

## Getting to Know My Beast Ed Ehrgott

I like to masturbate – a lot. I found my Beast through masturbation. I embraced my Beast through masturbation. I healed my relationship with my body through masturbation. I celebrate my Beast through masturbation. I'm sharing my feelings and beliefs in the hope they may inspire discussion, disgust, debate and delight. These are my beliefs and my story about my Beast– nothing more and nothing less.

As a boy, I learned to distance myself from my body. My father pushed me into sports. He was well intentioned but things didn't turn out the way he envisioned. I wasn't very athletic. For many boys, playing sports is a way to build self esteem. For me, it just reinforced that my body wasn't worth much because I couldn't do things like the other boys did. The other boys received ribbons and trophies. I learned how to not like the body I was given. I always wanted to be the thin boy, be the boy that could run fast, be the boy that was a good athlete. I wasn't any of these. As a boy I learned how to separate myself from my body. Later when I began to consciously connect with my Beast I learned how to not only be in my body again, but to celebrate it.

I also learned to suppress emotion at a young age. I saw examples of emotion that were violent and uncontrolled. I learned that emotion can hurt other people. I vividly remember my father's rage; not only seeing others hurt from that rage, but experiencing that pain myself. I vowed to never hurt anyone like that. I remember standing in the shower and crying as a boy after a particularly horrifying episode and telling myself if I was not emotional I wouldn't ever hurt anyone. I stopped crying and shut my emotions off. I didn't realize it at the time, but I also tried to bury my Beast. I envied Mr. Spock from Star Trek, because he was unencumbered by emotion. I simply switched off my emotions. Not until I embraced my Beast did I learn to be comfortable with emotion again and to celebrate emotion.

In my boyhood, I learned to close myself off from my body and my emotions. I learned how to not feel. I learned how to not have emotion. Without realizing it, I put my developing Beast to sleep. That worked until puberty when my Beast woke up.

Adolescence was a very mixed up time for me and my Beast. When I learned about masturbation, I learned how to be in my body again – at least for a short time. I remember loving the feelings in my body when I masturbated as a teen. I lived close to a wooded area. During the warmer months I would spend hours in the woods masturbating. Even as a teen, I recall relishing the feeling of masturbating in nature - learning to be in my body. I also liked the woods because I could be vocal – I learned to connect with my Beast and let him out to play.

I also remember the strong feelings of guilt that came afterwards. I had all the traditional religious teaching that convinced me the Beast was really the devil and that I was going to hell. Oddly, my parents never really said much to me about it; however, I do remember one incident when my father pulled me aside and told me that my mother was concerned about the stains she was finding on the bed sheets. This incident didn't change my behavior much (except I made sure to remove any evidence!) But it did contribute to my feelings of guilt and helped me try to push back my Beast.

In college my Beast was pushed way back into the corner. The first week in the college dorm I heard a story about one guy who met his roommate for the first time by catching him masturbate. How I secretly wished this was how I met my roommate! Things could have been so different. Rather, I learned

a habit that would take me many years to break. I learned how to masturbate quickly and quietly so that I wouldn't be caught. My Beast was no longer involved. Masturbation moved from a conscious experience into just something to do to get off and not get caught. I lost the connection with my body.

I retreated. I did well in school. I did all that was expected of me. I appeared to be just another basic college guy. Inside I was numb. I did what I was comfortable doing. I disconnected from my Beast. I turned off all emotion. I did what I thought everyone expected of me. I immersed myself in school then a career; I buried the Beast and my body shut off. I was the good boy doing what I thought others expected of me.

I did this for many years. I forgot about my Beast. My body was stressed. I heard some words from a wise teacher who said many of us believe that pleasure is the absence of pain. My body became painful. My gut was a mess. For me, joy became a day when I felt somewhat comfortable – yes, pleasure became the absence of pain. Finally something in me snapped. I remembered many years ago when I was in my body. I was naked in the woods – masturbating and full of joy. What happened to that joy?

I began to relearn an amazing thing that I first learned when younger - the longer I masturbated without ejaculating the more likely I was to reach incredible states of erotic ecstasy. I became conscious about my masturbation again. I worked on feeling the pleasure – not just on finding a quick way to cum. I also found myself being vocal again. Without me thinking about it, those familiar guttural sounds started coming out again. The Beast was awakening from a long sleep.

Around this time I also started exploring my emotions again. I remember a powerful session where someone provoked me to respond violently to them. This man did it from a place of love and caring. He knew there was something buried inside me and needed to come out. I did get this aggression out – not toward the man who was working with me, but, rather, toward myself. I began to reacquaint myself with my emotions.

Now, in my mid 40's I've finally come to not only accept, but to celebrate my Beast. I spent many years repressing this part of me because I was afraid of Him. I saw violence as a child and didn't want to commit violence myself. After a lot of time and reflection, I've come to honor the Beast. It is the Beast that makes me who I am. It is the Beast that drives me to my goals. It is the Beast that is erotic. Yes, the beast can be aggressive; however, that is far from His primary reason for being. Being afraid of my inner Beast was, to me, like being afraid of my Penis.

For me, masturbation has become a ritual to honor my Beast. I honor that core, primal part of me. I honor that part where reason falls away. I honor the part of me that is vocal – guttural and without words. I honor my Beast who helps me be in my body. I celebrate Him be getting fully into my body. I breathe to call Him. I breathe to quiet my mind. I breathe to feel what I may not be feeling. I breathe to call my primal energy.

Through these masturbation rituals I've developed a spiritual connection with my body. The pleasure I've felt has helped me past prior body shame concerns. I realized that I developed a poor relationship with my body until I rediscovered my Beast. My Beast taught me about being in my body. He taught me about how to be open and proud with celebration. He taught me how to connect with the primal energy that is a life force. When I am in an erotic trance and so aware of every nerve firing, every little muscle twitching, I can't help but be connected with the higher power that created it. I've come to appreciate being in my body - which has helped me to greatly improve my feelings about myself. I've

learned the importance of taking care of my body and I am in awe of the higher power that created it for me.

Through my experiences I healed the guilt associated with pleasure. I recall my father's concern about the bed sheet stains and transformed that guilt into celebration. Ejaculation is a sacred gift to men. When I choose to ejaculate I honor the essence of me and all my ancestors. I honor the gift of erotic energy that expresses itself in orgasm. I honor the Beast that revels in this energy.

My Beast is part of my altar. I try to begin each day with some time with my altar and dialogue with my Beast is part of that time. He has taught me many lessons. I'm sure there are many more to come. After many years, I am experiencing my life are more complete and whole because I am one with my Beast.

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