as we knew, although he didn't know it, he might have already been cruising through the universe at light speed. He had nowhere to go and no way of getting there. He was trapped in his own body. By being everything he denied himself of the possibly of meeting anybody new. He didn't even give himself the pleasure of noticing any change in directions or any sensation of movement, which might have given him hope of actually going somewhere and feeling that he was at least searching for something. All he could do, though, was just wait and hope that somebody found him. In the meantime, he would just daydream of the time when somebody would.

As I have already said, God was developmentally a teenager. Even though he had lived for many, many years, probably even millions, the total lack of stimulation had forced him to be in the mental puberty stage at the time when most humans would have already been the next generation of automotive fuels. In our society, a person with that type of developmental progress would be considered retarded. In his, he was a normal, teenage god. In our society teenagers aren't normal. Actually, nobody is, but teenagers are even less. By normal I mean a person who consistently thinks in a rational way. One second teenagers will think they have complete power over anything, they cannot be stopped by anybody, they will live forever, they are
gods of the universe. The next second they'll be hating their lives and trying to kill
themselves. In God's society they weren't much different.

When I was a teenager, I was alone most of the time. I didn't have many friends,
and the few I had weren't very close to me. The weird thing is that I did not feel too
bad most of the time since I was used to being by myself and it just felt normal. I
would just stay in my room, listen to the radio, do homework, and daydream a lot.
The only times I really felt down were when I would think of all the fun others were
having while I was just staying in my room daydreaming about having fun with
them. Any person will feel normal until he or she begins to compare oneself to
others. That's where self-esteem, or lack of, comes from. We either feed from
others or let others feed from us.

God didn't have anybody to feed off and nobody to feed. He was completely
alone, so he could only compare himself to the himself-in-the-daydreams. The fact
that the god in the daydreams seemed to find new and more interesting things to do
and to interact with fed off him. For the teenager he was, it seemed to him that he
had lived for an eternity in total darkness. Actually, in his case, he had been living
for an eternity. He was tired of being alone, of having only himself to touch. He
had eyes, a nose, a mouth, ears, two arms with two hands with ten fingers, two long
legs with two feet with ten toes. He didn't know the names of these parts, nobody
had ever labeled them for him, but he knew he had them. Year after year he had
gone from head to toes and from toes to head feeling himself, hoping that something
had changed, hoping that he had new and mysterious appendages that he could explore. But after millions of years his body was still the same. If he had known that his brain had been evolving, he might have felt some anticipation about what kind of god he would turn out to be. But he could not feel his brain. All he could feel were the same things he had felt ever since he could remember.

His brain was evolving and everything else was not. His brain wanted change and everything else did not. The monotony of everything did not suit the visionary brain very well. Over the millions of years, it had gotten to know everything about the body it controlled and the universe it lived in to the most minute detail. It felt trapped in a body that did not care about getting better; a body that was satisfied with what it was and what it would be millions of years to come. The sense of stagnation sickened it. At times it thought that it was going to explode if nothing new happened. But nothing did happen, and it never exploded. At times like this, when it became very agitated, it just tried to relax, and, thanks to the tranquility of its body, sooner or later it would. God sometimes would catch his brain thinking much faster than it should. He could notice this because his heart would start beating very fast and there would be a great deal of pressure around his chest area and in his head. If there had been any oxygen out in the environment, he would have taken deep, slow breaths. But since there wasn't, all he could do was go through the motions, which seemed to work just as well. His chest cavity would expand with the oxygen that was already circulating in his blood, and all this oxygen
would be sent to the brain, where the abundance of it would cause the brain cells to become inebriated with oxygen and to slow down. If he was lucky, he would relax enough to fall asleep. If he wasn't, he would try to think calmly of ways to deal with his situation. He realized he needed to do something about the agitation that had been going on in his brain lately. There were only two things he could do. He either needed to find something new, which he had already been trying to do for years, or he needed to get his brain to accept what and where he was. This second choice would be just as difficult since the brain sometimes seemed to take control of everything and there wasn't anything he could do about it. Or, as a third alternative, he could try to sabotage his brain so that it would not be able to take over anymore.

This, as most rational thinkers would think, was one of the craziest ideas of all times. Actually, I've had some pretty crazy ideas myself, but what differentiates his ideas from mine is that mine stayed mostly in my daydreams until they lost strength and were displaced by other ideas. God, on the other hand, was desperate. His ideas came from the real God, not the one in the daydreams. This other one was the one having all the fun and causing the real one to think of crazy ways to stop all that imaginary and impossible fun. His ideas were fueled by a hyperactive brain that was trying to think of all the possible ways it could stop itself. And he had finally thought of one. It was very simple; he just had to find a way to sabotage his brain.

In our society there are many ways kids attempt and sometimes succeed in sabotaging their brains. They've heard, seen, and read about other people and their
tactics via a sensationalistic media solely interested in the profits such stories bring. They are left with the mystery of what it feels like to succeed in such endeavor. I know because sometimes, specially when I'm feeling down, I wonder what it would be like to feel nothing. I'm sure that feeling nothing must be a lot better than feeling bad. The problem is: what if by feeling nothing I miss out on enough good times that would have, in the long run, overcompensated for all the bad times? Besides, society does not admire a person that either voluntarily or involuntarily permanently feels nothing as much as a person that does or will in the future. As a nameless infantry colonel once said when referring to a soldier that had been temporarily been put to sleep: "How nice-- to feel nothing, and still get full credit for being alive." A dead Washington is not as useful as a breathing one. Even I am more useful than a dead Washington.

In God's case, not only he had never heard of other beings ever sabotaging their brains-- these would come much later-- but he also didn't know about some of the more popular tools they employed. Considering that there wasn't anything useful on hand, he would have to use his brain to come up with something. This wouldn't be the easiest task in the universe since there weren't any materials lying around and he had no idea what useful tools looked like. At least, though, he knew what the purpose of such a tool was: to stop his brain from thinking; and with this final goal at hand, he could work his way from beginning to end.
The first task was to find some materials he could use. Since he was composed of
everything, whatever material he used would have to come from him. With his
hands, he worked his way up and down his body, like countless other times, looking
for something he didn't need. He was pretty sure that he couldn't use his head for
two reasons. The first one being that it was just too hard to shape into anything
else. The second one was that, even though he didn't know the exact purposes for
each part of his body, he knew that whenever he was thinking a lot something inside
his head would hurt, so maybe this was the place where all his thoughts came from.
Therefore, it was the place he had to sabotage. Going down his body, he came onto
his arms and hands. He needed them to make whatever he was going to use, so he
couldn't depart from them. His torso was too hard on top and the lower portion
didn't have any distinguishable features he could use. All that he was left with were
his legs, but they were so big that he thought that he would feel weird without one
or both of them. He was almost back to where he had started. Except that now he
knew that anything outside was off limits. If he was going to find something, it
would be inside, in that soft area in the lower part of his torso.

Without much thought, he closed his eyes tightly, stretched his right arm as far
back as he could, and with one smooth and powerful swing penetrated his body just
below the rib cage. The moisture of his slimy insides grossed him out. He quickly
searched for the first thing he could grab, and as his arm muscles were reacting to
the brain's command to pull whatever it was out, his brain realized as an
afterthought that what he was doing would probably hurt a lot, but it was too late. Out came his hand with the chosen organ. His left hand instinctively swept over the open wound and closed it. Nothing else came out, and all signs of the entry were gone. Contrary to his afterthought, and much to his amazement and delight, no pain followed. He waited for a few minutes, or a few days, to him there was no difference, for a late reaction from his nerve cells, but it never came. With his left hand he went over the surface of the organ, but there weren't any recognizable features. He wondered what it was that he had taken out. It had already been a few days, or weeks, and he wasn't feeling bad. Actually, he didn't feel any different. Whatever it was, he figured he hadn't used much when it was inside, or else he would be feeling the effects of its absence. Of course, he would never know what it was. If there had been any light for him to see and if he had taken an anatomy class, he might have known, but there wasn't, so he didn't. We would know what it was because we have light and anatomy classes. And if we were taking a test in that class and the professor asked us what it was, we could answer confidently that that organ was an appendix.

So, unknowingly, he had pulled out of his body the only organ that he didn't need in order to shape it into something that he did. Now that he had the materials he needed, he just had to figure out what the tool was going to look like. For this, he let his instincts, which had been doing pretty good lately, guide his hands. Like a
kid shaping a lump of clay into an ashtray, God worked enthusiastically in his new project for days.

Whatever he was going to have to make, would need to have a comfortable handle so he could hold it. So his instinct said: "Let there be a handle," and his hands worked frantically shaping one end of the appendix until there was a handle; and God saw that the handle was good, and he called it "a handle." So he felt tired and went to sleep, the first day.

When he woke up, his instincts realized that the handle would need to be connected to two barrels. For what reason, he did not know, but he figured that he would find out sooner or later. So his instincts said: "Let there be barrels, two of them, to separate the right from the left." And the hands shaped the other end of the appendix until there were two long, tube-like barrels connected to the handle at a slight angle; and God saw that the barrels were good, so he called one "the left barrel" and the other one "the right barrel." He then felt tired and went to sleep, a second day.

The next time he woke up he grabbed his creation and made a tactile inventory of what he had so far, which was not much. So far he only had a handle, two barrels, and a small lump of appendix left over. He asked his instinct what was next. And the instinct said: "Let there be a trigger to trigger this thing." So the hands took a little piece of appendix from the remaining lump and shaped it into a trigger, and placed it where the barrels and the handle made the smaller of the two
angles. God saw that the trigger was good, and he called it "trigger." He then noticed that he was tired from all the work and went to sleep, a third day.

When he woke up again, he realized that his creation could be a very dangerous tool if it wasn't handled properly. So he said to his instinct: "This is very dangerous. Do something to it so I can be in safety." And the instinct said: "OK. Let there be a safety, so the trigger won't trigger itself." So the hands grabbed the last lump of appendix and shaped it into a safety. God saw that the safety was good and felt a sense of relief at being in safety; so he called it "safety." Feeling safe and tired from all the work, he went to sleep, a fourth day.

When he woke up again, he picked up his creation and examined it closely. It was finished. "Almost," said his instinct. "Let there be shells, two of them, one for each barrel." But the hands replied that they had already used up the appendix, and there weren't any materials left. So the instinct said: "Not to worry, I'll find some." And the hands once again searched up and down God's body looking for more material until they rested on the soft curves of the eyes; and at the next command, they plucked them. A slight pain rushed up the nerve cells, but before it had reached the brain, his left hand had already given his right one its eye, and in one smooth motion swept over the open wounds and closed them back up. Continuing its path, the left hand went back to the right and both hands began turning the eyes into shotgun shells. And when they were done, God saw that they were good and
called them "shotgun shells," and placed one in each barrel. With that done, he noticed that he was tired and went to sleep again, a fifth day.

The first thing he did when he woke up was to grab his completed creation, and this time his instinct said: "Now it's done." And even though he still didn't know how his creation worked, for the first time in many years, God noticed that he felt good. For five days he had been so completely absorbed in making that tool that he had not had time to feel sorry for himself for being all alone. Besides, now he wasn't alone anymore. There was something out there that he could touch that did not make him feel being touched. And God was happy. He realized that if he could make this, he could make other things as well. He felt powerful. And before he could lose this newfound power and happiness, he instinctively said: "Let there be light," released the safety, opened his mouth put the end of the barrels in, and pulled the trigger. In that split second that it took the mechanisms to activate each other and to send the shells racing down the barrel, now that the all the pieces were in place, he finally got to understand how the tool he had created worked. The handle, of course, was designed so he could comfortably hold the tool with his shooting hand and at the same time have an easy access to the trigger. By pulling the trigger with one of his fingers, he would cause the shells to be shot through the barrels, which were being held up by his other hand, toward the intended destination. This time, however, by the way he was holding the shotgun, instead of having one hand holding the handle and the other one underneath the barrels, he had them both
holding the shotgun from the top, right above the trigger. From this position, the trigger was not as easy to get to with his fingers, so he used his thumbs which could reach it just fine. The other end of the shotgun, of course, was being held by his mandible, so it didn't matter that both thumbs had pulled the trigger.

"So it was; and God saw all that he had made, and it was very good. Evening came, and morning came, a sixth day." Genesis 1:31.

And there was light, which was followed by a loud explosion, a big bang.

"On the sixth day God completed all the work he had been doing, and on the seventh day he ceased from all his work." Genesis 2:2-3.

And on the seventh day God was at rest.

Evening went and morning came. For the first time since God had first come to be, there was light. God left and we came-- a few years later.

By the way, last night I lost one of my best friends-- if not the best-- again. The reason I lost her this time, like all the other times, is that she is a girl and wants to be my friend, and I'm a guy, as I have already told you, and want to be her friend... and more. And it's that "more" that keeps fucking things up. For as long as I've known her I've known how she feels about me and she's known how I feel about her, so in order to hang out with her I convince myself that I can control the "more" or that the "more" doesn't exist anymore, but every time we have a good time the "more" pops back up again and the friendship goes down the drain again. And so, I hurt her
because I can't be the "true" friend she thought I was, and I hurt myself because I realize how much I want that "more" from her and because I realize that I have just hurt her again. And this cycle has repeated itself over and over again and probably will in the future unless I do something about it. The problem is, what can I do about it? And once I think I've done something about it, how will I know that I really have?

Well, actually I already know what I need--a complete personality overhaul. I need a physical/mental/emotional/spiritual cleansing of biblical proportions. Sort of like the story of BGod* flooding the whole world to get rid of what he didn't want.

*Time out. I hereby declare that BGod stands for Bible God, not the real one.*

Anyway, I just hope that when my cleansing is done I will be left with only the best qualities in me, unlike poor BGod who was left with an irrational, drinking fool who once cursed his grandson Canaan to be a slave because Canaan's father saw Noah naked and with the help of his brothers covered him up. Now, I don't know what poor Canaan had to do with it, but he was the one that got cursed by the one person that BGod thought was good enough that he helped survive the flood. If you'd like to, you can read the story about poor Canaan for yourself starting at Genesis 9:20. Anyway, And since what I want to do is to STOP all the irrational thinking that goes on in me, I hope that the Noahs in me wash away with the flood. This means that whatever form of cleansing I choose to use will have to be strong
enough to remove the dirt out of my different systems, but at the same time leave the few good qualities intact.

And what better way to clean myself than by seclusion? Or at least partial seclusion. Thoreau went to Walden and he became a better person. I don’t have Walden and have to go to work and have to visit my family and can’t let my friends think that I have totally freaked out, but I could stay in my apartment as much as possible whenever possible. I think that a month would be a good length of time. Thirty days is a good round number and it wouldn’t be too long or too short. So what should I do during that time? Of course the radio and the T. V. will have to go since they seem to have a tendency to affect my thinking. Besides, the purpose of secluding myself is to organize my thoughts, not share someone else’s, so I’ll have to create my own entertainment. Hey! I guess I could spend that time writing this story. Not only would I be able to concentrate more on it, but I would also be able to write about what I’m doing and how my seclusion is going, sort of like I’m doing right now.

OK, with the entertainment question out of the way, now I have to think what I am going to eat. The diet is going to be very important because, as they say, you are what you eat; so if I want to get clean, I’ll have to eat only the cleanest of foods. This means that chips and soft drinks and processed foods and candy bars will have to go. From now till the end of the month all I’m going to eat and drink are going to be fresh vegetables and water.
And to top my cleansing off, every morning I’m going to get up as soon as the sun comes up and go out for a quick jog. Oh, and I can’t forget the relaxation exercises that I read about—those in which you take deep breaths and concentrate on every muscle from head to toes and feel how they relax one by one until you are left a soft, motionless lump in the middle of the room. I can do those for one hour every afternoon when I come back from work. Oh man, Oh man! I can’t wait now. I’m going to start tomorrow and by the end of the month I’ll be the cleanest, sanest, and overall best person in town. But now I have to go.

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Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah, God had just sabotaged his brain. But unlike those other times when he had been able to close his open wounds, this time they remained open and the vacuum surrounding the body instantaneously took advantage of this and dispersed the rest of him across the universe at the speed of light. Of course, nobody was there to see this, not even Steven Weinberg, but in his book *The First Three Minutes* he described God’s death as

not an explosion like those familiar on Earth, starting from a definite center and spreading out to engulf more and more of the circumambient air, but an explosion that occurred simultaneously everywhere, filling all space from the beginning with every particle of matter rushing apart from other particle. (Weinberg, 2)

--which is exactly what he would have seen if he had been there.

God, the material being, had completely vanished. Just one second after pulling the trigger, he had filled all the space in the universe with “nothing but intense light
and electrons, with a relatively small number of protons and neutrons racing about” (Samuels & Bennett, 8). God had become what some scientists call the “cosmic soup.” At a temperature many times greater than that of the sun, these protons, neutrons, and electrons raced from the center of the explosion, bouncing from one to another and going where no proton, neutron, or electron had gone before. As the laws of physics say, by increasing the size of the container you can lower the temperature of the contained. Therefore, as the particles moved further and further away from the center and from each other, they increased the volume of the universe and lowered the temperature of their selves.

When the temperature was low enough, a proton and an electron became attracted to each other and gave birth to the first element: a baby Hydrogen. Other protons and electrons who saw this got all excited and bonded the same way, causing a boom in baby Hydrogens. But the poor neutrons were left out, and were all alone and sad because neither the protons nor the electrons wanted them. Luckily for them, as soon as the first Hydrogens matured, they saw that the neutrons were all lonely, and some of the more adventurous ones went out and bonded with the neutrons; and then these hydrogen-neutron bonds bonded with other hydrogen-neutron bonds and formed the first Heliums; and then three Helium bonded together to form a Carbon; and a Carbon and a Helium bonded together to form an Oxygen; and so on and on until all the elements had been formed. And when there were no more elements to make, they started bonding again and, instead,
made compounds such as water and salt and chlorophyll. Yep, almost since the very beginning of the universe it’s been one big, universal orgy. I’m still surprised that it hasn’t been outlawed in Texas yet.

And so, once the cavorting had begun to settle down, what remained were moons revolving around planets revolving around stars revolving around the center of the galaxies revolving around the center of the universe. One of these galaxies, the Milky Way, which happens to be ours, is made up of millions of stars-- one of them being the Sun, which also happens to be ours. This solar system is made up of nine known planets and a few other that are not known yet. In the next part of the story, I’m going to talk about an interesting little planet which is located four planets from the sun, and, as it happens, is not ours.

This planet, which we call Mars, is the fourth and furthest away from the Sun of the terrestrial planets. About four and a half billion years ago, give or take a year or two, when the Sun was much hotter than it is today, a funny thing happened there. Mars, which up to that point had been a desolate planet made up of land and vast oceans and which was wrapped around by an atmosphere of methane and ammonia, began to live. Carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen began to combine in such ways that if they were hit by lightning from one of the electrical storms that abounded in those days, they would turn into amino acids. These amino acids would combine with other amino acids and form tiny strings that resembled what we
now on Earth call bacterias. Along with these amino acids, other acids began to form--the most famous of them being deoxyribonucleic, or DNA for short.

DNA was a small but ambitious acid. Unlike other acids, DNA had some very important information it needed to pass on and would go to any extent to do so. In those early days, it was able to convince the new and only bacteria populating the planet that if the two combined they would be unstoppable. The DNA would pass bacterial information to future bacterias if the bacteria would just give it a place to live. The bacterias, who lacked brains and any reasoning skills, agreed complacently and the first merger in the history of Mars occurred. However, what the bacterias didn’t know was that the DNA would pass on only the information that it needed to pass on to keep the species of bacteria alive so it could continue to pass on its own information it had to pass on.

And they lived happily ever after for a while. The population of bacteria soared as the DNA passed on its information from bacteria to bacteria across the oceans. Food for the tiny bacteria, which consisted of methane and ammonia, was in limitless supply in the atmosphere, and so, they were fat and happy. And as long as they were happy and reproducing, the DNA would not have cared less what they ate. But then something terrible happened. Some of the fat and happy bacteria got sick and died. And these bacteria were followed by other bacteria that got sick and died. And the bacteria that had not died panicked by the death of their friends and stopped reproducing. And the DNA was not happy. Bacterias were dying for no
apparent reason, others were not reproducing as they should have, and it could not figure out what was wrong with them. For years and years all they had been doing had been to eat and reproduce, but.... No, that had not been all and now it knew what it was that was killing them: themselves. The stupid little bacterias had been eating methane and ammonia, which was fine, and had been excreting oxygen, which was not. Over the years, they had unknowingly been transforming the methane and ammonia atmosphere into one of oxygen, and since they could not eat oxygen, they were dying.

And so, the DNA got to work. First it convinced the bacteria that were still alive to begin reproducing again. It assured them that in no time they would have all their friend bacterias back and that he would see to it that they would never again lack anything to eat. Once they had reluctantly agreed to, the DNA changed slightly the bacterial information it passed on from bacteria to bacteria so that the new bacteria would actually like eating oxygen. And so the first mutation in the history of Mars had taken place. These new bacterias ate oxygen as happily as the old bacteria had eaten methane and ammonia, but instead of excreting oxygen they excreted carbon dioxide. The DNA, learning from previous mistakes, figured that sooner or later these new bacterias would start dying from too much carbon dioxide; so, before this could happen, it selected a few of these and changed their bacterial information slightly so that even newer bacterias would come to exist that would eat carbon
dioxide and excrete oxygen. It hoped that they would each keep the others’ food supply from disappearing; and so they did.

But then the DNA got to think: why should it satisfy itself with letting stupid bacteria carry around its important information, when, as it had already done, it could change the bacteria’s genetic information any way it wanted and create bigger, more efficient information carriers? And so it did. It created little sea creatures and bigger sea creatures, little fish and bigger fish, plants that changed carbon dioxide into oxygen and animals that ate those plants and changed them into fertilizer. The land that had been uninhabited for years was now populated by grasses and trees and animals that ate grasses and animals that lived in the trees. Everything was going according to plan. The organisms in Mars were getting bigger and bigger and the DNA’s information was getting spread around the entire planet.

And so, living organisms took over the planet. Their whole existence consisted of finding food to sustain them until they were old enough to reproduce, making sure that they were not thought of as food by some other organism at least until they had been able to reproduce, and when reproducing, making enough offspring so that at least two would survive until they were old enough to reproduce themselves and keep their particular species going. What they didn’t know was that even if they succeeded in keeping other animals away from their food supply and in avoid being other’s food supply, their species was still at the mercy of the DNA’s changing mood. The DNA was like a kid with a new toy. At first it would like a particular
kind of animal so much that it would create many species of that kind of animal until it suddenly became bored with it and replaced all those species with new ones. For example, for a while the DNA enjoyed really big, huge animals, which we will call dinosaurs. These animals were so enormously huge their risk of getting attacked by another animal was pretty small. Even a medium sized dinosaur was safe since smaller ones would not dare to attack them, dinosaurs of their same size would have to be very desperate to do so, and most of the bigger ones were vegetarians anyway.

The main reason the DNA liked them so much was that they were big and therefore could carry lots of information. The problem was that they were big and had to spend the entire day eating, which cut down on their time for extracurricular activities, which bored the DNA. Living in an organism that did nothing but wake up, roam around for food and water, eat and drink, and go back to sleep got old as soon as the initial thrill of moving around in such a big animal had diminished.

And so, the DNA started tinkering with their genes again. This time, however, the changes weren’t slow and prolonged as times before; they were random and drastic. Tyrannosaurus Rexes laid eggs and out hatched chickens. Others experienced the same problems as whales, saber-tooth tigers, kangaroos and primates were simultaneously being born around the world. The distraught dinosaurs tried again, but even newer species hatched from their eggs. Sad and defeated, the dinosaurs died one by one and turned into oil, of which I will talk about in a little bit.
So the dinosaurs were gone. During the random genetic insurrection, some of the lucky ones had just turned into smaller versions of their predecessors, as in the case of crocodiles and lizards; others had become similar animals, like birds; some bore no resemblance to anything whatsoever, like primates and marsupials; but one especially unlucky dinosaur had become the laboratory rat.

These new creatures began to spread around the planet. Unlike their predecessors, their smaller size allowed them to spend less of the time eating and gave them more time to explore new places. Most of these new animals had the added advantages of being warm-blooded and of having an insulating layer of hair, so they weren’t constrained to living in climates where the ambient temperature matched the one they required to live, but they could actually go to other climates that had been uninhabitable in the past. This the DNA greatly enjoyed, since it now had the opportunity to send its information where it had once been unimaginable. Content with its new creations, it decided to take a back seat for a while and let the creations themselves determine if and when they needed to change in order to keep up with changes in their habitat.

So Mars moved on. Even though most animals were equipped with this internal heater, the vast majority of them still chose to live in the more temperate climate of the tropics in places called jungles, not only because of the constancy of the temperature there but also because of the great variety of food that could be found. These animals prospered as they each helped keep nature in balance. Little animals,
who produced more offspring than bigger animals, served as the later’s food supply, thus keeping the bigger ones alive while these kept them from overpopulating. Bigger animals did not reproduce as much so their numbers stayed at a proper level most of the time. However, when they did become too populous, they, as a whole, ate more of the little animals, causing these to become scarce and harder to find, thus some of the “extra” big animals died for lack of food and their numbers went back to normal. This back and forth between overpopulation and underpopulation, but overall stability of nature, is what many years later and in a different planet Heraclitus would describe as the pendulum of nature.

But this pendulum could swing only if the animals adhered to their assigned roles. But one group of animals didn’t; they were forced to live independently of the pendulum. These animals we will call “primates.” These primates were not big enough to feed on other animals-- they mostly ate vegetables and insects-- and were, in general, too agile to serve as food for others. So they neither kept the populations of smaller animals down nor the populations of bigger animal up. They were indifferent to the needs of other creatures, and therefore developed separately from the rest of the animals.

By the fact that they could pretty much survive on a diet that consisted solely of vegetables and bugs, their food supply was limitless, since that’s what a jungle is-- a place for vegetables and bugs. So, with neither food shortages nor hungry animals to keep their numbers under control, their population exploded. Even though their
numbers increased, food continued to be plentiful since there was so much of it to begin with. But they soon encountered their first problem: they ran out of room. The size of the jungle was the only limit they had and reaching this limit was not like running out of food-- when some will die until the food supply increases again. Lack of space does not cause animals to die, but it forces them to fight each other for territory, the loser being forced to move on other regions. And this is what happened. Different species of primates fought against each other and the weaker ones were kicked out of the jungle into the savanna.

The savanna was not as friendly a place as the jungle had been. It was a vast grassland where vegetables, bugs, and places to hide from predators were scarce. So all the advantages of the jungle that this primates had taken for granted for so many years were nonexistent, causing most of the primates that were forced into the savanna to perish for lack of food or for being food. The few that survived did so by having the ability to adjust quickly and effectively to their new environment. They began to walk in an erect fashion, giving them the height they needed to look over the tall grasses and anticipate predators. They also developed tools they could use to hunt bigger animals that had previously been unattainable due to the comparable lesser strength of the primates.

The creation of tools had a tremendous effect on the intellectual capacity of their species, and as a result, it set it apart from the rest. The usage of tools had created a more complex environment for the primates. What previously had been
accomplished instinctively with hands, feet, and teeth, now required a conscious effort to coordinate the movements of the hands, feet, and teeth to function of an external element. This needed coordination called for a greater learning capacity, which was made possible by an increase in the brain size of the species. As the learning capacity increased, the creation of more complex tools was made possible, creating a need for a greater learning capacity. This process repeated itself again and again as a species of Martian primates became Martian humans.

At first, these Martians wandered in groups around the planet following herds of animals they could hunt, while at the same time gathering fruits and vegetables as they went along. However, thanks to their enhanced brains, they soon learned that they could grow some of their favorite vegetables and domesticate the most delicious animals so they wouldn’t have to have to pack up and go every time the herd they were following decided it was time to go. Now it was the humans who made the decisions of where the herd went, and this place usually was right next their vegetables. With a constant food supply within their reach, they were able to settle down and establish villages which generation after generation of Martians could rely on for shelter.

In the beginning, because of their small size, these villages were governed by moral laws. That is, individuals weren’t supposed to hurt other individuals, their village, or their environment, and if they did, their fellow villagers would know about their deeds and the village leader, representing the entire community, would
either warn them, banish them, or sentence them to death. But as villages grew in size, they were forced to establish written laws that were supposed to protect the villagers from each other. Martians would now be judged by these laws, not by the spirit of the community. Law enforcement agencies were then created in order to ensure that every individual was following the law and to arrest those who were a danger to the other members of the community.

This is why one of my best friends got arrested the other day. Apparently he was a walking menace to society, but, luckily, the police showed up to take him away before he could do any more damage. Anyway, this is what happened. About a week ago, he and his friends were at a party—just drinking beer and socializing, not being disruptive at all—when the police show up and start taking up the IDs of everybody who was drinking alcohol in the front and back yards. Apparently, there’s a law in the village where I live that says that villagers aren’t supposed to drink alcohol after a certain hour in a place where the public can see them. I know that this sounds confusing; I don’t really understand it either. Well, anyway, my friend had been drinking alcohol in the back yard of the house, and since the backyard didn’t have a fence, and thus could be seen by the public, drinking in it was against the law. As I’ve said, the police went around collecting everybody’s IDs and saying that if they wanted them back they would have to go talk with a policeman, who would gladly give them their IDs back along with a ticket. Well,
my friend figured that for all he cared, the police could keep his ID-- it had expired and he was getting a new one in the mail. Apparently, this kind of logic was also against the law. And so, a week later my friend was having a party in his own house, in the middle of which the police show up having decided that he had already done enough damage to society and that it was time to lock him up before he could do any more. So here is one of the few people, if not the only person, that I have never seen hurt another person either physically or mentally on purpose or by accident, being taken away, handcuffed, for our protection. But luckily, money buys freedom, and the next day, after giving the law enforcement agency 300 dollars, he was considered safe again and was allowed to go back to society.

Anyway, back to Mars. In Mars, money did not exist from the very beginning. It didn’t even exist when villages started to pop up since, at first, it hadn’t been needed. When the very first villages were created, the whole village benefited or suffered from its food production or lack of. It was communism at its very best. Some villagers would have the duty of growing the vegetables, others would have to go look for animals to eat, and others would have other tasks. If a crop failed or animals were hard to find, they would all go hungry. If a crop or a hunt was very successful, the entire village would celebrate and eat plentifully. This way of coexistence could work only if the village was small, but as they increased in size and their methods of hunting and planting became more efficient less Martians were
required for these tasks, leaving some of them with having to find new tasks to do, such as shoe or tool making. However, as the number of tasks increased, it became harder to determine whether each Martian was working proportionally hard for the village or not. And so, each individual Martian was allowed to produce his or her own product and to trade them to those that needed them at his or her own risk. This system of trading products was called bartering and it was capitalism at its very best. For example: a shoe maker would go to the shepherd and trade shoes for a sheep or to the local weaver and trade for clothing. If a villager decided to make useless products, such as computers, the lack of electricity would make his product unappealing and he would eventually go hungry. So, as you can see, it was a good idea in the beginning since everybody that was useful benefited from everybody else that was useful, but with all good ideas, conflicts of interest soon created problems. A day must have come along when the shoe maker went to shepherd for a sheep, but the later was already well stocked on shoes and didn’t need any more. Then, maybe the shepherd went to the weaver for clothing, but he happened to be a vegetarian and didn’t want any sheep. So money was invented as a universal bartering tool, and it soon became an important factor in the life of the average Martian.

As I have just said, money buys freedom among everything else. Some people say that money doesn’t buy happiness, but I think that it certainly helps. For example, if you take the happiest couple in the world and take all their money away
and throw them out in the streets, sooner or later the stress of living will have some
effect on their relationship and they probably won't be as happy as they were before.
That's why I think that money buys everything— if you have enough of it.

And in those early villages in Mars, it did buy everything, more than Martians
had at first thought it would. Wealthy villagers realized that giving money to the
right people could get them off jail, if for some reason they had done something
wrong. They also realized that with giving a little more money to the law
enforcement agency of their village, the law would not be fully enforced on them.
Other villagers realized that the more money they had, the more products they could
get, and the happier they would be. So pretty soon, all Martians were out to get as
much money as they could, without worrying about who they got it from and how
they got it. The ones that had the most controlled the ones that had the least and got
them to do anything they wanted. Every once in a while, one of those that had the
least would try to take some money from one that had the most, but the law
enforcement agency would come around and enforce the law on him. This was
capitalism at its very worst, and it would rule Mars for centuries.

Money was everything, and everything revolved around money. Every major
historical event had money as its main motive. The struggle for power was one of
the more popular explanations, but power and money are symbiotically related as
money is need to attain power and power brings along money. The Christian
Crusades, the Inquisition, the world wars (all wars), and the revolutions, occurred

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because one or more groups of Martians wanted to extend or maintain their control of power. Even the industrial revolution was an attempt by some Martians to gain an edge on other Martians and it was this revolution that caused the most damage to Mars. It was a turning point in the history of Martian civilization. Martians went from inventing products they knew how to and could control to products whose short or long term side effects were only understood after they had already done a considerable amount of damage.

The two most dangerous inventions were the steam engine and then the gas-powered engine. The discovery that coal and petroleum could be used to generate the power needed for these engines, led to the careless usage of vast quantities of these fuels, unknowingly contaminating the planet. Furthermore, their advantage of speeding up transportation and manufacturing created a sense of urgency in the Martians, as they became addicted with the need for more and more speed. This need for speed spurred other creations that reduced the time things in their lives got done. Airplanes traveled faster than any object had done before. Electricity and telecommunications decreased the time it took people to communicate from one place to another. Mass produced automobiles made it cheap and convenient for Martians to get around. In times of war, nuclear and hydrogen bombs made it cheap and convenient to kill Martians. Technology from nuclear bombs was employed in the creation of nuclear energy, which was even more efficient than electric and fuel
energy, but like in all the recent inventions Martians had no clue of what to do with the nuclear waste that this new energy created.

Not all technological advancements resulted in the contamination of the planet, but nevertheless, they still contributed in damaging it. Advancements in medicine, for example, decreased the death rates and increased the birth rates, creating another population explosion. As Martians started to run out of living space around their villages, they made room by clearing out the forests they had been kicked out of many years back. They turned what had been commercially unprofitable space into lumber and farmland, and left species of animals without a place to live.

The sum total of the side effects brought on by the industrial revolution sent Mars’ environment into a downward spiral. The destruction of the forests prevented them from carrying out their functions as air cleaners. The excess pollution in the air drifted upward destroying the ozone layer. With less protective layer to stop them, dangerous ultraviolet rays from the sun penetrated further down to the planet’s surface increasing the global temperature, melting the polar ice caps, and increasing the rate of cancer among Martians.

The DNA, who had not been paying too much attention to the events, decided that the Martians had gone too far, so it spread around viruses and deformities in an attempt to stop them, but it was too late. Martians had gained enough knowledge to combat diseases and could change the DNA’s message so deformities would not occur. They amazed themselves with their power to keep nature from controlling
them, but they had failed to realize that not everything in life was a struggle to see who was more powerful, but that sometimes they had to depend on other factors just to be able to live.

The equilibrium that had sustained life in Mars for millions of years had been corrupted, and no matter how hard nature tried to correct itself, the Martian’s technology would not compromise. But nature had bent as much as it could and it finally collapsed. At first, some of the more sensitive of the animal and plant species began to die. Then those species that depended on them for nourishment also died. And so on. One by one the living organisms that inhabited Mars died and turned into oil. Martians, once again, amazed themselves by inventing food substitutes that would replace their extinct food supply. But this was their final chance to amaze themselves. The expense and limited quantity of such Martian-made foods meant that only the ones with the money to afford it could survive. So after the animals and plants had died, the poor also died. And the rich only lived while their money lasted, but as soon as they had spent it all on food, they too died. And, in the end, only the food manufacturer survived. He was the luckiest person in Mars. His food supply was unlimited, he had all the money in the world, and therefore all the power too. He had won. For forty years he was the most powerful individual to have ever existed in Mars. But one day, on his 82nd birthday, he slipped while taking a shower and lost.

And Mars was dead.
Speaking of death, my grandmother is dying. She is older than death. A few times already, her body has said “I give up, I’m tired,” but whenever that happens, the doctors open her up and fix her. I don’t think even she wants to live anymore, but she is too scared to die so she has to compromise--she lives dead. She wakes up in the morning, washes up, and does nothing for the rest of the day. She takes turns watching TV and taking naps in her bed day after day, just waiting for death to come again and hoping the doctors won’t fix her. I don’t know what to think about her. Sometimes I wish I could be happy for her for being alive, but she is not even happy herself. Sometimes I wish she would die, but then I hate myself for thinking that way. There’s just not compromise.

Speaking of death, my aunt is also dying. She is fifty and has cancer of the everything. And if you are wondering how she got cancer of the everything, I’m going to tell you. A few years ago, she noticed she had a lump in her breast. Fearing that it might be cancer, she went to her doctor, who told her not to worry about it, because it didn’t look like cancer. A year later, the same doctor tells her that she has breast cancer and that it is so advanced that she’ll have to have a complete mastectomy of that breast. Not very happy about it, but considering that her life is at stake, she gets the operation and subsequent chemotherapy. The doctor, this time a different one, tells her that she is going to be OK and that she can continue living life like she had done before, and she does. Two years later she
goes to the doctor for a check up, and after some analysis, he tells her that she has bone and lung cancer, that the bone cancer is untreatable and it is going to spread to other parts of her body, and that she doesn’t have much longer to live. Unlike my grandmother, she is still happy with life and wants to keep on living, but the doctors can’t fix her. She has a lot to do and live for, but she can’t.

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Anyway, back to Mars. Everything in Mars was dead, except for the DNA. The destruction of the ozone layer had allowed the violet rays of the sun to evaporate the vast oceans. So, not only there was no life, but not even a chance for new one. Just before the last of the water had evaporated the lonely DNA constructed tiny rocket ships and bailed out. Their destination: the third planet from the sun, which had plenty of water and was now cool enough to live in.

And a few million years later they realized they had failed miserably again. But they weren’t the only ones that had failed. Other DNAs in other parts of the universe had had similar results. Their conclusion was that terrestrial life was impossible, so it would try again with universal life. Much like it had done with the first bacterial life forms in Mars and later in Earth, it convinced the planets, suns, and all space material that they would be much better off if they joined together. And slowly they did. From all ends of the universe, whole galaxies united in the way the DNA instructed them to. Ten toes, two legs, ten fingers, two arms, a body, and a head with an opened mouth screaming silently in the vacuum of space.
Well, my thirty days are up. I'm sorry. I told you I was going to keep you up to
date on the progress of my seclusion, but I didn't feel like interrupting the tale. So
I'm going to tell you briefly what has happened-- nothing. At first it was kind of
hard keeping the TV and the radio off and to try to seclude myself in my apartment,
but as the month progressed it got easier and easier. Staying away from my friends
wasn't too hard because they never called me to see how I was doing, so they didn't
tempt me to interrupt my seclusion. My best friend hasn't called me either, so I
guess that our friendship is over for good, but I don't really need her, nor any of my
other friends for that matter. I've got myself, and I can stay busy writing or doing
other things on my own. I'm happy. Besides, if I ever get depressed or lonely, all I
have to do is close my eyes, open my mouth, and pull the trigger... like this.

And as I sit here, waiting for what appears to be a week, I realize that

Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the long-
ing for love, the search for knowledge, and the unbearable pity for the suffering of man-
kind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward
course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.

I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy-- ecstasy so great that I would of-
ten have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next,
because it relieves loneliness-- that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness
looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have
sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the pre-
figuring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought,
and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what-- at last-- I have found.

With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.

Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate the evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

This has been my life. I have found it worth living, and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me. (Bertrand Russell)
Objectives

The original, and general, objective of this paper was to combine the theories of creation and evolution into one story. Then, as the paper moved along, other objectives were added to this one. For example, I wanted to show that ALL life ends in death, and that this death is not a gradual and smooth process of life turning into death, but an abrupt one that occurs when life reaches its limit and suddenly dies. Along with this notion of death, I wanted to show that death is brought on by the living organisms themselves and not by natural causes. This is why, after so many years of living, God killed himself in a split second, and humans did too. It is important to remember that the years since the industrial revolution are just a minute part in the timeline that began with the first living cells, so the destruction of the planet by humans has been an abrupt one.

I also wanted to show that death leads to evolution. When God died all the material in the universe evolved from the one being into the many galaxies, and this process of evolution continued until the first life forms were created. So evolution leads to creation, and evolution within a species leads to the creation of new species. When these terrestrial species die, evolution goes back the other way and creates God. So, as Heraclitus said, everything exists in a pendulum. On one end of the pendulum you have God, on the other you have terrestrial life, and in the middle
you have the evolution that creates both of them.

And last, but certainly not least, the most important objective was to have this paper finished once and for all, so I could stop stressing out about it.
Reflections on the Colloquium

Whenever I think about my colloquium-writing experience, I can never decide how I feel about it. The range of emotions that I have experienced this year have been as varied as the points in the swing of a pendulum. Right now, as I am finishing up and getting ready to turn it in, I feel a sense of relief that can only be matched to the sense of relief I felt when I finished the first draft after nine months of stressing out about it. Nine months seem to be too long a time for a forty-or-so-page paper, and I will be the first one to admit that I certainly did not spend the whole nine months writing it; just as I did not spend a month correcting it after I had got my first draft back. Probably most of my writing came from the relatively few days that I spent seven or eight hours completely absorbed in the narrative, and I would rate my feelings of joy and accomplishment after these productive days as second best in my list of experiences (the first being my feelings of relief). Third in my list would be the feelings I had those days I would spend one or maybe two hours working on the paper and somewhat good "stuff" would come out. Fourth would be those days when I would sit in front of my computer for thirty minutes, typing and erasing, stressing out about nothing coming out and finally saying "fuck it" and going to the living room and turning on the T. V.. These days were very similar to those when I would just say "fuck it" and turn on the T. V. from the very beginning, in that both were followed by a whiplash of stress after I had finally managed to turn off that infamous machine after eight or nine hours of nothingness.
On those days I would also hate myself, the television set, and my decision to do the “stupid” colloquium in the first place, and these feelings were followed by a great desire/need to drop out of school and take off for California or some place where nobody knew me. Well, luckily for me, I never acted on these impulses and after many agonizing months I actually finished the colloquium. And, even though it might not be the greatest work of literature ever written (as, at one time, I dreamed it would be), I think it is the second greatest work of literature, but I guess that is up to the reader to judge.
References


