

THE Quest

Coming To Earth

Once upon a time, there were several souls who had mastered all the lessons of their world. As a graduation present, they were given several new activities from which to choose. In their research of new opportunities for further growth, they heard about a small world on the other side of the universe needing help. It was listed as a beautiful place, but short on love and understanding. It was a perfect place to apply all the skills they had learned over their many lifetimes.

They chose to go and help. When they arrived, they were amazed at the beauty of the world. It looked like a blue and white jewel, slowly spinning against the blackness of space.

Suddenly they were reminded of the universal law of free will. They could not DO anything on this world other than send love because it was not their world. They considered the situation for some time while sending love to the Earth, as that was within the law of free will.

After some serious consideration with the Guardian Council, it was determined that they could do more – if they were to incarnate on the planet, and take on its popular dysfunctions. As they learned to heal those dysfunctions they would become channels of light and love for the Earth, because they would then be part of that planetary system. They agreed to sign on for the rest of the age, to help bring the planet into the next stage of light and life. We are now on the verge of completing that achievement.

After Mastery

After many lifetimes of growth and effort, several souls had mastered the lessons of this planet. They were confronted by various choices for new directions of exploration. After all the years of work, it was a great relief to have graduated. Now they could look forward to new vistas of exploration and achievement. Just as they were considering the available choices, they were reminded that this planet was in trouble and needed help. After all, it had been home for hundreds of lifetimes. Why not volunteer to

return in service? It would not be quite the same as before. Yes, they would still learn more along the way, but the primary focus would be on helping others, utilizing all their hard earned skills, and much less on simply learning. It was the challenge of a lifetime and more.

So they arranged to return again. Of course, in keeping with the current dysfunctions of the planet, they would once again have to take on, and subsequently heal many of those dysfunctions themselves. To make it even more interesting, they would also be subject to the memory blackout that was currently in effect. That meant they would carry no conscious memory of past lives or their spiritual activities prior to the lifetime they would be experiencing.

As they finally manage to awaken to some awareness of who they really are, they could gradually rebuild their memory. The many levels of denial are quite deep, making it a real challenge.

NOW, it is time to AWAKEN!

Off Planet – Many Thousands of Years Ago

From A Different Perspective

“We have a serious problem.” Gabriel said to Michael. “That planet is so backward! Any soul incarnating on it gets mired so far in its ignorance, it can hardly function as a personality. How are we ever going to move the planetary evolution ahead on schedule?”

Michael looked at him with an expression of frustrated understanding.

“Well, we know that the most important understanding an evolving soul can have is full functional awareness of polarity and how it works. That’s why sexual expression was made the pivot point of life’s functioning there. It is the hub of polar consciousness. All people have both feminine and masculine energy, but it is sex that brings it into full focus.”

“Yes Michael, but so far, all that has done is make things more complicated for everyone. Its almost like a random chaos generator and no one seems to be learning much in the process. What we need is something that works in the opposite direction to focus and then, refine each aspect of the polarity.”

The two archangels were in full accord that something dramatic had to be done, but what? They were in charge of the effort to bring this potentially beautiful planet into a higher, more loving state of existence, but the challenges were immense. Not only was the

planet set up to teach each soul how to deal with emotions – a substantial lesson unto itself – it was, at the same time, combining the basic lessons of polarity. It was a unique experiment in the universe, and if it succeeded, they would be developing a whole new, far more efficient means for evolution of the soul.

Yet, behind schedule already, and with no apparent progress, they knew they had to make some serious changes in their approach. New volunteers for incarnation were drying up fast, adding urgency to the project.

“Let’s review what we know, Michael. Perhaps that will shine some light on possible options.”

“You never could resist a pun! OK, We do know that the lessons of polarity are difficult. It’s one thing to have theoretical understanding of anything, yet quite another to sort it all out, especially when preoccupied with survival in physical form on a primitive planet.”

“Not to mention the confusion of having all the emotions thrown in at the same time. Maybe a soul just can’t learn that many concepts at one time.”

“I know it can be done. We just have to discover how. What we need is a temporary way to focus on one concept at a time, learn it thoroughly, then keep moving on. Learning to deal with the emotions can be woven in and out of every experience, but we need a clear and singular focus on the polarity issue. That’s the tough one – it is so integral to the structure and function of this universe. Understanding must be iron clad.

“Gabriel! You’ve hit on it! What if we were to set up some means to appear to allow only one side of the polarity to function at a time. Then, everyone would have to immerse themselves in that particular polarity. If they did that for, lets say a minimum of several hundred lifetimes, they would experience virtually every important combination of sex, race, and religion. That would be a powerful series of lessons.”

“An interesting line of thought, Michael. We allow them to experience the feminine polarity, and drive it to its limits, then we reverse the whole thing so they can have a similar experience in the masculine polarity?”

“Yes, then they will be ready to truly appreciate both sides and finally integrate them smoothly into a unified expression.”

They looked at each other with a sense of breakthrough accomplishment.

“All we have to do now is figure out how to do it, which is, I’m afraid, easier said than done.”

“Granted we are talking about significant changes in a major planetary design, but we do have the highest support for this project. Let’s call in the section leaders for a creative design session.”

Gabriel called the design session to order and explained the idea. Everyone already knew the problems.

“What we need is a simple way to generate the polar focus. One of the primary challenges is that we can’t actually disable either one of the polarities, because, as you know, one polarity cannot function without the other. Whatever we do must only give the perception of disabling one of the polarities. Furthermore, whatever we use must be a very powerful force that is virtually universal. It also has to be readily changeable without disrupting the physical aspect of the system, yet, only changeable by the governing council – no individual choices about this particular force can be allowed during either polarity focus time.”

Jerome responded immediately, “Love is the most powerful force...oh..., but it affects both polarities the same, so I guess it doesn’t seem to be the answer, this time.”

“True, and the absence of love is equally universal in its effects, so that’s out,” said Arnold.

“What if we considered some of the less universal forces.” Andrew proposed, “Judgments, for example, are pretty powerful in the short run.”

“You may well be on the right track,” said Jerome, “but judgments vary a lot and are usually difficult to control sufficiently. Emotions are also too variable to be reliable.”

Then Jerome suddenly smiled, just a little. A new idea was starting to trickle in.

“Hmmm, we are so focused on the big picture...perhaps we need to shift that focus to the planetary surface. On the local planetary surface, in the short run, what is the most universal and powerful force?”

Jerome leaned back waiting for the effect of his question to sink in. He had the spark of an idea, but wanted the others to share in the discovery.

“Jerome, you have a mischievous look in your eyes, and I feel success coming out of it – your idea just may work,” said Michael, quickly opening his awareness to the new idea.

Everyone spoke at once with questions about who, where, when, what, how...then as if the single thought danced in front of them, they all saw it.

“DENIAL!”

Of course! Denial is the single most powerful force on the surface of the planet. When a person denies something, especially about himself, no other force is sufficiently powerful to change that denial in the short run – not even love. Furthermore, as even more energy is put into the denial from experiences that call attention to it, it becomes even more challenging to change.

Gabriel took charge of the meeting again. “All right everyone, before we spend any more energy congratulating ourselves on having found a solution, we still need to work out some implementation details. There also has to be some hidden challenges. Solutions that come this easy almost always have some sort of unexpected problems attached. If we can discover what they are before they appear, we may be able to get a head start in fixing them.”

“I can see one right away.” said Jerome, “ After some initial frustration, people will certainly start comparing what’s going on with their experiences in past lives, then figure out something is screwed up. It won’t take them long to figure out ways to get around the limitations we set up. That will short circuit the whole thing.”

“ Your point is well taken, but the answer to this one is easy. We simply block their past life memories, and they will never know. Their awareness will be further limited by their denials because, when in the denial state – especially in denying half of their essential polarity – their normal inner awareness and higher spiritual connections are blocked quite effectively.”

The details of the arrangements were finally determined after considerable cooperative effort. The first focus period would carry full denial of the masculine energy. Masculine energy would still be there functioning, but no one would accept it as real or meaningful. It would simply be denied, and the denial would be woven into the surface energy of the planet so no one could escape it.

This dysfunctional energy structure would be held for several thousand years, until all souls had experienced at least 100 lifetimes under its influence. That would enable them to experience both sexual polarities several times in a variety of social conditions, giving full experience of the dysfunctional state.

Once that had been accomplished, the polarity of the denial

would be reversed and the feminine energy would be denied. After a similar time frame, the surface energy would be readjusted to release the denial entirely, allowing everyone to move into fully functional integration of both polarities.

After that much experience in both dysfunctional patterns, there would be no question of the ultimate power and importance of complete acceptance, integration and understanding of the lessons in polarity. A significant side benefit includes a deep understanding about the dysfunctionality of denial itself.

“This program may even put us ahead of schedule, Michael. Denial is one of the really tough lessons – almost as tough as patience.” Gabriel said hopefully.

Michael’s response didn’t do much to bolster Gabriel’s hopes.

“I suspect you are right about the hidden problems you mentioned earlier. This is going to be more of a challenge than it appears, and we are going to have our hands full before it’s over. I don’t see any other options, but I still smell trouble ahead somewhere. I smell it.”

Twenty first Century, Planet Earth

The Quest Begins

“There are times when I hate men! That condescending, low life, weasel faced, ego ridden, scum bag!”

Richard was surprised by Susan’s aggressive entrance.

“Whoa, Susan, what’s wrong? I’ve never seen you this agitated. How about a hug?”

Susan stomped over to Richard and stood there for a moment. He gently touched her cheek and kissed her lightly, then put his arm around her, rubbing her back. She slowly leaned against him and started to relax a little.

“You are generally an exception, Richard, but there are some who deserve to be hung up by their jock straps.”

“So what happened already?” he said quietly.

“I stopped in the hardware store to check out prices and features on socket wrench sets for that car repair course I’m taking, and the clerk was so condescending. He asked me what I was going to use them for, with a real smirk, as if I were in the wrong place. That was bad enough, but I answered simply ‘auto repair’, holding my tongue. Then he said, ‘You’re too pretty to get all dirty with oil and greasy stuff like that. Let’s get together this evening, and we can

explore some other tools that would be a lot more fun.' Then, I slapped him and left. The very nerve! Nobody should have to put up with that kind of crap!"

She softened slightly in Richard's arms, her body shaking with all the energy it had been generating.

"Of course, there's no excuse for what he did. There are days when I am not fond of manipulative grasping women with more makeup than brains, who couldn't even sharpen a pencil to save their lives, yet think the world is designed for their pleasure. You seldom hear me going on about that. This whole business of animosity between the sexes has gotten way out of hand. A little friendly jibe now and then may seem relatively harmless, but it seems like almost everything is being turned into a battle between the sexes these days. There is something about it I don't understand."

"What do you mean, Richard? Men and women have been beating each other around for thousands of years. What's new about that?"

I don't know, but something deep in my gut says there is more to it, and we have all been missing the point."

"So? I've been getting feelings like that all the time, Richard, but they usually go away when I ignore them."

"Well, I'm not going to ignore this one, I'm tired of all this negative stuff and it's time to do something positive about it!"

"Richard, you're not going down there and get physical with that clerk?" she gasped, half hoping he would.

"No, adding gasoline to the fire won't put it out, but we have to do something." he replied.

"What can we do Richard? All the experts, over the ages, haven't been able to do anything. What makes you think you can?...What makes you so special?"

"It's not that I'm special, it just feels like it is suddenly time to do something."

"You mean it's time today, but it wasn't yesterday? Now, that's stupid."

"Susan, you have a real knack for stopping thought with those judgments of yours. Just how do you mean it's stupid?"

"The battle of the sexes has been going on forever, is thoroughly ingrained in all aspects of our culture, and suddenly you decide one afternoon that it's time to stop it, just like that. It sounds even more stupid the second time."

"New ideas always sound strange the first time through. I agree,

it doesn't seem to make any sense on the surface, but that's how I feel, Susan."

"I agree that it is a good idea to do something, Richard but what? Where does all this animosity come from anyway?"

"Now that's a very constructive question, Susan. There is a lot of energy trapped in this whole sex thing, and every time anyone taps into it they usually add even more – just like we did when you came in. You were in a very high energy aggravated state, and I even allowed myself to be drawn into it too. What if we really tune into this for a few days – put a real intense focus on it? Remember what we were shown in the Spiritual Therapeutics Seminar we took last year?"

"Hmmm, jog my memory a bit, I remember we were told up front that real answers were inside us already. It took awhile for that to soak in. I'm beginning to feel like we need some sort of can opener." Her anger was dissipating slowly as her curiosity began to grow.

"Remember that Inner Research thing? It didn't really hit then, but it feels right, now." Richard asked.

"Oh, yeah, that business about focusing all our attention on one subject and asking within how everything we say, see, think or feel connects with the subject of interest. That sounds like work." she said flatly.

"You're the one that raised the question, and just said how strongly you felt about it. Now you're telling me it's too much effort? Now that's really stupid, Susan!"

"Trading insults isn't going to help, Richard, but you're right about something not making sense here."

"I want to do something, Susan, but feel like I'm being held back at the same time."

"You're just afraid you might find something you don't like, Richard. If you really examine it, you might just find that women are superior after all – coward."

"All right Susan, my insult bucket's full for now, but I will get to the bottom of this. Refresh my memory. How do we do this?"

"It's really very simple, Richard. It just requires some serious attention and desire to follow through. First, you clearly hold the concept you are researching in the front of your mind, and keep asking yourself questions like, 'How does this conversation we are having relate to the masculine and feminine energy?' Note the answer as it comes, and keep on asking similar questions, for days at a time."

“All right, there is no time like the present to start.”

They sat down together on the couch.

“Where did the ‘feminazis’ go wrong in their efforts to liberate women?” He began. “It’s been years, and only a few surface changes have happened in a few places. Nothing seems to have fundamentally improved. If anything, there is more anger and hatred than ever. Realizing that got me started on this path.”

“Richard, women were repressed. Some got angry. They rebelled. That’s what happened.”

“And the rewards of that rebellion, Susan? A few token management positions, limited legal preferences for government jobs, the ‘opportunity’ to keep house and work full time, a little social acceptance for fatherless families, more welfare mothers and a temporary reduction in bra sales. Yet, we are even more at each other’s throats than ever.”

“Who rebelled at what?” she asked

“What do you mean, Susan?”

“Just what I said. Who actually rebelled, and exactly how did they rebel?”

“I’m beginning to pick up a glimmer along that line, but lets go back to basics for a minute.” Richard continued, “We were told at that seminar that all people are composed of both masculine and feminine energy, and that women are more expressive of feminine energy and men are more expressive of masculine energy. That means that it goes way beyond being a women’s problem.

It’s a challenge for all of us. It also means that when the two energies aren’t playing well together, we all have problems with it – like having a private war inside each of us. We’re so used to it this way, it’s difficult for us to recognize it as a problem, let alone come up with solutions. Say, that raises a critical question. What are the masculine and feminine energies? What do they do, and how can we recognize them?”

“Wow, the process is already working, Richard. It feels like you’re on to something here.”

“As we clearly identify and understand masculine and feminine energy, we can start to trace what’s actually happening.... Let’s see, masculine energy is focused, action oriented, penetrating, moves a step at a time – kind of sequential.”

“Like following instructions one step at a time.” she added. “It’s also power centered, mostly in a physical way, and could be described as the doing, or action force.”

”Let’s not forget left brain, analytical, thinking and logic oriented. Now for the feminine energy, Susan. It is a softer energy, more diffuse, everywhere, in and through all things.”

“It is nurturing, warm, surrounding, and represented by the intuitive nature, a quiet knowing, understanding aspect of self.”

“That means they are polar opposites within the whole self. Whenever we fight one or the other we are actually fighting with an aspect of our self. That’s why the ‘feminazi’ approach doesn’t really work! They are using the masculine energy to fight with other masculine energy using the masculine energy rules and playing field! It is missing the whole basis of the problem! No wonder the game hasn’t changed.”

“I follow you so far, but what is the heart of the problem, Richard? Something had to cause this in the first place.”

“Now we have the energy framework to work with, that answer becomes simple too. It is denial of the feminine energy – lack of acceptance – plain and simple. We are surrounded by clues and pieces to the puzzle. Men and women putting each other down is a big one. It starts with an assumption of feminine inferiority, and follows with endless pot shots, and challenges like ‘which is stronger or more powerful’. That’s like asking if someone runs better on their right foot or their left – a totally meaningless series of questions and challenges.”

“So you are saying that the root of the problem is across-the-board denial of feminine energy?” she asked for clarification.

“Yes, exactly. When we deny something, it doesn’t really go away, we just refuse to recognize it. Any effort to directly confront the denial, results in more denial, and more energy added to keep it in place. Eventually, we have a tremendous build-up of energy in the denial, leaving little left for life. Using the masculine energy to confront its denial of the feminine aspect triggers all the built-up defensive energy, adding fuel to the fire, making things worse.”

“But Richard, if we can’t fight it, what can we do to change it?”

“Ahhh, that’s the key question. What can we do? I’m not sure yet, but if we ask within and let it perk for awhile, the answer will come. I feel certain.” he responded.

“OK, lets focus our minds on that question and let it go. ‘What can we do to change things for the better between the sexes.’ Keep an expectant awareness out, and see what happens over the next day or two. How about some lunch? All this energy expenditure has made me hungry.”

“Good idea, meanwhile, while we wait for some answers to

present themselves, lets work on gaining greater clarity of the nature of masculine and feminine energy. We need the best possible understanding we can achieve.”

“It’s a deal, now lets find some food.” she stood up, and headed for the kitchen.

Man Talk

“This whole marriage business sucks! I did most of the work and it never seemed to be enough. The few times I wanted something out of it, there was always some sort of excuse, but when she wanted something, it was like a decree from God. You ready for another beer, John ?”

“Sure Joseph, we can’t sit around with empty glasses.”

John got up to find a refill. The down side to marriage was an old subject, but always seemed to be readily available for discussion. They seldom covered any new ground, but it felt good to be able to commiserate anyway.

“All right, Joseph, here’s a fresh brew. Having trouble with the ‘ex’ again?”

“Yes, she’s up to her old tricks. It’s not just a single thing, its the whole idea. Back when we were married, I would spend all day working my ass off, putting up with the usual garbage at work, then come home and there'd always be some sort of maintenance chore to be done. I’d be greeted like I had done something wrong by not spending the whole day at her beck and call. When it was finally time to hit the bed, the old headache excuse would take on some new twist. I was lucky to get a piece once a week, and its more like she was doing me a favor when it did happen. So many women today act like they can only have so many orgasms, and if they save them up, instead of using them, they can somehow redeem them for jewels or something later on. They act all nice and friendly before they get married, then they turn into somebody’s mother afterward. It’s not only feeling trapped, but the fact they are such deceivers about it too.”

“There is nothing new about the pattern you describe, Joseph, but that is part of our challenge as men. We have to keep them in line, all the time. You have to take charge and lay down the law. You can’t depend on them for independent thought. If you do, it all goes to some sort of decorative frippery or self indulgence. Its your duty to be her teacher and guide. Once you ever let them have their way, it just keeps on going down hill from there.”

“You could be right John, but I hope not. I always thought it

should be a real partnership, share and share alike, but it always seemed to end up one way – hers. Damn it, it would have been easier to hire a whore when I got horny. At least I could have had sex when I wanted it, and no strings attached.”

“Joseph, prostitutes are not cheap – except maybe those you wouldn’t want to associate with in any case.”

John leaned back to listen, he could see that Joseph was beginning to really get up a good head of steam.

“Maybe in the short run, but let’s look at some numbers, we may be onto something here. My ex-wife is a good starting place. Twenty years of work, and I still had the same size mortgage as when I started. Every time we moved, it had to be a bigger, fancier house. Add in the cost of owning and maintaining a second car, and marriage isn’t cheap. The utility bills were endless. She never turned off a light and kept the house like a refrigerator all summer long. Add a constant parade of furniture and clothes, not to mention all the food. Then, the judge gave her more than half my life savings, plus her outrageous lawyer’s fees. Her lawyer charged more than twice what mine did and did half the work. Then, I even had to pay taxes on her part, too. In round numbers she cleared at least \$300,000 out of the deal.

Now, 20 years and sex once a week – and that’s generous – comes to about 1,000 times. what’s a whore cost?”

“I can’t say from experience,” said John, “but I imagine at least \$200 a pop.”

“OK, that will suffice for rough calculation purposes,” Joseph continued, “That gives us \$200,000 total. I could have had the same amount of sex, without the hassles, and saved over a hundred grand in the bargain!”

This was a new development in the old line of thought – actually putting numbers to it. John was intrigued by the idea, but it needed a bit of clarification.

“Don’t you think, in fairness, that she contributed to the household with the work she did around the house? She did fix meals, clean up a bit, and do your laundry, didn’t she?”

“You’re right, John, but I allowed pretty much for that in the \$300,000 total. Just for kicks, let’s put some numbers on that anyway. Maid services and general household help run about minimum wage. You can even get one who cooks for about \$600 a month. I’ve seen it done in several cases. For twenty years, that’s less than \$150,000 in today’s dollars. 20 years ago it was a whole lot less. If we used that same measure on my income over the years

I would have earned well over a million dollars, and her take would be more like five hundred grand instead of three. I think it's a fair estimate. Marriage is definitely more expensive with less value."

"There are other challenges and expenses, Joseph, and what about children?"

"That raises an interesting point, John, Children are strictly a joint proposition. It takes two, even with the test tube approach. They raise the total cost, but responsibility is still split down the middle."

John suddenly stood up.

"I have to get rid of some of this beer, but think about this till I get back. Given your premise, which looks logical when you plug in the numbers, what's the real difference between a housewife and a prostitute?"

"My God, John, what an inspiration of clarity! They both sell their services, and one makes a long term contact and the other sells it by the piece! Its a new perspective on the concept of piecework!"

John strolled back into the room with a relieved look on his face.

"It really is true, no one can truly own beer, we can only rent it."

"Yes, added Joseph, "and there is no denying the hydraulic pressure that builds up when we do, but that's an old line."

True enough, John responded, " but the new thought of the day is that the prime difference between a housewife and a prostitute is the finance plan. Now there's a real campaign slogan for something!"

"That wouldn't get anyone elected dog catcher today, but it does open another realization. In truth, we are all a bunch of whores selling our services to others for the money. Even at work, we do what we are told, with little thought or even awareness of consequences for what we are really doing. What if we actually took the time and thought to consider the longer term effects from what we do every day, both to ourselves and the rest of the world?"

"You just opened a real can of worms, Joseph. That's really a problem. Few people look at what any of us do in any serious way. We just keep on doing it, almost like a bunch of zombies. I wonder if this line of thought could lead to some new answers instead of going around in the usual circles? – you ready for another beer?"

"Sure, then I have to go."

Woman Talk

Angela and Mary were having lunch together at one of those cozy little cafes with real cloth napkins, artistic decor and exotic

sounding food that looks better than it tastes. Angela was obviously perturbed.

“Men! Just when things start working smoothly, they turn around and change the rules.”

“What in the world happened to trigger that?” Mary responded.

“Joseph and I have been spending a lot of time together the last few months, and it seemed to be going so well. He would open doors for me, take me out to nice places for dinner and he even sent me flowers. It was wonderful. We made love several times, and it seemed to be going fine. Now he tells me he wants to see other women.”

“You mean he wants to break it off, just out of the blue?” Mary asked.

“He says he just wants to stay flexible. He still wants us to continue seeing each other, but wants to date other women too. He said he was being honest up front rather than sneaking around, and that he still loves me.”

“Look Angela,” Mary said as she put on her sternest expression, “You know that’s a bunch of bull. He just wants some free sex on the side, while he plays around looking for other targets of opportunity.”

“Oh I know,” confided Angela, “but you know how long it took to reel him in this far. Nevertheless, I told him no way, and threw him out. I feel terrible about the whole thing.”

Mary reached over and patted her shoulder. “Do you have any idea why he did it?”

“Well, We had just finished making love, and I was feeling all warm and tingly, just laying there. I guess I said something about how wonderful it would be when we were married, and I could quit working.”

“What's wrong with that? Everyone knows that a man is supposed to provide for his family!” Mary exclaimed. “If he isn’t willing to support you and give you presents all the time, he doesn’t really love you. You need to find someone who has lots of money so he can support you in style. Should he even contemplate any wandering ideas, the cost of divorce will keep him on the straight and narrow!”

“But I love him, Mary, and I don’t want to lose him. It is so wonderful being with him. He is so considerate, and honest...and he even wrote some poetry for me. I can’t just throw this opportunity away if there is some way to make it work. I just know I can’t let him run around with other women and be sleeping with me at the

same time. If I cut off the sex, I know I'll lose him for sure. There just has to be some other solution."

Mary decided it was time for a different approach.

"Now Angela, you know men and women have been playing these games forever, and there are always more frogs in the pond. Is he good in bed?"

"I have only limited experience in that department to compare with, but he is so considerate, he actually cares that I have an orgasm, and is willing to help me along." Angela confided, "He did want to do it with the lights on, but I couldn't handle that."

Mary began picking at her salad. "I suppose that means you've only ever done it in the missionary position?"

"Isn't that how you're supposed to do it? Nice girls don't do those other things! He did try to get me to put my hand on his..., well you know, but I just couldn't do that, Mary."

"Girl, you have a lot to learn about keeping a man attentive. You need to learn to give him such good sex, when you do allow him access, that he will always come back for more, then you're in control." Mary advised. "Men live for orgasm, that's their way. When you can control that, you have the upper hand. That nice girl stuff is just propaganda to keep teenagers from having sex and adults from enjoying it. Sex is a powerful tool but you have to learn how to use it well. When you're in bed naked with a guy, you can learn lots of secrets for keeping his attention."

"Are you suggesting some sort of course in sex education Mary?"

"I haven't heard of one in regular schools, but there are some interesting books in the library. That may be a good place to start. Then you can use Joseph for practice. Give him a day or two without any sex and, if you get started right away, you can probably learn enough to keep him off balance and still committed. Mind you, not even a hint about marriage till he's fully hooked."

"I guess it's worth a try. It'll take some real effort on my part to overcome all that 'nice girl' training, but I don't see any other good choices, and I really don't want to lose him." Angela said, "Maybe I'll call it my personal quest for the ideal orgasm."

"Good idea, Angela, now let's have lunch, and talk about redecorating my house. I found the most marvelous wall paper the other day...."

A Typical Marriage?

As Mary entered the house, her face returned to its customary frown. It was so nice to spend the afternoon with Angela,

discussing ways to spruce up her home, but now she had to resume her dominant role. You just have to keep the men towing the line all the time, she thought. "I see you spent the afternoon drinking again. Did you record my soaps like I told you?"

"Huh?" answered John, "Oh yeah, I guess so."

He was tired of hearing about those damned soaps. Why in the world would anyone waste so much time on that drivel? It was the same thing all the time, he thought. Just a bunch of social deviants constantly exhibiting dysfunctional behavior mixed in with a bit of daily lust. If women spent more time lusting with their husbands, maybe the world would be a better place.

What's the matter with women anyway? They can hardly do anything by themselves, yet they seem to think they run the world, just because of what they have between their legs. Why do they seem to be able to turn it off so easily?

"I don't feel like cooking tonight, what kind of pizza shall we have delivered?" asked Mary.

She was determined not to be turned into some sort of domestic slave. It was bad enough to do the laundry most of the time, and put up with his messes, but there was only so much a girl could take.

He paid the bills, and there was enough left over for a few projects around the house, but they never seemed to save enough for that vacation cruise she had been reading about. Maybe if she could get him to stop drinking all that beer? Gotta go carefully on that one, at least he does it at home and doesn't buy the expensive brands. Besides, she liked a few beers now and then herself. No, that wasn't the answer. He just needs to make more money.

"The usual is fine," John responded.

I work hard to bring in the paycheck, he thought, and she can't even be bothered to fix dinner. All she does is watch those stupid soaps. What a waste of a VCR.

I suppose I could get a divorce, but then where would I be? I'd have to rent an apartment, and even a little sex once in awhile is better than none. Then there is the expense, I'd lose just about everything I've worked so hard for. What a sorry state this society has become. It's time for another beer.

Each kept to themselves, involved in their own activity until the pizza arrived.

They ate together, silently, while watching TV. The rest of the evening passed quietly. John yawned as the news came on.

"Do you want to make love tonight?" Mary asked sweetly.

"A special occasion?" John retorted.

“No, not really, but its been a while, and there’s nothing to watch on the TV, I just thought you might like to.”

Why do we have to play these endless games? she thought. Oh well, if I soften him up, he’ll be more amenable to redoing the kitchen, and I could do with a hug or two before he falls asleep.

“You know I always enjoy a poke in the sack, lets go.”

I better hurry before she changes her mind, he mused to himself.

Mary knew just what to do to speed his arousal and bring him to a climax. She had become rather efficient over the years, including a good moan now and then mixed with a little heavy breathing to suggest emotional involvement on her part. Though he made few sounds, she could always tell when he neared his climax by the increased intensity of his motion.

She had to allow him to do it often enough to keep him from seeking sex somewhere else. After all, she knew it was her Christian duty to submit herself to her husband, at least once in awhile. If anyone were to ask her about sex, she had found a ready answer that seemed acceptable to anyone in polite society. Just describe it as a wonderful spiritual experience. No one would question that, end of subject.

I wonder what it would be like to do it like a man, she thought. Occasionally, when she was younger, she would feel some sort of excitement in the sexual process, but it never really went anywhere, just a little exciting, then John would reach his peak, and it would be over. I wonder what it’s like to have a real passionate orgasm, she thought quietly. Oh well, it really doesn’t matter I guess.

“Ahhhh.” sighed John, rolling over on his side, “That’s better, now for a good night’s sleep.”

Mary kissed him lightly and turned to her side of the bed. That’s that, she thought to herself, another “slam bam thank you ma’am”, but without the thank you.

It’s OK, she thought to herself, she had a good marriage by most standards. They spent time together, he never hurt her, was a better than average provider, took care of the household things she never felt competent to do, seldom even raised his voice around her, and they were used to each other’s company. Comfortable, that’s the word she was looking for. Yes, they were comfortable together. Not a very exciting word, but isn’t that as good as one can expect anyway? She closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep, serenaded by John’s muted snoring.

A New Kind of Commitment

Joseph walked slowly, deep in thought.

Women are such trouble. They are either possessive or cold as ice, and sometimes both at once. He didn't want to lose Angela. He sensed some real passion hidden there, and he felt very attracted to her, but after being stuck for years in a marriage of infrequent and uninspired sex, he was determined not to fall into that trap again. There had to be a better path.

If only he could talk to Angela about the sex in up front terms, maybe they could get through this impasse. That was, after all the real problem. He loved her, but was afraid of getting trapped again.

She had been brought up with all the common taboos about sex, and they clearly interfered with her enjoying it, or even participating fully. She avoided any kind of discussion about sex, as if it were a dirty subject, let alone getting her hands involved in it, so to speak.

He chuckled to himself at the pun. She described puns as the lowest form of humor, and he enjoyed it every time one would pop out unannounced. Add the sexual innuendo, and that made it even funnier somehow. Maybe it was the forbidden fruit syndrome that did it?

He had shared sexual experiences with a few other women since his divorce, and some were truly incredible. Two of them had actually gone into some other dimension of awareness at the climax. It had taken some time afterward for them to come back to full consciousness of their physical surroundings. Just listening to their description of the experience was exciting all by itself.

Our sexual ignorance is truly appalling, he declared to himself. Too bad women always seemed to choose someone with more money, whenever the opportunity arose. That's one of the really special qualities about Angela, she is more interested in love than money. If we could just work out this sexual roadblock, we could have the time of our lives, and really live "happily ever after".

When she had called him to suggest a meeting using those highly charged words "we have to talk", he knew he had to show up. How was he going to handle this? If he was right up front about sex, she would be offended, but, if he didn't talk to her about it, the denial of holding it in would eventually destroy the relationship with submerged frustration and anger.

His previous marriage and subsequent divorce was a dark monument to the destructive forces of long held denials and

submerged anger. There he was, surrounded by his fears either way he turned.

The connection he shared with Angela was too good to just walk away from. I guess if she really loves me she will be willing to at least listen. Certainly any other approach would be guaranteed to end in going their separate ways.

The unknown was what her response would be to the truth. Was she ready to start releasing some of her sexual hang-ups? Fear of the unknown! That was his key! The known was splitting up, or taking on her sexual limitations. Neither choice was acceptable. It was the fear of the unknown adding power to his fear of losing a potentially wonderful relationship.

Now the path is clear, he concluded. I've never let the fear of the unknown stop me for long, and the fear of losing her is sitting opposite the certainty of loss. The choice is clear, no matter how challenging it may be, I have to bring it out in the open. In the end, if we can't sort this out beneficially for both of us, the "great relationship" would clearly have been only an illusion anyway. If we can sort it out beneficially, we can make it real.

Joseph knocked on Angela's door. He was as ready as he was going to be.

Angela opened the door with a smile.

"It's nice to see you." she said.

"Its nice to see you too, I missed you." he responded.

They shared what could be described as a medium hug, warm, but not too warm – bodies aligned and touching hips to shoulders, but without sexual tension. Much more encouraging than the deadly "A-frame" hug where only the shoulders might make contact, as if to suggest the appearance of friendship, while clearly demonstrating by position that any closer contact would probably transmit some immediately fatal disease.

It was an encouraging beginning, he thought.

"Come in and sit down." she said, "Would you like something to drink?"

"That would be nice." he responded, sitting on the couch to keep all options open.

"I thought you might like to try a new beer I found." she said warmly.

"Thank you. That's very nice of you." he replied, "You're a very special person to be so thoughtful."

She brought his drink and sat in the chair across from him, clearly signaling that their "talk" was the only immediate priority.

There was a momentary silence as they both tried to formulate appropriate words for the awkward feelings they each felt.

“Joseph,” she began, “I love you, but I can’t bring myself to have sex with you, while you sleep around with other women. There is, of course, the possibility of picking up some sort of disease, no matter how careful you may be, but it goes way beyond that. As you know, I was brought up with the idea that sex outside of marriage is wrong, and have managed to get past that block. Yet, I still need some form of – do I dare use that emotion laden word – commitment? In other words, I guess you could say that I love you, but am not prepared to share you with other women on the same level.... I have to ask you, is there someone else?”

The air was thick with emotion, fear, anticipation, and expectancy. Their whole future seemed to be riding on his response.

“Joseph began slowly, “The answer to your last question is the easiest to answer, No. That really isn’t what it’s about. This is very difficult for me, because I really care about you, and want to spend all my time with you, but, we have a problem. I suppose I should say I have a problem, but since it manifests as a problem between us, we have a problem. It is clear, I think, that we both care about each other a lot, and enjoy being together, so I’m going to risk it all. It has to do with sex.”

Her eyes narrowed slightly, not sure what he was going to say, but knowing it would have some serious impact.

“I don’t mean this in any way to be hurtful, and the times we have shared in bed have been highly pleasurable, but, It’s not enough. Let me try to explain, though words are difficult for me.” he continued quickly. “You need – no! Let me rephrase that. I need you to participate more in foreplay. I need you to be more of an active participant. I know you don’t like to talk about sexual things, but if we can’t share deeply on that level too, things will eventually grow stale, and we will, sooner or later, end up either separating, or mired in mediocrity like most of the other couples we see every day. I know we can be so much more together.”

The silence grew intense. Her expression was one of intense concentration. She didn’t leap up to throw him out, yet. Maybe that was a good sign. Silence still reigned, and his tension mounted.

A tear rolled down her cheek.

“This is very difficult for me too.” she whispered, trying to catch her breath, and beginning to tremble slightly. “I’m having real trouble finding the right words, too. I feel the fears of rejection like

they are playing a vengeful game of tennis in my head. This may be the hardest thing I have ever done, but I am determined to get through it, the best way I can. Just so I understand clearly – you do love me and you are not just trying to dump me for someone else?”

“That’s right.” Joseph answered, “It’s about my fear of feeling trapped and unloved, I see that much clearly.”

“It appears we both have some challenges here, and I’ve been thinking about it too,” she said, regaining some of her composure. “In fact I’ve begun working on it in a limited way already. What you have said so far, helps me let go of at least part of my fears of being abandoned, but its still a real challenge for me to break out of all that childhood conditioning. I went to the library yesterday and found some books on sexuality. I haven’t finished any of them yet but they have been real eye openers. It seems like reading about it helps make it a little easier to talk about, though I know there’s still a big jump between talking and actually doing.”

She slowly rose and came over to the couch and sat down next to Joseph, without losing eye contact. She reached out and lightly touched his cheek with her fingers.

“Oh darling, I’m so scared! I don’t want to lose you..., and I do want us both to have wonderful sex together..., and I don’t know how..., and it’s so hard.” she sobbed.

He reached toward her, and they embraced with a passion neither of them had ever felt before.

They held each other tightly, oblivious to time. It felt like they were floating together in a wonderful place, completely away from the cares of the world.

“My experience has shown me that the first step in resolving a problem is recognizing that there is one.” Joseph whispered, “When it has to do with others, real communication is the only bridge we have to effectively deal with it, and it feels like we have just started to bridge the most important communication gap of our lives. I love you Angela.”

“Perhaps it’s time to open some more new bridges of communication while we are at it, so shut up and kiss me already,” she whispered back.

Her hands trembled as she reached for his belt buckle. He felt her hesitation and touched her hand for reassurance.

If he had known how this would work out ahead of time, that it would work this well..., but then, Angela was special. They had been practicing verbal forms of communication for months, and

both had agreed, at least in theory that they must both keep consciously working to communicate about everything.

He now realized this experience was simply a test and realization of his theory that between two loving people, real communication was a very powerful tool – more than that, a necessary tool. All his fears of confrontation were gone for good! He suddenly felt freer than ever before. He smiled at Angela who was starting to do some wonderful exploration with her hand. He knew he would rise to the occasion.

Angela was wrestling with her fears of forbidden touch. It was not easy to broach the many years of negative training, but she was determined to succeed. She had overcome other fears in her life, and knew that the most effective way was to simply face them and blast through their illusionary barriers. Most fears, she knew from experience, never really came true, they were like ghostly shadows from the past that disappear in the light of understanding, determination, and most of all experience.

They were already lovers. He cared deeply for her, and she for him. What is the worst that could happen anyway? He didn't carry a mouse trap in his pants. There were no sharp objects to stab her. What was she afraid of? Why did she hesitate? Her hand trembled. He showered regularly, so he wasn't dirty....

Oh my God! She suddenly realized the implications of her years of training. She could hear her mother's voice saying things like: "don't touch yourself down there, it's indecent!" Always keep yourself covered, you don't want people to see anything!" and so on – as if the sexual parts of the body were somehow evil. How insidious that was. Training us to be ashamed of natural functions and parts of the body as though they were some sort of disease or something.

Why, from a religious standpoint that was virtually saying that God's creation was evil. If that were the case, then God had to be evil – a proposition she couldn't buy at any price. What absolute hypocrisy, fostering such distorted thinking, all to establish control of people's behavior!

The anger that came with this new realization leaped into her awareness, destroying the fear like a hurricane of fire. And that hypocrisy is responsible for untold generations of blocked pleasure and happiness. She suddenly clenched her fists in angry response.

"Ouch, not so hard!" Joseph cried, "That's a very sensitive area! What kind of books were you reading anyway?"

“Oh, my dear I’m so sorry, let me kiss it and make it better.” She leaned down and kissed the offended spot.

She resumed her exploration with her hand while kissing him on the lips. “I apologize, but I just had an incredible revelation about this inhibition stuff, and it made me so angry, I forgot what I was doing.”

Several hours later, they were still twined around each other, maintaining touch in as many places at the same time as they could manage. There was a trail of clothes from the living room to the bed where they lay, unashamed in their nakedness.

“That was the best ever.” Joseph whispered in Angela’s ear. “You are wonderful!”

“So are you,” she cooed, “but this has just wetted my appetite for more and better. We have just begun. I feel like we have barely touched the potential. When I suddenly realized the implications of all that sexual fear, I got so angry, it blew that fear away altogether. Sorry about the way I grabbed you.”

“It seems to me that you may have discovered a basic principle for dealing with fear.” Joseph responded, “If the cause behind the fear can be made consciously clear, and anger in the injustice of the situation that caused the fear in the first place can be activated, the anger blows the fear away. Wow, that’s really powerful!”

“It’s because I care for you that I started on my quest the other day for a better orgasm.” Angela looked deeply into Joseph’s eyes. “Now I see this is bigger and more important than ever. Not only are we on the path to better sex, but better lives too. Does that make sense to you?”

“Absolutely, not only does it make sense, I think we have the makings of a serious project here, something we can do together, both benefit from, and will bring us together more closely than any kind of external commitment could ever produce. Are we in agreement?”

“Angela’s excitement showed in her expansive smile.

“Indeed we are. We are joined in the quest of the ideal orgasm, and we still have a little time to see if we can uncover something new right here and now, before we have to get up and get moving.”

One of her hands started slowly moving over various sensitive places on Joseph’s body, while the other casually flipped the sheet onto the floor.

*Off Planet, Twenty-first Century***Problems**

“The plan appears to have worked so far, Gabriel, but we have run into a serious problem.”

Gabriel noticed that Michael was showing all the signs of an even deeper concern than his tone indicated. “OK spill it. We’re on schedule so far, but if there’s a glitch we need to get cracking. Things are all coming together very rapidly now. Time is accelerating, vibration levels are rising on the planet, and it’s almost time for the transitions into higher dimensions to manifest.”

“The bottom line is the denial energies seem to be stuck.”

“What do you mean stuck?” responded Gabriel.

“Well, we removed the planetary denial reinforcement net and nothing happened. Everyone seems to be stuck in their denial and refusing to budge. Most women who have recognized the imbalances are busy trying to use their masculine energy to fight those imbalances in society. They don’t seem to have a clue what it’s really about. They’re fighting the so called ‘enemy’ by its own rules, on its own turf, with its own weapons – as if fighting denials can ever have a real positive effect. The rest of them seem oblivious to the imbalances or have given up altogether.

The men are even worse, they just go further underground, figuratively speaking, and express their responses with even more devious forms of denial. Separation of the masculine and feminine energies is still virtually complete.”

“This is serious.” said Gabriel, “We must regain at least critical mass of true understanding, and soon. I don’t even want to contemplate what would happen if this continues much longer. Do you have any ideas?”

“Lots of ideas, certainly, but useful ones are really scarce. I think this calls for some direct intervention. I know that is not normal, but then, this is not a normal situation. You were definitely prophetic back when we started this, and you suggested the probability of unforeseen problems.”

“I’ll take this up with higher levels, and get back to you as quickly as possible. I’m pretty sure we will, indeed, have to do something drastic. Hopefully, we can keep it down to a few indirect influences to start the ball rolling. Once the understanding is clear, it will spread, especially with a little encouragement in the right places.”

A Little Later

“Michael, we have approval for dream and meditation directives, starting now.” Gabriel intoned. “Do you have appropriate candidates in mind for contact? Once we initiate this action it will still take some time to manifest and grow. Of course, we also have to stand by to help nurture the growth of the new ideas we will be planting.”

“We are almost ready to roll. It should be an interesting ride.”

*Back on Earth***Another Quest Begins**

Angela and Joseph awoke nestled together.

“Wow, that was the best night of my life! You’re wonderful, Angela.”

“I was thinking similar thoughts, Joseph, and it’s Saturday, so I don’t have to go anywhere or do anything, how about you?”

“I had thought about doing a few things around the house, but nothing that won’t keep. Lets make a day of it together.”

They shared a lingering kiss, savoring their time together.

“I had the strangest dreams last night,” Joseph said. “They were all about our quest, but then not. It reminded me of a recent discussion I had with John about sexual roles and their distortions in society.”

“Tell me. It sounds interesting,” purred Angela.

“I don’t know if I should. We have come a long way in communicating in a short time, but some of these ideas may really stretch the envelope. They are pretty inflammatory.”

“Now you’ve got my curiosity in gear. You’d better tell me.”

Well, I still don’t know. I shouldn’t have said anything till I’ve had more time to sort it out. It’ll probably make you mad. It really attacks our denials, and as enlightened as we may think we are, this really goes to the core of how we see ourselves.”

“Come now, I am an adult. If I can get through what I did last night, I can deal with it. Tell me Joseph, this feels really important,” she pleaded.

“OK, you asked for it, but remember I warned you it wouldn’t sit well. Here we go.”

“We are all a bunch of whores. We have gotten trapped by economic slavery, where many of us can’t even go to the can without someone’s permission!

Some people publicly parade their whoredom and call it glamorous, or special, but they are still selling themselves. Selling thousands of naked or semi-naked pictures of oneself for someone to drool over only differs from selling actual penetration by a matter of degree.

Say that to those who do it and whoooooe!!! They will scream in your face that it isn't so.

Now, where is the line? Its OK to sell your pictures, but not full penetration? What about touch? It's now officially considered 'sexually abusive' to touch a child in certain places. It's practically illegal to change a baby's diaper. What about selling touch? How much touch? Where is the line between whoring and not?

There is one line that is clear." Joseph was really getting into it.

"What's that?" ventured Angela, really taken aback by the intensity of his energy.

"A whore charges for sex and a slut gives it away free. That's society's definition, not mine." said Joseph.

"What about barter?" asked Angela suppressing a chuckle.

"That moves the focus into the marriage business." said Joseph, "A whore charges by the hour, or piece, and a wife gets a lifetime contract, with no performance guarantee. Now I see more clearly why so many women look down on prostitutes! They're in direct competition, and the prostitute generally gives a better deal."

"You're right about one thing for sure." interjected Angela, "This line of thought is certainly inflammatory, and is sure to stir up a lot of anger in a lot of people. I feel a bit uncomfortable about the idea myself, but when I consider all the destructive denial I was brought up with, I am moved to consider your description more seriously than I otherwise would have. Hmmm..."

As I consider it a little bit more, all we have to do is look around at the many supposedly 'wonderful' and 'happy' marriages out there. Many of them are just set in their ways. They are not really happy. They just go through their daily routines, looking for ways to structure their time and be entertained."

"Absolutely! Divorce is at an all time high, and look at the oodles of people who feel trapped in a dead or dying marriage because they can't see a financial way out, or are just afraid of the unknown." continued Joseph.

"That reminds me of a vanishing species: the young virgins who refuse sexual penetration until after marriage." said Angela."

"Oh yeah, the 'good old days' when there were few free or low cost samples of sex available." said Joseph, "In spite of all the

decorative and ceremonial trappings – marriage was still selling sex for a lifetime contract, and most men didn't even get to try out the merchandise until after they were stuck with it.”

“Getting a little chauvinistic bent here? That must mean you fell into that trap yourself.” Angela smiled sarcastically.

“Of course I did, dearest, how else could I learn to recognize it for what it is?” he replied as he stuck his tongue out at her.

“Careful what you do with that thing, Joseph. I wouldn't want anything untoward to happen to it,” she added. “You must have felt pretty badly hurt to be so negative about our society's social cornerstone – marriage and family.”

“You're right, I did.” replied Joseph, “After the divorce, I even put it on a spread sheet. Approximately how many times we had sex over the years, and how much I lost in the settlement. That doesn't count all the money wasted on other stupid stuff over the years. I'm just talking about the divorce settlement.”

“Joseph, you mean you kept track of how many times you and your wife made love?”

“No, Angela, dear, but in that case it's pretty easy to estimate closely enough. Once a week would be generous, counting headache nights, too tired nights, staying up reading nights, watching TV nights and all the other excuses....” Joseph sighed.

“So,” Angela continued her offensive. “you've made me curious now, what did the price come out to be?”

Give plus or minus ten percent for variations in estimates, and ...” Joseph waffled

“Come on what was it?,” Angela insisted.

“It came to over two thousand dollars per penetration.”

“Wow! You could have a different whore practically every night, and still save money at that rate!” she exclaimed.

“She got a decent house, a new car and plenty of money in the bank. I got to work all those years, pay the bills, and walk away with the clothes on my back. You want to know the really sad part? The sex wasn't all that great either.” Joseph took a breath, “You want to see the truth? Follow the money trail. Sometimes it can be subtle, but it always tells in the end.”

“This is not just about sex...” Angela observed.

“Right on, but not for the reasons I think you think.” Joseph replied.

“This gets more interesting.” she said, “What do you think about love – especially after last night – is that just chemistry and illusion?”

“Most of it probably is,” he reflected. “Maybe we need to look more closely at the use of the word ‘love’.

“There seems to be something wrong the way we use that word a lot of the time,” she agreed. “Someone invented the word ‘fuck’ for a reason,” she said distastefully, “I think I’m getting a better idea of why it has been out of favor in ‘polite’ society.”

“I think it’s fair to say,” he added, “most all of what we call love isn’t, but most people still tend to respond more positively to ‘I love you’ than to ‘let’s fuck’.”

“That’s true enough about most people I know,” she agreed, raising her eyebrows.

“Our working together on this is really helping to clarify if for me.” Joseph said, “After all this time on my soap box...I’m getting a new insight here...its coming...wow! When we sell our services in any capacity we become a whore – at least on some level.”

“How many housewives keep their positions when they shut down or give up on sex altogether?” Angela asked.

“Good question, but not necessarily a good example.” he replied, “When you are at work, and the boss tells you to do something, you do it, right?

“Of course, it’s my job, that’s how it works.” she reminded him.

“When a whore lays down, it’s her job.” he smirked.

“Why are only women called whores? Sounds a bit sexist to me.” she smiled. “Men sell themselves too.”

“Exactly my point! When I sell my time, skills and effort to work on behalf of someone else, I am operating as a whore too.”

“You are selling part of yourself, in your thoughts and efforts,” she replied, “Often for something you don’t necessarily even like or agree with.

“Hmm, Does a whore really have an orgasm every time? I don’t see how that could be realistic.” Joseph wondered aloud.

“I never really thought about it, but I imagine she learns how to fake one pretty well.”

“Not now, I have a headache” probably wouldn’t cut it either.” he added.

“In our modern politically correct language we should probably call it ‘orgasmal simulation’.” she laughed.

“Do you ever get high on your job?” he asked.

“My office is on the 69th floor, does that count?” she stuck her tongue out at him.

“No, there has to be something of interest that drew you to your job. Something you liked about it.” he smiled.

“Yeah, a promotion and a raise.” she said.

“OK, you got a quick high when you got that promotion and raise didn’t you?” he asked.

“It sure didn’t last long, right from the frying pan into the fire!” she frowned.

“Sounds a whole lot like a quick fling. Then you’re tied down again, hoping for another, sometime in the future.” he said.

“But, damn it,... then we are all whores in some way or other!”

“You got it, Angela!”

“Wonderful, now we can all feel a little lower than pond scum – what’s your point?” she retorted.

“Let’s see if I can sum it up. This understanding eliminates the foundation for the posture of looking down on others – or acting superior to others, depending on your view – for something we are also doing. We avoid internal conflict by calling it a different name, when we are the ones doing it. It’s sometimes called hypocrisy. All right, I see your frown. Lets try another tack. If you needed to go to Dallas and thought you were in Chicago, but actually were in San Francisco, you would have serious difficulty getting to Dallas, until you figured out where you actually were.”

“But what if I liked it where I was and had no intention of going anywhere?” she countered.

“Fine, as long as you are happy with where you are, and circumstances around you don’t change, it probably doesn’t matter, at least for a while. But, for those who are here to learn, spiritually progress, and especially those who are here to help others, we have to cut through the smoke and mirrors. Then, we can get to the essence of who we are and what we are doing here. Otherwise, we just lurch from one murky experience to another with no real clue to where we are going, or what’s going on around us.”

“But, how does this apply to our quest for the ideal orgasm, Joseph?”

“Actually rather importantly. Possibly the most common inhibitors we run into are judgments and assumptions we make about ourselves and our partners. When one partner manipulates or takes advantage of the other, then labels it as something other than the effort to achieve some amount of power or control over the other, they don’t see the erosion of power and loss of self esteem their action causes.

Each time someone attacks our self esteem, however minutely, we close off more communication and raise our guard a little more. It doesn’t take long until real communication is seriously

compromised, and, as we have experienced, opening communication between lovers intensifies the sexual experience. Sex without that primal openness, becomes primarily physical release which is a poor imitation for a real sharing experience.

The first step in being honest with others is being honest with self. Clarifying the realization that we have all been acting as whores in some way is the most inflammatory form I could come up with to get a person's attention about being honest with themselves."

"Gradually shutting down deep personal communication would account, at least in part, for relationships typically losing their zing with time." Angela reflected, "Certainly, when understood, it makes a lot of sense...but, this raises another really basic question. Isn't your inflammatory approach only going to have the same shut-down effect on communication with others?"

"For those who are happy with their denials, probably so, but nothing will change those denials in the short run anyway. For those who are dissatisfied with their current position, it is off the wall enough to give them a jolt, get their attention, and possibly stir up enough anger to energize an active response to change their perspective. There is no attack on the person here, it is an attack on their misunderstanding.

Remember how angry you were when you realized how dysfunctional all that negative childhood training you received about sexuality really was? Remember how the anger energized your ability to quickly shift to a more functional position? That's the kind of reaction I'm hoping to achieve."

"I'll have to think about it for awhile." Angela said with a smile, "I'm not altogether convinced, but it is certainly a thought provoking concept."

"That is exactly the point," Joseph replied, returning her smile, "to stir up thought. I don't claim to have all the answers. Damn few in fact, but we can't get anywhere if we don't raise some serious questions and open up some new thoughts. Maybe, if we can challenge enough people to start thinking in new directions, we can actually get somewhere. After all, two or more minds working together multiply their collective power at least tenfold."

"I see what you mean, but it stirs up more questions than it answers." Angela kissed him lightly on the forehead.

"You know, something really special about you is how you will listen and not run off emotionally about some new or strange idea. I really like being with you," Joseph said quietly as he kissed her.