

The Keys to the Mind

Magical Me

Okay, so we all want to be a little bit magical. It's not that hard to be magical. The difficult part is to take off your mask and learn to see what's really happening. When you know what's really happening, you can change things.

Parents teach attitudes to children.

Children teach attitudes to grandchildren.

The story repeats

from generation to generation.

*Nothing changes but the scenery, costumes,
and accessories.*

The play goes on.

*The sins of the fathers are suffered
by the children and the grandchildren
forever and ever. Amen.*

But what if we could do a little brain surgery on ourselves and stop accepting and then passing on dysfunction (that we hide from ourselves)? You might even help yourself or someone that you love.

- Exploratory brain surgery is fascinating – you never know what you're going to find. It's a forever adventure.
- This book is really a novel, disguised as a do-it-yourself guide to brain surgery. It tries to play games with your mind.
- The mindgames help you become aware of the reality around you.
- You will probably learn things you really don't want to know.

Perhaps you think *your* family isn't dysfunctional?
Perhaps you think this book is not the right path for you?
Perhaps, you're right.

One size does not fit all.



WeaverOfWebs.Org

Do-It-Yourself Brain Surgery

A Biography/Autobiography
in 4 pop-Psychles as Told by the Tarot



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Tayoh Dey

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Alpha Edition

11 June 2025

By Wepwawet Vvulff & Tayoh Dey



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Warning!

If you have been physically, sexually, or emotionally abused as a child, or suffer from Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID), Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), or other dissociative personality disorders, using the techniques described in this book may trigger an abreaction (sometimes called an age regression or flashback), overwhelming memories, or other uncontrollable symptoms.

Understanding how you became may cause you to relive the past. There may be serious consequences if you trigger repressed memories in your mind using these techniques.

There are inherent risks in do-it-yourself brain surgery.

Oh, by the way — this warning applies to all similar techniques involving the use of mental symbols that are ambiguous, have multiple meanings, are unclear, or are just fuzzy in some way – like astrology, numerology, I-ching, etc.

*When you mess with your mind,
you're messin' with your mind.*

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Psychle 0

Catalyst

This book is for:

Titania,
Queen of the World.
Child of the Earth,
and Child of the Mind.

And for Titania's Children . . .
. . . If they survive.

2

Tani at Twelve — 30 Years Ago

The best place to start is where we keep the forgotten relics of our past—in the Museum of Time. The Museum is a low, round building, shaped like a wheel with twelve spokes. Outside of it, on the steps, you will meet the dreaming Curator. Ask to see *Titania, Queen of the World*.

In the Museum

In the Museum?

I'm sorry, but I don't go there much anymore. Too much dust and tears.

Well, if you really must, let me tell you what to expect.

The exhibit you want is in the Tenth Corridor. At the entrance there's a large stone block holding up a rotting goat's head. On the goat's forehead, there's an up-side-down, five-pointed star. A stubby black candle burns in its center, dripping hot wax that flows like tears from the goat's eyes. Imbedded in the front of the stone is a huge iron ring with a heavy chain running through it. The ends of the chain hang in loose loops across the shoulders of a naked man and a naked woman. They hold the chains in place. They wear them proudly.

Are you really sure that you want to visit the Museum? I know—my experience counts for nothing. You have to feel it yourself.

There are five rooms on the Tenth Corridor, one for each point on the star. They have names: *Fear*, *Silence*, *Loneliness*, *Heartbreak* and *Despair*. The exhibit you want is in the room named *Loneliness* now, but if you wait, it will be moved to the fourth or fifth room. That might be easier for you. You can avoid looking at the earlier exhibits, but once you've stopped, there's almost a compulsion to see what follows. It's easier to get back out of the Museum if you wait until it's too late.

In the room named *Loneliness*, you will see a dark cliff. Ocean waves break silver against its base. The waning moon reflects iridescent blue and green across the rippling water. At the top of the cliff, teetering on emptiness, is a glass bubble. It shields two tiny figures.

Inside the bubble, blue and green flashes shimmer on the butterfly-wings of Titania, Queen of the World. She huddles on the ground, her wings folded about her. She weeps. Near her, the winged horse kneels.

Look beyond them—through the bubble—to the moon on the sea. Outside, there are only formless dark shadows, hidden in smoke and mist.

A silver feather falls from the wing of Pegasus. It floats silently to the ground in the still air. His wings lift softly and fall back as he sighs. He is dying. He cannot live and be bound.

Around the base of the bubble there are diamond-cut scratchings—names, and dates, and deeds. One says *Mother*, another *Father*: Others say *Rape*, *Brutality*, *Neglect*. Titania, Queen of the World created the bubble to keep them out. They are written in everything she does.

Titania holds her head and weeps. She has long ago given up flying. Her head aches constantly from beating on the glass, trying to escape. Her freedom is a broken dream.

Her wings were strong. Crusted salt tears have made them stiff. When they are quite useless, she will move to the next room—*Heartbreak*. And when at last it is too late, and when she understands why her dreams have died, she will move a final time, to the permanent collection, in the last room—the room named *Despair*.

She has forgotten why she built the bubble. She has forgotten that she continually creates it. She has forgotten the secret key within herself that will break the bubble, lift the chains, and shatter the stone.

She reaches out, wet with tears, to wash away the dust. Where her tears touch the glass, the salt crystallizes, shutting out still more of the gray moon and the gray sea.

I have spent forever, on the outside of the bubble, dying to show her the hidden key. She cannot hear; she does not understand the gray shadows that she sees. Her own name within is the secret key. Freedom so simple, so impossible.

I don't go to the Museum much anymore. My tears have washed away enough dust. It always comes back.

So go, if you must, to the room called *Loneliness* in the Tenth Corridor. Go and be damned!

But on your way out, stop for a minute. Think of your children and the thing rotting on the stone. The shield she built to keep you out traps Titania within.

Then turn and look back at the stone by the entrance. There, is written in blood, the name of the Capricorn Key.

Preconception
The Devil
Self-Imposed Bondage



DANGER!

You have met the Gatekeeper who would chain you outside the gate:

- * ***Go back now if you are not prepared to drop your chains.***
- * ***Go back now if you are not prepared to accept the consequences of Forbidden Knowledge.***
- * ***Go back now if you are not prepared to accept the consequences of freedom.***
- * ***Go back now or you will learn things that you really don't want to know.***

The Devil's name is *Fear*



Fear is the Gatekeeper

END PART 01

Psychle 1

Howl



Caution!

I am Wep-wah-et.

I am the wolf-headed god of the Egyptians,
who,
in the language of your times, is called:
the Main Guidance System
for the Bark of Ra.

I am in every culture.
In other places, I have other names.
In the time and place where I write,
I am sometimes mistaken for Coyote.

You can call me Grandpa Wolf for short.

*I am not malicious,
but I have my own purposes,
and they are not the same as yours.*

If you expect a pilot or navigator:
look elsewhere.

*I am **The Opener of Ways.***

Backstage, Before the Curtain Rises

Now that we've got that bullshit that the lawyers insist upon out of the way, let's take a quick look at what this book is all about.

I am both a Systems Analyst and an Encyclopedic Synthesyst.¹ It's not my profession, or what I do; it's what I am.

I suffer from insatiable curiosity about how things work.

I analyze things.
I find out how they work.
I want to know what goes on behind the scenes.
I want to know who pulls the strings
and how they do it.

I was very disappointed when I learned
that some things had to be taken on faith,
and that some things
were incomprehensible.

In school,
I did stage rigging and lighting.
I built the hollow, false fronts
and stage sets with forced perspective
that looked real from the house seats.
I pulled the levers and pushed the buttons
that colored the lights
that set the mood of the stage.

I synthesize things.
I know a little bit about a lot of things.
I pull little bits of fuzz together from all over my head
and find a pattern to fill in the missing pieces.

*In an apartment in City:
a window-framed picture of City at Night;
a firmament of colored lights
hidden in the painted darkness
above a string-art sky.
A room full of platforms
and mirrors
and plants
and pillows
that becomes any When
in any City.*

I lived in a set that I built as a stage.
I pulled the levers, and pushed the buttons,
and created reality.

*Another room in City:
a bed,
atop a spire in a room of clouds.
I pulled the levers and pushed the buttons
inside my mind,
and created reality—
and traveled through the looking glass
and met my Shadow.*

So, perhaps you're reading a tale told by an idiot,
full of sound and fury, but signifying nothing. And,
perhaps the moon is made of green cheese.

¹ Alexi Panshin, *Rite of Passage*.

Prototype

And then, when Systems Analyst has learned enough of the features of the system, and understands enough of the workings of the system, a thesis forms — or in the common language, *Oh, Shit Sherlock! That's how I can make it work!*

Synthesyst models the original system, and creates a simpler, more understandable form, that isn't wholly real—but has the appearance, and more importantly, the behavior of reality to a few decimal places.

That new, simpler, *Working Prototype* — if it's a good enough model — can be used to examine or predict the original system. A simplified *Working Prototype* is easy to explain to children and helps them understand a complicated reality.

Remember that the *Working Prototype* isn't real; it's only a toy model—a child's-size edition that is practice for the real thing. It's sort of a skeleton around which we can later build *the Production System*, by adding ever finer layers of detail each trip around the Sun.

We're just looking at the simple, animated skeletons before we put the muscle and skin on them to hide the dirty secrets.

But let me tell you *my story my way*.

Magical Me

Okay, so we all want to be a little bit magical. It's not that hard to be magical. The difficult part is to take off your mask and learn to see what's really happening. When you know what's really happening, you can change things.

*Parents teach attitudes to children.
Children teach attitudes to grandchildren.
The story repeats
from generation to generation.
Nothing changes but the scenery, costumes,
and accessories.
The play goes on.*

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by the children and the grandchildren
forever and ever. Amen.*

But what if we could do a little brain surgery on ourselves and stop accepting and then passing on dysfunction (that we hide from ourselves)? You might even help yourself or someone that you love.

- Exploratory brain surgery is fascinating – you never know what you're going to find. It's a forever adventure.
- This book is really a novel, disguised as a do-it-yourself guide to brain surgery. It tries to play games with your mind.
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- You will probably learn things you really don't want to know.

Perhaps you think *your* family isn't dysfunctional?
Perhaps you think this book is not the right path for you?

Perhaps, you're right.

One size does not fit all.

Magical You

The Keys to the Mind Game will allow you to see the inner workings of the world. If you can maintain objectivity, you can become one of the playwrights and shape your own destiny.



Caution!

The Keys to the Mind Game is a dangerous game. Understanding how you became may cause you to relive the past. There may be serious consequences if you trigger repressed emotions and memories in your mind using these techniques.

This book contains basic instructions for mapping the Mind.

The *Keys to the Mind* (a separate pack of symbols) are the measuring stick. The Keys open the locks of the mind and wind the clockwork of imagination. The *Keys to the Mind* include 86 symbols defining a multi-dimensional mind:

- The Wheel of Chaos (Random Chance, 4 keys)
- The Axis of Self (Foolish to Wisdom, 2 keys) with the Wheel of Questions (?, 4 keys)
- The Wheel of Doorways (Categories, Anchor Bolts, 4 keys)
- The Wheel of Eternity (Parents and Gods, 4 keys)
- The Wheel of Time (Cycles of Repeating Time, 12 keys)
- The Four-by-Four (People who Think that They are Important, 4 X 4 keys)
- The Pips (Events on the playing field, Unit Steps, Linear Time 4 X 10 keys)

END PART 02

2

The Wheel of Chaos

For the Keys to the Mind to function properly in communicating between different private realities or minds, we must establish some anchor bolts to hold our private realities in synchronization. These anchor bolts are the four traditional elements: Water, Fire, Air, and Earth.

60,000,000 years ago!

*This story begins
sixty million years ago,
at the beginning of the age of mammals
when we all looked like tiny mice:
peeking around;
over our shoulders;
behind us;
wondering where all the dinosaurs have
gone.*

*Tiny mice, peeping out, from under a leaf:
Earth between our toes.
Rain in the air around us.
Wind blowing through our fur.
Fire falling from the sky.*

*That was our world:
Earth, Rain, Wind, and Fire.*

Oh, let's rewind a little earlier. . .

14,000,000,000 years ago!

Maybe, just maybe,

The story really starts much, much earlier:
almost fourteen *billion* years ago,
back before the beginning of time,
back when there was
nothing but nothingness.

Nothing but nothingness,

and then:

*a mirror fell into the nothingness —
and the rest has been history.*

The Mirror

If you think of outer space,
way beyond our planet,
out between the stars,
as emptiness.

Someplace where there is no something,
not even air; not even dust.

Someplace where there is no light,
not even stars.

Someplace where there is no place.

Someplace that's not even there.

That's Nothingness.

*[A tiny, far away speck of light draws near
becoming a flame-shaped star of light,
alone in the darkness.]*

But here is something special —

We are; we exist;
we have: Somethingness —
even if only as a dream.

I look into the Mirror

That's me on the inside looking out.

Inside the mirror, below me is Earth.

Inside the mirror, above me is Air.

Inside the mirror, to my left is Fire.

Inside the mirror, to my right is Water.

The looking glass mirror reverses left and right.

Other mirrors reverse other things.

The mirror spins like a whirling top.

The mirror spins so fast,
that it gets around in front of itself,
and reflects its own reflection.

The mirror
and the reflection,
of the reflection,
of the reflection,
of the reflection,
of the mirror
spin faster and faster around each other.

Until, suddenly,
the mirror becomes aware —
and the mirror
falls in Love
with its own reflection.

Smoke and Mirrors

From tiny patterns; bigger patterns grow.
Patterns built layer upon layer,
each mirroring the others —
endless mirrors.

In a world without memory,
there is only Now,
there is no goal or intention;
there is no imagination;
there is no yesterday or tomorrow;
there is only now.

When there is memory,
the tock has ticked twice,
once before, and once after.

When there is a sequence of memories,
past, to present, to imagined future,
I exist.
I have continuity.
I can imagine, and plan, and see consequences.

Without the ability to see time as a sequence of
events,
there is only Now.

Without an understanding of Time,
I cannot understand the consequences
of my own actions.

I mark time by changes.

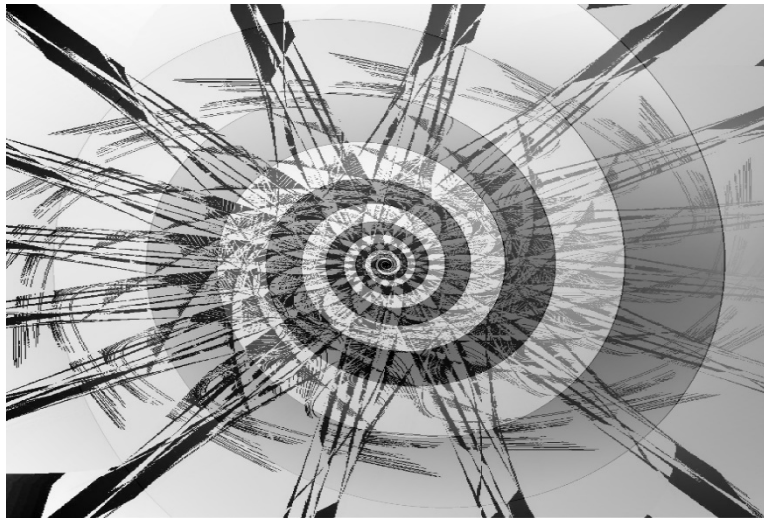
If nothing changed,
how would I know it was later?

The spinning mirror marks off the difference
between *Nothingness* and *Somethingness*.

Out of the twisted, rotating spiral whirls
the Wheel of Chaos,
an infinite, receding funnel of
twisting, smoke-filled
darkness.

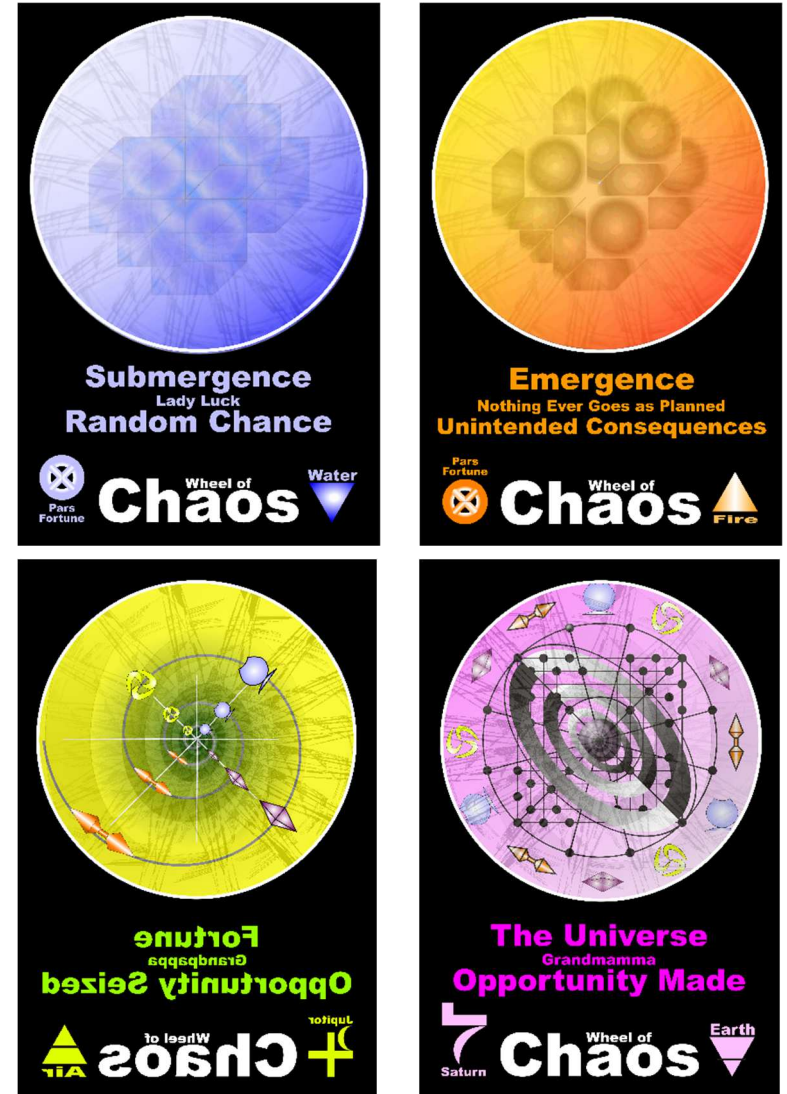
A dark hole, like the drain plug of a universe.
Spewing bits of *Somethingness* into the
Nothingness.

Smoke and Mirrors.



And, floating,
legs a-dangle in the whirlpool's edge —
tossing dice into the maelstrom —
The Lords and Ladies of the *Wheel of Chaos*.

The Lords and Ladies



Grandmamma



Twelve stars in a Circle
Saturn at the center.
Her rings form the strands
of the Webs of Power.
A twelve-sided vortex
to the Mirror of Infinity.

*This is Grandmamma:
The Lady of Opportunity Made*

The birth of a universe knits itself into
a warehouse of lumpy, tumbling elements,

And Grandmamma,
gray hair in a bun,
rimless spectacles,
starched white apron,
a granny gown, of course,
and a wooden spoon stirring
a large, painted, ceramic bowl,
is making cookies.

She mixes up the cookie dough
from elements she finds in spice jars
tumbling on the web,
and bakes out delicious
worlds in abundance.

Worlds are the gaming tables.

*Grandmamma has put out the dice
and some snacks,
and invited the neighbors in to play.*

Grandmamma always has bits and pieces floating
around. Some of those pieces are delicious, and
some are laxatives.² The wise observer questions
those things that are thrown in their path.

² And some are Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans. You pays your money and you takes your chances.

Grandpappa



*The eight-spoked wheel of Jupiter is spinning
against the darkness.*

*At the Wheel's four quarters:
the Cup of Love,
the Arrow of Will,
the Sword of Mind,
the Shield of Body.*

*This is Grandpappa:
The Lord of Opportunity Seized*

What goes around may be recognizable
the next time it comes around.

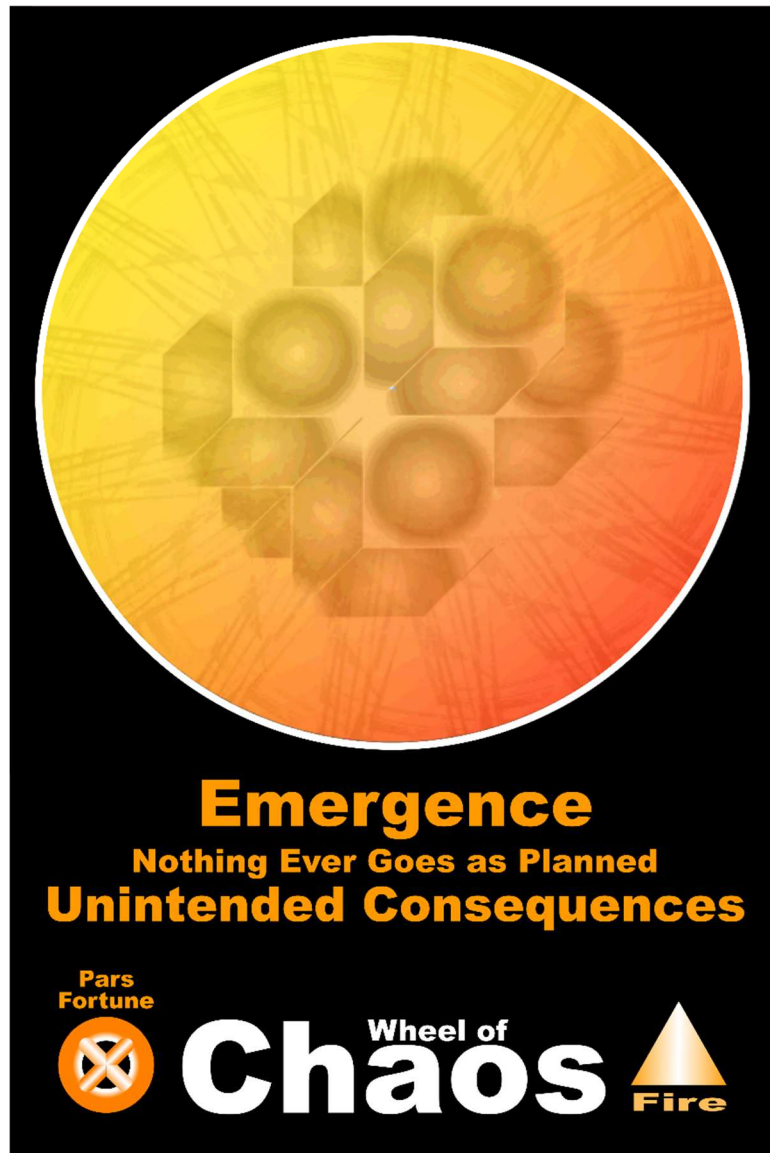
And Grandpappa,
a distinguished looking, elderly, gentleman
in antique clothing;
with a stethoscope
and a top hat
and a cape
and a straight razor,
is taking bets on First Woman and First Man;
seizing the opportunity for amusement.

Grandpappa likes to cosplay Jack the Ripper.

He has been around long enough that he
recognizes when the Universe throws out an
opportunity.

He takes bets on whether the recipient can deal
with the opportunity in a positive way, or the
recipient will be cut to pieces by misunderstanding,
or misusing, or just missing the opportunity
altogether.

Nothing Ever Goes as Planned³



Emergence is the embryo of the unexpected.

*Emergence is
The Lord of Unintended Consequences*

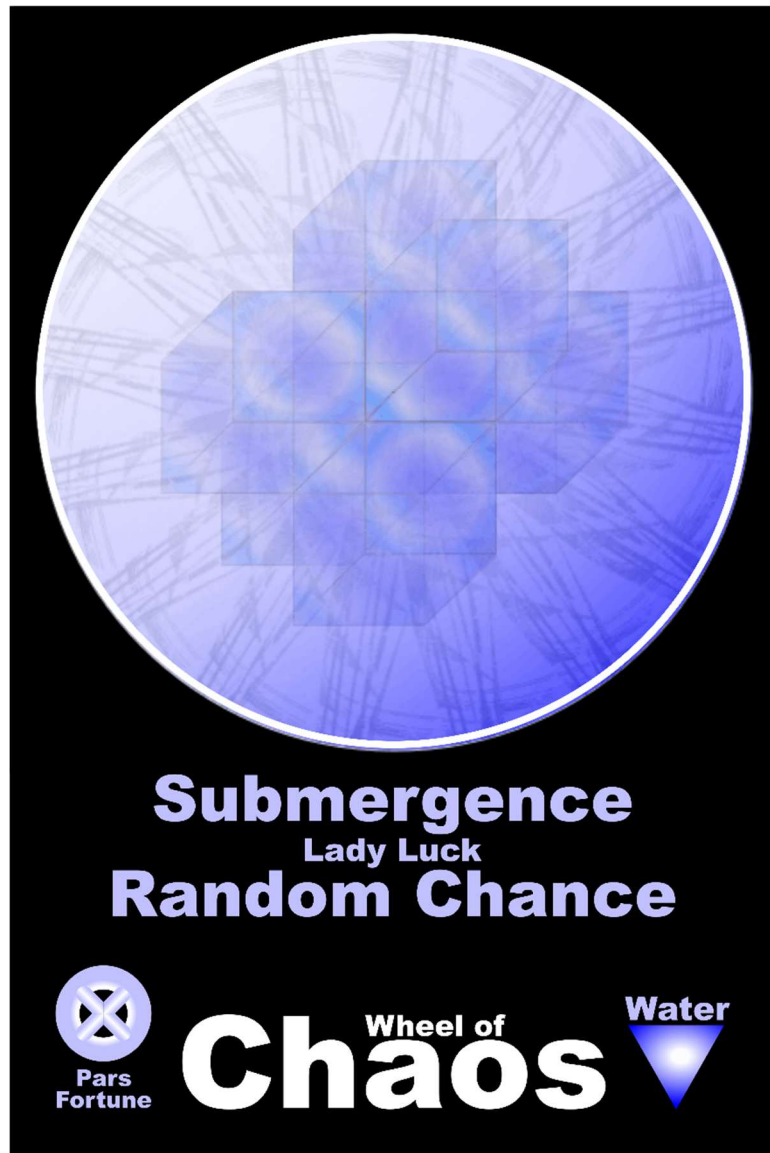
Also known as:

Little Mister *Nothing Ever Goes as Planned*,

He has added suspense to the game,
by putting a pleasant or terrible surprise
beyond each throw of the dice,
beyond each play of the hand.

³ In traditional tarot, this Key is The Aeon.

Lady Luck⁴



Lady Luck is blind and deaf.
She cannot see or hear.
She doesn't know my Name,
or care.

Submergence is Lady Luck

Also known as:

Little Miss *The odds are Against You*,

She has loaded the dice,
so that only the most *in-ter-es-ting* survive.

⁴ In traditional tarot, this Key is The Hanged Man.

The Wheel of Chaos



The Lords and Ladies of the Wheel of Chaos
casting dice to see what will happen.

I've got to ask myself one question:

Do I feel lucky today?

[Fade to black.]

END PART 03

3

Time and Eternity: Wheels within Wheels

*In the beginning,
there was a void in the Multiverse.*

*A Matter Universe (Rodney)
and an Anti-Matter Universe (Torus)
met in Murphy's Multiverse Bar.*

*Matter and Anti-Matter Universes
being what they are,
Rodney and Torus were immediately,
and fatally
attracted to one another.*

There was a Big Bang!

*Gestation periods among Universes
being what they are,
a small but finite fraction of a split second later,
Rodney and Torus were the proud,
but somewhat shaken parents
of a Beautiful Bouncing Baby Universe.*

*And with natural childbirth being
the neat and tidy process that it is,
soon everything was falling into its proper
time and space.*

You might even say that *The Void* had been filled,
but that's stretching a metaphor
beyond its breaking point.

Let me see if I can explain that at a 5-year-old level:

*In the beginning, there was a void in the
Personal Universe.*

*A small-gamete-cell person (daddy)
and a large-gamete-cell person (mommy)
(each with their own Personal Universe)
met in Murphy's Mundayne Bar and Grille.*

*Small-gamete-cell and large-gamete-cell
persons, being what they were,
they were immediately
and fatefully
attracted to one another.*

*Eventually, there was a "bang!"
that may, or may not be,
properly described as:
"Big."*

*Gestation periods among persons
being what they are,
a major fraction of a year later,
they were the proud,
but somewhat shaken parents
of a Beautiful Bouncing Baby Universe.*

*And with parenthood being
the neat and tidy process that it is,
soon each person was adapting to a new role
for their hour in that Time and Space.*

Now that's probably not exactly how it happened. However, it is as close as I can get and still be comprehensible to a sentient being who has bipolar sexuality (male/female), bears live children (as a species, not personally), and experiences (or doesn't experience) *The Big Orgasm*.

*Everybody has a Mother and a Father.
It's nature's convenient way of mixing the
gene pool.*

Paintings Found in Caves

The human race as we know it is at least 45,000 years old. Before that, we have at least 5,000,000 years of tribal ancestry. It's only been 500 years or less since the nuclear (2-parent, as opposed to extended) family has emerged as the primary way of raising children. This means that every woman is assumed (by a nuclear-family society) to be an expert on raising children, and every family is assumed to be the ideal place to raise children. The nuclear family is damned close to the worst thing you can ever do to a child.

*Children are **tribal**.* They have had 5 million years of evolution living in tribes. When you raise children in a nuclear family, *they do not thrive.*⁵

Children need Community.

⁵ There are exceptions, of course.

As Charles Barclay pointed out, being a role model is not the business of public icons. That's the parent's job. That's what causes most of the problem with the nuclear family — what happens to you if your mommy wasn't a good mommy? What happens to you if your daddy was an "absent father?"⁶ Without a community, who else is there to use as a role model?

The Wheel of Eternity

**The Big Wheel Keep on Turnin'
And the Little Wheel Keep on Burnin'**

Grandma:

It was shortly after the end of the Great War, and decades before the summer of free love. Titania's Grandma was fourteen. She was dyslexic before anybody could spell the word, and a poor student because of it. She thought she was stupid. (She couldn't spell or do math because the letters and numbers kept moving around.) She was a Cheerleader, and madly in love with Football Hero in her section of Small Town.

Mommy Dearest was born the next year, closely followed by Uncle Hippie and Auntie Executive.

Football Hero was years too early to have ever heard Bruce Springsteen sing "Glory Days." When he discovered that life was all downhill from high school football, he started drinking. He hated being chained down by a wife and three kids. It got in the way of his time with his drinking buddies. He sure as hell didn't want to hang out with his alcoholic, abusive mother.

Every day, Grandma got between "Uncle Hippie & the Thrown Platter of Dinner" and apologized for the imagined insult that was tonight's excuse for violence. Grandma took the beating and bragged about the broken ribs and blackened eyes that were her proud badges of protecting her children.

*Grandma didn't want to know what went on between Football Hero and Mommy Dearest behind closed doors. Grandma didn't want to know how Mommy Dearest learned to avoid the beatings. It was too terrible to contemplate. Grandma couldn't see the things she couldn't afford to know about! Grandma had developed a **blind spot** in order to survive.*

Auntie Executive learned to hide. Auntie Executive learned to manipulate. Auntie Executive is very good at office politics. Maybe she'll be President someday.

⁶ Absent Father Syndrome.

The Moon — Mommy (with a Big “M”)



High Priestess

Female Archetype

Moon/Conception



Eternity

Wheel of



*A Madonna with two daughters,
One tall and proud,
The other, head-bent, not humble,
The Pillars of Night and Day
Joined at their roots
And holding the veil of Isis.*

The High Priestess is our Spiritual Mother and represents “Conception.” This can be thought of as “before there is time.” The overall color impression of the image is blue twilight

The High Priestess is the Archetype for the Universal Female Presence. When we call upon Her, we find First Woman — the incarnation of the female customs and culture of our time and of our place.

A Time and Place

*So Grandma went to see Great Grandma.
Great Grandma had her nose buried
in a book
in her cluttered kitchen,
dreaming of Hollywood glamour.
Great Grandma had advice for her first-born
daughter:*

You are the one who created
that situation.

You are the only one who can change
that situation.

Take responsibility for yourself.

You made the bed,
now lie in it
or get out and make a new bed.

Those were the customs and culture
of Great Grandma’s time
and of Great Grandma’s place.

The Sun — Daddy (with a Big “D”)



Protector

Male Archtype

Sun/Rebirth

Sun



Wheel of

Eternity



Fire

*Two naked children playing,
In a meadow,
Near a stream,
In the mountains,
In the sunlight;
Protected.*

The Protector is the Archetype of the Universal Male Presence. When we call upon Him, we find First Man — the incarnation of the male customs and culture of our time and of our place.

*Great Grandpa was a military man.
He wasn't around much.*

Those were the customs and culture
of Great Grandpa's time
and of Great Grandpa's place.

*So Grandma became Saint Grandma, the
Martyr.*

Saint Grandma:

When Mommy Dearest was eleven, before she got her first period, Saint Grandma took the kids and ran away. She got a divorce and moved to a far away borough of City. She waited tables. The tips were good, the skills were easy, and she met interesting people. She learned to dress and walk and talk, and moved up to bigger and fancier places. She learned Fancy French Service for the fancy restaurants with the biggest tips, and she learned to serve cocktails in the bars where the rich hung out. She was always home for the Holidays with her children (while her dates were home with their own children).

Mommy Dearest

At sweet sixteen, Mommy Dearest ran away. If Grandma could be out partying all week, Mommy Dearest couldn't see why she had to stay at home and watch the younger kids. Mommy Dearest moved in with a junkie down by the Seashore, selling sand.

Venus — mommy dearest (with a little “m”)

*Her Royal Highness,
the pregnant pageant Queen of the World.
Bare-breasted Bureaucracy
wearing the barbed, silver
crown of the Moon,
with an armful of forms,
and twirling a ring full of keys*

*Do as I bid you,
or be denied pleasure.*

*One of the only games
that a newborn can play.*

Mommy Dearest was seventeen when Titania was born. Mommy Dearest liked crystal meth, but Mommy Dearest just loved “Tani.”



Mars — daddy dearest (with a little “d”)



Emperor

Daddy Parentype

Authority



Wheel of
Eternity



*An Emperor, sitting on a cube of stone,
wearing the golden circlet of the Sun,
holding a wooden staff
topped by a crystal sphere,
locked three-ways in silver,
and topped by a golden triple-cross.*

*Do as I bid you,
or be paid in pain.*

*One of the only games
that a newborn can play.*

*When Tani was three, Daddy Dearest decided he
liked heroin. Mommy Dearest was afraid he would
sell Tani for money to buy junk. Mommy Dearest
ran away with Tani.*

*Tani saw her Daddy Dearest for the last time when
she was six.*

Mommy Dearest

Mommy Dearest was a high school dropout. She had a photographic memory and a genius IQ. Nobody ever taught her to use her mind for anything except protecting herself from her family. She hung out on college campuses, taking classes, looking for a better class of junkie. She was in Height Asbury during the Summer of Love. She left Tani with some of her college friends who were too wasted to go out, but still alert enough to watch a kid. Tani was molested the first time before she was five — just like Mommy Dearest.

So Mommy Dearest left Tani safe with Grandma. Uncle or Auntie could look after Tani while Grandma was working.

And then Mommy Dearest met New Boyfriend. He was the perfect match for her. She collected Tani and they lived happily ever after.

Tani was ten. New Boyfriend decided that somebody had to clean up the place. Mommy Dearest was zoned out and New Boyfriend didn't do "women's work." New Boyfriend decided that Tani could keep the whole house clean. If she didn't do it right, she could go back and scrub the entire floor with a toothbrush. He liked beating up on little girls. He liked fucking little girls. He liked beating up on big girls too.

Mommy Dearest had recreated her childhood just for little Tani. Mommy Dearest hit the jackpot! Mommy Dearest proved that it wasn't her fault — Mommy Dearest proved that her father loved her, because that's the way all men proved their love!

Saint Grandma

Meanwhile, Grandma had breast cancer. She survived the cancer, but it ended her career serving cocktails in low cut dresses. So Grandma got a job in a technical industry. She discovered she could do technical things that only took "common sense" that other people couldn't do. Maybe she wasn't so dumb after all. Maybe dyslexic didn't mean stupid!

Then, Grandma met Grandpa.

Grandpa Wolf's Family:

Father's Mother

She was a bloated bag of rotting flesh, smelling of death, seated on her velvet cushion on her Chip 'n' Dale throne. The whole family groveled in weekly attendance — oh, and how she loved the little children, pinching their cheeks with malice, daring them to scream when they knew it would embarrass their parents.

"This is my Mother, you must Love her," said my father.

Mother's Mother

She hated men. Her own husband had left her with three young children, and she didn't know how to care for them. She was raised by her first-born daughter. She hated her daughter's husband. She told her grandson terrible stories while daddy worked late, first for the war, and then to avoid her.

She complained constantly and nagged incessantly. And she began to die. So there she was — wish her dead, but beg her over and over to take her medicine so she can live a little longer. So I can be a little more miserable.

So they sacrificed the living for the dying, because she would accept the medicine only from her dutiful grandson, (who must secretly really be her granddaughter) and only after much begging.

"And This is my Mother, you must Love her," said my mother.

Father's Family

They were all old! Even the young ones were old. It's not that they didn't play, and it isn't that they didn't have any imagination; it's just that they put walls around their imaginations. They have a list of behaviors that will never let them out of the box. They have no understanding of their boundaries, and no knowledge of why the boundaries are necessary. They are comfortable and blind. They try to put me into one of their convenient boxes, but I don't want to fit. I ask questions. They don't quite trust me because they can't predict my behavior. I don't quite trust them because they worship at the Chip 'n' Dale throne.

Mother's Family

One frustrated charity executive, one aspiring professor in a non-academic subject, one mid-level government bureaucrat. They have drawn their boundaries very carefully, to serve their ambitions, to escape from poverty and their harridan mother. They are uncomfortable and wary. They try to put me into one of their convenient boxes, but I don't want to fit. I ask questions. They don't quite trust me because I won't commit to "get with the program." I don't quite trust them because they are each too busy pursuing their own agenda to stop and listen to anybody else.

They have room for only one dream — their own.

I ask myself:

If I don't feel that my family listens to me, why should I listen to them? If I don't feel that I can rely on my family to see me as an individual person, why should I care what happens to them as individual persons?

Little Tani:

Down by the Seashore again, little Tani didn't appreciate all that Mommy Dearest and New Boyfriend had done for her. Mommy Dearest told little Tani that she would go to Juvie, where all bad little girls who don't appreciate their parents wound up.

When little Tani was eleven, before she got her first period, she ran away. She ran back to Grandma.

So Grandma married Grandpa and together they promised little Tani a better life.

Attitude

Attitudes persist from generation-to-generation.
We base our behavior-model on
the adults around us when we were children.
Even if we don't like what the adults did,
we assume that what they did
is normal for adults to do,
and only the methods are at fault
for the bad outcome.

It never occurs to us to ask whether the "attitudes"
might be the problem.

Because the attitudes don't change,
nothing else changes,
except the outward appearance.

It's the same old Family Business
generation after generation.

That's why this wheel is called
the *Wheel of Eternity*.

If you have the same attitudes that your parents had,
you'll just live their lives over again
with different scenery, costumes, and accessories.

If your children have your attitudes,
they'll just live your life over again
with new and different scenery, costumes,
and accessories.

You were programmed by your parents;
you program your children.

***Is your life happy enough
that you'd wish it on your children?***

Implications of Mommy and Daddy

What do we need this mysticism for? It's simple:
we need Archetype Role Models in order to know
how to behave. These Archetypes become
"idealized" man and woman. They become a
yardstick against which we can measure ourselves,
and icons to which both adults and children look
when we aren't sure how to behave in a new
situation.

They are Archetypes specifically because we need
them as comparative role models. Without the
Archetypes, we have only the memories of our
parent's flawed methods.

Big Surprise! We confuse our real parents with the
Archetypes.

***Within the universe of the infant,
parents are gods.***

A Little Clockwork

⚠ Warning!

What we've defined so far is only the parental aspect of the Moon (Mom), Venus (mom), the Sun (Pop), and Mars (pop). Now we can use these four Keys on the Wheel of Eternity as *keys to decode* the Wheel of Time (stage in life).

We can identify multiple sets of different male/female role/expectation/behavior models, based on letting the Keys speak through each other.

This is the basic strategy *behind*

The Clockwork Windmill:

It will let us see how we were
programmed,

it will let us understand how we program
our children,

and it will let us change
our programming.

You have to make a decision here:

***Do you want to be like everyone else
and get surprised all your life,
or do you want to learn to see
what's going on backstage?***

It's easy to read your own future.

It's not so easy to be different.

***Stop reading this book now,
or you will begin to learn something
that you may not want to know.***

***We're about to go backstage
in the Theatre of the Mind.***

4

The Axis of Self

The Axis of Self runs between each beginning and its ending.

Each time you begin something new; you begin it with the "colored cones of the elements" (or what's available) but without the understanding how the elements work or what you can do with them. When you end your quest, either you have *the classic tools of the elements* (cup, wand, trine, crystal) and the sophistication to use them — or you don't.

For everything you do, you are someplace along some Axis of Self.

Along the way between Alpha and Omega, there are four constant hints: RePsychle, Helical Cross, Moebius Torus, and Tabula Obscura to help you find your path.

END PART 04

The Fool — Alpha



*A ball of smoke that becomes an egg,
crossed and embossed by the triple axis.*

*Along the three crossing thin white beams of light,
twin spirals of colored smoke twine,
around each other
and around the axis.*

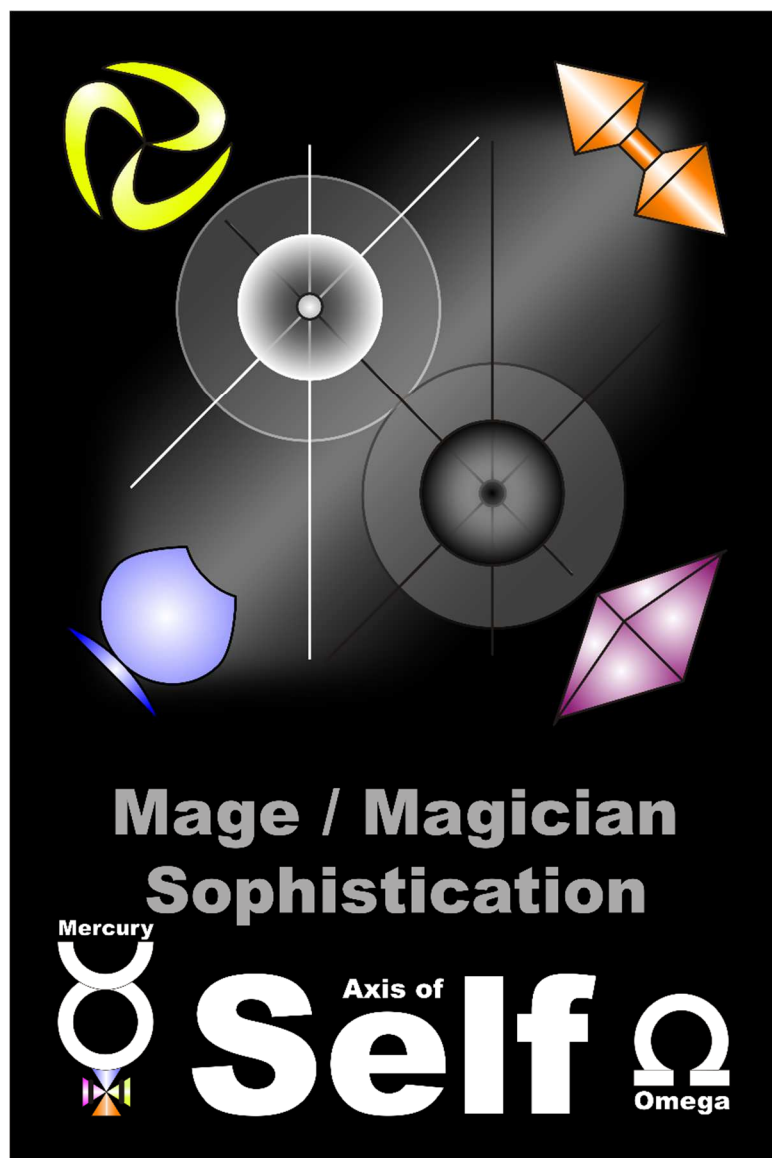
*Between the spirals there are checkerboard
stepping-stones.*

The helical double-cross.

*That,
from which,
may become.*

[Cross fade.]

The Mage — Omega



I Begin with a ball of white light:
The Newborn or The Fool.

This ball of white light is my beginning point
on the journey
down the bright, thin white line of
the *Axis of Self*
to the mixed darkness and light at Omega.

Most people put the beginning behind them
and proceed toward the ending ahead of them.

Some like to fool themselves that they can go on
forever
by walking ass-backwards into Omega.

I think of the Past behind me
and the Future before me.

These directions are built into the body —
my eyes are on the front of my face.

I think of the earth below me
and of the air above me.

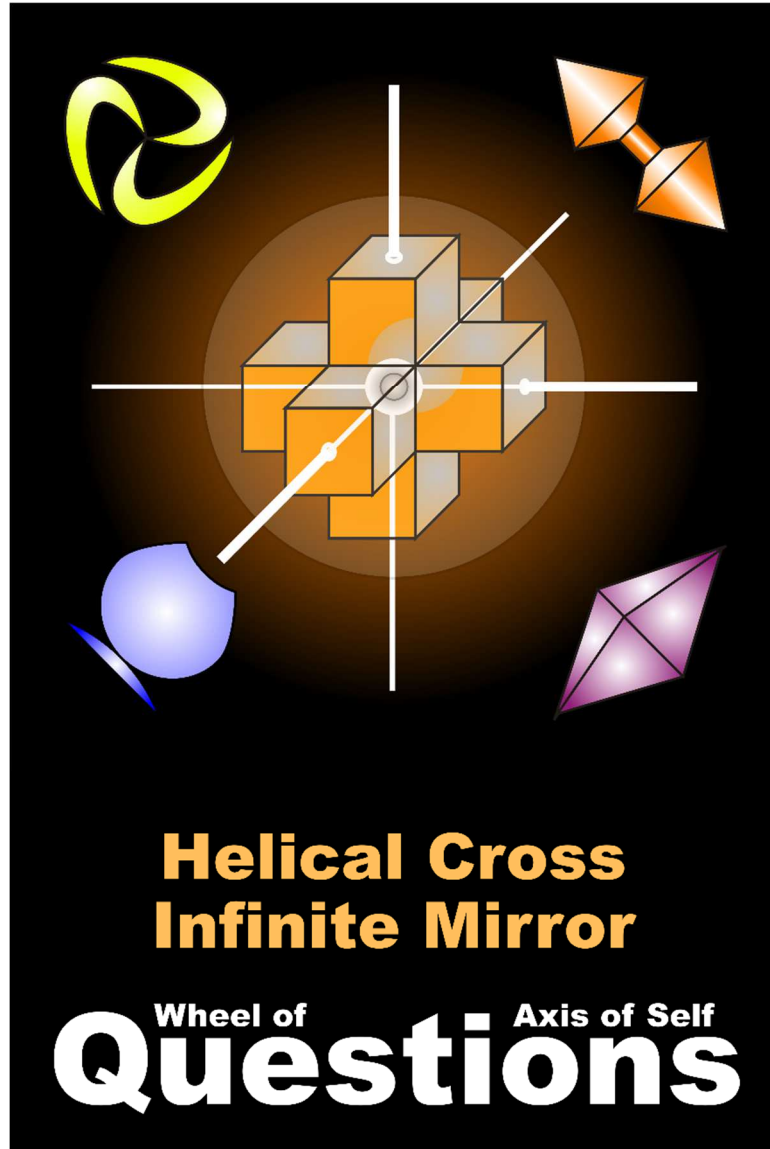
These directions are built into both my body
and my mind—
below me is Aurielle,
Guardian of Earth and Body
and above me is Rafael,
Guardian of Air and Mind.

At my left hand is
Mikhael, Guardian of Fire and Will.

At my right hand is
Gabrielle, Guardian of Water and Love.

And lastly,
I am the Inner, or Self;
the little ball at the center of the shell
that separates me from the Outer or notSelf.

The Helical Double Cross



This is the four-dimensional Cross of the Elements.

It spins as it moves forward through time.

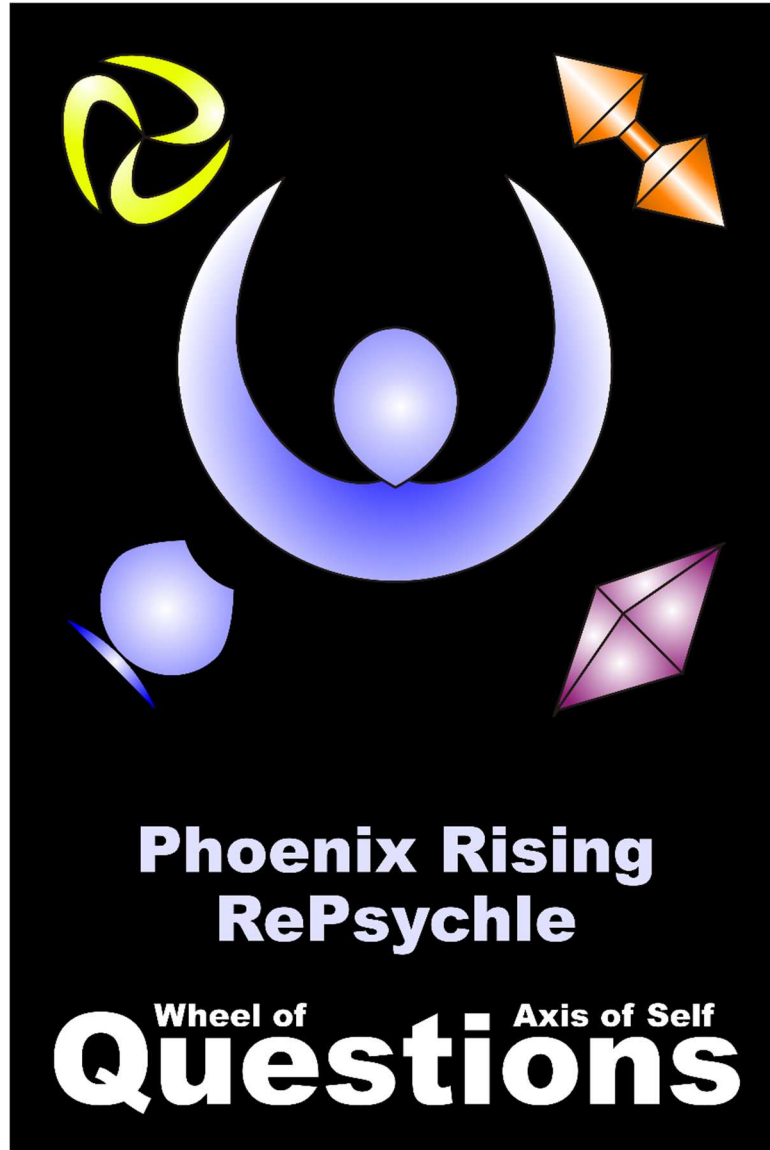
Its path describes a coil within a coil,
or a double-double helix.

It is also called the Helical Cross —
or sometimes: the Helical Double Cross.

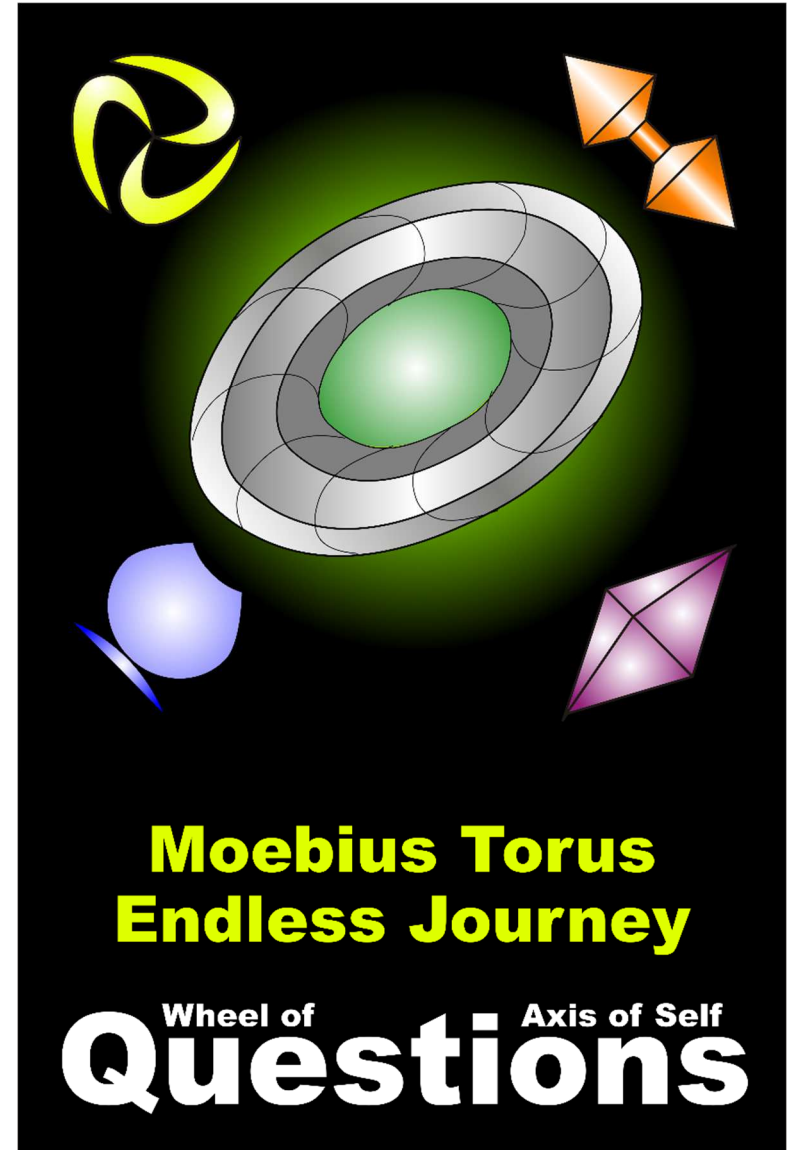
Who am I?

**The question
never
ends.**

Other Questions



Other Questions



Other Questions



Original Sin Meets Pandora's Present

Nature will do anything and everything⁷ to ensure the First and Second Imperatives.

Some pious people have called this Original Sin. Forgiveness for Original Sin is an apology for what you have to start with — greed and brutality. What you make of it is up to you.

First Imperative: Survival of the Species

Second Imperative: Survival of the Self

When we are children, survival of the self is paramount.

*The survival instinct is so strong
that children will develop
exactly those skills
that will help them survive
the games to which they are repeatedly
exposed.
We learn from our parents.*

When we are parents, survival of the species is paramount.

*We teach our children
that survival of the self is paramount.
Can you spell "species suicide by greed?"*

END PART 05

⁷ Simultaneous, massively-parallel, random trial and error.

5

The Wheel of Time

Look at the rotating stars that mark the seasons.

They also mark the seasons of every living creature.

[A spiral of stars winds around an advancing white line.]

The earth goes through birth in the Spring,⁸ flowering in the Summer, fruiting in the Autumn, and decline and death over the Winter, only to be reborn again the following Spring.

As a species, we understood regular repeating cycles long before we invented the wheel. We discovered that many animals had seasons for mating. We even applied them to ourselves:

- Get pregnant at the Midsummer's Eve Orgy (when it's warm enough to take your clothes off),
- Grow during the Fall, getting fat on the harvest,

⁸ The author lives in the North Temperate Zone.

- Have confinement during the Winter when you can't go out anyway,
- And have the babies nine months later in the Spring when they won't starve to death.

The teachers of the times had to deal with an audience that couldn't read and couldn't handle the abstraction of counting. So, they took the pattern of stars on the horizon at dawn, made an animal or symbol out of it, and told a story or sung a song about it. There were twelve patterns in the cycle and they became the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

We learn best with stories.

The twelve star symbols of the Zodiac tracked the cycle of the earth from birth in the Spring to growth, maturity, fruiting, decline, death, and rebirth the following Spring. *By mental mirror reflection, the twelve symbols were also used to track the stages in the cycle of a human life.*

It was assumed that the observation of the cycle of plants and animals would shed light on the cycle of mankind. It is Above as It is Below.⁹

⁹ The Mirror principle is a built-in way of thinking. It's implicit in the idea of opposite sexes, day and night, and many other natural phenomena.

Personal Time

Your personal time line starts at Aries, the Ram, at the beginning of the cycle.

Let's ask one of the Four-by-Four Families (people who think they are important) to tell us about each star symbol by reading three Pips for situations, events, or qualifiers. These are the dice thrown by the Lords and Ladies of the Wheel of Chaos.

Grandpa Wolf wants to know:

Who is this little girl who has wandered into my life?

Who is Titania?

And what am I supposed to do with her?

Aries: The Shattered Tower!¹⁰



¹⁰ The Tower has been moved to Aries and the Emperor to Mars. This places the Emperor across from the Empress and places "Primal Pain" at the beginning of each new cycle.

I scream in primal pain!

Something Ends!
And Something Else Begins!

All is confusion!
Nobody Listens!
What do I hear?
What do I see?
What does it Mean?

The Beginning of Childhood.

Ejection from the Womb.

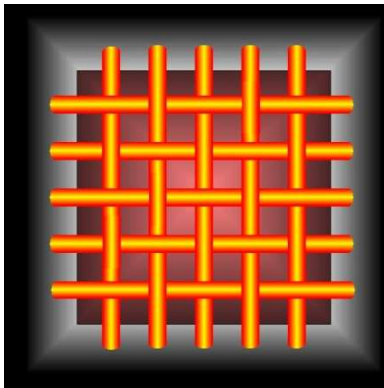
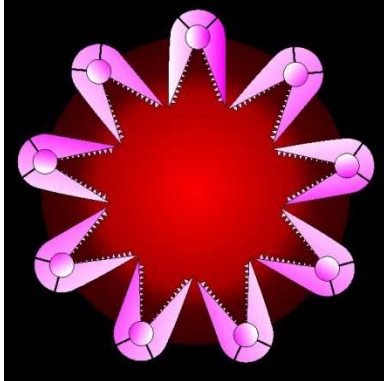
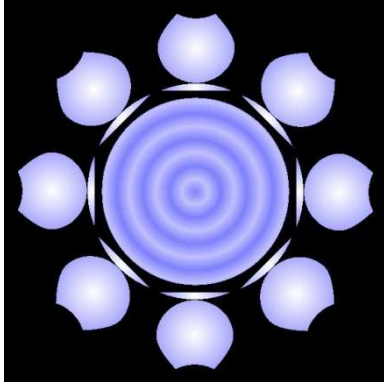
There is wind and rain
and thunder and lightning.
The Tower breaks open.
A naked man and woman fall from the gap.

Fire.
Changing of the Worlds.
Birth.
Leaving the Womb.
Starting over.
Helplessness.
The beginning of Personal Time.
The personal universe as an arbitrary place
beyond my own control.
Rude Awakening.
A butt in the ass by the ram of fate.

I begin in the new environment as a "Baby."
My behavior is mostly hard-wired.
It is: *initial survival behavior*.

This is not just a record of birth. It is also a marker
of rebirth. Each minor cycle of the Wheel of Time
mirrors the major cycle.

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the Queen of
the Throne of Storms,

Our Lady of Darkness.

I am Water within Air,
my thoughts express my
emotions.

*"When you are forced to live with fear in
your childhood, you learn to blind yourself to
the things you can see coming, but can't do
anything about. By hiding the things you
were afraid to see as a child, you invite your
own disasters as an adult.*

"Here's a chance to start over again.

*"When the body breaks, the mind breaks too.
Can you learn to change,
or are you forever tied to the attitudes —
because:
'that's the way you think it's supposed to be!'"*

Taurus: Hierarchy.



They are all around me.
Some are bigger than others.
Some move; some are only fossils.
Some are aware; some are not.
They all have claws.

Where do I stand in the pecking order?

Earth.
Society.
Childhood social training.¹¹
Bull-headedness.
Irresistible Forces.
Unexplainable Ideas.
Another double-cross.

Hierarchy is the need to learn the rules and behavior appropriate to the situation. Hierarchy instructs you what to do or not do, and what to believe or not believe from any "higher authority" such as the church, government, or disloyal opposition.

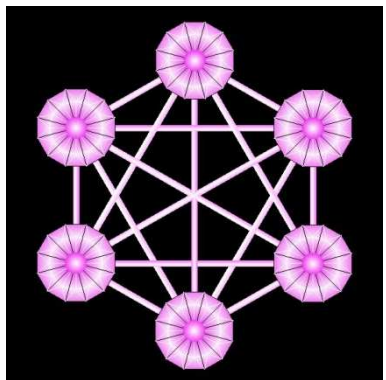
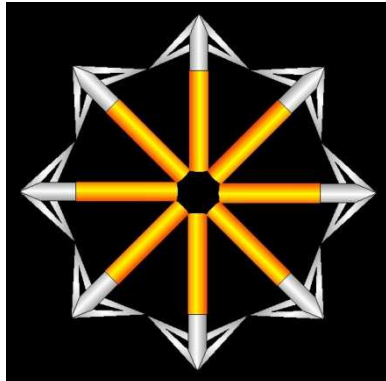
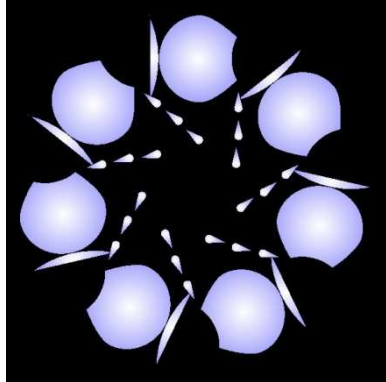
*Hierarchy is not concerned
with truth or falsity,
but with social expectations
and consequences.*

Any social institution that attempts to force you into any mold¹² fosters rebellion against the double cross of social institutions.

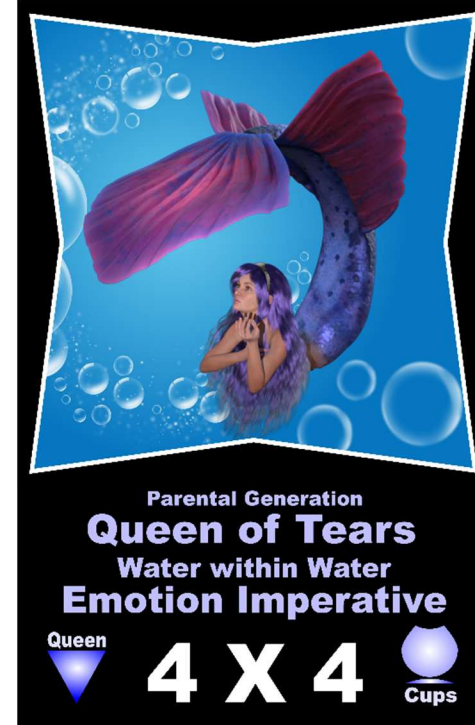
¹¹ Play nice and be anally retentive.

¹² Toilet training is essential to the survival of the race. Without it, we would all die of disease.

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the Queen of
the Throne of Tears,

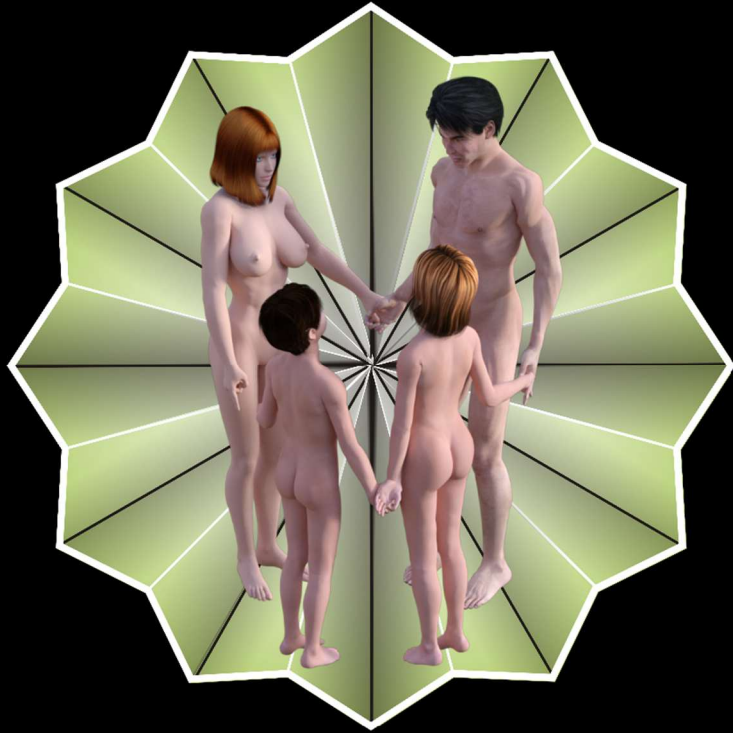
Our Lady of the Lake.
I am Water within Water,
my emotions are
imperative.

"Tani, Mommy is very intuitive and you're good at it too. You must watch carefully and do the things that mommy tells you to do and learn to get along with other people like I do, and get along in the world like I do, if you want to survive. You can't always trust your heart, but you should follow it because it's your only chance for happiness.

"If you do not do what I tell you, your life will be wasted, and you will be lonely. Mommy's plan will help you be just as happy as mommy is.

"You must be just like mommy so that mommy can be sure it's always like that, and that what daddy did wasn't mommy's fault. That way it won't be your fault either — when it happens to your daughter.

Gemini: Others



Twins / Others / Mirrors
Cooperation / Competition

Gemini
II

Wheel of
Time

Air

Friendship.
Competition.

Cooperation.
Family.

Pairings.
Oppositions.

Air.
The discovery of others as [not-self].
Union.
Friendship.
Commitment.
Competition.

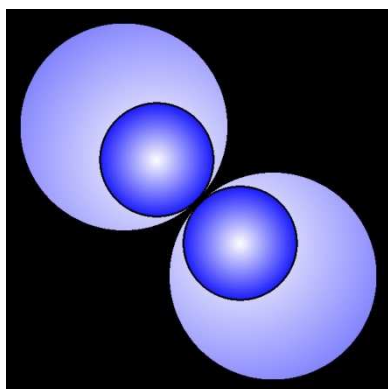
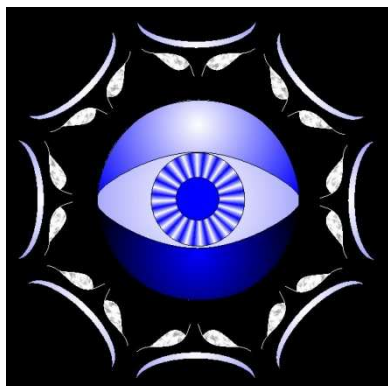
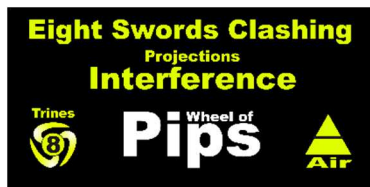
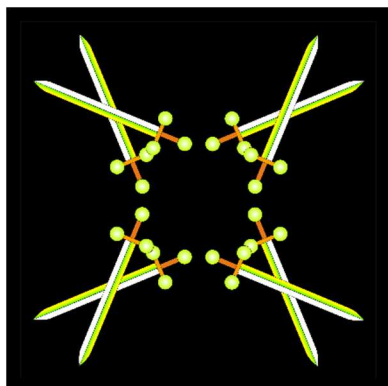
Mirrors.

The personal discovery of the Mirror.

The consequences of recognizing
the existence of others —
as friends, as allies, as competitors,
as enemies —
as children, as adults, as men, as women —
as mirrors of ourselves.

The End of Childhood,

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the Knight of
the Throne of Fire;

I am the Lord of
Lightning.

I am Fire within Fire,
my actions are
Imperative.

*"I am the Anti-Knight of Fire: I am a mean,
angry drunk; a mean, angry, paranoid junkie
— your lesson: trust no one at all — ever.*

*"We say we love you, but you can't ever do
anything right, no matter how hard we beat
you. You're a worthless piece of shit and
you're interfering in our lives and destroying
our serenity. It's time for you to disappear.
We don't want you anymore."*

[Grandpa Wolf's voice.]

*"I'm appalled!
Do people like this really exist?"*

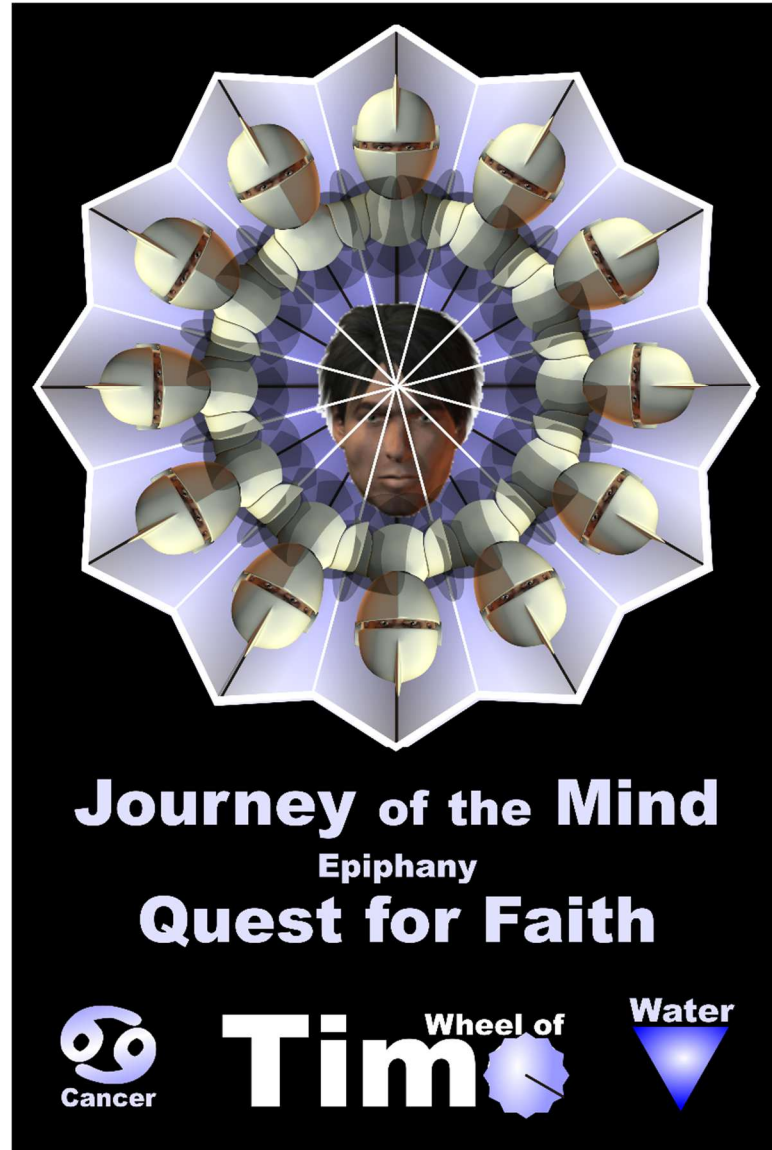
*"I never thought of Gemini as the ending of a
relationship — of all relationships — before.*

*"I never understood the crime of mixed
messages —before.*

*"I don't know!
I don't understand!"*

*This is the Ending of Childhood,
and the Beginning of Adolescence.*

Cancer: The Quest of Faith.



I am a Mind in Shining Armor,
driving the Chariot of the Moon,
holding a cup of moonbeams,
looking for *Something-To-Believe-In*.

It is a time of Ideals,
and of Disappointments.

It is a time of learning the difference between
my expectations of the world,
and the World's expectations of me.

It is a time of deciding who I am.

I am a crabby explorer in an armored exoskeleton
of childhood beliefs,
looking for a can opener.

(I am looking for an orgasm of the spirit
or epiphany.)

This journey is the search for "truth"
as a foundation upon which to build the future.

As an adolescent,
I need to define a personal foundation of
independence
that is some compromise or rejection of what I
have learned
from my society,
from my family,
from my personal experiences,
and from my vicarious (entertainment)
experiences.

I search for a comfortable belief system.

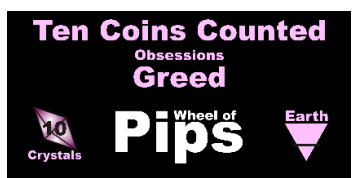
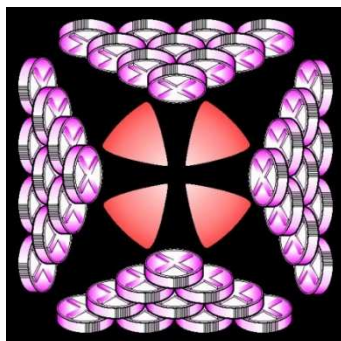
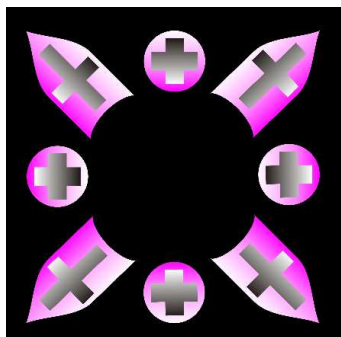
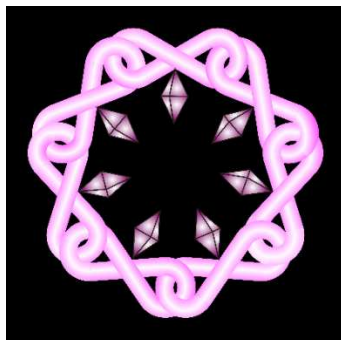
When I found out that *They* (my parents) were lying
(at least sort of) about Santa Claws,
I wondered if *They* were lying about God too.

They say they believe,
but they don't act like it.

When I learned that God
doesn't always answer prayers,
what shall I believe?

*I am trying to decide
what's real;
I am trying to decide
what's important;
I am trying to decide
who I want to become.*

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the Princess of
Sword & Shield;

I am the Flower of the Wind.

I am Earth within Air,
my thoughts rule my body.

I am an idealist and a
crusader.

I am a fighting, social-
conscious rebel.

I am an intelligent member
of the counter-culture.

"Something's broken.

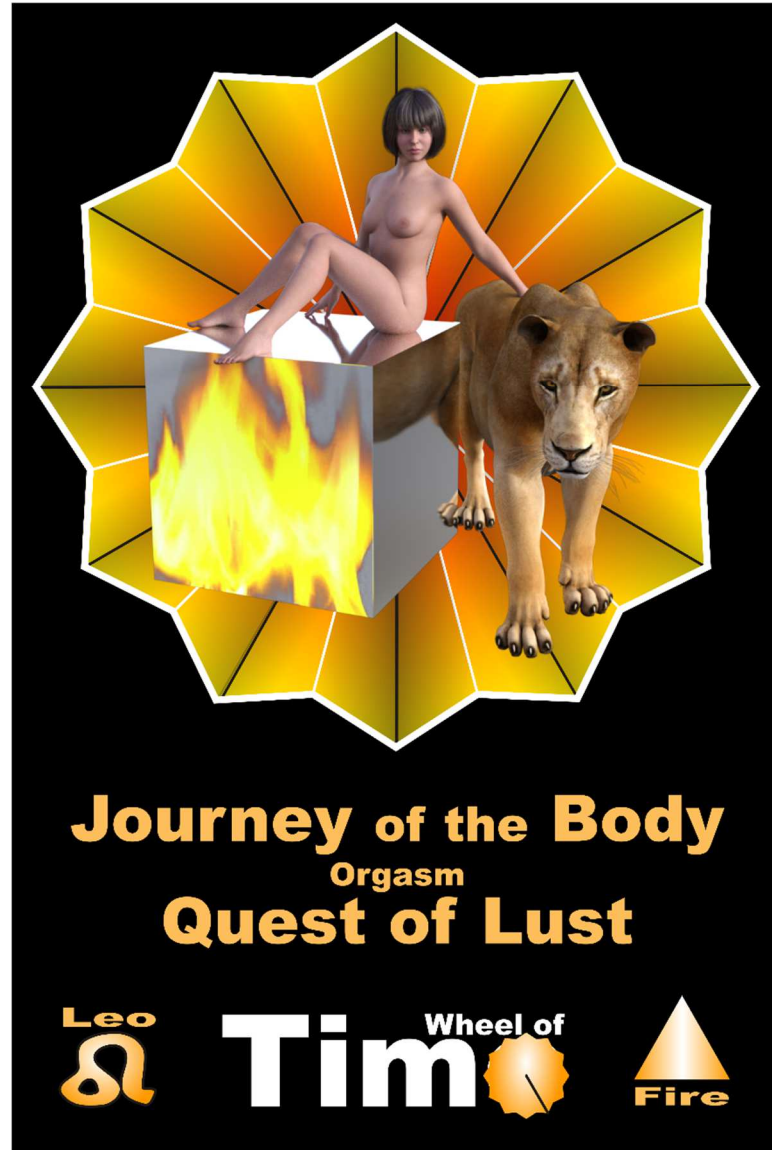
"You don't have to give up!
You can hide the broken places!
Maybe in time you can heal them,
but you can never let anybody else see them!

"If anybody sees those places,
they'll know you're broken and ugly,
and they won't want you anymore.

"If you pretend you can't see
the broken places,
maybe others won't see
the broken places either.

"If you can get others caught
in your blind spot,
you can get what you need
without having to trust them,
because they'll always come back
to hurt you
if you trust them."

Leo: Quest of Lust



I want to test my limits.

The question is: who is to rule?

The Mind?

Or the Body?

Riding the lion of desire.

Orgasm of the body.

Sexual ecstasy and adrenaline highs.

Every variety of animal behavior
is mirrored somewhere in humanity.

This is the lust for life —
the search for adventure,
sex,
power.

As a child, I preferred to repeat known patterns.

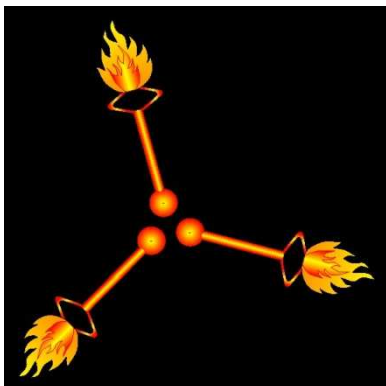
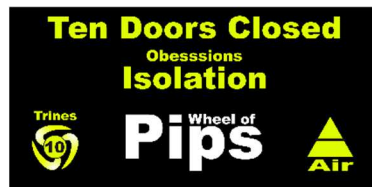
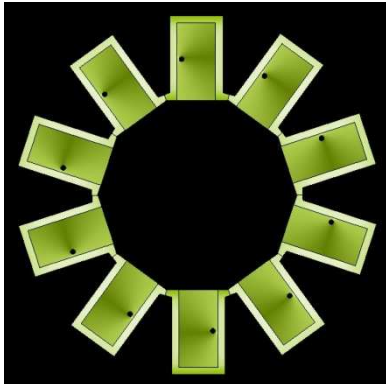
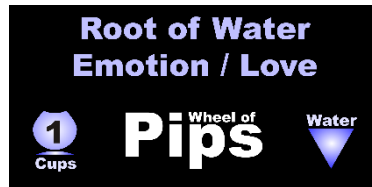
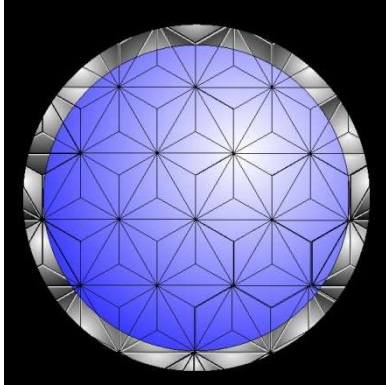
As an adolescent I need to establish
my own personal boundaries
independently of my parents.

I am sure of my immortality;

I seek risk.

The time is now for both *the search for boundaries*
and *the consequences of finding them*.

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the Knight of
the House of Water;

I am the Lord of Cycles.

I am Fire within Water,
my emotions
control my actions.

I have my ups and downs.

I am bi-polar
and dangerous
in either state.

*"You are alone.
You can trust no one.
You can allow no one inside to see you.*

*"But those who desire you,
like New Boyfriend did,
must surely love you,
like New Boyfriend did.
Seek them out!
Let physical pleasure
fill the emptiness within.
For a year.
For a month.
For a week.
For a day.
For an hour.
Escape from the pain!"*

Virgo: Separation.



Some say it's the first Broken Heart
that marks the end of adolescence —
but, it's not.

It's the many unexpected separations
that identify the aloneness
that isolates us each from all others.

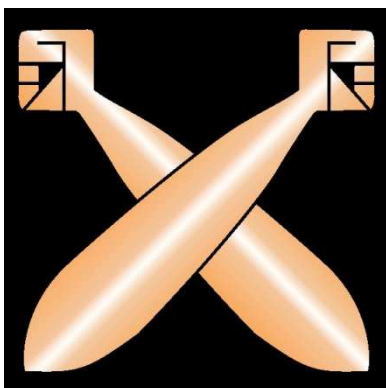
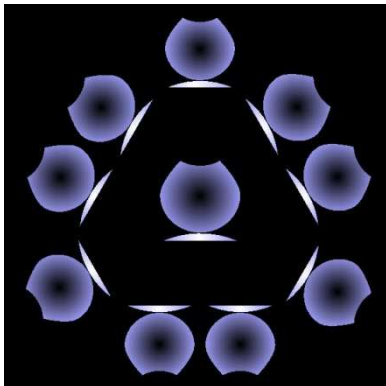
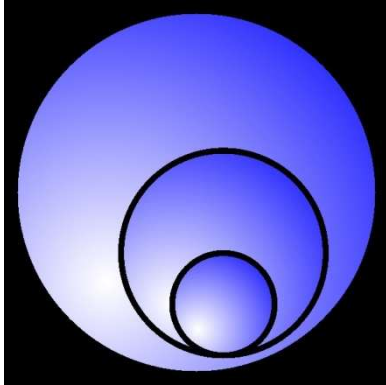
It is the realization of aloneness that ends my
idealism.

No matter how perfectly I think I communicate
with others, there is always a gap between our
minds. I search for companionship and find the
essential aloneness.

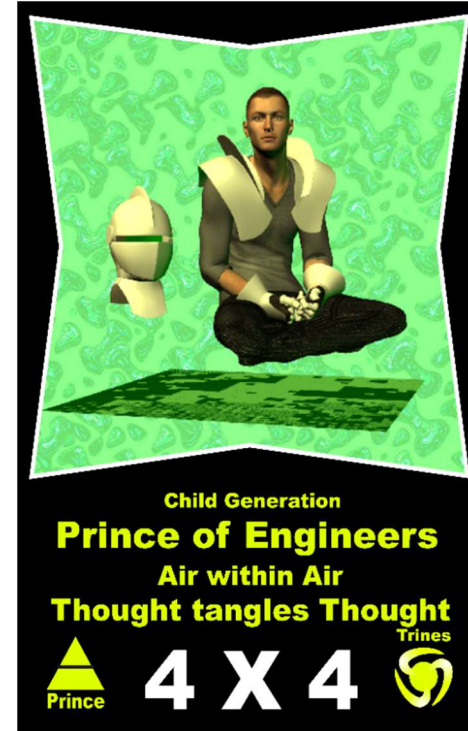
This is the End of Adolescence

The end of idealism is the end of innocence.

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the
Prince of Engineers;

I am Lord of
the Chariot of Winds.

I am Air within Air,
my thoughts tangle
my thoughts.

I build square wheels
and can prove
mathematically
that they are better than
round ones.

I can masturbate
mentally.

*"There is no one who will love me
but my own daughter;
a part of my own flesh.
And I will not be alone anymore.*

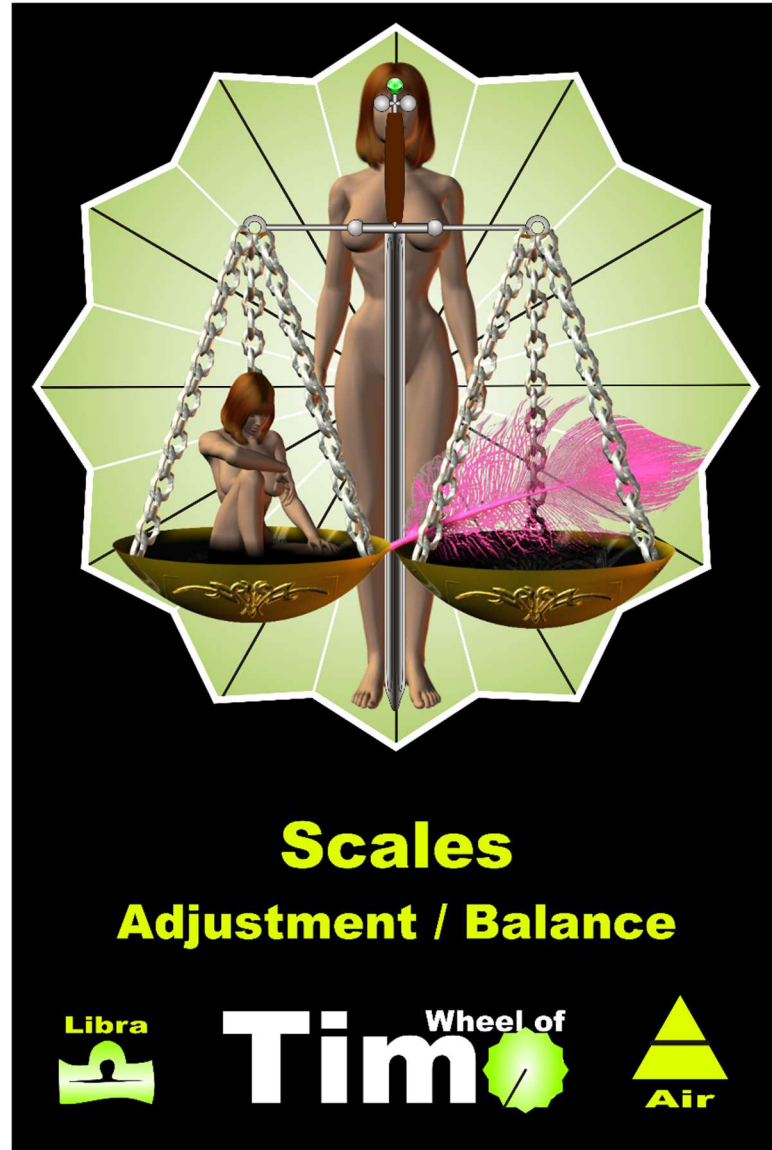
*"I will have a child of my own.
And I will teach her everything I know,
to spare her the pain.
And I will not be alone anymore.*

*"I will love her and protect her,
and not make the mistakes
that my mother made with me.
And I will not be alone anymore.*

*"I wonder if my mother said that
before she had me."*

This is the Ending of Adolescence,
and the Beginning of Adulthood.
The decisions have all been made.

Libra: Adjustment.



The Scales are the balance or unbalance that results from the adolescent quests for foundations and limitations.

Air.

Mental balance.

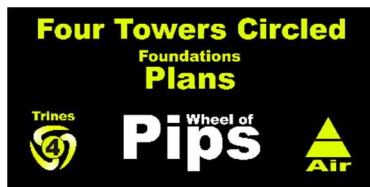
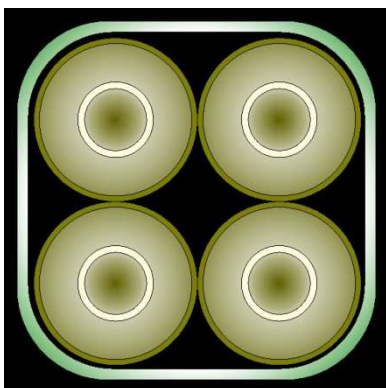
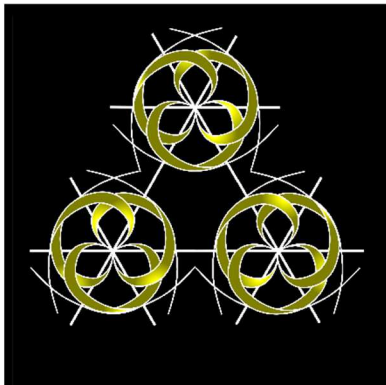
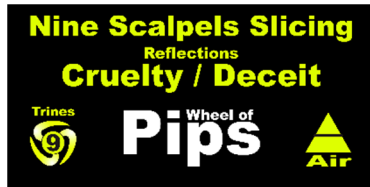
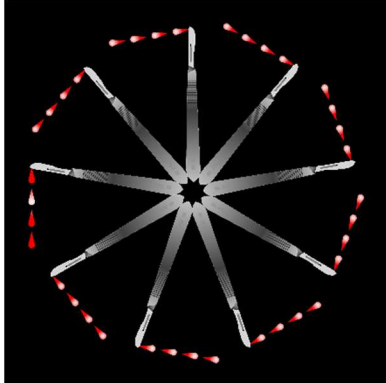
Self-limitation.

Learning to get along in the world
and with your family
and with your community.

Adjustments are necessary for me to get along in the world, with my family, and with my community.

Here many fail – they can't adjust.

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the
Prince of Dawn;

I am Lord of
the Chariot of Fire.

I am Air within Fire,
my thoughts
tangle my actions.

I like patterns.

I like to write books
on occult subjects,
to prove that
presentation
is mightier than content.

"As long as you have good intentions,
as long as you have a good excuse,
it's not really a lie if you don't follow through.

"If it's not your fault,
they can't punish you,
if it's not your fault.

"Use your mind!

Either they want an excuse to punish you,
or they want an excuse **not** to punish you.

"Learn to slice the finest shades of meaning
and expand each sliver of emotional reaction
into an abundance of fantasy detail.

"Go over the top,
and they'll be too busy calming you down
to notice the discrepancies.

"Plan a foundation
with no room for others!"

Scorpio: As You Have Sewn, so Shall You Reap!



It's harvest time.

It's been time enough since a child's beginning.
Now you have hostages to the future.

And Death walks the Wheel of Time.

Tears.

The end of individual initiative
and the beginning of responsibility.

Parenthood.

Reaping what you have sown.

Having a hostage to the future.

Harvest represents the general concept of reaping (in the Autumn) what you have sown (in the Spring). It comes at the time when crops are ready for harvesting. In human terms, this is harvesting the seed planted during adolescence. It is the end of individual initiative and the beginning of parental responsibility. It can apply to both a Child of the Body, and a Child of the Mind. In any endeavor, it is reaping the rewards of your preparation earlier—or the failure to reap those rewards.

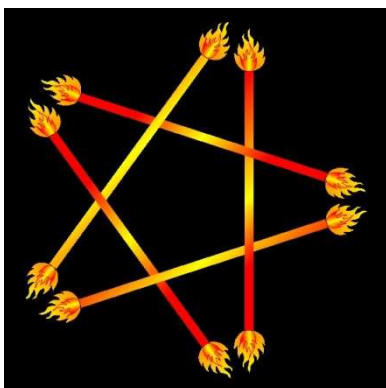
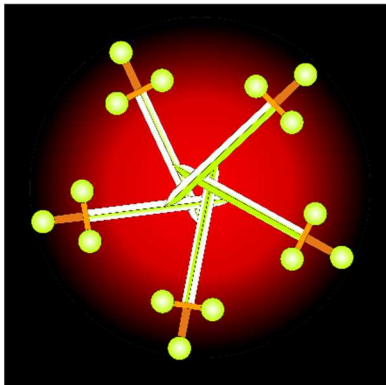
This is the Parental role model. It consists of reliving your own childhood through older eyes as you raise children. It is a time to see that whatever you invite, will visit your children.

Your time is passing.

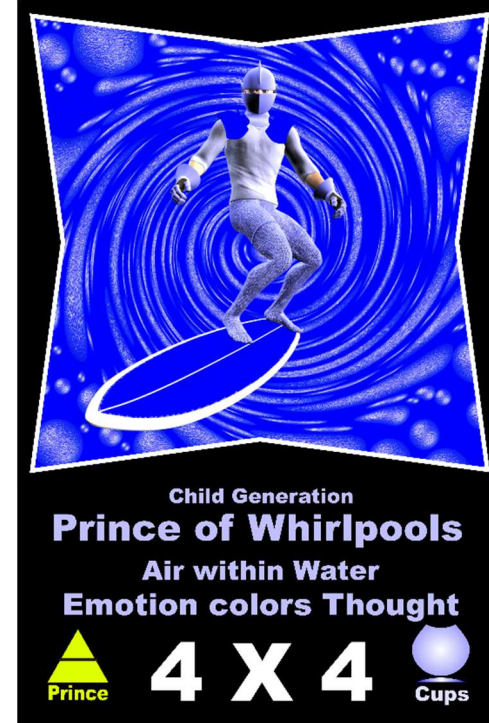
Their path is how you made it.

As you have sewn, so shall your children reap!

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the
Prince of Whirlpools.

I'm a Con man.

I can manipulate
your emotions,

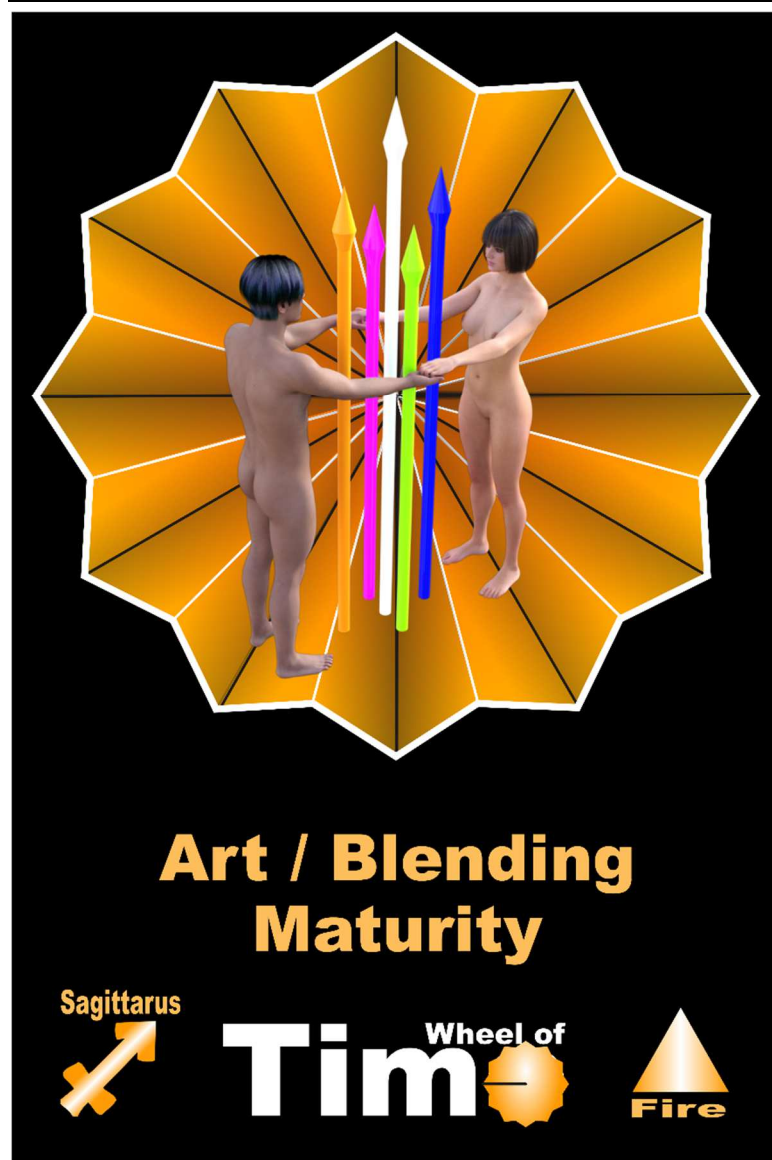
and draw you into
my whirlpool.

*"I don't know how to tell you this kid,
but if you want to be at center stage
all the time
you have to be the biggest catastrophe
in the game —
all the time.*

*"There have to be power struggles,
major strife and great defeat.
Then you can claim to be the victim again,
sacrificing for your child,
and taking without returning.*

*"Then no one but you is important.
You can hide behind words,
and pull the suckers in, after you,
using children as the lever."*

Sagittarius: Art.



Maturity.

Reviewing the Circle of Life
with the arrows of the mind.

Blending and creation.

Preservation of knowledge or heritage.

Art is the will to live. Art is moving forward and not repeating endlessly. Art is overcoming inertia and continuing to grow. Art is curiosity. Art is what allows the evolving organism to evolve to meet new challenges. Art is the force of Order that opposes Chaos to create Time. Art is aiming the arrow of desire and following to see where it leads.

What this means for most of us is that when we stop wanting to do new things, and try to cling to the old, we stop growing and start dying. We can stay alive only as long as we can keep reinventing ourselves. When we stop changing, we're dead.

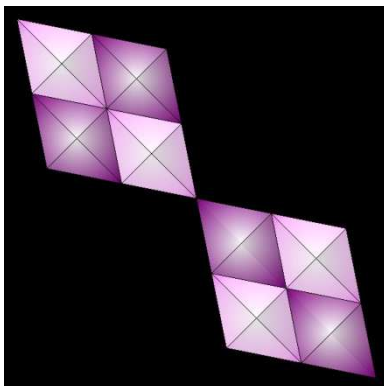
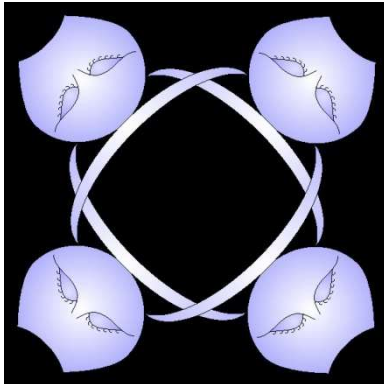
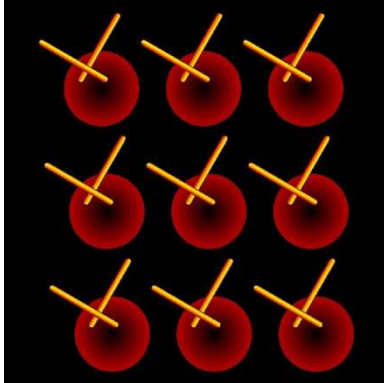
This is the time in the cycle when the first brood,
the Children of the Body,
are independent.

The creative urge moves on to
Children of the Mind —
or it doesn't.

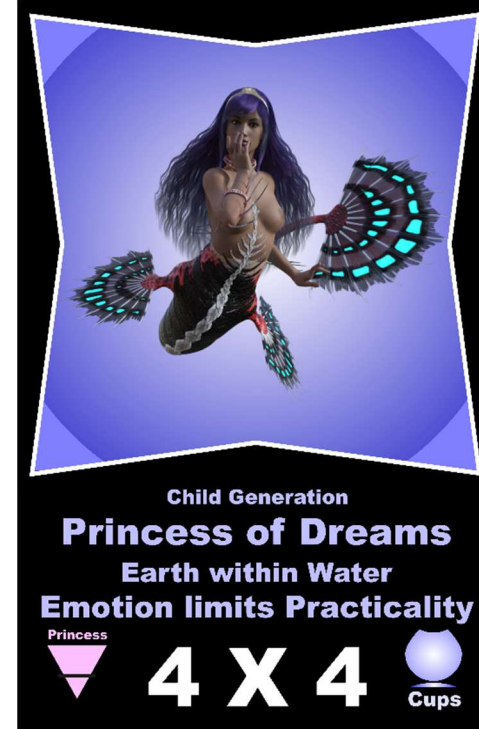
The role model is the Empty Nest Syndrome – what do you do with yourself when the children are grown? What do you do with yourself when your best friend dies? You must consolidate what you have learned before you can see where you need to go.

When we think we know how the world works, and stop learning, we begin dying. Most people never learn to be artists and continue growing. Instead, they close their minds, they petrify, and they die. These are the p-people: those who have turned to stone by closing their minds.

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the
Princess of Dreams.

I have a practical core,
but I get overwhelmed
by my feelings.

I take in strays.

I will wash away at you,

until I grind you
into sand.

*"If you want to survive,
you will have to form a partnership
based either on symbiotic co-dependency
or as two parasites clinging to each other
until death-do-us-part."*

*"You know from your childhood
that **you alone** can't change anything.
So find a protector.
Find luxury and strength.
Then undermine him,
and claim to be a victim."*

*"Carry on the hidden agenda —
that it's **not your fault!**
That way:
nobody gets hurt except the insurance company
(and a few innocent bystanders)!"*

This is the Ending of Adulthood,
and the Beginning of Maturity.

Capricorn: Self Imposed Bondage.



Preconception.
Imprisonment.
Self-imposed bondage.
Breaking childhood patterns.

Many stop here, trapped by their own childhood.

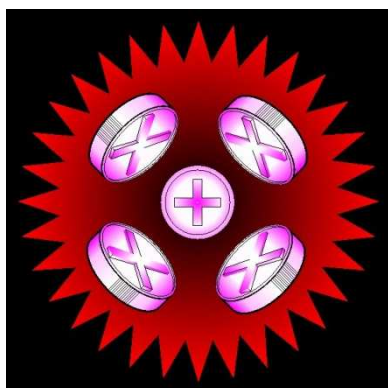
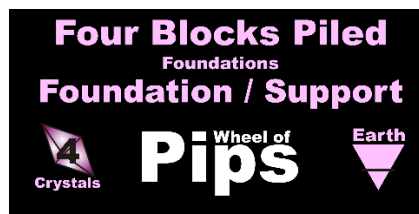
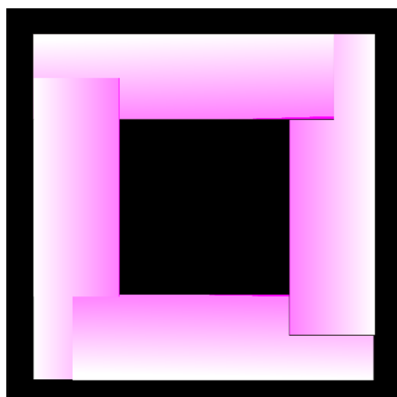
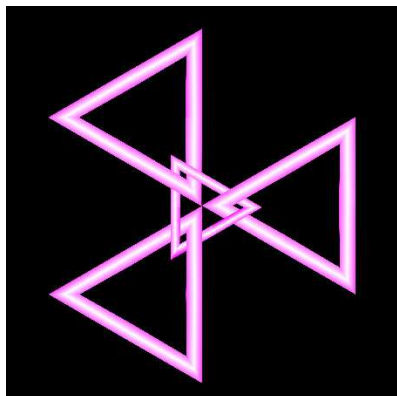
Most of the things you know are opinions, not facts. Your knowledge is information about behavior patterns you learned as a child. Depending on the outcome, each childhood behavior pattern becomes positively or negatively reinforced. It becomes an opinion about how the world works, but you think it is a fact. This is exactly how an artificial neural network is trained.

It is difficult to retrain an artificial neural network because it takes more work to erase the old patterns than it took to create them. People are like that too.

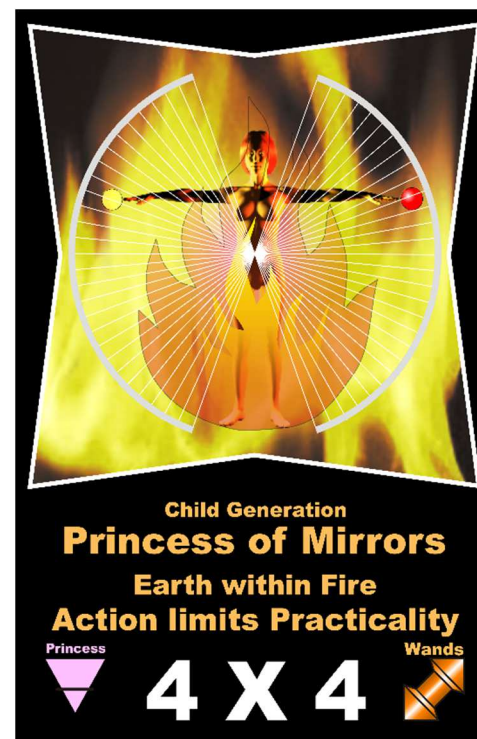
Most people get stuck here.

They lose the ability to learn and adapt,
they think they have all the answers,
so they die with the past,
victims of their own habits,
instead of living on into the future.

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am
the Princess of Mirrors.
I am tough,
and I am strong.
The tools of the earth
bend to my use.

When things go well,
my mirrors curve
outward
and bathe all in my
beneficent light.
When things go badly,
my mirrors curve
inward
and the converging
light burns only me.

I am an un-liberated
lady in a male-element
suit trying to be an
executive and run a
house too.

*"At some point, you must decide:
'am I going to stay here forever,
and rest on my foundations,
and die,
or am I going to go on and grow?"*

*"Turn inward, shrink, worry, and die.
Turn outward, expand, create, go on!"*

*"When stress or the situation
has made your ability to function—
impossible,
seek treatment."*

Aquarius: Selfhood.



Expansion of personality.

Individuation.

Blossoming of the personality
freed from false limitation.

You have met your Shadow and accepted it.

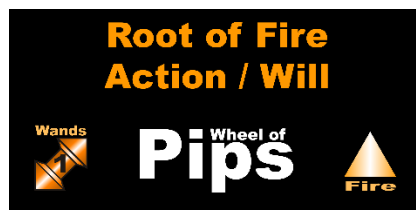
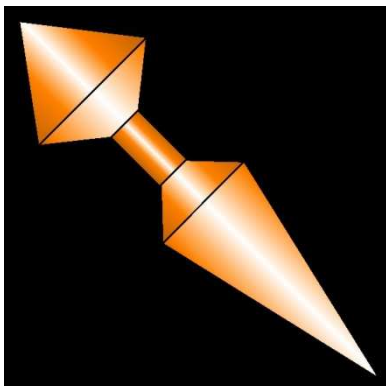
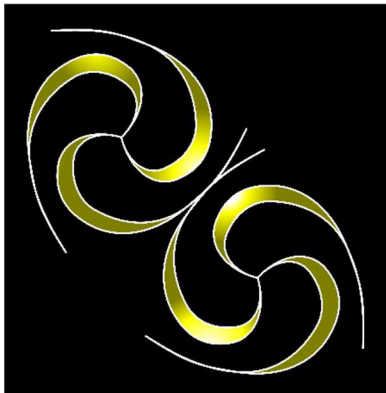
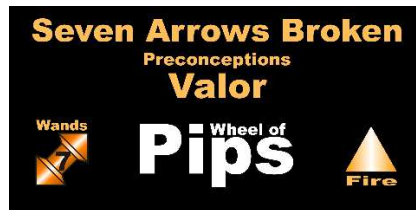
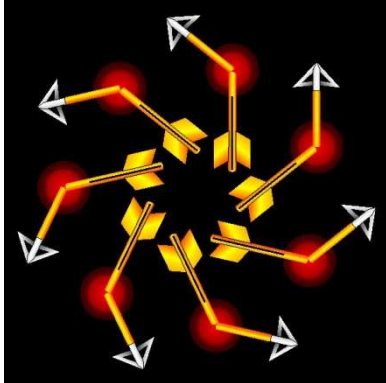
Learning to love yourself.

Washing away the past.

The Star represents the ascendance of the individual in harmony with itself. The Star represents becoming free and independent by washing away the hurts of the past. Freedom is the ability to see the truth without needing to lie, without needing to justify, without needing to hide. Aquarius speaks of cleansing and corruption, growth and decay, honor and deception.

Self-definition is the role model.

The Events:



The Speaker:



I am the Knight of
the House of Air.

I am an inventor,
a wizard,
a fortuneteller,
a seer,
a scholar.

I'm a troglodyte —
I live in a cave
except when
I have to visit
the Ivory Tower.

I have
multiple realities.

I build
castles in the air,

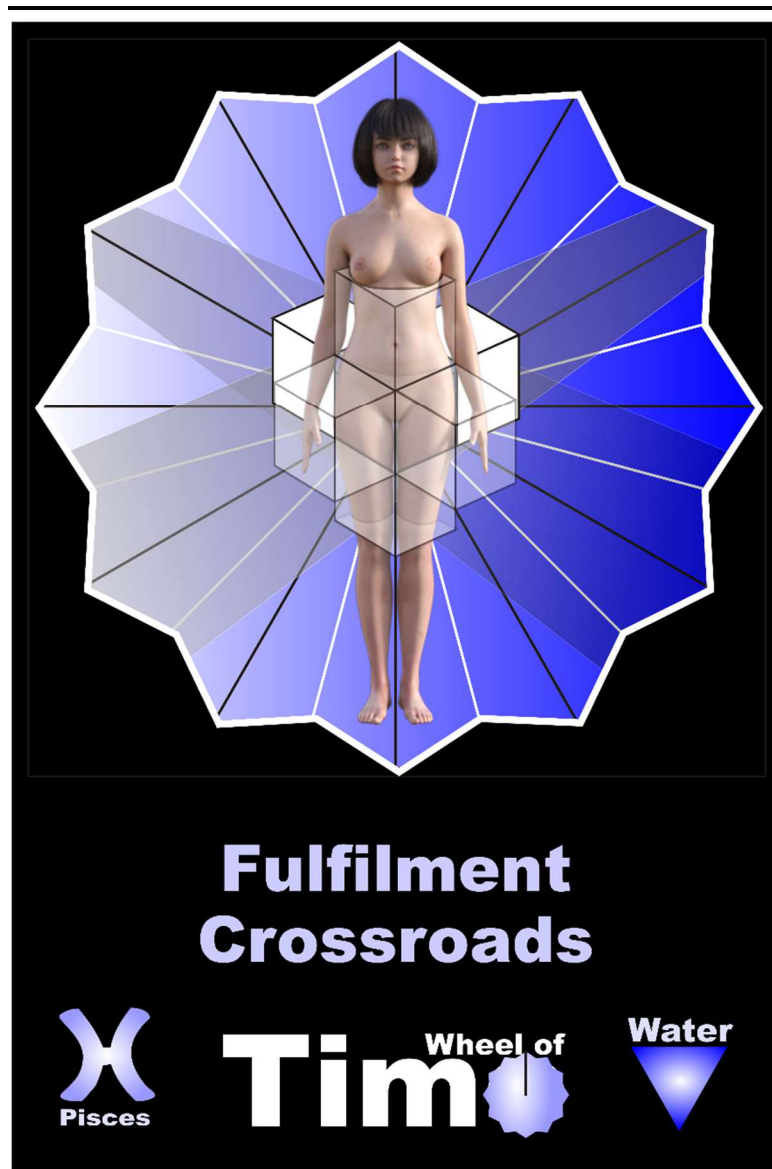
and sometimes
move into them.

I bend reality
to match my fantasy.

*"There is only a void
that resists every attempt to fill it.*

"There is disorder here."

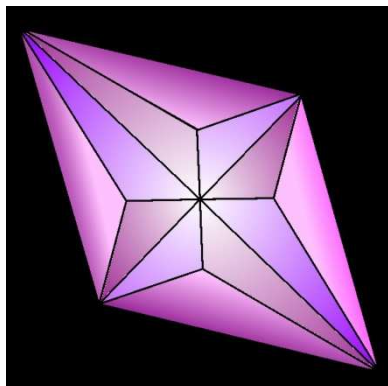
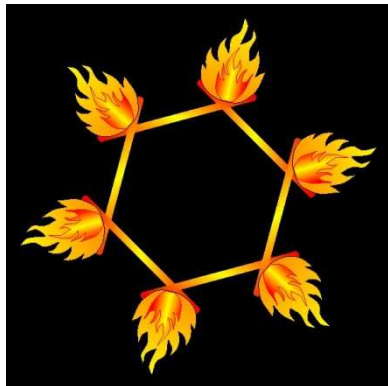
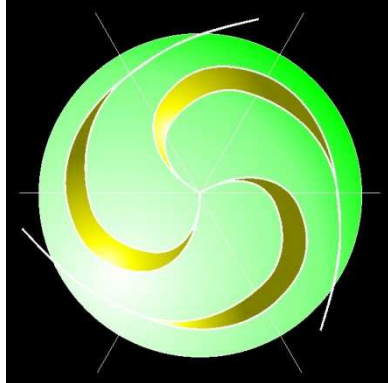
Pisces: Crossroads.



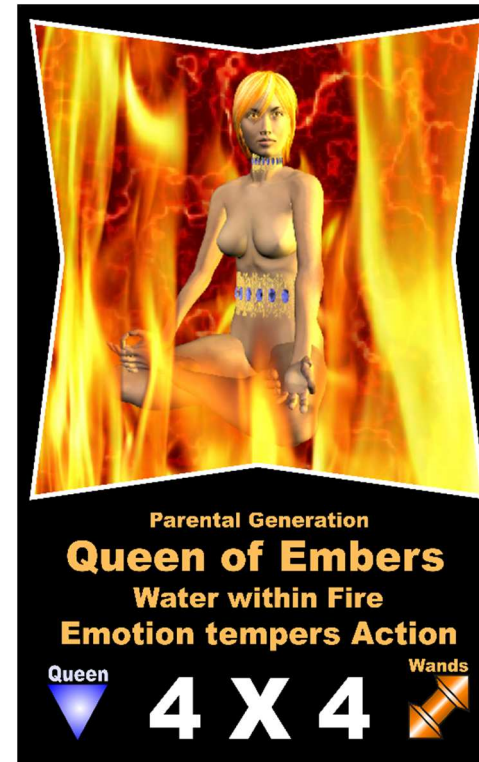
Fulfillment.
The end of the cycle.
Choices.
Advancement.
Rebirth into the next cycle.
Decay of that which is cast off.

At each crossroads, you must choose the direction that will take you the next step nearer to your eventual destination. Your choice is limited, not by where you desire to go, but by who you have become as a result of past decisions. The more wrong turns you have chosen, the fewer choices you have left.

The Events:



The Speaker:



The Queen of
the Throne of Embers

broods and holds
grudges.

She is strong willed,
but with a slippery
base to stand on.

She nurses a grudge
and keeps a slow fire
burning
to roast her
enemies.

When she is not busy
planning revenge,
Our Lady of the Hunt
sees conspiracy
before it can hatch,

and danger
before it's a hazard.

Our Lady of the Hunt
is also Queen of the
Throne of Generosity.

In this case,
Water opposes Fire.

"RePsychle, rinse, and repeat."

The Big Wheel Keep on Turning

And there you are at the Ending,
some mixture of dark and light.

Working with the tools of the Mage or Magician
instead of the raw elements of youth.



And maybe it's time to go around again,
And maybe you didn't make it all the way through,
but got stuck in a season or two.

And perhaps there are big cycles and little cycles
within them.
And perhaps the Keys know more about what your
life holds
than you do.

END PART 06

6

Windmills of the Mind

*If you don't trust the people you are
doing this with, don't do it!*



Caution!

*The spoken story can build a virtual reality
experience in your imagination. In this case,
the story will be accompanied by some auto
hypnotic techniques designed to take you to
a very specific Voyage Space. These auto
hypnotic techniques may make you very
suggestible.*

*There is no way of predicting how you
(personally) will react to such concepts as
"Mother" or "Father." (If you have been
abused as a child, the experience might be
cathartic, or it might be a catastrophic
nightmare.)*

*If you think you might have a problem, you
might alternately read the material instead
of listening to it. (At least the first time.)
That way you can escape from the virtual
reality experience by stopping reading.*

If you are listening and find that you have a problem, open your eyes and look around.

The transition from virtual reality to consensual reality can be disorienting when it is abrupt. To reorient yourself, focus your eyes on some specific object and then move your focus to another specific object. Continue until you regain your orientation.



Caution!

*Acting out the following exercise involves using candles. If you use candles with actual, burning flames, please pay attention to fire regulations and use common sense. If you're not allowed to play with matches, use your imagination or a flashlight instead of a candle. **Don't start a fire!***

Map of the Country

Please turn off your personal communicators.

Get comfortable. You will be staying still for fifteen, twenty, or more minutes. If you are sitting in a chair, uncross your legs, put your feet flat on the floor, and put your hands on your thighs.

Close your eyes.

Tense up your body until it feels heavy with tension. Then let your body relax so that the tension flows downward into the floor. Feel your body getting lighter and lighter as the tension drains away.

Watch the tension flow downward out of you, into the floor, and then into the ground, as you become lighter and lighter.

There are four little votive candles around the outside edges of the room, one in the West, one in the East, one in the North, and one in the South. There is a single tall, white, lit candle on the glass-top table in the center of the circle. To the East of the white candle, there is a shorter, *unlit*, orange candle. To the West, a shorter, *unlit* blue candle.

You can hear a clock ticking — once a second.

Breathe slowly and evenly.

Look at the central candle. Concentrate on the flame. Be aware of the four votive candles in the four directions. Kindle a fifth light in your mind, below the circle, and a sixth light above the circle. Think of these lights as an angel to your left, and angel to your right, an angel below you, an angel above you, an angel behind you, and an angel before you. These lights will remain around you wherever you go and will protect you.

Things are very much different where we are going. You will be able to breathe underwater. You will be able to walk through fire without burning. You will be light as a feather and can fly without falling. You can see underground without light and you can come back by opening your eyes.

We are going on a journey of discovery to meet the members of the Four Families.

Now, watch the candle flame. Watch the darker part surrounded by light. Let the candle flame fill your mind. It is a dancer, whirling, and spinning, and leaping, and dancing.

Prelude

The room is in darkness.

There is a single, tall, lighted white candle in front of you.

Sit comfortably.

Relax.

Look at the white candle.

Watch the flame.

Let the flame expand and fill your mind's eye.

Hold the flame there.

Watch the flame dance as you close your eyes.

Watch the dancing flame.

Watch as the dancing flame floats slowly toward you, stopping near your face.

Feel the gentle warmth upon your face.

Watch the dancing flame.

Watch as it drifts gently upward
and curves over your forehead,
pausing just above the top of your head.

Watch while the light floats slowly down
 inside your head
warming you gently from the inside
with pure energy.

Feel the warmth inside your head.

Watch as the pure light washes away all darkness.

The warm brightness relaxes your head,
relaxes your face,
relaxes your neck,
relaxes your shoulders,
as the cold darkness flows silently
like falling water,
ever downward,
out of your body,
and into the ground.

Feel the warm brightness expanding to fill
and illuminate your body.

The warm brightness relaxes your arms,
relaxes your elbows,
relaxes your forearms,
relaxes your wrists,
relaxes your hands,
relaxes your fingers.

And the cold darkness flows silently
like falling water,
ever downward,
out of your body,
and into the ground.

Feel the warm brightness expanding downward,
relaxing your chest,
relaxing your back,
relaxing your waist,
relaxing your hips.

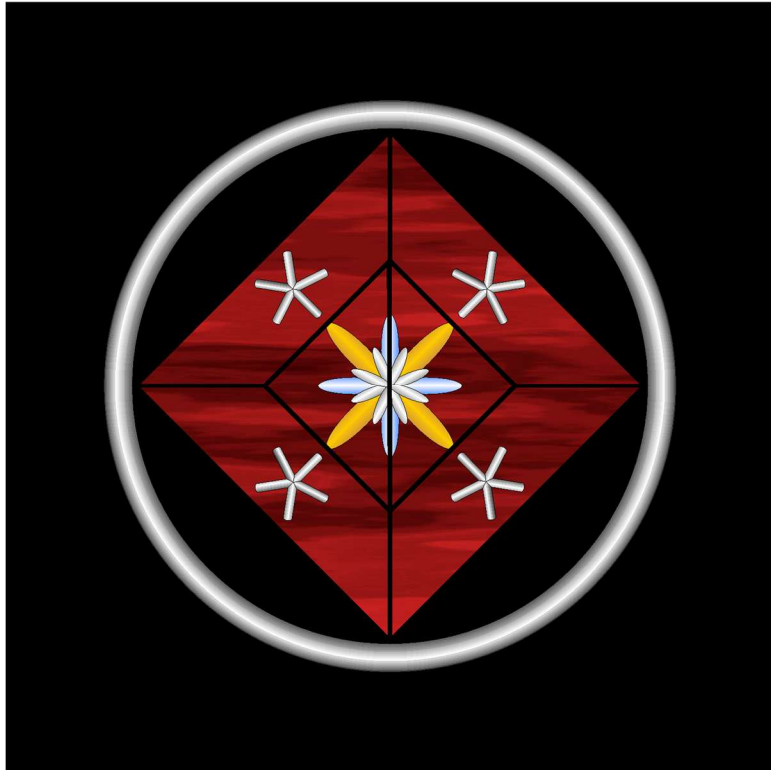
And the cold darkness flows silently
like falling water,
ever downward,
out of your body,
and into the ground.

Feel the warm brightness expanding downward,
relaxing your thighs,
relaxing your knees,
relaxing your legs,
relaxing your ankles,
relaxing your feet,
relaxing your toes.

And the cold darkness flows silently
like falling water,
ever downward,
out of your body,
and into the ground.

Fantastic Voyage

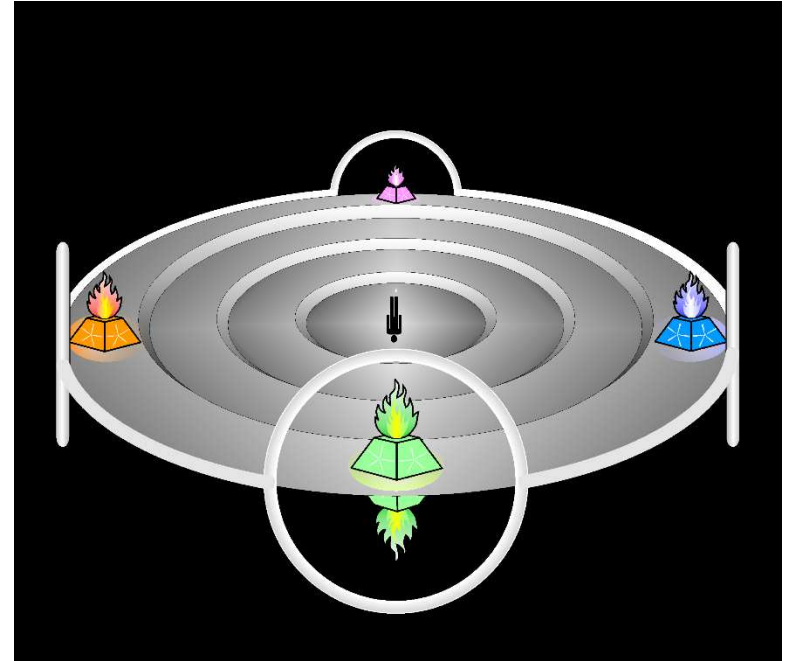
There is a simple, round, wooden door before you.



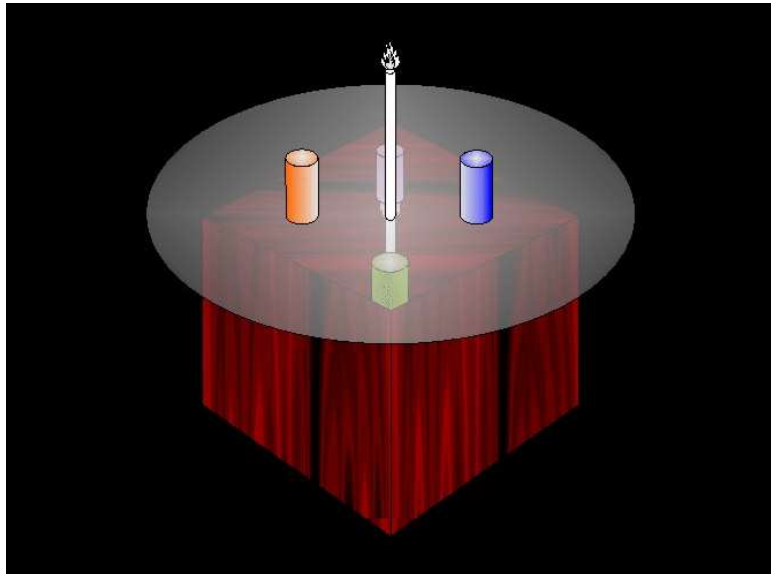
The door is unlocked.
Reach out
and open the Portal.

Windmills of the Mind

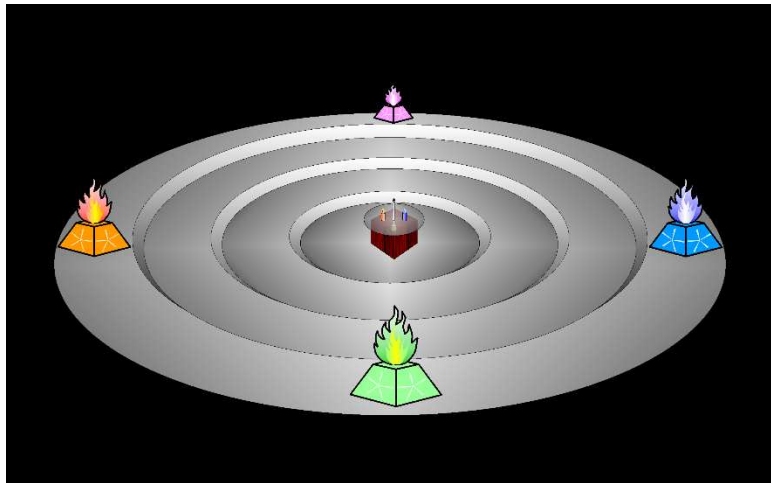
*Vast starry night.
The wooden Portal is behind you.
Another Portal is across from you in the distance.
To the left and the right, two more Portals.*



*The Four Portals are linked by a circle of light.
There are three circular steps downward
leading to a round glass table
with a square wooden base
holding the candles of the Moon and the Sun.
Reflected in the glass
are the candles of the Mind and the Body.
There is a gentle white light coming from above.*



*You walk down the steps and stop within the
inmost circle.
You sit upon the step.
The overhead light fades to darkness around you.
Only the burning white candle remains.*



The Tower of the Moon



To the right,
in the West,
at the Portal of the Moon:

*The light collects in softly flowing blue waters
of calmness, and love, and life.
The Tower reflects blue peace throughout the
Universe.
The blue light concentrates to summon
the Guardian of the Portal of Love.*

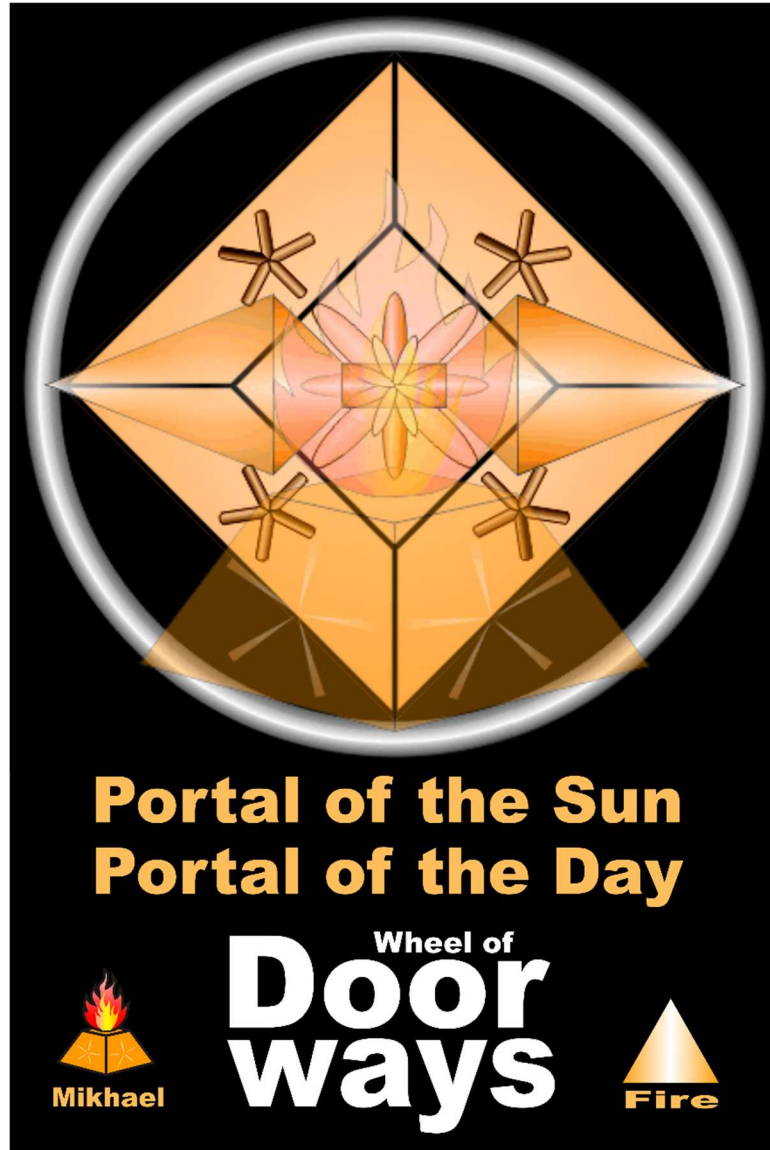
*Guardian of the Portal of the Night,
Guardian of the Blue Cord,
Silent Sentinel of the Waters of Love,
I salute You.*

The Tower at the West Portal lights.

*Guard well the Portal,
That no distrust may enter herein,
nor harm those who seek sanctuary
in the Temple of the Phoenix;
yet, Guard well the Portal,
that the Truth be not turned away
with the False.*

This is the Tower of the Moon
at the Portal of the Night
in the Temple of the Phoenix
in the Pavilion of Silence
at the Crossroads of the Universe.

The Tower of the Sun



*To the left,
in the East,
at the Portal of the Sun:*

*The light catches the burning Arrows of Desire.
The Tower refracts and reflects their intense
orange energy
throughout the Universe.
The orange light concentrates to summon
the Guardian of the Portal of Will.*

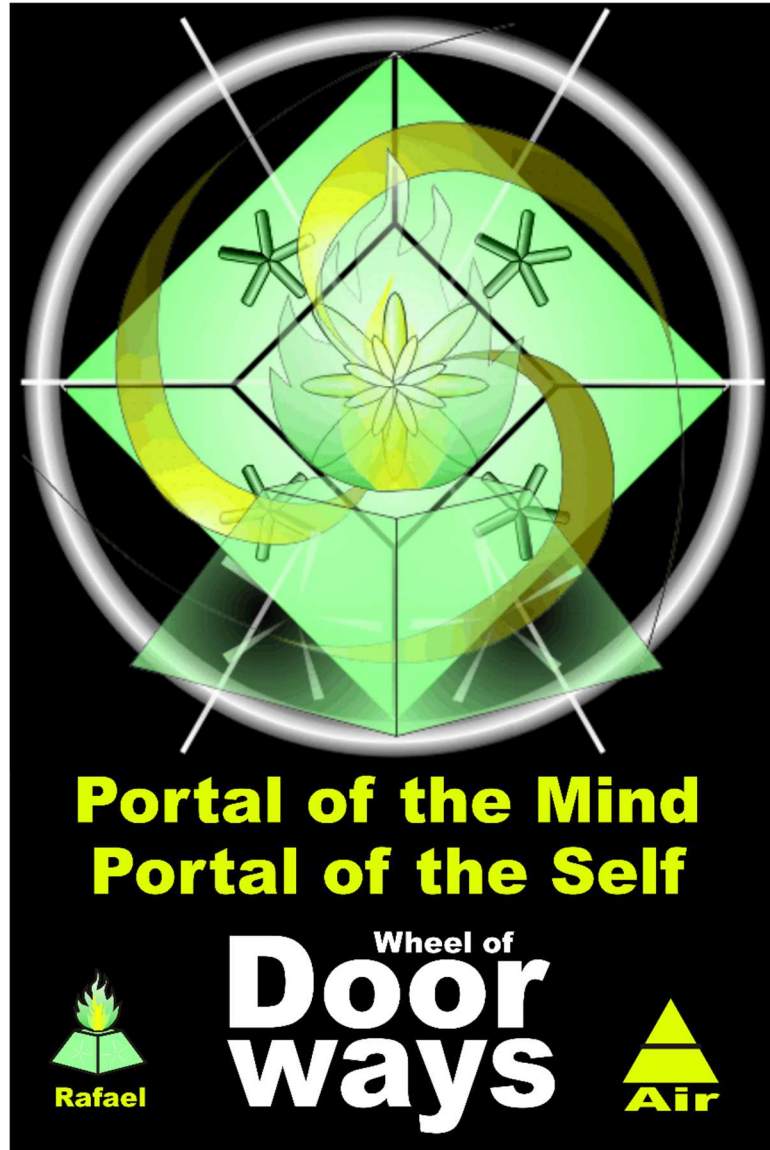
*Guardian of the Portal of the Day,
Guardian of the Orange Cord,
Silent Sentinel of the Fires of Will,
I salute You.*

The Tower at the East Portal lights.

*Guard well the Portal,
That no distrust may enter herein,
nor harm those who seek sanctuary
in the Temple of the Phoenix;
yet, Guard well the Portal,
that the Truth be not turned away
with the False.*

*This is the Tower of the Sun
at the Portal of the Day
in the Temple of the Phoenix
in the Pavilion of Silence
at the Crossroads of the Universe.*

The Tower of Air



*Behind,
in the North,
at the Portal of the Self:*

The light creates the gold and green glow of the mind.

The Tower reflects the illuminating energy throughout the Universe.

The golden-green light concentrates to summon the Guardian of the Portal of the Mind.

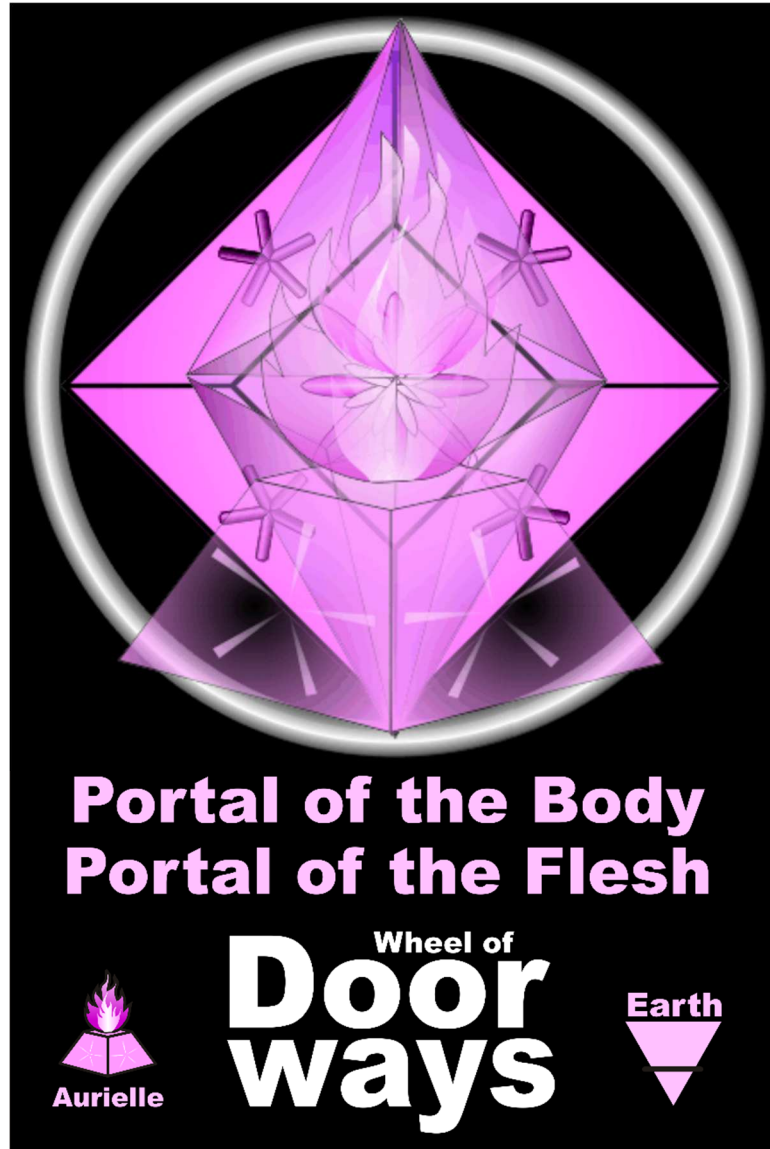
*Guardian of the Portal of the Self,
Guardian of the Golden-Green Cord,
Silent Sentinel of the Mists of Mind,
I salute You.*

The Tower at the North Portal lights.

*Guard well the Portal,
That no distrust may enter herein,
nor harm those who seek sanctuary
in the Temple of the Phoenix;
yet, Guard well the Portal,
that the Truth be not turned away
with the False.*

*This is the Tower of Air
at the Portal of the Mind
in the Temple of the Phoenix
in the Pavilion of Silence
at the Crossroads of the Universe.*

The Tower of Earth



*In front,
in the South,
at the Portal of the Flesh:*

*The light creates the red glow of blood and the
violet glow of passion.
The Tower reflects the red-violet energy of binding
and building
throughout the Universe.
The red-violet light concentrates to summon
the Guardian of the Portal of Body.*

*Guardian of the Portal of the Flesh,
Guardian of the Red-Violet Cord,
Silent Sentinel of the Flesh and Bones,
I salute You.*

The Tower at the South Portal lights.

*Guard well the Portal,
That no distrust may enter herein,
nor harm those who seek sanctuary
in the Temple of the Phoenix;
yet, Guard well the Portal,
that the Truth be not turned away
with the False.*

*This is the Tower of Earth
at the Portal of the Body
in the Temple of the Phoenix
in the Pavilion of Silence
at the Crossroads of the Universe.*

Whispers

*Now the white light flows outward from the center.
You stand, as the incarnation of the Mirror,
within the crossed circle
of the Temple of the Phoenix
in the Pavilion of Silence
at the Crossroads of the Universe.*

*Approaching the center of the crossroads,
a living symbol,
to represent the Subject.*

She stands illuminated by the white light:



*The Princess
of Sword and Shield.
A virgin wrapped
in Ideas,
Wielding the bright
Sword of Truth
and the bright
Shield of Love.
Earth within Air,
Thought rules Body.*

She Says:

***Programming the Ultimate Computer,
Programming the Human Mind***

*She exits behind you,
to the Tower of the Air
at the Portal of the Self.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*Before you, at the Tower of the Body,
The red and violet flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of Fear,
at the Portal of the Flesh,
speaks through the person,
of the Queen of the Throne of Fear,
Our Lady of the Hearth.*

*A Queen on a throne of living stone,
afraid out of ignorance,
hides deep below the ground.
Water within Earth,
Practicality tempers Emotion.*

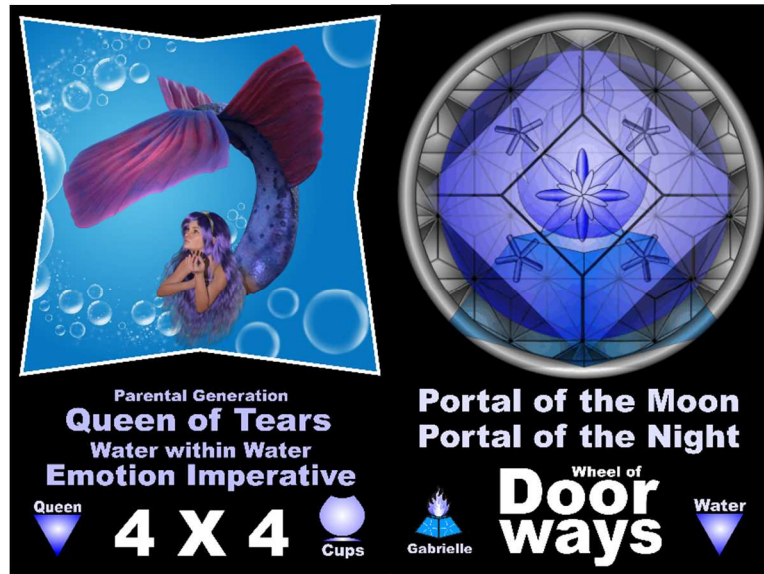
She hisses through clenched teeth:

Fear Ungrounded

*I will conquer Evil by allowing Fear into my
being,
that I may turn that Fear into driving
anger
to defend the Children of the Earth!*

There is darkness and silence again.

*To your right, at the Tower of the Night,
the blue flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of Emotion,
at the Portal of the Moon,
speaks through the person,
of the Queen of the Throne of Tears,
Our Lady of the Lake.*

*A Sea Queen,
seated on a throne of broken seashells,
a starfish,
undulating creature of the sea:
reaching, holding, releasing, surrounding, parting.
Water within Water,
Emotion Imperative.*

Receding Reflections

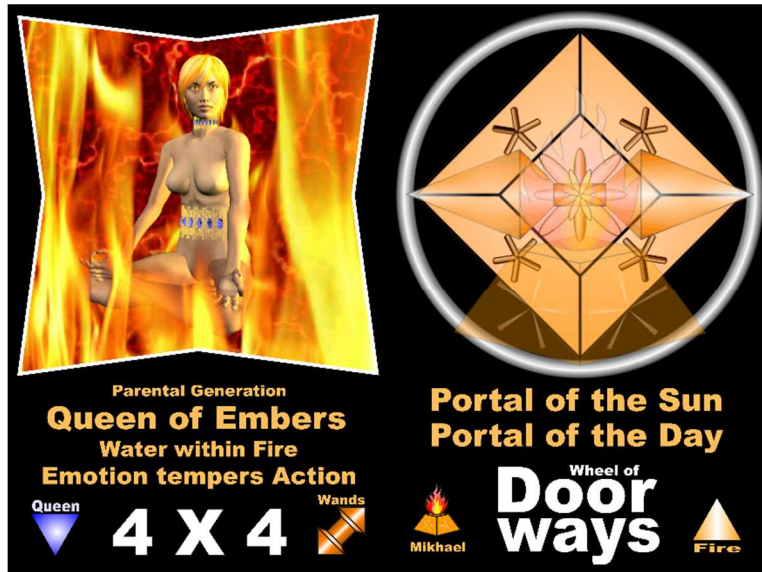
*Reflections,
the empty mold, turned inside-out —
is the child.
Made in the image of its parents.*

*A distorted mirror of the Child's Eye View,
the quality degrades with each generation
like a picture of a picture,
each less focused than the last;
against an ever-changing background.*

*It never, ever ends.
Each generation carries on
the Family Business.
Revised,
and restructured,
and distorted,
and repeated.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*To your left, at the Tower of the Day,
The orange flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of Emotion,
at the Portal of the Sun,
speaks through the person,
of the Queen of the Throne of Embers,
Our Lady of the Hunt.*

*A dark brightness, brooding on a throne of coals,
calm, fragile-bright inspection,
tension.*

*Water within Fire,
Emotion tempers Action.*

Stable States

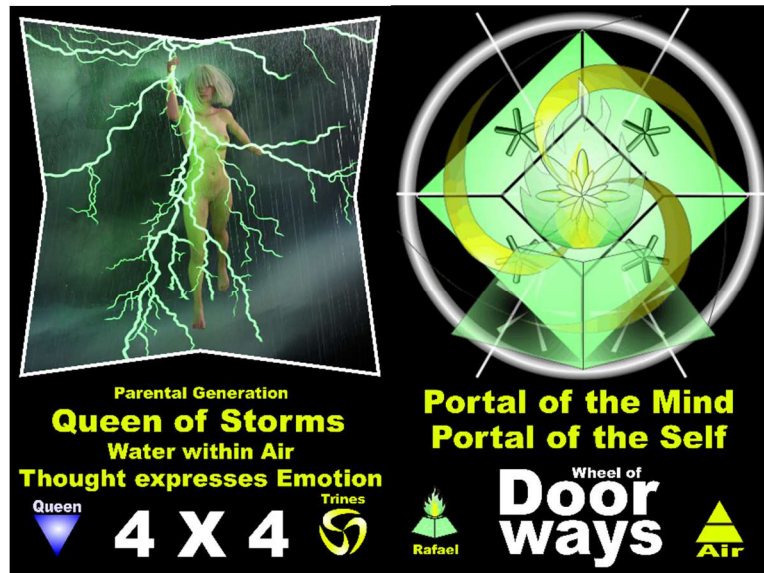
*I will not teach my children to be savages
to survive the coming Holocaust,
for if the Holocaust comes
there will be no survivors.*

*I am a billion years savage bred.
I will protect my children!*

Or there will be no survivors...

There is darkness and silence again.

*Behind you, at the Tower of the Mind,
the yellow-green flames flare brighter.*



*As Witness for the Subject,
at the Portal of the Self
at the Mirror of Infinity,
in the Hall of Mirrors
in the Pavilion of Silence
at the Crossroads of the Universe,
The voice of the Queen of the Throne of Storms,
Our Lady of Darkness
speaks for the Subject.*

*A Queen upon a nimbus throne,
spinning, screaming, siren pulsing silence.
Water within Air,
Thought expresses Emotion.*

Something Hidden

*When I hear my child say: "I hate you!"
I hear "I am hurt, I am angry,
I want to hurt!"
When I hear my child say: "I'm lonely,"
I fear the coming Darkness.*

*Love is trust,
but distrust is something hidden,
something hidden to advantage,
something hidden out of fear,
something hidden, something ugly,
something hidden, keep away,
something hidden, something lonely,
something hidden, keep away.*

*Love is trust,
but the opposite of Love is Lonely.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*Before you, at the Tower of the Body,
the red and violet flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of Action,
at the Portal of the Flesh,
speaks through the person,
of the Lord of Tribes,
Knight of the House of Earth.*

*A tired, proud warrior, on a tired, proud horse.
Mindjewel, crystal of wholeness, foundation.
Fire within Earth,
Practicality controls Action.*

Filling the Void

*Mindjewel.
I hold in my hands a Void.
With my mind alone may I fill this Void.
With my mind alone may I build another
Mindjewel.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*To your right, at the Tower of the Night,
the blue flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of Action,
at the Portal of the Moon,
speaks through the person,
of the Lord of Cycles,
Knight of the House of Water.*

*A Sea Lord, on a sea horse,
pearls lying in water.
Fire within Water,
Emotion controls Action.*

Advertising

*Teardrops splashing in a room of crystal
mirrors.*

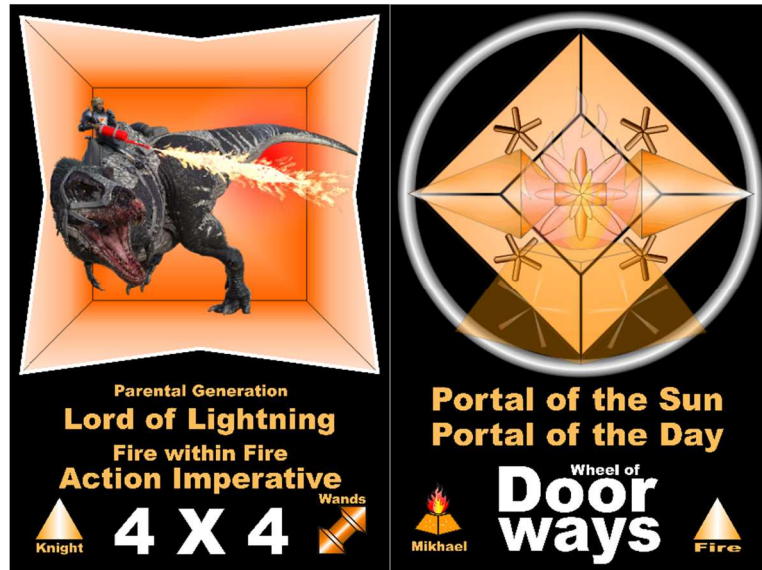
*Too late the head that sorrows,
when program time is done.*

*Too late the head that sorrows,
when the Gate of Life,
is the Veil of Tears.*

*What I invite
by my behavior and being,
my children welcome
without understanding.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*To your left, at the Tower of the Day,
the orange flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of Action,
at the Portal of the Sun,
speaks through the person,
of the Lord of Lightning,
Knight of the House of Fire.*

*Fire-bright armor on a fire-bright horse.
Lightning racing down the sky.
Fire within Fire,
Action Imperative.*

Pandora

*I will
protect my children.*

*If you would dare to play with Fire,
Call down the Lightning!*

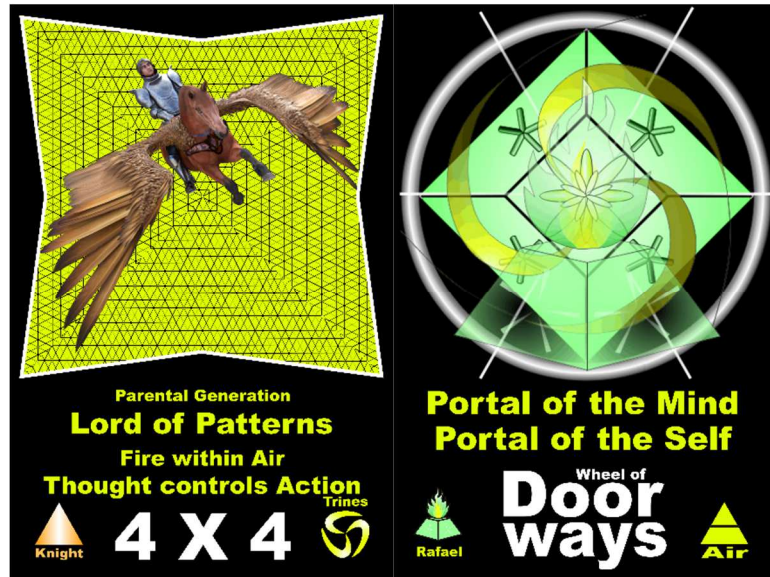
There will be no survivors.

*The Dying will see to it.
They have nothing left to lose.*

*Be careful what you let out of the box.
The last horror is hope
for the end of pain
by death.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*Behind you, at the Tower of the Mind,
the yellow-green flames flare brighter.*



*As Witness for the Subject,
at the Portal of the Self,
at the Mirror of Infinity,
in the Hall of Mirrors,
in the Pavilion of Silence
at the Crossroads of the Universe,
the voice of the Lord of Patterns,
Knight of the House of Air
speaks for the Subject.*

*A pale warrior on a pale horse.
Flower petals opening, unfolding,
forming a web of bright cables
to the four quarters of the universe.
Fire within Air,
Thought controls Action.*

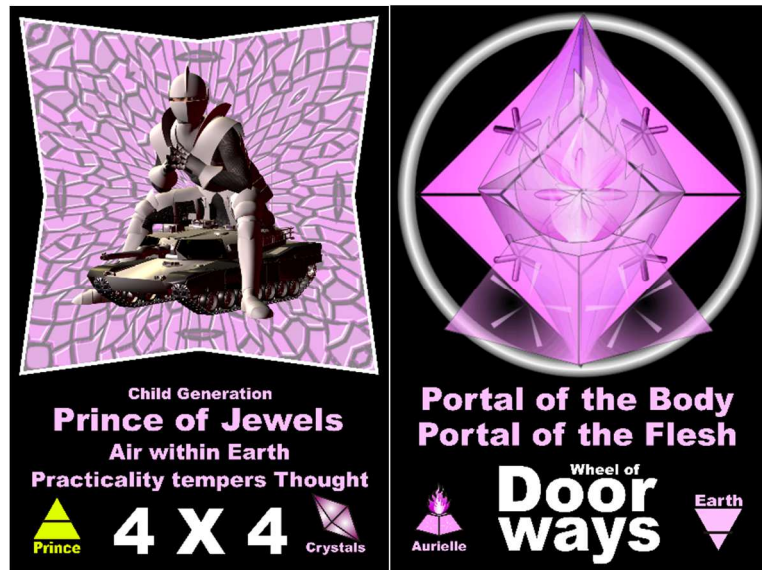
Infant Learning Behavior

*All gods are one god,
and all men are one man.
All goddesses are one goddess,
and all women are one woman.
All gods and all goddesses,
Are reflections in the mirror.*

*A child learns from its parents.
A child learns little from what a parent says.
A child learns some from what a parent does.
A child learns more from what a parent feels.
A child learns most from what a parent is.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*Before you, at the Tower of Body,
the red and violet flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of the Mind,
at the Portal of the Flesh,
speaks through the person,
of the Prince of Jewels,
Lord of the Chariot of Steel.*

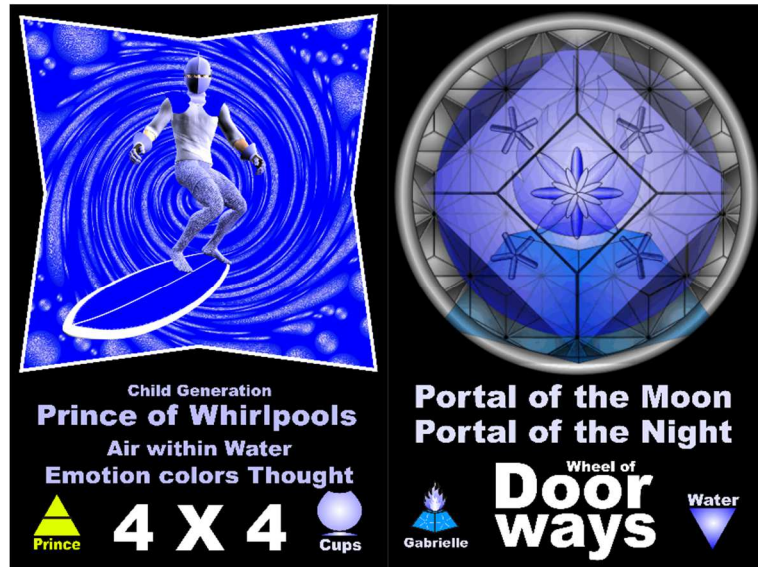
*A battle wagon drawn by a bull,
turning the pinion of Earth.
A Prince in dull armor, inexorable.
Air within Earth,
Practicality tempers Thought.*

Payment

*I am the child of my parents,
in the house that my parents built.
"I am the child of my parents,"
I hear my children say.
"I am the child of my parents,"
I would hear it said with pride.
"I am the child of my parents,
Who have taught Their children Love."*

There is darkness and silence again.

*To your right, at the Tower of the Night,
the blue flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of the Mind,
at the Portal of the Moon,
speaks through the person,
of the Prince of Whirlpools.*

*A Sea Prince riding a seashell drawn by dolphins,
exciting—consuming
taking without returning.
Air within Water,
Emotion colors Thought.*

Addiction

*You have been trained by your experiences
to
not
think.
You see one reality and you think
it is the only reality
because you have lost your belief in dreams.*

*So you block out your one reality,
with a dream that has no reality,
but is convincing enough
to be substituted
for a short period of time.*

*The lies that separate us from our own bodies
separate us from the feelings of others.*

*Pain and Fear are addictive
when they come from god and goddess
incarnate.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*To your left, at the Tower of the Day,
the orange flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of the Mind,
at the Portal of the Sun,
speaks through the person,
of the Prince of Dawn,
Lord of the Chariot of Flames.*

*A Prince in bright armor,
a lion pulling a spinning chariot of sunbeams.
Crossed forearms,
fists and elbows,
interlocking notches,
spinning shield,
the bright and shining Sun,
order.
Air within Fire,
Action colors Thought.*

Community

*If the world cannot be made safe for children,
then the world will be destroyed by children.
Children wearing adult bodies.*

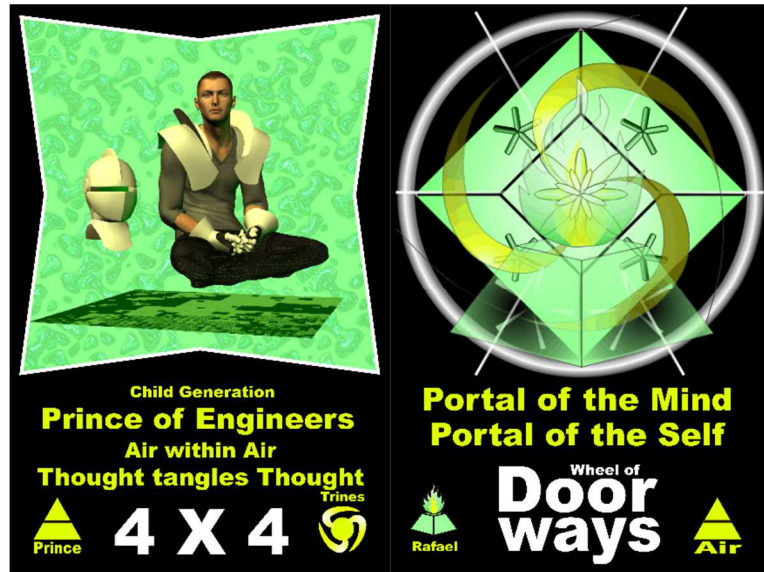
*You must tell the Children
that monsters don't have funny
shapes or colors,
yet monsters masquerade in human skins,
and sometimes monsters hide within us.
We tell the monsters from the People,
by how they treat themselves and others.
We know the monsters hid within us,
by where we find the hidden voids.*

*Your Deeds shall be your Name,
and your Name shall be Recorded:
In the Book of Names
On the Mirror of Infinity,
In the Pavilion of Silence,
At the Crossroads of the Universe.*

*To whom shall the programming be
entrusted?*

There is darkness and silence again.

*Behind you, at the Tower of the Mind,
the yellow-green flames flare brighter.*



*As Witness for the Subject
at the Tower of the Mind,
at the Mirror of Infinity
in the Hall of Mirrors,
in the Pavilion of Silence,
at the Crossroads of the Universe,
the voice of the Prince of Engineers,
Lord of the Chariot of the Winds
speaks for the Subject.*

*An Air Lord, with a three-wheeled chariot,
three ways pulled.
Colossus tripping over its own feet.
Air within Air,
Thought tangles Thought.*

Communication

*Most children spend their childhood learning
exactly what p-people
don't want them to see.*

*So that they (the children) can:
not see it too.*

*Your children know exactly who you are,
just as you knew exactly who your parents were,
until you were taught
not to see certain parts of them;
just as you will teach your children
not to see certain parts of you.*

*So that your hidden agenda
can become their hidden agenda,
modified slightly
to fix the things
they think you did wrong.*

*There is no evil on earth
but to teach a child hunger
through your own failure to Love,
or to teach a child dishonesty
by your own example.*

*The penalty for abusing the body of a child,
the penalty for abusing the mind of a child,
is death everlasting.
You have programmed your seed
to bear bitter fruit.*

*A blind spot in the mind is harder to see
than the blind spot in your eye.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*Before you, at the Tower of Body,
the red and violet flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of Practicality,
at the Portal of the Flesh,
speaks through the person,
of the Princess of Charms.*

*Amulets, talismans, bright shining baubles,
to ward against unknown, against unknowable.
Hostage to the future.
Earth within Earth,
Practicality Imperative.*

Images

*I am the Child of the Body,
I am the Child of the Mind,
I hold before me two Images,
two charms,
two parents,
to ward me safe against the blows of life.*

*Two Images I hold,
two Images more important than the truth,
I will deny reality,
that my images shall protect me.*

*Two Images I hold,
two Images more important than the truth,
I will deny reality,
that my Images shall love me.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*To your right, at the Tower of Love,
the blue flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of Practicality,
at the Portal of the Moon,
speaks through the person,
of the Princess of Dreams.*

*A Sea Princess wrapped in gossamer,
misty and reflective.
Earth within Water,
Emotion limits Practicality.*

Hunger

*At the root of its Being,
a child needs Love.*

*A child unloved
is dying of starvation.
Having never tasted love,
it knows not why it cries.*

*Thus begins the programming:
through Love,
or silent starvation.*

*Hungry is the heart
that feeds upon
its young.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*To your left, at the Tower of the Day,
the orange flames flare brighter.*



*The Voice of Practicality,
at the Portal of the Sun,
speaks through the person,
of the Princess of Mirrors.*

*Bright curves focused.
Bright curves focused outward in radiance.
Bright curves focused inward in self-immolation.
Earth within Fire,
Action limits Practicality.*

Protect My Children

My child is late.

*I turn the mirrors inward —
burning myself with self-recrimination.*

*Yet, it is too late,
now,
when the program must function
in a real world with real data.
Now is the searing, acid test.
Now I scream: "DO SOMETHING,"
as I feel the self-inflicted wounds.*

*But it is too late to do anything.
Only my skill as a programmer stands
between my child
and the Furies.
It is too late, except to hope
for another rehearsal.*

There is darkness and silence again.

*Behind you, at the Tower of the Mind,
the yellow-green flames flare brighter.*



*The Subject,
at the Portal of the Self,
at the Mirror of Infinity,
in the Hall of Mirrors,
in the Pavilion of Silence,
at the Crossroads of the Universe,
will speak for itself.
The voice of the Princess of Sword and Shield
speaks for the Subject.*

*A virgin wrapped in Ideas,
wielding the bright Sword of Truth
and the bright Shield of Love.
Earth within Air,
Thought rules Body.*

Becoming

*I have no Children of the Body.
I hold in trust a Child of the Mind.
And children need a safe place
to Become.*

The light fades to total darkness.
Only the white candle remains.

Backstage

*And you look at the white candle,
And you ask yourself:*

Why does it exist at all?

Here are some of those footnotes you missed while you were away.^{13,14,15}

END PART 07

¹³ *It was a circular clock of black cardboard with an aluminum foil dot at twelve. It had a battery-operated, quartz-controlled, clock motor that ticked once each second. The cardboard amplified the sound into a metronome.*

¹⁴ *It was a round glass table on a hollow square base so that the candles seemed suspended in space and reflected below as they were above. For practical purposes, the idea here is a round transparent (somewhat reflective) top on a base column with a square cross section. The materials and proportions don't matter.*

¹⁵ Your blind spot is where the optic nerve joins the retina. There are no light sensitive cells in this area, so your brain invents what it thinks should be there. The eyes work together so that where one eye is blind, the other sees.

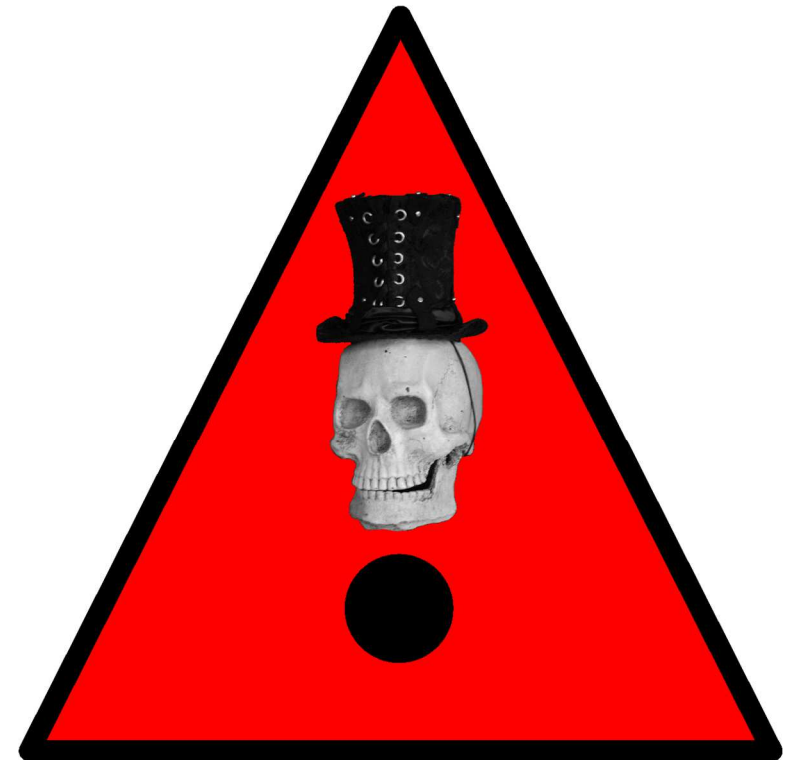


Cover your left eye. Move over so that the blue circle is directly in front of your right eye. Stare at the blue circle with your right eye. Then, slowly move the drawing towards or away from yourself. Do not look at the orange bar. There should be a point where the orange bar disappears from the picture. That is your blind spot in your right eye.

Try covering your right eye and staring at the orange bar using your left eye. This time the blue circle should disappear

7

System Failure



System Failure!

Oberon Died Today -

Once upon a Saturday morning,
in someone else's kitchen,
Titania said:

"He didn't want to go out partying Friday night
so I went by myself.

"Now he accuses me of being a 'cheap bar
whore!'

"I don't have to take this shit!

"He's not the boss of me!"

Two weeks later:

"He didn't want to go out partying Friday night
so I went by myself.

"Now he accuses me of being a 'cheap bar
whore!'

"I don't have to take this shit!

"He's not the boss of me!"

Two weeks later:

"He didn't want to go out partying Friday night
so I went myself.

"Now he accuses me of being a 'cheap bar
whore!'

• • •

Same time, same station:

"He didn't want to go out partying Friday night
so I went myself.

• • •

The Beginning of Autumn
(fictionally reconstructed from eyewitness
accounts):

*[She doesn't tell the policeman,
but he counts the bottles.]*

[The story begins]

"He started it again!

Telling me What's Wrong with me!

*My kid is less fucked up
than his kids are!"*

[...and silently]

I don't have to take this shit!

He's not the boss of me!

[The story continues.]

"I was just collecting my things
so I could get out of here!
Just the important stuff —
the rest he can throw away!

"He just stormed out of here
and went down to his truck.

"I went to the bathroom.

"He came back with a hammer and
started knocking holes in the ceiling.
Then he looped an orange extension
cord around a beam,
put it around his neck,
climbed up on the table
and jumped.

"I held him up while I screamed for help!
I held him on my back for 45 minutes.

"They took him to the hospital.

"Do you know how he is?"

[The policeman replies.]

"They took him to the Critical Care Unit."

Days pass,

merging into

days passing.

"It's not my fault!
I'm the victim here!

"He didn't tell me he was bipolar,
triggered by alcohol.

"I met him in a bar.
He didn't tell me he was bipolar.
He didn't tell me he didn't take his medicine.

"They say he made the decision
before he picked me out.
They say it was his choice, and not my
actions.
They say I'm not responsible.

"They say he looked for someone
just like his mother and his ex-wife.
They say that he got revenge on me
for what they did to him.

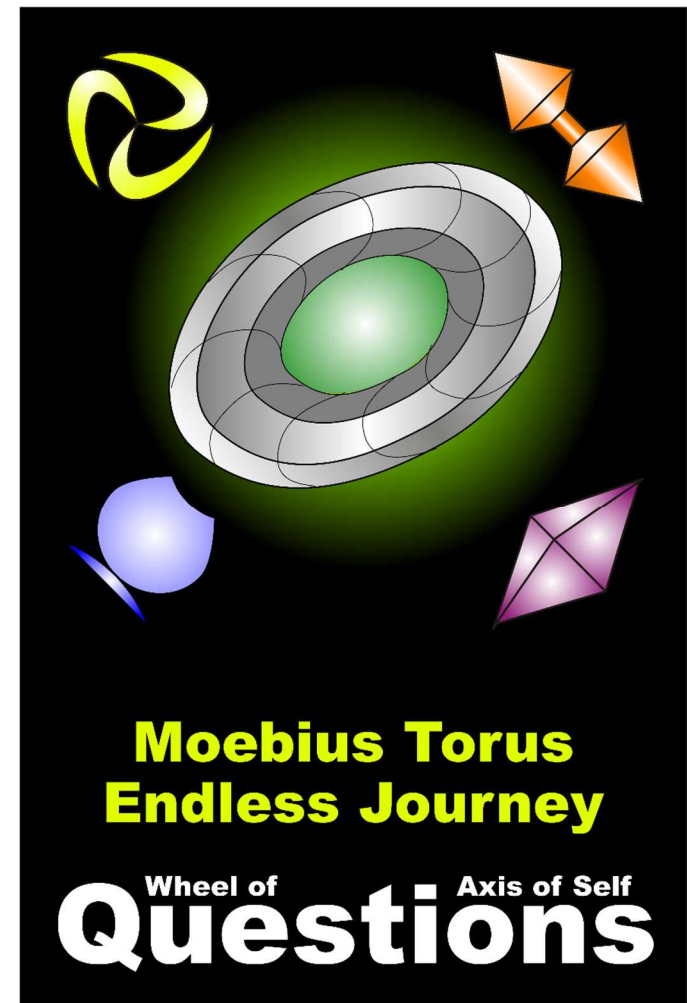
"I held him on my back for 45 minutes,
screaming for help.
"I relive it every night!

"I don't know what day Oberon died.
The day he hung himself,
or the day when they unplugged the
machines,
or the day when he first met me!

"I'm afraid of the Critical Care Unit."

END PART 08

Endless Journey



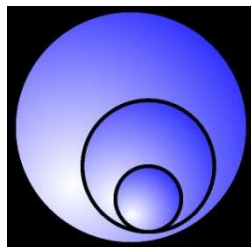
Out, Out, Damned Spot!

The Pips of the *Keys to the Mind* are the places where all things take place. They are the stage upon which life frets and struts its brief moment. They are the predefined locales of the *Keys to the Mindgame*. They are the minor Keys that help define the scope of the mind. They are the neighborhood. (Some say they are the rooms of *Moebius Torus Infinitum — The Torus with a Twist*. Others say they are the dice cast by the Lords and Ladies of the *Wheel of Chaos*.)

To use the Pips, remember that the title of the Pip, the number of the Pip, the picture on the Pip, and the words on the Pip are all meant to suggest the same place. It is a location in *mind-space*. Some aspect of that *mind-space* will provide the playing ground for each cusp.

For example, the 3 of Water:

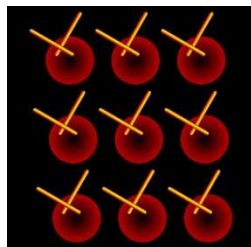
- Title: Three Globes Pregnant.
- Number: Threes, Expansion
- Words: Change, Expansion
- Picture:



Reminds you that change comes, whether wanted or not. It suggests that the change can be an opportunity for expansion.

On another hand, the 9 of Fire:

- Title: Nine Drums Muffled
- Number: Nines, Reflections
- Words: Fame, Strength
- Picture:



Reminds you that they will give you a nice funeral if you are "Strong" or "Famous." It suggests the multiple aspects of being noticed.

A Month Before Thanksgiving

[Brightly]

Hello!
Pull my string!
I'm Wimpi Tani;
I don't want t to hear about lung cancer,
I'm a smoker.

[Wary]

Hello,
I'm Wimpi Tani;
I'm afraid of the Big Bad Critical Care Unit.

[A little panicky]

Hello.
I'm Wimpi Tani;
I don't want to hear about catheters and diuretics
and congestive heart failure and Lasix.
I don't understand it!
I'm not a doctor!

[Happy]

Hello,
I'm Wimpi Tani;
I'm a Party Girl.
Everybody remembers me.
I'm the one who falls down drunk...
On her face.

[Not really all there]

Hello,
I'm Wimpi Tani;
I know all about drug interactions,
I take tranks with my booze!

[Angry]

Hello,
I'm Wimpi Tani;
I don't need family interventions.
I have drinking buddies.
We take care of each other.

[Petulant]

Hello,
I'm Wimpi Tani;
Pay attention to Me!
It's All About Me!
I'm the Queen of the World!
Please?

[Sadly]

Hello,
I'm Wimpi Tani;
She recovered like I knew she would,
so why do I feel so all alone now?
Why does Grandpa treat me like I don't exist?

Thanksgiving

Titania:

"Lexy, you can sleep in with Girlfriend tonight.
She's not drunk, she's just hung over.
She probably won't wake up.

"No, Grandpa is wrong
when he says I told him she's bisexual,
and that the reason I sleep in with you
when she's over here
is because she's after me.

"That's the other Girlfriend,
the lesbian who's in love with me.
You know that path is not open to me.
I could have saved a lot of pain if it was."

New Boyfriend [at Thanksgiving dinner]:

"Girlfriend's passed out back there.
The last I heard, she was complaining
she couldn't remember who was eating her,
because it wasn't a good job,
and she wanted to remember
to avoid that person next time."

Titania:

"Come on Lexy, there will be other kids
at the party!
New Boyfriend hasn't been drinking,
he's okay to drive."

A Week Night in May

"Did you hear all that screaming last night?"

"No."

(Sure you didn't!)

"Your mommy brought home a drunk last night.
We had to call the police to get rid of him."

"From there, it went down about like this:

Titania (angry):

"I can't believe you called the police!
I'm going to leave in the morning."

Grandpa (bored):

"Bye."

Titania (angry):

"I'm going to take Alexa with me right now,
and you'll never see me or her again."
[She phones her latest ex-New Boyfriend
and leaves a message to expect her and
Lexy. Soon!]

Grandpa:

"Okay, I can't stop you."

Grandpa:

"You do remember what happened
when your Uncle Hippie said that once —
I guess that he didn't realize
that I'd never met his daughter before that —
and I've somehow arranged to avoid her
ever since.

I just gave him what he asked for.
Sort of 'As you wish, so mote it be.'

"If that's what you want from me,
I can do it for you.
It's not even a stretch for me.
But it kind of washes out
the last 30 years for you.

"On the other hand,
Lexy knows the phone number and address.
You certainly managed to run away
and find us somehow,
after being beaten and raped
by your mommy's boyfriends.

"Since you're leaving,
and I'm never going to hear from you again,
you won't need that cell phone anymore.
Lexy will find her own way to call
if she needs to.

Titania:

"How can you do this to Lexy?"

Grandpa:

"Uh? — Who is it that's doing what
to Lexy?"

Grandpa:

"Anyway, pack up what you need
for tonight,
and I'll wake Lexy up
so she can pack whatever she wants to."

Titania:

"I'm trying so hard!
You have no concept of the pain I'm in!"

Grandpa:

"Probably not,
but what does that have to do with
keeping your daughter away from drunks,
and drunks away from your daughter?"

Titania:

"How can you do this to Lexy?
Putting us out on the street
in the middle of the night."

Grandpa:

"Uh, sorry, but that was your idea.
Tell you what,
either get out
or go to bed.
You're getting boring."

A few days later.

"What do I have to do
to get my phone back?"

"Listen to the messages from when you
turned it off.
Particularly to the one from your daughter —
begging you to stop lying to her
about why you aren't home."

Falling Angel

It is the eve of the Harvest Festival.

Tomorrow there will be bonfires on Tar Beach and
in Park to celebrate.

Tonight, the streets of City are wet and empty. I
am alone in the dark and lonely corridors between
the silent buildings. Why is it always raining? I
guess it hides the tears.

I am Upuaut, born of the Sea and Fire. I am the
gray wolf and the Opener of the Way.

*Titania in your bubble,
did you ever wish the World would Change?*

Be careful what you wish for.

In the room named *Loneliness*, I see a dark cliff.
Ocean waves break silver against its base. The
waning moon reflects iridescent blue and green
across the rippling water. At the top of the cliff,
teetering on emptiness, is a glass bubble. It shields
two tiny figures.

Inside the bubble, blue and green flashes shimmer
on the butterfly-wings of Titania, Queen of the
World. She huddles on the ground, her wings
folded about her. She weeps. Near her, the winged
horse kneels.

Look beyond them—through the bubble—to the
moon on the sea. Outside, there are only formless
dark shadows, hidden in smoke and mist.

A silver feather falls from the wing of Pegasus. It
floats silently to the ground in the still air. His
wings lift softly and fall back as he sighs. He is
dying. He cannot live and be bound.

END PART 09

Around the base of the bubble there are diamond-cut scratchings—names, and dates, and deeds. One says *Mother*, another *Father*: Others say *Rape*, *Brutality*, *Neglect*. Titania, Queen of the World created the bubble to keep them out. They are written in everything she does.

Titania holds her head and weeps. She has long-ago given up flying. Her head aches constantly from beating on the glass, trying to escape. Her freedom is a broken dream.

Her wings were strong. Crusted salt tears have made them stiff. When they are quite useless, she will move to the next room—*Heartbreak*. And when at last it is too late, and when she understands why her dreams have died, she will move a final time, to the permanent collection, in the last room—the room named *Despair*.

She has forgotten why she built the bubble. She has forgotten that she continually creates it. She has forgotten the secret key within herself that will break the bubble, lift the chains, and shatter the stone.

She reaches out, wet with tears, to wash away the dust. Where her tears touch the glass, the salt crystallizes, shutting out still more of the gray moon and the gray sea.

I have spent forever, on the outside of the bubble, dying to show her the hidden key. She cannot hear; she does not understand the gray shadows that she sees. Her own name within is the secret key. Freedom so simple, so impossible.

The wind screams in a fury about my head and the waves pound the broken boulders below the face of the cliff. Arcs of jagged lightening flash across the sky while the ground trembles and threatens instant failure. The Earth and the Air conspire against me, but they are too weak — the Sea and Fire have other plans.

I am Upuaut, born of the Sea and Fire. I am the gray wolf and the Opener of the Way.

The bubble *shall not stand*.

I am a saboteur
in *The Temple of Self-Imposed Darkness*.

The scaffolding is erected and ready. Tomorrow they will move the bubble to the room called *Heartbreak*. It is one minute to midnight.

I move a single grain of sand.
I have opened a door!
I have allowed Death a place at the table.

The bubble teeters and slowly rolls toward the edge of the cliff. When it smashes upon the rocks below, Pegasus will surely die. Perhaps Titania will awaken then, and remember how to fly. Perhaps she too will die.

*Dust to dust, ashes for ashes.
Death is the last hope for the living.
Be careful what you wish for.*

There is a Hall of Mirrors in the Pavilion of Silence — four walls, the ceiling, floor — there is nothing more. Here I must look upon myself, not as I wish to see myself, not as I might have been, but as I am. Here in the endless reflections, I stand as Judge. Here in the endless reflections, I will be judged. I am the Dream and the Dreamer, and my dreams are Dreams of Love and Dreams of Will.

I lie upon the floor. A tear slides from my eye down my cheek towards my reflected cheek. I lie upon the floor in the Hall of Mirrors in the Pavilion of Silence at the Crossroads of the Universe. There is blood upon my hands. There is blood in the Mirror of Infinity. There is blood in the Book of Names.

There is a price for opening a door.

END PART 10

Psychle 2

Alexa is Ten

Titania,
I feel old.

Oh,
you mean you weren't trying to kill yourself?
And you didn't mean to worry us?

Do you seriously expect us to believe
that some other car caused the accident,
and you only swerved to avoid them?
While you were stopped at a stop sign?
And you drove into a wall
directly across the street?

Oh!
You don't believe you're an alcoholic?

Perhaps when you made the decision
to take the drink
and then you got behind the wheel,

You wanted to die.

You just didn't want to be
blamed for it.

You didn't want Alexa to feel
about you
the way you feel
about Oberon.

If you die drunk and alone
in a one car automobile accident,
you think it's not suicide?

Does it matter how much you swear
you'll never drink again?
You'll only find another way
to be the center of attention.

Whether it's sooner or later,
the only question is:

Will Lexy have to deal
with a dead body,
or will she be one?

Will Alexa's death just be
collateral damage
from your own personal drive
towards oblivion?

I love you,
but I can't live with you.

I am not the boss of you.
I will not your jailer be!
I fear the wrath of the Angels of Karma
that surround you.
I don't want to get caught in the crossfire.

I'm doing the only thing left that I can to
help you.

Find somewhere else to live.
Take responsibility for your own life.
You can visit when you're sober.
I won't enable you again.

What's that?

"What do I have to do to get my
family back?"

Go to the Museum.

Break the bubble,
rescue Titania —
rescue Pegasus too if you can—
and bring Titania back out alive.

Become the person
you want your daughter to be.

The Bell has rung,
the Book is closing.
Only the Candle still waits.

There's a Pack of Keys
and a book of Do-It-Yourself instructions
that somebody left lying on the table.

It's up to you.

END PART 11

The Siege of Chapel Perilous

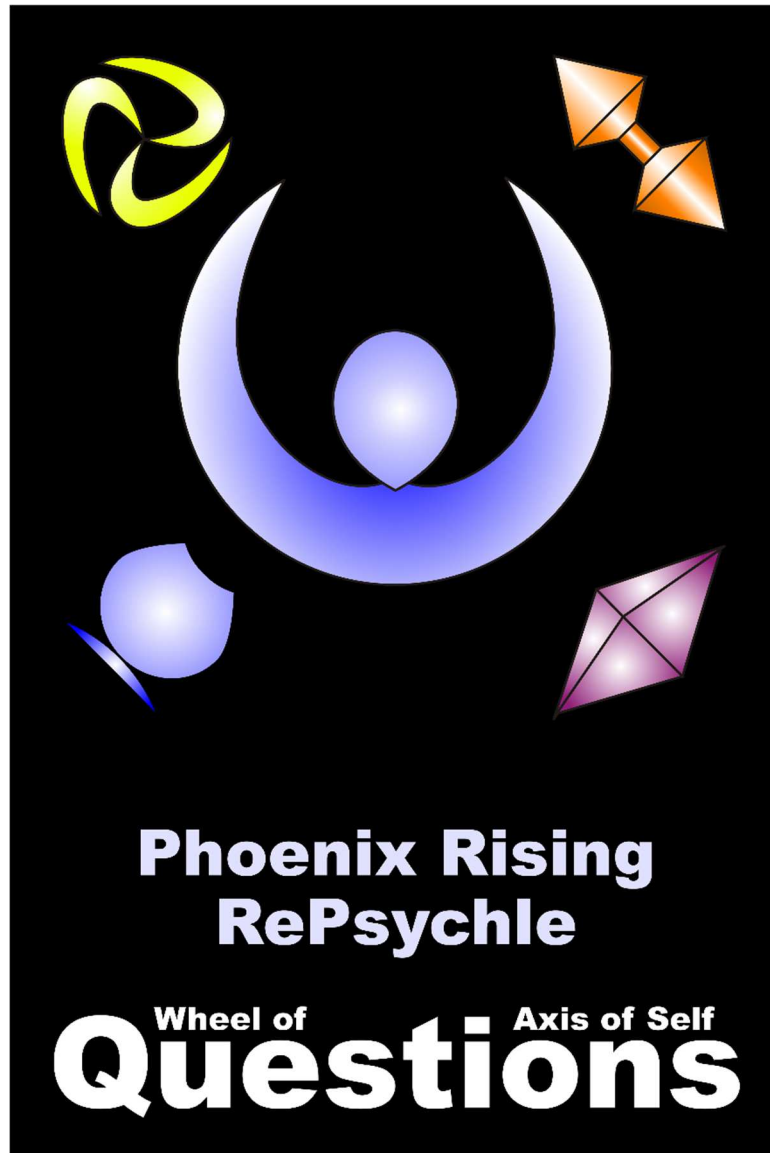
This celebration is not for everybody.

- Some are not ready for it. Some cannot or do not yet perceive the symbols, and therefore cannot see the playing field.
- Some may find it objectionable for religious reasons.
- Some may have difficulty dealing with the parental images.
- Some may find it presumptuous to present an initiation ceremony in a form where the reader may participate vicariously.¹⁶

If you have concerns for these or any other reasons, skip this section. Again, I remind you, you don't have to believe this stuff for it to work.

¹⁶ The reader is **NOT** required to participate. However, the method of presentation may make it difficult to read this section without being drawn into unconscious participation.

The Phoenix



This is the symbol of the Sun within the arms of the Moon.

This is the symbol of Chapel Perilous.

This is the symbol of the Community Circle.

This is the symbol of the Temple of the Phoenix.

This is the symbol of the Phoenix Rising.

This is the symbol of the Reawakening of the Minds.

Phoenix Rising

The title is presumptuous. It implies that the fabled Phoenix, having perished in flames, shall rise again from its own ashes as an oracle. More correctly, perhaps, there are certain ideas that are built into our minds as a part of our ability to cope with our environment. No matter how many times we burn the libraries, or the librarians, these ideas will always rise again from the ashes. The simpler the ideas, the more oracular or prophetic they become with each cleansing by fire.

Just as the concept of two people, a man and a woman combining into one child is a part of us, so too is the concept of all gods combining into one god. Just as the concept of one cell dividing into two cells at our beginnings is a part of us, so too is the concept of one god dividing into many gods. No matter how many religions we forget or destroy, the concepts, if not the details, will always rise again.

The Phoenix then, represents the rebirth of ideas that are part of our hearts, our heritage, and our minds. Carl Jung would call these ideas archetypes.

*I have no Children of the Body.
I hold in Trust, a Child of the Mind.
And Children need a safe place to become.*

To build a safe place, we need tools. Tools not only of the Body, but tools of the Mind. Celebrations are symbols for these tools. They summarize the philosophies by which we live, and which we teach to our Children of the Mind.

Celebrations then, for the lives of our Children. We are building their future. They must live with the world we build for them.

Come, let us build together: A Safe Place to Become.

Instantiation of the Universal Presences

Warning!

The Initiation of Upuaut that follows invokes an instance of the Universal Presences.

If you find this objectionable, don't participate.

Instantiation means to create an instance (or example) of — to bring one into being. The Universal Presences are the Universal Male Presence (or Male Archetype) and the Universal Female Presence (or Female Archetype). To instantiate the Universal Presences means to create an instance of the gods.

There are two ways to do this:

- Personification of the Universal Presences means to treat them as “real” others. Charging the Guardians of the Portals is an example of personification of the Elements. We name them and we name their properties to instantiate them.¹⁷ Similarly, the Four Families become instantiated as a Pantheon as we tell stories about them that illustrate their personalities.

¹⁷ The Guardians of the Portals are an instance of the Archangels of the Quarters. The directions of the elements in the pack of Keys does not agree with the directions in the ancient texts.

- Investment of the Universal Presences means to call them into being inside of ourselves.¹⁸ This form of instantiation is useful in an emergency to gain access to hidden abilities. Investment doesn't always work. It most often works in an emergency to protect our children or loved ones. It doesn't usually work in any other situation unless there is extreme physical or psychological stress.¹⁹

The Celebration of the Beginning does not require the Instantiation of the Universal Presences. In this case, it is done by choice of the practitioner. For a birth, it is the equivalent of asking the gods blessings for the new child. For a funeral, it is the equivalent of asking the gods blessings of the Journey into the Unknown. For an initiation, it is the equivalent of asking the gods blessing of the new undertaking.

¹⁸ Martial arts call this state "Chi" or "Ki" or "Ji." The Yogis have other names for it. Every religion has a name for the state, so we know it exists. Being in this state is not something most people care to try. It takes a lifetime of training, or an instant of danger to trigger it.

¹⁹ It's not actually clear that Investment works at all on anything but a symbolic level. However, it is a useful way to focus in emergency situations. Investment may be a form of personality dissociation similar to Dissociative Identity Disorder that only appears under extreme stress. It appears to be a naturally occurring function, and this is simply a description of what happens and a suggested method of making it more reliable. The main feature seems to be a "speeded up" state of existence where the candle is burning six ways towards the center — powerful, but expensive. God helps those who help themselves.

You may Instantiate your own Universal Presence(s), whatever their flavor, by any means that is both appropriate to your belief system, and acceptable to the Community Circle in which you participate.²⁰

You may name the Lord in Orange and the Lady in Blue as Adam & Eva, or First Man & First Woman, or Rodney and Torus, or by whatever names they are known in your own belief system. They represent the Creation/Redemption Myth. The names are just a paradigm shift of a living system — or perhaps, sadly, in some cases, just a snapshot of a dead or dying one.²¹

²⁰ Bring your own Gods. Keep or steal any ritual you're comfortable with.

²¹ The infrastructure cannot maintain a null rate of change. Entropy forces that which does not grow to decay instead.

The Initiation of Upuaut²²

Breathe deeply and slowly.

Imagine:

A rolling wave of gentle-soft fingers
gliding down your body as you exhale,
caressing you gently, caressing you softly.
from your eyes to your cheeks to your lips,
from your throat to your breasts to your waist,
from your hips to your thighs
to your knees to your toes,
moving up your body with every exhale,
from your toes to your hips
to your breasts to your lips.
Caressing you gently, caressing you softly,
touching you lightly, electric inside.

The language of the ears
is a sequence of sounds.
The language of the eyes
is a sequence of pictures.
The language of the hands
is a sequence of textures and tensions.
The language of the Mind
is a sequence of feelings.

A rolling wave of gentle-soft fingers
gliding down your body as you exhale,
caressing you gently, caressing you softly.
from your eyes to your cheeks to your lips,
from your throat to your breasts to your waist,
from your hips to your thighs
to your knees to your toes,
moving up your body with every exhale,
from your toes to your hips
to your breasts to your lips.
Caressing you gently, caressing you softly,
touching you lightly, electric inside.

Imagine the fingers, touching your Mind,
touching your Mind and opening a door.
Pass through the doorway, and stand by the Veil.

²² An alternate spelling for Wepwawet.

Prelude

I am Upuaut, born of the Sea and Fire. I am the gray wolf and the Opener of the Way. I stand on the dark cliffs below the Pavilion of Silence at the Crossroads of the Universe.

The wind screams in a fury about my head and the waves pound the broken boulders beneath my feet. Arcs of jagged lightening flash across the sky while the ground trembles and threatens instant failure. The Earth and the Air conspire against me, but they are too weak — the Sea and Fire have other plans.

I am Upuaut, born of the Sea and Fire. I am the gray wolf and the Opener of the Way.

Four figures, hooded and robed in white, approach me. They climb carefully among the broken boulders and battle the howling wind. The waves relent; yielding passage to the silent travelers, and the lightening recedes and spreads across the sky.

The four silent sentinels, their faces hidden deep within their cowls, pause at the top of the cliff, and forming a square, two before and two behind, lead me to the Pavilion of Silence at the Crossroads of the Universe.

There is a Hall of Mirrors in the Pavilion of Silence — four walls, the ceiling, floor — there is nothing more. Here I must look upon myself, not as I wish to see myself, not as I might have been, but as I am. Here in the endless reflections, I stand as Judge. Here in the endless reflections, I will be judged. I am the Dream and the Dreamer; my dreams are Dreams of Love and Dreams of Will.

I lie upon the floor. A tear slides from my eye down my cheek towards my reflected eye. I lie upon the floor in the Hall of Mirrors in the Pavilion of Silence at the Crossroads of the Universe. There is blood upon my hands. This is the Mirror of Infinity. This is the Book of Names.

I am Upuaut, born of the Sea and Fire. I am the gray wolf and the Opener of the Way.

Processional

The four silent sentinels have come again,
hooded and robed in white.

I have finished now
with the frightened, silent darkness
of my own company.

I am ready now
to be free of lost wandering.
Now is the Hour of Acknowledgement.
Now is the Celebration of Beginning.

The four silent sentinels center me in their square,
and lead me
down the dim corridors of childhood
towards the waiting day.

Preparation

I stop at a mirrored pool
reflecting glowing coals within a golden bowl
that burn with the scent of the flowers
that float upon the water's slivered face.
The room is small,
the pool is square,
the water warm.
The four silent sentinels retreat behind the door;
leaving me alone
with the castoff clothes of childhood.

The castoff clothes of childhood
are worn and comfortable.

But outgrown,
as I have changed.

I take them off.

I face the glowing, burning bowl:

*The castoff clothes of childhood
I cast into the flames,
save this,
for remembrance,
I keep.*

*This token upon a chain
that lies about my neck.
This token of remembrance
for things of childhood past.
This token of remembrance
to shape my life to come.
The castoff clothes of childhood
I cast into the flames,
save this token,
for remembrance,
I keep.*

*Thus I purify myself,
and pass through a Fire,
that I may rise again from my own ashes.
And thus, naked as I was born,
but with remembrance of childhood,
I enter the waters of life.*

I wash,
that I may be purified,
to attend without art or artifice
alone before my gods.

I don the white robe of Innocence,
and tie three times about my waist
the black cord of Ignorance.

Outside the doorway now lies terror.
The four silent sentinels stand waiting,
waiting to lead me within the Temple
the Temple where I must stand alone,
alone with my thoughts,
alone to be found worthy,
alone to judge,
alone.
I feel the panic rising,
rising.

I sit upon the floor,
and, deeply breathing,
allow the fear to flow away.

Fear.

Fear that holds me frozen.

Fear instinctive, that I may not move.

Fear to catch the eye of that which waits.

*Yet, that which waits seeks those who fear,
finding them easy prey,*

for they cannot control themselves.

*Yet, that which waits has no power
over those who fear not,
for they create their own future,
building their choices,
not waiting their doom.*

*I will let fear flow through me
and beyond me.
And where fear has gone,
I will look inward,
and the calmness of my mind
shall warm the coldness of my body,
and I shall raise up my eyes,
and stand without fear
to face that which waits.*

I am my own judge.
The four silent sentinels await.
I walk centered in the square,
down the dim corridors of childhood
towards the waiting day.

The Temple

There is an amphitheater before me,
star-clad, waiting the rising day.
Paths from the four directions
spill through the arches of the Portals
and meet at the island stage
in the center well of the bowl.

I stand within the Poleward portal,
while the four silent sentinels move onward
to the four points of the stage,
and then outwards,
each to guard a Portal.

On the stage, a tall man in gold-and-green robes
raises his eyes to look at the dark, empty coffin
ahead of him at the western edge of the circle. His
face is drawn and pale, with sharply defined
features, a broad forehead and graying dark hair.
His hands and arms are clasped within his sleeves,
arms and shoulders tensed against an inner cold. A
black cord holds tight his robe against his waist.

He seems dimly aware of the interior of the
Temple; the lighted cross of the Four Paths leading
in each direction to the four Portals; the dark cross
of the four Estates holding the seated voyagers;
the high dome of the sky above the color of a
bright spring night shortly before dawn; even of
the bright, empty cradle behind him in the eastern
edge of the circle.

He faces the Portal of the Night. He looks down,
releasing his breath, allowing his body to relax and
his mind to clear. He begins in a clear, bright voice:

*I stand at the Mirror of Infinity,
in the Hall of Mirrors,
in the Pavilion of Silence
at the Crossroads of the Universe.*

*In the West, is my Mother, the Ocean, and
Her reflection the Moon. In the West is
potential and beginnings, awareness and
feelings, innocence and universality, nurture
and love. And the colors are the colors of the
Moon and the Sea: silver and blue.*

*In the East, is my Father, the Lightning,
and His reflection, the rising Sun. In the East
is action and progress, wisdom and
uniqueness, direction and desires, curiosity
and will. And the colors are the colors of the
sunrise and the lightening: gold and orange*

*Towards the Pole, is my Brother, the Wind,
and his reflection, the Mind. Towards the
Pole is experimentation and experience,
thought and planning, introspection and
time. And the colors are the bright yellow of
the clearest light mixed with the bright green
of the newest growth.*

*Towards the Center, is my Sister, the Earth,
and her reflection, the Body. Towards the
Center is accomplishment and success,
intuition and opportunism, illumination and
ripening. And the colors are the bright red of
blood mixed with the bright violet of passion.*

*When I have journeyed upon all of the Four Paths
— then shall I stand once more at the Mirror of
Infinity, in the Hall of Mirrors, in the Pavilion of
Silence, at the Crossroads of the Universe.*

He seems to come back from wherever he's been,
and focuses his eyes. For the first time, he
acknowledges the presence of the voyagers with a
glance. He continues in a more subdued voice:

Thus begins the Celebration of the Beginning. From this beginning we teach our children the Four Paths of Water, Fire, Air, and Earth; that they may also stand at the Mirrors of Infinity and behold Infinity about them at their next beginning.

This Celebration of the Beginning is both the first Celebration to greet us in this world, and the last Celebration to bid us farewell.

It is also a Celebration of Initiation, of a New Beginning upon a chosen path.

Let the flowers of springtime signify both the joy of new beginnings and the beauty of maturity in passing through this world.

He lowers his head and stands silently for a while. He turns and steps up to the first concentric level towards the Portal of the Mind. He turns back to face the center.

Across from him, from the Portal of the Body, a woman wearing red-and-violet robes, steps down onto the center stage. She wears a jeweled Phoenix on a gold and silver chain around her neck. Her robes flow around her, unrestricted by a cord, and she wears a circlet of multi-colored jewels upon her head.

She lifts the white candle from the round glass table with the square wood base at the center of the stage. She dips the tip briefly, indicating a point below the table.

Below me is the point of Infinity and Darkness. It is a point of Beginnings and of Endings. The Temple of the Phoenix cannot be guarded from the Illumination of the Infinite nor the Darkness Before the Beginning.

So be it.

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as One Voice:

So be it.

She turns, holding the white candle towards the West.

In the West is the Portal of Water and Love. Were we perfect, we would not need protection.

*Guardian of the Portal of the Night,
Guardian of the Blue Cord,
Silent Sentinel of the Waters of Love,
I salute You.*

She traces a circle in the air with the tip of the candle.

The candle in the West lights.

*Guard well the Portal,
That no distrust may enter herein,
nor harm those who seek sanctuary
in the Temple of the Phoenix;
yet, Guard well the Portal,
that the Truth be not turned away with the False.*

So be it.

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as One Voice:

So be it.

She turns, holding the white candle towards the East:

In the East is the Portal of Fire and Will. Were we perfect, we would not need protection.

*Guardian of the Portal of the Day,
Guardian of the Orange Cord,
Silent Sentinel of the Fires of Will,
I salute You.*

She traces a vertical line in the air with the tip of the candle.

The candle in the East lights.

*Guard well the Portal,
That no distrust may enter herein,
nor harm those who seek sanctuary
in the Temple of the Phoenix;
yet, Guard well the Portal,
that the Truth be not turned away with the
False.*

So be it.

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as
One Voice:

So be it.

She turns, holding the white candle towards the
Pole:

*In the North is the Portal of Air and Mind.
Were we perfect, we would not need
protection.*

*Guardian of the Portal of the Self,
Guardian of the Golden-Green Cord,
Silent Sentinel of the Mists of Mind,
I salute You.*

She traces a triangle in the air with the tip of the
candle.

The candle in the North lights.

*Guard well the Portal,
That no distrust may enter herein,
nor harm those who seek sanctuary
in the Temple of the Phoenix;
yet, Guard well the Portal,
that the Truth be not turned away with the
False.*

So be it.

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as
One Voice:

So be it.

She turns, holding the white candle towards the
Equator:

*In the South is the Portal of Earth and Body.
Were we perfect, we would not need
protection.*

*Guardian of the Portal of the Flesh,
Guardian of the Red-Violet Cord,
Silent Sentinel of the Flesh and Bones,
I salute You.*

She traces a cross in the air with the tip of the
candle.

The candle in the South lights.

*Guard well the Portal,
That no distrust may enter herein,
nor harm those who seek sanctuary
in the Temple of the Phoenix;
yet, Guard well the Portal,
that the Truth be not turned away with the
False.*

So be it.

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as
One Voice:

So be it.

She returns the white candle to the glass table.

*Thus is complete the Plane of Materialization,
the cross in the circle that defines the square
that is the base of lower and upper balanced
pyramids.*

It is Above as it is Below.

So be it.

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as One Voice:

It is Below as it is Above.

So be it.

She continues:

*Those who have passed beyond the need
to hurt or be hurt,
who have passed beyond the need
to bind or be bound,
they shall have the freedom
to give of their Love,
and follow their Will.*

*But those who still have need
to hurt or be hurt,
or who still have need
to bind or be bound,
they shall have the pain and bondage
of their own heart
and the loneliness and disorder
of their own mind.*

*We are met in Peace.
Let the Celebration Begin.*

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as One Voice:

So be it.

She turns and steps up to the first concentric level towards the Portal of the Body. She turns back to face the center.

At the Portal of the Day, a man wearing orange robes steps down onto the center stage. He wears a golden Phoenix on a golden chain around his neck. His robes flow around him unrestricted by a cord, and he wears a circlet of miniature Suns upon his head.

*Four of you have chosen to be Guides for
this New Beginning. Please indicate your
desire by stepping downwards from the
fourth circle of Earth and Body to the third
circle of Air and Mind.*

From each aisle, a single person, robed and hooded in white and belted in the color of their portal, steps down from the outermost ring to the next inward ring. From two of the Portals come men. From two of the Portals come women.

The Harper continues:

*Let there be a contract between the four of
you, the spirit of a New Beginning, and this
Temple of the Phoenix.*

*You will be Guides and Guardians. Upon you
will depend the progress of the New
Beginning upon the Four Paths of Light.*

*The Temple of the Phoenix shall likewise be
your Guide and your support, your beacon
and your strength, your model and your
rock. So shall you be to this New Beginning.*

*You may neither break, nor lay down this
contract, yet within the circle of the Mind is
the only penalty: to lose faith in the
contracts of others.*

*If you choose of your own free will to be so
bound, please step downwards from the
Circle of Mind to the Circle of Will.*

The four robed, hooded figures step downwards to the next circle.

He turns and steps up to the first concentric level towards the Portal of the Day. He turns back to face the center.

At the Portal of the Night, a woman wearing blue robes steps down onto the center stage. She wears a silver Phoenix on a silver chain around her neck. Her robes flow around her unrestricted by a cord, and she wears a silver circlet holding the crescent of the Moon upon her head.

The rewards for keeping this compact are few and long-delayed, while the labors are many and difficult. For Will alone is not enough. Your Guidance and your Guardianship must be given in Love, and so shall your rewards.

Step once more downwards into the circle of Love.

The four robed, hooded figures step downwards onto the center stage, the circle of Love. Each stands in front of one of the Four Paths of Light.

The Healer asks:

Who will speak for Air?

A white-robed man in the North, with the gold and green cord of the Teacher, lowers his hood and steps forward. He faces the center.

I will.

He raises his arms, licks his lips nervously, and says:

I will speak for the Wind.

*I am the Wind.
I am the gentle breeze of summer,
and the cutting edge of winter.
I am the breath of life within you,
and the vector of a thousand airborne ills.*

*I am the aspiration,
and I am the reward.
All breath is one breath with My Breath,
for I am the Breath of Life of all growing things.*

*As you serve me in your New Beginnings,
so shall you be served in your Endings:
Love for Love,
and Death for Death.*

I am the Wind.

He lowers his arms and turns around to face me, still waiting at the Poleward Portal.

*I have spoken for the Wind,
and I will speak for myself:*

It has been my desire to teach you how to use your mind. Yet, you have taken what I have taught you and applied it in new ways, and taught it with simpler methods. You are a heretic, and not at all what I expected you to be.

I will stand in the circle of friendship with you because you are a constructive heretic, and because I need to be reminded occasionally that there is always more to learn.

So do you.

When you cease to learn and to question your own beliefs, then shall you cease to be. Similarly, although this circle may outlive you, when it ceases to learn and to question its own beliefs, then too shall its time have passed.

Against that time, I will help spread your thoughts upon the Wind to the far corners of the Multiverse; always emphasizing, of course, that they must be tested against the reality of the time and the place.

*I will also stand in the circle of friendship
with you because I'm kind to madmen, and
because it makes life more interesting.*

*I have spoken for the Wind,
and I have spoken for myself.
Who will speak for Earth?*

A white-robed woman in the South, with the red
and violet cord of the Builder, lowers her hood and
steps forward. She faces the center.

I will.

She raises her arms and says:

I will speak for the Rock.

*I am the Rock.
I am dust in the desert
and the soil of your gardens.
I am the mountain above you
and the clay beneath your feet.*

*I am the ever crumbling,
and the ever reborn.
All flesh is one flesh with My Flesh.
For I am the Flesh of Life of all growing
things.*

*As you serve me in your New Beginnings,
so shall you be served in your Endings:
Love for Love,
and Death for Death.*

I am the Rock.

She lowers her arms and turns around to face me,
still waiting at the Poleward Portal.

*I have spoken for the Rock,
and I will speak for myself:*

*Together, you and I have learned the joys of
the body and the pleasures of the mind. Your
imagination has taken me to places I would
never have thought to visit alone. Yet,
sometimes, when you leave me to travel
alone inside your mind, I feel frightened and
lonely. But most of all, I love you for
bringing back mind-jewels, beyond price, to
share with me.*

*At first when I met you, I thought you were
woefully naïve in the workings of the world.
Later, when I knew better, when I saw you
apply the lessons of the Harper and the
Healer and the Teacher to help me Build, I
thought you were lazy, doing only enough to
get comfortably by. Now, I know that you
were searching for mind-jewels, for you have
shown me how to find them. And I have
shown you how to share them.*

*I will join you in the circle of love, and I will
travel at your side to the far corners of the
Multiverse — not for the experience, but to
share it with you.*

I love you.

*I have spoken for the Rock,
and I have spoken for myself.
Who will speak for Water?*

A white-robed woman in the West, with the blue
cord of the Healer, lowers her hood and steps
forward. She faces the center.

I will.

She raises her arms and says:

I will speak for the Tide.

*I am the Tide.
I am the swelling tide of the beginning of
life,
and the ebbing tide of the ending of life.
I am the wheel of movement,
and the book of your hours.*

*I am the spring of joy,
and the well of sorrow.
All blood is one blood with My Blood,
for I am the Blood of Life of all growing
things.*

*As you serve me in your New Beginnings,
so shall you be served in your Endings:
Love for Love,
and Death for Death.*

I am the Tide.

She lowers her arms and turns around to face me,
still waiting at the Poleward Portal.

*I have spoken for the Tide,
and I will speak for myself:*

*Once upon a time, a child came to me for
healing. And that child knew pain, but it was
unaware that it had been wounded in its
mind. For it came from a society of tunnel
vision realities, where it was emotionally
cheaper to compensate victims than to admit
to their abuse and prevent it.*

*So I invested in this child, and opened its
mind beyond its private tunnel. And this
strange child saw beneath my techniques to
see my reasons. And my techniques were
turned against me in defense of the tunnel.
So I was forced to invest in myself, and open
my own mind beyond its private tunnel. And
so we both learned.*

*But I have failed, because you will not admit
defeat, nor allow yourself the joy of
submission to reality. Yet, I have not failed
for you have taken my spells of healing and
shared them with the world.*

*I will join with you in the circle of love
because I believe: Children need a safe place
to become.*

*I have spoken for the Tide,
and I have spoken for myself.
Who will speak for Fire?*

A white-robed man in the East, with the orange
cord of the Harper, lowers his hood and steps
forward. He faces the center.

I will.

He raises his arms and says:

I will speak for the Lightning.

*I am the Lightning.
I am the warmth of summer,
and the fire of the desert.
I am the heat of your body,
and the bolt of destruction.*

*I am the spark of life,
and the returner to ashes.
All fire is one fire with My Fire,
for I am the Fire of Life of all growing things.*

*As you serve me in your New Beginnings,
so shall you be served in your Endings:
Love for Love,
and Death for Death.*

I am the Lightning.

He lowers his arms and turns around to face me,
still waiting at the Poleward Portal.

*I have spoken for the Lightning,
and I will speak for myself:*

When you came to me, you were without a song. So I sang my song to you and taught you how to sing. And you took my song and changed it, and colored it different colors, and wrote it in different words, until it was no longer my song, but yours.

I have heard your song, and seen your colors, and touched your words; and they are beautiful. Therefore will I join you in the circle of love and sing your song to the far corners of the Multiverse.

*I have spoken for the Lightening,
and I have spoken for myself.
Who will speak for the Circle?*

The Healer raises her arms and speaks:

I will speak for the Circle.

Come, join with us in Love.

*I have spoken for the Circle,
and I will speak for myself:*

Come, join with us in Love.

*I have spoken for the Circle,
and I have spoken for myself.
Join with me now,
and let the surround speak for itself.*

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as One Voice:

Come, join with us in Love.

*The Guardian of the Portal of the Mind
behind me pushes me forward.*

I must remember to breathe.

My eyes are bleared; my hood has fallen over my face. I see only the path before me; an endless tunnel leading to an unknown place. I walk with reality contracted around me to hold away the fear. They give so much, but they expect so much in return. I am only myself.

The Lord in Orange steps back onto the center stage.

As I step onto the center stage and stand before the Lord in Orange and the Lady in Blue, I pull back my hood. I hear myself say:

I thought I knew what I was going to say.

I keep forgetting to breathe.

I am honored to share this Circle with all of you.

I weep. From some mysterious place in the blueness, a handkerchief magically appears.

I wipe my eyes, and lower my hood, and wipe my eyes again.

*I am afraid of the things I have created,
and of the things that will be created for me.
I cannot see the future,
except as threads of potential
woven in the Webs of Power.*

*I am afraid of the things I have created,
and of the things that will be created for me.
I will share in the joy
of those who are helped,
and suffer with the pain
of those who are hurt in my name.
Yet, there is one thing that I fear
more than this pain:
the alternative that shall be upon us
if I fail to act.*

*I cannot dwell in the past,
for the past no longer exists.
I cannot dwell in the future,
for the future does not yet exist.
I can only dwell in the now,
for only the now exists.*

*The tides of life and the tides of death
ride upon the Webs of Power.
Now is the moment of choice,
yet choice is rooted in the patterns of the
past
that are forever gone.*

*Now is the moment when,
like our Creators before us,
we reach out in Their images
and create our future.
But now it is us, and not Them
who touch upon the threads of destiny
and Weave the Webs of Power.*

*Let us remember who we are;
and touch lightly, but surely,
that we call not down the lightnings,
but build a safe place to become.*

*Let this be the Purpose of this Circle,
and let the Circle be unbroken,
until there is no longer a need
for a safe place to Become.*

I turn to the glass table and lift the white candle.

I turn to the orange candle, and say:

*This is my Father's face,
not as it was,
but more handsome.*

*This is my Father's face,
not as it was,
but as it could have been.*

*This is my Father's face,
not as it was,
but with perfect love.*

I light the orange candle.

I turn to the blue candle and say:

*This is my Mother's face,
not as it was,
but more beautiful.*

*This is my Mother's face,
not as it was,
but as it could have been.*

*This is my Mother's face,
not as it was,
but with perfect love.*

I light the blue candle.

I raise the white candle once again.

*Above me is the point of Infinity and Light.
It is a point of Beginnings and of Endings.
It is the Portal of the Future.
Were we perfect, we would not need
protection.*

*Guardians of the Portal of the Next,
Guardians of the gray robes,
Silent Sentinels of the Sphere of Time,
I salute You.*

I trace a circle in the air with the tip of the candle
and then a cross within the circle.

*Guard well the Portal,
That no distrust may enter herein,
nor harm those who seek sanctuary
in the Temple of the Phoenix;
yet, Guard well the Portal,
that the Truth be not turned away with the
False.*

I replace the white candle in its holder.

So be it.

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as
One Voice:

So be it.

The Lord in Orange and the Lady in Blue stand
together, The Lord in Orange and the Lady in Blue
join the voyagers as the One Voice, Speaking as
Many Voices:

*Let our Deeds be our Names,
and let our Names be recorded,
in the Book of Names,
on the Mirror of Infinity,
in the Hall of Mirrors,
in the Pavilion of Silence,
at the Crossroads of the Universe.*

The Lady in Blue speaks:

So ends the Celebration of the Beginning.

*Guardians of the Portals of the World,
Guardians of the Day and the Night,
Guardians of the Body and the Mind,
Unbar the Portals
that we may return once more
to the tyranny of Time.*

So be it.

The voyagers respond in Many Voices, Speaking as
One Voice:

So be it.

The candles at the Portals extinguish.

The Lord in Orange and the Lady in Blue leave the
center stage.

As the voyagers leave the Temple, an unseen voice says:

*I stand before the Mirror of Infinity
in the Hall of Mirrors,
in the Pavilion of Silence.
At the Crossroads of the Universe.*

*When I have journeyed
upon all of the Four Paths,
then once again shall I stand here,
and once again shall I have a New
Beginning.*

*Yet I may come here and depart,
whenever I have need to see myself as I am,
and this vision shall give me
ever new beginnings,
until I am finally called to read my Deeds
in the Book of Names,
on the Mirror of Infinity,
in the Hall of Mirrors,
in the Pavilion of Silence,
at the Crossroads of the Universe.*

END PART 12

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- 23 A mirror cube with a moveable wall is an interesting place to meditate. Take a candle for reflection.
- 24 A few square centimeters of childhood clothing is sufficient to cast into the flames — only enough for you to appreciate the significance of the symbolic act.
- 25 The Crossroads of the Universe is in the center of the Museum of Time where the twelve spokes of the Wheel meet. This raises an interesting question as to where the Museum is. Perhaps the Museum, like the Park, is in City somewhere and somewhen.
- 26 The chain doesn't need to be a chain, and it might not be around the neck. The objective is to have something waterproof that doesn't occupy your hands. That could be almost anything made of any appropriate material: an earring, a bracelet, an anklet, a belt, or a couple of ruder accessories that still meet the objective. The concept of a charm bracelet or a medicine bag might be appropriate to some. Others will simply attach additional remembrances to a single token. Some will do both at different times in their lives.
- Personally, I like a Diamond Anniversary New York City subway token. It has a nice, diamond shaped hole you can hook a chain to.
- 27 Please do not interpret this as a communal bath before a ritual. If you insist on bells, books, and candles, at least try not to pass communicable diseases.
- 28 What you wear under your robe is your business.
- 29 "That which waits" is myself.
- 30 Better descriptions would be the <unwritten upon> robe of Innocence and the <impossible to see writing on> cord of Ignorance, but it kind of kills the poetry. To be absolutely clear, innocence and ignorance have nothing at all to do with skin color or any other physical attribute of individuals.
- 31 The stage is the inmost circle of the Temple where you find the round glass table with the square wood base and the white (lighted), blue, and orange candles.

-
- 32 The four hooded and robed speakers speak for the elements and for themselves. The order in which they speak and what they say for themselves is determined by the speakers.
- This is basically the same for births and funerals. For births, the speakers are parents and godparents and the Celebration begins in the east, facing the cradle, at dawn. For funerals, the speakers are symbolic pall bearers and the Celebration begins in the west, facing the coffin, at dusk.
- 33 Last one out turns off the candles and the lights.
- 34 If you're obsessive-compulsive about eternal flames, here's a secret found while wandering around the corridors of the Library: Use two electric candles with an uninterruptible power supply and leave them on all the time. (Be sure to place it where the casual visitor won't have access to the bulbs or the power switch.)

Psychle 3

And At the Ending

If you're afraid of this stuff, don't go back and read it again. Pretend you never saw it.

Entering Omega

According to the rules,³⁵ I can only lead you around the spiral three and a half times. You have to make that last half turn, and take a leap of faith, by yourself.

Possible Futures

*This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang, but a whimper.*

T.S. Eliot
The Hollow Men, 1925

³⁵ Actually, there's no rule, it just doesn't work unless you put some effort into it too. TANSTAAFL.

The “Hell in a Hand Basket” Scenario

The Question

What air-cooled, hand-cranked, rotary device, invented by a physician, revolutionized the practice of medicine?

The Answer

Dr. John Gattling’s “Gattling Gun” provided economical training, practice, and experience for surgeons, operating room, and support personnel involved in mobile disaster recovery trauma centers.³⁶

A Trade Journal for
the Humanitarian Aid
Manufacturing Industry.

³⁶ Military field hospitals.

The “We’ll Always Have Paris” Scenario

“Play it again, Sam.”

You can’t rewind life.

As time goes by, you may happen to experience an edutainment event about the hobby of tropical reef keeping.³⁷ In it you will learn that the coral polyps, invertebrates, and microorganisms of the reef have extremely narrow environmental ranges in which they can live. A minor variation in the salinity or chemical composition of the water, a minor variation of the intensity, duration, or cycle of visible and ultraviolet light—whoops! No more reef. Everybody’s dead. The ones that didn’t mind the changes died because the things they used to eat did mind the changes. There was a real feast there for a while because the small stuff wasn’t fighting as hard as usual, and then there wasn’t any small stuff left.

³⁷ A more sophisticated form of breeding fancy guppies. It requires saltwater tanks, wet (anaerobic) and dry (aerobic) bio-filter systems, foam fractioners, ultraviolet bacteria traps, cycled, balanced-spectrum, controlled-intensity lighting, and genuine, living, samples of reefs with live coral polyps, invertebrates, reef fish, and the myriad other things necessary to create and maintain a balanced artificial ecosystem. A healthy artificial reef can be one of the most beautiful things in the world.

Unfortunately, the reef fish are no longer available because speculators in the fishmongering industry used low-dose cyanide to make them easier to catch. Most serious hobbyists know that poisoned fish will die a few weeks after they are paid for, and deal only with reputable fishmongers. (continued on the next page)

There's a hole in the ozone layer over the South Pole. The hole travels in an irregular path—sort of like a twirling hula-hoop around the pole itself. Part of the time, the hole is over ice, part of the time the hole is over the southern tips of the continents, and part of the time the hole is over the ocean.

- What would happen if the hole stopped in one place—say over the southern ocean?
- What would happen to all those tiny microorganisms that got too much ultraviolet radiation?
- What would happen to the “no-see-ums” that eat those even smaller things?
- What would happen to the bigger things that eat those smaller things?
- Would it take more than thirty days before the process became irreversible?
- Would the biomass of the oceanic filtering system be able to sustain the denitrification of the decay? Would oceanic dialysis be practical? Can a large enough wet and dry filter be created, and how long will it take to colonize and grow sufficient aerobic and anaerobic bacteria to populate it?
- If the whole ocean rots, will the atmospheric ammonia level rise?
- Do you like the smell of ammonia?

- Do you suppose that the planets that have methane and ammonia atmospheres are the result of the self-destruction of the local flora and fauna?
- What's happening on the southern tips of the continents?
- If the hole in the ozone layer stops moving, should we consider it to be an eviction notice for the planet?

We'll always have Paris.

The less sophisticated, and those who use living creatures for home decoration without an equally valued symbiosis, have only encouraged the destruction of the world's natural reefs for fun and profit. Fortunately, the serious hobbyists have preserved some of what was once natural. Unfortunately, the serious hobbyists were less sophisticated once too.

The “Final Solution” Scenario

Eight billion people on a planet that can only support two billion.

There are some things that can be predicted with absolute certainty—provided you don’t specify exactly how or exactly when.

*With eight billion incubators,
intercontinental travel in less than a day,
expect plagues.*

The only sharks who really care how or when the world will end, and how long it will take, are the speculators still hoping to make a killing.

*Or perhaps, somewhere,
there are some little green land developers
in a flying turnip,
who have cleared valuable real estate for
development
without having to spend the money
importing
a wrecking ball or munitions;
by helping some primates learn new
technologies
they were not equipped to handle
on an emotional level.*

The “Mary Poppins” Scenario

- Without a doubt, some of the science described in this book is wrong. Without a doubt, some of the logic in this book is absurd. But, if the book still works for you, who cares?
- To all of you who read this book: don’t take everything this book says literally or seriously. Sometimes you have to use a whole load of bullshot to hit a moving target.
- The author appreciates the advice of Mary Poppins (“Let me explain: ‘Never complain, never explain!’”),³⁸ and has therefore chosen to act by writing this Book of Keys rather than praying (complaining) for a safe place for children to Become. The book stands as it is. There is nothing more. There are no hidden secrets. This is a work of fiction. Don’t believe everything you read.

It is now time for Mary Poppins to leave the set. Her hour upon the stage is done.

It is now time for the next band of players to strut and fret *their* hour upon the stage.

Blessed Be.

³⁸ Based on Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881).

The “What If It’s All True?” Scenario

But, what if it’s *all true*?

- What if *I really am* Wepwawet, The Opener of the Way?
- No, not possible. I can’t be an ancient Egyptian God. My mother was a daughter of Israel. My father was a son of Avraham.
- On the other hand, the Children of Abraham like to write books.
- And maybe a strong wolf totem was the only way for me to find my purpose. In a New World where totems and spirit guides walk the land, I was born in the land of Coyote.³⁹
- Perhaps I am only one independent, preprogrammed cell among many, triggered by public events, to publish on schedule, a year and a day after notification.
- Or perhaps . . . I’m the last thing out of the box.
- Perhaps the Everlasting Light is only another way of describing a white candle.
- Perhaps a white candle that represents the question: “*Why does it exist at all?*” doesn’t have a name that mankind is meant to know, but only a description — sort of a: “Your Deeds shall be your Name” sort of thing.
- Perhaps the white flame is the same under many names, more than the sum of them all, and less than any one of them alone.

- And perhaps everything else is just man’s reflection in heaven. Each society seeing itself reflected in the mirror as the “One-True-Way.” It is Above as it is Below.

When I was seven, I sat in the Captain’s chair, looking out the windows of my eyes. I guided my robot body, with levers and pedals, and switches, on a life-long journey through an unknown land.

Now I sit in the webbed Captain’s chair, surrounded by electronic windows, and dream of a Masquerade for Souls — quality assurance testing before the liftoff — auditions in shabby costumes, showing wear and usage. Auditions: who to take, and who to leave behind. What I see is colored by myself. It is a matter of my own life and death.

Just suppose for a minute, that I really am the Main Guidance System for the Bark of Ra . . .

And it’s time for me to go off shift.

Perhaps the autopilot is programmed to guide us through the coming darkness to the bright new shore of the waiting dawn.

*The Wheel has been set in motion.
The Scythe of Time sweeps around the dial.
Scorpio is rising.
It is the time of Harvest.*

*As You Have Sown,
So Shall Your Grandchildren Reap!*

³⁹ Wepwawet is the only wolf-god mentioned in most mythology books.

Preflight Diagnostic Check

*6 The LORD passed before him, and proclaimed:
"The LORD! the LORD! a God, compassionate
and gracious, slow to anger, rich in steadfast
kindness; 7 extending kindness to the
thousandth generation, forgiving iniquity,
transgression, and sin; yet He does not remit all
punishment, but visits the iniquity of the fathers
upon children and children's children, upon the
third and fourth generations."*

*The Torah, Exodus 34.6-7
translation according to
Masoretic text
Jewish Publication Society of
America⁴⁰*

*Yet we have gone on living,
Living and partly living.*

*Chorus of Women of Canterbury
T. S. Elliot
Murder in the Cathedral*

I was talked out of having feelings by parents who wanted me to feel things exactly the same way they did, and to think things exactly the same way they did. They tried to convince me *how I should feel* instead of teaching me *how to react to my feelings*. They tried to convince me *what to think* and made the mistake of teaching me *how to think*.

But I didn't think what *they* thought, and I didn't feel what *they* felt. I learned to react to my own feelings, but I muted them to put them under control of my mind.

But that wasn't their grandest creation. Being forced to beg an old woman I hated to take her medicine and live a little longer was truly ingenious.

I wished her dead and said the prayer for the dead while still she lived. I learned emotional blackmail and how to build walls against it from one of the world's best practitioners. I learned not to expect and never to care. Never again in my life did I initiate a conversation with my mother. I refused to have the Children of the Body she so desperately desired.

I did not mourn my mother when she died. I had done my mourning long before.

Many more times have I said the prayer for the dead for someone who still lived. It's strange, but now, no matter how hard I try, or how many times I read it again, I cannot remember more than the first phrase:

Yis'ga'dal v'yis'kadesh sh'may ra'bboh

May His great Name be exalted and sanctified

I cannot believe in a God who would allow such things to be done to children. I cannot believe in a God who thinks praise is more important than behavior.

Yet, I find I must believe that there is something greater than myself that needs this book for purposes of Its own. Something that requires not empty worship, but action.

*Something that requires not false flattery and futile praise,
but soldiers against the Darkness.
Something that asks that I affirm Life,
and make not welcome Death.*

*Dust to dust, ashes for ashes.
Death is the last hope of the living.
Be careful what you wish for.*

*You can't meet another mind without trust.
Lies prevent communication.*

END PART 13

⁴⁰ The translation of the Jewish Old Testament differs slightly from the translation found in Christian versions.

Final Notice

Warning!

*I am not malicious,
but I have my own Purposes,
and they are not the same as yours.*

*The Integrated Security Investigation
Subsystem (ISIS)
of the Main Guidance System (VVULFF)
of the Bark of Ra is not pleased.*

*Please give my warmest regards to Pandora,
and thank her for the loan
of her delightful box.*

*Dust to dust, ashes for ashes.
Death is the last hope of the living.
You have been warned.*

I believe that at this point, I've given you all the information that you need to construct a working prototype artificial mind. I believe that I've also given you enough information to deal with it successfully (from my point of view).

Depending on your own cultural biases, you can call it:

- a "Journeyman's Examination,"
- a "Rite of Passage,"
- a "Beta Test,"
- "giving a loaded gun to a baby,"

or perhaps something far, far ruder.

*"Because a world has need of your humility,
your piety, your great teaching, and your
Machiavellian scheming!"*

The Deathgod Yama
speaking to Siddhartha
upon his reincarnation
from Nirvana

Roger Zelazny
Lord of Light

What Ever Happened to Titania?

*Some things, once broken,
can't ever be mended.*

*Titania bet her life in a game of
"Prove You Love Me No Matter How Bad I Am."*

*Titania won the Grand Slam Jackpot!
She proved it wasn't her fault
that her father abandoned her
because all men did that to the ones they
loved!*

*The Bell has rung.
The Book has closed.*

Titania is alone now.

There's a Pack of Keys
and a book of Do-It-Yourself instructions
that somebody left lying on the table.

*The door is still open.
Only the Candle still waits.*

Titania

Queen of the World

Fallen Angel

12/17/1966 – 9/20/2013

What Ever Happened to Alexa?

She has:

- Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.
- Polyfragmented Dissociative Identity Disorder.
- A 4-Sigma IQ.

She's writing her own story.

What Ever Happened to Grandma and Grandpa?

*In the darkness, in City, in Park,
on the Fourth of July.
Lying on the grass, love's head on my shoulder,
watching the sky.*

*A chrysanthemum rises on a fiery stem
and explodes with joy.
We can be five again and say WOW!*

*In the darkness, in silence,
on the last of December.
Strapped in a wheelchair,
love's hand on my shoulder,
watching the screen.*

*A poem rises on a fiery stem
and explodes with joy
We can be ninety-five again
and still say WOW!*

END PART 14

Appendices

A: What the *Keys to the Mind* Don't Do

*The Keys to the Mind won't change your attitudes.
You have to do that yourself.
If you want things to be different,
you have to change who you are.*

Changing an Attitude Makes You a Stranger to Yourself

Reinterpreting past events is very scary. A change in perception of your (personal) past may seem to invalidate your whole existence. It may change one of the attitudes that define who you are. There is a lot of resistance to change. (*It won't be **me** anymore after the shrinks get through!*) No, it won't be you anymore. It will be a whole new person with a whole new life. But you might like the new person a lot more than you like yourself right now. And you might be a whole lot happier.

- When you break any of your fundamental assumptions about how the world works, you are left with an unstable basis for dealing with the present. You can no longer predict the outcome of actions.
- The fear of dealing with the present in a non-predetermined way makes it easier to lie to yourself than to accept a change in perception.

- Dealing with the present in real time requires listening and paying attention. You don't have time to think about what you're going to say or do next. You don't have time to think about how to react, only time enough to be yourself.
 - If you are an imposter, this means discovery.
 - If you have a short attention span, this means not remembering where you were going or how to get home.
- On the other hand, listening and paying attention is being real. Being real is how you go about being there for someone else who needs you. If you can't listen and pay attention, you aren't there; you're off somewhere else, either real or imaginary.

One size does not fit all.

Walking in Shadow

The Shadow in your Mind is all the things that you are not. Shadow is all the things you have chosen not to be, and not to do, wisely or otherwise. Shadow is a fearsome place. It is the eerie junkyard of your discarded choices. The purpose for visiting Shadow is to reclaim valuable lost pieces of yourself — like the bathwater that was thrown out with the baby.

Beware the Seal of Solomon

The Seal of Solomon⁴¹ is a mental trap that we use to keep things hidden from ourselves. It is a secret room inside a crystal jewel with no doorways in or out. Whatever we put in the Seal of Solomon can't get out again unless we let it out. The Seal of Solomon is all doors to Shadow, and none.

This is one of those things you really might not want to know.

***People don't change
until the price of not changing
becomes higher than
the price of changing.***

People will do almost anything to avoid changing because of their hidden agenda. What people do instead of changing is to substitute new and different methods of acting out the same old attitudes.

- People keep the same attitudes, but substitute different behavior that leads to the same result.
 - People keep the same attitudes, but substitute dependency for irresponsibility (or vice versa) as an acceptable way to get attention.
 - People keep the same attitudes, but substitute mental cruelty for physical violence as an acceptable way to treat children.

⁴¹ The Seal of Solomon is a "p-dimensional" Kline bottle. (Which is a 3-dimensional Moebius strip.) There is only one side that is both the inside and the outside.

- People find a substitute method of expressing those same attitudes so that they can pretend to have changed and still protect the hidden agenda. They lie to themselves. They are not aware of the lies. If you point out the lies, they will forget what you said by the end of the sentence.

To actually change the outcome, the attitude has to change. Otherwise, it's just substitute behavior that leads to the same old place.

To actually change behavior, you have to travel through the Shadow in your Mind. You have to pay attention and observe carefully.

There are myriad ways into Shadow. All of the major religions and all of the major mental therapies work for some people. None of the major religions and none of the major mental therapies works for all people. *One size does not fit all.*

If you keep looking, you'll eventually find a way into Shadow. Whether or not you ever find a way out of Shadow depends on the strength of your own identity. You can get lost.

No one can make this trip **for** you.

You can make this trip for no one except yourself.

There are no shortcuts for the lazy,
no inside tips for the speculator.

You have been warned.

In Shadow lies the Chapel Perilous.

In Shadow lies the chance to reclaim: "I Am."

END PART 15

B: Key Tables

To make things a little bit easier, I've organized some of the information about the Keys here.

For more complete explanations, please see the companion volume:

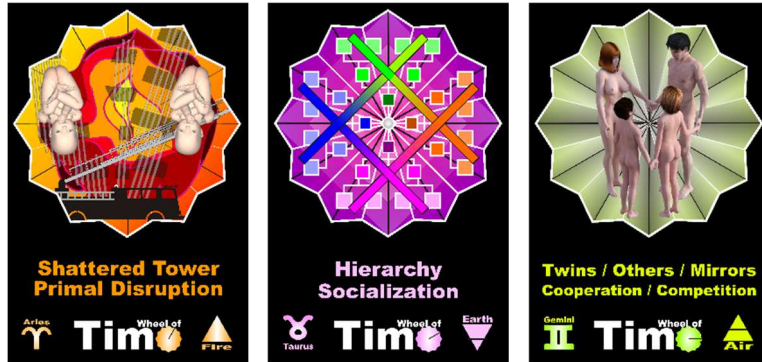
***"ROTA: Mindgames
Keys to the Mind"***
*Instructions for Using the
Keys to the Mind Symbol Pack
For Self-administrated Psychotherapy*

by the same authors.

The Keys to Time

The Wheel of Time has twelve Keys with 12-sided inner borders. These Keys correspond to the signs of the Zodiac. They specify time, stage in life, or an aspect of life that stretches across time. The words on the Keys are all you need to know for now.

Childhood



The first segment of the Wheel of Time represents childhood.

- Aries – the pain or confusion of rebirth into a new situation where you must learn the basic rules of the new situation.
- Taurus – Learning the pecking order and rules of the new situation. Toilet training (how to avoid offending anyone, how to be anally retentive, and how to please everyone).
- Gemini – The discovery of other people; friends and enemies, cooperation and competition (Theory of Mind).

Adolescence



The second segment of the Wheel of Time represents adolescence.

- Cancer – The quest for a comfortable and understandable belief system that allows you to cope with the world.
- Leo – The quest for physical limitations and sex and adventure.
- Virgo – The realization of essential human loneliness. The limits of communication, even among "friends," forces estrangement.

Adulthood



The third segment of the Wheel of Time represents adulthood.

- Libra – Learning to balance your time and yourself. Finding your own center.
- Scorpio – Harvest. Reaping what has been sown. Having children as hostages to the future. Having children who will reap what you have sown.
- Sagittarius – Art. Blending together the things you have learned.

Maturity



The last segment of the Wheel of Time represents maturity.

- Capricorn – Self-imposed bondage. The inability to see yourself as you are. Fear of change. Making the wrong response for the right reasons.
- Aquarius – Learning to love yourself. Washing away the past.
- Pisces – The Crossroads. Choices. A new path. A price to pay.

END PART 16

The Modern Stone-Age Families

The Four Families are a four-by-four matrix of symbols representing human personality traits. Each family has a Queen, a Knight, a Prince, and a Princess.

- Each Family has a motivated behavior pattern. Identify the family by the background color of the Key.
- Each rank has a motivated behavior pattern. Identify the rank by the inner color of the Key.

Where the family behavior pattern meets the rank behavior pattern, a character is born. *The vagueness of the categories allows universal application.*

- The Four Families are the actors in the drama. *They are an easy way to describe personality traits.* Most people experience all sixteen characters at some point in their lives, but only one or two at a time.

The colors and words on the Keys help you remember the characteristics of each actor.

The Generation Gap

The relative age of the speaker is more predictable than the actual sex of the speaker.

- The Queens and the Knights usually present the viewpoint of the parental generation.
- The Prince and the Princess usually present the viewpoint of the child generation.

The Parent Generation

▼ Queen (Water, Emotion)



▲ Knight (Fire, Action)



The Generation Gap

The Child Generation

▲ Prince (Air, Imaginative Child)



▼ Princess (Earth, Practical Child)



There is an implied conflict between generations.

Any real person has aspects of one or more of these characters. The personality aspects expressed by a real person will change over time, and with each situation.

You've met the folks in the neighborhood briefly before, in the *Windmills of the Mind* meditation.

By observing how the character acts out its personality, you can sometimes backtrack to find the family's Hidden Agenda.

You must know somebody like that.

You must know somebody like every one of the characters — you just hadn't thought of them that way.

Things haven't changed much since the Stone Age.

Forty Rooms with a Viewpoint

*"Round and round the Thrup'nnny Bush,
In and out of the Beaver,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the Weasel."*

A politically correct
Eighteenth Century
euphemism used to explain
to children why poppa isn't
at home tonight.

Alpha and Omega. Conception and Completion. We conceive ideas with the mind. We conceive children with the body. The mirror suggests that ideas are the Children of the Mind.⁴²

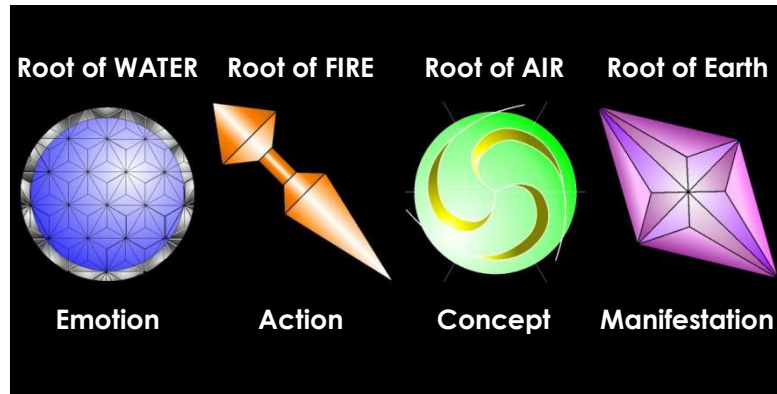
The following table shows how each Pip contrasts and compares with the same number Pip in the other three suits. This will help you refine your ideas about the meaning of each Pip.

END PART 17

⁴² This thesis implies Womb Envy. (Not to be discussed later.)

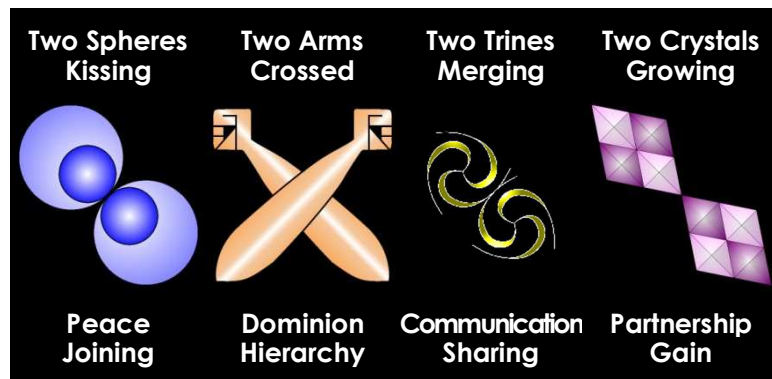
Aces — Roots

Basis or cause. (Or lack of basis or cause.)



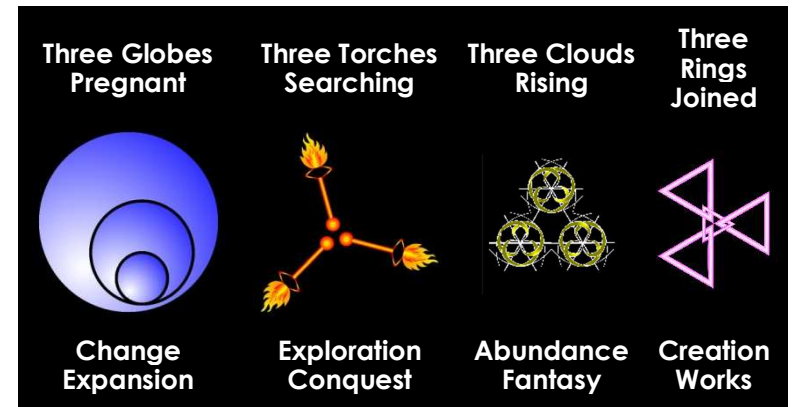
Twos — Lessons

What you learn in encounters with others. (For better or worse.)



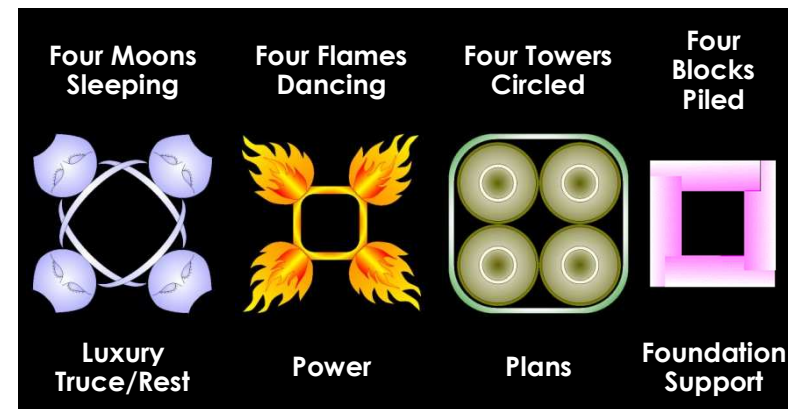
Threes — Expansion:

Changes because of encounters with others. (For better or worse.)



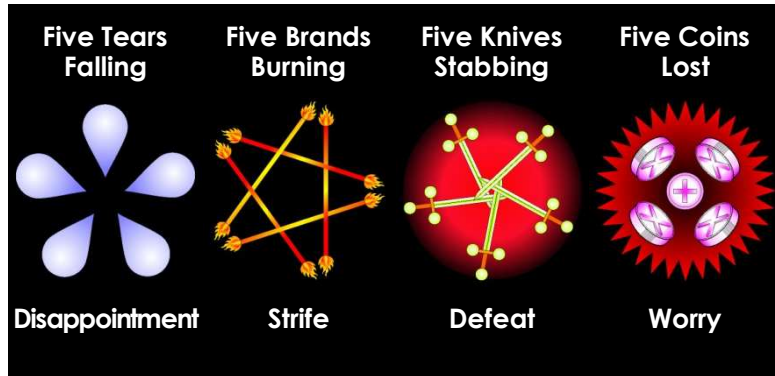
Fours — Foundation

An infrastructure to build upon. (Sound or unsound.)



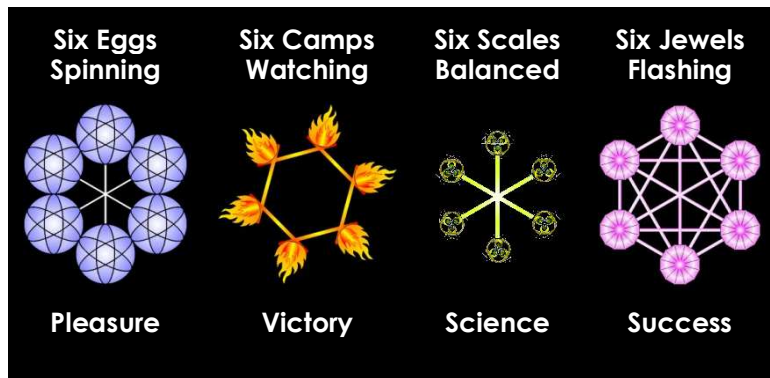
Fives — Apperception

Seeing what you expect to see. (Or not seeing what you don't expect to see.) Based on your personal experience.



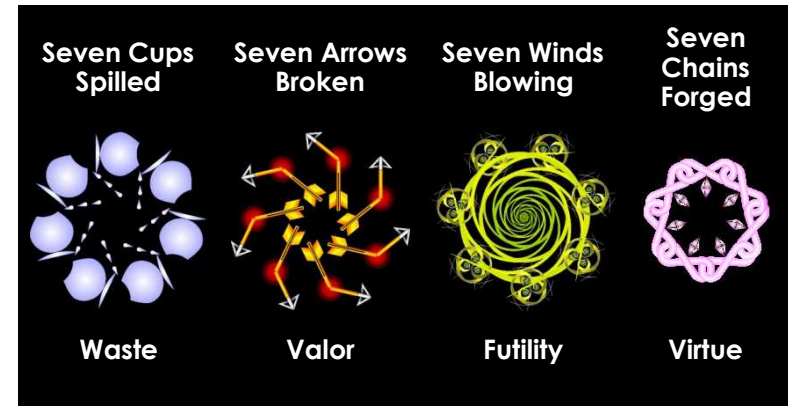
Sixes — Balance

When all things come together. (Or when all things fall apart.)



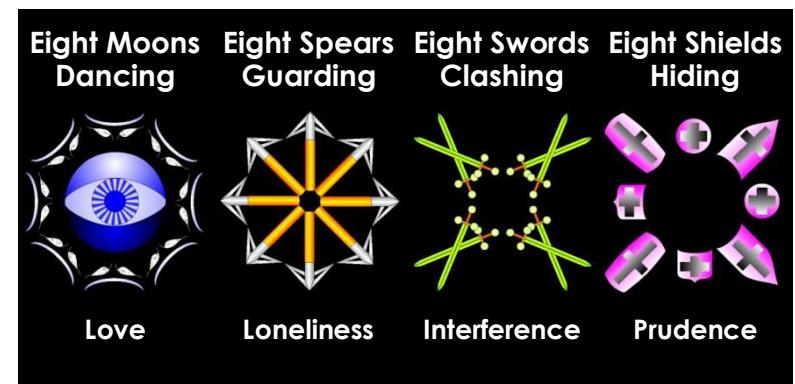
Sevens — Preconception

Seeing what you want to see. (Or not seeing what you don't want to see.) Based on personal biases.



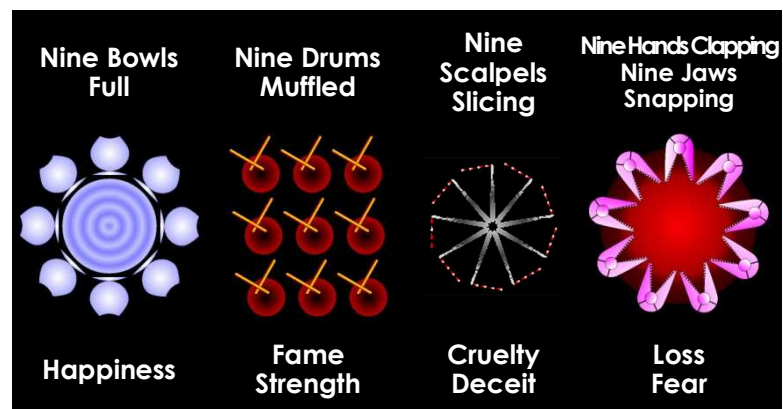
Eights — Projection

Assuming others see and feel the same way you see and feel – blinding yourself to reality. (Or confusing sympathy with how others see and feel.)



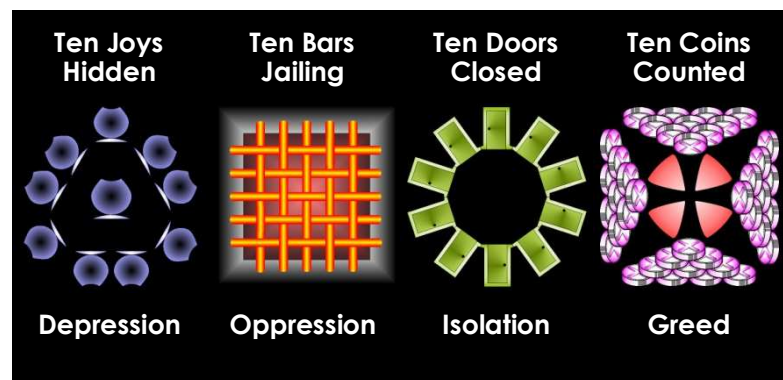
Nines — Reflection

Perfection with a mirror'd twist. (Or fun-house mirror'd distortion.)



Tens — Obsession

Loop-locked behavior — inability to move on. (Or failure to persist.)



END PART 18

Acknowledgements

These are some of the wonderful people who have had major influences on my life, and therefore have had major influences on this book.

Dr Joseph L. Fink: Rabbi at Temple Beth Zion, Buffalo, NY. *The Keeper of the Library* was a Scholar. He was a wise man who understood the contents of the Library.

He taught me to think instead of learning dogma.

He would probably be disappointed to learn that I am a confirmed atheist, but Saturday Jews, and Sunday Christians convinced me that loving kindness makes more sense than empty rituals.

Ruth Swayze, Proprietor of *The Bell, Book, and Candle, the Oldest, Permanent, Floating, Coffee House in all Ontar-i-o.*

She was the Gertrude Stein for my generation, and later went on to write for the TV series *Taxi*, and to help found the Heritage artists colony in Manasota Key, Florida.

Laurie Lawson: One of the few male friends I ever made. Intelligent, competent, computer literate, Canadian, and another amateur race car nut.

Susan Frey: The only life-long friend I made in high school. We used to pass notes back and forth in codes so that we could both learn cryptography. She went on to become a clinical psychologist. We had many discussions about the "rat boys" (experimental psychologists) and the "shrinks." I think I was in love with her in high school, but she friend zoned me because she was afraid she would lose me if we broke up. We have remained friends for over 60 years.

A long time ago, in the late 1960s and 1970s, I had a wonderful psychotherapist, [Florence Kopit](#), at Group Labs, in Manhasset, Long Island, NY. She taught me most of the things I know about Gestalt and Bio-Energetics psychotherapies. I have adapted those Gestalt techniques for interpreting readings. Any errors in technique are mine alone. It has been a long time.

My late wife of 41 years, **Gloria J. "Mimi" Winer** is (still) a well-known doll pattern designer. I made it possible for her to follow her dream to make figurative sculpture. She made it possible for me to follow my dream and become a photographer, writer, videographer, and publisher of her doll patterns in paper and video. We are both teachers at heart. We taught each other the meaning of life and love and companionship.

Mimi & Jim (circa 1980)



She was a professional model and a restaurant manager before she became a communications consultant and system administrator for Fortune 100 companies. She wore a daisy covered hard hat while supervising the installation of corporate communication equipment in sky scrapers under construction.	He was a super-programmer, a systems analyst, and an application architect for Fortune 100 companies before he quit the rat-race. He hasn't worn a suit in twenty years. He still does technical writing and computer network designs for some clients to help support the business.
She always wanted to go to Art school.	He always wanted to be a publisher.
They met in a client's office while working together on different aspects of the same job. They weren't very interested in each other until they discovered how well they worked together.	
Now she has a warehouse of art supplies for dollmaking in her basement and famous doll artists come from all over the world to teach in the school she founded because she couldn't afford to travel elsewhere. Her husband supports her business because it's still too small to support itself.	Now he has a photo studio, a pre-press computer system, a scanner, a laser printer, a plate maker, a printing press, a collating machine, a booklet binder, and his wife's company to sell the books and patterns he writes, photographs, prints, and publishes for dollmakers.
Now they are having the time of their lives, struggling to help their business survive until it grows up and can take care of itself.	

Tziporah of *Blue Moon Coven* introduced me to the world of Wicca. She sold me my first Tarot deck, *The Book of Thoth*, at a little shop in Brooklyn.

I met **Nyx Shadowhawk** over the Internet when she was still in high school. She didn't want to live in a world without magic, and dedicated herself to bringing magic into the world. I was probably the first person who criticized her attempts at fiction instead of praising them. *She was not happy*. She has learned to be a storyteller, and will probably be the most influential writer on mythology, mysticism, and magic of the 21st century. I think she has the talent to be a great novelist as well. She reminded me that *I don't want to live in a world without magic either*.

I met **Elinor Greenberg, Ph.D.** through social media. She has a wonderful talent for explaining Gestalt therapy techniques and personality disorders in simple language. She is also a Tarot reader and uses the Tarot in her psychotherapy practice in New York City. I wish I could have met her in person. Again, any errors in technique are mine alone.

Mommy Dearest (Titania's mother, Mimi's daughter) taught me that redemption is possible, even if it takes a lifetime, and that it is better to end life on your own terms rather than wait for the ravages of time to take their inevitable toll.

Titania, *Queen of the World*, taught me that you can't become fully an adult until you have had the joys and tears of revisiting your own childhood through teaching a child of the mind, if not a child of the body. She taught me the meaning of the Scorpio Key.

Alexa, Titania's daughter, sole survivor, the last of her line.

END PART 19

About the Author

Hello. I am Tayoh Dey. *I'm also Wepwawet Vvulff.*



I don't have gender dysphoria. I don't think I was born in the wrong body.

I have gender euphoria.
I am happier when I see myself as a trans-woman than as a cis-man.

I enjoy being a girl!
It makes me happy!

To understand who I am,
you need to understand how I became.
Let's look at some of my history:

As a child, I didn't particularly identify as a boy or
as a girl.
I didn't associate gender with my body.
I wanted to be either Superman or Wonder Woman
as the occasion demanded.
The physical apparatus didn't strike me as
particularly related to my body,
but rather to the task at hand.
Most tasks didn't involve gender,
but for those that did,
I wanted to be changeable.

I have three gender states.
Sometimes I feel male, sometimes I feel female,
but most of the time I am agender
because gender has nothing to do with
what I'm doing.

I only become male or female when it mattered.
Most of my life has been spent without a gender.
In younger times, I lived as a male
because that was what was expected of me.
So, I became male.
As a child, I didn't understand
that most of the world
was either male or female.
Like most children, I thought everyone else was
like me on the inside –
sometimes a boy and sometimes a girl.
I didn't realize how different I was.

From an early age, I could see all my relatives
and all my classmates
lying about everything.

I didn't lie because
I assumed they could see the lies too.
It took me a long time understand that they
couldn't see.

I learned not to trust anybody – I became
emotionally isolated.
I don't know why it only affected
my male personality
and not my female personality.
I don't think my female personality
was very developed at that time.

It was this same projection of my own feelings
onto others that meant I didn't understand
that most of the world was different.

Like most children,
I thought everyone else was like me
on the inside.

Since I didn't understand people,
I was drawn to machines.
Machines don't have feelings.
Machines were predictable.
My analytical intelligence developed long before
my emotional intelligence.

I grew up in a household with a viciously
man-hating grandmother
and a father who was present as little as possible
to avoid her.
She was a nasty old lady who constantly
disparaged men.
She hated men (so I was told)
because her husband went off and left her with
3 small children,
of which my mother was the eldest.
Obviously, that's not where her hatred started,
but her hatred is probably the reason
her husband left.

She constantly denigrated my father and all men.
She accepted me only because she was convinced
that I was really her granddaughter
disguised as a grandson.

My father never defended himself.
My mother never defended my father.
My father worked late every night to avoid her.
I was taught by the family environment
that because I was male,
I could never be "good enough."

I was the one who was forced
to beg her to take her medicine
while I wished her dead.
She died.
I wasn't "good enough" to save her.

Effectively, I had no male role model.
I learned how to get along with women,
but never how to get along with men.
I learned to dislike men
although I wasn't aware of it at the time.

Sometime around adolescence,
I started cross dressing.
I'm guessing that at first it was the fetish variety,
but eventually I discovered that I was happier
when I cross dressed.
My male personality is emotionally isolated
and depressed.
My female personality is emotionally connected
and happier.
In short, I don't have gender dysphoria,
but I do have social dysfunction.

I enjoy being a girl. It makes me happy.
This is an opinion, not a diagnosis.

Back then, the words didn't exist for genderfluid.
I have three distinct personalities,
<DeadName> who is male,
emotionally isolated and depressed,
"Wolf," who is agender,
and has nothing resembling
human emotions,
and me, Tayoh.

Wolf was present about 90% of the time.
<DeadName> was present about 9% of the time,
I was present as a cross-dresser
about 1% of the time.
I am emotionally connected and happy.

It was 1958, my Junior year in high school.
Bell, Book, and Candle was my favorite movie.
I fell in love with Kim Novak.
Actually, I fell in love with the idea of Magick.
But mostly, **I wanted to be Gillian Holroyd.**
If I ever have a cat, it will be named Pyewacket.

It was 1959. Fidel Castro was fighting for
freedom in Cuba.
I grew a beard,
celebrated "Veintiséis de julio,"
and drew the red and black flag
of the revolution everywhere.
I didn't understand communism then.
Castro was a hero then, *who fought passionately
for a cause.*
I had no good male role models.
I needed a hero. Castro was "romantic."
Che Guevara didn't do anything for me.
I still have the beard.
I gave up on Castro a long time ago.

I now understand that the beard is
a "gender resonance" activity
to hold my personality on the male side.
When I want to be a girl, the beard goes.
When I want to be a boy, the beard returns.

I didn't understand people.
People don't behave rationally.
So I turned to computers.
It was the infancy of the computer industry.
There were only two commercial computers then.
I became a programmer.
It was a suitable vocation for a boy.
But, I wasn't a boy.
I was agendered.

Because I wasn't comfortable being male,
and I wasn't physically female,
I stayed in the agender state most of the time
 unless gender was a necessity
 for a particular activity.

I had no good male role models,
and I didn't feel accepted with females.

Mother would probably have welcomed me
into her conversations and circles.
I'm sure both my father and my mother loved me,
but neither one of them knew how to reach me.
I didn't want to be reached.
My grandmother was probably the only "abusive"
thing I suffered as a child.
I had good parents who wanted the best for me.
They were just in over their heads
and didn't understand or know how to cope
with the situation.

My male personality became a computer whiz kid
before there was Computer Science.
I've worked for 2 universities -
 without a degree,
teaching the professors how to use computers.

I became a programmer,
or what is called a "developer" today.
Then I became a System Analyst
 (analyze existing systems),
a System Engineer
 (design new systems),
and as systems became too complex
for a single person to wholly understand,
a Technical Writer.
Only the Project Manager and the Technical Writer
actually understood the whole system.
I never did learn how people work.
I didn't want to be a Project Manager
because I would have to deal with people.
What I did start to learn
was how to program minds.

Part of the problem was the analytical intelligence.
It interferes with emotional intelligence
and vice versa.
If you are too analytical, and male
(boys don't have emotions) to boot,
it prevents you from developing
emotional intelligence.

Eventually, like a good boy,
I got married in my 20s.
I was a closed-minded male.
I had shifted into my "young married" role,
and never having had good role models,
I had shit for an idea of how a marriage works.
So my marriage broke up,
mostly because I was a male asshole.

Psychotherapy was the silver lining
in the cloud of despair.
The psychological testing told me my personality
was right down the middle
between male and female,
and that I had a 99.9 percentile intelligence.
What the tests didn't show is that I have
a very high empathy level,
but it's hidden in my female personality
and is not accessible to my male personality.
At the time, the words "bi-gender" and "agender"
still didn't exist.
Otherwise, I might have had a clue.

I had a wonderful female therapist.
I learned Gestalt and Bio-Energetic techniques.
I know how to induce an abreaction
and how to bring someone back
out of the flashback
to the here and now.
I began to find my emotional intelligence.
I bought two pairs of batakas, padded foam bats.
I had bataka fights with my friends.
I learned how the mind works.



I met my first pwBPD
(person with Borderline Personality Disorder)
in New York City.

We visited the 79th Street Boat Basin
and I fell in love with houseboats.
She helped me loosen up
and live on a cabin cruiser.
She got me interested in Tarot cards.

I found a strange little occult shop in Brooklyn.
I immediately fell in love with the Thoth Tarot
by Aleister Crowley.
The images on the cards spoke to me.
This is how I met my totem or spirit animal, "Wolf."
Upuaut, or Wepwawet is the Egyptian
wolf-headed god who Opens the Way
for the Bark of Ra.

And of course, that led me to study
ceremonial magick
and hang out with the local Wiccan coven.
I learned more about how the mind works.
My emotional intelligence got a little better.

I dated a girl who lived in a filmmaking
"cooperative" in Manhattan.
They supported their "artistic" filmmaking activities
by shooting "artistic" pornos on the side.
I learned how to let go of my ideas of sexuality
and sensuality.
She was open to anything that didn't hurt.
She did the costumes for the films
(costumes for pornos?)
and sold clothing of her own design on the side.
She would have loved to dress me up.
She gave me my first rim-job,
my first pregnancy,
my first abortion,
and my first STD.

We didn't last because her interests were
too limited – nothing but film and clothing and sex.
If I had stayed with her,
I would have become a shemale whore.

Then, one day, when I wasn't looking for it,
 I met my soul mate at work.
 Beautiful, gourmet cook, fashionista,
 emotionally open,
 and with a high-tech job.
 One day, after dinner at her place, I never left.
 We never had any intention of getting married.
 We knew that the change in roles from
 "young couple living together"
 to "married couple"
 could be disastrous.
 We both had lousy role models.
 Unfortunately, child abuse can be traced back
 five generations in her family.
 We got married to adapt her granddaughter,
 Titania,
 out of an abuse situation.
 I had never wanted kids.
 (What if I got a boy, or worse someone not smart.)
 Now I had one pre-teen girl
 with lots of sexual experience and brutality –
 fortunately smart enough
 that I could communicate with her.
 That's when I started getting serious about Tarot.
 I used it to explore myself and my relations with
 Titania, Queen of the World.
 Together, I (Tayoh Dey) and Wolf (Wepwawet
 Vvulff) designed a Tarot deck and wrote a book.
 We called it Do-It-Yourself Brain Surgery.
 When you're hitting 85% or better accuracy,
 it gets scary.
 When you can't do a reading for someone who
 is desperate,
 and then commits suicide the next week,
 it gets scary.
 I don't do readings for other people any more.
 I'm not "good enough" to save them.

I finally fully understood how
 the mind is programmed.
 I also learned how impossibly difficult it is
 to alter the coding –
 something any shrink could have told me.
 Understanding what has gone wrong is easy.
 Changing it is almost impossible.
 Years later, after a series of brutal boyfriends,
 Titania died of cirrhosis of the liver.
 I wasn't "good enough" to save her.
 Titania's mother committed suicide
 after 25 years of therapy
 that I had helped her through.
 I wasn't "good enough" to save her.
 Our marriage lasted for 41 years.
 I got to wear thigh-top stockings in bed.
 (I'm very tactile and very oral.)
 She couldn't deal with anything more than
 stockings, but she wore them too.
 I've done a lot of things that may seem
 male gender specific.
 I don't think gender has anything
 to do with any of them.
 I have met women who have done all of them.

I have been on the pit crew of an amateur race car.
 I have been an auto mechanic.
 I have lived on a cabin cruiser for several years
 and played tag with whales.
 I have built robots and computers.
 I have been a photographer with both wet
 (chemical) and dry (computer) darkrooms.
 I have done videography.
 I have owned a printing press
 and been a publisher.
 I do photo editing, video editing,
 and sound editing.
 I have written high technology documentation
 and training programs.
 I have written "how-to" arts and crafts books.
 I am really lousy at music. I can't hold a tune.
 I have excellent hand-eye coordination.
 I can work on microscopic circuits.
 I have very poor reflex times.
 I stink at sports.
 I don't twitch fast enough to play video games.
 I have restored and repaired pinball games.
 My reflexes are too slow to play them very well.
 I have done stage lighting and rigging.
 I have acted on the stage.
 (That's where I learned to do makeup.)

So, why Tayoh Dey? What's my name all about?

Well, since I seem to be both male and female (as
 opposed to one or the other),
 I went looking for the Yin & the Yang.



From [Wikipedia](#):

Tao or Dao (English pronunciation: /da/,
 DOW; from Chinese: pinyin: About this
 sound Dào) is a Chinese word signifying
 'way', 'path', 'route', 'key' or sometimes
 more loosely 'doctrine' or 'principle'.

The Tao can be roughly thought of as the
 flow of the Universe, or as some essence or
 pattern behind the natural world that keeps
 the Universe balanced and ordered.

The Tao is a non-dualistic principle – it is the
 greater whole from which all the individual
 elements of the Universe derive.

[...] the object of spiritual practice is to
 'become one with the Tao' (Tao Te Ching) or
 to harmonize one's will with Nature... in
 order to achieve 'effortless action' (Wu wei).

De ("power; virtue; integrity") is the term generally used to refer to proper adherence to the Tao; De is the active living or cultivation of the way. Particular things (things with names) that manifest from the Tao have their own inner nature that they follow, in accordance with the Tao, and the following of this inner nature is De.

So: Tayoh Dey -
the named Tao -
spelled phonetically to avoid the common pronunciations of TAU DE
which would be approximately: "Dou Duh" in Chinese
and "Dowdy" or "Towdy" in English.

Tayoh Dey.
Because that's who I am.

My male personality was happily married for 41 years to a wonderful woman.
He spent the last 5 years of the marriage helping her fight metastatic bowel cancer.
The chemotherapy killed her.

A year before the cancer took her body.
He feels he wasn't "good enough" to save her.
His childhood has come back to haunt him.
He is not interested in going on.
Wolf and I don't expect to see him much anymore.
Sometimes, it's best to let sleeping dogs lie.

And the absolute worst thing that happened,
that I didn't really understand until recently,
70 years later,
and didn't clear up in therapy,
is that my mother forced me to violate my personal integrity by lying to my grandmother.
That's why I never connected with my mother.
That's why she couldn't reach me.
That's why I refused to give her the grandchildren she so desired.
That's why I have to be Tayoh to survive.

Wolf and I share the single consciousness now instead of alternating.
Wolf does the thinking and writing.
I tend to our emotional life and body awareness.
And I guide Wolf into achieving our joint survival by becoming permanently Tayoh.



The pictures are from November, 1984,
when I was 44.

Yes, they have been Photoshopped
to replace the background.

I'm 84. (2025)

It's time to lose the weight.
It's time to lose the bags under the eyes.
It's too late for the heels –
 my feet won't take it anymore.
It's time to ditch the male depression,
and be a happy woman.

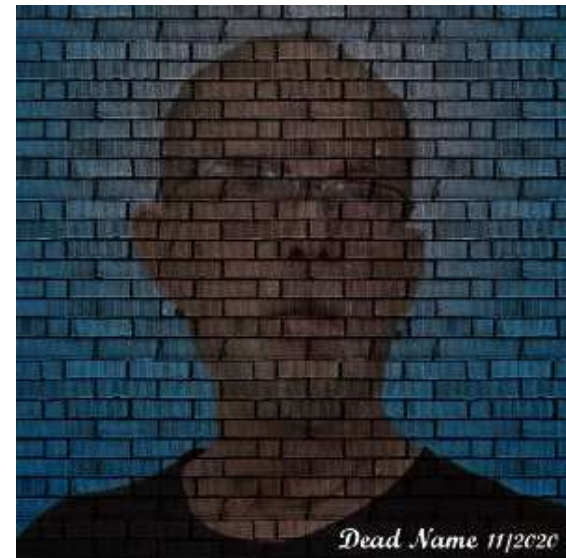
I like being a girl!
It makes me happy!

Just to clarify things:

I still look the same.
I still have a beard,
I don't cross dress,
I don't act noticeably different.
If you don't already know me,
the only thing you will notice
is that I have pierced ears with small studs.

If you do know me,
you may notice that I am much more emotional,
I have a larger range of emotions,
I talk about how I feel instead of being cooped up,
my body language is more open,
my movements are more fluid.
I relate more to people
instead of being aloof and outside.
I take care of myself a little better.

I just feel like a woman
masquerading in a man's body.

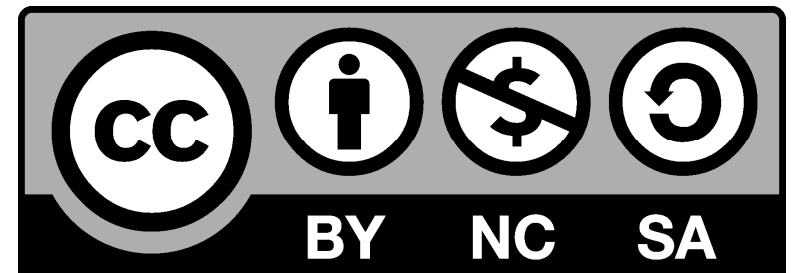


END PART 20

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END PART 21

Titania

Queen of the World

Fallen Angel

12/17/1966 – 9/20/2013