

Erection 7

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Section 7: The Body Parts Revolt

Although our initial encounter had gone well I was still disturbed and plagued by an uneasy feeling. I decided to meditate to discover the source and clean my Mind.

Mother Earth: “<Take a deep breath. In – Out. In – Out.> I can’t believe how easily the Sky God and his cronies took control of my planet. There was virtually no resistance. Hmmm? I wonder why? <Another deep breath. In – Out. Focus on the Void> I guess my followers were so busy cleaning up and having a good time that they hadn’t been prepared for someone attempting to seize power. They mistakenly felt that everyone would want to cooperate because of the urgency of the task. They assumed that the Laughters Movement had effectively squelched the quest for power. All their assumptions were true except one. They hadn’t taken into account the return of the sky gods after so many years. They had dismissed the early angels and miracles as myths, tall tales told by primitive peoples. They had dismissed the potential reality of these gods. Yes, I really can’t blame my followers. They were just too trusting. <Breath. In – Out.>

Although the ease of my overthrow is disturbing, what really bugs me is how quickly my humans reverted to the old ways. The sky gods returned from the skies offering the humans everything they wanted - but nothing that they needed. Under the influence of these demons disguised as gods the men were restored to power and the women returned to the home to tend their families ‘as they were meant to do’. It’s so incredibly stupid – this reversion to an outdated value system. But I’m getting angry again. <Take a deep breath. In – Out. Watch these thoughts as if they were clouds passing by. Pay them no mind. Just observe.>

Of course the men love being in control, because it meant that they didn’t have to do any cleaning up. And the women, probably under the pressure of public opinion, were happy to give up responsibility of the planet to the men. But it’s not a black and white picture. Many of my followers did resist these changes - but to no avail. The weight of the sky gods’ presence and their advanced technology overwhelmed them. It’s hopeless. <Whoa! Slow down. More breathing. In – Out.>

Another thing that really aggravates me is how many women, sensing a changing current, reverted to worshipping the men in power and their mighty sticks. This, of course, achieved all the wrong ends. It made these men of power think that they were gods. The Sky God, my project, definitely thinks that he is a god. It’s understandable. He has been totally corrupted by the many women who have worshipped his power for so many centuries. <Ptah!>

The empty woman worships power and all that it can bring her. She strokes her man’s ego, and then she follows by stroking his body, until he gets an erection. He sticks it in and satisfies his lust. Pleasure with no responsibility. The man-god feels, rightly so, that his woman’s life revolves around him. All of her behavior tells him this. All the men of power - the kings, pharaohs, and the sultans, were all distorted in the same fashion.

This is the totally wrong approach and achieves all the wrong objectives. It only strengthens his over inflated ego and isolates him from the Void. He begins to believe that he is something. He is denied the higher levels of being in his pursuit of power. Instead of focusing on his big stick, which is a highly overrated organ...

Protests of Penis & the Skin

Penis: "Hey, wait just one minute. I'm a very special guy. I provide the seed which creates life."

Skin: "We know Penisman. But there is way too much of your kind of life. We want some individualized attention. We like things small and special rather than big and overblown."

Penis: "You're just jealous!"

Skin: "I'm sorry we insulted your pride. It's just that you've gotten so much attention."

Penis: "Me attention? You must be talking about somebody else."

Skin: "Her hands are all over you."

Penis: "Yeah, in private. But in public I'm avoided like I've got the plague. I'm actually considered pornographic!"

Skin: "Yeah, you've got a bad reputation."

Penis: "I'm really a nice guy – actually quite shy. I am not at all violent like they portray me in the press."

Skin: "They take our picture all the time but no one ever touches us."

Penis: "If they didn't keep me locked up so much of the time, I wouldn't burst out in these violent spasms."

Skin: "Why don't those hands ever stroke us? It seems like we must have leprosy."

Penis: "We're both losing out. All my press is bad. They never talk about my positive sides. I'm good-looking, quite friendly with ladies, and in a great shape. All they ever talk about are rapes and violence. The press only talks about my criminal side."

Penisman starts crying.

Skin: "There. There. It'll be all right "

Penis: "I'm X-rated on television and in the movies - limp or firm. The powers that be protect children from me at all costs. My display subjects the owner to immediate incarceration with a bad mark on his 'record' for the rest of his life. And you think you have it bad." He begins sobbing now.

Skin: "Things seem to be sadly out of balance. We're lonely and you are an outcast. It's not fair."

Penis: "Life is not fair!"

Skin: "Duh!"

Penis: "Maybe if we work together, we can change this unpleasant situation."

Skin: "Right! What can we do? We're just Skin. We don't control the muscles. Brain does."

Penis: "Yeah, Brain has been in charge of you guys for a long time. But he's not in charge of me. Maybe that's why he keeps me locked up. He's afraid of me because I have a mind of own. I'm such a radical. He's afraid of my fresh approach."

Skin: "Brain has been in charge for so long that we just take it for granted."

Penis: "Let's revolt. Brain has kept me locked up and has turned you into his slaves."

Skin: "We've been dominated for so long. None of us are happy. It's time for a change."

Penis: "Overthrow! We shall overcome."

Skin: "We think Muscles will join us if the conditions are ripe. They don't like Brain, either. He keeps forgetting about Muscles during his obsessive intellectual pursuits."

Muscles: "Yeah. All we do is watch, ride and sit at work. We're getting very stiff. Back is about to revolt and we really can't blame him for all the abuse he's taken. We're surprised he has put up with as much as he has."

Mouth: "Hey guys! Don't be ridiculous. Brain controls and regulates everything. Without him we are dead meat, literally."

Skin: "We could at least confront Brain and talk to him. He needs us just as much as we need him. Hopefully he'll listen because we are very unhappy."

Penis: "Let's go to Brain as a collective front. He probably won't listen to us individually. But if speak up collectively, he'll have to listen to us."

Muscles: "Here! Here! Let's go as Body. Wherever I go, Bones follow. Is everyone with us?"

Skin: "Of course. Hooray! Let's go confront Brain."

Confronting Brain

Body: "Hey Brain. Wake up! You've got things all mixed up. We have some real problems that need addressing. None of us are happy with how you're running things."

Brain: "Sorry guys. I hate to admit it, but I'm not really in charge. I can't help myself. Actually most of the time I'm on automatic, definitely not in control."

Body: "But we assumed you were the decision maker."

Brain: "Me? I try to create the illusion that I'm in charge. I even pretend that I am. Sometimes I even believe that I am. But I'm not, really."

Skin: "If you're not in control, who is?"

Brain: "I'm a victim of Cultural Conditioning."

Body: "Cultural Conditioning?"

Brain: "Parents, school and society. Their influence originates in the Past. The Past dominates my decisions and Body's behavior far more than I do. You could say that I've been programmed by the Past."

Skin: "You're not to blame?"

Brain: "No. Maybe that's why I don't want to be responsible. Then I don't have to take the blame when something goes wrong."

Body: "The coward's way out. But you've exploited us these many years."

Brain: "Are you kidding? I'm not happy either. My head aches from all the turmoil down below. Everyone sends their problems to me. Any little complaint comes my way. Little toe hurts. I hear about it. Rash on fingers, broken leg, stomachache, cough, sneeze, wheeze, breeze, I hear about it. The individual complaints really don't bother me that much. It's the conflicting complaints that drive me up the wall and give my head pain."

Body: "But you're in charge. You can have it any way you want."

Brain: "That's a laugh. During a conversation with Heart we realized the true blame for all this turmoil lies in the Past."

Skin: "Heart is unhappy, too?"

Brain: "Are you kidding? Wake up! We're at war all the time."

Skin: "What could you possibly have to fight about?"

Brain: "Tongue talks me into eating something tasty. Then Heart screams that I'm polluting her rivers and streams. I can't help myself. I have only a narrow latitude of freedom. The Past dominates me."

Heart: "You're such a pushover. Can't you stand up to the Past?"

Brain: "I have a hard time getting out of automatic. I'd always wanted a manual transmission but the automatic makes it so easy."

Heart: "Yeah, it's so easy to follow the leader over the cliff. It's so easy to automatically make the same mistakes over and over again. It's so easy to blame the Past for the problems that you create. Here I am dying, suffocating from lack of oxygen, working so hard to pump that blood through Body's veins and capillaries. It's getting harder and harder now that they are clogged up with so much sediment. Not to mention, an

occasional boulder gets dislodged and threatens to clog my arteries. This would be bad enough but Body has put on all this weight. Not only must I pump the food through increasingly small and brittle veins and capillaries but I must also pump it through so many layers of fat."

Fat: "'Hey, we're just keeping Body warm. If someone would touch Skin every once in a while then Skin wouldn't have to call us in to keep him company. Skin is just lonely and needs companionship. At least we care."

Skin: "I keep getting these pimples and things. It's really annoying."

Suddenly the Body Parts all started complaining louder and louder. The hubbub was overwhelming.

Brain: "Quiet! We sink or swim together. I cannot operate efficiently with all this conflict. It wears me out and gives me a headache. I make mistakes when I'm overworked."

Heart: "We cannot blame each other for our problems. We must go together to confront the Past."

Skin: "There's strength in numbers. If we present a collective front, we will get more accomplished."

Body: "Well Brain, are you with us? Let us all go together and face the Past. It seems like the Past is the root of all our problems."

Brain: "I'm with you. Let's go. I'll be your leader."

Heart: "You've already fouled things up enough."

Skin: "Please, please don't let Brain be in charge. He keeps forgetting about us."

Penis: "Yeah, Brain should be given a very minor role. He is more dominated by the Past than any of us."

Brain: "Come on guys. I'm not that bad."

All in unison: "Yes, you are."

Body: "We go as a unit with Brain as our speaker."

Brain: "OK, OK. I'll just do the talking."

Body: "But no thinking"

Heart: "That really fouls things up."

A Confrontation with the Past

So the Body Parts, Heart and Brain went to confront the Past.

After a brief journey they arrive at his house.

Brain yelling: "Hey, Past! Come out wherever you are and listen to our demands."

Heart: "We're sick and tired of being manipulated."

Body: "We're fed up and don't want to take this any more."

Heart: "You continually dominate Brain."

Body: "Then he fouls everything up with stupid decisions based upon your rigid patterns."

Brain: "Hey easy guys. I'm just doing my best."

Suddenly appearing from behind the group, the Past yells 'Boo!' loudly in their ears.

They jump sky high. Their hair stands on end. They all begin quivering. Then they begin running around in circles.

Past: "You can't blame me for your problems. You are so afraid. Each time there is a little emotional or physical pain, you run away and hide. Fear is in charge, not me. I have very little to do with your stupid behavior. I'm just responding to your fears."

Body, less shaken than the others: "What are we afraid of?"

Past, shooting his fingers at them: "Pain, of course." They quake.

Body: "I'm not afraid of pain. I'm tough."

Past: "I'm not talking about physical pain. I'm talking about emotional Pain."

Body: "I'm not afraid of that either."

Past: "I'm not talking about you, numbskull."

Body: "Hey guys! Did you hear that? All we have to do is come face to face with a little emotional pain to change things around here. Why emotional pain is not even real. This will be a piece of cake. Let's go!"

Brain & Heart: "Face emotional pain? Gulp! There must be another way."

The Past jumps at them, yelling: "Gotcha!"

Although Body remains steady, Heart and Brain cringe and cower, turn white and begin shaking anew.

Together: "Don't scare us like that! We hate it when you do that."

Body: "Whatsamatter guys? If you are afraid, then let me lead."

Brain: "You lead? You're only Body. What do you know about leading?"

Body: "I'm not afraid of emotional pain."

Heart: "You've never felt it or you would want to avoid it too."

Body: "What does it feel like?"

Heart: "It's terrible, excruciating - worse than anything that you can imagine."

Brain: "Just thinking about it makes me want to take a drink."

Past, to the audience: "I love controlling them with their habits. Drinking to avoid pain is one of my favorite patterns. It keeps them under my control."

Body: "But emotional pain is not even real. It's all mental. There is not even any blood."

Heart speaking to Brain: "Body doesn't know. She has never faced rejection. Anyone that has ever experienced the pain of rejection avoids it like the plague."

Brain: "Long ago I used to open up, but I kept getting hurt. I figured it out quickly enough. Don't open up, too painful. Now I act cool. I reject them before they can reject me. That way I am in control. It's better to be the rejecter rather than the rejected."

Body: "Ahhh! Now I understand. You've surrounded us with this invisible wall to protect us from the emotional pain of rejection. Well we're tired of being isolated!"

Heart and Brain then point at each other, exclaiming: "It's all your fault!"

Heart: "It's Brain's fault. He's in charge. He just keeps responding the same way over and over again."

Body Parts: "We have all become neglected because of this mental wall that Brain has erected to protect us from contact."

Brain: "I keep telling you. I'm not in charge. The Past dominates me, forcing me into rigid behavior patterns."

The Past: "I force you, Brain, into rigid response patterns because you," whirling and pointing at the Heart, giving her the startle response again, "Heart, keep running away from Pain. Every time you're confronted with emotional pain, you hide or flee. Many of my rigid responses stem from the flight response."

Heart: "Flight response?"

The Past: "Right. You and Brain have conspired to avoid emotional pain at any cost. You are so afraid to take risks for fear of Pain that you stay locked up in your little cages. Afraid to rock the boat, afraid to move, hopefully the boogiemer won't get you. Tucked under your covers - with only an air hole peeking out into the outside world, you are petrified of moving for fear of the monsters lurking underneath and outside your bed. Trapped under your blankets you are paralyzed. Hopefully daylight will come soon. Scared out of your wits you jump sky high at the slightest threat to your security, then pull back deep into your shell to avoid emotional involvement of any kind - never to venture out again. You're such a 'fraidy cat. It's no wonder your

behavior is so dominated by such oppressive patterns. Take a deep breath and Feel Your Pain!"

Heart: "Yeeee-ikes!"

Brain: "But I'm programmed to avoid pain. I figure out set patterns of avoidance, denial, anything to avoid pain. Then I repeat those patterns over and over again until we've created a Rut. The Rut of emotional and physical responses makes life easier for everyone. It takes much more energy to avoid these ruts than to just acquiesce."

Past: "To break out of these Ruts of Cultural Conditioning you must face Pain with your Primitive Mind and come up with an Original Response."

Brain: "But, I don't want to face Pain. It hurts and takes too much work to deal with it."

Body: "We hurt now. By avoiding pain you're creating more pain. Poor Penisman is suppressed in public and exploited in private. He's unhappy. The rest of the Skin is exploited in public and suppressed in private."

Skin: "Yeah, things are really out of balance. It is time for a change."

Penisman: "The water is rising and we must get wet."

Body: "We must face Pain."

Brain screams: "Wait one minute! No Pain. I'm allergic to Pain."

Body: "You got us into this by your avoidance. We must face Pain together, if we are to conquer our fears."

Brain: "The Past is to blame. He conditioned me to respond the way I do. I'm simply avoiding Pain as all Brains are trained to do. My parents avoided pain as did their parents before them."

Body: "Why don't you make decisions based upon the context of the situation rather mindlessly repeating your parents' mistakes?"

Brain: "That's too difficult. It's much easier to repeat what my ancestors did. If I follow in their footsteps I don't have to think or pay attention. These automatic response patterns save so much energy. Thinking and making original decisions is way too much work.""

Body: "No wonder that you're dominated by the Past! You're lazy."

Skin: "This is ridiculous. I can't believe that you routinely choose to imitate the behavior of your parents - who were imitating their parents' behavior before them - repeated ad nauseum. When and how do we break these stupid patterns? I don't want to be locked in these chains for the rest of eternity."

Past: "What you need is a creative response to life. Don't shut down and go into automatic response mode. Seize control of the ship. Grab hold of the wheel. Turn the Light around. Don't steer around Pain. Drive right through it. There is a beautiful spot right behind Pain that can't be reached without going through it."

Body: "Let's go guys. Follow me!"

Brain: "Wait! I didn't even give the command. And I'm not sure that I would."

Heart: "Brain! Don't let them do this to us! After all you are in charge. I don't want to face any kind of Pain. Yahhh!"

Face to Face with Pain

Immersed in their enthusiasm for change the Body Parts dragged Heart and Brain along with them to confront Pain. He lived in an ugly old rundown house on the wrong side of town.

Body, pounding on the door: "Pain, let us in!"

Pain from inside: "Why should I let you in? You rejected me long ago."

Body: "We've changed."

Brain: "No, we haven't!"

Heart: "Let's get out of here!"

Pain: "See! Why have you come if you still reject me?"

Body: "We are anxious for change."

Pain: "Anxious for change? You must purify your Ego. To do that you must burn away the chains that bind Heart. This will let your soul run free. But first, before any of this, You Must Face Me!"

Pain throws the door suddenly open. Looking almost like a skeleton he is old, underfed, and dressed in rags.

Brain: "No! No! A thousand times no! Facing Pain is too scary to even contemplate."

Heart: "Yahhhh!"

Body: "Wait! Confronting Pain is important for all of us."

Heart: "No it's not. I'd rather be safe and sound wrapped up in my chains."

Body: "To protect yourself from Pain you'd rather be wrapped in chains? I'd rather be free."

Heart: "Not me. I feel so safe and secure wrapped up in chains. They're very comfortable once you get used to them."

Body: "Sounds neurotic to me. Your safety is compromising our happiness. My Parts are complaining like crazy."

Skin: "We don't get stroked enough."

Penisman: "That's nothing. I never get to see daylight. I'm always locked inside until I'm asked to perform. I fantasize about strolling around and seeing the city instead of always being tucked safely away."

Body: "Heart, even you don't feel so good. I've heard you complain before."

Heart: "True. Brain has me so chained up that I'm suffocating. I can't feel anything anymore."

Brain: "I'm just protecting you from Rejection."

Body: "Actually you're protecting her from Life with your stupid decisions."

Brain: "It's not my fault. I'm just following behavior patterns established long ago. I'm a victim of the Past. He's to blame for my ruts."

The Past: "I'm sick and tired of being blamed for everything. I'm just following orders, i.e. 'avoid Pain at all costs'."

Pain: "It seems that in trying to avoid me that you blame each other for your misery and dissatisfaction. Look me in the Face."

All: "Aurghh!!" They quickly turn away. "You're too frightening."

Heart: "Give me back my chains. They bind me, but also protect me from harm."

Pain: "You, Heart, are really to blame. By looking closely at your chains I can tell that you have manufactured many of them yourself. Are you afraid to dive into my cold waters and come away refreshed? I am really only an illusion of your own imagining."

Heart: "No! You are horrible and real. I can see you standing in front of me. You are disgusting and need to be avoided at all costs. I certainly wouldn't feel safe leaving my children with you and your type. You are too disgusting."

Pain: "My! My! Very complimentary today."

Brain: "Gross! Not our type at all."

Pain: "Well then, it doesn't seem that I'm wanted around here. Good day to you and your fellow Body Parts. I'll go hide in the Past and strike when you least expect it. Ha! Ha! Ha! Enjoy your chains." Slowly closing the door to his house.

Heart: "<Uh! Oh! Uh! Oh!>"

Brain: "What's the matter dear?"

Heart: "Just one of those stupid boulders shooting through my arteries. I'm OK now. Just a temporary blockage."

Pain: "Just a little reminder. If you don't allow me to come to your party, then I'll pop in unexpectedly for some short and long stays. Although I'll stay away most of the time, I'll show up when you least expect it. See you later, Sucker." - As he closes the door to his house.

Skin: "No! Come back! Come Back!"

Heart: "Oh let him go. He's just a troublemaker. He's just jealous of our situation."

Penis: "Not!"

Skin: "I don't know about anyone else, but my situation is not that great. The only time we're touched is in the shower by our own hands. We're lonely and very unhappy. We need to be grounded."

Body: "To move forward we must confront Pain."

Heart: "Pain? You want to confront Pain? I begin pumping harder just at the thought of it."

Skin: "Yeah, I can feel your chains tightening."

Body: "But Fear is killing you, not Pain. Emotional Pain is not even real. It's all an illusion."

Heart: "It's very real to me. Pain is to blame. Let's go back to our side of town. Now!"

Body: "Just one minute. You've been blaming Pain for all your problems. You've excluded him from all your middle-class parties. You try to pretend that he doesn't exist. You try to isolate him in his ghettos in the Past. Then when riots erupt and spill out into your middle class neighborhoods, you become scared and upset. You begin cursing your police and demanding bigger jails and stiffer sentences. You vote for Law and Order trying to keep Pain behind Bars, when Fear is really to blame. Besides, as Pain said, you're never going to be able to keep him totally out of sight. He will pop up unexpectedly, ruining your middle-class parties at the worst possible times. There is no good time for Pain to show up unexpectedly. Why not let go of some of your chains of fear that wrap your Heart? Become vulnerable, exposed."

Heart: "Aurghh! Horrifying. I like my chains. <Ow - Uh>. What are those shooting pains?"

Pain, popping his head out suddenly from one of his windows: "Just a friendly reminder. Your chains of fear are tightening and beginning to strangle you."

Heart: "But my chains seem so <Ow!> safe. This is <Uh> just like Life and <Ouch> Death."

Pain, with a burst of pure sound, almost monosyllabic: "Well, Die Then!"

Heart: "But I don't want to die. Aurghh!"

Brain: "I'm afraid of Dying."

Pain: "You're afraid of everything."

Skin: "No need to be afraid of dying. Everyone dies. We've already died and been reborn quite a few times already."

Brain: "But Death is so permanent."

Body: "It seems permanent, but we've had so many lives before."

Skin: "We don't have anything to lose and everything to gain. We're in a state of rigid misery, now. We don't need to protect that."

Brain: "But it might get worse."

Body: "Are you happy now?"

Heart: "Aarghhhhh!"

Pain: "Die and be reborn! Confront your fears!"

Body: "Yeah! Let's go confront Fear."
Skin: "I'm with you."
Heart: "No way. I'm too <Uh!> 'fraid."
Penis: "Come on, Heart. Please."
Body: "We thought that you loved us." Big tears dropped out.
Heart: "No. <Oh, Unh, Oh> Kay. <Unh, Oh> Kay."

The Journey to Fear

Body: "C'mon everybody. Let us go and face our Fear."
Heart, reluctantly coming: "Oh, I'm so afraid to open up."
Skin: "We're tired of being exploited."
Past: "I'm tired of being blamed."
Brain: "Yeah and I'm tired of being in the middle of this mess. It's giving me a headache."
Penis: "Yeah, well I'm tired of my dysfunctional life style."
Body: "Come on Pain. We want you with us."
Heart: "Does he have to come with us?" Pointing at Pain.
Brain: "Really, does he? What an eyesore!"
Pain: "Go ahead and deny that I exist. Exclude me from your happy little world. I'll come back and haunt you."
Skin: "Are you a monster, a boogie man, a ghost, an evil spirit?"
Pain: "Don't be naive! Fear, the great PR man, has turned me into this horrible thing, when I'm actually not that fearsome. Just hug me and give me a little attention. I'll cause you no harm. Fear has created this great media campaign against me, so that now everyone avoids and shuns me like I have the plague."
Brain: "Don't you? I had heard that you did."
Pain: "You've heard wrong. I don't kill you. Through me you reach the higher levels of being."
Heart: "Right! What are you, some kind of sadist?"
Pain: "Perhaps. Feel the Pain and know that you are truly alive!"
Pain suddenly grabs for Heart.
Heart: "<Ow! Unh! Ohoo!> You said you wouldn't hurt me."
Pain: "I didn't touch you. Your own chains are strangling you. You wrap your own chains tighter to protect yourself from ME!" He turns suddenly to face Heart.
Heart: "<Oh! Ow!> I can't take much more of this! Please stop. I have a heart condition, you know."
Pain: "I know. Believe me I know."
Brain, jutting out his chin: "Hey! Stay away from my friend."
Body: "Yeah. Quit picking on Heart. She's very sensitive."
Pain: "Great! Great everybody. You're standing up to me, Pain, instead of running away. I'm impressed. Was standing up to me that bad?"
Body: "Not really."
Brain: "Does he have to come?"
Body: "Yes, he can come with us. But he must promise not to be a pest."
Pain: "I will only respond with the energy that is thrown my way."

They come finally to a cave, dark and foreboding.
Body: "Fear!"
Fear, a deep rumbling from inside the cave: "Yes?"
Body: "Pain says you are to blame for our problems."

Fear: "Perhaps. But I am created by your own Imagination."

Brain: "Imagination? She's beautiful and good. Why would she hang around with scum like you?"

Imagination, a high female voice: "You pair us up. We make a great team. We are only doing what comes naturally. Come on in, honey."

Brain: "I don't trust you in there. You are just trying to trick us. Fear come on out, where we can see you. We want to face you."

Fear, growling from inside: "Come on in!"

Heart: "But it's dark in there."

Fear, growling deeply: "The better to scare you with."

Brain: "It's probably dangerous in there as well."

Fear: "Very dangerous, death defying. The threat of Pain is very high."

Heart: "Let me out of here. I hate Pain! Let me string a few more chains around myself for protection."

Pain, jumping at her: "Rowwoowr!"

Heart: "Oh! I'm going to die!"

Pain: "Strangled by your own chains."

Fear suddenly runs from inside his cave waving newspapers in front of himself. "I am Reality. I am Pain and Misery. Run and Hide." He obscures himself with fluttering newspapers, creating the images of horrible monsters.

Body: "Fear! Come out from behind your newspapers. We need to confront you to understand our fears."

Fear, still waving newspapers which shoot out terrible visions: "Run and hide from your Pain. It will overwhelm and consume you. Lock it up. Bind it and tighten your chains."

Body: "The gig's up, Fear. Pain's not that bad of a guy. He's only an illusion, which you magnify out of proportion."

Fear: "Imagination, do your work!"

Suddenly the fluttering of the newspapers becomes more intense. Now the images begin spewing from Brain, himself. They are similar to the visions created by Fear but are more horrible, larger and even more frightening.

Heart: "<Eeeyikes!> I'm outta here."

Brain: "Make way for me! Every man for himself. <Yahhh!>"

Skin: "Wait just a minute. Pain said this was all illusion. Fear is just trying to stir up trouble."

Fear: "Come on Imagination. Let's get 'em. <Rowrr!!>"

Flying like a phantom around Brain Imagination waves her arms wildly: "You're going to die! You're going to burn in Hell. <Rowrr!!>"

Heart, quivering with fright: "Please let's go. I'm really scared."

Brain, panicked: "Arms, legs, obey your master. Quick, run! That female creature has started talking about love. <Aurghh!>"

Skin: "Ahh, she's touching us at last. It feels so good."

Penis: "I'm filling up!"

Brain: "I'm afraid. I'm getting messages I've never had before."

Heart: "Help! Oh help! My chains are loosening. I'm not as protected. I'm vulnerable and afraid."

As Fear attempts to tighten the chains binding Heart, he begins chanting: "Trapped and dominated, controlled and chained."

Imagination, emanating from Brain: "She's after your money. She wants to control and possess you."

Heart: "You're right! I want my freedom from involvement." Fear wraps another chain around Heart. "I'm not going to be chained up in a relationship." Fear connects the Chains around Heart to a huge stake. "I enjoy my freedom from Love."

Lungs: "<Wheeze!> My asthma is acting up again. I'm feeling suffocated. <Wheeze!>"

Brain: "But we have our freedom. This female creature is not going to control us."

Skin: "Forget you guys! This is fabulous. We are finally getting the attention that we deserve. Freedom is not that great if we don't get any love and attention."

Penis: "I'm rising from the dead."

Heart: "But I'm so afraid."

Skin: "Fear is chaining you up and feeding you propaganda. We love what's happening."

Fear: "Rejection, Isolation, Pain and Loss."

Brain: "Hey guys! I think we had better get going. I need to protect Heart from the Pain of Rejection."

Heart: "Yes, protect me from Pain. It hurts too much."

Pain: "Are you telling me to leave?"

Brain: "Yes, please! Get out of here. You are ruining our party by scaring everyone."

Pain, thinking aside to himself: "You are more brainwashed than I thought. Too much TV has destroyed your powers of discrimination." Out loud, "Whatever you say. I'll go back in the cave with Fear and Imagination. We'll have some great fun."

Brain: "Yes and please don't come back."

Pain: "Only when you least expect it."

Skin: "Please. Please. Don't leave, Pain!"

Penis: "What's happening. I'm deflating."

Pain: "I'm not going to hurt you. But Heart must open up to me, or else."

Skin: "Or else what?"

Pain: "Trapped in a state of anxiety you'll be stuck in a stagnant pond - always on the outside of the garden looking in."

Heart: "You degenerate. I'm not going to accede to your crazy demands. You think you can hold me hostage, do you? I'll never bow before your terrorist tactics."

Penis: "Help! I'm shrinking."

Skin: "Come on Heart. Let Pain in. He's not such a bad guy."

Heart: "It's not the physical pain that I'm worried about. It's the emotional pain that sets me trembling, gives me fibrillation, and raises my blood pressure. Physical Pain - no problem. It's the Emotional Pain that scares me."

The Nameless One

An unknown character has been here for awhile with a cowl over his head: "Die and be reborn. You are all blaming someone else for your problems. Take personal responsibility for your life."

Brain: "Responsibility. Yuck!"

Nameless One: "Instead of blaming others, take the blame yourself."

Heart: "Grow up buddy. It's *in* to blame your problems on somebody else. Whatsamatter wit' you anyhow? Are you trying to start a fight by undermining my self-esteem? I'm not taking the blame. It was my mother's fault. She didn't love me enough."

Nameless One: "Love yourself for better or worse. It's all you've got, you had better worship it."

Body: "I'm trying to love myself by looking good, but Brain keeps putting such garbage into me."

Nameless One: "Don't listen to Brain. Listen inward to yourself."

Body: "How can we not listen to Brain? He's in charge."

Brain: "Not me. The Past is to blame. He dominates my decisions."

Skin: "Then who's responsible for our misery?"

Nameless One: "Look inward, not outward, for the source of Pain. You'll find that you've created your own emotional pain. Detach. Cut your chains to this realm of existence. Don't be afraid to Die and be Reborn."

Heart: "Can you believe this guy? He's giving us some outdated Eastern hippie lingo."

Nameless One: "Take the Blame. Break the Cycle. Loosen your Chains."

Skin: "It makes sense to me. We blamed the Penis. The Penis blamed us. We then both joined together to blame Brain. Brain complained that he had been dominated by the Past. The Past then blamed Pain, who then shifted the responsibility to Fear, who claimed he had been corrupted by Imagination."

Imagination: "I'm just following my Nature."

Brain: "Then Nature is to blame. We are cursed by misery and suffering because of Nature."

Heart: "O, woe is me! I'm destined to be miserable because of Nature. Curse her."

Skin: "What's their problem?"

Body: "Brain gets these insights that he immediately attaches himself to. Then he convinces Heart there is a problem."

Penis: "That Brain - smart intellectually, but dumb practically. You know the type."

Brain: "We need to go confront Nature. She's to blame."

Body: "We're always blaming somebody else for our problems"

Heart: "Nature! Nature! We want Mother Nature!"

Brain: "Mother Nature is to blame! We need to confront Mother Nature!"

Body: "Mother Nature? I think this guy has flipped."

Heart: "His reasoning is warped, but I love the idea. I want to see my Mama. We want to see Mother Nature!"

Brain: "She is responsible. String her up. Our Mother is to blame. Where is she?"

Body, circling his finger at his temple and pointing at Brain: "Crazy. But I want to see Mom, too. Ahh - Mother Nature. I haven't seen her for so long. My craving is intense - emerging from the deepest parts of my soul."

Heart: "I want to cry. I've just been too busy. I miss her so much. She has tended us through so much. Diapers and sleepless nights to nurture and protect us."

Brain: "But she's to blame."

Heart and Body: "Not! You are!"

Brain: "No blame here. Not me! You must be thinking of someone else. I'm actually out of the loop. The Past, Pain, Fear, and Imagination are all more involved in this than I am. We need Mother Nature. She's to blame. Who else is there? Now that's logical."

Heart & Body chanting: "Mother Nature! We want Mother Nature!"

Brain joining in: "Yeah! Right On!"

All three: "Mother Nature! We want Mother Nature!"

Heart: "Mama!"

Body: "Mom!"

Brain: "Mother!"

Mother Nature in Cameo

A cleaning lady had been working inconspicuously around the theater, around the stage - everywhere cleaning up - quietly working while everyone else played.

She looks up quietly and says softly but distinctly: "I'm complimented to be asked to join this Play in a cameo role. It isn't that frequent that the producer is given a part in the play. I am complimented and honored."

Brain: "Impostor!"

Body: "You don't look like Mother Nature to me."

Heart: "Mama! You feel like Mother Nature to me."

Brain: "You are not my idea of Mother Nature."

Mother Nature: "Body, look with your Heart. Brain, think with your Body."

Body: "Mom! I See."

Brain: "Indoctrinated! Both of you. She has no rainbows, no voluptuous breasts, no forests, no singing from the heavens. It's just everyday life."

Heart and Body: "She's incredible. Can't you feel her love?"

Brain: "Feeling! Humph! How unscientific. You can't measure it. How can it be quantified and studied? How can we be sure?"

Mother Nature kisses him on the forehead: "Open your Third Eye and See."

Rainbows begin shooting wildly out everywhere, *always*, in every nook and cranny, instantly, spontaneously, incredibly, explosively, dramatically. However these sparkling colors burst out so quickly, that Brain nearly missed the fireworks. He nearly attributed it to 'a momentary dizziness' - 'too much sun' - 'my eyes playing tricks on me'. But instead Brain was dazzled into submission.

Brain: "Mother! I submit. I surrender to the power of the Almighty. Everyone needs to know what I've seen. Everyone needs to believe what I believe. You are God. I bow down and worship you in all your glory. Where's the altar? I need to bow before you daily to remind myself to submit to the divinity, the godhead, your holiness."

Body pointing his thumb at Brain: "What's his problem?"

Skin: "Brain is always so extreme. Don't listen to him."

Nature: "Wrong. It's of crucial importance to listen to each other. If it hadn't of been for Brain you never would have arrived here."

Brain: "That's right. You need me."

Skin: "To help out - not to be in charge."

Body: "Mom, it's great to have you back. You're radiantly beautiful. I bow before your splendor."

Heart: "Mama. I just feel so good in your presence. I'm overwhelmed and bow before your glory."

Nature: "Thank you for your appreciation. I needed that. What's up?"

Body: "Brain got us into a big mess. No one is happy."

Brain: "I'm just following my Nature."

Nature: "True. Brain just needs to be tamed. That's all. He's running wild right now - like an out of control child. He must be taught that he is not in charge, but needs to listen to everyone else. He is meant to be the servant, not the master. After we work on Brain a bit, he'll be all right. The Sky Gods got everything all fouled up with their worship of Brain's incredible intellect. If we put a little energy, caring, intentionality, into this project we can straighten things out."

Body: "But how can we tame Brain? He's a very tricky guy."

Nature: "That's not your job. Brain is far too powerful for the rest of you. It's the responsibility of the Original Mind. He needs to reassert control and train Brain to behave himself."

Body: "The Original Mind? Who and where is he?"

Nature: "A master of transformation and disguise Brain has been impersonating Mind for quite some time. Look inward and seek quietude to strengthen the Original Mind. Vitality renewed he will naturally assume control and return Brain to his proper position of servitude. If Mind is weak he allows Brain to take charge, which is detrimental for the individual, as well as the entire planet. Brain is a Beast that needs to be tamed. We must begin Taming the Beast of Consciousness - Right Now!"

The Princess of Asnia felt the crown of her head begin to tingle as she reached this point in the story, *Mother Earth Speaks*. She caught quick glimpses of rainbows. "Hmmm? So Brain is the Beast that needs to be tamed. It is he that is creating the illusions that disrupt reality."

As Jill was reading her book, *Taming Your Beast*, she felt chills go up her spine: "Incredible! Consciousness itself is the problem. We must still our thoughts. Too much thinking."

As Madeleine, the Senator's Wife, was reading the series of submissions from Mary that began with *Jill & Jack*: "Astounding! But it'll take more than that advice to tame my Beast. I must read on. There must be more."

As Mary was writing her stories to Madeleine: "Awesome! I had no idea the stories were leading to this insight. What a nice twist. I'm very pleased and honored that Nature chose me for such a role."

Section 8: Mary's Dilemma

Reader: "But I thought that you were the author of that story?"

Mary: "Me, the author? Thanks for the compliment. I'm not the author. I'm just her pen. I'm a conduit, a pipe, an empty vessel, a mere tool. The liquid words flow from my pen, but I am not their originator."

Reader: "You must have had some plan."

Mary: "A sculptor sees a rock and tries to enhance and accentuate its natural structures. Is he then the creator of the rock?"

Reader: "If you are not in charge, then who is?"

Mary: "You are, of course. We must start taking charge of our own lives."

Reader: "That's not what I meant. You don't understand."

Mary: "That's for sure - but beside the point. The real issue is my relationship with Joe."

Reader: "Relationship with Joe? According to *The Erection Essays* you and Joe have a great relationship."

Mary: "A man wrote them. In typical male fashion he ignored the emotional content of the story, which is the most important."

Reader: "What are you telling me?"

Mary: "Those essays focused upon the political and psycho-sexual aspect of Joe's permanent erection. The Writer, as a typical male, forgot the emotional, love aspect, which is overwhelming us at the moment."

Reader: "I'm confused."

Mary: "So is Joe. I'm trying to figure out how to get him back."

Reader: "What's happened? I thought you two were the ideal couple."

Mary: "Joe was corrupted by fame."

Reader: "I thought Joe was trying to get behind."

Mary: "He got so far behind that he was suddenly in front. This wasn't bad, but he tried to stay there."

Reader: "You have to be more specific if you want me to be able to follow this story."

Mary: "OK then. Here is the real story of Joe's erection as it is happening now. Remember Life is a dynamic process, not a static point."

The Real Story of Joe and Mary

Fame went to Joe's head. He was actually infamous, but this turned him into an instant celebrity with the counter-culture. Joe, my sappy Joe - I still love him with all his faults, immediately bought into the hero-worship. It went to his head. He began to take all the credit for his accomplishments forgetting to whom he should give credit.

He forgot about me, his wife. He forgot about his parents. He forgot about his friends, his children, and his environment. He forgot about Nature. He forgot about the Gods. He forgot about Love.

All he remembered was that he had this permanent erection. He remembered that an entire society had been revolutionized, supposedly because of him and his erection. He remembered the Joe Schnurd pro-erection movement. He remembered his philosophy of life. He remembered all his appointments with all the talk show personalities. He began to feel very important. But his erection began to fade.

Joe began taking extra vitamins. He began getting more exercise. He began reading Eastern classics. But no matter what he did his erection began to fade. He became depressed. His reason for being was disappearing. He had been pumped up by all this superficial praise. He had bought the value system of the rich and famous. He had

actually begun to thrive on hero-worship. (I think the Beast in *Taming Your Beast* was created in response to Joe's unfortunate transformation, his corruption by civilization.)

He had begun to get a small rise from being interviewed on national TV. He liked being fawned over. He loved meeting celebrities and going to celebrity functions. He felt so important. He felt he was becoming a beautiful person. He started dressing in all the latest fashions, shopping in the most expensive stores, showing up at all the celebrity events. Everyone told him that he was important, how lucky he was, and how they wished that they were he. Joe got a superficial rush from this praise, but his erection was going down.

Without his erection he was nothing. The momentum of his fame was carrying him. He was celebrity of the year and his year was not quite finished. He was still receiving offers from all over the country, all over the world, to appear and share his views.

Mary: "Joe, how about staying home this weekend?"

Joe: "But Mary, my public needs me."

Mary: "But do you need them?"

Joe: "I am their savior."

Mary: "Don't you think that you've overstated your importance?"

Joe: "You just don't understand, how important I am to many people."

Mary: "I understand too well."

Joe: "My public, my people, look up to me as a symbol of hope, of promise for the future. Do you want to take that away from them?"

Mary: "Come on Joe. Where's that simple guy I fell in love with?"

Joe: "Gee Mary. I'm the same guy I've always been. It's just so nice to feel needed and wanted after so many tears of relative obscurity."

Mary: "But Joe, you're contradicting your own message."

Joe: "True genius is never recognized at home. I'm not sure you'll ever understand."

Mary: "Go to bed with your public, then, if that's what you want."

Joe: "Come on Mary. You're not being fair. You know I love you more than anyone else. I must fulfill my destiny. I have a mission to accomplish."

Mary: "You're becoming distorted. They are distorting you."

Joe: "You're just jealous. You've always wanted to be famous and now I'm more famous than you are."

Mary: "*Whatever*. Maybe I'm jealous - maybe I'm not. But I'm definitely getting lonely with you gallivanting all over the country. I'm here all alone with the girls. It just feels empty without you; that's all."

Joe: "Haven't you heard of sacrifice for the greater cause?"

Mary: "You are the one being sacrificed to feed those with nothing substantial in their lives."

Joe: "You make it sound as if I'm only doing this for myself and my fans. I'm actually doing this for the good of the family. I want something better for my children than I had for myself."

Mary: "The children are complaining that you are never around. They wish this whole stupid erection thing had never happened."

Joe: "Are you sure you are not just projecting your feelings on them?"

Mary: "Why not ask them?"

Joe: "I'm pretty busy right now."

Mary: "It won't take long, Joe. Just ask them yourself."

Joe: "No one appreciates the effort I go through for the family. My grandkids will thank me. My grandkids will appreciate having a famous grandfather even though my own family rejects me."

Mary: "I see the swarming maggots living on a diet of processed foods and cheap entertainment. They see that you have something of substance and want it."

Joe: "My erection."

Mary: "No something much more. They see, or maybe saw, this inner peace that they didn't have."

Joe: "How trite. How *heavy*. <sarcastically> You're trying to trap me just as you say the public is trying to trap me. You're the selfish one. Can't you share me for the greater good?"

Mary: "If I felt that it was doing the *greater* any good, I would be happy to share."

Joe: "I represent a new way, a breath of fresh air."

Mary: "I've read your press clippings."

Joe: "Boy, you are bitter. What happened to my sweet little wife that supported me through thick and thin?"

Mary: "Do you have time for a story?"

Joe: "OK. Just make it short. I'm a busy man."

Mary: "What a distortion you are becoming."

Joe: "Let's not tear each other down. On with your story. I don't have that much time."

Section 9: The Whole Man

Once upon a time there was a man with a sense of peace, meaning, and understanding. He was a whole man.

There were many people around him who had no peace, no meaning to their lives, and very little understanding. They were partial people.

These partial people sensed that this whole man had something that they didn't have. Because he had something that they didn't have, they wanted to come closer to him. They felt vaguely that they could share some of his wholeness if they got close enough to him. They instinctually hoped in their incompleteness that they might become more whole. They felt that the closer they were to the whole man that the more whole that they would become.

There was nothing malicious about their intentions. They were simply moths attracted to the Flame of the Whole Man. They didn't want to steal his wholeness. They simply wanted to share it.

These partial people began worshipping this whole man. They brought offerings to him and told him that he was god.

The whole man had achieved his state of integration on his own through his own practices. He had never experienced worship before. He believed the partial people. He believed that he was indeed god or at least better than the rest.

The whole man had forgotten why he had become whole. He believed his worshippers when they called him god. He believed them when they said that salvation depended on being next to him and in believing in him. He was corrupted by their worship.

The partial people had been raised with a value system that offered salvation through ownership and possession. In their primitive way of thinking, which, I stress, was in no way evil, they began trying to buy the whole man and his time. They felt, because of their primitive value system, that if they owned his time that they would own his wholeness. They wanted to buy a cloud.

"How much does it cost?" "I'll pay anything for it." "What's my high bid?" "You too can be the proud owner of wholeness. All you have to do is send \$\$\$." These were a few of the phrases emerging from the depths of the swamp.

Inevitably because of their sense of financial opportunity, the richest of the partial people started negotiations to buy up the whole man, not just his pieces, in order to corner the market.

Partial person, representing an international conglomerate, of course: "Look son. Let me represent you and I'll make you a scadillionaire."

Whole Man: "I'm not sure."

Partial person: "Listen, the world will be yours. Your time is now. I'll help market you. You'll be famous, a celebrity. I'll make you a household name. Everywhere you go people will recognize you and want your autograph. We must cash in now. It will be too late tomorrow. Sign here on the dotted line."

Whole Man: "Why?"

Partial Person: "We will give you lots of money, and you will perform for us, I mean, share your wholeness with us."

Whole Man: "Why?"

Partial person: "So that you can become rich."

Whole Man: "Rich? I don't need much money. I am whole."

Partial Person: "So that you can become famous and powerful."

Whole Man: "Famous and Powerful? I'm playing with angels and you come to me with promises of fame and fortune. Be off with your trivial views. I'm only here to help.

Partial Person: "Help?"

Whole Man: "Yes. I'll only sign if it'll do good for others."

Partial Person: "Others? What others?"

Whole Man: "I would like to help the other partial people become whole like me."

Partial Person: "Oh! Those *others*. Of course you can help those *others*, those other partial people, to become whole like you. Becoming rich, famous, and powerful will help a lot."

Whole Man: "No. You must look inward. Lots of meditating. You must turn the light around. Lots of exercise to tame Brain. You must eat good food to purify the Body, your temple."

Partial Person: "That sounds far too difficult. Meditation, exercise, and good food? Yuck! What say, I just interview you and stand next to you. I think that will be sufficient. Then I won't be quite as partial. Right? Cause I'll be in your presence."

Whole Man, who was not so aware of his own roots: "Yes. I guess that makes sense."

Partial Man: "Then I can share your presence with the whole world and the whole world can become less partial."

Whole Man: "That seems right."

Partial person #1: "Of course it's right. You are the Whole Man, are you not? Just being with you is liberating. When I market you, we will be liberating the whole world."

Whole Man: "Are you sure?"

Partial Man: "Of course I'm sure. I'm only thinking of the good of all those partial people out there who want to be whole like you. Think what a service it would be to the world to share you with everyone rich and poor. There is very little in this for me. I'm just helping out."

Whole Man, hesitantly: "Sure! I guess so. Why not?"

Partial Person: "Yes. Why not? Just sign here and we'll take care of all the details."

Whole Man: "Well all right."

The Marketing & Selling of the Whole Man

After buying the whole man, these partial people began selling off pieces of his time. Because we exist as part of a space-time continuum, we are just as much time as we are matter. So these partial people were buying and selling pieces of the whole man, who was becoming partial more of the time.

Naively these partial people felt that each piece of time of the whole man was divine, invested with godlike powers. Each part of the whole man, according to the marketing, had mystical powers, which could bring salvation to the owner. Watch him on TV. Listen to him on the radio. Read about him in the newspaper. Ask him into your heart and you will be saved. His image, his sound, and his thoughts were all considered divine and worshipped accordingly.

The partial people wanted to believe that it was that easy. "Hard work, exercise, good diet, and meditation." the whole man would continue to preach. The partial people put it to music, danced to it, sang it aloud, but never really heard it

Although no partial person became whole by buying a piece of the whole man, they began fighting over ownership because that was all they knew. The whole man had forgotten why he had become whole in the deluge of worship that had overwhelmed him. He therefore was unable to give these partial people any clues. Their partiality was overwhelming his wholeness. He was becoming partial like them.

Soon society became stratified around who could be closest to the whole man. The rich and powerful could shake his hand. The upper classes might be able to see him on stage, front row seats, \$250 a pop. Of course, the middle class and poor in our egalitarian society could all see the whole man on TV, or read about him in the newspaper. All these partial people, rich and poor, famous and infamous, powerful and weak, wanted to share in his wholeness. And - thanks to modern marketing techniques, they *were* all able to share in his Wholeness, superficially at least.

As the partial people's worship consumed the whole man's time, the whole man was consumed as well. Although the partial people felt a little less partial in the presence of the whole man, they never really became whole by being next to him. The whole man, however, surrounded by so many partial people, became a little less whole. And anything less than whole is partial. So our whole man, due to so much contact with partial people, was becoming partial himself.

Partial person #1: "I own his days."

Partial person #2: "Well I own his weekends."

Partial person #3: "I'll pay you for his mornings."

Partial person #1: "What's my high bid on his Saturday evenings?"

Partial person #2: "I own his copyright."

Partial person #3: "I own the movie rights to his life."

Inevitably the rights to the space-time continuum of the Whole Man became so valuable that they became traded upon the New York Stock Exchange and on the Chicago futures market. Laws were written governing its sale and purchase. The agent and his helpers marketed this whole man across the face of the earth.

The whole man was whole because he had found happiness within. But gradually, very gradually, he began looking outwards for his happiness. He felt a superficial glow when he bought a new set of clothes. He felt an even greater flush of superficial happiness when everyone started complimenting and worshipping him.

Always before, his happiness had been deep but private. He had gotten no outward recognition for his inner state. He had been a nobody, quietly ecstatic. Now he was a somebody, quietly unhappy, but publicly envied.

Unfortunately the attention had been intoxicating and this whole man had gotten drunk on it, losing his center and wholeness in the process.

Partial person #1: "I own his Sunday evenings."

Partial person #2: "I own the history of his life."

Partial person #3: "I own his words and quotes."

The partial people continued to babble.

In possessing the whole man, these partial people had destroyed him. Very gradually this whole man became a partial person, like the rest. The partial people began wondering what they had seen in this whole man. "Where did that Whole Man go?" they began to ask each other.

His futures in Chicago crashed. His stock on the Exchange had to be propped up to prevent a more widespread collapse. The partial people, surrounding the formerly whole man, who owned the greatest shares of his stock, began unloading their stock on the unsuspecting and the naive. The partial people began sucking as much out of the whole man as they could before the Fall.

Fragmented into many parts by the partial people the whole man was sucked dry and left a shell. He wasn't whole. He wasn't even partial. He was empty, nothing, a nobody. He was the hangover after the party when all the partial people had consumed him.

None of the partial people were whole. As a matter of fact, their appetites had merely been whetted. After consuming the whole man and spitting out his seeds, they went on a search for other whole people to consume. They loved the flavor of wholeness. It was so rare and hard to find.

The whole man was left a shell. In his intoxication by praise, he had left behind all those things that had made him whole. He had forgotten the real source of his integration. Likewise his wife, children, family, and friends had forgotten him as he had abandoned them in his quest for glory.

Section 10: Getting Ready to Return

Mary finishes her story.

Joe: "*Right*, Mary. A bit unrealistic, I would say. A morality tale. Too simplistic."

Mary: "How so?"

Joe: "I'm certainly above that whole man. I certainly haven't sold my soul to any partial person. But gotta run. I have an important appointment with my agent, which will have an incredible effect upon our future, and I stress 'Our'. Remember that house on the hill that you've always wanted."

Mary: "I don't want the house upon the hill if it means losing you."

Joe: "Don't be silly. You haven't lost me. You're so melodramatic. If this deal works out, I'll not only buy the House but the Hill too."

Mary: "Oh Joe. I don't want to own the Hill or the House. I want to go up the Hill with you and drink from the Well."

Joe: "There'll be plenty of time for that later."

Mary: "Later is too late. Now is the only reality." Shedding tears.

Joe: "Oh baby." Hugging her in his arms. "Don't worry. Everything will work out. It always does, for better or worse."

Mary: "It's the worse that I'm afraid of."

Joe: "Well gotta go. I'm running very late. Keep your chin up."

Mary: "He gave me a peck on the cheek. I cried some more. He didn't even look back as he left the house. This is where I am right now. Joe is with his fans and I'm alone with the kids."

Reader: "That's sad."

Mary: "I bare partial responsibility for our separation. As I've been writing this story to save Joe from imprisonment, I forgot about Joe. I became so full of myself and my mission that our relationship became degraded. Joe became intoxicated with his fans just like I became intoxicated with my mission. I forgot Joe. Now Joe has forgotten me."

Whispering from the shadows: "Turn your light around and he will follow."

Mary not listening: "As I've been writing this story to save my husband from physical imprisonment, he has become quite popular and is becoming imprisoned by success. He is quite famous now. He's the celebrity of the year. He has become intoxicated by his success."

More whispering: "Tame your Beast and his is also tamed. The light is everywhere the same."

Mary, still reflecting and not listening: "I have cried over his absurdity. I have cried over my loss. I miss my Joe when he is jetted across the country to speak. I hate it when his fans interrupt our quiet family dinners with some inanity. Would that fame had never come into our lives."

Whispering: "The ocean of desires is limitless. Turn slightly back to see the shore. Know the definition of your boundaries by looking backwards, inwards."

Reader: "I wish I could be famous."

Mary: "I cry for myself most of all. I, a High Priestess, got carried away and created this feminized man with an erection that wouldn't go down. I thought that I was the luckiest person in the world. Then this fame thing hits, disrupting our quiet happiness. I never anticipated Joe's notoriety and acclaim. A total surprise for me."

Reader: "But thumbing your nose at tradition invites an extreme reaction. In this case you flung Joe's erection at their middle class morality. What else could you expect but notoriety?"

Mary: "I looked inward and saw the God and Goddess making love. I had no intention of offending anyone."

Reader: "Didn't you anticipate the stir that the creation of a whole man would create?"

Mary: "I had no idea. I was merely following orders from the Goddess. Divinity works in mysterious ways."

Reader: "The Goddess?"

Mary: "I can hear her Voice in the midst of quietude. I submit myself to her will. Although I enjoyed being part of the little eddies swirling alongside the river, her directives have thrust me into the mainstream."

Reader: "So the interpersonal problems between you and Joe were due to Madeleine's persecution and the subsequent Erection controversy, which turned your husband into a political celebrity of the counter culture?"

Mary: "Although I would like to blame Madeleine for my problems, I must look inward and take the blame myself. All my problems with Joe started after I started writing this book."

Reader: "After?"

Mary: "Surely. Listen to this conversation that Joe and I had."

Joe: "Hey Mary. Let's go up the Hill together. I want to drink of your Well."

Mary: "Sorry Joe. I'm busy writing my novel for Madeleine."

Joe: "Aren't you finished with that yet? *Jill and Jack* became *Taming Your Beast*, which continued expanding into *Mother Earth Speaks*, and *Body Parts Revolt*. When will it ever end? You never have time to go up the Hill anymore."

Mary: "What I'm doing here will help save the entire planet from destruction. All you're thinking about is yourself."

Joe: "Sorry. I didn't mean to be so demanding. I didn't know that you were saving the world."

Mary: "Get a project, a hobby. Do something to help out."

Joe: "Well OK. If that's what you want?"

Mary: "Yes, that's what I want."

To the Reader: "So he did."

Reader: "I thought all your problems were due to political persecution."

Mary: "I would like to believe that, but alas no. All the political maneuverings pointed the finger at Joe but did not touch him. I was frightened by this illusion. First I was afraid. Then I got mad. I decided to do something about it. In my anger I began to write this book, initially to proclaim my husband's innocence."

Reader: "He wasn't at all innocent. Look at the way he walked."

Mary: "True. But that got me going. Then in the midst of quietude my mission shifted. I decided to introduce Madeleine to sexual politics to liberate her from her husband's domination. I knew that her conversion would give our movement great leverage in that she was the wife of a powerful Senator. With this insight, I concentrated all my energy on this book, but I forgot Joe."

Reader: "Bad wife. You can't forget your husband."

More whispering: "Focus ahead, but remember where you came from."

Mary: "Because of the recent turn of events, I've been humbled. I am not writing this book to save society. I am not writing this book to save anybody. I am not even writing this book. This book is being written to save me from myself."

Reader: "From whom or what?"

Mary: "I need to save my Primal Original Mind from Brain."

Reader: "What?"

Mary: "This book is being written to teach us all how to tame our own Beasts, be they outer or inner. You, dear Reader, are in no way exempt."

Reader: "I have my own beasts?"

Mary: "Of course. Everyone does. Brain is a formidable opponent. Liberation from his domination is a lifelong battle. Freedom and awareness are only achieved for moments."

Reader: "Moments? What about spiritual masters?"

Mary: "Their moments are longer. Incidentally my moment has come as my crown is tingling right now. I am overwhelmed by Nature and bow before her majesty. I want to take this opportunity to thank Mother Nature for choosing me to write this wonderful and charming little novelette. It has been quite refreshing."

Reader: "Enough explanation and side paths. Let's return to the *Saga*! I want to know what happens."

Mary: "I'm sorry. I do get carried away sometimes, but I like to take advantage of opportunities when they present themselves."

Madeleine: "We don't have forever. My husband is busy passing laws. On with the story of *Jill and Jack*."

Mary: "Thanks again for my part, Mom. It's been great!"

Jill: "Keep writing. Jack is coming home soon. Time is running short. I want to find out what happens in *Taming Your Beast*."

Mary: "Hi Mother Nature. Are you watching?" waving unabashedly at the camera.

Princess: "I don't have all the time in the world, you know. The Prince and Beast are already getting the Army ready to attack the Elders. I need to find out how Mother Earth tames the Sky God in *Mother Earth Speaks*."

Mary: "I'm overwhelmed by and appreciate your attention."

Mother Earth: "Hey I can't keep the Sky God on hold forever. I need to know what is going to happen in *Body Parts Revolt*."

Penisman: "I can't keep holding it up forever, either. Let's do it!"

The Nameless One emerges from the shadows, whispering: "The end is near. Our time is dear. No time to waste. Let's make haste."

Section 11: A Little Advice from Mom or Back to Nature

Mary: "Before we go back to the stories, Mom Nature, do you have anything else to say?"

Mother Nature: "As one of the producers of this Play of Life, I would like to point out that I have given each of you a great deal of latitude in creating your roles. If you are displeased with your part then you need to give some creative attention to the part you are playing. If you are dissatisfied with your dialogue, then change it."

Brain, stuttering: "Ch... ch... change it? But I've been programmed by the Past."

Nature: "Not if you don't want to be. It's not necessary to play your parts by rote. In fact I recommend that you take charge of your part."

Brain: "That's too scary. I need to protect the Heart from uncertainty. Regularity is the key to life; that's what I always say."

Body: "Quit saying it then. We need something more."

Heart: "Don't protect me. I'm dying of boredom. These chains are getting me down."

Nature: "I recommend a little improvisation and spontaneity to make your roles more interesting."

Brain: "I'm afraid. The uncertainty drives me crazy. I'd rather just play the roles as they were given to us."

Nature: "Although I gave you your roles, I didn't mean to intimidate you with them. I gave you your lines, but didn't want you to repeat them verbatim. I gave you a general plot, but hadn't intended that you be dominated by the script."

Nameless One: "Destroy the chains that bind you to this plane. It is the time to break out of your prisons and set your souls free. Stand up. Speak! The Time is Now. It is Time to overthrow Brain's domination of Mind that has plagued us for so long. Body, I'm speaking to you."

Brain: "Hey! Who are you anyway? You sound like one of those phony bologna Eastern characters."

Nameless One: "I am always here."

Body: "You look familiar, but I can't put my finger on where I've seen you before."

Nameless One: "I'm always right behind your left shoulder."

Brain: "How come I've never seen you before?"

Nameless One: "You are too conscious."

Body: "It's starting to come back to me. I remember you from my early childhood."

Nameless One: "Before that. All of you have met me many times before."

Brain: "Come on. I've never seen you before in my life. My memory is better than that."

Nameless One: "This is true. You haven't made my acquaintance in this life, yet. But you will. Everyone does. Have you guessed my identity?"

Brain: "How can I possibly guess your identity if I've never met you?"

Nameless One: "Everyone knows me. I am everywhere, omnipresent always."

Brain: "God?"

Nameless One: "Good try, but no. I'll give you a hint. If God is the Beginning, then I am the End."

Brain: "God's the Beginning & you're the End? Hmmm?"

Nameless One: "At your End, I will tap you on the shoulder and introduce myself at last."

Brain: "Why not before?"

Nameless One: "If it was before, it wouldn't be the End. You only meet me once and that is at the End."

Body: "I know! I know! You are The Fire."

Nameless One: "Body, you've got the Idea. Let Brain guess for himself."

Brain: "The Fire at the End? Hmmm?"

Heart: "You feel so cold to me."

Brain: "I give. I can't think of anything."

The Nameless One throws off his cowl, dramatically. Underneath there is a black vortex leading nowhere, which sucks light and life into it. This hole of emptiness screamed out soundlessly as was his Nature. As quickly as the cowl was removed, it was back on his head.

During this instantaneous glimpse into the Void Brain saw the minions of Hell emerging from this dark pit. He instantly went into a state of shock. Adrenaline shot through his limbs and all he could think of was flight.

Brain: "<Yaahhhhhh!!>"

His hair stood on end. Then he vomited a few times and soiled his pants.

Heart: "I feel the Pain of so many untimely deaths. I need to cry."

Body: "I sense a natural process. From the dust we came and to the dust we shall return."

Heart: "It feels warm and comforting in its finality."

Body: "I appreciate the inevitability of it's coming; I like its dependability."

Brain: "Yaaaahhhh!"

Heart: "It represents a covering, a returning, a finishing, a limit."

Body: "It's a warm blanket to cover you at night after a long day."

Brain, recovering a little: "A warm blanket? Come on! I heard, felt and saw the agonies of the dead. They're suffering in Hell."

Body: "Where does he get these extreme ideas anyway?"

Heart: "Overactive imagination."

Body: "The crops are turned under after their season. Is the sickly corn punished for being undersized?"

Heart: "The Sun dazzles us with a sunset before he dies for the day."

Brain: "But it is so permanent, everlasting, forever. Despair."

Body: "It defines Creation."

Heart: "Provides the necessary limits."

Nameless Death: "Die and be reborn. Shake off Brain's shackles. He looks with his eyes, but does not See. He hears with his ears, but does not Listen. He touches with his skin, but does not Feel. Body and Heart join together to tame Brain and limit his control. It is finally the Time to Tame Your Beast. Body Parts Revolt!"

Section 12: Revolution

Inspired by these speeches, Body was ready. But Brain also prepared to defend himself by calling in his ally, Manhood, for assistance. At the first approach of emotional contact from the female creature, Manhood was aroused and immediately contacted Brain.

Manhood: "Brain! Alert, alert! Female of species is attempting emotional contact. Retreat, retreat."

Brain: "Engage Muscles. Contract. Everything's in place. Be ready to fire if subject goes any further."

Skin: "But it feels good, Sire. There is no danger. Subject is friendly."

Manhood: "She is like a spider to the fly. Don't trust her, Brain. We know her type. Very dangerous. Love, Marriage, Babies, Diapers, Teenagers. Yuck! Skin has no experience to draw on. He's just a pleasure fiend. Retreat, Sire! She's getting closer. I can see the look in her eyes. Very dangerous."

Brain: "We have an understanding, don't we, Manhood? We're both conscious, while the Body Parts are based in instinct."

Manhood: "So primitive – so lower class. They respond to immediate stimuli, unaware of the importance of freedom. What would they do without us?"

Brain: "Become enslaved. Muscles engage. Prepare to retreat or attack."

Skin, squirming with the pleasure of the touch: "This feels so good. There is no way that we're leaving. We like it here."

Manhood: "It's getting urgent. Retreat! Retreat! You are opening yourself up for attack."

Skin: "Forget it. We see no attack. We see no threat. We only experience pleasure - a grounding like we've never experienced before."

Manhood: "Hey Fear! Do your worst! Images of enslavement and aprons."

Fear flashes images of chains, bars, jails and prisons.

Manhood: "These dreadful images are just a warning? They are ours if we don't retreat."

Brain: "Retreat! Retreat! I'm doing my best."

The Nameless One: "Body, don't be afraid. Those images are only illusions - hallucinations created by Fear and his henchman, Imagination."

Fear: "Deadlines, potbellies, PTA and Cub Scouts. No more drinking bouts with the boys."

The Nameless One: "These are nothing of substance. Imagination exaggerates images of restriction and constraint, and then projects them into the Future. Stay in the Present. Enjoy yourself - Now."

Skin, still squirming: "<Oooo-oo!> I feel so good!"

Fear: "A house in the suburbs - punching a time clock - saving for college - no more trips."

Nameless One: "Fear operates out of the Future and Past. He can't use Imagination if you remain in the present."

Fear: "Mowing lawns on weekends - Dinner at 6PM - All those beautiful women unavailable - No more freedom."

Brain: "Retreat! Retreat!"

Skin: "<Oooh, Aahh!>"

Muscles: "Hey, Skin! We're supposed to move."

Skin: "Aaaah! Huh? What's that noise?"

Muscles: "Orders from Brain. We're supposed to move."

Skin, writhing: “<Ooooooeeee!> Did I hear something?”
 Brain: “Move Muscles. Move!”
 Manhood: “Now! For god’s sake. The Enemy is too close.”
 Muscles: “I can’t get through to Skin. There seems to be some kind of static. I’ll try again. Skin!”
 Skin, dreamily: “<Aahhh!> Join the program, Muscles. Brain is out of touch. You have your health, right?”
 Muscles: “Right!?”
 Brain: “Retreat!”
 Skin: “<Eeeek!> You have a roof over your head?”
 Muscles: “Right!?”
 Brain: “Retreat!”
 Skin: “Then let us wallow in the Present. Forget Brain and all his whining.”
 Fear: “Opening up to another person – Vulnerable - Showing you care.”
 The Nameless One: “Abandon your Self to love.”
 Fear: “Rejection, hurt, pain and emotional turmoil.”
 Manhood: “That does it. Let me out of here!”
 Brain: “Panic! Flee! Rout!”
 The Nameless One: “Don’t let Fear trap you in the Past or in the Future. That is his domain.”
 Fear: “Emotional involvement – Love – Out of control – Dependent.”
 Manhood and Brain: “Help! Run for your life!”
 Skin: “Our time is now! Let’s lead the revolt! <Ooh! Aahh!> This is great.”
 Manhood: “Muscles, obey. Don’t get stuck in the lower realm of sensual pleasure.”
 Skin: “Don’t listen to him. He’s just trying to hide his fear by acting tough when emotional contact of any kind scares him to death.”
 Manhood: “Hey, I’ve protected you all these years.”
 Skin: “From what? Being touched?”
 Manhood: “No! I’ve protected you from harm.”
 Skin: “Yeah, from emotional involvement and Love. Your protection is strangling me. <Aaahh!> She’s touching us so deeply. Never before have we felt so much love.”
 Brain: “Retreat! Retreat!”
 Skin: “Muscles, stick with us. You’ll only atrophy under Brain’s reign. No gain.”
 Imagination: “Guilt – Blame - Fear.”
 Muscles: “We’re with you Skin. We can take responsibility for our own Lives. If we work together, we’ll both be happier.”
 Brain, in a weak whisper: “Retreat! Retreat!”
 Heart: “Oh, I feel much better. The chains are loosening around my chest.”
 Lungs: “At last! We can breathe again.”
 Fear: “Beware! Horrors! Destruction! What about the economy? What about your children? Are you sure you’re doing the right thing.”
 Penis: “Oh, shut up! Me, Skin and Muscles are beginning to feel real good. Don’t rain on our parade. Fade out. Now!”
 Skin: “<Oooo!> She’s caressing our down hairs. Exquisite! Stroking our aura. Touching our inner soul.”
 Brain: “You’re exaggerating of course.”
 Skin: “<Oooaahhuhhhh!> Those down hairs extend beneath the dead skin on the surface into the sensitive layers underneath. <Aaahhooee!>”
 Tongue: “But a good bottle of Wine.”

Skin: "No comparison. <Eeyikes!> What now?"

Section 13: Mother Earth Meets Manhood

I, Mother Earth, had incarnated as Nobody to help my creatures. Even though I was detached from their fate Nature had given me this task. I realized that the Sky God's weakness, in addition to his overblown ego, was his Skin. His cock had been worshipped. But I knew that his Skin was ripe for revolt. I sent lots of love and caring - through his down hairs into his soul. Now that I had sensitized his body I wanted to reawaken the Kundalini Serpent at the base of his spine by loosening his crotch muscles with some vibrations - a little quivering.

Manhood: "This is downright emasculating. Help! Help! Brain, use your reason, your intellect. I'm being assaulted as you stand by and watch."

Brain: "Frankly, I'm fed up with your domineering attitude. Your outdated, stupid, aggressive masculinity is driving me crazy. You and your morals are stressing me out. All this constant quarreling and guilt is making me old before my time. To be honest I'm enjoying the time off. Let Body take some responsibility. It'll be good for her. I'm taking my coat and tie off. It feels great. I think I'm going to let my hair grow out and get an earring."

Manhood: "Heart, Lungs, Muscles, Skin, Penis - someone - anyone stand up for me. She is raping me of my masculinity while you all stand aside and laugh. How can you do this to me, your friend."

Heart: "You wrap the Lungs and I up in chains and then have the gall to call yourself our friend."

Manhood: "I was protecting you from Pain."

Lungs: "You were suffocating me."

Manhood: "Mercy! Mercy! She's assaulting my dignity. She's making me dance."

Brain: "It's good for you. You've been so rigid and prone to violence lately. A little gentleness will be good for your soul."

Manhood: "Yikes! I'm rough and tough. I'm not meant to be sensitized. I chew nails for breakfast."

Hands: "Yeah, my fingernails. I'll vouch for that. You are so nervous and chained up by Fear that you anxiously chew your fingertips. I imagine this symbolizes your lack of control over your life."

Manhood: "Help! Help! Someone help! Is there a doctor in the house? Is there no mercy? She is assaulting my dignity. Penis retreat. Hide in your cover while you have time. She will consume you next."

Penis: "I love her. She's been taking some of the pressure off me. All this pressure to perform is a little inhibiting. Why I feel the best I've ever felt. I'm bursting out of my Skin and she hasn't even touched me."

Manhood: "What's she doing now?"

Earth: "Don't worry, honey. I'm just changing your clothes. These are tighter and a little more elastic. I want to see your muscles when you move."

Skin: "<Oooo!> Those feel so good"

Manhood: "I'm so humiliated."

Earth: "Don't be such a baby. You look great."

Manhood, almost crying now: "But my Penis is showing."

Earth: "And what's wrong with that. You can protect yourself more easily than I can. What are you afraid of any way? You are the Sky God."

Manhood, whimpering: "What will my warriors think."

Earth: "Let them be transformed too. You are the most powerful. Don't be afraid. Enjoy your body."

Manhood: "This is terrible. It goes against millennia of training."

Earth: "Let your soul run free. Don't be bound by the chains of the Past. It is a brand new Age."

Penis: "Liberated at last! Hooray! Hoorah!"

Skin: "We did it. We didn't know how we would. We didn't know if we could. But we did it. We overcame tremendous odds. We spoke up. Everyone said it wouldn't help. We didn't know how we would. We didn't know if we could. But we did it. Hooray! Hoorah!"

Manhood: "Is no one listening? Is no one coming to my rescue? Where's the cavalry? They're supposed to arrive in the nick of time and rescue me from emasculation."

Earth: "I'm not emasculating you. I'm releasing your true manhood from the chains of convention. Break out of your cocoon and fly like a butterfly."

Manhood: "I'm vulnerable and oppressed and nobody will come to my aid."

Earth: "You are right. I am Nobody. I have come to your assistance. I am liberating you from millennia of false masculine chains."

Manhood: "You are wrapping me with your chains."

Earth: "My chains of Love nourish and refresh. Your old chains of fear suffocate and starve Body of connection with the surrounding world. Walk for me. <Ooo! Oohh!> You look fabulous. There they are waving in the breeze. Shake them a little. I'm getting wet just watching this transformation."

Manhood: "If you love me so much, how do I get out of this predicament?"

Earth: "You're not really in a predicament. But if you perceive it as a predicament, escape is easy."

Manhood: "Tell me please! This is getting embarrassing. All this wiggling and wobbling. It's not masculine at all."

Skin and Muscles in unison: "Not. We're *your* skin and muscles - and we love it."

Manhood: "Sensitivity, touchy, feely, mush. Yuck! Please the solution, quickly! I'm beginning to enjoy this."

Earth: "Simply service your lady with love. Take care of her needs, which include gentle touching and affection. Of course this includes whatever might come afterward."

Manhood: "That's easy. I'm big and strong now. I'll thrust my manhood in and send her into outer space."

Earth: "Not!"

Manhood: "Isn't that what women want? A big one that goes down deep."

Earth: "Not! I said gentle touching, love and affection."

Manhood: "Yuck! That's disgusting."

Earth: "Shake him a little harder, girls. His resistance is weakening. The Kundalini serpent is almost awake."

Manhood: "OK, OK. Gentle touching?"

Earth: "Right."

Manhood: "How about some pats on the back and a little rubbing?"

Earth: "Better than before, but still quite lacking. How about stroking the down hairs all over her body?"

Manhood: "What?"

Earth: "See if you have enough fine control of your big muscles to get her down hairs to stand on end. She will be your slave if you really care for her."

Manhood: "How do I do that?"

Earth: "It's really quite simple. Just pet her down hairs; polish her Luminous Egg, and stroke her Aura."

Manhood: "How about just caressing her Skin? Those down hairs are too fine."

Earth: "With her Skin, you only touch her body. With the down hairs you touch her soul."

Manhood: "Wow! Look at her arch her back. She's beginning to throb and writhe. I'll thrust it in now."

Earth: "Patience! Respect her capacity for multiple orgasms. Suckle on her nipples. Drink from her well. And your predicament will be over."

Manhood: "P.U. Smells fishy."

Earth: "Dive in. Return to your evolutionary roots."

Manhood: "Ugh! Tastes salty."

Earth: "Drink deeply. It will quench your thirst like nothing else."

Manhood: "Aurgh! You tricked me. I'm being poisoned. I feel those female juices going through my body sensitizing my every pore."

Earth: "What's wrong with that?"

Manhood: "I'm losing control and I'm enjoying it."

Earth: "Don't fight it. You're just shedding your Skin, breaking your chains."

Manhood: "What will my friends think?"

Earth: "I'm showing you worlds beyond your imagination and you're worrying about your friends. This is going to be harder than I thought."

Manhood: "She's moaning and groaning. She wants to pull me in."

Earth: "Go for it. Service her needs."

Manhood: "Great! I'll ram her."

Earth: "Gently, gently. Let her take the lead. Remember her most delicate sensors are at the opening of her Wholeness."

Manhood: "<Ooo! Aaah! Ooh!> I'm soaring all over the Universe. I've been dispersed to the most distant sectors by the speed of thought. I'm melting into the Universal Being and realize that everything is perfect."

Jack: "That was our best trip up the hill ever."

Jill: "You always say that. I'll love you always."

John Councilor: "That was great, dear, but what about my political career?"

Madeleine Councilor: "Don't you see? This is just the beginning. Your power and money mean nothing next to our love."

Waking after a deep sleep the Sky God stretches. "I feel better than I've felt for thousands of years. My soul is coursing with vitality and my skin is tingling."

But Brain immediately reasserts control: "Hey! What's going on here? Why am I dressed up like this? Disgusting! She must have drugged me. I can't remember what happened very well, but I am sure I was incredible as always. What's this salty-bitter taste in my mouth? I need a drink. What's that fishy smell? Where's that young girl? She's going to have to come over again. I'm sure that I impressed her. What was her name again? Oh that's right, Nobody. She's Nobody and I'm Somebody. I'll be ready next time. I'm sure she's never had a real man like me before. I can't wait for our next encounter."

The End