



“Body History”
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I've never written a history of Body before. I've written other histories but they were more like ego stories or histories of thought processes. I can feel that Body is anxious to have its story known; after all, with four planets in Virgo and two others in the Sixth House - as well as a prominent Chiron - Body has surely been and will continue to be a major focus and issue in this life. So let my story now, finally be revealed, he says.

Body experienced its first critical shock before birth. Mother used to tell the story of how during pregnancy she got real sick, crawling to the bathroom kind of sick. Doctor said the fetus (I) was not developing normally as was common for other fetuses. Somehow mother, father, and doctor agreed that abortion was the best solution. So doctor prescribed an abortive poison to solve the problem. Mother readily ingested the poison so she wouldn't have to crawl to the bathroom anymore. But, quite to everyone's surprise, after administering the poison the fetus (I) got healthier and began to grow normally like other fetuses. Mother got healthier too so it was decided to complete the pregnancy. This happened right on schedule and without complication. Mother used to exclaim, almost with a sense of pride, that my case was logged in the medical journals of that hospital. Nobody ever stopped to ask how I *felt* about it all, though, and I'm still not quite sure the implications that sort of episode can have on the *post*-natal condition. I imagine Body must have emerged from the womb with deep fear and mistrust - and a highly developed Will.

The next shock that Body experienced was isolation. I was the first born and as an infant often spent long hours alone in my crib, contemplating and sensing my environment. Mother would often slip into a cold and angry mood, later bursting effusively into exaggerated affection. Body would wonder what was meant by these extremes of personal contact. Father was always emotionally absent, and once for a long period physically absent as he found a job overseas to increase his credentials. Body was left alone in the crib with a manic-depressive mother in the environment. Body passed the time feeling and evaluating subtle nuances in the environment. If Body could sense beforehand mother's mood, Body could anticipate and prepare for the shock of eventual contact. Body liked it a lot when Father came back because he would always play jazz music loudly next to the crib and Body could resonate with the bass lines. Infancy was lonely until my two brothers came along.

Body doesn't remember much after that until Christopher took us away from home. Body *does* remember often absorbing cruel bursts of anger from Mother and attempting to negotiate the detached indifference of Father. Body had a special need to

feel acceptance, and since this was not forthcoming Body would apologetically seek approval by never being in the way or needing special attention, and would always be available to help out. Brothers were there, somewhere. We were all in this together. I'm not sure we had much of a body-relationship – although we did love playing football together. Body remembers childhood as a sort of numbness: an attempt to just get through the ordeal with as little pain as possible. Body's extreme sensitivity amplified the abusive nature of the environment. For Body, it was preferable not to feel anything from the environment rather than to be overwhelmed by the erratic sensations being received. From its conception, Body was bombarded with dangerous and uncomfortable stimuli. The safety of seclusion was always sought as a defense, where Body could feel just what was real and natural, and so begin to sense the special magic of having pure Spirit present inside. This was Body's compensation and survival strategy. I don't remember how it would happen but I do remember Body would seek this space whenever possible, hiding as it were amidst the confusion. There must have been some specific karma balancing involved because I don't think my brothers would tell quite the same story.

Adolescence definitely opened up a new and exciting phase. As the hormones began to stir, I began to see my life more as my own. Body was strong and healthy and ready for anything – indeed, it was seeking anything that could be sensed as life-affirming. Body's first attempt at sex was rather disappointing and clumsy. Femaleness, as exemplified solely by Mother (there were no sisters, and relatives always lived far away), had always been this raging powerful force to guard against and eventually to comfort and assist through harmonization and communication. It was very confusing for Body to encounter attracted femaleness that didn't require psycho-analysis or being "fixed" but just sought tender communion.

What Body really liked was starting to smoke marijuana. In those preliminary, exploratory highs I felt an intense body awareness like I had never felt before. I could sense and fully appreciate the essence of a situation – or especially a natural scene – with full body awareness. I was no longer just *thinking* about my sensations but fully experiencing them. This mode of consciousness continues until this day, especially after extended periods of intentional drought. Body still seeks the clarity, wonderment, and illuminated sensory connection with all the life that is around it that attuning with *ganga* can facilitate. Even so, adolescence for the most part was an experience of having new thoughts, desires, feelings and sensations and attempting to integrate them into a still isolated and disconnected body-reality.

Right after High School, Body experienced its next critical shock. The gang of us boys headed out from SoCal to Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana for a month of

romping in the mountains. Body was never more alive and was digging every minute of it! Backpacking, hiking, fishing, exploring, soaking in hot springs, joking around the campfire, riding motorcycles – and of course smoking ganga in communion with my buddies. I was wild, alive, and free. This was my adult life away from home! Then, on the return trip, there was an automobile wreck. There were two of us laid out in the back of a pick-up on top of a bunch of gear with our heads facing the cab. The driver was travelling down the highway and took his eyes off the road to take a bong hit. A car stopped ahead to make a left turn. The pick-up smashed into the car and our heads smashed into the cab. My friend's spine got bent. I was considered lucky because I broke two vertebrae: *that* could be healed. During the healing process, however, I didn't have a brace and didn't pay attention to perfect erectness. My back didn't heal true straight and so now I continually have to be aware of maintaining vertical posture. Back is strong now, does much work, and the pain is mostly gone, but I am still always conscious of a tendency to slouch and I fear that I will be a humpback old man! Ironically, during the next two years, and in no time since then, Body experienced four more car wrecks: once smashing my head into a windshield after a dump-truck pulled out in front of me; another time crashing into the trees on a motorcycle, high on quaaludes and alcohol (The police aroused me from unconsciousness to serve me a DWI!). I still have an aversion to automobiles and prefer to ride a bike. The message for Body was loud and clear, and an echo from the pre-natal stage: This life is dangerous: you may die at any moment!

I finally left home for good and entered adulthood at the age of nineteen when I joined the Navy, full of anticipation. This period of my life I have previously characterized as a chariot with wild stallions heading for a cliff. Why? Because by this time I had a direct realization that life is tenuous. Yet I had so much desire to experience life at its fullest. I had survived until then by the grace of God and the strength of Will. I then sought to extend that Will as far as I could, fully, without restraint, experiencing as much life as I could before the perceived inevitable collapse. And Body would be my vehicle (though we never came to an agreement beforehand!). I was like an arrow released from a bow, a ball shot from a cannon. This life was not safe and the future could not be guaranteed so I was going to extract as much from Life as I could. I was a bit like a calculating madman. Anything that could bring Body sensation, exhilaration, stimulation, excitement, thrill, I would consciously enter by subtle deliberate force. I did many wild and crazy things in those years but was always conscious of a sense of propriety: an attitude of dignity, respect, and integrity that came from believing my life was a gift and I had a special task to fulfill. Nevertheless, a perfect Saturday night would entail rocking out to music, ingesting cocaine, alcohol, and ganga, previously in

the day caffeine, and always tobacco, culminating in wild sex with a stranger and seeing the Sun come up. That would be a good time to ingest some psycho-tropics! I was a raging dynamo and loving it, thinking I was experiencing life to its fullest.

I was always conscious of Body, though. I was amazed at how much abuse Body could take and how quickly it could rejuvenate. Throughout this period I continued to jog and began lifting weights regularly. Despite a broken back and a continuous influx of chemicals, Body remained strong and healthy and assumed a sculpted masculine tone. Body became very attractive for females and seeking sex became my ultimate over-riding concern. For awhile, my entire life was consumed fantasizing about sex and preparing for the conditions that would make sex possible. The thrill of consummation was Body's affirmation that it was alive and all was well. Psychologically, I was undoubtedly still attempting to console and win the acceptance of Mother, yet that didn't interfere; indeed it became my strength: I would enter sex with the belief that I was somehow healing these women, so I would offer them the most exquisite pleasure possible. Their complete satisfaction was my only concern and I would create an air of fantasy in which their self-esteem would be strengthened. Not a proper attitude for a long-term relationship; but Body enjoyed many, many exciting love affairs in this way.

Eventually, the wild, sensationalistic orgy of my twenties' lost its thrill. By the time of the Saturn Return at age twenty-nine, it even assumed a profound meaninglessness. It was, after all, an exaggerated, reactionary response to a repressive childhood and a fear of death originating in the womb. At twenty-nine I could survey the scene from a more elevated, detached, mature height. I realized all was not well: I was still alive somehow, but my life was an incredible mess and Body was like an old suit of clothes that I no longer felt at home with. 'I' was completely disconnected from 'Body.'

The realization that my life was a complete mess and I was the only one who could clean it up was the precursor to a regenerative clearing-out phase. Soon, all external structures would be leveled to the ground, and Life was very severe with me. Eliminated were my career, my relationship with family, all my friends and acquaintances, and eventually all my possessions and my entire life-style and self-concept. I entered a period of profound redemption. Demoralized, disoriented, and quite alone, I ended up in Alaska working on factory trawlers. This continued for seven long trips in three years and became just what I needed. For Body it was a sort of Karma Yoga: working for up to eighteen hours a day at a boring, repetitive task under extreme conditions became a moving meditation. 'I' was certainly disconnected from 'Body,' but Body was pulling us through. 'I' was able to ruminate deeply upon all that had

happened and begin to come to some reconciliation. In the midst of this dark despair, a ray of light dawned inside: it was the reawakening of Spirit.

That initial spark of light was the Gift of Life returned, and Body responded with absolute dedication (livication) and commitment to see it nurtured and grow. Life was renewed and I was reborn into Spirit. That occurred some six years ago now, and Life since then has been an amazing, magical journey observing this Spirit grow inside, fanning the flames, and taking all steps to assure that this light remains pure and untarnished. It is a sacred Gift.

With the dawning of Spirit inside, outward life changed dramatically. Destiny took me to a large 'family' in Seattle. Here were people living a life I had only dreamed of before, and they were very connected to Body. Organic foods, herbs, tinctures, massage, yoga, meditation, sacred sex and loving relationships – I was transported to Heaven on Earth! Yet I still felt outwardly like a heathen. I was still carrying so much garbage from my past. I set out to heal myself. This was required for Spirit to expand and for I to fully enjoy my new life and new-found friends. I abstained from sex for three years to re-harmonize that vital aspect of life. Then, one-by-one, I began to shed all my harmful and lingering habits and addictions. Constantly focused on nurturing Spirit and the potential for a better, fulfilling life for us all, I found the strength to completely transform (uncover) myself and walk the path of humble veneration for Life with reverence for healthy relationships with the spiritual seekers I found around me. The actual unfolding of the amazing events that have occurred since adopting this attitude could fill a whole other story; but this is a history of Body, so I'll return to Body specifically.

The healing process has not been complete yet (will it ever be?). There has been a gradual and continual re-harmonization and reintegration of I with Body but there is still much work to be done, and I sense I may be entering a critical phase. I has just begun to (re)learn to perceive through Body. Body still fears feeling fully. Body still carries much unrelieved trauma. Body has begun to perceive damage to internal organs. Self still uses alcohol (though only the best micro-brews!) to avoid fully facing its responsibility, and tobacco (though only organic, mixed with home-grown varieties!) as a substitute for connectedness. Self now realizes these must be eliminated because they are accelerating aging and Self senses the possibility of immortality *with* Body. I concurs because now I senses the possibility for a long, happy, healthy, fulfilling life. Body has just begun to have a say; Body has just begun to perceive the environment as an extension of itself. I has just begun to realize the intense spiritual value of Body. Self has just begun to realize that it must deepen its connection with Source if any of this is to be resolved. In short, I, Body, and Self have precipitated a healing crisis, a crisis that will

require the complete integration of all three into one resounding Spiritual-Body-Self for its resolution. It is certainly a crisis because even as this is being written, I am sipping on beer and smoking tobacco alone in a garage at five in the morning with no heat while it is raining outside, with no place to call home. Or is it Body that is doing this? Or is it Self that is responsible? And who will come forward to finally resolve this so that Self-realization can be achieved? If this is not resolved, 'I' will surely die; but 'I' is just an illusion of separateness anyway. We don't want Body to die. We've all been told Body is supposed to die but I don't believe that anymore. I and Body were not supposed to have been born anyway. Perhaps Self cannot die, but how can it stand by idly while I and Body continue to abuse themselves; or when will it find the strength and mastery to integrate I and Body so that I and Body can be integrated into itSelf, ultimately so that Self can be integrated back with Source? Slightly confusing yet deathly real – and, at the same time, equally, lively real. Where is Will?

The healing crisis is the culmination of the life restructuring that was initiated soon after the Saturn Return at age twenty-nine. The initial clearing away was largely outward structures. Now, in these days, the 'final' clearing will be the remnants of still-existing internal structures: old habits, rigid conceptions of self, unresolved fears from before birth, a pre-conceived relationship of Self with the world, acquired conditioning, etc. All these must be cleared away now and transformed so that growth to the next level can occur – the next step toward Self-realization and a wholly integrated relationship with Life. Since the Saturn Return I have experienced in succession Pluto square Midheaven, then Pluto square Uranus, then Mercury, then Moon. Now Pluto is just minutes (degreed minutes) away from squaring itself and then on to squaring Venus soon afterward and finally the Sun. The remaining process will take a couple more years to complete and when it is finished Pluto will emerge into the Seventh House and the social hemisphere. The symbolism involved is an intense purification by fire (soul fire) so that the Spiritual Body Self can enter the world of relationship wholly clean, transformed, and reborn – a shining clear mirror. The purification process will involve the final, complete elimination of stagnant and regressive patterns from the past (how far back does the past go?). Once eliminated, or while being eliminated, the challenge will be to integrate the transmuted/transfigured/transformed parts into a new, unified whole that reflects Self at the deepest, genuine, core level. The opportunity is to experience the remainder of this Life and on into the next in close, intimate communion with the Other. Who will be the Other? This is no small matter.

I'm very happy that this class is available and is synchronizing so perfectly with my life issues. It is a healing crisis that has manifested to help carry me through to my goals. Truly, it is a new relationship with Body that is needed, an increased awareness

of Body, for the entire transformation will take place within Body. Intuited is a genetic restructuring or unfoldment of potential and the ability/necessity to absorb, hold, and use within Body powerful energies of increasing intensity. Intuited also is the synchronization of personal transformation with planetary transformation, as the Goddess Gaia herself begins to absorb and hold increasing levels of energy to effect her rebirth and raising of consciousness. It's all about healing, on many levels. I know I can survive - I've learned that through experience. What I really want, though, is to heal - to really, fully heal - to live the life God intended for us in deep, loving communion with all the rest of Life - in short, *to thrive!* Perhaps by surviving and experiencing the process of healing, I can be useful to Spirit in assisting others to heal so that we can all walk together through the Gates into the coming Age, consciousness raised, heads held high, spirits refreshed, anxious to participate in the divine unfoldment. That would be a life well-lived.

Of course, just believing in the possibility that I could live a happy, healthy, fulfilling life complete to its duration would be joy beyond words as well. So let's begin healing.....again!