

# Hanu Hanu Speaks

(The Hanu Hanu Gita)

The Renowned Giant Orange Monkey's  
United-Nations-Sponsored Lecture Series

*presented by*



*in association with the*



**UNITED  
NATIONS**

COMMITTEE FOR INTERSPECIES  
CULTURAL COLLABORATION

TRANSCRIPTS AND NOTES  
BY  
BLIND CUPID

# Testimonials

"Blind Cupid's words are as relevant for Dogs  
as they are for Human Beings.  
I would recommend this book to any Dog  
who still considers themselves a pet."

*'Xueyou', Golden Retriever, Shanghai, China,  
Elder of the Alliance for the Dignity of All Creatures.*

\*

"Wop, Bang, Wallop; man! This book rocks!  
Get with it, Human Creatures!"

*His Excellency, Mr Mahatma Mandela-King,  
United Nations Secretary General,  
Burning Man City, Nevada Desert, USA.*

\*

"The HanuHanu Lecture Series was pivotal and catalytic for so many of us. For me -  
most certainly! But how was it for the Giant Orange Monkeys? In this fabulous  
rendering of the HanuHanu Lectures, Blind Cupid takes us 'behind the scenes' -  
laughing-and-dancing-us through the Giant Orange Monkeys' World of Oneness  
with All Creatures - thus, naturally, inviting us to imagine what-it-might-be-like for  
US to live Our pleasures-and-pains as Human Creatures -  
within the Family of All Creatures."

*His Holiness The Pope, Supreme Pontiff, Bishop of Rome, Italy.  
(After his much-publicised Apotheosis - during which he went on a-multi-zillion-Lira  
Bestowing Spree - signing-away Cathedrals, Monasteries, even the Vatican -  
and after which, he went to live in the suburbs on the outskirts of Milan,  
in indistinguishability. There he looked for a job, but it wasn't easy - due to the  
singularity of his Employment History, and the relevance of his Character References  
- however, eventually, he got a job in a motorcycle factory.)*

\*

"There are smells that make my sap go flat-in-the-night. There are smells my trunk  
would twist-for! The smell of Human Industry make me want to run! In HanuHanu  
's Lectures I smell something so-delicate, yet torrential and exhilarating; in Blind  
Cupid's notes and anecdotes I smell something magical, sparkling with possibilities  
- like Elves up-to-mischief in the Moonlight! "

*Michelle Kandoogo, Birch, Essex, England*

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# Part 1: Vision

# 1

## I, Blind Cupid, Introduce HanuHanu

I am Cupid, son of Cupid. I have the same-name as my Father, The Roman God of Erotic Love. I was conceived immaculately when my Father gazed upon Besheesha, a spectacularly radiant Female Giant Orange Monkey; and became so enamoured of the way she touched-life, and the way she let-life-touch-her; that he released a Ray of his Blessing into her Womb. And that Ray became Me!

As a symbol of my readiness to Love Anyone, I was born a Hermaphrodite, with both a vagina and a penis-and-testicles. And as a symbol of never-being-distracted from One's Own Unique Experience, I was Born Blind. I came out of my mother's vagina, bow-and-arrow in hand, quiver strapped to my back - and already had Little Wings. Even though I am over-seventy now, I look like a chubby Giant Orange Monkey Child.

I sense my Father felt the Estate of the Giant Orange Monkeys would be a safe-place for his son. And I sense my Father intuited HanuHanu would take a special-interest in me, and show me a special-kindness. And whether that's true-or-not - that's the way it's-been.

When we were children there was a-moment-when, suddenly - all of the Children of The Tribe, as if One, became-aware of how Different I Was - and HanuHanu felt-that-moment, and called a Whole Tribe Gathering. Here are some things that were said:

"Cupid is unique, in a Cupid-way - as-is everyone unique in their Own-way. And because, by definition, 'uniques' are incomparable: no one can be-judged superior or inferior. In fact, it is our Uniqueness that makes-us all Equal." (HanuHanu)

"Uniqueness is not about abilities, or even appearance. It is about each individual's indefinable, ever-changing flavour." (Garangula)

But mainly there were hours-and-hours of naming Each Other's Flavours - and falling-about-laughing! I got-called 'Vanilla Pod'! And 'Sweet Honey Bee'! That was almost three-quarters of a century ago, and I remember it so, so well! It felt (to me), like joy - like a Cloud of Love had Burst in the Sky above me, and was raining down all-over-me! In fact, it was my First Orgasm.

Then there was the-moment, when we were adolescents, when-again, suddenly - all of the Adolescents of the Tribe, as-if One - Saw Who I Am, and felt the Erotic Oneness in which I Undulate, softly, all day - and night. They Saw I am Cupid - delicate of heart; sometimes clearly-female, sometimes clearly-male; playful; in Union within Myself.



Seeing Me, they Saw Sex - and realised they Knew Nothing about either-of-us! And, again - it was HanuHanu who-felt their Sudden Seeing, and Humility; and called a Whole Tribe Gathering - to help us through that-awkward-moment...

We, the adolescents, were invited-to-sit in an Inner Circle, with the rest of The Tribe sat around-us. I especially remember Koshofu's words:

"Follow the Heat of your Bodies' Instincts - Yes! But not to the exclusion of the soft-heart, the quiet-mind, or the Sublimity of Belonging. To exclude any of these four could Damage our Descendants."

But again, it's the atmosphere I remember most. I Experienced Everyone talking-so-truly about instinct and lust, love and intimacy, oneness and ecstasy - that we were All Taken... the Adolescents, the Elders, the Whole Tribe... All of Us... into one, Big Erotic Sublimity! That-time - no doubt-about-it: the Orgasm was Collective!

I could give lots-more examples from throughout my adult-life. Lots more. HanuHanu has always felt-my-moment, and kept-me-close. Both figuratively and literally: not-only have our Hearts always Sat Close, but I have also sat-physically at-his-side my whole adult-life, as the Keeper of the Tribe Annals<sup>1</sup> - transcribing his Lectures, and documenting the living-and-dying of the Giant Orange Monkey Tribe on the Essex Estate.

And I have been a very happy, divine, blind, double-genitaled, young-looking Giant Orange Monkey with wings! I am blatantly Unique and Indefinable. And I feel HanuHanu is a champion of everyone's Uniqueness and Indefinability - a Champion of Equality; and therefore, ultimately, of Love. What can I say?! He's my Champion! And so to the Task at Hand...

Most respected Human Beings - beings for whom, in-great-part, the Annals of the Giant Orange Monkey Tribes of the Earth were first-conceived, and have always been-written - as the current Scribe and Keeper of the HanuHanu Tribe Annals; I Cupid, Son of Cupid, Son Of Besheesha of Radiance and Grace; in deepest gratitude for all I feel I have received, and continue to receive; present to you here - for your entertainment, and for your elucidation - the Renowned HanuHanu's radical, revolutionary, reposing and replenishing United Nations Sponsored, globally-broadcast and live-streamed Lecture Series "Wakey Wakey, Little Cousins!"

\*

**Notes:**

1. The text you have in front of you, is a section of the Giant Orange Monkey Essex Estate (European) Tribe Annals. It is the section devoted to Recounting the Unfolding of Events during-and-throughout the United Nations Sponsored Lecture Series, 'Wakey, Wakey Little Cousins!'

I have, however, attempted to make it a stand-alone Annals Pull-Out Section... deliberately including extra Giant Orange Monkey historico-socio-cultural

background information - so that it will make sense even to a Human Being unfamiliar with the Giant Orange Monkeys and our Annals.

I have called this Pull-Out Section 'The HanuHanu Gita' - because the text sits-within Our Own Epic Annals, in the way that The Bhagavad Gita sits within the Epic Mahabharata. And I've also called it 'The HanuHanu Gita' because in-it, HanuHanu addresses the Human Family much-as Krishna addressed Arjuna - offering, as did Krishna to Arjuna, albeit in more-modern terms: a Path of Remembrance of One's Belonging... In fact, Sobli<sup>1</sup> calls it 'The Book of Belonging'.

In an aside, let me add, that Rumpum and Dililane<sup>1</sup> tease-me, and insist that, secretly, The HanuHanu Gita is a Tantric Sex Manual. "Cupid!" they laugh, "you can't help-it, can you?!" "Each of Us enacts their nature, I guess" I say; then smile and confess "I just want the Humans to be Happy!"

**Footnote to Footnote:**

1. You'll get to meet Everyone, as we go-along!

## 2

# HanuHanu?

But first, a note for The Few who don't know HanuHanu - who might be wondering "HanuHanu? Who's this HanuHanu?"

HanuHanu is a Direct Descendant of the Hindu God Hanuman. This is confirmed not-only by the Giant Orange Monkey Oral Tradition, The Vine of Time; but also in-writing, in the Giant Orange Monkey Annals of every Tribe everywhere.

HanuHanu is a five-metre-tall Giant Orange Monkey. He speaks seventy-five languages and dialects, and holds honorary-professorships at Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, M.I.T., and sixteen other of the world's most prestigious universities. He is famed among Human Beings for his benevolent wisdom, and his interventions have been influential in averting umpteen humanitarian crises. He has four arms, and carries the Golden Sceptre-Mace of Radiant Power (in his upper-right hand), and the Giant Love Lotus of Unbearable Beauty (in his upper-left). In 2003 he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

HanuHanu currently lives among a Tribe of approximately fifty Giant Orange Monkeys, on a largely-forested, fifty-square-mile, private estate in the County of Essex, just outside London, England.

# 3

## The Day of the First Lecture

### I

The Estate is a forest, and the forest is our home. But we maintain a very large clearing for meetings with Human Beings. We also use it for events of-our-own. It is oval, and tiered like a football stadium. We call it The Amphitheatre. There are no seats in the tiers though - they're covered in grasses, clover, dandelions and daisies. By contrast, perhaps, at both ends there are state-of-the-art Solar Electricity Charging Stations for camera-crews, and other Human Visitors (and also for our own use - like at our Full Moon Celebrations, which I love!).

That day was a grey, drizzly, mystical Essex Autumn Day. No dignitaries had been invited, but camera-crews, and coachloads-of-translators, were all driving in-through the Estate Gates; down the mud lane between the Noble Oaks, towards (it seemed to me), a palpitatingly expectant Amphitheatre.

When the Humans reached the clearing, Giant Orange Monkeys would direct them to their parking spaces. Other Giant Orange Monkeys were setting up the sound-system. Others were just generally helping the Humans settle-in - directing the translators to the Simultaneous Translation Facility at the back of The Amphitheatre; pointing-out the whereabouts of the Human Refreshment Tents, the little, human-size Urine-Diverting Compost Portaloos, and so on...

Around the perimeter of The Amphitheatre there lived-and-died Communities of Trees: the Esoteric Ash Family, the Sensitive Aspen Family, the Elegant Birch Family, the Passionate and Progressive Sweet Chestnut Family, and many more. Among them, Many Elders - thirty, forty and fifty metres high... That-day the Giant Orange Monkeys were lazing-about among them. It had been found that at events such-as-these, quite-a-lot of Humans would feel intimidated by The Whole Tribe's presence. They were keeping a-discrete-distance - exchanging manicures and pedicures; massaging each other; Listening to the Day; kissing, having sex; playing Go with pickled and dyed Acorns on an unbordered board; snacking, chatting, relaxing...

### II

The Internet had been Vibrating Passionately for-months - anticipating this Lecture Series. It was being seen, unanimously among nations, as a Major Global Event. Today was-to-be: Day One of a globally-advertised, almost-religiously-anticipated Lecture Series. There was hardly any Human Being on Earth who hadn't heard of HanuHanu. And the United Nations had asked for his 'social, ecological and spiritual counsel' (exact wording of the Letter of Invitation).

That a five-metre-high Giant Orange Monkey at least five times as-old-as any Human Being alive; with an intelligence far-more-than five times as-great-as any Human Being alive; and rumoured to have all-sorts-of 'powers', was about to Speak

to Humanity in a series of Lectures addressing its freely-confessed, suicidal self-destruction (which was already taking so many Other Species with-it, and ruining the land, the air and the water for The Rest of Us), was an unlikely, almost-surreal, Almost Miraculous Event - awaited by millions, if not billions, with one Big Held Human Breath.

There were crews from every continent, and from every Human Nation. I was listening to the dancing-hum of their many languages; when, quite suddenly, they all went-silent - as-if some Collective Intuition Knew he was near. Yet I have seen-without-eyes, again and again, that nothing can ever prepare Human Beings for the bulk, the enormity, of HanuHanu's physical presence; nor for the vigorous, authoritative potency he emanates; nor for the depth of gentleness in his eyes. They are almost literally 'blown away', like leaves. And then, and then... when 'the big monkey speaks'... it turns their worlds upside-down!

The Giant Orange Monkeys who'd set up the sound system had created A Sitting Place for him, with the trunk of an elderly Sweet Chestnut as support for his back. On the earth they had placed piles of furs, the Skins of the Monkey Ancestors - both for his comfort, and in Honour of Our Ancestors; the Extension of Whom we-are. Are we not?

As was the custom at the time, I, the Tribe Scribe, was seated to the right of where HanuHanu would sit. And Gooj, the Tribe Buffoon, was seated decoratively, as Proud as an Owl, to the left of where HanuHanu would sit. Around this Sitting Place there were heaps-of-fruits, and clay-buckets full of fresh-water from the Estate Wells.

I could feel HanuHanu approaching. I could feel his-presence-moving-through-the-silence with Simplicity and Grace. He got comfortable in his Sitting Place, cross-legged on the furs - The Golden Sceptre-Mace aloft in his upper-right-hand, The Giant Lotus of Love aloft in his upper-left. Then he looked around at the camera crews. The ones closest to him were fidgety - understandably: it must have felt vulnerable looking up-at-him, knowing that with one swipe of one of his free hands (the lower-right, or the lower-left - with either of those Giant Orange Monkey Lower Hands), he could send the Whole Front Row, with all of their gadgetry, flying to the other-side of The Amphitheatre.

HanuHanu had a good-look at the Monkeys beyond The Amphitheatre perimeter. In his gaze I felt him calling the Giant Orange Monkey Tribe towards him. As if, despite, perhaps, Our Expectations of Divinity, he-too felt vulnerable, and was calling-us-close for comfort and support.

Then his Giant Orange Monkey Lips peeled-back and smiled, in such a loving-way as to make everyone and everything (it seemed to me): softer, kinder, cosier... Even the Mystic Drizzle felt warmer! Then he spoke. I Love his Voice! For me, his voice, that day, as always; was gentle, comforting, raw - and thunderously voluptuous!

## 4

# United Nations Sponsorship

Again, by way of background; for The Few of You who might be thinking "What? The United Nations Commissioned and Sponsored a Lecture Series by a four-armed, five-metre-high Giant Orange Monkey? Come on! You don't expect me to believe THAT, do you?" Please - let me explain...

The United Nations Lecture Series Invitation had come-about due to a visit of His Excellency the United Nations Secretary General, Mr Mahatma Mandela-King, to the Giant Orange Monkey Essex Estate, the previous year. As it happened, as things tend-to-happen, Mr Mahatma Mandela-King's visit coincided with a Full Moon Celebration - at which he had loosened his tie-knot, and danced-all-night in Ecstatic Union with All Sorts of Creatures - Deer, Horses and Sheep.

Mr Mahatma Mandela-King had immediately understood - everything! The Dance had explained it all! "We ARE All One, just as The Wise have Always Said!" he'd giggled. That night he'd laughed-and-cried with HanuHanu, the Giant Orange Monkey Tribe, and the Family of All Creatures, as he'd never laughed-and-cried before! Mr Mahatma Mandela King instantly became a devoted HanuHanu Fan - with all of the over-enthusiasm and excess that the joy of Born-Againness can bring...

Despite all of our diplomatic attempts to calm him, Mr Mahatma Mandela King - as if manic-depressive and manic, or bipolar and on-an-up - raced-back to his Leather Swivel Desk Chair at the United Nations Headquarters in New York; where, a Man on a Mission, he pressed against-the-odds for the General Assembly to commission, and generously-sponsor, a globally-broadcast HanuHanu Lecture Series.

The odds were against-it - but "hey" he'd say, "when I was a boy - what were the odds I'd become United Nations Secretary General - eh?!" And sure-enough, impelled perhaps by a secret-fascination, against-the-odds indeed, the United Nations General Assembly voted to draft a Letter of Invitation. This was considerately hand-written in Extra Large Letters, on especially enlarged U.N. Headed Notepaper, the size of a dining-room-table. The gesture was appreciated by the Giant Orange Monkeys - even though our vision is such that we can see an Eagle two miles-high, and distinguish the hairs in a fly's moustache.

## 5

# A Note on the Nobel Prize

### I

And allow me, please, to offer a little more background - rather than leave a-few-of-you with another obvious question: "the Nobel Peace Prize? Really? I don't remember ever hearing about a Giant Orange Monkey being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize! For what, exactly, did HanuHanu receive the Nobel Peace Prize in 2003?"

HanuHanu was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 2003 for his orchestration of interventions which saw near-certainty of war in the Middle East dissolve-overnight.

This was accomplished with the assistance of five of the Tribe's Elite Trickster Warrior Monkeys who, using an Advanced Hypnosis Protocol that disables brain synapses that maintain Arbitrary Beliefs, somehow 'persuaded' the Partners of the Jewish and Islamic Presidents that They Were Each Other - while 'persuading' the Presidents Themselves, that this was Nothing Out of the Ordinary.

The Two Partners were duly-kidnapped, and installed in Each Other's homes - where, instinctively, they seemed-to-know what was in Every Cupboard Drawer, where the Light Switches were, and what programmes were on TV. The Presidents Themselves observed nothing untoward...

That night, though - having, All Four, been 'endowed' with a Love for Each Other, and a Desire for Each Other, and an altogether-new capacity to Not Think as they Made Love - The Jewish and Islamic Presidents Made Love with Each Other's Partners, and Each Other's Partners with-them - as none-of-them had ever Made Love Before - as they had Only Dreamt Love could be Made...

### II

And so, yes - it all went rather well. All four parties emerged rosy and refreshed for breakfast - though slightly-subliminally bewildered. But then - as the Advanced Hypnosis Protocol wore-off - All Four began-to-become aware that all was not as-it-usually-was; that their Partners were not who they usually-were; that, in fact, THEY were not who they usually-were - that they Had Known a Love that Transcended Individual Identity. And that That Love had changed them. It had changed Everything. And so, of course, they Cancelled the War - that very-morning, at around eleven o'clock; when they Appeared Together, The Four of Them, on Middle East TV.

The Jewish President announced that, through her intimacy with the Islamic President's Partner - she now felt a bond with every Muslim. And the Islamic President said the same: that she now felt bonded with every Jew. And they embraced, the Four of Them - sincerely - for the Whole Middle East to see, and feel. They Embraced for Longer than Anyone except Lovers Embrace. And their Eyes

were Full of Love. And at ten past eleven, to be-exact, Both Presidents Said: "The war is off! So, please, Everyone, Go Home!" "Go Home and Love Each Other!" they suggested, politely, smiling - and Waved to the Middle East.

### III

For this intervention (later referred to as The Bonobo Affair), which, as you can imagine, provoked (and still provokes) endless moral debate - HanuHanu was nevertheless awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. He accepted it along with the five Elite Trickster Warrior Monkeys who had executed the plan. In his Nobel Laureate acceptance speech, HanuHanu discussed the Transformative Potential latent in the Disactivation of Social Programming passed-hypnotically from generation-to-generation. One example:

"Today you, the People of Egypt, believe-in-and-defend Islam with the same passion that you once believed-in-and-defended Ra, Isis and Osiris. All-of-you, or almost all-of-you, were as Passionately Polytheistic as you now are Monotheistic. I invite you to contemplate-this. And to ask-yourself-this: had I been-a-baby some thousands of years ago, what might I have believed-in-and-defended? Have I chosen my current beliefs? Or am I simply the Hijacked and Hypnotised Victim of the conditioning of my era, and a specific geographical location?

And what do you conclude? Do you conclude (as I feel is only-logical) that yes - had you been-a-baby at-and-in another place-and-time, you would almost certainly have believed Other Beliefs to be your Own Dear Beliefs; Other Feelings (perhaps quite contrary to the Ones you now Feel), to be your Own Dear Feelings; and Behaviour perhaps-very-different to your Current Behaviour, to be your own freely-chosen Way of Being?

If you do - and yet: there-remains a Group of Humans you dislike, or mistrust - I would like to invite you to Imagine Yourself as having been-born Among Them; and as having grown-up as One of Them. I'd like to invite you to Do This Truly; and observe what-then-happens to your dislike and mistrust - and observe how, after That Imagining, you feel-towards that same Group of Humans."

Because of the logistical complexities-of-travel for an Entourage of five-metre-tall Giant Orange Monkeys, HanuHanu gave his Nobel Laureate acceptance speech at The Giant Orange Monkey Amphitheatre on The Essex Estate. From there, his Potent Presence and Kind Words were beamed from England to Sweden; where - for realism's-sake, and in Honour of HanuHanu - he appeared-upon a five-metre-high Screen in the Stockholm City Hall...

There, as His Image spoke-further of That Oneness deeper-than Conditioning; the wealthy, elegant, erudite and August Assembly - Already United in their enjoyment of the sublimely-tasteful Nobel Banquet Cuisine - were further-united, when; perhaps due-to their Openness to HanuHanu; or perhaps due-to some further Elite Trickster Warrior Monkey magic - the illustrious banqueters were overcome by a bizarre, mystic Vision of Themselves and Each Other as Babies! It was shocking, as-well-as frequently-amusing, to Behold Other Geniuses pre-conditioned; and yet, somehow, this Seeing seemed to Substantiate HanuHanu's assertions...



## 6

# Peace by T-Shirts

What the Human World doesn't-know is that HanuHanu was also-behind the Longterm Peace that did eventually come to the Middle East. It happened like this...

In the afternoon of the Day of the Declaration, by the Jewish and Muslim Prime Ministers, of the bond they now-felt with the members of each other's teams; HanuHanu, satisfied with that short-term result, but aware of its frailty, was chatting with Gooj, when she casually-elaborated, what HanuHanu felt was, an-inspired-plan to fortify this Nigh One Day Old Peace. She called it Project Peace By T-Shirts! HanuHanu instantly resolved to implement it...

And so it came to pass, once-upon-a-night, in fact, that-same-night, at about four in the morning, that HanuHanu flew Middle East. At a speed imperceivable by Twenty-First-Century Human Technology, HanuHanu circled the cities, towns and villages of Israel, Syria, Lebanon, Egypt and Jordan. And everywhere he went he let his heart be-called towards A Mother of Dignity. And everywhere he went he touched his Divine Golden Sceptre-Mace paternally upon the forehead of that Mother of Dignity; and let whiffs of his Giant Lotus' Aroma of Love gently waft about her. Then he went home to the Essex Estate to sleep.

When those Mothers of Dignity arose, and brushed their Jewish and Muslim teeth, and ate their Jewish and Muslim breakfasts, they were all captivated by an idea: to print these words on their T-Shirts: (If they were on the Jewish side) "I am Jewish. I am a Mother. I love my children just as a Muslim Mother loves hers", or (if they were on the Muslim side), "I am Muslim. I am a Mother. I love my children just as a Jewish Mother loves hers".

So irresistible was the Urge to Print, so possessed by a sense of Divine Mission had these Mothers of Dignity become, that office-desks remained vacant that morning, household duties undone, aeroplanes unpiloted, Pilates Classes untaught...

It took courage, no doubt, to Wear such Words in-public. And indeed, some Mothers of Dignity, both Jewish and Muslim, were hounded and harassed. But so Possessed by the Obvious were these Mothers of Dignity, so humble and gentle in their protest, so relaxed and unpretentious; that soon hundreds, and then thousands, of Other Mothers, both Muslim and Jewish, had caught The Urge to Print.

Queues hundreds-of-women-long were not uncommon outside Printing Shops throughout the Middle East. Websites promising next-day-delivery on all personalised T-Shirts, both plain and customised, began to overload and crash. What later became known as the T-Shirt Revolution had been born suddenly, when least expected, as-if-prematurely, from the Simplicity of Motherly Love.

Forty-eight hours later, every-other-father on the streets of Tel Aviv, Cairo, Damascus, Amman and Beirut was sporting a T-Shirt similarly breaking all club rules. If they'd been on the Jewish side their T-Shirts read: "I am Jewish. I am a Father. I love my children just as a Muslim Father loves his", or (if they'd been on the Muslim side), "I am Muslim. I am a Father. I love my children just as a Jewish Father loves his".

Next came "I am a Bother", "I am a Sister", "I am a Gender-Fluid Sibling", "I am a Grandparent", and so on. And, of course, there were Jokers on both sides, and out came: "I am Jewish, I love donuts just as much as Muslims love donuts, especially the ones with jam in"; "I am Muslim, I love to have my back scratched as much as Jews like to have their backs scratched, especially if The Scratcher has long nails", and so on.

According to Professor Koshofu, for whom this whole proliferation was a prime example of The Hundred Human Effect<sup>1</sup>, and who was monitoring its unravelling with a slightly-loony enthusiasm, the Tipping Point came when High Ranking Military Officers, both Muslim and Jewish, 'Donned The T-Shirt'. (That was the phrase people had come-up-with to describe that moment, when an individual Let Go of their Team Allegiance - and made their Own Unique Commitment to The Human Family.)

As the T-Shirt Revolution swirled through Middle Eastern Minds like a sandstorm, T-Shirt Donners' Clubs appeared everywhere - like new dunes. Jewish and Muslim Mothers for Peace organised all sorts of Motherly Events - like Breast Feeding Competitions, which were judged according to the volume of their babies' contented gurgling. Two top Football Teams, one Jewish, one Muslim, all having Donned The T-Shirt, shocked the whole Middle East by Playing for Fun. And there were T-Shirt Club Parties where everyone left their Identity at the Door, and degraded themselves together so generously, and so impartially, they could hardly remember having ever not-been part-of the One Human Family.

And so it was that, once-upon-a-time, little-by-little, moment of courage by moment of courage, T-Shirt by T-Shirt, moment of heart-to-heart connection by moment of heart-to-heart connection, T-Shirt Club by T-Shirt Club, that the Middle East was Overwhelmed by The Obvious - and returned from the Distress of Forgetfulness and Division, to the relief-and-peace and happiness of All, once-again, Belonging to the One Human Family...

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**Notes:**

1. I'll say more later. The Professor has written many papers on this, and related behaviour patterns. See, for example, 'The Zillion Ant Effect', and 'The One Donkey Effect'.

# 7

## Lecture 1: Human Superiority

### I

And so... back to the Estate. Back to the Lecture. And back to HanuHanu's voice - the gentlest of thunder; rumbling... rippling... through my whole-being...

As I listened, time-vanished. The Taste of his Voice filled-me with pleasure! I felt the Tree Community listening, enthralled; the Bird Flocks listening, enraptured; the Insect Commonwealth listening, enchanted... as if his voice were The Only Sound - powerful, caressing...

The seasonless English Autumn Drizzle seemed-to-me to make-love with the air, as it floated-down. I felt everywhere full-of-quiet. The Humans in the Amphitheatre were transfixed. The Trees smiled. The Birds laughed. The Insects played. The Giant Orange Monkeys amused themselves.

HanuHanu had hit the screens (we later found out), of one-billion Human Beings around-the-globe. Big screens in public places, and small screens in human hands; screens at bars and clubs; screens at hippy communes, and screens at secret government locations... HanuHanu was addressing a sizeable-chunk of the Human Family of Planet Earth...

His first words were "Hello, Little Cousins! Yes! When we talk about you, we refer to you like that, with great affection - as our Little Cousins! We do! We feel bonded with you, in a Primal Primate Proximity - we do! Within the Family of All Creatures - we hold you Especially Close; and Especially Dear..

Then he was quiet; letting his worldwide Human Audience absorb-the-impact of seeing him - of beholding a Five metre High, Four Armed, Giant Orange Monkey with a Golden Sceptre-Mace, and a Pastel Pink Giant Lotus regularly letting-off Puffs of Love - little clouds of inexplicable contentment and ease.

"Little Cousins" he continued, almost shyly, "thank you for being interested in what I have to say. I so-hope the Observations of an Outside Eye upon the Human Family will prove-useful to you. The United Nations has asked for my 'social, ecological and spiritual counsel' - given that, by your-own-admission, your current Human Way of Being has disrupted Life and Death on Earth - to the point that our mutual mammalian Survival is now Unsure.

Perhaps some-of-you - and some of The Rest of Us - will survive the Climatic and Political Consequences of your current Way of Being. I don't know. But I have chosen to accept this United Nations Invitation as an Opportunity to let-you-know-about Another Way of Being. Yes, it is the Giant Orange Monkey Way, but it is the Way of the Family of All Creatures. It is A Way of Being that I believe would most-

certainly help you pass-gracefully through the Calamities to Come; but that, above all, I believe could Serve Your Survivors in being-human differently - so as not to, one-day, re-arrive Where you are Now.

The Way of Being I want to share with you has been the Way of the Giant Orange Monkeys for thousands-of-thousands of years. It is the Way of Being of the Lineage of Srí Hanumanji Himself. And I have heard-it-spoken thousands-of-times; from thousands of very-different bodies - by the Children and Grown Ups and Elders of Every Species. So although I will be Speaking in the Style of HanuHanu (how could I not?); I would like you to-know that, in-my-heart, I feel I am sharing - not my Own Vision and Understanding, but the Vision and Understanding of the Family of All Creatures...

## II

I have many times asked myself "how can any Species counsel another? In fact - how can any Creature counsel Another? Does Anyone ever-know, with certainty, what Another Creature needs? How dare I then Give Counsel?! And yet every-cell-of-me Feels Called to Speak to you, Little Cousins!

There is an Old Fable - part of a Collection of Fables - told in the Stone Age Annals of the Giant Orange Monkey Tribe of the Deserts of North Africa - a story of a Kind and Loving Giant Basilasaurus Whale, a lone-survivor from the Paleogene Period, who felt-lonely, and who longed-to-love someone.

Once, so the Fable goes, once-upon a sunny stone-age summer, in the beating stone-age midday-heat, as the Basilasaurus bathed-lazily in the stone-age sea; it noticed a Giant Orange Monkey Boy running full-tilt along the beach - being-chased by a Pack of Rabid Mammoths. The Kind and Loving Basilasaurus took pity on the Giant Orange Monkey Boy, and - at great risk-to-itself - hurled its whole-body through the air, and saved the Giant Orange Monkey Boy from the Rabid Mammoths by swallowing him - down to its stomach, where, unlike Jonah or Pinocchio, he suffocated - and became Part Of the Kind, Lonely and Brave Basilasaurus. I do hope I am not like that Well Meaning Basilasaurus!

So please forgive my audacity, Little Cousins! But I so long-to-see your Family Joyful - like the Rest of Us! Please know that in-my-heart, as the Poetess Besheesha put it, "I want for you, as I want for me"<sup>1</sup>... My hope is that some of those of you-who-survive, if any-of-you do, will Be Moved by my Words; and share them with your Children, and your Grandchildren and Great Great Grandchildren... Little Cousins, I want to Speak to you about Being on Planet Earth in a-way that, rather than causing disruption, finds you standing and celebrating with the Rest of Us - the Family of All Creatures - in the glorious, savage, tender Bliss of Our Oneness!

I have long-contemplated the Words I would Speak today. And I believe they are both Key, and A Key. Key, in the sense that they are fundamental. And A Key, in the sense that there are many Escape Exits through-which the Human Family could snap-out of its Destructive Isolation - and I believe My Words Today open one such Exit. Upon this particular Exit Door, as upon-a-door in a Magic Theatre, are written-the-words: 'Human Superiority'. Snap-out of that, and you will Cry Joy, Little

Cousins! And it IS possible, Little Cousins! In My Eye's Dreaming I already see some-of-you Snapped Out of the Trance of your current, learnt, unnatural, habitual Way of Being: crying-happiness as everything Regains Meaning; crying-relief as the Illusion of Pressure slips-away; crying-contentment as the Heart fills-again; crying-gratitude; crying for-no-reason...

My dearmost, magnificent, imaginative, dislocated, runaway Little Human Cousins - today I want to invite you back! I want to invite you to relocate-back into the Family of All Creatures! Because then, Little Cousins, little-by-little, I believe - the Lifeblood will return to your Souls; and you will become a Blissful, rather-than a Belligerent, Human Presence on this Earth.

### III

And so, here, today, with, I hope, not too-much-pride; despite my moral reticence; in trust of my cellular-impulse; and feeling deeply-touched to-be-honoured by this Opportunity to Speak to the Human Family - I, HanuHanu, of the Lineage of Sri Hanumanji; Son of Ayli the Ordinary; Bearer of the Sceptre-Mace of Radiant Power, and the Giant Love Lotus of Unbearable Beauty; Child of the Magic of Creation; an Equal Among Equals among the Giant Orange Monkeys of the Earth, the Milky Way and All Galaxies; an Equal Among Equals among All Creatures, and among All that Exists - after many Decades of Waiting to-be-called; by-invitation and not-by-imposition, offer you My Counsel. Which begins with a Loving Challenge..."

HanuHanu paused, letting their nervousness settle - then continued... "Dear Little Cousins... Looking at me, now - possessed, as I am, by an intelligence that is off-the-scale of all Human IQ tests; looking at me now - gifted, as I am, with a strength of such-a-different-nature to your own, that not all of Humanity's Nuclear Power Combined could make a scratch upon it; looking at me now - rested, as I am, in the Bliss of Interconnection with All of Existence, that is perhaps every Human Being's innermost-longing... Looking at me, now, I invite you, Beloved Little Cousins: please - Let Go of your-idea of-yourselves as the Most Evolved, and therefore Superior Species on Planet Earth...

I am inviting you to Let Go, not just intellectually, but experientially; to breathe, and FEEL what-it-might-feel-like to step-down, off of your Imaginary Pedestal, and Land on Earth, and be-surrounded-by All Sorts of Creatures - and FEEL Yourself An Equal. This is a big Letting Go, Little Cousins, I know. I would understand if you found-it-unsettling. Where does it leave you? If you are not on-top, where are you? If Your Terms aren't The Terms - how do you even begin to evaluate such a question?"

HanuHanu was quiet. (To me), the Humans in The Amphitheatre DID seem unnerved. Some were looking around as-if-now (having momentarily relinquished the Mindset of Superiority), Wild Lions and Tigers and Big Beasts of All Sorts would come bounding over The Amphitheatre perimeter, and land upon their heads - even though, of course, logically, they all knew there were few, if any, Lions, Tigers, or Big Beasts of Any Sort in contemporary Essex, England.

HanuHanu was quiet for a-long-time, looking-straight at the cameras. I felt he was

looking-into the Human Core, and letting Humanity look-deeply Into Him. It was as-if his Smiling Eyes were Saying "I know you know. You might deny it to-yourself, but I know you do immediately-recognise that The Concept of Human Superiority was Always a Lie. But I believe you also-know that With any Letting Go of any Lie - there comes the pain (not only the joy) of Returning to one's Integrity, and of deconstructing-and-reconstructing how one Does Everything. I know you know, because - well, let's be honest, it's obvious! Is it not?! So although I am speaking to Continents of Human Nations, I believe the-crucial-question is excruciatingly personal... I believe it is this: will you - whatever your government, your media, your neighbours, your religion, or even your family, may-or-may-not choose - will you, personally, individually, choose to go-through the pain (and the joy); or will you balk, and back-down, and hide-behind, and further-defend the Lie?

Yes, I sense you already-intuit that Letting Go of this One Simple Little Idea pulls-out-the-carpet from under the Whole of Human Civilisation! Like a hunter with his rifle underarm, his heel on-the-head of his prey; glorying in his violence, reeking of pride; self-appointed, self-annointed - Human Civilisation revels, intoxicated, numb, in Human Superiority. Are you - you, personally, Little Cousin - are you willing to walk-through your own pain and shame? And are you willing to let the hunter tumble, and this Human Civilisation crumble - before it Kills Us All?"

#### IV

Eventually, in a perhaps more-intellectual tone, HanuHanu spoke-aloud again... "Dear Cousins, if we can be truly-logical together, I would like to suggest that You Admit that to select any Scale of Values as The One by which to hierarchise-species in terms of their being more-or-less-evolved, is to make a purely random, arbitrary choice - that any Scale of Values we selected would be no-more-than-one of possibly-millions, perhaps-infinite Scales of Value by which evolution could be measured and judged. For Humans to, in all seriousness, assess evolution, as you do, in terms of what you value most - intelligence, complexity, and so on, is as absurd, and (forgive me, Little Cousins), as frankly laughably-foolish as it-would-be should an Elephant preach that Trunk Length was the yardstick by which to measure evolution, or a Dog make-the-case for Bladder Control. Please excuse my bluntness.

And we could take-logic further - because even your Idealisation of Intelligence is inaccurate, or biased, in itself. It is actually the preferencing of Human-Type Intelligence. Scientific Observation reveals that Every Species has its Intelligence - does it not? The electromagnetic Intelligence of the Birds and Bees; the echo-locational, sound-mapping Intelligence of the Bats; the colour-sensitive Intelligence of the Chameleons... What makes your-kind-of Intelligence better, or more-evolved, than theirs?

My invitation to you is to Let Go of any attempt to hierarchise evolution - to recognise that the Beetle is more evolved in some ways, the Horse in others, the Snake in yet others, and so on-and-on. You are more evolved in the ways Humans are more evolved. But those Human Ways are not the Absolute Standard by which to measure Evolution Itself.

I invite you to consider yourselves Human Animals; Animals among other Animals, like me, like the Squirrels and the Kangaroos. No better, no worse. Not superior, not inferior. One-more unlikely, marvellous Species within the Kaleidoscopic Pantheon of unlikely, marvellous Species! I am just proposing, for now, that you 'consider' Little Cousins - that you consider, that you imagine... Don't worry about How to Become an Animal Again. I'll talk about that, I hope, next time - so that those of you who so-desire; should you so-decide; can go-beyond today's 'considering' - into actually exploring-the-experience of Equality with Everything Else that Experiences.

I believe that Letting Go of Human Superiority, little-by-little, will return you to the Truth of your Humanity - the biological-fact of your existence as Animals Among Animals; as humanoid beasts, here, among the fish and birds, the trees and the minerals, the thunder and the lightening...

The United Nations has asked for my 'social, ecological and spiritual counsel'. I see this Letting Go of Human Superiority as fundamental, as the Foundation Stone of my Counsel. And I believe, with All My Heart, that if you DO choose to be-logical; and allow the Superiority Mindset to release its grip-upon-you; and let your Human Ego deflate; and become as Ordinary and Miraculous as Any Other Creature - that a new sense of pleasure will open-up to you, magically - like a blessing... Yes, Little Cousins, I believe that! And I want that for you! I believe The Sweetness of Embeddedness within-a-world that eats and breathes and shits and feels, and stretches and runs and flies and slithers - will begin-to Seduce you Irresistibly from-within!

To look-out in Absolute Equality; to look-upon all Other Species as Family; to observe the Wonder of Each Species following its Own Nature, is, for me - and I expect will be for-you-too, if you choose to be-logical with yourselves, Little Cousins - both exquisite and ecstatic! I look-out upon Us All, feeling that I will perhaps never know from-the-inside what it's like to-be a Sparrow, or a Frog... Not like a Sparrow knows what-it-feels-like To Be a Sparrow. Not like a Frog knows what-it-feels-like To Be a Frog. I look out upon Us All - each Species in its Own Flowing-Moment Experience - and I am Dumbstruck in Eden!"

## V

The words 'Dumbstruck in Eden' seemed to amuse HanuHanu no-end. And he has a very Contagious Chuckle! While his two upper-arms remained relaxed, yet as stiff and muscular as iron; his two lower-arms slapped his knees. His chuckle became outright laughter, and then a roar. His knees got a good beating!

Playfulness seemed to overtake the Divine Giant Monkey! He caricatured someone trying to get-serious-again; then, looking at his Audience - knowing full-well they were not just the Humans in The Amphitheatre, but Humans Everywhere - he started to chuckle again, to gradually escalate it through outright-laughter again, and to-crescendo in that rumbling HanuHanu Love Roar! This he repeated in waves. For a good ten minutes. He was clearly enjoying himself! And (as we later found out), so were many, many Humans: they were giggling in Beijing, and

guffawing in Kansas; they were rolling on-the-floor in Moscow, and belly-aching in Lagos...

HanuHanu's Laugh was not-at-but-with the Human Family. It was a Laugh of Compassion, a Laugh that (if it had eyes and could speak), would wink and tease: "Look at us! The Creatures of the World! We are One! And yet some Species forget, sometimes, don't they, Little Cousins?!" And as it said this (if it had fingers), the Laugh would tickle Humans the way Loving Parents tickle their cubs and children and chicks. It was a Laugh inviting Humans to see-through themselves; to see the conditioned Way they See, and therefore not be-so-sure about What they See. It was a Laugh inviting Humans to hop-back-in, there-and-then - into the Family of All Existence.

HanuHanu's Laugh sparkled, enticing, singing: "Just Catch My Eye for a Moment, and together let's look-right-through this Human Charade! Just Catch My Eye for a Moment, and let's taste-together the sweetness of Life on the Other Side!"

Eventually, he brought the laughter gently to shore, and the Lecture gently to a close: "and so we have come to the end of today's Lecture, Little Cousins. You can download it as a Podcast at the Official United Nations HanuHanu Lecture Series Site, and listen to it again, if you want. I would recommend that..."

Here, today, I, HanuHanu, of the Lineage of Sri Hanumanji and his Beloved Ladyboy Gaia; Son of Ayli the Chosen; Child of the Magic of Creation; give thanks for this opportunity to address the Human Family so directly. I give thanks to the Giant Orange Monkey Ancestors whose words I have endeavoured-to-echo. I give thanks to the Children and Grown Ups and Elders of Every Species - whose words I have endeavoured-to-echo. I give thanks to that Which is Unspeakable, and that Which Cannot Speak. I give thanks to His Excellency the United Nations Secretary General, Mr Mahatma Mandela-King for his invitation. I give thanks to the camera crews and translators here on The Estate for sending-out these words into the Collective Mind of Humanity, and I give thanks to all of the Giant Orange Monkeys who set-up the Amphitheatre for today's Lecture. Above all, I give thanks to every Human Being who has paused-today to listen to me, and to Consider my Words. Thank you All."

HanuHanu's great torso inclined, in a bow of respect, towards his Human Audience. I thought it was over, but then his eyes opened brightly, he smiled enormously, and he said:

"And my dear, complicated, confused, thinking-thinking-thinking Little Cousins - if you consider all of this; and start-looking at your Daily Reality though-it; and feeling your Daily Reality through-it; and your brains begin to rearrange-themselves (as surely they will)... And you find yourselves Actually Letting Go into Belonging to the Family of All Creatures; and it so-happens that you find a happy-spring has come to your step; and your friends ask "what's happened to you?!" just say - "HanuHanu put me in my place!"



Then, smiling wryly, HanuHanu indicated to the Camera Crews, that it was time to go. And they packed-up, and went - while HanuHanu himself stayed on, and slept there that night, in The Amphitheatre, beneath the Sweet Chestnut.

\*

**Notes:**

1. This is the poem that HanuHanu was referring-to - a poem written, as HanuHanu said, by the tranquil, breeze-like Poetess Besheesha - my Mother...

‘TODAY’

A Love Poem For Our Little Cousins

I

I look like a Giant Orange Monkey;  
you look like a Human - so what?!  
I want for you, as I want for me -  
that when our bodies are yellow and waxy and ready  
to be returned to the earth,  
our blood to the cold oceans,  
and our breath to the sky from whence it came -  
I want for us both,  
I want for us BOTH -  
that our hearts break  
like seedpods snapping in the heat -  
sobbing with the joy and honour  
of having felt this world’s beauty heat our blood -  
of having flickered a while in its shimmering mystery -  
its innocence, its savagery, its splendour.

I want for us  
that our hearts-break because we have let this world  
stroke our hair,  
and our thin skins,  
and hear our worries,  
and delight in our idiosyncrasies -  
and bow before our beauty,  
and our mystery.

I want for you, as I want for me,  
that when we suddenly stop breathing,  
we be surrendered and scattered like seed to the wind -  
and our loving be everywhere.

II

But why wait?!  
I want for you, as I want for me – today!  
Today, while our flesh is warm,

our blood in motion,  
and the air breathing through us...  
I want for us - today  
that our hearts break  
as we put on this morning,  
as we walk about wearing this afternoon,  
and as we let this evening undress us -  
and hold us tight at the waist,  
and penetrate us,  
and whisper praises  
of our inexplicable wonderfulness.

I want for us our hearts break because  
our love affair with today is so carnal -  
and because yesterday was today  
so recently...

## 8

# How We Got to Essex

### I

I feel I should answer another question that A Few of You might be asking: "how did a Tribe of five-metre-high Giant Orange Monkeys come-to-reside on a British Country Estate?!"

Well - we arrived here in 1946, just after the so-called Second World War. In actual fact, it was only a War Among Humans - but let's not press-the-point. Throughout that typical, periodic resurgence of Extreme Tightness in the Human Psyche, it was rumoured that deep in the South American Jungles there was a City Made Entirely of Plastic - a magical, mythological city harbouring secrets that could, perhaps, help Win Wars.

But how could So Much Plastic have accumulated there? Had it been carried by rivers, or by storms, or by some unrecognised plasto-magnetic force? No Human knew. And if it did exist: who had glued, and stapled, and sewn the plastic together - into the Temples and Homes and Plazas of a City? One man, the intrepid explorer, Professor Indiana Jones - later to become an associate and friend of that most affectionate and erudite Giant Orange Monkey, Professor Koshofu - was Sent to Investigate.

What he eventually found, after many heroic adventures, was not a Lost City, but a gargantuan Reconfiguration Facility, in full-swing under the competent-supervision of a Tribe of Giant Orange Monkeys - HanuHanu among-them. Reconfiguration is much better than Recycling. Reconfiguration is the molecular meltdown, and organic reconstruction, of synthetic matter. Lethal plastic was being reconfigured as organic material. Plastic was being turned into worms and trees and tigers. Professor Indiana Jones' indigenous guides believed the Giant Orange Monkeys to be Magicians from the Stars. Which they weren't. Well, not anymore than Every Creature Is. They were just more intelligent and caring.

Professor Jones rowed-back along Jungle Rivers; jumped-onto an Ocean Cruiser; then into a Train; then into a Taxi - and eventually stormed-into The San Francisco Opera House on 25th April 1945, where (the 'World War' being officially-over), the United Nations Charter was being-adopted. Professor Jones rushed, flustered, down the central aisle; waving his notes at the assembly; raving about Reconfiguration and Giant Orange Monkeys. He was escorted to the Street Door.

### II

Meanwhile, that night, Hanuman Himself came to HanuHanu in his sleep - and whispered "Child of the Robust Ayli, my Beloved HanuHanu - your destiny is to Participate in the The Great Might-Or-Might-Not Prophecy - known, therefore, to the Giant Orange Monkey Sages of Old as The Great Mi-O-Mi-No Prophecy. You are my Direct Descendent, HanuHanu, Child. I am in you. You must be a Spokesmonkey

now, a Spokesmonkey for the Family of Life. Situate yourself, and those who go-with-you, at the Heart of the Human World - and wait. The Human with a kind-eye-and-a-smirk will Return from Afar, and hear-the-call of this New Tribe to come-forth to its destiny - and help you get there. You will become the Fifth Giant Orange Monkey Tribe of Earth, the HanuHanu Tribe. Your destiny shall be to-try-to Save Humanity from Itself. And to-try-to save Everything, and Everyone Else, from Humanity.

The outcome is not assured, My Dear Child. For As It Was Written upon the most-ancient scrolls of The Collected Annals of the Giant Orange Monkey Tribes of Planet Earth: "One Day a Direct Descendent of Srí Hanumanji Himself might save Humanity from Itself, and Life from Humanity; or One Day, that same Direct Descent of Srí Hanumanji Himself, might not. For so it is Prophesied. And So it was Spoken, before Time could Speak. And So it was Written, eventually." Kissing his Sleeping Son upon-his-brow, the Great Srí Hanumanji, Protector of the Earth - less prophetically, but more intimately - whispered "Give it your best shot, Son!"; and slipped quietly-out of his dream...

And so indeed it did Come To Pass... Professor Jones, kind-eyed and smirking; having been branded a charlatan, if not a madman, determined to redeem his reputation, returned with a troop of specialist scientists, guides and journalists - and re-established contact with The Giant Orange Monkey Reconfigurators.

In the Team's Tents that evening, the jungle screaming all-around-them, the Humans acknowledged directly to Professor Jones that he was Not Mad. They had seen it for-themselves: Giant Orange Monkeys operating a massive Plastic Recycling (or as Professor Jones insisted, 'Reconfiguration') Facility - in the Middle of the Jungle! Yes, it was improbable; but So was Existence.

HanuHanu invited the Professor and his Team to dine with the Giant Orange Monkeys. It-was-then that he told them about the Mi-O-Mi-No Prophecy of the Hanuman Lineage - a prophecy to-which He, HanuHanu, had been Called to Contribute. A Call with-which he felt Compelled to Comply. "We need a place within Human Society, from which to speak to the Human Species" HanuHanu announced, matter-of-factly.

And so, to cut a long story short: Professor Jones; this time accompanied-by, and backed-up-by, his Team of scientist-adventurers - was taken seriously. He became the Liaison Point for communication with the Giant Orange Monkeys - and eventually, thirty-or-forty Giant Orange Monkeys sailed-forth, on a Very Big Boat; from the Mythic City of Plastic, to the Essex Countryside.

And here we have remained, with an only-subtly fluctuating population, for over seventy years. I myself was born not-long-after our arrival here... Over the years, long before the Lecture Series, Giant Orange Monkeys would repeatedly ask HanuHanu about The Prophecy: when would it begin, or if it had already-begun - or if Anything had a Beginning, really. "I don't know" he'd always say, "everything will Happen at the Time of Happening!". But when the United Nations Lecture Series Invitation arrived, HanuHanu intuitively immediately-knew, The Time was Then.

