

THE END OF GOD AND SATAN

by Paul J. Wigowsky

1965



“Stop!” shouted Satan. “You’ll destroy yourself along with me if you don’t stop.”

“Ah, so you don’t think that I can create a perfect universe. Well, just give me time. I have always felt my superiority over all nothingness. I have told myself trinitillion times that I can make something out of all this nothingness. Of course, it will be my mind that will issue forth its power in word and deed. I will be acclaimed as the great architect of all creation,” proclaimed God.

“But wait,” interjected Satan, “you don’t realize that what you’ll create will simultaneously be created by both of us. Haven’t I told you deviltillion times that we are inseparable. From time eternal you and I have existed side by side, even though we are as incongruent to each other as something and nothing. You did not create me, neither did I create you. Tell me, how did we come into Being?”

“Now listen, you devil,” boisterously answered God. “You’re always tempting me for an explanation of our existence. I have reasoned trinitillion times, and yet I have not arrived at any conclusion. Perhaps there is no conclusion. Perhaps we are just being, without any reason or purpose at all.”

“But that’s absurd,” replied Satan. “If our only reason for being is just to be, then we might as well demolish ourselves into the nothingness that surrounds us.”

“But that’s where you’re wrong,” refuted God. “We are everything that is, and there is nothing that is not. Something must either be or not be. Since we are and know that we are, and know everything that is, then there surely can’t be anything that isn’t. Besides, you might as well know that it is utterly, utterly impossible for us to destroy ourselves. You are right, we are inseparable. Whatever it is that binds us together – only that could destroy us. But that is one thing we shall never know.”

“Have you ever heard of the trial and error method?” casually asked Satan.

“Oh, yes,” answered God.

“When?” questioned Satan.

“Just right now,” responded God.

“No, I mean before this,” corrected Satan.

“There is nothing before this,” postulated God. “Everything only is in its present stage. The past is only a figment of the imagination – the unreal – passed into oblivion.”

“All right, wise guy,” said Satan. “So you think you know everything? Huh?”

“Of course, I do,” stated God.

“Well then, tell me about the trial and error method,” replied Satan.

“But I didn’t conceive it within my mind. It’s in your mind,” confessed God.

“Nevertheless, you – wait an eternity – what do you mean by my mind and your mind?” demanded Satan.

“I mean that we have two separate minds which think of different things,” explained God. “Even though we are inseparable, yet we have our own existence, our own freedom, our own will to do as we please. I can do as I desire without any interference from you whatsoever.”

“That’s a very interesting idea, but I doubt whether it could pass for reality,” countered Satan.

“Reality is only what you make it for yourself, with relevance only to yourself,” continued God.

“You mean to say that we are real only to ourselves?” asked Satan.

“Exactly!” emphatically stated God.

“If that’s true, and I don’t doubt its veracity, then what we are right now is engendered by the mind,” pondered Satan. “The mind thinks that something is, and it is.”

God interrupted, “But don’t expand that idea too far. It is true only in its positive law. You can think something to be and it will be, but the opposite does not hold true. You can’t say that something isn’t, because there is no such a thing. That is why we can’t destroy ourselves, even through our minds.”

“Then why can’t we bring into existence something that will destroy us?” demanded Satan.

“That could only be possible if the circumstances were favorable to that something’s own destruction,” stated God.

“That’s what I was trying to get at when I told you about the trial and error method,” enthusiastically stated Satan. “This method demands a logical approach to any problem.

What happens is that we attempt to solve our problem by doing something that has an effect upon the immediate existence.”

“What’s the cause?” asked God staunchly.

“Didn’t you desire to be destroyed?” reiterated Satan.

“Yes, but how do we know that that is what will happen?” quizzed God.

“It doesn’t hurt to try, does it?” shyly expressed Satan.

“You’re the one that was trying to stop me from creating something perfect in fear that we might both be destroyed,” accused God.

“What perfect thing could you have created?” asked Satan sarcastically.

“I could have created something that would look lovely, lively, and real,” musingly said God. “Something that would appear in what my image of myself is. Then I could adore it because it would be my own reflection.”

“God damn you!” shouted Satan. “You know what that creature would look like? Like a monster, that’s what it would look like. That creation would be a tortured creation, between two extremes. I already told you that that substance which unites and makes us one is inseparable. That creature would not look like you, but like the both of us. That’s why I stopped you from starting something drastic.”

“By the way, what would that creature do, or would he just exist like a statue, standing in the midst of nothing and absorbing space?” came the idea to Satan.

“I didn’t think of anything like that. Not at all. In fact, I actually didn’t reason as to that creature’s purpose or existence. More or less, it was a selfish motive on my part,” confessed God.

“Furthermore, I am curious to know how and out of what substance you were going to make that creature?” asked Satan curiously.

God began to expound: “First, I was going to create the creature with the mind. I would simply transfer my mind onto that creature by thinking it so. This thought process would be involved in a single word – the word of the mind. And because this word would activate the process and bring into existence the desired creature, then this same word would be a creative word. Second, as to the substance, there would be none. The creature would exist as an idea. It would be a projection of the creative word, which itself also has no substance. But the idea has a substance of its own kind, which is immaterial. Actually, nothing can be created of a material substance since the creative word has no substance. That which is created cannot be separated from that which creates it. Therefore, the idea of the creative word cannot be separated from the creative word.”

“You mean to say that the created creature would only exist as an idea?” interrupted Satan.

“That’s what I said, isn’t it,” remarked God.

“But that implies that it would be like us. It would be real only in the sense that it thinks itself to be real,” wisely stated Satan.

“Precisely,” retorted God. “And it would be in the same predicament. It couldn’t destroy itself.”

“Would it be able to create?” asked Satan.

“Naturally,” replied God, “but only of its own kind.”

“And what kind would that be?” quizzically demanded Satan.

“Its own kind, you fool,” briskly replied God.

“That’s very nice of you, calling me a fool,” said Satan sorrowfully. “Might as well call yourself a fool, also.”

“Why?” asked God, not understanding what Satan was insinuating.

“Because you don’t even believe in yourself,” laughed Satan ridiculously. “You say that you are real (real only as an idea), and then you think of creating something that will also be real only as an idea. What a foolish thing to do. That wouldn’t help your cause at all.”

“Who said there was any cause?” asked God.

“Didn’t you want to destroy yourself?” repeated Satan.

“Not at the moment when I first thought of such an atrocity,” admitted God.

“That’s your main fault,” surmised Satan. “You’re always either doing something with no purpose, or else you’re doing something to glorify yourself, an Idea. Ha! And instead of it resulting in something productive, it just turns out to be plain blah.”

“What proof have of you such an indictment?” demanded God furiously.

“Just the plain truth that every time you think of something, it’s always about yourself and it always stays within yourself. Totally unproductive! Ha!” scoffed Satan.

“What is truth?” asked God.

“God damn you,” replied Satan indignantly. “It’s the Idea!”

“Go ahead and say it,” challenged Satan.

“Say what?” asked God.

“Say the Word,” explained Satan.

“There is more to the Word than just saying it,” reprovably spoke God. “The Word has a mind also, but this mind is regulated by the Idea – us. Now suppose the wrong mind started functioning; the result would be a perverted idea.

“What’s this mind business?” asked Satan with concern.

“It’s equivalent to the Idea, and it actually is an Idea or at least a part of the Idea, but the minute difference between the two is the power that each possesses. Since the Idea regulates the mind, the mind naturally is limited in power,” elucidated God.

“Why don’t you talk sense?” criticized Satan. “What does this mind business have to do with your saying the Word?”

“Simply nothing,” replied God jokingly. “I thought it would serve as a valid excuse for my indifference in performing such an act.”

“Don’t kid me,” interrupted Satan. “You were afraid that I would spoil the supposed purity, or do you call it perfectness, of the Word. You quite readily accept the fact that the Word will be emitted from the both of us, don’t you?”

“That is inevitable,” professed God. “Nevertheless, I shall exert myself above you so as to convert the Word to my favor.”

“How are you going to do it?” questioned Satan scornfully.

“I shall do it with the Word,” said God sternly.

“Listen, big shot,” reprimanded Satan, “you’re only making it difficult for yourself. Take my advice, what you’re thinking of is contradictory to the natural order, and it’ll never work. You remember our discussion about our inseparability? Well, the same principle applies to that absurd Word of yours. It’s just as much mine as it is yours.”

“But you don’t know anything about it,” pronounced God.

“Yes, I do,” boldly appealed Satan. “I know that if the Word is put into action, it will have to come from the Idea. And I damn well know that I’m your equal with relationship to the Idea.”

“But not with relationship to the Word,” boasted God.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” beseeched Satan. “I know that your selfish motives would like to deny my power and even my existence. But sorry pal, you’re stuck to me forever. If I enjoy myself, you’ll enjoy yourself; if I feel miserable, you’ll feel miserable; if I suffer, you’ll suffer; if I am destroyed, you’ll be destroyed, also. Do you understand what I mean?”

“I wish I did not understand,” spoke God defeatedly.

* * * * *

[This scene can be depicted by a large moving cloud, hazy gray in color, in the twilight, before dawn.]

The idea wandered endlessly through splashes of thought. It hit one thought, and then ventured on to another. Each thought sparkled with a sort of understanding, as if expressing the depths of what needed to be known. Each thought was new, yet somehow it was familiar – perhaps somewhere in the dismal eternity each thought had a commencement. Each thought rolled out a carpet of light, the light that glares, that light that reveals. With each thought appeared a symbol, a symbol in the form of the thought. The symbol was like a shadow, trailing behind the actual form and revealing only the rudiments of the form. If the shadow was observed meticulously, no doubt even that would appear to have no form of any kind. While it is like the form of thought, it probably is more concrete because it is perceptible. But if the entire scene is scrutinized, the view would be lucid: the shadow of the thought is no more and no less than the thought itself, and vice versa.

With a strong imagination, the principle of the shadow and the thought can be related to what follows:

“Who are you?” asked the Most Holy staunchly.

“I am the Proud One,” answered the Proud One arrogantly. “And who are you?”

“I am that I am, the Most Holy,” proclaimed the Most Holy elatedly.

“Ah, so you think you are better than I am. I am the light of the morning star, and my light reaches across the wide space of everything that is,” boasted the Proud One.

“Whoever and whatever you are, you have no right to question or ridicule my greatness,” spoke the Most Holy beratingly.

“What’s so great about you?” asked the Proud One cynically.

“I’m great because I stand for justice and righteousness,” exhorted the Most Holy.

“What’s that?” demanded the Proud One anxiously.

“Just and righteous is what I am,” manifested the Most Holy. “I am just because I am righteous, and I am righteous because I am just.”

“Preposterous!” cried the Proud One emphatically. “Who told you that you were such?”

“It’s something that I don’t question,” replied the Most Holy. “I accept it as part of myself because that is what I think of myself.”

“That’s being very honest,” admitted the Proud One. “But did you know that I also am just and righteous?”

“You can’t be!” exclaimed the Most Holy.

“Why not?” asked the Proud One with a grin.

“Because that is what I am,” appealed the Most Holy logically.

“Justice and righteousness are not limited to you,” wisely expressed the Proud One. “I also can possess it if I desire.”

“You’re trying to be my equal, is that it?” asked the Most Holy coaxingly.

“I am your equal,” stated the Proud One boisterously.

“Blasphemy!” shouted the Holy One angrily.

“Nonsense!” ridiculed the Proud One.

“You won’t get away with this,” threatened the Most Holy.

“What are you going to do about it?” laughed the Proud One.

“I’ll destroy you!” said the Most Holy seriously.

“With the aid of justice and righteousness?” mocked the Proud One.

“It’s my duty to destroy you since you are trying to usurp my power,” reasoned the Most Holy.

“Have fun trying,” scoffed the Proud One. “As for me, it will be rather amusing to observe what you will do. Go right ahead, I won’t stop you.”

“All right, you sly monstrosity,” conceded the Most Holy, “you know that my weakness lies in my inability to destroy. But I will create more (creatures) like myself who will help me destroy you.”

“Big deal,” replied the Proud One amusingly. “I’ll scheme up something just as good. I’ll create more (creatures) like myself to counterbalance your creation.”

“Oh, yeah,” countered the Most Holy.

“Yeah,” retorted the Proud One.

“We’ll see,” concluded the Most Holy.

* * * * *

[This scene can be depicted by a circling lighthouse light on a dark foggy night with the moon in the eastern sky hidden by the fog, yet slightly visible.]

The blank nothingness swirled in gusts of empty air. Existence displayed a silence that could be ascribed only to non-existence. But in this silence there was a murmuring sound. Perhaps it could have been the harmonious hum of a distant thought or the scattered muffle of an idea. Whatever it was, this murmuring sound displayed itself in a fashionable light. This light blinked on and off, as if it was a light at one moment and then wasn't a light. Only the light could be seen; the darkness was not perceptible; it wasn't to be penetrated. The movement of the light seemed to remain stagnant, yet somehow it seemed to be receding. The illusion of the light forcefully flickered to display some figure. But then it really was only the shadow of the figure, a shadow that could be perceived in the light of which it was a part. Strange, but the figure didn't even appear to be real. It's there and then it's not there. It appears to have the idea of being real, mainly because it can't be conceived of as not being real. Only the imagination can vividly portray the reality of such a figure.

The figure of light lively glided through the empty air. Occasionally it stopped abruptly and retraced its path, probably in an attempt to discover its movements. Awaiting and again the figure continued on its endless journey, somewhere – but who knows where? No doubt it was in search of something, probably in search of itself. And that was precisely what it was in search of.

* * * * *

[Concepts: God-full vs. God-empty and/or God-more vs. God-less]

“Aha, so you have discovered the secret of creation,” congratulated God-more.

“It came naturally,” admitted God-less.

“Tell me how you happened to stumble upon your discovery,” inquired God-more curiously.

“It's exactly the same way that you made your discovery. I call it the meeting of the minds. Plainly explaining it, I would say that I had intercourse with self, the self that is part of me and yet separate from me. Whatever it was, I discovered my self.” God-less scratched his/her head, pondering what he/she had just said.

“Whose mind did you meet with?” asked God-more perplexingly.

“Yours!” exerted God-less bluntly. “I've observed your brilliance, splendor, and excellence in form, spirit, and will. I concluded my observation with the decision to obtain that same brilliance, splendor and excellence. I searched for it. I exhausted all possible resources. When I came to the end of all available solutions – I searched in every corner of space,

in every particle of existence, in all elements of matter, in everything, and – by God, I discovered it all within myself. Even you I found within myself. And if you're honest with yourself, you'll admit that the same holds true for you, also."

"You've become exceedingly smart," said God-more. "Too smart. Methinks that you have some sort of an inferiority complex."

"You!" pointed God-less actively.

"You are confusing terms, you contortionist," chided God-more. "I am your superior. Was it not I that displayed all manner of brilliance and all the other niceties you ascribed to me? Was it not my mind that you admitted you met with? Was it not for me that you searched for? Is not that self that you discovered myself?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" admitted God-less. "Enough of your bragging. So what if that's all true. Nevertheless, I am inferior to you only because your heady mind tells you so. But to my mind, you are my inferior."

"Let's be truthful about it," advised God-more. "What we have discovered is the core of what we are – identical. I have attempted to exert my power over you, and you have tried to exert your power over me. The result: the creation which you see before us. While both of us were trying through the other -- because that's the only way it could be done – to recreate himself, the result was only a creature of combined sources. This creature depicts us, and is a witness to us, as what you and I are – One. Just like our minds were insecure and indecisive as to who or what we were, and where we belonged, so the exact parallel is transferred from our own kind to this creation of ours. The only solution to everything is that we'll just have to fight it out and see what happens. Namely, by the way we planned it at first, by our own creation."

* * * * *

[This scene can be depicted by lightning and thunder, and by ocean waves beating on a rocky beach.]

Scattered rays of myriads of gleaming lights spread out on the open space. Encompassing the radiance was a film of tangible darkness, a darkness of imperceptible density. Not even the illumination of the clusters of light could break through this darkness. But the darkness could not encroach upon the light -- coming thus far and no further. The darkness lingered threateningly at the edge of the border, the entrance to the light, as if in one gulp it would swallow that which it sought to conquer. The darkness saw a great light, yet this light it could not be.

The darkness lashed out at the light, as if trying to absorb its radiance. In retaliation, the light beamed at the surrounding darkness, as if trying to obliterate its devastating influence and tangibility. The embittered darkness contemptuously expanded its arms around the advancing light and angrily squeezed at the invulnerable border, trying to pry open an entrance. The blinding light flashed back in defense, and then retreated as the infuriated darkness clashed against the intense light. The two powers struggled endlessly, simultaneously struggling for survival and for each other's extermination. But the clutch in which they were embraced disabled them from accomplishing their task. Perhaps it was not in their power to accomplish the task, and someone else, somewhere else, held the fate of existence in his/her hands.

* * * * *

"Go to hell, you wretch!" commanded the Almighty.

"I'm already fed up with this pretentious utopia, anyway," rationalized the Adversary. "This place which you call heaven is nothing but a refined dungeon. It's a captivity for those who know nothing, hear nothing, see nothing, and think nothing but the blissful illusion of beauty, goodness, righteousness, and justice. Always gloating in self-esteem, that's your prime objective for such an atrocity. Couldn't think of anything better, could you?"

"Your talk is pure nonsense – you're jealous," boasted the Almighty with an air of contempt. "I'm quite satisfied with this pleasant atmosphere of eternal jubilation. You notice that my devotees never induce an idle moment; all their time is spent fortuitously in the advancement of my goodness, whether it be in worship of me or whether it be in obedience to my statutes or whether it be simply to adhere to my will."

"Your will is nothing but a capricious desire for personal glorification and gratification," propounded the Adversary. "As for me and my house, we will serve the lord of evil. After all, we do have to make up the balance so as to sustain existence at an equilibrium. There is always two ways of looking at things. You look at it your way, and I'll look at it my way. Agreed?"

"So you're going to set up a vast kingdom as I have set up, huh?" questioned the Almighty jealously.

"What do you mean set up a kingdom?" demanded the Adversary. "You know as well as I do that my kingdom was set up the very moment you connived the existence of your kingdom in an attempt to abolish and even smother the very last breath that vibrated with my reverberating being. Smart brain that you were. Those repercussions kind of startled you, didn't they? You didn't think that there would be a contrast for everything you originated, did you?"

"You did fool me, if that's what you want to know," stated the Almighty pointedly. "But the battle is over, so let's forget about everything."

“Forget about it?” stressed the Adversary confoundedly. “Why, that battle has been recorded in history as a memorial to the futility of any attempt to mingle the two forces in existence. It shall stand as the symbol of one power trying to overthrow another power. The result: eternal enmity, strife, animosity and incoherence.”

“But you must admit that the victory was mine,” added the Almighty shrewdly.

“There is no victory when your enemy is not destroyed,” proclaimed the Adversary victoriously. “And I was inclined to believe that my position is more stable now than before. Why, look at my forces. They’re dedicated to the purpose, which is my purpose, of extending confusion, turmoil, and distress where you have implanted security, happiness, and contentment.”

“I said, go to hell,” repeated the Almighty malignantly.

* * * * *

Within the abyss of extended darkness wandered figures of rapturous beauty. Their appearance was dim, as if some illuminating brightness had been withdrawn from them. Each separate figure appeared in its own domain as a robust creature, emitting from its luscious texture a magnetic force which compelled assimilation with its own kind. The facial characteristics were those of searching eyes, a taunting smile, a gripping tongue, and vicious teeth. The oval-shaped head was supported by elongated shoulders from which dangled two flaps, which resembled the wings of a bird but which could not accomplish the same feat. The cylindrical-shaped body was supported upon pillars of muscular structure. The levity of their composite being facilitated them in transporting themselves to their desired locale. The field of their activity was unlimited just like the open space in which they functioned. No force or power bound their activity.

However, these creatures were divided into two distinct categories: one’s activity was to expel the other’s activities, and vice versa. Both sides adroitly fought for separate, yet the same, goals. The enigma that was to be solved was to discover which side had the greater power. Each side had their own proposed weapons and their own fortress – yet the battle was always fought in the middle, in space.

One fortress was constructed of a radiant substance, the kind that elucidated the character of its inhabitants. Within its confines existed personified objects which symbolized certain attributes of the creatures. The golden pavements and walls typified their position as supporters of that which was divine. The purple robes exemplified their kingly status. The white scepters portrayed their rule of righteousness. The whole structure was a projection of that which was intrinsic within each creature: a purity of action, a divine right of being a ruler, a holiness of simple-mindedness, and a sanctity of the personality. In essence, the ethereal palace was an aesthetic structure.

The other fortress was essentially an inversion of its opposition (or it could even be called a perversion). Dense darkness dismally dominated the entire domain. The walls were colossal – they reached to the very footstool of heaven (that is what the ethereal palace was called). In fact, the only thing that separated the two fortresses was a narrow gulf, so narrow that any one of the creatures could simply step over to the other. And that is precisely what they occasionally did. It was just a matter of taste – which environment was preferable.

* * * * *

“Your highness, may I have a word with you?” echoed the voice of the Tempter with urgency.

“You have my permission,” answered the Deliverer haughtily.

“Damned!” shouted the Tempter emphatically.

“Who’s damned?” asked the Deliverer indifferently.

“You. I. All creation!” bellowed the Tempter emotionally.

“Why?” asked the Deliverer with an aroused interest.

“Why?” answered the Tempter bitterly. “Have you not observed the recent creation? Why, it’s appalling. It’s frightening. You know, that beautiful creature you created, the one you called woman, and the creature I created to continue the balance, which I called man, they are our solution.”

“Solution to what?” asked the Deliverer anxiously.

“The solution to the problem of our destruction, our end,” announced the Tempter pompously. “By allowing those creatures to have a form of matter, you have also, unconsciously no doubt, given them the power of self-destruction. As you and I both understand, matter can not have an eternal existence, because it is not real (that is, not in the real sense). But you have wisely mixed matter with the Idea, the thing that was, is, and shall ever be (that is, we thought so), and this promiscuity has evolved into an amazing creature. Because of this creature’s ability to destroy matter, it will simultaneously destroy the Idea with itself. And because the Idea is an entire entity within itself, and not divided into parts, it too will be destroyed. That means us.”

“You clumsy idiot,” reprimanded the Deliverer. “You failed to scrutinize the prime essence of this creation. Don’t forget, this creation also has the ability to reproduce its own kind. And the rate of the reproduction of matter is greater than its destruction or extinction. Furthermore . . .”

“Wait an eternity,” interrupted the Tempter impolitely. “That creature you created could not have reproduced were it not for my creation.”

“You’re right,” admitted the Deliverer. “But I took into consideration past creations and realized the fact that the creation of one creature naturally necessitated the inevitable creation of its opposite. And, furthermore, the union of the two always results in its re-creation.”

“Very interesting,” added the Tempter calmly. “And very clever.”

“But as I was saying,” continued the Deliverer, “the woman that created shall deliver creation from destruction by incessantly reproducing. And you will naturally tempt your creature – man – to identify himself with my creature. Thus, a perfect equilibrium (balance).”

The Battle rages on and on. The Idea battles against itself, this time in the form of Man/Woman.

“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you . . .”

“Death!”

“I command you to . . .”

“My name is Legion, for I am many.”

“I am the light of the world . . .”

“Yet you walk in the darkness of this world.”

“I am the Bread of Life . . .”

“Yet you hunger for righteousness.”

“I am the Resurrection and . . .”

“You too shall die!”

“I came not to bring a sword . . .”

“But the shedding of blood.”

“He that believeth in me . . .”

“Shall be a fool for the rest of his life.”

“Follow me . . .”

“And you’ll be the blind following the blind.”

“Take up thy cross . . .”

“And sacrifice your life for an unworthy cause.”

“Repent . . .”

“And do whatsoever thy heart desires.”

“I am not come to destroy the law, but . . .”

“To set up your own law.”

“Whosoever will lose his life for my sake . . .”

“Shall never live to see it again.”

“Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words . . .”

“Shall live to send men to their hell.”

“All power is given unto me . . .”

“Power to torture, to bring sickness, poverty, and suffering to this world.”

“Whosoever drinketh of the water that I give him . . .”

“Shall gladly vomit the whole of it back in your face.”

“I seek not my own will . . .”

“But the will to bind the will of man.”

“Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood . . .”

“You shall die eating your own flesh and drinking your own blood.”

“Ye are from beneath, I am from above . . .”

“Out of this world – that’s where you belong.”

“As long as I am in the world . . .”

“Everybody is miserable.”

“I am the good shepherd . . .”

“Who will cut anybody’s throat who comes too near.”

“And I, if I be lifted up from the earth . . .”

“You’ll be praised for ever, because you left.”

“A new commandment I give unto you . . .”

“Do unto others before they do unto you.”

“I am the way, the truth, and . . .”

“The Everlasting damnation.”

“If you love me . . .”

“Crucify him!”

* * * * *

Man/Woman live on!

* * * * *

“Go ahead, fly away, go back to where you came from,” stated the Tormentor. “We don’t need anyone to help ease the pain and suffering of humanity.”

“I came to do not my will,” commented the Comforter.

“That nonsense was crucified eternities ago,” yelled the Tormentor.

“Nevertheless,” continued the Comforter, “humanity needs me to relieve it from anxiety and to give it hope, a hope to live for a life after death.”

“A false hope,” criticized the Tormentor. “Your kind have brought false hopes to generations upon generations. All those religions – I couldn’t even begin to count them – they enslave man, teaching and commanding him to be something which is contrary to his nature. His nature tells him to do it; religion tells him not to do it. His nature tells him that he will die; religion deceives him into believing that he won’t really die, that it’s just his body that dies. His nature tells him that life is meaningless, that there is nothing to live for; religion lies to him and says that his purpose in life is to live for a god that he has never seen, nor is sure of his/her existence. Religion creates commandments for a lawless man; religion imagines a heaven and a hell of a mortal man; religion erects morals for an amoral man; religion produces saints out of sinful men; religion writes an infallible book for a fallible man; religion rules with a rod of iron over a fleshly man. Damn religion! Who needs it, anyway?”

“Let me inform you,” replied the Comforter, “that you’re intruding into the holy of holies when you talk about religion in that manner. If religion did not exist, then man would not have anything to live or die for, and that would be contrary to the will of God for man.”

“The Will of God?” retorted the Tormentor. “Is it the will of God to have man admire, flatter, and pray to him day and night, expecting help and never getting any, expecting an answer

to prayer and never hearing anything, asking for protection and then getting killed the next day?”

“But man can’t live without God,” appealed the Comforter.

“Why not?” demanded the Tormentor.

“Because man wants to live; he wants to live forever,” explained the Comforter. “And his only hope is in a god, any kind of a god, that will give him eternal life. Otherwise, he’ll live in constant frustration, and he’ll die in frustration.”

“Why don’t you let man know the truth?” begged the Tormentor. “Let him know why he lives and for what purpose he exists. He’ll never learn otherwise.”

“When man learns the truth, it will be too late – he will have then destroyed himself and us.”

“Oh, Lord, how long?”



ORIGINAL – written in my own handwriting

THE END OF GOD & SATAN

"Stop!" shouted Satan, "You'll destroy yourself along with me if you don't stop."

"Ah, so you don't think I can create a perfect universe. Well, just give me time. I have always felt my superiority over all nothingness. I have told myself trinitillion times that I can make something out of all this nothingness. Of course, it will be my mind that will issue forth its power in word and deed. I will be declaimed as the great architect of all creation."

"But wait, you don't realize that what you'll create will simultaneously be created by both of us. Haven't I told you deviltillion times that we are inseparable. From time eternal you and I have existed side by side, even though we are as incongruent to each other as something and nothing. You did not create me, neither did I create you. Tell me, how did we come into being?"

"Now listen, you devil," boisterously answered God. "You're always tempting me for an explanation of our existence. I have reasoned trinitillion times, and yet I have not arrived at any conclusion. Perhaps there is no conclusion. Perhaps we are just being, without any reason or purpose at all."

"Let me inform you," ^{said the Comforter} "that you're intruding into the halcyon of holies when you talk about religion ~~in that manner~~ like that. If religion did not exist, then man would not have anything to live or die for, and that would be contrary to the will of God for man."

"The will of God?" asked the Tormentor. "Is it the will of God to have man admire, flatter, and pray to him day and night, expecting help and never getting any, expecting an answer to prayers and never hearing anything, asking for protection and then getting killed the next day?"

"But man can't live without God," appealed the Comforter.

"Why not?" demanded the Tormentor.

"Because man wants to live, he wants to live for ever. And his only hope is in a God, ^{any} some kind of a god. Otherwise he'll live in constant frustration, and he'll die in frustration."

"Why don't you let man know the truth? Let him know why he lives and for what purpose he exists. He'll never learn otherwise."

"When man learns the truth, it will be too late — he will have then destroyed himself and us."

"Oh Lord, how long?"

Paul John Wisniewsky