

REVELATION

In the middle of delivering a virulent editorial on how expanding global markets affect the economy, a local TV news celebrity begins a search for the ultimate truth. In mid-sentence she calmly removes the small microphone clipped to her business suite and leaves it on the table along with the bombastic notes she had made the night before. Cameras follow her she walking off the stage and out the door. Her producer yells after her, but she doesn't hear a word. Once on the street, she flags down a taxi and tells the driver her intent; without thinking he starts the meter and zooms off in the direction of the foothills at the edge of the city.

She sits in the back seat watching the scenery like it were a newsreel and wonders what it will be like when she knows, finally knows the truth. Not just any truth, she tells the cab driver when he asks, the ultimate truth. Reality. The whole enchilada. The ontological everything.

"You come to the right place," he says. "Truth is my middle name." He pronounces 'truth' to rhyme with 'fruit'. She glances at the driver's ID tag hanging on the Plexiglas barrier that separates her from her driver and sure enough, his name is "Quentin Truth Stavros."

He drives up into the hills, some twenty miles out of the city, and stops when they reach a wooden bridge spanning a narrow creek. "Now what," the woman asks.

"Just follow the path," the driver says, pointing the way, "I'll wait."

She jumps from the cab, excitedly. At last, she thinks, I'll know. As she follows the narrow path further into the forest she has a vision of post-satori glow where she sits and imparts wisdom to leagues of followers without saying a word. In answer to a question from a novice she draws a lotus blossom from the deep folds of her robe and holds it up in front of a young monk's face. He sees himself swimming in and out of the delicate veins that weave in and out of the surface of the petals and at that point becomes enlightened. He leaves in spiritual ecstasy, ready to summon and impart wisdom to his followers of his own.

After hours of hiking under the taunting of the sun, uncomfortable and sweaty, her feet swollen and blistered she at last reaches a large cave, the kind a cartoon bear might live in. A crudely painted consisting of the single word "guru" sign points into the entrance. The woman frowns, thinking that she's been had, but having come all this way she decides to follow through with her original plans. "After all," she reasons to herself, "it may simply be a way of discouraging the insincere." With renewed hope she pushes forward into the cave...

... and back onto the now deserted set of her newscast. The cab driver who brought her here is sitting at her usual spot, but in a half-lotus position on the desk. He is wrapped in a flowing robe whose colors shimmer like a thousand tiny rainbows. She approaches cautiously and when she is but a few feet away he produces a folded, worn newspaper from the copious folds of his robe. He unfolds it and points to a an advertisement for lingerie at Penney's. At that moment the woman is enlightened, but before she can savor the moment he rolls up the

newspaper and swats her on the nose like one might punish a naughty puppy. Immediately the knowledge evaporates and a desperate voice behind her says, "Go to commercial."