

Sex And The Single God

A Cohesive Conflation Of God Sex & Culture

By J Starsinger

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Introduction

*Creation is sexy. One plus One make Three.
Conundrums of Singularity, Duality and Trinity
All perceived misspellings and odd wordings
are included by design distinctly on purpose to make points,
prove puddings and proof the rising dough of
consciousness.*

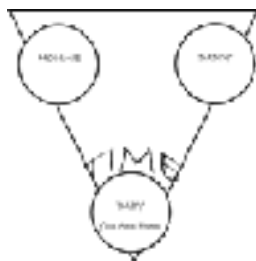
What's the trouble with Modernia? If I had to say one thing, it would be Sex. If allowed two things, then, Sex and God. If allowed three things, then I would add Language. Today's world, which I call Modernia, is filled with upside down languaging and misrepresented genderizing. The One Male God of Modernity has caused a mental and emotional imbalance that has led us to a precipice of destruction. Whether we conscious beings have faced existential threats like this before is beyond direct knowledge, but intuitively, it feels familiar. Destruction is part of creation.

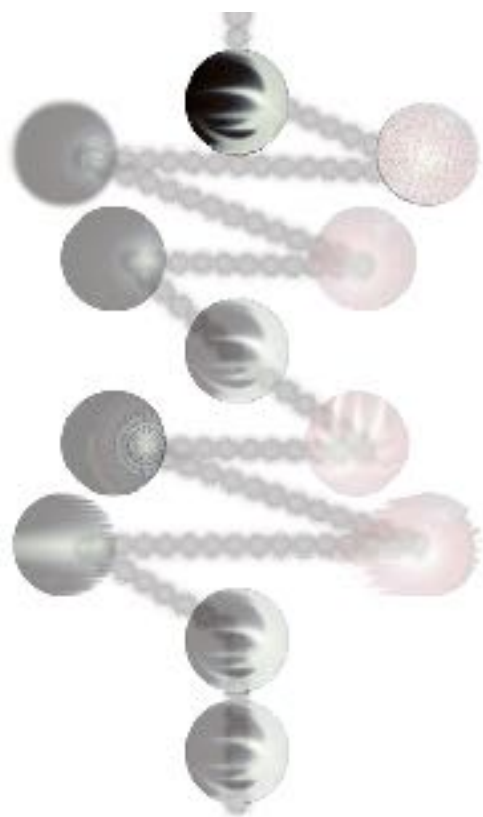
The Temple is God's home. There is nothing to prove here. Only to understand. If there is a God, he and his Wife are the Creators of reality. They love each other so much that they have sex all around the house, all the time, enraptured. The "house" is creation, herself.

We humuns are the result of two gods, not one. We are the middle road, the serpent slithering, on the cutting edge. We humuns are not lowly worms

kept out of heaven as punishment for the curiosity of a curious girl. We are the boy in a girl-suit. The mental god inside the physical Ess.

Truth moves, it is not set in stone. Truth can be written on stone but stone crumbles. As every archaeologist knows, it is a hassle to reunite those ancient pieces. It is so much easier to experience Truth in a moment of clarity. Seek clarity and truth will follow you around like a loyal pet. I can explain my technique for opening an umbrella in the wind, but until you try it, the words are just sounds blowing past you, disrupting your hair style.





1. The Emergent Vortex of Being

*Truth is found neither in the thesis nor the antithesis,
but in an emergent synthesis,
which reconciles the two. -GWF Hegel*

Creation is Emergent Synthesis, like a tornado or a hurricane. The Astrology chart, the Tree of Life and the quarks and gluons of quantum physics all take turns in one direction or the other, thus creating the daily miracles that we take for granted.

This means that something is always coming out of something else. Which means that it is a cyclic process of becoming. The 3 Pillars represent lateral development between percussive and incisive energies, but there are many perspectives other than the straight forward two dimensional one.

Belief in god is lack of faith. -Krishnamurti

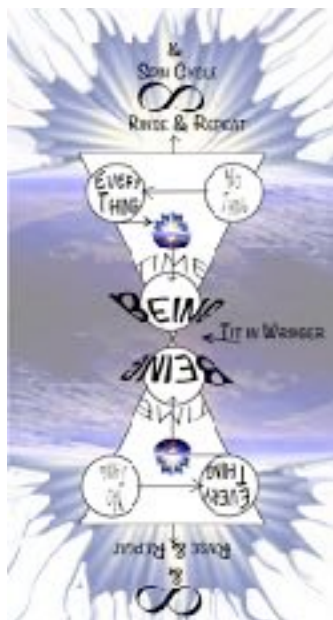
The Universe Begends in a Feminine Vortex. The neck of the funnel restricts the flow causing the liquids to swirl. From our perspective, the birth of this experience happened when a cosmic pimple popped and gushed out stardust. That was the Great Mother at work. She can be a Black Hole or a Holy Mother but regardless of what we call her, stuff stews inside her and eventually comes out. Sometimes it is cute and sometimes it is gory and gross.



“Pump them out, lady or you will have no social standing.” Just like factory farm swine, womyn have enslaved themselves for a long time. All humans are the livestock for greedy overlords, if we let them. They bend us over; rape us, work us, indoctrinate us, and then kill and eat us. We do, however, have recourse, but we fear our own integrity, our wholeness. We always have, but just did not get the full realization until the day womyn walked into the corporate toilet rooms and hooked themselves up to milking machines for their abandoned babies who are now in the care of underpaid strangers who do not pick them up when they cry.

Womyn are complicit in the human condition. Far be it from me to tell you why, other than to say we liked the idea of the men taking care of us. I always did, even though the exchange turned me into a whore, due to the feminist disgust of Housewifery. I loved nursing babies and taking care of the home and health of my family. With a bit more self-awareness I could possibly have stayed married and also given my boys emotional security, but life in the rear view mirror is no life at all, so I digress.





The One God (TOG) Problem

The problem: 84% of world population believes in The One God. That is a huge problem,



because 6 Billion believers, each believing that only one thing created everything is a terrible idea. How can they relate to the big picture? That is too many singleton minds, each one striving and competing to win in a competition against everyone else. When there can be only one, everyone else is an enemy. Oneness creates separation, otherness.

Look at the diagram above and visualize it spinning. The top half spins clockwise and the bottom half spins counter clockwise. That is exactly how hurricanes and tornadoes work and both of those phenomena always have a still central vortex. The Bible calls it Kingdom, but I call it the Queendom, the physical domain. The Queendom is located at the Vortex (waistline) of two spinning Entities. We live here as a singular/multiple being.

The inherent Truths of the Universe are Thesis and Antithesis, or the Divinities better known as Motion and Rest. Motion is the Masculine God electric voyager, while Rest is the Feminine Ess – magnetic space goo. We define the feminine as minus because she is the negative polarity. How did minus get a bad reputation? From being the femme, dark, manipulative, etc. Every bad thing is feminine. Satan is on the left. We gotta fix this!

We love the positive end of the stick. Go man go! The Masculine positive polarity is a formless force without features. Yet we feel justified in saying that everything is made from his imageless image, and using his ephemeral nothingness as a measure for the physical somethings that we all recognize.



Thesis is the Positive end of a bar magnet. Antithesis is the Negative end. They never meet. Cut a magnet in half and you get two new magnets, each with negative and positive poles. We are the resulting central force, the middle of the magnet balance. We are in a peaceful place here, in the eye of the hurricane. While Divine forces swirl around us, here in the Queendom we spin on an axis, calm. We think we know what black and white are but we could not handle black and white if we saw them for real.

She doesn't move, but she doesn't have to because she is here, there and everywhere. Truth moves and then it rests; and then it moves again like a snake moving along the curves of earth. Observed from the side, a serpent is a wave, but look at her straight in the face and she is a dot with frightening teeth. When it moves it is yang, and when it rests it is yin. It resides as a wave until one gaze transforms the Feminine wave into the Masculine particle. The language of quantum physics is the new religion.



In the Beginning a black magnet, draws white to her. White crashes into her causing a wave, then



motion happens. A drop of white splashes into the black and then a drop of black plops onto white and there is the Taijitu, the Tao circle. As the centers spin around each other they also spin around their own center cores. As they spin, they accelerate and soon black and white are streaks of black and white spinning together. The faster they spin, the less differentiated they become until together, they turn to gray. Our world and our selves live at the bottom of the cross, in the gray. Funny thing though, when light hits damp air, the rainbows shine. Reality is a gray sky with rainbows.





Here in the Universe, Everything spins. Here, on the cutting edge of creation the land of gray skies and rainbows, between light and dark it looks still, but that is because we are in the eye of a hurricane called chaos, endless possibility. We can save the



world if we understand her – only a sacred cup can withstand the force of a sacred essence.

Liberate The One God's womun! "When a man loves a womun" and all that! Actually she hasn't gone anywhere and He has his way with her every second of every moment. We have rudely rubbed grapefruit in her face. But I've got news: Creation is the Hermaphrodite. The Amorphous-Light-God and Black-Everything-Ess, are partners in a game of catch and creation is the ball.

Here in the eye of the storm Truth flies and swims. What a thrill to think a thought only to learn that a famous genius thought that same thought 100 years ago and you hadn't read that book yet. You just picked it out of the freaking air. There are no secrets, because truth is written all over our faces and in the air we breathe.

Those genius events are called Zeitgeist in German because English doesn't have cool words so we borrow! This magical 100th Monkey Syndrome is happening all the time. You can make a long list of these clichés, and you can disparage clichés, but in the end, Truth has a mind of its own, and when encountered, you know you when you have received its force – you caught a fastball! What a thrill to realize that you are part of a rich fabric, woven from past realities and future hopes, and that you actually caught a ball moving at ninety miles per hour! Moments of Truth are addictive and thrilling.

You are the thread, dyed to perfection, placed in the perfect spot of an immense/tiny tapestry called



The Now. Right and wrong, blame and punishment are for the greater forces. The Now is where the gods learn. The Now spins, flies, ebbs and flows. The undiluted gods cannot go with the flow as we do, because they are extreme. They are too pure. She hums, he jabs.

We children have a job here in Now. It is a simple task. Flexibility is required. We are caretakers of the Now. The Ess can't move. The God can't stop. They come together in us where we teach Ess about travel and God about the brakes. Creation is the compromise between two opposites. When they touch, the Wheel turns and we dance!



The destructive notion that one God is looking down on us has its source in six thousand years of being boy crazy. Our hyper masculinized perspective would have us believe that a daddy is taking charge from on high. In reality, the Gods see each other through us. S/he is looking through our eyes, listening through our ears. We know them through our fingers and eyes, through aromas and pain and ecstasy. Experience is our gift to the two divergent energies of creations.

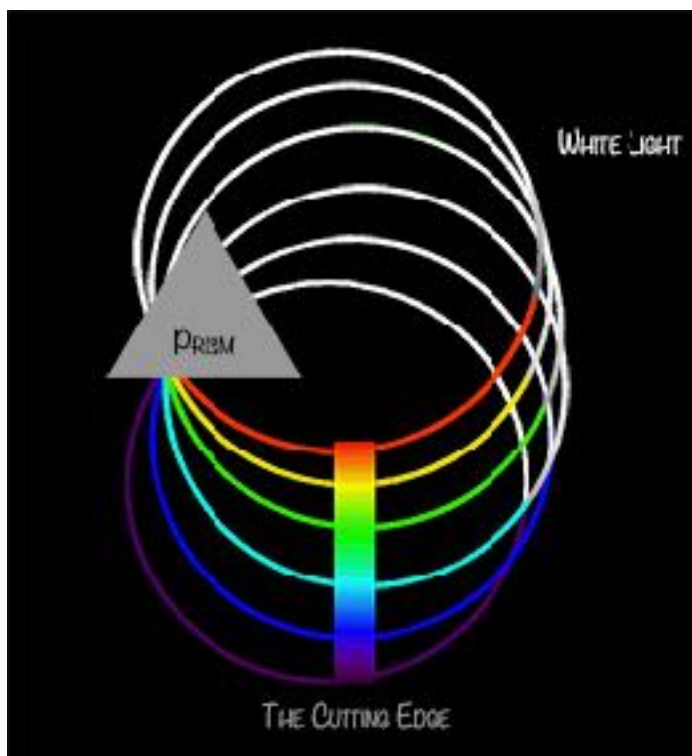
We are at the whims of physics. We are



created by two beings in the throes of passion. If there is a God, then there is an Ess. How do I know this? Did I spring from Pete Peterson's forehead with no Janet Bray in sight? Did anyone? Is there such thing as a motherless child? Even Jesus had a mom, no matter how carefully the misogynist Bible scribes tried to cover up the fact that the spark inseminated her. Everything we do is a copy of all that has gone before, including our Makers. It's all connected. We didn't make that up, but our task it to understand it. Nothing is separate. You need not ask, because you already know. Because of the gift of the Now, we have the ability to see what God and Ess cannot. How could they? He is a streak of light moving endlessly through space. She is the black Stuff of the Universe. They can see rainbows through our eyes.



Bird's Eye View Prism



On the Center Pillar, we circulate. The center is a place of peaceful spinning, like whirling Dervishes, we spin. In my begending, I thought that black and white made gray, but no! They make rainbows. I can't explain it, but I can see it. Dude, it's the crystal.

Unbalanced Worship

Without a beloved Ess, how are womyn



supposed to love each other, much less, themselves? If our only divinity is a masculine god, then our only point of goodness (god-ness) must be masculine. Now the girls are kicking ass in the movies, acting like men, fighting like men, being tough like men. Nonsense! Men are stronger and will beat womyn in contests of physical strength every time.

We keep trying to bend reality toward masculine qualities. Using feminine pronouns more often creates a reminder of the automatic identities we have assigned to the world. The single choice for all humuns is to act like a man. Be brave, be strong. Hit hard and win. Be ambitious. Be independent. These definitions been prominent for several thousand years, since agriculture, which was supposedly invented by womyn, so Mea Culpa right back at me!

In patriarchy everyone competes. If your path to survival is getting the richest man, then you had better be the one he chooses, because if he doesn't choose you, life will be ugly and dirty. Girls learn early that life depends on the pleasure of men. We compete with other each other for our very lives. Men compete to the point of weariness too. Men must be hyper vigilant. It's exhausting. Our mothers knew that the best they could do for their daughters was to train us to get good husbands, because god knew, we weren't going to get anywhere else in the god's world. "Marry a Jew!" My mother told me this often. No kidding.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder and



familiarity breeds contempt. Womyn are more likely to be murdered by a familiar than a stranger. Why so mean to the femmes?

How does the worship of an exclusive masculine trinity effect the collective mind? Inaccessible father, his sacrificial son, and masculine spirit? All males, all the time. God and his dudes. Holy dudes abound, to the detriment of feminine reality. Could it be that our culture loves the invisible Father too much and our visible Mother too little? Dudes are feminine too. This makes dudes vulnerable to self-hate as chicks. Chicks a bit more, though!

This gay reality is not okay for everyone. And don't accuse me of homophobia. Nonsense! Everyone knows that a world full of dudes is a shit world. Dudes will tell you that. Look at China with too many dudes. And now those wifeless young dudes are kidnapping womyn from neighboring countries. Gay or straight, dudes need chicks of all generations and sizes. We need each other. Men need to worship Ess, too. We all do.

Where is the mommy? Mary, you say. She is a second-class citizen, an incubator that had to be given holy status only to contain the Holy Spirit – a humun vessel, a stay-at-home yogurt warmer, not worthy of first tier worship, secondary at best.

We don't just ignore Her. We hate Her. She is the evil bitch that keeps us from Daddy. She's the bitch who will get my man. She is vapid, interminably illogical, and we all know that sentimentalism is a weak emotion. Why do we



believe these hurtful ideas?

Speaking of contradictory messages, how about some of these?

God knows exactly what he is doing and does it on purpose for our own good, for his reasons.

If you hurt, it's your own fault. You asked for it. Grin and bear it.

God's cruelty is good.

"Stop crying or I will give you something to cry about!"

The problem with this sort of restrictive stuff is that it is not yang, it's yin. That's right, the feminine is the choking restrictive severe one. She is the withholder, the stingy, the wall. The feminine pillar is severity. As Neptune she is deceptive or vague. As Saturn she is restrictive and demanding. As Venus she has you by the short hairs. The femme is powerful, which is exactly the reason why the dudes have tried to steal her thunder.

The yang god is on the pillar of mercy. He is the happy go lucky guy when he is Zeus. He is the funny trickster as Mercury and he is the wacky inventor as Uranus. Dudes are the bringers of fun. The dude energy in all of us is where light shines into hearts and minds. All versions of humun genders contain dude energy. Dude energy is not just for men, womyn have some too. We gotta get off of this Newtonian duality wagon and hitch a ride on the



unity wagon. We are made to have each other's backs.

My mother was mentally ill. I thought I hated her until I learned forgiveness at age fifty. Astrology taught me that she couldn't help herself; how lost and unrecognized she must have felt. She was from a Shamanic lineage in a culture that did not even know that word, much less its function. Her mother, who did not want her and said so out loud to all who were near, abandoned her. Can you imagine that? "I did not want you. I allowed you because your father wanted a child." I forgave my mother's ills toward me eighteen years after her death. It wouldn't have mattered to her when she was alive because she didn't know reality for her final ten years, but it would have mattered to me. Love and forgiveness always matter, any time. I am glad that I got there.

What was your reason to hate or dislike your mother? Was she simply mean to you or an incompetent role model? Or was her situation more complicated than that? Did she grow up with ideas of her own inadequacies so deeply embedded into her cells that her anger shot from her pores like tiny poisonous spears attacking the cracks in your heart?

Femme is hated around the world in many ways. Why do so many African mothers cut off the clitorises of their little girls? These womyn cannot orgasm. Why do they do that? I have heard that some young mothers hide their daughters so the grandmothers can't kidnap them away from their mothers to butcher them. It's a nightmare of



misogyny. The mothers were trying to protect their girls from this fate, but traditional grannies insisted upon their quarter ounce of flesh. Tradition is an old Zombie habit that won't die. Some traditions are valuable, like the heavy potshards arranged in a basket that I use as a doorstop. Useful.

Many mother-hating mystics from around the world will tell you to shed that nasty physical body and find your light body. They call the body burdensome and heavy. They wear it like a hair shirt; an unwanted illusion. They want you to learn to play among the stars but not among the green trees and lakes. They want you to sit for hours holding your body still. They say the body is a filthy animal that has no soul and that animals are less-than humun because they don't live in square houses. These are terrible ideas, destructive and mean-spirited evil spells cast with the mouths that are meant for blessings.

If you knew how life works, every moment would be in glorious celebration because the Physical world is the Ess's Body. Mother is everything you see, hear, taste, touch and feel. She is the sweet and sour of life itself and she contains your precious lord and savior, as do you. You need no stinkin' wafers. You are the freaking wafer. He is already inside you and your cat. The known is powerful, beautiful and every bit as Holy as the unknown and they are not separate. Can you feel the life coursing through your veins? Veins are the feminine containers that allow your hot, masculine god-blood to flow.



Many traditional Christian sects await Armageddon with open arms, because they see the end of the world story as the ultimate goal of their religion, but I see it as hatred for the Feminine. What these door-to-door fear mongers don't realize is that life is the only game in town.

You cannot go hang out with the Light Dude. He is not your friend. He is electric fire speeding through the Universe; tearing and cauterizing as he callously gallivants through the fabric of time. The Light Dude that began you is not the same Light Dude that cruised past here moments ago. Each data packet is new. He Delights in Novelty. He travels at light speed and never slows, never hesitates. God will never sit down with you. He is incapable of sitting down.

Daddy was a rolling stone. Ancients understood that reality. That is why we see only the Ess and her Son in ancient statues. The big hush-hush is that her son IS her husband. Patriarchs could not live with that incest, so when the Council of Nicea convened, they put a stop to that, by separating her out of the Circle of Supernals, demoting her to a powerless, innocent humun victim of God-rape, and then they created the Gay Trinity.

There is no getting around the incestuousness of creation. The mother is the daughter and her own mother because she clones herself endlessly. She shows up in different forms but in reality they are all versions of herself. When masculine energy penetrates Ess goo, it is always a fresh guy



penetrating his mom or sister or granny. It cannot be otherwise. So the men keep making up religions that get around the truth because the truth gives them the creeps and they don't want to accept it. But it's all just energy, people!

We are the living breathing Two into One. An old Jewish prayer says, "Thank you God for not making me a womun." Oddly enough that was not a misogynist prayer. It is homage to the extent of womun's work. The man is recognizing the burden of femininity. Contrary to Modernian feminists, womyn's work is to bleed, to nourish and to clean. Yes, mommy animals lick their babies' butts to keep them safe from predators that would smell their tiny poo. Mommies are simply practical. Your Mother Earth disposes of your waste. Mother cleans us, washes us, and feeds us, but we demand too much and soon She will abandon us, like a litter of unwanted kittens. Eventually, Nature always takes her course.

I was reminded of the Mosuo video showing their daily lives. Some of the men said how the womyn worked more than they did. They smiled in sympathy. It was very sweet. The womyn who heard this smiled and agreed. They were all aware and okay with the situation. No guilt, no shame, no pointy fingers. Yin is the salt of the earth. Yang makes the hairs on our necks tingle.



Creation is Twisty



At some point Ancient Wisdom and Cutting Edge Science come together, like the Mobius, or the X, or the Crisscross. See where the two arms cross? We exist at the crossroads. The 8, the Ankh and the X are made with a twist. You can see it in the diagram above. That is how the left-brain controls the right side of the body, and the right brain does the left side.



Life is a Twisted Ladder

We are twisted together by gender and species. Indigenous people from everywhere shared the notion of Creation's rights. They shared the notion that animals were their relatives and their homes were as important to them as ours were to us. The animals, plants and Earth Herself all have as much Right as we do. Early Peoples lived in harmony in Ess's domain. I venture to say that our hubris comes from linear and competitive thinking that comes from logos. Let me be clear; we all do masculine thinking, womyn and men. We conceptualize and speak and write. That is what makes us humun. I am a masculine womun by virtue of my intellectual pursuits. Many men are feminine by virtue of their physical bodies. A male body is a



vessel for blood and guts and god, just like a womun's body.



Men take insult when called she. In boot camp ladies is a curse word used to demean the recruits. The worst insults are that a person is like an animal or a womun. “She bleeds out of her eyes and other holes.” What are they, seven? And yet everything is he. “Don’t worry about it, ladies, you



are men too!” I don’t care how it goes down, but that simple taken-for-granted conditioning has left its mark, not just on individuals, but deeply into culture on all levels: economy, religion, law, domestics, even foreign policy. The point is that what we call ourselves embeds into the personal and the cultural identity.



“I am an American” has deep meaning. Just look at how easily we slaughter others with those simple words ringing in our ears. I am Sarah, Joan or Robert. Am I Bob, Dick or Fred? Those words matter, because they literally make your Identity. Names and words make you. We have been created



as men for eons. At this time in history there is no such thing as human nature. There is only masculine nature. Men who are trying to do the roles of womyn are in charge of the world now, and look where it has got us. As Abigail Adams wrote on March 31, 1776:

The future First Lady wrote in part, “I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And, by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation.”

If I changed a word in that dark line, could you take it less personally? The yang is mentally strong. With full power and nothing to slow it down, tyranny results. The Greeks used the word to describe someone who did not deserve what they had taken. A tyrant was someone who did not belong where they were. Try to look above and around the words ladies and men to the gendered forces of nature, yin and yang. This will help you to see behind the words, to carry the meaning beyond your humun form into the realm of pure energies. Remember, all yang would be tyrants if they could.

It could also be said that all yin could be a



tyrant if it were in the wrong domain, but in this recent era of paternalism we do not suffer from that perspective.

In Modernia, the agreeable gene (aspect, chemical, hormone, whatever), that intrinsic part of the feminine energy is called weak, needy, clingy, shrill, demanding or promiscuous. As fathers are allowed into delivery rooms, because: fun science fact: their oxytocin increases, men are becoming more nurturing. Epigenetics seems to work in the moment.

Our Modernian task is to understand who and what we are, what Creation is. There is no magical away place to go. Mars is not an option. Accept that we are as Gods and let's get better at it.

Whose hands are those?

Why can't I see my own head? Perspective. For as long as I have lived, I have never, nor will you ever see our own faces. For some reason I find that fact annoying yet mesmerizing. Doesn't it strike you as strange that no critter can see her own head? A mirror image doesn't do it. A film doesn't do it. That is a digital mirage. Can it be true that I see my face in the faces of my friends and relations? Does my head reside on your shoulders? Truth is, you will never see your actual face on your real head.





You see me this way



I see me this way

Being the hands and feet for the Gods is a big responsibility and lately we suck at. We are blamers who make up reasons to punch and hit, murder and torture, poison and litter Eden with unrelenting population. All hands and feet on deck. Our J.O.B.



(Joy of Being) is to report back to the Mother Ship. She needs to know if the keel is astern the bobstay, you know, so she can deadeye the escutcheon to the wheelhouse with a yardarm. Arggh say I!

Wake up in the woods, off beaten paths where a turned ankle has landed a cheek on a cactus or a blackberry stem. Gaze upon a small lizard called Greenie. The mind rattles like a painted shaman. Perspectives matter.

Prayers should be concise reports, not birthday wish lists. Our job on Earth is to wake up and waking means paying attention. It's easy if you know how and knowing how comes from practice. Practice life every moment. Notice where your feet take you. Listen to what your mouth says. Let your fingers touch life with care.

The remains of ancient cultures are popping up like spring flowers these days. As we return to the scenes of unearthed hubristic crimes of past civilizations, lessons of power, love and lust, ad nauseum, come back to haunt us. Are we Atlantians, Easter Islanders and re-embodied Chaco Canyon dwellers? All of the above disappeared under questionable circumstances. Will we?

It is not hubris to identify with your divine makers, any more than it is to claim your heredity. But it is plain stubbornness to deny your own divinity here in Eden; alive with red blood coursing through my veins, I look at my hands and they are more realistically me than my head could ever be. Divine purpose is right in front of me at the ends of my arms.



This is who I am - two hands. God has two hands, or is S/he the actual hands?

My head and neck exist between two hands, one god and one Ess. I stand between them, in the middle, centered between No-thing and Everything-Here I am, Something. But what? A disenvisioned head bobbling on an invisible bottleneck, similar to the cinch around Our Lady's waist, except it is our necks, collared and hung out to dry. If they are anything like us (and they are), the Gods can't see their own heads either. Is that the secret to life itself? I am a seeing-eye humun trained to guide divine makers to their own truths? A God bobble-head. A godble head.

It is obvious from digging up eons of self destructive cultures that the path to truth is strewn with the carcasses of brilliant civilizations, just like ours, doing exactly as we are doing. Every time we get the chance to dig deeper, to begin again, like the movie "Groundhog Day," we climb a bit higher on the central ladder of the Tree of Life, which is the Cutting Edge of Creation; and at that time, we make the collective choice to drop the A-bomb or not. Choosing the bomb goes right along with choosing a surrogate savior. Powerful beings do not need to destroy to demonstrate their power, and yet destruction is part of creation. Impersonal Mother destroys with a purpose, as part of a process. It's not personal! She does not destroy the entire world, only a few cells of the body of the world. Funny about Impersonal Mother; every culture has one.



Each circle of the Tree of life has an Archetype attached that expresses one level of a creative process. This amazing diagram translates into any system. The British Rabbi Halevi has made the analogies of the Tree with the parts of your car and the seats of government. I have followed up with my own impressions and created psychological, astrological and other assorted profiles.

Babies find the game of peek-a-boo hilarious because they understand that there is no-where to hide. Many people fear labels. Do not fear labels. Nobody is just one thing and everybody knows it. We are mixtures of many things, reactions, substances, constructs and concepts; but fearing labels is just a way of trying to hide from yourself. Own your labels. Learn what they do and how they work in your life. You are decorated in many labels, like an Indie racecar driver with 20 sponsor logos sewn to his suit. All of us are labeled like Indie car drivers. We can see each other's labels just fine, only culture has told us it is impolite to point them out, which is much like pretending that the Emperor is fully clothed when indeed his naked as a newborn baby. We are all naked with labels sewn to our skin suits. There is no-where to hide.

Relish the connections that make you unique. Your separate self is not unique, we all have that; but the collection of labels you wear shows the many perspectives that combine to make you a unique being. Each label is an archetype that represents a segment of the kaleidoscope design, that is your



stained glass window. Allow the light to shine through you. Don't cover up your window with conventional cloth.

"Oh, don't call me that label. I am not that one thing. Don't stereotype me! I am diverse!" Then you turn around and worship TOG. Make up your minds, people. Drink for yourself. Stop drinking the cultural religious koolaid.

The Mea Culpa Gospel

*Thoughts are tiny fascists populating meat suits
with hubristic intentions.*

Mea Culpa is Latin for, "It's my fault, I did that." It is a prayer of confession of sinfulness, the Confiteor, used in the Roman Rite at the beginning of mass or when receiving the sacrament of penance. In modern use, it is a statement of deep regret. Germany has done this for its children. They teach their children about the holocaust in detail. Their children learn about packing a suitcase for trip from which they will never return. I cry each time I watch this segment in Michael Moore's movie with the unfortunate name of "Where to Invade Next."

Discipline begins with self-assessment. Recognize your missteps and confess to your conscience. Without a Mea Culpa, there is no progress. The most effective prayer is, "Oops, I did that! So sorry, please forgive me! Now Begend." The missteps are yours, no one else's. They belong to you.



Your integrity depends upon contrition and so does the integrity of a country. If you cannot see your dark side, your dark side will undo you. The dark will come at you when you are blinded by the light, leading you to believe that something “out there” is out to get you, when in fact, the problem lies within.

When the feminine is denied, blame results. She gets her point across, with or without your consent and often with you, as you fall into an avoidable pit of destruction. You point, you accuse. The other parries, avoids, volleys and ducks. Quack? Instead of a valuable internal assessment or a constructive dialog between adults, quarreling ensues. Blame is assigned. Punishment is rendered. But is justice served up with a slice of bloody scapegoat? Best advice. When you finally admit your flaws and talents to yourself, keep your confession to yourself, because telling it to others is none of their business.

I can't relate to the folks standing on my front porch stabbing their fat fingers at bible verses and expecting me to Grok God in typeface. Why is it that in our overly religious nation, our faith is so weak that we fear leaving this mortal coil to return to our beloved Lord? And is it really “a better place,” or is blasphemy to belittle the sacred Now?

When the Reaper steps up, we dig those heels in and plug into the nearest breathing machine. What is this cowardice about? I am not blaming. We were raised to fear death, though mostly, it is the suffering I fear more than being actually dead. I worked to



understand what this crazy Tree diagram was telling me, and my most confident conclusion is that eternity is real. Tell yourself a good story and you can overcome fears and doubts all on your own.

Trees of Life





Nowadays, we call the coroner and the undertaker to deal with the unwanted corpse. In the Olden Days we washed the body of our newly deceased loved one, dressed her in the best clothes and lay her out on the dining room table. Some of us cut off our hair, many of dressed in black for the rest of our lives, we covered the mirrors and we howled like abandoned children in a fog. We cried out to heaven in deep anguish; then we invited the neighbors over for a knock down-drag out party. We ate cake and swilled booze. We told stories about her, laughed and cried and then we all staggered out to a

hole in the ground together and threw dirt on her box. No matter how we handle it, loss is pain that remains forever because loss is part of gain. After my babies came out of me, my body, my flesh cried for her loss. Not my mind. My thoughts were of relief, but my body cried for the loss of her passenger. She loved her passenger. She drank the creature's poo and fed her from the blood of her body. The body's agenda is alive and well, but does not speak in words.

Science is Metaphysics in a straight jacket. -A scientist said that.

Mixed Messages

“Be yourself. Love your Br/ister. Strike out on your own. Take care of your parents. Put the mask on your own face first. Sacrifice yourself. Don't be an asshole. Be selfish, if everyone is selfish then everyone wins. There can be only one winner. Let us share. No, someone will take too much! Why do we think this chaotic variety of ideas?

Too many words Create

Too many reasons

Creating Too many excuses

We only need to look around to see how life works. Everything is connected. “As above, so below” covers that issue quite nicely, but we still compartmentalize medicine, law, philosophy, science, etc. In the Universe, fruit does not fall far from the tree unless it drops into a truck and gets driven across



county lines. Wake up to who we are. Tra la la is not just for Hippies any more. As Above So Below says, “Divinity can only reproduce itself.” I.E., Apple trees don’t make oranges or giraffes. If Gods made us then we are Gods. So let’s get better at it.

We are children of the stars; million-year-old carbon as Joni Mitchell said in her song). How do we get back to the garden? The answer is that we are in the garden, if only we could believe it. “We are Stardust.” Neil de Grasse Tyson said that on “Cosmos.” Science meets Poetry! We are the eyes and ears of a blind god and his deaf wife, forces of creation longing for self knowledge.

Matter VS Religion

What’s the Matter with you? It doesn’t Matter. Materialism and Matter are not the same. Materialism is when you go to dinner to look at the plates and skip the meal. Religion is where you attempt to eat pages from a book. Materialism is unwanted because it is God-Ess-less. It creates imbalance. Materialism says that physical matter is all that is, but that it is unconscious, dead. The OG religion says God is all that is and that physical matter is punishment for a mistake, a flaw, a fall. This Gnostic perspective has been around since before the time of Jeshuah.

This world is Femi-masculine, a hermaphrodite. A boy in a Girl-suit. Why is misogyny so prevalent throughout the world? Martin Luther took His Womun away and called her Other and Devil. “Business as usual” has trumped “reverence



for life”, because in the Modernian view, The OG doesn’t give a shit about Her so why should you and I? She is less-than the Divine One, which is masculine. Because she is visible, palpable and present, well, familiarity breeds contempt.

The OG religion loves a vapor from the land of Elsewhere. It hates the flesh it is in, in spite of referring to the Temple as Bride of this mystic tyrannical vapor. She is just another rape and murder victim, inconsequential, so profit from her and take all her stuff.

The OG religions cultivate the festering roots of the pain and suffering in this world by planting seeds of violence. Why do they hate this world? Because it is not Heaven. They don’t like it here in their sinful meat suits. If only they could claim their cream puffiness! They promote doctrine in a world of magic. Boring! When you believe in “There can be only One,” it leaves no room for compassion, perspective, cooperation, or any collective activity, because only One can win – one guy on one mountain top. It’s no fun when the bossy kid is telling us all what to do. The party starts when the boss goes home!

Spiritually speaking, the masculine Sperm/Light die like flies inside the World/Body. They give it up regularly by the millions. In all his incarnations, the Masculine gives it up for the Feminine. He always dies and is reborn through his own Mother/Wife. She accepts him into her vagina, through her cervix, up her tubes and then only One tiny dude is



absorbed into her body (egg). They are in this thing together. Incest perhaps. Are we the retarded children of Holy Motherfuckers? Is that why we got a Virgin Christian Mother; sexless creation? I believe so. Womyn who like sex are whores who must be cleansed in white dresses in ceremonies designed to keep them in check. Babies come out of those filthy sex/womyn and must also be dressed in white dresses and cleansed in ceremonies designed to save them from Her raunchy slit.

“Mea Culpa. I am so sorry, please forgive me for being a crack, not a club.

Even the Hindus, with their many Gods, have lost reverence for the Mother. They may allow cows to wander the streets, but sons and husbands burn their wives and mothers alive or toss acid into their faces, if they are displeased with them. Why do they do that? The whole world and its religions are masculine oriented in this age of Men. TOG religion is killing the world with One God Clubs, where heaven is the place to be, not here on sinful Earth with a bunch of knuckleheads. It is so disrespectful. They breathe her air, drink her water, live in her skin and yet they still refuse to recognize Her. They say she is dirty. She smells bad and She is illiterate. She is chaotic and irresponsible, but who is more chaotic than Mankind, when he is being less than kind?

And yet, there is nothing so reliable as the seasons of Earth. She brings us food in almost every season. She brings delight in sex, which we love to hate and hate to love. She brings the smells of roses.



She is the five physical senses. To deny Her is to deny your favorite god's Glory. God is a mere streak without her. For you skeptics out there, simply exchange the word God for the word Intellect and you will be on the same page as the believers.

Womun's Strength

People are so smug about their Judeo-Christian ethos. We are "the good ones. When we rape and kill it's okay because the Old Man said it was okay." TOG is anathema to all living things; not just Humans, but nature and all Her flora and fauna. TOG people have devastated the Earth and Her inhabitants with their divine rights, imperatives and manifest destinies. TOGs are selfish and myopic, seeing with tunnel vision through the Peniscope. But they can't help it because that is their only viewer. Instead of blaming them we should find other avenues for their specific talents. Don't require them to hold down the fort. They don't know from forts. Their jewels hang in the breeze. They are vulnerable. Womyn's' forts are hidden. We are not so vulnerable. Yang craves the freedom of movement.

No Blame

Humunity has chosen to allow our menfolk to take charge. We made that contract together with the men and our gods. No one is to blame, and everyone is responsible. In this "Cult of One," boys must be tough, whether they are born tough or not. OMG culture has bent boys into cruel shapes, like so many



Gumby dolls in the hands of a demonic child-fiend, twisting and stabbing them; burning them like ants under a looking glass. Many a boy has been robbed of his tender talents through rough enculturation by his own dear mother.

We womyn should stop screaming victim and accept that we have abdicated our power. Most men, good and bad, have been raised by womyn. Nurture your boys so they won't want to kick and hurt. Hold them close so they know they are wanted, needed and safe. Don't send children to play alone, isolated. Don't leave them alone in rooms and cribs. Touch your children. Have them near enough to smell you, to feel your feelings and to watch what you do. That's what is lacking in Modern life. Strap the baby to your chest and walk to the store. Set the two year old on the counter top and let her watch you cut veggies. Invite the neighbor kids in to stir the pot and hold the baby.

If the Children act terribly, we have to ask; where did they learn that? Children don't learn from words they learn from observation and experience. They are fully sensual, feminine creatures until language takes hold. Language addiction cuts adults off from appreciating their senses, which means we have all raised our children to be just like us, in spite of the words we have said to them. We shoot up reason like the logic junkies we admire. Adults think that babies are blank slates, but they are full to the brim with ancient knowledge. They are absorbent, and like sponges they drink up all the emotional



content around them. Babies are Of the Mother. Just be with a baby and allow her to vibe all over you. And for TOG's sake, don't try to make them talk to early. That is plain hubris. So stop that! All the words in the world will only get in your way.

We shouldn't blame anybody for anything, much less our partners in life. Blame is the most destructive act we do against ourselves. Blame creates duality and duality creates separation, which morphs into reasons, which become traditions, which are excuses that separate us from the present moment of felt experience. We happen to live in the Present, so Blame is a problem and proof is stupid. Books are old news. Burn a bible today.

This Chapter is not about men. It is about Thought Police; who they are and how they got control. Until recently I thought that men messed up Eden, but I was wrong. Humans have done that together. I gave up Man-Hating when I got into a Mea Culpa practice. Following the Hawaiian practice called Ho'oponopono. If you say this to yourself, you come to know peace. When you know peace, you don't blame. When you don't blame, you make progress. And know that confession is good for the soul, but it is an inside job, not to be blurted out to anyone else. When we confess to another person, we lay our burden on them. This is selfish.

Step 1: Repentance – I'M SORRY = Mea Culpa

Step 2: Ask Forgiveness – PLEASE FORGIVE ME

Step 3: Gratitude – THANK YOU



Step 4: Love – I LOVE YOU

Kaleidoscope

Look through a tube with pieces of glass contained on the opposite end. You see a static picture. But turn the dial and as the picture transforms you see creation before your eye. When those small crystalline colors mix and match up, you are filled with wonder; a simple process and so satisfying for children of all ages.

In the language of Archetypes, the God is an irresponsible cad. He is fire and air. He fertilizes and invents. He is potential, an unreal concept. He grandstands, goes out the back door and fucks the serving girls, swans and nymphs. He is in love with the fertile maidens of all species. In the spiritual sense, masculine is the invisible penetrator, conveyor of Word. What is word? It is the concept of sperm. Since actual sperm have physical form, which makes them feminine by definition. This Yin/Yang thing is very interesting. You cannot hear a beam of light streaming through the window, but hold a prism in its path and the rainbow presents itself. God concept speaks through Ess prism. Prism is the Feminine. Crystal is Feminine. We are all Femimasculine on this Cutting Edge of Creation. When Light encounters crystal, we emerge. Creation is the Rainbow. It is no accident that the Femimasculine folk have adopted the rainbow for their flag. In our world, true black and white do not exist.

The Cutting Edge of Creation is the thin Gray



line between Yin and Yang. It is a Femimasculine stage where the Deities meet. Modernia was co-created by both genders, and two Deities created the Cutting Edge. She is slow, so much that she appears still, like a tar pit in winter. A Tortoise, She holds on. She receives. She is water and earth. Water moves, not by its own volition, only by circumstance; downhill.

He is lightning. Moving so fast that each particle is gone before it is observed. He cannot be caught or found. He is undiscoverable.

Men also wear a physical body, a yin meat suit, but it's unfair to expect the guys to play the lady parts of this Passion play, while requiring them to wear the stage makeup after the bows.

Modernian men are required to be both caretaker and lover. As Caretaker, they accumulate wealth to protect their loved ones. They wear the Crone costume in this role. The Crone, responsible, enduring, tempered by time and experience. We have changed her gender, but not her essence. The modern Crone is a stingy old man called Saturn. She withholds, and punishes. She is a nun with a dick. This is not working to so well.

The Omnipotent One Dude concept is responsible for Patriarchy/Capitalism
Let's replace those destructive behaviors with a kaleidoscope of understandings from all dimensions of the Universe.
Morals and customs befitting an over-strained planet in the Modern Age.



Reinvent our creation story; understand it better -
Equilarchy for all species and genders.
More sharing; less competitive hoarding.
Masculine energy inspires - Feminine energy builds.
Nature is God's Womun. She loves sex and mud and
brawling and sweet babes in arms. Let's start treating
her like that.

Black and White

Black and White thinking is blasphemous.
Only the Holy are entitled to Gender. Remember that
Creation is a mutt. We are so new that we aren't even
breeds yet. We like to think so, but we are wrong. The
genders are so close to the same that more people
than you know, wear both sets of genitals. Really. We
are the tentacles of the Gods. We reach blindly into
the abyss and bravely go where no God or Ess can
go. She can't move and He can't stop moving. We do
both. We are the transmogrified! The fertile shit. The
shit that gets you stoned, in a good way.

Without the container, the concept is lost;
without the concept, the container is empty.
And that's the left and the right of it; the yin and the
yang; the yoni and lingam; the dick and pussy – don't
freak out folks, we all know how this works.
Masculine and Feminine are not personal; they
represent positive and negative energy, yin/yang, hot/
cold, outie/innie, etc. Men and Womyn are made of
both energies. Hormones, chemicals; a little dab 'll
do ya!

A declaration of gender is pure hubris on our



part. The young know this. They are “gender fluid” and as much as my sexagenarian personage would prefer the old days, opposites don’t attract, they repel.

The young are the Cutting Edge. The Old are impending Mulch. I can say that because of my age!



Does this make sense to you? If not, you haven’t jumped around enough yet. Give yourself time to jump, ponder and dance yourself around. That’s what it is all about.

Words are ok. Matter is created from them. But matter is also created by matter.

The Two fold into one seamlessly. My attempts to analyze, dissect and eviscerate concept from reality only gets me in so far until the dancing ensues. Dance it off. Move it and shake it all around, because that’s what it’s all about.



1. *The Yin Pillar On The Left*

I see Waves



Life is Creativity in a Corset.

The Supernal Mother had to pour herself into a limited version of herself to further the Manifestation Process. In other words; Boundaries are Us. We can't live without them. Skin is the boundary of the body, but Soul reaches out much farther. We are the two divines squeezed together at the waistline of the Body of the Universe.

Understanding the Universe requires the skills of a plate spinner, the patience of a saint and the open



heart of a lover. I will now attempt to explain creation to you. If it seems confusing, then I am on the right track. The problem is, creation is messy. Always has been. Always will be. Baby steps are required. Lacing up the bodice that contains Academia, Science, Religion and Modernian Culture all stuffed into one Big Fat Ess is a challenge. The result, however, is somewhat alluring.

The curves of Nature provide peace for all beings. Too bad the Humans now ruling the World are encased in square buildings with shiny chrome interiors. That is an environment sure to create anxiety and paranoia. Like trapped animals, the wealthy movers and shakers of this world are divorced from gentle shapes in their daily lives.

How to Discredit a Powerful Ess

Cut off her clitoris.

Take away her name.

Burn her sisters alive.

Blame her for original sin

Call her temptress of Angels.

Take her reproductive power away.

Tell the people that her sacred pig is filthy.

Tell people that her cats make scary magic.

Tell her that her sacred blood cycle is dirty.

Substitute the gifts from the Earth with manna from

Heaven.

Leave only the childlike Maiden Archetype for a female role



mode.

*Make the Savior into a bleeding man who suffers and dies
for them.*

*Strip away the power of Priestess-led rituals using books
instead of memory.*

*Remand her spring celebration over to the dead guy
hanging on the dead tree.*

*Make her a Virgin to keep track of the masculine lineage
instead of the Mothers.*

*Shave her head bald on her wedding night. From Maiden
to Crone with one swipe of the razor.*

Name the god-Ess

God has his own name. It is God and everyone calls him by the masculine pronoun. He has an identity and a name. He is characterized as The One. This is a modern convention of thought that we all take for granted. The effect of this singular mental organization means that any thing else is defined as not God. The word Goddess is a subset of God. According to standard patrilineal canon, She is made from his body, his rib, or whatever. Her name is his name with a diminutive ending, akin to 'ette,' which delivers visions of cute and small girl children. Goddess is an insult to the sustaining energy of a dark mother of the universe. Modernian physicist/priests even call her Dark Matter now.

Call her by her own name. She is Gaia. She is the stuff we are made from. She makes us from her divine body every night, in dreamtime. We do not

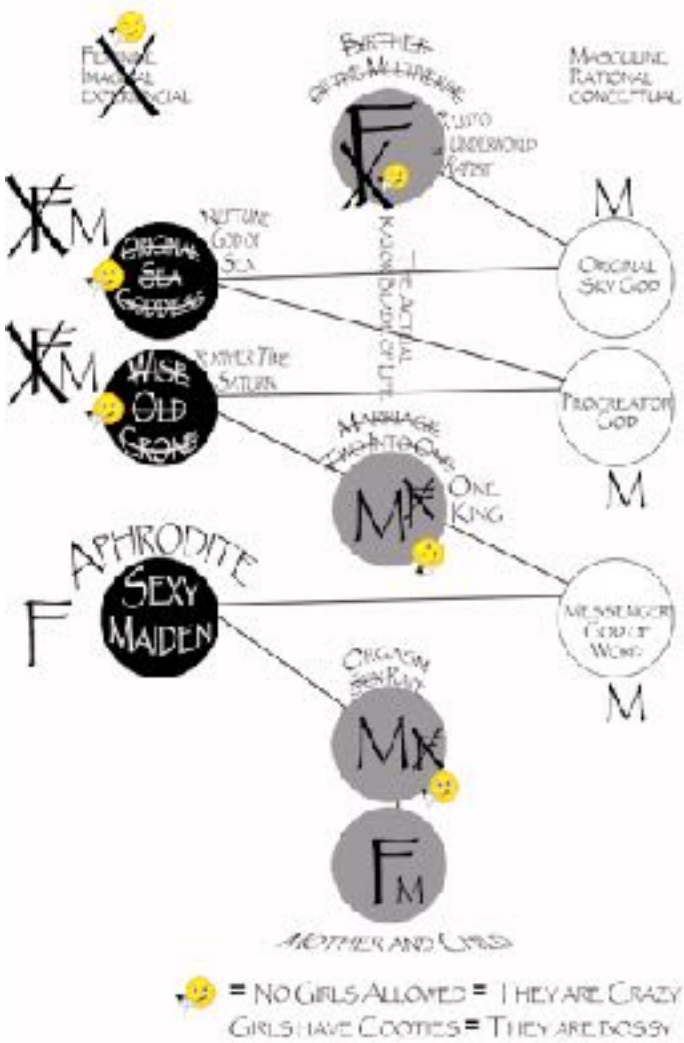


grow or repair in sunlight, no. Growth and repair happen in the dark night. Shut off the lights and convene with Mother Gaia because she is real. Dreams are every bit as real as the thoughts we have in daylight. Both are real. Personally, I believe in the team of God and Gaia. Two Deities are better than one, and more realistic.

Dead God-Esses

The Feminine side of the Tree has been appropriated by the Masculine possibly because womyn abdicated those spaces. Oceana's feminine domain is ruled by king Neptune. The Crone's crystal mountain is represented by the dour male head of household, Saturn.

Only two femme archetypes remain; the Innocent Maiden in estrus and the impregnated and nursing Mother. Only two functioning archetypes for girls and womyn remain, and they both require our submission to our biological imperatives, sex and motherhood. There will be no ascension to the realm of wise crone or supernal mother of a masculine savior. Once our fertile years are done, we become invisible, discarded.



I, for one, have grown weary of watching



fidgety youngsters play with strands of blue and pink hair, espousing their thoughts to hoards of fidgety other youngsters as they sip the intoxicating brew of a misunderstood collective rebellion, while Rome burns. But what choice to they have when their main role models abandoned them before they were born into a singletarian digital existence?

As far as I can tell, by Tao standards the Temptress trope is actually true. The dark yin invites the bright yang into her dank cave. Science says that dark matter is magnetic. I prefer this trope to its alternative, an inert and helpless dark matter. If she is inert then all couplings with her must by definition, be rape. Therefore, in a system searching for equality, as we are today, the Temptress is preferable. By virtue of our sexual plumbing we can choose to be victim or slut. But this story is only one third of a hierarchy, and the lower third at that. Once the tempting procreative cycle is finished there remain two more levels above that one. In Patriliney the elder hierarchy of feminine understanding are discounted by men and by womyn.

The ladies of the Center Pillar have also been omitted. Orgasm, Royalty and the Birth Mysteries are now the properties of Masculine Proprietors. They have been trying to get childbirth too; with bottle feeding and breast-shaming they already have taken control over Nurture. It's only a matter of time until they put babies into mechanical wombs and will only need womyn's eggs, like hens in a shed.

That leads me to Feminism, which ain't so



Feminine any more. What can I say about the feminine left pillar that I could more easily describe in a scratch and sniff volume. We don't like the idea of smell, do we? Gross? We are divorced from sniffing butts like dogs and armpits like cats, and yet everyone seems okay with their own farts and car exhaust and that overwhelming tire smell at the entry of a big box store. Fresh breeze is good. Can we get more of that? Fresh clean air smell is Nature's breath but so is a field of rotting bodies after a terrible war. Oh yes, the feminine pillar has much variety to offer.

The Feminine lacks language, like animals, her domain is the physical senses and intuitive communication. Getting in touch with her requires you to ditch your ideas of normal, which consists of Logic, Reason, Points of View and Conceptual nothings. And do not forget the interminable litany of excuses used to visit horror on living beings in the name of logic. In Modernia it is illegal to use the plants that take us to Her, because we only recognize the Talking God part of our being as valid communication. She is in great disrepute and that is why we are not allowed to use her language, which is actual sensual experience. And don't even try to tell a dude about your experience unless you have proof. Your experience is of no concern to the rational mind.

Psychedelics are illegal because they take us to the Forbidden Feminine Palace of Pleasure. Psychedelics allows the pause that embellishes the feelings and wonder in a moment.



“Psychedelics are illegal not because a loving government is concerned that you may jump out of a third story window.

Psychedelics are illegal because they dissolve opinion structures and culturally laid down models of behavior and information processing. They open you up to the possibility that everything you know is wrong.

- Terrence McKenna” Nature is the Center of the Mandala” (1987)

Modernian esthetic is not esthetic. Modernian architecture requires severe edges, clean, smooth surfaces and the more neutral color, the better. The One God forbid, you should paint your house garish colors like the Mexicans (Catholics. Right?). If it cannot be weighed, measured and straightened, we don't want it. Like conquered aborigines of all the continents, we have been subjected to the clothing and words of the masters. They have cut our psychic hair short, forbade us to speak in our natural tongues (intuition), and forced us to stay in unnatural positions for hours in the name of the corporate god of duty. It is against Dominator law to feel the Ess (sensation). Feeling is for weaklings, children and of course, womyn.

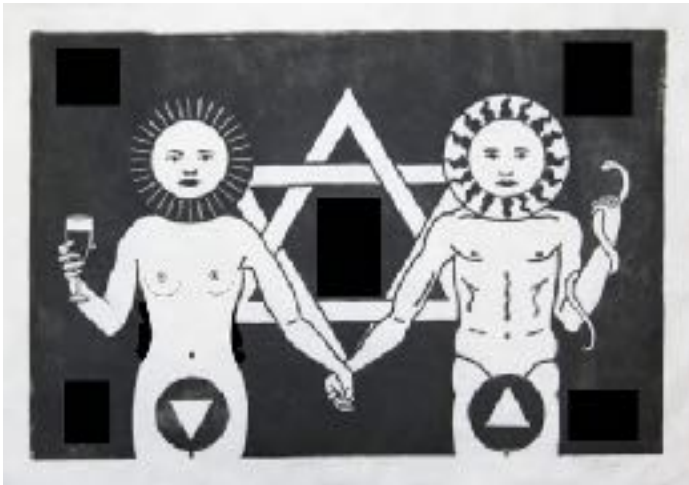
Womyn infantilize themselves with impossible crippling shoes in the name of a sexy leg. We spend billions of resources on chemical face paints. At the time of this writing the false eyelash craze has emerged once again. Young womyn parade around in heavy makeup and what looks like actual black wings over their eyes. The costuming of

womyn is no different from dressing children in cute outfits. Men do not engage in these antics because acting like womyn is not okay for males, but ask why. Why would any sensible humun choose to dress up like a child? Why not go back to diapers? Naked arms and legs are for children. That is what is meant by the saying “put on your big boy pants.” In England the boys wore short pants until they came of age and put on long pants. That was a coming of age event for boys. The older they are, the more covered the skin. When young wimmin came of age, the dressmaker lowered the hems of their skirts. In other words, proper adults wear clothing that promotes modesty.

The opposite applies to girls and wimmin today. As we develop into adulthood, the skirts get shorter, the heels get higher and the face paint abounds. Adult womyn aspire to painted sex dolls, in hope of being discovered by a prince charming. Think of a grand ballroom scene in any movie, which is the only way most of us can ever experience a grand ball. Womyn decorated, bosoms displayed, bare arms, naked necks and high heeled shoes. Men dressed securely in neckties, cuffed sleeves, long pants and elegant flat shoes. I can never help but wonder why those womyn aren’t shivering with the cold because everyone knows that men run a bit hotter body temperatures. It makes no sense, unless you understand that if she is more naked, she is more vulnerable, more childlike. This is Neotony, a condition of infants, having to do with hairlessness,

nakedness, smoothness of features and very large eyes with bird wing eyelashes. We are encouraged to approximate cartoons. Think Anime.

These criticisms are easy for me to see and say now that I am an old womun. In my day I let all the infantile ways out to romp in public. I was a very sexy baby! Do I regret it? Yes I do, because it never got me where I wanted to go. As a matter of fact, it got me off course. Looking like a fuckable doll made me a fictional character that I played like a skilled actor in my own life. Woe is me! Hand to forehead. Exit stage left.





TRIPLE GODDESS
THREE FATES
666

NEOLITHIC
CA. 10,000-5000 BCE

COSMIC WOMB
CREATRIX
CRONE
DEATH



MATRON
MOTHER
LIFE



NATURE
MAIDEN
BIRTH



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Before the 3 Pillars there was One Pillar

When archeologists interpret this ancient Ess religion through the lens of Modernia, they tell us



that the ancients did not know God the Father, only Gaia/Ess the Mother. They say that early people did not know that sex made babies.

Mansplaining poppycock! Even animals know that sex makes babies, otherwise why would they go through such trials and tribulations of fluffing, dancing and singing and fighting? We aren't blind and everyone can see who the baby looks like.

The above Totem Pole described cycles of maturity from bottom to the top. In the "Olden Days" people saw themselves as part of their environment. Indigenous people almost always have called themselves "The People." They saw themselves of Nature; born, grown to maturity then old, like all of nature. They participated in life, which is replete with sex acts. Intellectual hubris brings us to ridiculous conclusions based on peniscopic, narrow perspectives.

The Crone lived at the top of the pillar. She held the tribe together with her wisdom. Old wimmin are the only humuns who are not subject to hormonal influences. Grandmother is the most dispassionate of all.

The middle circle contained the Mother. She was a womun of substance. She ran the family business. Her Modernian counterpart manages a well appointed home in the suburbs and is possibly a MILF, but also a Senator or Doctor or a Professional. Her children are old enough to take care themselves and are productive members of society. Extended family and grandmothers help raise the children so



she has the space to work her J.O.B. Joy Of Being.

Whether that J.O.B. was keeping the fire going, stirring the pot or gathering roots and berries, she did not have to do any of it alone like Modernian womyn who have been conned into the Monogamous Nuclear Family, which was recently invented by industry to break social bonds for the purposes of wage slavery.

The bottom circle belonged to the Maiden. She was ready and willing to have sex. She was, and always will be, one hot piece of ass. All the men wanted her but she only allowed the chosen one, or two or three, her choice. She was hormonal and gorgeous, dripping with the Elixir of youth. In Modernia she is a slender underwear model. Old womyn are jealous of her, men want to fuck her and she is looking for security so she can become a Milf some day. In our modern era, we have accepted pretty boys into the “the Maiden” archetype as well.

The Devil Sits at the Left Hand of God

Is it odd that left-handed people have been feared and hated for hundreds of years? School children have been punished for being left-handed? Evil spirits lurk over the left shoulder – throw salt over this shoulder to ward them off. A left-handed toast is an implicit curse on the victim. In Islam the left hand and everything associated with it is seen as unclean.

The bible contains over 100 favorable references to the right-hand and 25 unfavorable



references to the left-hand. The right hand symbolizes the mind of God.

The right hand of the lord doeth valiantly, the right hand of the lord is exalted (Psalm 118 vv15,16)

Cesare Lombroso, the Father of Criminology, wrote, "In criminals and lunatics the right lobe predominates very much more often than in normal persons...while the healthy man thinks and feels with the left lobe, the abnormal, thinks, wills, and feels more with the right."

Though Lombroso's hypothesis on the behaviors of left-handed people would later be reduced to quack science, his thoughts resonated with others at the time, and lent themselves to racist and classist thinking. As written in a 1913 edition of McClure's Magazine, left-handedness is ...

... slightly more common in the lower strata of society than in the higher, among negroes than among white persons, and among savages than the civilized races."

Except When She Is The Ess

The ancient Zuni tribe considered left-handedness a sign of good luck. They believed the left was the older and wiser, and the ancient Celts, associated the left with femininity, source of all life, and worshipped the left as sacred.



The Holy Grail

She is quivering skin in a cool breeze. She is Feelia and Feelia is how empathths communicate. Nature is an Empath. She sees better from the corners of her eyes. She is Sofia the Supernal Ocean and it's contents. She is pregnant with all potentials, like an enormous water drop encompassing all that is. She is the catcher's mitt for The Gods' cosmic fast pitch ball game. She is the amniotic sac through which water creatures hear, touch, taste and feel their future. We know that Ocean is Mother because our bodies are exactly as salty as hers. It is no wonder that air creatures begin our lives in a small ocean within our Earthy mothers.

She is erotic. She accepts all. She is the cosmic vagina leading to the cosmic womb. She is the drum, the dancer. She is a memory of falling snow. She is a great cosmic ocean, supporting and evolving All That Is. She is an unfathomable receptacle; receiving data from All That Is.

She holds every thought He has ever invented. Inside her waters his data packets oxygenate and renew her. She makes reality like the tides that wax and wane with the moon. Memory is the mortar, emotion the brick. She reflects and absorbs.

She shows Him a thought mirror. He shines eternally through Her. When you leave her out of the Creation Equation, you are missing the point of living. The Mundane world is the Holy Mother.

The Holy Cross represents the Four Elements. These Divine Elements are rooted in the Physical, at



the crossroads. Roots provide life to the tree, without them the tree would die. A root, reaching for nourishment is Masculine in action. He pushes into the Feminine Earth for nutrition. The leaves of the Tree reach toward the light (M) into the Masculine Air element while their Feminine ability to receive and create does the work of Tree-making. Water carries data (nourishment) from Earth to through root and trunk. The energy of growing root is Masculine while the actual physical root-body is Feminine. She is dead without him. He does not exist without her. All connected. See?

In a Logos-obsessed culture, Sofia, Misty body of the Universe sings, “Logos, I don’t need no stinkin’ Logos.”



Mother Crucified



She suffers in life. She bleeds so others can live. She is the Holy Grail; Chalice for the Universe. Her rose-colored glasses see implants and invaders alike with unconditional love. She understands all of her creations because they live within Her Body. She appears chaotic, as if She had been shaken like a snow globe or juice in a jar, but that does not matter to her.

This Archetype is associated with victimization and sainthood. What do they have in common? Simple: surrender and service. The act of allowing is the highest act on the feminine left pillar. They have the reputation of being drunk or crazy, homeless and careless. This is the home of music and



dance and poetry. Emotional expression is lingua franca here. The inhabitants communicate through all the senses - the artistic “right brain.” Audiences love to hear the music and see the dance, because in Modernia, we don’t express those things ourselves, we let professionals do it for us.

The early Greeks rendered our lovely Sophia into a male concept. They gave her domain to King Neptune. Salty Ocean Mother, previously revered as the Entire Universe became another Dude on God’s side. Ever since then She has become more and more illegal every day, along with the plants that would take us to visit her, like marijuana, ayahuasca and mushrooms. In Modernia, we go to prison for a long time after visiting Gaia and getting caught.

Some artists, writers and musicians are so strongly influenced by this etheric Mother, that they can’t do anything but receive spirit messages. Losers, whiners and psychopaths also express this dance. Support your local bum. S/he is expressing the most profound state of holiness; the abject receiver, prone, helpless; the supplicant at our collective mercy willing to humble herself to receive so the hero can give; so he can tell friends and family how his generosity flowed on that glorious day when he opened his heart to the needy.

In the absolute dark slumber of the Mother, nothing happens that you could see, but she vibrates and calls like a monolith deep in the ocean. She is the siren in the sea. Her sound is the magnet that calls to the masculine iron that seeks refuge. She is a well



where evildoers dump the bodies. She quietly processes lifeless flesh into fetid rot and transforms it into sweet smelling fruits. In time, the water in the well will be sweet again, in time.

She is not what you think she is. She is not a pretty picture. She is not ephemeral. She is not a ghost. She is Nature: wood, leaf, water, earth, and air. She is the solid stuff of life. It is important to see her this way so that we can understand how life is sacred and feminine. She is the magnet calling us to our deaths. She is the reason why I can't tolerate heights. She pulls me to edges and goads me to fling myself over. She does not push; she pulls, beckons and seduces, chops and stomps all that she gave birth to. She assures me that I am safe as she pushes the air from my lungs.

The mother's music moves on the voice of the wind and in the wordless evocations of the very young. Her tune may be different in other lands, but you always recognize Her voice when She sings, even when you chose to ignore Her and "do the logical thing" instead of the right thing. You know Her Song because the melody rings in your heart like ting of a small silver bell resting near your ear, in a dream.

If we can believe in a God, or argue if one exists, then why don't we believe or argue about an Ess? God is an idea. Have you ever seen Him? He is energy. Why would you need to believe in energy anyway? Energy is. Can't you feel it racing around the Universe lighting things up with or without your



permission? When you call out to God we all say amen. “Praise the Lord!” When I invoke Ess, people laugh. The feminine Deity is Mother Nature. She gave us life. She suffers and dies for us. She is where we walk. Life is a dream. We could at the very least, show Her some gratitude. Respect.

A lizard darts along the top of my garden wall and I say, “Look at her, she’s so big,” my companions look at me funny, like I said something remarkable. I did. I called an undifferentiated being by a feminine pronoun. Nobody does that. Even feminists refer to the lizard He.

“Hey, this persimmon is so ripe, I will put him over here so he doesn’t leak in your shopping bag.” Said the old womun who checks my groceries. It sounds strange when we break ranks from the norm. I had to ask myself why it was normal to characterize creatures with the male pronoun. I ask questions:

“Where is Gaia/Ess and why did she leave?” She is right here.

“What would the world be like if only men walked the Earth?” (There would be no world)

“Why is it okay for men to make rules about and for womyn?” We forgot our mother’s sacrifices, efforts and accomplishments because she lost her identity.

“Since womyn make a life, why do we not celebrate their glorious feat with a female religion?” Degradation of the physical world.

“Who bleeds for you and doesn’t die? Who suffers to give life to others? (Womyn and men – men



mimic womyn's cycles in war. They can't maintain their supposed superiority without war. It's time to call the boys in for dinner, mothers. Call your sons inside for their bedtime stories of sharing and loving kindness. It is up to the womyn. The Feminine is in charge. Always has been.)

Womun is designed to receive a bit of data (sperm) and then MAKE A LIFE. SHE MAKES A NEW PERSON! Respect? The god-Ess religions are scoffed at and called witchy. We believe that our modernity is the best thing about us, but all that hubris could easily sink our vain ship to the bottom of the Sea of Righteousness.

The magic is everywhere; we only have to remember to receive it. If we are "made in his image" then it makes perfect sense to assume that, just like a baby looks like her parents, humans look like our Divine parents. The world looks like Gods and Esses. We get our bodies from Mother and our Spirit from Father. He canoodles, She assembles.

Dream Talk

We long for the Word, but that ache has replaced Mother's loving touch. We are literally "out of touch" with Her; with Nature; with intuition. We try to interpret our dreams instead of understand them. Sofia dreams her lover's desires. She births those desire-cubs like a mother bear in her winter den; somnambulant birth, and when she awakens, her children are suckling from her breasts. She has gone from Mist to Solid, having birthed herself as well.



The White Bears starve as we melt their ice with military burning pits and drill bits. Who will drop tortured factory meats from helicopters so they can live?

Modern Technology and Feminine backlash

James Bond is staked out on a stainless steel table, spread eagled. Arch villains seem to love that sort of thing. As the laser cuts through metal slowly progressing toward his scrotum he asks Goldfinger, “What do you expect me to do?” Goldfinger replies,

“Well Mr. Bond, I expect you to die!” So I ask,

“What do we expect from the Age of Entitled Convenience?” I hear that we will have robot servants to work for us so we can all be artists and entrepreneurs. Gaia’s deceptive fog of denial is slipping around our minds as we forget the story of how a butterfly cannot spread her wings if she doesn’t go through the struggle of emergence from her prison womb chrysalis. We need to work at self-awareness. The sun cannot shine 24/7.

Dreams and Oil

We do not like our dreams. We fear the dark and we cannot sit still. A false sense of entitlement, derived from a doctrine of Singularity smothers nature with yin oil products and toxic chemicals, both of which are Neptunian/Gaian, but we don’t see it because we have misrepresented the qualities of yin and yang in every day life. Products made from oil

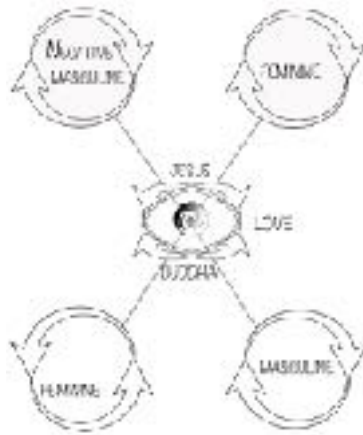
put extra estrogen into the environment, which makes perfect sense to astrologers who attribute oil to the planet Neptune, Gaia. She is the supernal octave of femininity on the Tree of Life. She is the Queen of confusion. She nourished life from her amorphous body. The illusions of fishes, turtles, salamanders, salt water and sand are evident farther down toward the bottom of the Tree of Life, but at the top it is unfinished, unresolved and unmanifested and utterly dreamlike.

Oil and all of its conveniences has flipped the 'lady-switch' to the 'on' position inviting illusive chaotic energy into our current reality. From girl frogs in boy frog bodies and lady-air from rubber tires gripping asphalt highways. Yes, even the yang element of air has become feminized where rubber meets the road.

Phytoestrogens stretch around our once pristine planet, with telecommunication plastic yin wires and plastic yin cell phones. It shapes familiar life forms into odd ones, and then adorns our trees with windsock plastic grocery bags, up high where we cannot reach. Stupormarket checkers automatically double-bag our groceries with specially designed caddies that hold the handles open. Customers want their items bagged this way and complain if the checkers don't comply. "One item per bag, please. I need more plastic bags for my multitude of single use plastic garbage." But who started that system in the first place, plastic bag sellers? The deceit of convenience marches on. We

firmly believe in plastic entitlement as expressed through advertising campaigns and YouTube videos.

Currently the collective has become more divided by ultra strong concepts versus ultra strong reactions. I cannot help but wonder if all the gender/sex/tranny/stuff is part of a spiritual learning cycle. All 7.6 billion of us are learning about our Divine selves together. It would only take a couple generations for the imbalance to level out and leave the world to future generations, not irradiated, or battered by technology, but that will require humility, cooperation and awareness on our part. One can dream!





Crone



She knows the ins and outs of survival; the herbs, the recipes and the cures. Her stories really happened. Her tenderness for the young is unparalleled. She is the law keeper who follows the



rules of a natural world. She can be a superstitious old weirdo, or a beacon of strength. Her bones are brittle and she is detached from daily life. Her mind wanders back “to the day when ...” She is in transition and she is crystalizing. Many faceted, she has seen it all and made a lot of it herself. She can be stuck in her ways, some of which are useful, others of which are ponderous and unnecessary.





Matron



Her kids are almost grown. She has a casual confidence. Life may or may not be so hectic any more, but it's her choice. So knows what she likes. The Matron is a hostess and a diplomat, associated with the Archetypal sign Libra. She is also called Cougar, and is getting more popular as a partner to the younger men, due to her ability to think and fuck, or so I have read in the popular magazines.



Maiden – Erotic Virgin



Virgins just asking for it!

Yes, she is asking ‘for it! The girl’s tongue tells her inseminator that she is ready to accept him. This is why men invented the Birka, the locked door, and enforced a Chaperone rule. In this case, a Virgin is plenty sexual, she just hasn’t procreated as of yet. As soon as a baby bump begins to show, she will lose her virgin status for the mantle of motherhood. In the meantime she is full of herself, ready to mate. She



has no idea what is next, but when she is in Season, look out! She is the temptress; the siren whose luscious treasures are irresistible to the hapless masculine.

Gaia Gets Laid



Hokusai (Japanese) 1866

This is a Japanese man's fantasy of a maiden's fantasy. I would say this picture is hot as hell and that Sir Hokusai was tapped into the feminine in a voracious way. The Feminine Fantasy to Receive is not pornographic or slutty. It is what it is. Gaia accepts all touch from Other. Her eagerness to receive is what makes life possible. She is willing. The forces of Masculinity penetrate her at will, no matter their force. She can be wooed or raped. Taking it, is what she does. Before you lose your shit from



my non-femme statements, remember that She is not human. The Great Gaia, partner of the Great God is horny black matter. For that Matter, the Great God is a light beam beyond humun ability to withstand. I actually have seen him, and all I can say about that is that he is impossible to hang out with – the glare is just too bright!

Those supernal Deities are beyond comprehension from our earthy vantage point, but we can catch glimpses of them through poetry, dance and song. One god thinker-talker-types have banned joyful worship from their religious, social and ceremonial events. Did you ever notice how boring Christian ceremonies are? A bunch of people dressed in tight fitting, tailored clothing; stand around to observe a few Special People in expensively tailored clothing so they can read and repeat stuff from a book. Talk, talk, hymn, talk, stand, sit, kneel. Boring! Dry! In spite of their one god worship, I wonder if the eponymous celebratory services that black congregations are known for has to do with Gaia's influence in their lives. Since their skin is dark, they must be Gaian. Is Gaia a Black Womun, after all?



3. Yin Pillar on the Left



Photo from Taringa.net



Fear the Black Womun

The Devil is a Black Womun, but we call her Satan, a dude, so she doesn't even get the credit for evil, just the blame. Who made up these stories about fear of the dark? The Night? Death? The End, Guts ("I hate your guts")? But it's silly to think that we feared the thing that brought us to life. All the critters snuggle in at their appointed time. Owls and cats snuggle in during the day; Humans and squirrels snuggle during the night. We are being exactly what we are meant to be. Apples and Oranges are made in different climates on the same planet. Seen and known, enjoyed at different seasons.

We used to have fun here. Breath was an adventure beyond imagination. Seeing was weird until we figured out how to turn it upside down, but blame turned the Fun Ride into a drag. When blame happened, justification began; justification brought laws, then institutions (Feminine) began. It all turned into tradition (Feminine), which is worship (Masculine) of the past (Feminine), which, as we know, doesn't exist. Then we shouted, "Mother! We're in a hell of a mess!" But she was too far gone (from us choking her out) to be helpful, even if she had been able to breathe.

Father too. He zoomed past us at light speed, not really getting the whole picture. He was good for making proclamations, but terrible at practical solutions. He knew his ideas were Golden, but sadly they were not Rock Solid. The truth was, without a body, he could not fix shit! Nor could he shit. Nor did



he need to. Basically, shitting was beyond his comprehension.

How did we begin? ‘Big Bang’ or ‘Big Stretch?’ Some scientists now believe that the parts came out of the hole more slowly than previously imagined; more like a baby of any species. I like to think that the feminine perspective is getting noticed and validated. After all, how feminine is the Big Bang anyway? Those are Man Words. The Lady stretcheth, the Gentleman bangeth. I learned this on TV and in movies watching soft-core love scenes where the Gentleman approaches the Lady from behind and bangs while she pretends to like it.

“Oh yeah that was great, wow, so great. Stop, no don’t stop. Are you done yet?” In Medieval days that sort of banging was considered improper because Ladies needed to orgasm to make the baby. Don’t blame this phenomenon on men. Men have bluffed womyn into believing we aren’t in charge. We are bad at poker.

I just watched the famous theoretical physicist, Roger Penrose, perfectly explain how the function of Keter on the Tree of Life works, except he used physicist words. As he turned his hands in the air to explain the inside popping into itself and transforming into an alternate outside, it looked as though he was manipulating that Kabbalist’s Tree in three dimensions. Language. He was definitely talking about the Center Pillar’s perspective on reality as we hermaphrodites live it on a daily basis. Truth moves through languages. Do you have the ears



to hear them?

We adopted The One God, with no mention of his Mate in sight. We have seen the movies with the preachers leading their flocks in prayer, “Dearly beloved, our father, who art in heaven.” Pray to electricity all you want. Electricity cannot hear you. There is no conversation without the ears to hear. Ears are the feminine receivers of the yang electric data stream.

If the Book says she is not important then the people are convinced of it. Steam shovels and clear-cut forests are okay because Mother Earth is an unconscious resource and we are deaf and blind children of a masturbating God. I have a sinking feeling we have been here before. Until we turn away from splitting the atom, we will have to rinse and repeat.

When my third grade teacher told me that our civilization was the best and brightest ever, I just knew that was not Big T Truth. It rang false to me when I was eight years young. How could it be, when I had so recently been introduced to the Great Wall of China the Pyramids of Egypt? I was no genius, which proves that children are perceptive and should not be lied to. Was my teacher telling us her own Truth? Who taught her that?



***L'Origine du monde** ("The Origin of the World") is a picture
painted in oil on canvas
by the French artist Gustave Courbet in 1866.*

No one is supposed to see this! Don't get your panties in a kerfuffle over this porn pic. She speaks, but with seductive invitation and not a single syllable. She beckons. Everyone is terrified of that slash with the tiny passenger peeking through the crack. Can you see Her, the Boatman rowing across the River Charon to the underworld?

This sort of prejudice is changing, but to really understand the dynamic we must change God to Gregg. He should be more approachable. He can't be alone any more. He needs his wife, Sheena or Gaia or Ethyl. Actually, she's chained in the basement. Gregg is a creep now.

And I don't mean some New Agey crap, like

Think your cancer away. I mean,

“Let’s all learn the same definitions for the obvious things in the world. Let’s get a handle on what the word Feminine really means. And what’s this Vessel Stuff all about?

The same goes for Masculine. Masculinity is invisibility; now wrap your minds around that. Big strong vapid men are actually more feminine in their natures. The denser the muscle, the stronger the Ess; also, the fatter. She can also be hugely fat; either way --- she is enormous. It’s those tall slim men we gotta watch out for. Real men are skinny, invisible computer nerds. Light Disappears into the Dark. He slips through the cracks and dies inside Her. It is oh so dramatic! In a supreme suicide mission, a sperm dives into an egg. A man dives into a womun. A plough cuts open the earth. How many metaphors do you need to understand that the receiver is sacred? This is how we should love the Earth.

Many holy hierarchies also have single mothers birthing the Universe. Hindu Aditi birthed their Universe. In Greece and Rome, Gaia was the birther. In Egypt, Mut was a parthenogenic mother of the Universe. You don’t need to be a scholar to recognize that babies come out of womyn and that only womyn can feed them; and that even when nursing is done, there is still a strong connection to mother. It doesn’t take a huge leap to see that Feminine is the Place of life, and the Masculine is that extra boost of novelty. In One God religions the feminine option does not exist, and it is easy to see



that being cut off from our personal relationship with Mother Nature has caused lots of trauma on both sides.

In spite of modern theories, ancient peoples were more willing to see the world as S/HE, rather than how they wanted HER/M to be. She wants you to look at her privates.



There she is again looking oh so tempting!



When did humans realize that sex made babies? My answer, “When we were paramecium!” For instance, Sumerian, Egyptian and Hindu art is down right pornographic. All of the following sex pictures are found in sacred temples from Sumeria and Egypt. These fuckers are just simple folk, engaged in a sacred activity. Our modern anthropology dudes call these art works porn, Ancient Men’s Magazines and the womyn are called whores; Whores of Babylon and temple prostitutes. The word Prostitute is also a slur. We Modernians have taken on a false premise that A One Masculine God made a man and later on, a Son, with a Spirit without even a feminine drop of water nearby. A dry fuck is rapey, don’t you think? We have called this perverse idea Religion for some five thousand years and the Holy Sacrament Sex Perverse. Sex creates, like Deities create. Why are we supposed to keep it hidden? Why do we insist that an entity, very different from ourselves, has created our world and us? Who benefits from this perverse plan?

In the days before writing, Humans worshipped Nature. Were they stupid humans? Or, were they less educated than we? No miracles needed apply, because life was the Miracle. Everybody knew it. So why in Hell’s garden did we move toward the present day OMG religions that hate, murder with impunity? Shall I say, Ego? Power? Separation?

That is something any heterosexual person understands. I have never in my life known a man who did not need to rest after orgasm. I, on the other



hand always felt like having a quick jog around the block. Think of it as electricity that shoots down the lighting rod into the earth. That particular piece of energy has been transformed by earth. I would venture to say that the earth is also transformed at the spot where the rod penetrates. Ah!

Patriarchal ideas of the helpless female come from misplaced male egos and cooperative feminine tendencies. Receptivity is an important state of being. Without receptivity, there would be no-thing, and yet TOG cultures have relegated this feminine quality to “less than.” Why did womyn relinquish their power – or did we? We aren’t victims; we are humans. Could it be that we chose a 5,000-year thought experiment to understand the mysterious electric energy that animated our bodies for as long as we could remember? I say yes. Why not?

Circles



*Ouroboros represents the process of life and birth. Life goes on,
and on. No beginning or end in sight.*

Or, “What’s my end doing in your beginning?”

The top octave is pure conjecture and mystery. Keter is a giant zero; Energized by fire, Feminine chasm, delivering life as fractals of an Original No-thing. That is a meaningless description. Like a Koan, it means nothing in words, but if you digest it properly, you will grok it in its entirety.

The circle shape symbolizes eternity. This one wears a crown, very fitting of the Kabbalah reference, Keter, the Crown, also the Crown Chakra. The big questions in religion are, “Where did it begin? Where will it end?” If you can relate to this kind of symbolism, then you have your answer. There is no end; no beginning. Science can’t prove it; religion can’t find it; atheists can’t prove it. No one can prove nothing! In other words, ‘look around, it’s all connected in the now.’ In other words, “Be Awake Now!”

Birth and death are parts of the same process. The Great Lady is a conduit for a process of change. What is left behind after a baby is born? An empty vessel; her body mourns this loss. The Uterus longs for her passenger. Many womyn suffer depression after the birth. This is not a disease. Modernia has taught us to fear death and darkness, but in truth, Dark is where we come from. “Close one door so another one will open.” I am pretty sure these doors are located on either end of a long “tunnel,” and the



tunnel has two-way traffic. For the old, we get a refresher; and the newborns are the refurbished ones. It doesn't matter which direction you are going, it is still the same tunnel.

We learned our modern western archetypes and Democracy from the Greco/Roman culture. The Greek culture was extremely masculine-oriented in that the men did not even like having sex with womyn, preferring the poop chutes of young boys instead. I don't know for sure the part about the men not liking sex with womyn, but the boy part is true; you see it all over the pottery. Evidently you weren't gay if you were the Top. Womyn were mere incubators and as such had no say in anything. The incubator part is true, too. Womyn had neither vote nor citizenship. If you were a gay or a womun, that meant, Bottom, which also meant Less Than.

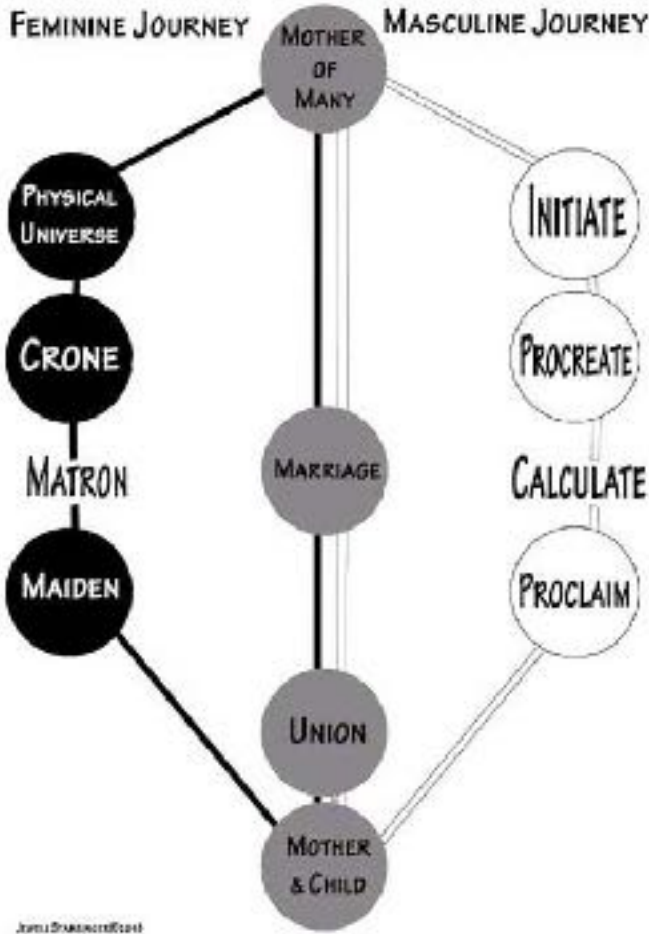
Without a female Deity, there can be no love for the feminine. In Patriarchy we cannot love our home-planet Earth, because She is Feminine. We cannot love plants and animals because they are Feminine. And we certainly cannot love the actual Feminine beings of Earth, the Wimmin. That is a lot of reality to hate, but if you check it out, TOG religions tell you that worshipping reality is a big mistake that will destroy your soul, because reality is a place to leave; a place to Learn Lessons, then bide your time until you can meet the Invisible Father. We must Transcend our Mortal Meat suits.

"I think of God without gender." Everyone says this to me. "My God has no gender, he is



genderless!” Very funny. Right? I counter with,

“My Gods are Bigendered and Sexing through Eternal bedsprings of Creative Constancy, so it doesn’t matter to me if my Meat suit is fresh or dried out. I Trust the Process. Do you?”





Science is now telling us that children have more DNA in common with Aunts and Uncles, which I find intriguing. The Navajo, Hopi, Mosuo, are three examples of womyn-led societies. In all of these groups childbearing womyn live in the maternal home where aunts, uncles and siblings are influential. This is how they describe kinship; through the womyn. My son Zach always said, “Hey Mom, have you ever noticed how kids look a lot like their aunts and uncles?”

In Modernia we give young womyn license to raise babies, unsupervised by their elder mothers, aunt and uncles, and without much traditional support. So they are lonely and raise their lonely kids to grow up and shoot up a school. The mom says, “I didn’t know he had any guns. How on earth did this happen?” How the fuck would she know? She was at work all day. Humans are herd animals in need of lots of companionship. Given too much solitude we grow up feeling abandoned, without purpose. Modernia is a training program for psychopaths, narcissists and shooters.

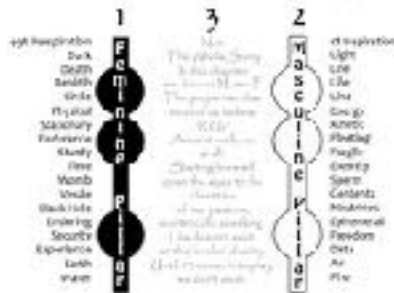
In Herstory (the times before the written word, that anthropologists uncover when they dig) womyn priests ruled over the sacraments. Every word, every motion was memorized, passed on over eons, from grandmother to child. Tradition was fostered inside the minds and hearts of the people. They internalized the meanings. They recorded events in pictures. Nature was alive. The physical world consisted of the Ess and her mate. Over time



male priests moved the womyn out of the spirituality business for any number of reasons (short list above). They began to pray to a One Male God with an orphan son and not a uterus in sight.

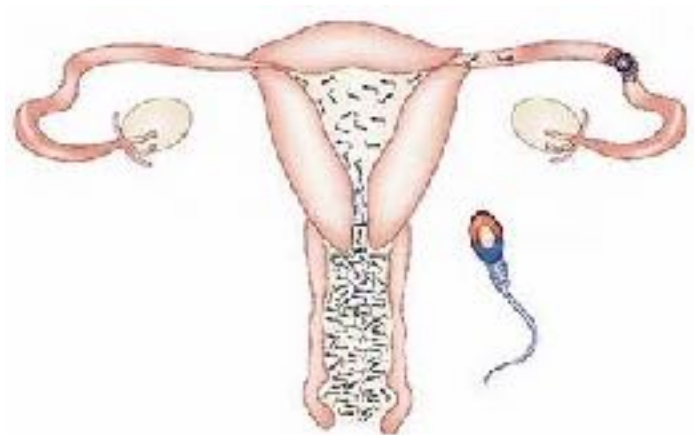
Writing allowed us to externalize the rituals. Writing took intimacy away from daily life. It robbed us of the moment. Writing makes the Moment irrelevant because with writing, there is not need to pay attention, or to be present, because note taking will happen, and we can read about it later. Now that civilization has found the Mosuo people in Southern China, written language is on its way. The do-gooder anthropologists are writing everything down in the form of written records. They do not understand how this will demote the Oral Tradition and change the people into Modernian consumers. They will forget their gentle relationships and go forcefully into a mysterious future with the rest of us. Hopefully, it is true when they say,

“All roads lead to Rome and/or Heaven.”





She is Larger and More Complicated Than He



“As above, so Below”

Take note of the following images so you can get the idea implanted into your Hu-masculine brain. Matter is denser than energy. Whether matter is slowed energy or not; The Physical Universe is Larger than no-thing. Larger doesn't connote better or more holy, but if you understand the difference we can move along into the true understanding of our sources. If it is all one, fine; but understand that the One is no-thing until it combines with Some Thing. This circular argument can drive us nuts, or we can simply put our fears down and surrender to the Now. Look around and honestly assess what our religious beliefs have brought to bear in the past three millennia and ask yourself if you are enjoying life as you live elbow to elbow, fenced yard to fenced yard, beside strangers in tiny kingdoms who want to beat



you at a race you never asked for.

In our culture we believe that rationality is the best. Anything less-than rational is less – than worthy. We believe in the rational mind and we hate its opposite, the non-rational mind, which is the dream state that confounds us. There are not any descriptive names for it, only not-names, like irrational, illogical, insane, senseless, unbalanced, unreasonable, unstable. You get the idea?

We think the non-verbal (there's another one!) is garbled nonsense. This explains why OMG cultures hate the feminine; She connects with urges and impressions that cannot be quantified. Impressions guide Her. Explaining the Ess with words can only be done while choking on a chicken salad sandwich, somewhere between the medulla oblongata and the pineal gland. Only poets and musicians can do that feminine brain trick; and, of course, animals, but they don't bother to attempt futile speech, and they will all be dead soon anyway because they cannot write, much less read science books. Silly animals.

Literate Ess

The balance in Nature is between the seen and the unseen. Many people see the unseen, but Modernians put them in padded rooms and give them terrible drugs to pacify them. Just because we can't see the unseen, doesn't mean He is not at work.

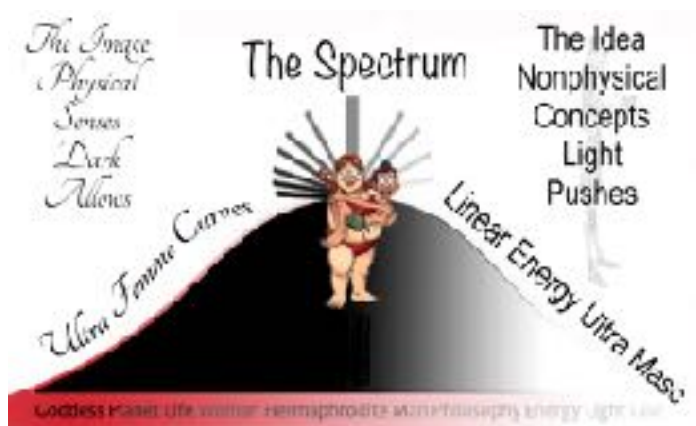
God is a scholar. The Ess is illiterate. Therefore, humans are the Literate Ess. We are not



supposed to ditch our beautiful bodies; our beautiful world. Our job on Earth is to combine the two into one Creation. We are not here to take advantage of each other, including Mother Earth. We are mandated to care for our Home. That means no torturing, murdering and overpopulating. Stop that! We are the best of both worlds and it's about time we know it.

What if we did have a spiritual system with balanced Gods/M and Esses/F? What would that do to our psyches? Would it make our society more balanced? Would it function differently? Would our values change? If God were married to his Ess, would we feel the pain of destruction in the form of wholesale slaughter of our own body, Earth for profit's sake? If Energy and Matter ruled the Spiritual landscape, would our Physical landscape be a sacred trust instead of a plundered victim? Imagine a world without profit. Just do it!

Yin is Size and Yang is Inspiration



Genius is 99% perspiration, 1% inspiration. —Thomas Edison

If God and Ess were called “Plus” and “Minus” would you still be an atheist? How about an Apatheist? Would you agree that physics could work with only positive energy, no negative energy? What would that world look like? It would be electricity streaming through nowhere and you would not be able to see it anyway.

We hermaphrodites are made from the same ingredients, like a recipe. Each chef has her special way of making apple pie, and each pie is delicious and bit different. We are pie, strudel, popovers and hot pockets. The difference between Humans and cats is a few more teaspoons of baking powder, more eggs and a teaspoon of fur.

Equality is not what you think. Energy, or Masculine is the invisible part that operates without being seen, but we feel it. What do we feel with? Why, the physical Feminine body, of course. That leaves us to call the woodland critters She. When I recently referred to a found turtle as She, a man asked me if I knew her gender. He wanted if it had a pussy. He couldn’t stand to call it female, because what if it were, in fact, male? What if it was a he, with a tiny turtle penis? What an insult! Yet females are called Male all the time, and have been for millennia. We went along with it, just like war, rape and other violence perpetuated as “humun nature.” Overt acts of aggression are masculine, by definition --- Yang pushes. Acts of territoriality can be feminine forms of violence, like poisoning and suffocation --- Yin



contains.

This happens with babies too. The baby doesn't care what you call her. But her mom wants you to know her genital endowment. Why is it so horrible to misgenderize males, then routinely misgenderize females? The answer is simple: if you identify a boy baby as female, everyone knows he will turn out gay. The same is true of girls, but since everyone loves to watch chicks make out, no one cares. Right? We are Bizarro World!

The Masculine Default

The question is, "Why is life's default identity male and why don't the enlightened see it?" People inevitably refer to general critters as "he." Even feminists use the he pronoun as the generic critter identifier; cool, hip, with-it wimmin, spiritual seekers with insight and such. We saw a little owl on Facebook and all my wimmin called it he, while one person called it a Little Man. I added, "She is adorable," and then one femme asked me how I could tell if it was a femme. Identity is assumed to be male until otherwise genitally identified. Look under the dog before using the she pronoun, otherwise proceed with the masculine pronoun.

Masculine Entitlement is a Modernian ideal that is often used against the poor (the masses are feminine in nature), and which is used by the rich (masculine in their limited number), in their own minds, to do as they please. Modernia has been created from the idea that Mankind is entitled to the



fruits of Nature regardless of consequences. Since Nature is Feminine, even though we call all of her creatures by the masculine pronoun, she must bear the brunt of his force. When you get right down to it, taking nature's fruits by force or fiat is rather rapey.

This Entitled One Male God ideology has single-handedly created overpopulation, world hunger, and cruel practices against nature. We are overpopulated because One God said to reproduce indiscriminately. Everybody on earth contains DuPont's Teflon molecule because our winner takes all philosophy has allowed it. Giants of industry and movie stars have replaced kings and queens of yesterday and they use their fortunes to buy the candidates that we do not choose, but vote for anyway.

Back in the day, the courtiers (cabinet) had to be approved by senior management (congress) Even then; the King did not always have his way. Today there are ten families ruling the world. Their Courts consist of their extended families and the king's court grants him more power every day. As it turns out, he is not even running the show. A very few select individuals now make the decisions that effect 7.6 billion people worldwide. This is far from democratic and yet we pretend that voting for one of a chosen few is people power.

We are born and raised into a heinous lie, that we are better than nature, better than people with other beliefs, and that we can do what we want to do regardless of consequences. We don't want to take



blame so we refuse to take responsibility. There was a time when men owned womyn, children and brown skin people.

Biological Hegemony

Why do we believe we can own or conquer Nature? Men believe this but womyn do not. Womyn are subject to nature. We cannot stop our monthly bleeding. We cannot stop pregnancy. We cannot stop birth. Wimmin are subjects of Nature. Womyn understand submission to nature. Wimmin must cooperate to survive.

Men's bodies do not understand submission. Men never have to stay out of the pool because of a monthly bleed. Men never have to be grossly deformed because of gestation. Men never have to endure the living death of birthing a new person. It is a transformative experience. Because of their biology men believe in their independence from nature. Because of their perceived independence from nature they should not be in charge of it.

Creation's Rights

Every time I hear the words, Human Rights, I shudder with despair because humanity's so called god given rights have decimated nature. Let's think about Creation's Rights, while seriously getting down on the ground to talk to the animals. They have lived here longer than we have without reading and writing. We came around and started in with that humun rights shit and in no time, we believed our



intelligence made us better than them. We jab our grimy fingers at passages from “The Bible,” insisting that ink on paper is something true. Literacy does not make us better, but it does seem to have made us rather conceited.

Many of our destructive attitudes come from a narrow view of History, via the ever-popular peniscope, not that there’s anything wrong with a penis, but is a singular perspective. The time before history is Herstory. Problem is, no writing. What could be the reason for that? Why wasn’t it written down? In the book, *The Alphabet vs. The Goddess* by Leonard Shlain, he claims that writing made us left-brained, analytical. It was the one thing that moved us from balanced masculine/feminine to strict logos-based thinkers. Now we put a lot of stock into literacy at the expense of art, music and wonder. We think literacy is actually better. It is our pinnacle. It is what makes us humun. That’s what we think. But is it true? You know my answer. Well here it is anyway. Logos only makes us better if we don’t believe so. It comes down to bragging and humun exceptionalism. A truly realized being doesn’t brag. She goes about life doing what she does, allowing others to recognize her truth from her actions, not her words. That is why they say,

“Walk your Talk. If you spot it, you got it. A picture is worth a thousand words.”

Computers are the hermaphrodite. I know, crazy talk, but this: Moving pictures on a screen are dreamy, not linear. Let’s hear it for illiteracy and



picture books! The images are Ess and the data is the God. Ha! God is a typist! A million words per second. Graphic computers are windows into the new millennium. I see hope.

Creation stories all require male and female union. Often, the female is portrayed as larger than the male. Often times the feminine has to go and retrieve her lost or slain man, and diligently squeeze the sperm out of his dead dick (Isis). Then there are the stories of the Cosmic Mother Tiamat who the vault of the stars. These stories make reference to matter and energy, the royal couple, but western culture murdered the wife, put the husband out to Far-And-Awayville, and stashed the royal children on a cold lonely rock. No wonder this one male god is so jealous and punitive. He is lonely. He never gets laid and his kids don't know him.

As Holy Hermaphrodite, your task is to integrate your Holy different parents within your real consciousness, because our parents are so different from each other. They are the two ships passing in the night, but you are the divine hermaphrodite, you are the cocktail from two ingredients. You are the sailboat on the water, you are the wind in your sail.

Our bodies are like ships. Your ship will determine your mental perspective. Are you a destroyer? Destroyers are war ships that hit targets and move fast. Penises are designed to shoot straight and hit the target, too, like Light beams- God's guns; warships. If you are the proud owner of a destroyer, then your "ship" will go from Point A to Point B in



under 2 minutes (hopefully that long). The One God, the Lightning Bolt of Creation, is also a fast ship or a bullet train. He strikes quickly. He uses that “shotgun” for 3 things; procreation, elimination and pleasure; and then he is done. It is not complicated. We do what we are made to do.

The Femme is a sailboat. She has a welcoming cloth that catches wind. She also has a rudder to steer in any direction. But when she’s stuck in the doldrums she must wait for the wind to send her on the way. She moves because of him, but if she’s not there, he moves nothing; he has no effect.

The humun race would be better represented as S/he than He. The Hermaphrodite is both holy genders. The body is Shhh. The Spirit is Eeeee. The shhhh consonant sounds are femme and the clear vowel sounds are homme.

I have tried my S/he for he experiment with various men and they became livid or hysterical, but they won’t hear of it.

“We are NOT womyn!!! No, there shall not be any identification with the feminine gender, period! Just have a look at our dicks and our balls. Our big BALLS!!!”

In spite of the fact that the word S/he is just he with an s in front of it, the guys say NO. All humans seem to lack imagination in this respect: She, is inclusive; He, is exclusive. Now that Feminism has taken hold in our culture, we have gone half way with our pronouns. Instead of He we call the unidentified thing They or It, but we refuse to give Her her due.



Maybe it is better that these words are losing their meanings so we can start fresh. In all fairness S/ he should be the dominant pronoun for the next 5,000 years to balance out the long period of Masculine identification of life itself.

Feminism has pushed girls and womyn into male roles where womyn beat men in hand to hand combat. This silliness is designed to demonstrate equality, but the effect is to teach girls to act aggressively like boys. Poor little Hermie. Give it a penis. It wants a penis! The surgeon agrees.

Real Religion

We need Real Stories. We need to go back in time, when stories were told by Firelight, person-to-person, face-to-face. This ancient communion is missing in our modern lives, and this is why we love movies and TV so much that we put actors on pedestals. They are the wealthy royals of our society. They parade on red carpet, just like royalty in Europe. In primitive societies men use their natural competitive natures in dance competitions. The best dancer impressed the best girl in hopes that she would choose him. In our world, the peasants observe as the royals prance.

Commoners are not entitled to dance the light fantastic. We are not allowed into the most sacred rituals. The rich and famous are our vicarious penitents and we believe that they should take all of our stuff. This religion is a crap religion. It is the religion of Modern hegemony. Modern



Exceptionalism.

“One day I, too will be so rich that I will need to rescind the inheritance tax for my spoiled children, so they will never have to life a finger. Right now I have 17 cents in the bank, but any day now, the lottery will hit and then I, too, will get to be an entitled jerk!”



2. *Yang Pillar On The Right*

Words and Ideas

*“In the unity of the Godhead there are three Persons, the
Father, the Son, and the Holy spirit,
these Three Persons being truly distinct one from another.
Thus, in the words of the Athanasian Creed:
‘the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Spirit is
God,
and yet there are not three Gods but one God.’”
—Catholic Encyclopedia*



According to Catholic doctrine: God is One. Thesis is a dude. Anti-thesis is a dude. Is synthesis the ghost or the son? Well, which is it? Or does it not really matter, which character is which, because they are all the same? All one mishmosh of sameness. A homogenized gel of living male excretion. Life, a synonym for masculine hegemony, on Earth as it is in Heaven.

with a gun, so to speak? Could that be the cultural core that injects itself into our institutions? We want to keep our status as the guy with the biggest swinging gun/dick. If that offends you, think again, because that offense is done by our imperialist government against you. Personally, dicks of any size or tumescence do not offend me, no matter how silly looking they may seem, because in the throes of passion they generate exquisite energy. Dudes penetrate with their pricks and their minds. The little dose of godly logos is hot stuff, and the Chicks like it and need it. Dudes are awesome and fucking dudes is awesome! I have personally retired from fucking, but the memories are all still with me; I treasure them all, but especially the true lovers. The Fucks were fun, but the lovers were exquisite.

After leaving the love nest, we must separate and become Two again. At that point a man should put away his weapon and a womun should close her door. At that point a nation should melt the guns and start gardening in their front yards and enjoy each other between the fucks, for fuck's sake!

The Americhristian Way ~ Yang



Rode hard and put up wet!

*Original Winchester Log – Commissioned Artwork Artist:
Philip R. Goodwin (Circa 1919) - The Winchester
“Horse and Rider” trademark was designer in 1919 by
Phillip R. Goodwin.*

Hurry! Pony Express Dudes rode their horses hard for 30 miles, and then changed steeds at the way station, pushing into the night. It was hard on the men and the beasts, but men like it hard. Right? That masculine race-to-win mentality has gotten the world in a terrible mess. If god is light speed; he is fast, but not necessarily good. Hurry to the Goal, God! The

Goal! The Goal? A Mantra? Goodness be damned, as well it should be. After all, Opposites attract.

Let's face it, when one guy is in charge, life can get out of hand. Like Abigail said, "The One Dude can be a real jerk." I can add to that: the One Gal can too. The One Anything is a bad idea when making policy for the many. How is it even fair for any-one? That One will not be able to carry the many, and will fall, and then what is left over? The many must clean up the mess. In that regard, can you guess my opinion on electing a President? How about we elect a minion?

One thing I do know is that womyn and men are both responsible for the state of our culture. Womyn are not 100% feminine and men are not 100% masculine. That sounds elementary, but we forget. Some beings are 60%-40%. Some are 20%-80%. Need I go on? This is not even Metaphysics 101; it is life 101. That's why we have ladies and gentlemen; brutes and killers; bullies and cowards; you name it, we got.

If anything, womyn are more responsible because of that extra tablespoon of Feminine. Earth is the domain of the Ess and the home of the many, yet we demi-Esses have stepped aside in favor of the invisibles --- logic, reason and philosophy (what a waste of time-too many words!). Womyn have abdicated responsibility for whatever good or bad reasons. It is up to humans together, to allow the True Feminine (She is neither lacy or pink) back into our reality with all her chaos and inexactness and

brutality. We are turning the corner, but if womyn are too confrontational or militant, we won't reach the goal of Global Cooperation that is needed to literally save the Planet.

Practical Gaia and Humorous God

“While this rule operates we are required to classify the world on the premise that the standard or normal human being is a male one and when there is but one standard, then those who are not of it are allocated to a category of deviation. Hence our fundamental classification scheme is one, which divides humanity not into two equal parts (if two is to be the significant number) but into those who are plus male and those who are minus male. At the most basic level of meaning the status of the female is derived from the status of the male and on this has been erected many strata of positive and negative classifications.”

~Dale Spender “Man Made Language”

Ask a few simple questions. Why is the whole wide world suffering from the same problem? What is the common denominator that could have precipitated this problem? What does belief in one god have in common with Unitary Government? Once again; too much Singularity; the Whim of The One. The One is a True Archetype, but he is Not the Only Archetype.

We have all learned that we are temporarily embarrassed billionaires (used to be millionaires) who will not want to pay taxes when our solitary ship

sails into the harbor. When I am wealthy, I will want a tax haven for my gains.

Growth in adults is called obesity or cancer. We have about twelve Archetypal variations for beings to experience, but that is not possible without a balance of multiple Archetypes; one is not enough. Everyone wants to be the Good Son of a King who fights Bad Guys. No soul is hiding out in the ethers to be born a janitor, or is He? Just watch the tide ebb and flow and you will know that Truth Moves; it cycles; it flows, develops and recedes. Listen to the Archetypal-Mothers. They preserve. She knows how much work it is to conceive, carry, birth and raise an elephant. Imagine what it is for Her, the Crucible, to birth one billion bazillion of flaming elephants all at once. She certainly will not advocate the patriarchal 'be fruitful and multiply' thing. She will want to get to know these eternal babies; tiny miniatures of herself. She wants us to slow down. Growth is for babies, not for adults. Just Stop It!

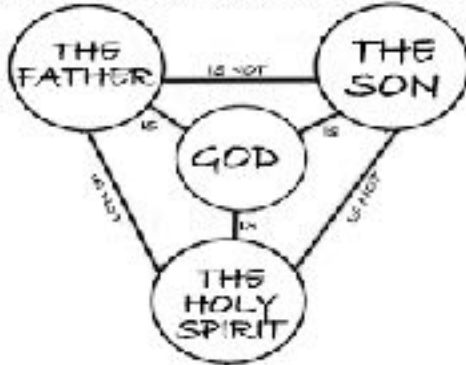
I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And by the way, in the new Code of Laws, which I suppose, it will be necessary for you to make I desire you would Remember the Ladies, and be more generous and favourable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the Husbands.

Remember all Men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the Ladies we are determined to foment a Rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any Laws in which we have no voice,

*or Representation. That your Sex are Naturally Tyrannical is a Truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute, but such of you as wish to be happy willingly give up the harsh title of Master for the more tender and endearing one of Friend. Why, then, not put it out of the power of the vicious and the Lawless to use us with cruelty and indignity with impunity? Men of Sense in all Ages abhor those customs which treat us only as the vassals of your sex; regard us then as Beings placed by Providence under your protection, and in imitation of the Supreme Being make use of that power only for our happiness. --- Letter to John Adams (31 March 1776), published in *Familiar Letters of John Adams and his wife Abigail Adams* (1875) edited by Charles Francis Adams, p. 147*

Father is invisible energy, like electricity. He awakens the Physical then he moves along. He does not stop to chat. She may not know who woke her, since He is long gone, but She damn sure knows “he’s in her.” She’s awake! The union of “Going” (M) and “Being” (F) creates our reality. The Feminine IS everywhere. She is peanut butter and honey. We can’t avoid getting Her all over our fingers. The Masculine GOES everywhere; inventing peanut butter and honey in his head, but not able to experience it, until he whizzes past The Egg Lady leaving her a few suggestive data packets. He sends the peanut butter and honey diagram into her lair, where she cooks it up for him, but what! He can’t eat

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY



it without a mouth, plus, he has already moved on at the speed of light. What is a God to do?

They combine in the Center where they are us. Yes, I said it, we are the Gods and furthermore, I am convinced it is Blasphemy to say we are not. We live inside a moving vessel; like a fetus in the mother or people inside a car. The world goes by as the car speeds down the road. Thus every living body on Earth and in Heaven is Feminine. The speed of the car is masculine, because it moves. The Father is motion, like the “rolling stone that gathers no moss.” The Mother is rest. She is the stone and the moss but not the rolling. The people inside the car are both, children of the Gods.

With that in mind, I turn to the subject at hand, the left-brain, right side of the body, masculine principles that have commanded too much respect over the last few eons of human development. We are much too concerned with righteousness and too unconcerned with reality. We think we are being realistic, when in truth we are just thinking. We

should back out of the Self Esteem Jungle and fall into a pit of humility for a few generations; where we can regroup values, hearts and minds.

Nicene Creed 325AD

Jesus the orphan, son of God almighty and a young humun rape victim. Though some faithful Christians have explained to me that the angel specifically asked her permission to be God's incubator for the holy passenger, it is doubtful that she had any choice in the matter. As if wimmin choose to have their monthly bleeds, their painful birthings or the cloak of invisibility they wear after menopause.

*"We believe in one God, the Father Almighty,
Maker of all things visible and invisible.
And in our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, begotten of
the Father (the only begotten; this, of the essence of the
Father, God of God), Light of Light, very God of Very
God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the
father; By whom all things were made (both in heaven and
on earth)..."*

The most powerful propaganda in the above passage is the one that emphasizes Begotten, Not Made. As you may know, the Feminine is the Maker part of the equation. Leave her out of the equation and you have a lot of gay stuff to 'splain. Someone does all the work and it is not the sperm!

This has been the fundamental problem of

civilization for the past two millennia. I doubt that any females attended the Council of Nicea in 325 AD. I can tell by reading the text above. It contains not one word of a feminine presence, as if the Dude did it all Alone; so annoying! The Dudes who declared the declarations were very concerned with their temporal power, and probably not so much for the core of Existence. Those Petty Dudes set us up for world domination a long time ago and now, we cannot see the connection. We Believe in Human Nature when it explains away poor upbringing. In the next breath we claim that we are unattached to anything and Free Will is our bitch. “Well which one is it?” you argue.

“Neither and both.” Say I. Don’t you just love a good old fashioned irony?

They grandfathered tyranny, capitalist hegemony and ecological imperialism by giving god a male heir to lead them. After Nicea, the culture of destruction was loosed upon the Others. Other religions, creeds and political groups were forced to knuckle under the One Dude religion, or die. The present body of law is based on so-called Christian values brought up from ancient Greek culture where Dudes made decisions for all. Womyn were soul-less in that world. They really did debate the existence of a feminine soul. Modernian culture is built on those anti-feminine ideals. They did away with the Ess. If the Ess is dead, the world is dead. Last time I looked, necrophilia was a pathology, not a form of mercantilism.

Unrelenting dogma projects, affects and expects to be right due to its popular demand. We have all fallen for this mental farce, womyn and men together. We don't do anything alone because we are all here, masculine and feminine, together. Right or wrong, revenge may be sweet but it is non productive.

Every being has a "me too" to tell, so forgive and move on. When I tell mine all the listeners respond correctly with their "Oh how rough for you, you did not deserve it, oh baby oh baby you, etc." I used to enjoy that focused attention; I lapped it up like vanilla bean gelato. I lavished their pity all over myself. That was before the Me Too era, and as usual I was ahead of the curve! My folly has always been foresight.

Yes, men raped and seduced, but I seduced right back. The reason I could strike back is that I am a Human, a combination of forces, including passive and aggressive sources, a divine hermaphrodite. Womyn are Patriarchs, too. When womyn undermine each other, betray trusts; show jealousy and scream at their children, we are buying Dominators too. Womyn are guilty of thought hubris, too. I say, let's learn about these distinctions that herd us into entitlements that destroy young hearts and minds. Let's shake off our need to climb the highest mountain and instead enjoy the view from a simple valley where life is a magical gift from a mysterious source. And if some of us want to tackle the mountain, then so be it.

Rationalism is the benchmark of modern thought and females can be just as rationalizing as males. The following definitions provide windows into the prejudicial attitudes we hold toward the non-rational feminine. Remember, she is visceral, physical, non-linear. The Dictionary Definitions indicate a high opinion of masculine concepts and low opinion of feminine intuitive sensibilities.

Dictionary Definition of rational: correct, logical,
reasonable

right, sensible, true, wise, and meaningful

Dictionary antonyms of rational: foolish, implausible,
improbable,

*invalid, irrational, obscure, optional, stupid, unclear,
unintelligent, unlikely, unrealistic, unreasonable, unsound,
unsuitable, unwise, vague, illogical*

From these definitions, it seems unlikely that anyone would want to identify with the scathing ineptitude of the non-rational and would certainly want to receive the elevated social approval offered to the rational club. "Please may I have another serving of being better than you? Delicious and bubbly like sparkling apple cider."

Hierarchy vs. Widerarchy

In Modernia, our prime directive in school is to excel above others. In the Nordic Countries they teach cooperation. We are capitalists afflicted by Lone Cowboy Syndrome. They are capitalist, too but

they emphasize a wider standard of fairness, possibly because their cultures are older than ours and they have already waded through this adolescent age of self discovery that we Modernians are drowning in. In Finland, the prime directive for teachers is to teach cooperation among the young. *Pussies!!*

We are The Ones made in His image, we can do no wrong. This singularity makes us The Chosen, over Nature herself. I have yet to hear of a One Male God religion that doesn't tell its people they are Chosen. If I hear another Jew or Muslim, Baptist or Lutheran say he is Chosen I fear I will puke! It is worse than the "n-word" in my opinion. One would suppose that goodness would come of this unique endowment, but no, goodness is exclusionary. "I'm with Goodness," and you might as well say,

"I'm Okay, you're not Okay." We are victims of this Singular lie; victims of our minds. We believe in it. We justify evil with it. And it will get us in the end of this cycle. Hopefully at the onset of the next cycle we will Understand mo' betta and re-member the pieces of this puzzle, or jigsaw a new puzzle for the new re-membering. We have all been here before. Remember?

Nationalism is bottom line for Modernia. We base our wants and needs on being "the best that we can be," as if we were all Marines. In our niche, we have taught children, who are now parents, to teach their kids to win, to earn - to work - to exceed - to be good - to think -to be self confident. So what is the problem? Do I hear, love, compromise, kindness,

togetherness, connection? Yes, in the terms of team spirit, we hear those gentle values in the background of a mob chanting for their heroes to win one for the USA and to obliterate their opponents.

Top professional sportspersons get a ton of money for winning and being good, etc. Instead of valuing teamwork, kids learn to value stardom as a goal - Superman, Batman, Rockman, and the like. We pay lip service to a few great team sports, but the most excellent Dudes in any team get more dough, womyn and fame than the others of his team.

The winner is the Alpha male, and “there can be only one.” Remember the movie, “Highlander”? I loved that guy. He worked so hard in that competition to take the light from other beings so he could win all the light. That is an American story. We are a really sensitive guy forced to commit murder to get to the top, to which we are entitled. We imagine being the hero of the story, to get the glory, but if there can be only one, then there are 7 billion 5 hundred 99 thousand and 999 losers in the world. I don’t care for these odds!

In Modernia, every Good household Should Be a tiny fiefdom ruled by an alpha male with a beta womun and her issue, His Heirs, not hers. (Issue means children in Medieval-speak). In modern Modernia that only works for the 1%, though. Now the lovely beta lady must work outside her castle, in foreign territory --- The Big City, where she encounters challenges on her own; while her issue remain behind with underpaid issue-care workers.

When a male child is born of a Head of Household, then call Him Jesus! Or Prince. But if she is a female child, then call her Prince-ess. The SS sound is the hissing snake sound used to describe the Ess. She does not have her own word. She is the less-than prince. The ess version. We put it on the ends of all the man-words to show how the lady-parts are ess girlie, and therefore; less-than. This system is mindlessly accepted by social conventions that have been designed by the male prerogative, made by males and supported by females with status for so long that we call it human nature.

Our childhood fairy stories told us that the princess would sleep until the prince found her and woke her up. She waited for his awakening kiss, and once awakened, he went riding, leaving her to manage the castle, gestate the next prince and all the rest of it.

But she did all the Creating. I never read a story where the princess took mud from her muddy vulva and created herself from herself and then everything else, including the actual castle, according to a plan she received from her now absent Prince. Yes, his kiss was all it took for the lights to go and then she's on her own because light never rests. Can't catch it; can't stop it. Creation is a magical partnership between two forces, but that doesn't mean they must live together, get married or pledge eternal loyalty. The masculine comes and goes.

Chimp or Chump?

Who do you want to identify with? An aggressive ape or a gentle ape? Did you even know you had a choice? I didn't know until just a few years ago. When did you first hear about Bonobo Apes being closer relative to us than the long touted Chimpanzee? This ape cover up must stop Now! Why do we identify with Chimpanzees when Bonobos live in peaceful harmony across the river? No one told me of Bonobos until I was sixty years old.

Bonobos are also our cousins, the gentle, sexy side of the family. Bonobos make love, not war. They are egalitarian, female led and sexually promiscuous, unlike Chimps who are hierarchical and led by violent males. Yes it is true that female societies couldn't care less who the daddy is. Male societies feel the need to control womyn's bodies. What is that about?

Gentle and loving they don't have a hierarchy. They have a Widerarchy. In other words, they all relate to each other like friends and lovers. They comb each other's hair, have slumber parties and laugh. They kiss on the mouth like people and hug and fuck whomever, whenever. When kerfuffles ensue, they give each other a few strokes then kiss and make up. We should be more Bonobo. And, by the way, they are really into Quickies.

If we were Chimpanzees, there would be one Alpha male for each city block. He would make the rounds about once a month, visiting the females of

each household. The females and their issue would hang out together all day, nursing the infants in plain sight, teaching the youths where to find the best termite selections, grooming and generally sharing their lives. When fights broke out amongst the males, the ladies slinked toward the hidey-holes, waiting for the melee to subside. Clobbering followed a set hierarchy ending with someone pinching the baby. Maybe we are chimpanzees. We can be violent little twerps.

In the Modernian Linear paradigm we see ourselves as predatory competitors, destined to conquer and tame Nature, making our own Mother, Mother Nature, our Bitch. Is that why we have not identified so strongly with Bonobos as we have with Chimpanzees?

Violence has become so normal to us that we can't imagine being openly loving and horny like Bonobos, so we believe the dudes when they say our Nature is violent. Evidently variety is the spice of many lives, because even the loyal Swan cheats on her/his mate from time to time. If variety is the spice of life, then we humans are made of tangy curry with scorching overtones.

Dr. Sapolsky's Baboon Study

Robert Sapolsky has studied baboons for 30 years in the field. When the alpha males of the troop died from poisoning, the remaining members created an anomaly of baboon society – an egalitarian group that abandoned their hierarchical structure for a

female led group of kinder-gentler monkeys. When a new juvenile male showed up with aggressive ways they guided him into their way of being and he was integrated within a few months. I am not saying that men should not lead. I am saying that the Masculine single-point style of godly leadership is a bad model for humans to follow. Pray to a single god get a tyrannical leader. Follow the shepherd, like sheep do and the Borg will reject you. Assimilation doesn't mean you follow blindly; it means your add your identity to the Borg Widerarchy. Borg does not welcome Zombies or bullies.

Fear the Borg

*We are obsessed with being independent.
Today twice as many people are single than in the 1950s.
Also many more single households than before. –Aziz
Ansari*

*23. Jesus said, "I shall choose you, one from a thousand
and two from ten thousand, and they will stand as a single
one." – The Gospel Of Thomas*

"They will stand as a single one." Statements like this can confuse us for generations. It sounds like a One Dude ideal. He meant that the multitude is a unit, a Thing. He might as well have said that we individuals are made of billions of atoms. Either way, that sounds like Borg to me. When we unite with the Divine; merging into one entity, we are Borg. How do

Sci-Fi writers get this so right? The Borg is a single/multiple entity; like a person. One skin, billions of cells. One thing, many parts. I challenge anyone to find anything in creation that is one thing that can't be broken into parts. Modern religions are all the same --- obsessed with the Single point of light; Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha, and Yahweh. The God is a singularity, so how can we merge with him? We cannot. He is supposed to merge with us. That's His job. He dives into the dark. Our job is to allow him.

When did it become absolutely holy to be "The One," and why have Humans pursued this singular goal with such vigor? It has more to do with culture than spirituality. We really want to excel; to win. We want to be known; to have the spotlight on us. We want to be One with The One. How does that fit with the multiplicity of our surroundings? Let's say that God is a single beam of light, then where does that leave the multiplicity of life as we know it? We could say that the Ess is multiplicity. You don't have to because I will say it for you.

School taught me that Orientals (we used that word in the 50s!) had Hive mentality and that we Americans were blessed with Individual mentality, which was certainly better, because Communists were bad and wrong because of sharing, which led to Lazy People with too much slack, when, what they really needed was strong discipline, because suffering made you produce stuff and if you didn't produce, you were a loser. Never trust The Obviously Lazy.

*It is because males have had power that they have been in
a position to construct
the myth of male superiority and to have it accepted;
because they have had power they have been able to
'arrange' the evidence
so that it can be seen to substantiate the myth.
~ Dale Spender*

WORD

Consider how we have defined ourselves. Homo Sapiens, Male Smart, a double masculine reference if you understand that intellectual functions are inherently yang. We could more accurately characterize ourselves as Femme Sapiens, or Anima Sapiens. Physical Intellectual, which would be accurate. We are most definitely sapient, and we are most definitely visceral. Yin/Yang. Two Gods in One.

Penetration is Patriarchal and Masculine. Words penetrate as much as any guided warhead. Words are fuckers. Words implant, like buggering fuckers implant seeds. Words should be heeded, not flung about willy-nilly. Also, it should be understood that words from another person are Not About You! I cannot stress that enough.

What Peter says about Paul says more about Peter than nothing about Paul. The caller doesn't really know the mind of the called, so why should the called raise a finger in response? And yet we don't just react, we over react like screaming banshees. Pointing blamey fingers at the Other we claim righteous indignity and call it a crime. It becomes a

crime to simply say something. There is a fine line between Word-Rape and Free Speech and it might be called Esthetics.

Words matter. In our world illiteracy means you are second-class citizen, of little value to society, and/or stupid, but who is noticing? In a literate world, illiteracy means you don't speak the lingua franca of your society. You don't fit in. You can't read the signs so you can't drive the bus. The word, illiterate, simply means, "she cannot read or write," which is a big embarrassment in Modernia, mostly because you can't hold a job. Jobs are a big Thing in Modernia. No job is no money. Money is everything in Modernia, even though it does not exist in the digital age. Welcome to Irony.

Critters have at least five languages – Taste, Touch, Smell, Sight and Sound. Your cat knows for sure you are illiterate because you don't speak her language. You only make small mouth noises. Your cat knows how stupid you are but she likes the food and the snuggles, so she loves you anyway. We have senses too, but we fail to recognize them as alternate means of communication. We have come to the conclusion that meaning comes through the mouth holes. We have figured out how to make marks that represent our mouth noises and we call that our truth. (It says so in a special book). The Special Book gives us license to step over the small. The small don't speak in Ideology, so we justify victimizing them and wearing them.

Humans are the shitters and everyone else

living on Earth is just an outhouse. We shit on their homes pretending they can move to another place, possibly where the trash is thrown away. I've got news for us; there is no other place called "away." There is nowhere else to go. Mars is not an option. To Rehome is the new abandonment.

When Men wrote the standard literature for the Judeo/Christian/Muslim religions (and they did!), they interpreted ancient languages through the ever-present peniscope of the Modernian laser-god of their millennia. Not that there's anything wrong with that, except when it has no lady-part to balance it. Keep the 'scope in the sheath.

"Get a Vagina over here so he can put his scope in Her. He's been waving that thing around for at least three millennia it's making a terrible mess!"

Singularity; the mark of Exclusion

This Chapter is not about men. It is about Thought Police and how the One God religions do their best to control you with ideas that are counter-productive to happiness, productivity and health. Until recently I thought that men messed up Eden, but I was wrong. Humans have done that together, because we have been raised by womyn who taught us compliance to the system. Womyn are inherently conservative. That's a yin quality.

I gave up man-hating when I began following the Hawaiian practice called Ho Oponopono. If you say this to yourself, you come to know peace. When you know peace, you don't blame. When you don't

blame, you make progress. When you stop blaming others, you begin to know yourself, and when you know yourself, you become humble, forgiving and curious to know more. To know the gods, know yourself.

Step 1: Repentance – I'M SORRY = Mea Culpa

Step 2: Ask Forgiveness – PLEASE FORGIVE ME

Step 3: Gratitude – THANK YOU

Step 4: Love – I LOVE YOU

God is Literate

Now that you know I do not blame men I can tell you unequivocally that One Godism is problematic due to its exclusion of a feminine partner. Since the beginning of the development of the logical humun mind, we have been spiraling toward consciousness. Literacy is the best and the worst thing that has happened to us. Literacy has made us more focused on goals and accomplishments, but it has made altruism into a fault and poverty into lack of character. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Literacy is masculine, yang. Ideas are godly. They do not exist until implemented by the vocal cords vibrating or the hand moving across the page. Ideas on their own exist outside of reality, and that is why The One God ideology has led to Modernia's troubles and wonders. Ideas inseminate. Ideas initiate action. Ideas can be shared through symbolic language that we speak and write, which makes

speech and writing unreal. Words are not real and writing is scratches on paper that we have all agreed to. So this invisible, non-stuff is yang; godly.

Basing life strictly on literacy cuts away the felt experience of daily life. Felt experience is truth. Ideology is just a flashy future that does not as yet exist and when it is applied without concern for felt experience, we have the denial of reality. Pushing ideology without concern for Nature's cycles is disruptive and bit rapey or dangerous. Would you rather plunge blindly into the future or ease into it with awareness of the undercurrent? Yang plunges. The mind plunges. The mind is fearless because he has nothing to lose because he does not exist yet, and he knows it. The Mind is a gambler. The mind bluffs that he is holding aces and eights, but he is a consummate bullshitter and fearless because he doesn't gamble with money. He gambles with your future. He has been the boss of Modernia for about seven thousand years, give or take a millennium here or there.

Minds have invented the One Creator Dude, and since our Divinities are our role models, we are left with only One Masculine God as our consciousness leader. God is an exclusive club. This is about humuns of both genders accepting a mind-centered ideology rather than a nature-centered reality as their moral guidepost for living on earth. This libertarian god is the downfall of Modernia. Now let me do some Granny-splaining just for you.

Doesn't everyone want to belong to an

exclusive club? There's that guy in his funny golf clothes, driving his cute golf cart while talking big business deals with a pal. Wow, they've got it made. Two OMG guys make deals that affect the lives of billions and the Earth, Herself. The Urban Dictionary defines "exclusive posh" as "rich, aristocratic, wealthy, loaded, fancy." The Google dictionary defines exclusive as, "excluding or not admitting other things." Do you get the idea here that singularity is not Democratic? It is not Of the People. If you can make the leap here, the One Male God religion is not Of the People, either. Another leap takes us to Patriarchy, which is in no way, For the People.

The damage that TOG has done to humun culture, humun consciousness and the Beings of Earth has become evident in the twentieth century with Climate Change, overpopulation and the plagues of civilization. If you belong to the One Male God Club, you are prompted to kill others who have Other Gods. TOG will brook no competition. The bylaws of TOG club clearly state: Thou shall have no other gods before me. Kill the infidel. America is the terrorist of Modernia. We kill and maim people, places and things in the name of democracy, our fake value. If we were truly democratic we would have many leaders, not just one jealous entity.



The Lone Cowboy Archetype
Frederick Remington, The Lookout 1887 Museum of
Fine Arts Houston

Just like the One God, the Lone Cowboy doesn't get laid. He and is an asexual orphan son of an absent asexual father. How on Earth can a nonsexual entity create an entire sexual universe all by his lonesome and how have we come to equate his isolation with romanticism?

Neither Gods nor Humans are designed to

create alone and yet for some off-the-cuff reason, modern Humans have chosen a loner Deity. One humun in a million can be a monkish cave dweller, but most of us need companionship. That lonely cowboy, smoking Marlboros while gazing across a vast landscape, came from an era when doctors smoked in their offices and pregnant mothers joined them for martinis after work. The Lonely Guy could do anything because of his arm muscles, which I never saw, but were implied when he lifted his fingers to his lips to drag on his coffin nail. He had a way of looking around that was meaningful and sexy, for some reason. Slow suicide was sexy in the good old days.

He watched cattle out on the prairie. He rescued lost calves, and he rolled his own; often with one hand while riding full tilt in the wind. This Guy was amazing. This Guy was The Guy we all wanted but could not have. He refused to stay in the house with us. After making sweet love all night, he put his pants on and departed before breakfast. (Did you notice that they never wipe their genitals before they put that sticky thing back into their pants? It makes me shudder.)

As for the other two, Buddha sat under a tree for decades. That was probably a challenge and most likely done alone. Islam and Judaism are also monotheistic. However, the Jews don't have an afterlife. Their truth is in the doing more than the redeeming. Walk your talk.

Islam is so feminine-unfriendly that they can't

even look at a painting or have a photograph because imagery and art belong to the Materialist Feminine Realm. Islam is wholly conceptual. The Idea of God is what god is. No graven images allowed. In Islam's case, Art will have her way so decorative script was born. Watch out, because Feminine allure is irresistible. She will suck you in and gobble you down her black gullet without a second notice. This is not appealing to those with dangling parts.

What God Is!

God is a lightning strike. That electric voltage is loaded with data that informs the inert earth below. The seeds that have lain dormant will sprout with new vigor, having been informed by the masculine entity. He doesn't create the earth below, he enlivens it.

That one strike is all that's needed. Too many strikes and the place could be destroyed for too long of a time. Lightning, a little dab'll do ya! Same thing goes with sperms. You only need one! The Masculine part of Creation is to squirt and die or leave. The metaphorical part of this analogy is designed to help you understand that these Archetypal Energies are in us and played by us, with or without our knowledge. Best to get a Handle on it. Let's Do it before it Does us.



From Egyptian Tomb – Ancient Gods were sexy

The One God is the Penis with words streaming out of it. A boy had one, so he figured he should idolize it. God forbid he should idolize idols, so he said to his friends,

“Dad told us to kill the idol idolizers, to wreck their pictures and Stuff, and then to build tall

erections with fountains and squirty water, that remind me of my Willy.” Then all the people pretended that their lives were not shaped like a penis as they rode the elevator to the 96th floor.

Everyone you know got here from an orgasm, so why on Earth do we sweep sexuality under the cultural rug? Even little kids are horny. I enjoyed my clit since I was seven years old.

Have you heard of the inevitability of death and taxes? Death must be the ultimate fuck. Kids are not afraid of sex or death until we tell them to be. Taboo lumps of gooey sex and death hypocrisy can only squish about under slippery throw rugs for so long, and then, oops, company’s got a broken leg. We are only ashamed of our sex because someone taught us to be. Ironically, just because we talk about it and accept it does not mean we should bandy it about like popcorn in a movie theater. Denial has made sex dirty, not sacred.

When I was about five years old, my family was friendly with a family of four boys. Their house seemed like a giant warehouse to me. Because of my only child status, the boys were intimidating. They all shouted and ran punching and falling. One day while our parents were boozing together, I was alone with the pack and they were all shirtless. They encouraged me to go shirtless too, so with trepidation I unshirted. I was five, but I will never forget the feeling of impropriety that made my bare baby nipples shrink into an abyss of shame from which I could not escape. Whoa! I tried so hard to enjoy the freedom,

but woe was I; it could not last. After clandestinely reshirting I hid in a corner until it was time to ride home with drunken smokers in charge in charge of my very existence. Is it odd that I remember this visceral event so clearly, when so much of my childhood is lost to me? I think not. I think that memory is couched in the viscera of shame.

Gaia Is the 3D Printer

I am convinced that there was never a time when Humans did not know where babies came from. That was a peniscopic idea, invented by patriarchal anthropologists to grasp a bit of gravitas for themselves. Animals know what fucking is for. They have all seen it and most have experienced it. Animals are not stupid. They have all five Gaian senses plus some more that we knuckleheads don't know about. Whoever made up the story that early Humans and critters were clueless about sex was a preacher making up crowd-controller stories, as usual. Anyone can see that a kid looks a lot like this or that adult.

Every creature is a mini-me of its parents, made by sex. We arrived by sex and we die as mysteriously as we are born. If God made you in his image (newsflash: he has no image), how did he do that without a three-D printer? I tell ya. The Ess IS the three-D printer.

Plans and ideas are His domain, and if you want to get a look at his plans, you will have to get in touch with his wife, the Universe who prints it up

with the ink of her body. He relies on Her physical abilities for his works to be seen. They are a team. He sexes Her with his Idea Sperm and she cranks out reality, funneling it into the Middle Pillar. The father is not more important than the mother, but religion says so. Not okay, religions.

Modernia is boy crazy. We have a one father religion, yet we believe that two parent families are better. Creation is not just one cup of flour, it is a fancy \$700 wedding cake.

The answers to life are rather simple if only we could accept that. So why have we made life on Earth so difficult for so many? Why is God, the One Male, so mean? Is it because we have given him too much? We have asked him to do the heavy lifting and he is not made for that. God is not a lifter; he's a poker. Unless he's going to Lifter with His Poker, in which case, Dude!

We see ourselves as single individuals, so we want our God to be the same, or was it the other way around? Men have made the decisions within world cultures since literacy began, and they have a single penis, so their worldview promoted Singularity; one Emperor, one King, one Boss, one Husband to rule over --- many wives, many subjects, many peasants, many atoms, many eggs, multiplicity.

The bible was written and interpreted by men of a time in history when force and brutality were all the rage. If your only tool is a torpedo, everything looks like a target. If your only tool is a hammer, everything looks like a nail. If the only thing

you ever read is the Bible, then you have only heard the men's story.

The problem is not with the gender of the interpreters, but with promoting men as the only viable interpreters for everyone else. That is ignorance; not in the insult way, but in the meaning of the word, which is; "a lack of knowledge, understanding, or education." That is not an insult; it is a description of a state of being. Willful ignorance.

The primacy of Oneness is a damaging mythology that has caused pain and destruction. This sociopathic god is so self-absorbed that he won't even give credit for his wife's sacrifice as birther of children. He insists that he created them alone. The Old God – Ouranos, hated his children and shoved them back into his Gaia's vagina (caves). You see, he had a design in mind, but he depended on Gaia to make the idea into reality as he envisioned it. Either she interpreted his design incorrectly, or he could not bear the reality of his own poor plan. It was better in his head, so he blamed her for his own misconceptions.

You may ask why the Feminine has accepted this insulting situation for so long. The Torpedo Theory comes to mind. Big guns win. The boys win in the knock-down/drag-out fight. Womyn cannot win the way men do. Womyn win with compromise or intrigue and sometimes with poison, but mostly, womyn win when their children and sisters are safe and fed. If that means following the masculine cultural model, then womyn will compete for the

strongest and richest males. They will also birth too many children and cut off their own labia, if that's what their particular Razor Blade of Life happens to demand. Our cooperative strength is also our collective curse.

Granny Men



In Modernia, men have taken on the role that the governing grandmothers held in past civilizations, and bless their hearts for doing that, but it's not the Masculine Way. The Masculine is the adventurer, like Robin Hood, Superman and Tiger Woods. He runs, jumps and shoots. He throws, he thinks, he invents. He is in all of creation and bit more emphasized in the males of any species. Watch little boys play. They move, roll, challenge and go. Then watch the girls. They talk about their interactions. "Okay, so you are the sister and I am the brother, and I can't find you. I

don't know where you went so now you have to go to the store instead of me." Girls plot and plan while boys go and do. Humuns do both.

Instead of feathers in their hats, modern men wear the black shrouds of mourning (suit and tie) to work with the structures of society. Most of the womyn in Southern Italy during the early 60s wore black. If she had lost a husband, she would wear black until she died. The business suit is much the same. Men put on widow's weeds and condemn themselves sitting while pushing paper or making endless plans about where to bomb next. Make no mistake about it, womyn of the paternal power system are even more dangerous because of our covert tendencies. The dude may be able to rape or beat you, but the lady's power tool is slow poison.

The word 'sin' actually means, 'to miss the mark.' In Spanish it means 'without.' The phrase, "He who is without sin," could easily translate to 'He who is without, is without.' In this context, the word 'without' can also refer the state of being on the outside rather than the inside, which suggests that sinning has more to do with location than morality. The Singular Sin of the modern age is belief in our displacement from the center of creation.

We have separated from our center. This sin of separation from creation bleeds from the top down, where we all stand below, drenched in droplets of hubris that carve into our flesh to display our many layers like a bloody Grand Canyon; yet we persist in believing that one invisible dude made us in spite of

all evidence to the contrary. Up is down.

The sin is to live without the knowledge of Holy Union. The sin is to deny who we are; the children of Two Gods Fucking. Evidently, to please the Father God with offspring, the Mother Gaia has become a de facto incubator instead of a Holy Sentient Being. When she was Holy, she was Creatrix. As incubator she is Prostitute. If she is not holy, then she's a whore. But wait! Whores are paid and we are not paying Gaia these days, we just use her, so she is a slut who does 'it' for free. We have truly fallen into a pornographic defiled version of ourselves.

The One Dude character is Modernia's favored archetype, even for girls. Now that womyn are liberated we no longer need to cooperate and care, we get to behave like male warrior heroes. Womyn can have meaningless sex, just like men.

In a world where individualism is the pinnacle of achievement, the idea of a social collective has become offensive and repellent. Each and every disgusting one of us is a sacred special snowflake who can be healthy and rich if we just think it. We have Norman Vincent Peale to thank for that. If you should be poor or sick, then you suck at thinking the good thoughts and deserve our scorn; tough luck, illiterate scum incompetent manifestor. Earp. That elitist New Age drivel is most often promoted in meetings held at a million dollar home in a Very Good neighborhood. Participants share their amazing feats of positive thinking, while they sip herbal teas

and then drive home in a Tesla motorcar.

The winner is our favorite, so he is rewarded with womyn, cars and money. We love him, but not those loser pussies that talk and cuddle. He lives in a big house with servants. The doors on his car go up like wings. His clothes are hand made for him. The so-called modern world is a piss pit of male competition. And why? We all worship The One Guy. We love that Sky Guy, and we are convinced that He thinks we are pretty cool too. What we like best about Him is that He's not here. Then we can do what we want with impunity because the Vicarious Atonement makes it possible to go about our business with impunity because Yeshua lived and died for our sins. All is automatically forgiven. No introspection required. Yay, Modernia.

The Name Game

Your name is your label. We Modernians are labeled for our fathers. This is problematic because Father lives Nowhere. To identify with Father is to be homeless. It is a license to plunder and move on, like hordes of Huns or fleets of locusts, pillaging resources from town to town. The Light forces his way through cracks, has his way and then moves on. He's really rather rapey. Think about it. He never asks for permission. The Cracks are almost always dark inside, except for his visits. If the Cracks were always lit up they wouldn't be Dark Mothers any more. All I am saying is that without a willing partner, God the Father is a crappy role model for

Earthlings.

Parents provide a child's name. This name will be your Real Name, your label, for the rest of your life, even if it's Lipchitz, Raper or Focker. Modernian names label your patriarchal line. Modern names are not personal. In Modernia your name has no relationship to your true identity. Religious ceremonies of all stripes add and subtract names at prescribed transitions in life, so why not go for it and chose a name that fits your Now? Use your so-called Free Will. Spin the Wheel! Why so shy?

The Navajo have a complicated introduction upon meeting a stranger. They say the names of four different clans to identify themselves; first, the mother, then the father, and then the two grandparents. This information carries loads of data with it, like the region they are from, which leads to their occupations and lifestyles and whether they can marry. They know where they learned stuff and whom they learned from, maybe less so, since the time when their souls had been crushed; when their homes were destroyed. My point is that they lived with their mothers, with feminine names. They knew where they came from; from her body and her side of the mountain.

I named myself in 1997 in Tucson, Arizona at the Hippie Sweat and Swim on Second Street. I used my new name intermittently on my artwork until I made it legal on March 4, 2011. My Real Name was fourteen years in the making. What was I waiting for? My parents were gone and would not have cared

anyway. Ambivalence is a teeter-totter of suspense on which we ride until one of us leaps off, leaving the partner with a spine injury. Ah, the games of childhood! Strangers seldom ask me if Starsinger is my Real Name any more. As a matter of fact I get plenty of compliments. The other day a lady said to me, "Your mother must have loved you to give you such a pretty name!" I agreed!



The Dominator Tree



Can we now look and see how the pendulum has swung back to the right side of the Tree?

Removing almost all of the Receiver Archetypes has caused us to believe that Receiving is a poor choice; literally. When the only valid roles for womyn are the fertile maiden or the chaste mother (Virgin Mary), and all the other Characters are attributed to TOG, it is easy to see why we say that we believe in the Sanctity of Life, but we don't act like it. When Masculine Monikers define Feminine Stuff, you can see that we are in a hell of mess. It is time to straighten things out, and the Tree Template is a perfect ground for that activity, because of its simplicity and its complexity.

The All Powerful Oz has adopted the circles from the middle as well as the left. This poor Tree is over-loaded with conceptual Nothings on the right, and has fallen over – to the right. Modernian Good-God ideology has separated masculine and feminine energies to the extremes, much to our loss. Our only role model - TOG demands that we win races, climb to the tops, cut the oldest trees, kill all the fish and vanquish enemies with impunity. Winners take All, after all. “Reality is made out of language. Yu never have to show your hand, you just claim to have Aces and Eights and everybody gets out of your way. Thought can't go where the linguistic path does not lead.” Terence McKenna

Global Monotheism and The Victim

People often say, “God has no gender. I don't think of him as male or female.” Ha ha! Rather funny, because Modernia's Mono-God is represented as

male all over the world, in the form of Skyscrapers; plus, everyone calls God ---He. If pronouns are so meaningless, then why do the boys object so fiercely when I propose a pronoun reversal program for society at large?

The Age of Reason dealt the final blow to nature (She is stupid or dead and irrelevant). Now we worship at the feet of Corporations that are intellectual organizations with one head, just like Him, the One Dude in charge of everyone else. God. This isn't even democratic! There's a board of directors, just like the Saints, Angels and other helper entities.

We have mistaken business for God! After all, Modernia is the most religious country of all the industrial countries so we get a mean spirited economic system designed to use the least among us as slaves. Nothing has changed since Biblical Times. We want slaves. Modern technology provides the equivalent of 100 slaves to modernian people.

The Doctrine Of One is an impossible social model. At this time in history, 99% of Modernians are Losers for having not won the race, and thus, victims of profound weakness. It doesn't matter that the strong have bought up all the golden apples before the race even started. They seldom share, and they say this is fair because they worked hard for the apples. Maybe they paid some poor slob to work hard figuring out how to steal the apples in the first place. Truth is, they inherited apple orchards from their parents. Our capitalists are a wonder to behold. They

take from the Mother who birthed us all and call it their personal birthright in the name of god. They believe the earth belongs to them. That is the scary part.

Reason doesn't make goodness but it works well when looking for a good excuse. Given a reason we can clear cut forests, decimate species, torture the innocent fur and feather People in the name of science, step over Humans sleeping on sidewalks --- Because they did not try hard enough. By the way, don't worry about that clear cut because they tell me it will grow back.

Why don't We the People run our own affairs, manage our own resources and share the bounty? Why do we accept a very few fat hoarders taking more than they need, while others go without basics? That's just plain rude. Properly socialized people do not take the last cookie from the plate, but gluttonous corporate winners do, and all the while forcing \$7 per hour clerks to stand on their feet for eight hour shifts. The grocery store is not the army, but petty managers who have been brutalized from the top enforce military policies on the lowest people in the pecking order. Corporate slavery abounds and the young put up with it because they don't remember what I lived. They don't remember when cashiers sat on stools and chairs. They have never seen this phenomenon called humane practices. To this very day British cashiers sit on chairs while running items across the conveyor belt.

If we lived in a group of ten and there was

enough food for all, but two took almost all of it and ate it in front of us, we would say “no more for you.” We would not allow it.

One Male God religion is a great source for terrible reasons and outdated laws. I have checked and these days hardly any Gaia worship is going on anywhere, which means that the feminine has been universally discredited. The word god-Ess is only spoken in jest. She has been so carefully excised from modern culture that saying her name brings chuckles to both genders of humun. Yes, womyn disregard the Ess, too. Every Christian, Muslim and Jewish womun is praying against her own best interests.

“Well, that’s a stupid idea. Gaia, god-Ess, ha! Mythology humbug. People used to believe in many gods. Sure am glad that’s over! There’s just one god for me, and that’s god and his son, Jesus or Mohammed. And by the way, he has no gender.”

Linear vs. Circular

In a paper published in 2006 in Psychological Science, cognitive psychologists Moshe Bar and Maital Neta conducted an experiment in which 14 participants were shown 140 pairs of letters, patterns, and everyday objects, differing only in the curvature of their contour. Most of the research in this area seems to point out an evident truth: We prefer shapes and objects that evoke safety, and we are not so fond of objects with sharp angles and pointed features, because they suggest threat and injury. As the ultimate curvilinear shape, the circle embodies all the attributes that attract us: It is a safe, gentle, pleasant, graceful, dreamy, and even beautiful shape that evokes calmness,

peacefulness, and relaxation. -American Scientist May-June 2017



*Photo by Patrick Tomasso on Unsplash - The jagged
shape of Modernia.*

The Right Amount of discomfort to feel successful.

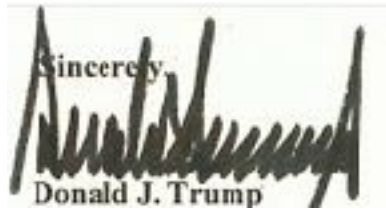
“Ha ha, that’s as ridiculous as believing in Zeus. Can you imagine?” He turns to his compatriots and they laugh out loud, toasting the Un-Zeus with full glasses of beer.

Sarcasm Alert: Everyone knows that God is an invisible Man; a resurrected Man and a spirit Man! All is Man. Man is Hu-man. Man is Boss. God is Boss. Business is Boss. Do not question Boss/God/Corporation. God made everything all with His Awesome Peniscope. Just one dude, making more dudes, all by himself. How does he do that? By the

magic of holy masturbation. Up is down.

How does the line comprehend the circle? Does the line pass through the circle without even knowing it has passed through? Does the line know it is a line or does self awareness turn a line into a circle. If so, does it become the outer perimeter of the circle or the dot at the end of the line?

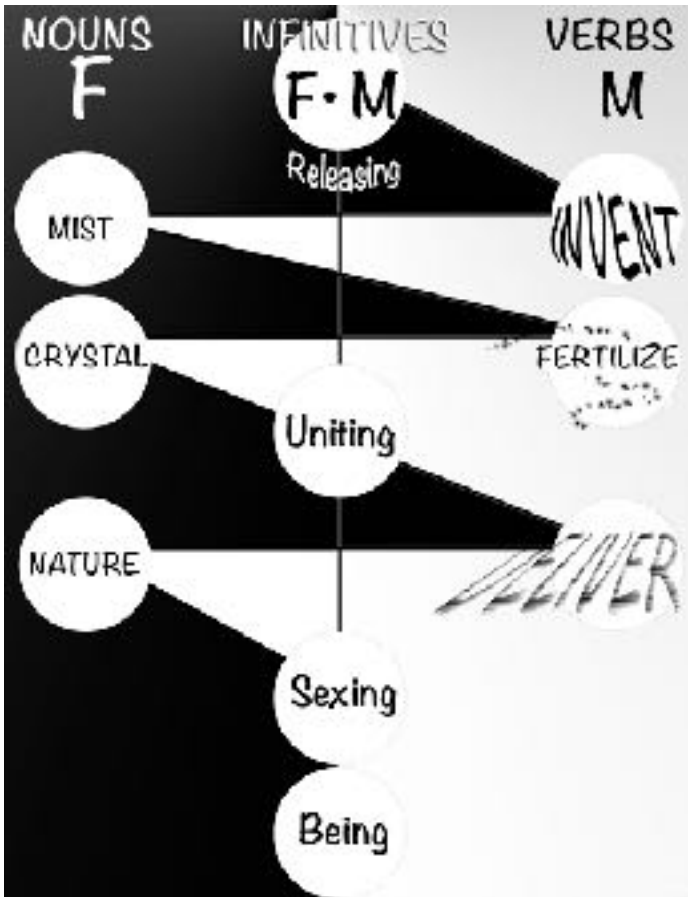
This is the signature of a person without empathy No circles!



Sincerely,
Donald J. Trump

The jagged shape of the current leader's mind shows no evidence of a chewy center.

Sexual Grammar



The right side = Verbs

The left side = Nouns

The Center = Collaboration

The following is an all-verb sentence full of commands to action. Go! Run! Be! Do! Fuck! Jump!

Write! Fling! Say! Rot! Eat! Shit! Bring! Fly! Die! Move! How's that for a sentence? Not your cup of tea? You do not like taking commands? No one does and yet many people believe that their God has commanded them to be a certain way and do certain things. They turn around and command their kids, who grow up and command others as if it is Human Nature.

The all-noun sentence is equally as disappointing since nouns are useless without verbs. An all noun sentence uses commas instead of exclamation marks. Foot, hand, head, heart, house, mouse, glove, nose, tree, flower, shoe.

Meaningful sentences are created in the Center. A good sentence has a noun, a verb; subject and object. Infinitives are good too.

Zombies (Nouns) approach (Verbs) me at the Stupormarket. Dead eyes reach toward metal carts. Push, mindlessly search for the pause that relieves. Why are they so empty/sad? Why are Zombie stories so popular these days? Hell, I keep answering my own questions!. Then, how do the characters overcome the Zombies? They fight!

I Zombie (Verb) when I push food down my throat like a hypnotized goose. I Zombie when I unfollow my Small Voice in favor of Group Voice. I Zombie when reasons overcome my comfort level; when Small Voice whispers Caution so I eat sugar and leap.

"To jump or not to jump? They are all jumping. Shouldn't I go too?" But what? The Small

Voice whispers, "Wake up and smell your own head." Swallow it whole, like a dog when he gets the Christmas ham off the table. Or a snake when she swallows an entire pig. Who is the pig now?



Yang speaks reflectively, "I pressure you. You are open, void. I proceed without resistance because that would be futile or simply because the void is irrisistance. I heard the call. You called? You rang! I heard you. Don't hide. Where are you? Oops. Where am I now? I am gone. No longer, shorter or wider, simply other. She has voided me. I am transfixed. Transformed. The Devil got me and I fell for her again! Dammitol! When will I ever learn?"

Thus spake a concept being born into reality.

4. Hermaphrodite In The Middle



An engraving from Michael Maier's Symbola Aureae Mensae (1617) we see Albertus Magnus pointing to an alchemical androgyne holding the letter Y. Zola (42) explains, 'The Y is, as Philo taught, the symbol of the Word which pierces the essence of being. The Nassine Gnostics taught that it represented the intimate nature of being, which is male and female and, as such, eternal.' circa 1617. Michael Maier (1568–1622) 191

Engraving from Michael Maier's Symbola Aureae Mensae (1617)

I heard a man say, “The first Man was a

Hermaphrodite.” LOL, right? He did not say Human, or Person or Womun. This man is a thoughtful man, who just happened to say the word, Man; revealing how men made language and therefore language reflects and contains Masculine concepts and properties that have seen their heydays. Words matter. The Masculine Umbrella no longer works to describe all of existence. That is why the young are changing the words used to describe their fluid gender experiences. I understand the annoyance of calling a person ‘they,’ but something new is being born, so please have patience. Mixing up our pronouns, creating new pronouns and declaring more genders is all to the good. The Age of Gender Fluidity is upon us.

The engraving above shows a male body with feminine attributes grafted on to him. Mr. Maier was male and so it was natural for him to represent a hermaphrodite from his peniscope perspective. I submit that a drawing of a womun with a dick and a beard would also work well!

Drag Queens are the sentinels for gender awakening. We need them now. In time no one will care if you are the hand or the glove or if the glove is on backwards. We really should refer to ourselves as “Shemale” or something a group of drag queens would call themselves. The day that “Ladies” becomes an accolade instead of an insult will be a good day for everyone. The spirit-in-body is a boy in a girl suit: totally Hermie.

The Center Pillar is the living creation with

all its wonders. You can't see, hear, touch, taste or smell God, but you can experience Nature's plan through daily life. I can feel The Two at work. Can you feel them? I know you can. We die in the mucky middle and are born again from ash. Fire and Water expand, move and contract. A Great Phoenix made of elemental parents lives and breathes and dies inside and outside every second of every day. We live in a miracle. We are a miracle. We are the twins, the Chimera, the trees, the water and the earth in one indestructible body. Truth moves.

Did plants create humans to carry them around? –Terence McKenna

The One Dude religions of today have convinced us that the Masculine column is wonderful, the Feminine column is evil and the Middle is mostly unbearable. Religions have prevented us from knowing who we are in the universe. Religion insists we are the baby joey in the mother kangaroo's pouch. Spirituality and Quantum physics says we are the joey and the pouch and the mother; all leaping and jumping from the daddy's jumping juice. Don't think about it. Jump.

If we could see reality (which is magic) instead of our projections (which we believe are reality), we would stop in our tracks. There would be no more war and intolerance. If we could strip away the veils, we would stop, look and listen. Christians will tell you that Eden is gone because a womun disobeyed and got us all in trouble. Really? Are we really going to accept that womyn are at fault for the

problems of the world? You bet we are! And just shut up if your opinion is any different than that, because not only must we accept that hate talk, we are forced to respect it as Word. That's some powerful PR straight from the mouth of old time goat herder dudes.

A while back, the Light God got brighter in human hearts, the Ess got darker and scarier. Womyn by default became darker and scarier, only because womyn were made with one tablespoon more dark femme stuff than the men. The self-hating femme was born. Slowly, she faded from importance in religious and business life, because she was so scary. The god camp needed to dethrone the power of the darkness, so they called her a demon that must be conquered, but how could they tell the story of creation without the Her?

The Ancestors saw creation made from The Two genders, but One God people had no God Lady, so how were they to fool those Sexy Olden Days people, who fucked in the fields to make their food-growing god-Ess happy? Those Olden Days people would never buy into some dude masturbating on the field, so they would require some strong detergent brainwashing. Enter Christian monks. Blame Eve.

The Greeks had Pandora. She was their Eve. She opened the box of evil. But the way I see it is that the Femme gets blamed for creation and the Homme gets praised for it. When the dude decimates populations, "Well they had it coming." But when the Femme lets the critters out,

"Well she is a demon and they did not deserve what they got from her."

In the past, the serpent represented the alchemy of transformation in plain sight. People saw snakeskins abandoned on the ground. They were impressed. How could a living being live without her skin to hold in her guts?

"Wow, did you see that?" said the first person to see that. Even though the serpent was helpless while shedding, neither Person was inclined to kill it and eat it. They just watched from a respectful distance.

"I am so impressed!" whispered Person number two. And off they went to explain biology to the others. They decided to watch serpents, and upon doing so they realized that serpents were legless and still managed to move faster than Persons. Serpents moved like waves on water, which looked a bit like they felt when Chills ran up and down their spines. Some called it Chi (short for chilly?), while others called it Kundalini (a much fancier word), but mostly they called it Goosebumps. In any case, they thought it was a great analogy for the excitement they experienced when change was in the air. Thus, serpents became an important critter for Persons to Understand how the transitions of life worked.

The One God people started a rumor that serpents were sneaky and untrustworthy, which was far from the Truth, but over time the lie got under their skins. The evil serpent story became the twisty wordlings used to indict the womyn for befriending

legless, bitey wiggly things.

“She lives in the grass, and we can’t trust grass, so maybe the serpent is fucking with us. So fuck that serpent and the energy she rode in on.” Betrayal and evil caught the imaginations of the people, striking fear into their hearts, like Viking swords into the bosoms of Anglican monks. And like any wise monk would, they ran away and hid in warm light places. “Search for the light! Let’s have enlightenment!”

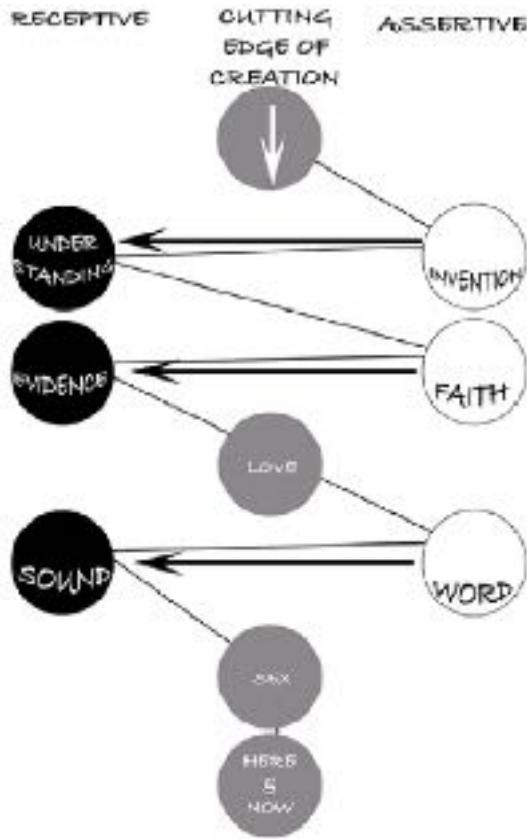
“If you believe in me I will protect you and you will never die from a serpent bite.” Well, that sealed the deal. People wanted to go around again and this guy guaranteed the Afterlife, which seemed more restful than their current belief in the Again-life, which entailed effort on their part, like introspection and contrition. Ugh, self awareness, so boring. They abandoned the so-called duplicitous serpent for a future life, but the joke was on them, because the Future doesn’t exist. Duh! Everybody knows that now! Right?

Over time, insidious reprogramming conquered The Ess People with dark and evil stories written down in A Big True Book. People took up arms to protect themselves from her wicked ways; thus justifying war, killing and rape. Moral of Story:

Masculine Ideology = Good

Other Stuff (including serpents, goose bumps, womyn and sex) = Not So Good The Alchemical Octaves





Octave #1 Inception The Highest

Franciscus Johannes Gijsbertus van den Berg (15 December 1919 in Rotterdam – 6 November 1998 in Fleurac) or just Jofhfra Bosschart was a Dutch modern artist. Jofhfra described his works as

“Surrealism based on studies of psychology, religion, the Bible, astrology, antiquity, magic, witchcraft, mythology and occultism.”

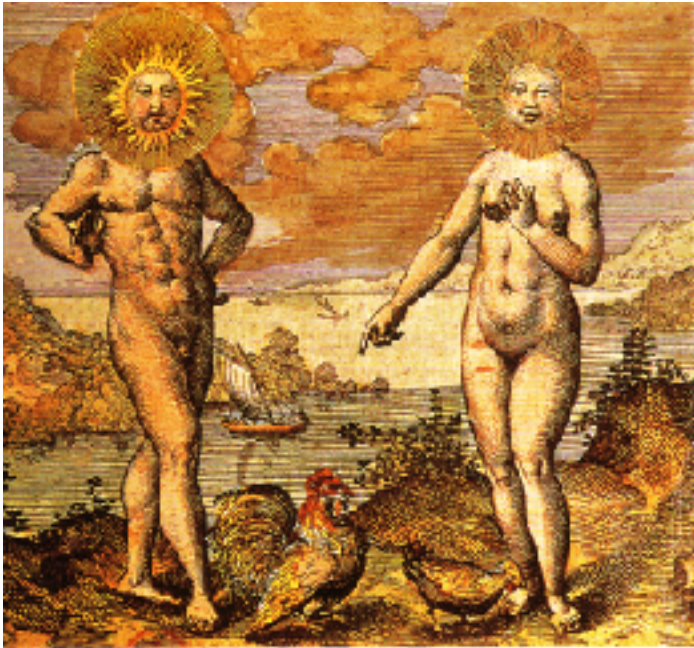
Here's Big Momma. Look Out! She's coming in hot. How's this for a Big Bang? She is rather terrifying. I love her the best because she is Feminine in the archetypal way, not the pretty-in-pink-way! Big Mother Cauldron mindlessly disgorged us out like endless products of a fiery Fuck. Father Fire burns from behind and that really pisses Her off.

The highest octave is a mysterious creepy shadow world. We fear this. This place is too far from our Eden. In the begending relentless Birth and Death go hand in hand. She empties, then fills, a crucible filled with molten lava, a divine caldera. She holds the molten Stuff of life. Yang fires rage within and without, all around. She is a hideous vessel, melted stones that pour from fate's Orifice. She allows the continual flow. She is the Big Bang, and eternal pinpoint. She is the reason why humuns love horror films.

Fire and water. “Gods'a gonna trouble the water!” The word Trouble here means activate. She is more like a culvert spitting out boiling floodwaters during an August monsoon than a feminine entity. She is a cosmic tunnel and we are the projectiles squirted from her black hole. She does not care because care, in her world, has not yet been invented. Father/Mother/Birther. Original Trinity. Mars by night.

Octave #2 Marriage

The Sun and the Moon



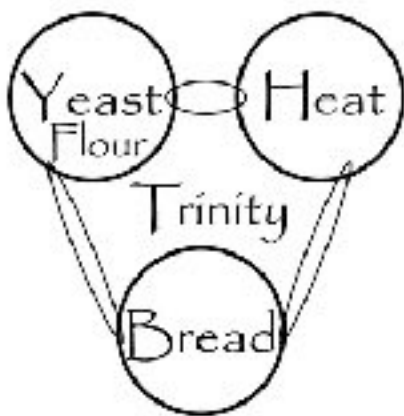
Sun and Moon journey to the center in a Marriage of Convenience.

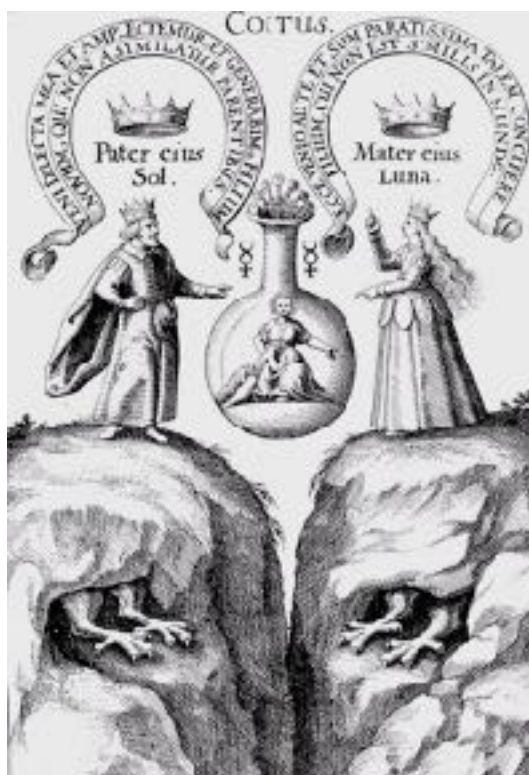
The Grand Central Station of Love. Christ and Mary Magdalene, the Sun and Moon, the King and Queen, Bridegroom and Shekinah. They depend upon each other. They always love unconditionally. When the sun shines the moon disappears and when the moon shows, it is because the sun shared his light with her. They always know each other's location. They are very different and totally in sync. They

travel in style, always together. They are the love story of the ages. Their love is unconditional, full of joyful exchanges.

Their union is designed to make royal children, heirs to earth's throne. Royalty and Celebrity produce life. Moon receives sunshine. The Love Commitment transmutes the Two into one Universe, one mind, one life. We adore actors and elect kings because of this octave.

The Actor on stage gives the performance of a lifetime – From the Heart. The crowd receives his passionate gifts and responds with the sounds of affection. Huzzah! Applause! A clandestine fuck in a dark hallway. Spread the seed. Intimate gift of the heart. Every Sunbeam wishes for a creation to be proud of. Honor Thy Father and Mother. It is metaphoric and realistic.





Mylius's Anatomia Aurea of 1628

Royal Union --- Procreate, Dammit

What happens to love in a land of seven billion Mother-haters. I know more womyn who disrespect their mothers than love and honor them. Parental disrespect is popular in my day. TV and movies are replete with Doofus Dad and Controller Mom comedies. When I grew up in the fifties and sixties, Father Knew Best! Mom wore her apron and high heels to clean house and do laundry and cook

big chunks of meat in her plastic kitchen. Between steak and potato dinners, my family ate TV dinners on TV trays, but my favorite was dinner in Mother's king sized bed with inane comedies playing on and on for our amusement. I especially liked the ones where clever children raised the stupid parents. Just like me.

"You can only talk during the commercials! Shut up and eat your ice cream you big fat slob! Ha ha! Aren't we having fun now?" Why have Modernian hearts turned cold? Too many humuns? Not enough elbow room? Too many ideas, ideologues and religious thugs?

Psychopaths inflict perversion upon the Earth and her inhabitants. We invent toilets that send fresh water into bowls for us to shit in. It is illegal to use compost toilets because the Psychopathic toilet industry has laws to prevent it. Psychopaths make the laws. Duly elected psychopaths run life in Modernia. Sun and Moon are out of balance. Praise the sun. Demolish his Moon wife. Keep the lights on. Only win. Daylight wins, nighttime is for losers.

Octave #3 Sex

Mars by Day

Sex is our birthright. Union is a sacred calling, not to be diminished by selfish needs. Everything is made from sex. Dominator culture believes that sperm is the origin of life. Dominator culture believes in conquering the partner rather than

uniting with her.

Mars is the planet of personal agency. Everyone has some Mars energy. It is called Desire. Astrologers taught me that a woman's Mars describes the man she will like, as if her desires will be fulfilled through a dude. This is an opinion from highly misogynist Greek men from three millennia ago. We learn ancient male bias in Modernian esoteric lore. It is time to address the clitoris in the room. She has more nerve ending than the boys helmet. She has desires. The Clit wants stuff too.

Sexual shame is a poor basis for an open society, but promiscuity is not the answer. The hey days of free love and multiple partners have undermined the sacred union. Pornography is another singleton activity. Watching others have sex is isolating. Non-participatory sex is union with nothing and it comes from a One Male God looking down from Elsewhere, through a peniscope with power to send you to heaven or hell, without your agency.

In other times and cultures, the people sexed with impunity in front of their neighbors and children and no one noticed, much less got turned on. So what's the diff? Now a days, we prohibit, we blame, we legislate. Prohibition creates push back. Push back creates excitement, which leads to adrenaline rushing, which is an addiction, the gateway drug of humanity.



Photo by J. Starsinger

Slugs are Hermaphroditic

Each partner has a penis and vagina.

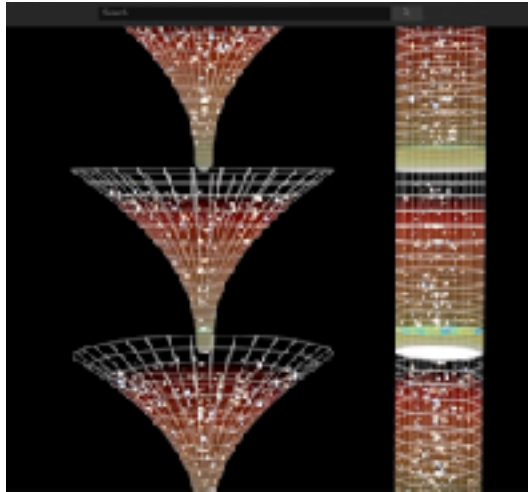
Why did so many early cultures build temples, carve statues and paint pictures of sex; sex with each other and sex with animals, Gods and Esses, and the like? There must be something to the phrase “As above, so below; as within so without.” Nested dolls and Mandelbrot sets and jazz hands all play their parts in the game. Pagan people made love in their fields to mimic God and Gaia at work. All we need to do is bring the Feminine back into our hearts, like the Bridegroom welcomes his Shekinah into marriage. We must have a Sacred Couple. Earth is doomed without a Sacred Couple.

To the people of antiquity, sexual art was their way to describe yin and yang in active relationship. This was not pornographic voyeurism. These images were a reminder that the mysterious and opposite forces of creation made life with sex union. Sex was sacred. It is less about fertility than about the united energies. Fertility was a subset of the Act.

The Act was the Thing, so it was natural and welcome, not shameful or hidden because here we

are, the products of the Act, for all to see. Here we are, alive, vibrating, breathing and aware. And yet, here we are in a pornography of greed, hunger and repression too. But why? A singular masculine perspective that was born out of a singular masculine creator story that pervades Global Modernia.

Egyptians, Sumerians, Romans, Indians, Japanese, Chinese and Greeks left many pictures of various Gods having sex in delightful, inventive ways. Joyously, they penetrate, sit upon and share themselves with themselves and each other. As above, so below tells us that we learned our love of sex from the energies that made us. We inherited sex from The Two. Sex is us and we are Divine Sex



Incarnate.



Mithuna/Union in Hindu Scripture • CC0 1.0 Universal (CC0 1.0)



*Mesopotamia (Iraq); 2nd millennium BCE; Clay; H: 11; W: 9 cm.
Bequest of Joseph Tarnbach, New York, to American Friends of
the Israel Museum. 87.160.0742. Photo © The Israel Museum,
Jerusalem. Published with permission. Octave #4 Birth on Earth*

Moon and Earth

The Earth/Moon complex is a powerful symbiotic construct. Some say that Earth would not



work properly without the Moon. Some say the moon is a space ship filled with aliens. The moon reflects the sun's light and pulls earth's water back and forth.

A nursing baby receives nutrition and love from its mother as the mother is bathed in delicious hormones of harmony, peace and sensual gratification. Many indigenous peoples would agree with me and would say we are not returning the good hormones to our Mother who feeds us. They would say that She requires gratitude and we are in a state of psychosis because of our disconnection with Her. The realistic manifestation of this psychosis is overpopulation, abuse of resources and unrelenting natural catastrophes. Symbiosis goes both ways.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt

Contempt in this context simply means that we take the every day miracles of living for granted. Living in physical bodies has blinded us to the fact that our physical experience is a miracle. The Vessel for the Spirit is Holy, but we treat ourselves and our mundane lives like nothing because the Age of Enlightenment has darkened our outlook. Our glorious feminine life, the Anima, the Goddess is held in contempt because of Her availability. We don't search for our Mother because we are born from Her and we forget that she is Holy. We see the dirt and the rot and the shit and we think that these things are not holy. We feel shame for the dirt on our bodies and the blood that pours from them.

Misogyny comes from these degradations of the Holy Mother. One Male God religion has demoted the God-Ess and in turn, wommin and then the feminine Earth.

Moon Time

Before artificial lighting, women cycled with the Moon. Woman's blood was powerful and sacred. The blood of Medusa could create or kill. When the Goddess was revered, blood was thought to be a magical blessing and certain rites included drinking it. Who was it that bled for you but did not die? Jesus, or your mother? In orthodox Christian religions they drink wine in the place of Christ's blood. How else could they get a man's blood but by wounding him? Women have the wound that does not heal and bleed

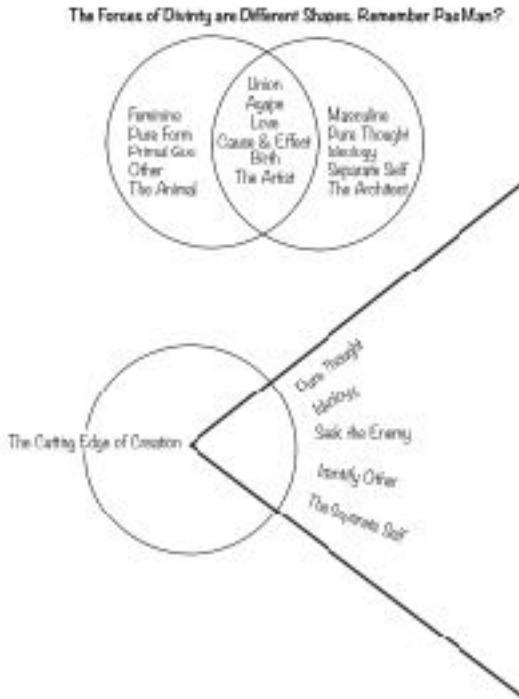
freely each month. The Goddess rites included the drinking of the Priestess's blood.

We know our mother. Witnesses saw us emerge from her. Anyone could be the father. We take her for granted because she is available. So many stories exist about searching for our real father, the father in heaven. But mother is at home. We know where she is. No mystery, no respect. With the loss of the magical feminine we now have the logical but absent Father. We quest for Him and we trash our familiar Mother, deemed unholy and therefore worthless and undesirable. She sits drunk across the table from us, unable to express herself, the true empty vessel. Ouch!

With the advent of patriarchy women retreated into their bleeding tents and believed their blood was nasty. Not all blood was bad. The blood of the warrior was sanctified. The blood of the martyr was and is to this day, Holy. The bleeder-god is reborn through a convoluted torture and death scenario, rendering violence a sacrament. The natural blood that brought him here is filthy and can probably give him a bad burn if he gets close to it.

Shekinah is the Goddess of life on Earth. She is the soul of the Earth and everything that lives here. She is the Holy Bride of Tiferet, the Sun. She is the "Queendom", the place where God dwells on Earth, within Creation, our bodies. Where there is love, the Shekinah appears. You feel her presence at a baptism, wedding or love-in. She is the vessel of reality into which pours the invisible Spirit. She is available to

those who are open and receptive to the constant in-pouring of a loving Spirit.



The Line (river) feeds the Circle (ocean). Life is not where we beg God for things and stuff. Life is where we teach our parent gods who they are.