

# The Least Silent of Men (excerpts)

The reasons for doing a month-long vow of silence were countless.

Well, at least, for me they were.

I understand if many can't find a single reason, or probably wouldn't even want to attempt it, but then again I'm not like most.

Personally, it was an amalgam of experiment in self-awareness and will power, mixed with ritual, and just a touch of folly. Partly, trying to reach Zarathustra's level of being "the most silent of men," while another part of me was just plain fooling around to see if I could do it. I mean, there was play involved, but a lot of serious history backed me up as well.

The Indian mystic Meher Baba took an oath not to speak in 1925, it lasted over forty years, until his death in 1969. In a 1964 World's Fair pamphlet, there is an article about the guru Baba, where he is quoted, "Instead of practicing the compassion [God] taught, man has waged wars in his name. Instead of living the humility, purity, and truth of his words, man has given way to hatred, greed, and violence. Because man has been deaf to the principles and precepts laid down by God in the past, in this present Avataric form, I observe silence."

He claimed, if he broke his vow, the first word uttered would spiritually cradle us for the following seven hundred years. Wisely, he kept his yapper shut, and for that his followers proclaimed July 10<sup>th</sup> as Silence Day.

The best story having to do with a vow of silence has to be that of the 2<sup>nd</sup> century philosopher, Secundus the Silent. As told in the anonymously written tale, *Life of Secundus*, said philosopher, when returning home from years of education abroad, decided to test the old adage that all ladies are secretly slutty. He then dons a costume, and for fifty gold pieces bought his mother for the night. Upon awakening, mommy realizes who she's been bedding, and, though they actually had no sex, promptly hanged herself. Such remorse

washes over Mr. Silent, that he decides to make his surname his life's calling, and took a life-long vow to never speak.

His stunt later got him hobnobbing with the rich and famous, as he became so well-known he shook hands with Emperor Hadrian. Of course, the ruler told him to start talking, or view his body from his severed head held in another's hand. Secundus refused, and Hadrian had such a belly laugh that he let him live, and supposedly sat the thinker down to answer twenty of life's questions.

Now, why did I think October of 2010 was the right time for me to try it? The answer goes back three years prior.



Cover of Adel's *October 2010 Communication Book*

# OCTOBER 2010 COMMUNICATION BOOK TRANSCRIPT

Please quit smoking.

I find it awesome that you “shh”ed me. I have to learn how to communicate. It’s bound to happen. Hoping completely by day 3.

Being in the minor leagues is like being somewhat rewarded for 2<sup>nd</sup> best. About millionaires owning minor league teams. You can’t read this.

I left too late. I wanted to see if you wanted to eat while we were out? But where? \$

Jet stream: left. Normally. *[picture drawn of globe, with jet stream across North America]* It rises or dips at different times of year.

Really happy. Eat, and leave me whatever you want.

Cuba

Greenland

Screwed!

I danced around to a bunch of New Order, then laid around w/ Jesus & M. Chain.

I said “meow” to Nancy. It 1 of a few.

The last.

Ft. Green

Wil.

The whole silence thing. It’s some meditation.