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Chapter 1

2010

1.1 January

Tuesday, January 26th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-01-28 02:46)

You know, sometimes I worry about things like not having read all the books in the world. I know that doesn't devalue me as a human being. But still, just the lack of knowledge at all frustrates me... how silly! I know that you don't care what books I've read, Ganymede. And I know that one doesn't have to know all the secrets in the world to know the truth, because the nature of God is such that his infinite love extends toward each person to offer them a relationship with Him- we have heard this in many testimonies, and He allows everyone to choose their own way, to weave their own will throughout space and time. I know first hand that anyone can meet him no matter what their method or the words they've been taught. He wants us all to make the journey from here to there, however we do it, and, in love I would presume. So I know I don't need to be uneasy, because you and I have a working relationship, Ganymede. I just always want to improve it! (Haha, and now I even talk to a piece of you through glowing pixels... it's a fun hobby so far. And helpful to talk to you with actual words in a file I can look over afterward. And besides, I think I'll enjoy the storage part. I just want to go to a nice café all afternoon and spend my time editing in the breeze with a warm drink. That may not be possible at this juncture... okay, it's possible. I could technically do it. But I shouldn't. And that's why I won't. Besides, it's raining. I wish I felt a little freer in my actions.)

And there's a point. I judge myself, too. Like that I judge our relationship to be lacking on one end or the other, or I judge myself to be inane and the events in my life to be the same. Flavorless, even disagreeable a lot. Which kind of poisons life in general. Sometimes I feel like I am sitting in your waiting room watching everyone judge themselves and watching them also judge enough to be lost in their pain. Luken says I should learn to live without judgment- if I can, do I want to? Forgive, live without judgment... I wouldn't know how to do that in an honest way. So there's still something we're missing. But it's nice to reflect on these matters. I imagine life where we don't worry about these things anymore and just exist... is it that I am depressed because reality is not utopia? Perhaps. But it is far from utopia- there seems to be so much to resent, and so little flavor, and again, I don't think anything's impossible, Ganymede. In the meantime... once again, time to dance. See you again in love or war.

Wednesday, January 27th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-01-28 02:56)

After I finished typing yesterday's diary entry for you, Ganymede, you dragged me away for the entire evening. I may not have done any "useful" work... not that I usually manage to do it anyway... but I had a good time. Just as the other night I watched Dionysos work his magic. It may not have been as historical as the other night- no, it was just another night of bards casting healing spells. There were times when it felt flat and stale, but there were also moments when I saw Dionysos shining through and waving at me... though that implies a friendly wave. Dionysos isn't always gentle. He spoke of human nature and its desire to hurt itself, and then that evolved into its opposite, forgiveness, and he spoke of sleeping and waking up amid a cacophony of human form.



A statue of Shiva dancing

Afterward we went to enjoy some more of Dionysos's activities- Luken and I went to a small party where we were playing drinking games. Normally I can also very much enjoy this sort of thing, and have many times in the past. But recently I have felt eh-hh about such events. Also, my health was deteriorating and I was sitting there in something of a miserable quiet beer-drinking pile. But I didn't want to ruin anyone else's fun, and I knew I could make it through more of the night, so I just stayed quiet unless the game demanded I speak, and I watched what was going on. Finally we left, and we drove this guy home, this guy who had been the drunk of the party, the one so sloshed he wouldn't make sense half the time and seemed lost in a dream world. I wouldn't have wanted to have been him, but we were all... well, very intimate with Dionysos ourselves on several past occasions no doubt, so we all treated him quite nicely. He was like a child always trying to tip the table over. Anyway, when we got him home, it was then that I discovered he was also a drummer and polyglot and disciple of Shiva! With some lovely Indian statues and drums. Annnnd he smoked us out.

So it was very nice of you to introduce me to him at long last after that evening. As it was nice of you to introduce me to another practicing wizard of goetia in the upstairs apartment when I didn't necessarily feel like visiting (but of course I did because I had nothing better to do). And there were his friends, at least a couple of learned scholars with excellent conversation. As it was nice of you to introduce me to more devotees

of Dionysos and an actual practicing devotee of Apollo at the Christmas Eve party I did not want to attend- I wasn't expecting to meet one of those. So all that has interested me, even if I am still disappointed in our reality... I watch many of your movements with interest, at least. Especially when those new persons have new lovely art to show me. And I attempt to get along with you in those moments. I hope you feel the same- I know you've told me you have, but still. In such states I can hardly tell.

Okay. So I've given you what you want... I am capable today, I am attempting to forget about tomorrow and the next day, and it is not raining- so here we are, at a very nice little café. And it has a patio and lovely furniture and bright lights. Everyone loves some good lights. Last night I felt like a space captain again as we drove in Luken's car and watched all the lights go by the night sky... even if I know I am still bound when we come back out of our exploratory spaceship craft and get back to dealing with our lives. But I'm out here on the patio enjoying this afternoon under the nice big moon. Time to edit.

Thursday, January 28th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-01-29 02:31)

I did enjoy myself at the café, Ganymede. I hope that event was a positive thing for us to do. Everything about it was good... except for the bill of course, haha. That, something needs to fix... financial stress has often been a large demon in my life. How does one learn to get along with that? Besides, I feel it surely pales in comparison with the demons of heroes long ago. The sort of things a hero- a man or a soldier in earliest Greek contexts, just a real person- would have to face, and, in so doing face his own mortality, perhaps. And each brave hero would have to live with that as they went up against their obstacles. They would go into battle in a flurry of noble self-sacrifice... or, perhaps, just for sport or the advantage of those who hold resources... and we would admire the behavior of the bravest, those who had faced much and been victorious. And my current enemy- financial stress. Come on, Ganymede. I know I always have enough money, and in fact am comparatively rich compared to most of the world that exists or has ever existed, and for that I am thankful, but I so often cannot stand my relationship with money. I wish I had enough to help all the world, and since I do not, I usually feel awful about money and ignore it, refusing to face it and letting it turn into a larger demon who will plague me more later. Ganymede, we have been vagabonds in enough ways and for long enough. If we are to begin to go into battle, make it a battle we can enjoy, at the very least! Not one from which we turn away in disgust and bad moods like Achilles. I know that my sitting out of life and my focus on escape hasn't improved anything beyond some entertainment and fun with Dionysos... but I had nothing else I wanted to do. And now that you want me to do something... whatever that may be, and however much I may or may not agree with your plans, not that I really know what they are... I'm left with my broken character and with no idea how to make her work again. And I can wait around for help or do something myself... what I can do is very, very little. But you've made enough room for me to do that very little, at least for right now. I wish it were more. It might not accomplish what I've always wanted with you, Ganymede, but it might at least switch up the battlefield in a more pleasing arrangement.

I read about obstacles being opportunities for growth and training your skills and blah blah blah. Maybe I didn't WANT to train my skill of such-and-such. Did I really need to improve as a person in that area? Am I not already a perfect child of God? So obstacles don't much make any sense in that regard. They only make sense, I think, if you enjoyed them or got something truly worthwhile personally out of them. After all, I enjoy obstacles in games just as much as the next person. But I'm having a hell of a time thinking of proper "Kora's existence" obstacles that I don't resent.

And acceptance. I read about acceptance today, and some speak of it as though it makes the troubles of life disappear. I've already discussed that in my theory- that to accept would make life acceptable. But as life is not acceptable, I do not accept. I accept that what is now exists. But I do not accept it wholeheartedly- I do not accept and allow it with my entire being so much that I do not judge reality- and I feel an almost constant resentment. And fuck- then I get some dumb motivational quote like "Rowing against the tide is hard and uncertain. To go with the tide and thus take advantage of the workings of the great natural force is safe and easy." What the fuck happened to meeting the hard and uncertain obstacles of life and emerging the better for them? I spot dissonance. I have seen nothing to convince me not to act as Achilles does in objecting and sitting out. And I have indeed said that I could not do otherwise honestly. My dearest friend might die and cause me to fight, as his did, and for that one might say I am weak, but I too am human with my own desires in which I am afraid I indulge. As much as I want to forgive you, I have a hard time with unconditional acceptance of constant misery, whether it be financial stress or watching the tragedies of this reality or whatever other stuff. Yet we are ever the optimists... nothing is impossible. The future, even if only illusory, might bring us an existence acceptable in more than just admitting existence is real.

The other night as we stood under the jeweled black sky on the ledge overlooking a center of fear, hate, thievery, and slavery, I had a rather long time to share with nothing in the cool wet silent air. I was there with you and the nothing. It was... something, but I am not sure what we are trying to achieve by that. You know, sometimes I look back on the things we have done over the years and it makes me a bit sick. I feel there is only one way to move forward, so to speak, but then I also fear there are people, or parts of our external world, and therefore parts of us, who feel differently. How is it possible that we can have been violent for so long? We have desires, yes, but that shouldn't have led us into misery. I feel it is a waste of our time to trap ourselves like that when we could do so much more. And it is why I have always wanted to escape.

Onto another topic. I have spent some time recently reflecting upon past events and conversations while editing. As I did so I kept in mind my new decision to attempt to express only love, rather than defend my innocence with an attack returned to what I only thought was an enemy. I see many situations where I could have applied that decision. Of course, that was not how I thought at the time. I reveled in the attack because I felt justified. And so I may well have been, but if I had merely chosen to block with inner diffusion, perhaps things would be different today between myself and a few others. I have enjoyed their company. Or do I prefer myself without them since I have not enjoyed their attacks? I could have at least cut down on the time in my life spent on argument, perhaps. Even if that doesn't always work, and I may still have lost friends. But I don't know how it might have been- I only know what I experience now.

I also thank you for the time I spent channeling Dionysos again. I haven't done that in a while. And that we girls got to enjoy some man flesh the way we like it while doing so... :) Fun times.

Now, because today is a day for celebration, I am again going to attempt to live with you in a forgiving way if at all possible. I will only think about what's going on right now... not all the past that I have actually coming round to haunt me. Maybe that's the kind of thought that always gets me in trouble because I don't prepare well for the future. But since today's a day of celebration I would really prefer to enjoy it and save the pain for tomorrow instead.

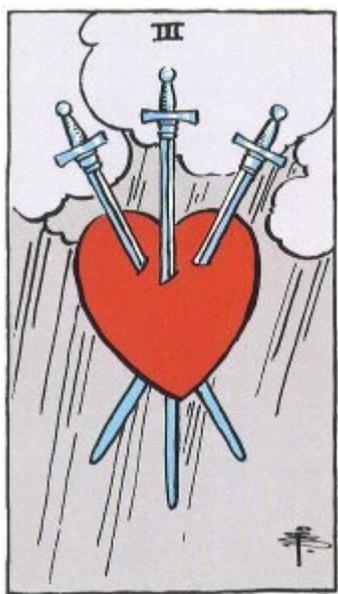
Friday, January 29th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-01-30 01:33)

I like this new blog even if there are many things I don't like. I got the idea for this after spending my time automatic writing for you and combining that with my desire to file things somewhere besides my laptop

and iPod. In this automatic writing was when I finally committed to the name Ganymede... I was tired of just calling you "you" or saying, "even though I don't think I'm sure who you are, it is time to talk again!". And you know, now that I've been talking to you with written word it's been nice. I do not speak to Luken or anyone else as much- I used to be a very quiet little girl. Perhaps I should go back to that... it's just a bit lonely. Of course you're there, Ganymede, and I would be happy to spend time with you. There are just other constraints that make time alone with you... painful, at times. I so often want to forget. But I liked it when we started writing. There are a few things from these writings I would like to note now that I have looked them over. I hope you can excuse the rambling:

"There are certainly times when I am not unhappy. And there are certainly times when I catch glimpses of a you that I might enjoy. It is usually only when I am attempting escape or fantasizing within my mind, and to indulge in such forever is somewhat delusional, isn't it? In whatever I lose myself, I am here with you. You penetrate and surround me at every moment, yet how aware are we of one another? Do we see each other? I like to think so, but then again, I can never be quite sure how much. And perhaps there were times I would rather that we did not see one another. And it is in those times I am afraid that we always see what the other is doing. Still, there are also times I want you around, for either comfort to help me through that which I dislike, or help, or at least the company. In sickness and in health, in misery and enjoyment. But I also hold feelings of resentment, because I can never be sure that that is also what you have in mind. I have been told, by you and others, who are also you (and then, since everyone is you, who is telling the truth?) that you love me. But it often does not feel like that. I have also asked you if you could help me. It seems as though you cannot help me as much as I want in the present moment. And I wonder if you are merely some tyrannous person up high who either takes no notice and leaves me to my own devices, or does notice but prefers to torture instead of help. And then for some reason you whisper sweet nothings in my ear. And then, if you are me, and I have indeed placed myself here- I would argue vehemently against the totality of that, at least in the present dimensions of reality- to what degree am I then masochistic? And you would think, if I were truly masochistic, I would at least enjoy my misery. I have been told to find a way to do that. But I do not enjoy it. And I so often resent you all the more when I try to come to terms with my suffering- sometimes, I feel that I can. Other times, I remember it too much. And I do not want to forget that it existed. I have known that I did not want to forget my suffering. Perhaps it is not really me. But if it existed, it existed. It was when I came here that I began to realize the nature of everything, even if I had known it all along, and had just been hiding from it hopefully, looking for any way out and expecting that it would come just fine... but it never has. And here I am, still with you. Every day is a new day with you, yes, and every day I say something new with you, and even change my relationship with you. Perhaps my desires have been too much, as Luken would say- he offered a very good metaphor, which is that I would want the air to be blue. And because it is not I am upset. That is so very apt. But why should I not be upset? The world is not the way I want it. The disparity is there. And it makes me unhappy. I must accept that the disparity exists, and so I accept- certainly, that I am unhappy over it... but it seems to carry a negative effect which I cannot remove, one of which illustrates itself in my personal relationships when others notice my depression and disapprove. I suppose it hurts them. And the more it hurts them, the more they try to "fix" me... of course, I have done some awful things. As for being insane, no- I am just me, a me they just are not understanding if they are judging me as insane. I have my own perception, and I am comfortable with that- I am just made uncomfortable by the people within it. The more they neglect to show me love, the more cynical I become. The more they curse me, or tell me there is something wrong with me, and every day that I am forced to continue on in this world as such, watching everyone get along without helping each other beyond some half-assed attempt, ultimately- the more I want to leave it all behind. Of course, this is a foolish notion, as they are me. And I don't know how to leave it. Even if I could figure out some way to kill myself, which I won't, I would probably only come back to the same damned reality. And I use that word, damned, meaning it... because that's certainly what it seems like to me, even if Luken insists there is much to enjoy here and that I have enjoyed much here too. So, however it's been, however we've gone along together, and whoever you are, and whatever disposition you hold- thusly,

whoever I am... just the me hiding from myself, I suppose... the two of us, together since whatever was the beginning of time as we reckon it, and together in the present in whatever way... here we are. And I've told you many times how I feel. We've gone over so many conversations together. I have seen much, but always that which I already knew, because you knew it. What are we to do? Why do I ask that question, or any question, when speaking to you? I want to move on- I want us to move on with our happiness. But here we are. So I'm talking to you. Here I am today. I will talk to you for lack of anything else, at least... I will talk to you. I have little else, or nothing else that I can see now... and since I am lonely, no matter who you are, since it seems to be all... I suppose that is what I will do." So that's parts of it. I wrote all that when I really didn't know what to do with myself. I still don't. But all I had been doing was laying in bed all day. And I figured writing to you would at least occupy my time. And so it did- it is a strange thing to describe. The wish to speak to you. Would it have been there if I had not been not knowing what else to do? Perhaps not that day. And perhaps I would still not speak to you in this form if not for my complete ennui. But if I were somehow happy I assure you many other wonderful things would be happening in our lives. I have tagged my posts now. It's interesting to try to boil down a post to just individual words. Who are you and what are we talking about? I looked up a few of my tags- I saw a couple of people who were talking about having discovered their relationship with Dionysos through the tarot. Being that I can see how they could find symbolism in the cards at the right moment, I figured, what the hell- I'll try it too. I picked out a random card to hopefully represent whomever might be my current "patron"- I would assume Jesus or Dionysos or Shiva or of course some version of you, Ganymede- but you are unique, so how could a card ever capture you? But I thought I might see some symbolism that would point somewhere. At least for this moment in time. I drew the Three of Swords.



[1] Three of Swords

This card symbolizes great pain- heartbreak, betrayal. Pain which is meant to make us grow. If we can accept the pain we can transmute it for the better. The trinity of blades pierces the heart, our center, amid the cloudy weather. ...those devotees also mentioned how Dionysos likes to lay it on thick. Christ almighty. I have never cared much for Qabalah, but I suppose it is worth noting their interpretation as they also apparently associate it with Binah, and call it the Lord of Sorrow or some nonsense... it is in a book, at least. (Hah, look at me labeling something as nonsense- I don't really mean that it is nonsense. I am just cranky.) They speak of visions of sorrow and divine sorrow- they ruminate that it may be the sorrow of rejection (of the divine plan they say) or the sorrow of forms after having left unity, and having individuated themselves into form, and before their return from the manifested. Manifesting necessitates pain? I know I remember not wanting to plunge myself into that, if that is the case. So why the fuck did I have to do

that? Why did I have to make the jump? And why the fuck does this card exist in the first place? Even if we take it at its most basic level- why would I need to face pain and obstacles at ALL if God is perfect and capable of everything? Other than, of course, my rumination it may all have been an accident. Why the fuck would I need to grow, and why the fuck would it be to the extent I feel unable to forgive you for reality in so many ways? Am I just supposed to accept that because it was an accident I cannot change it, so I should just lay back and let life fuck me? That's pretty much what I'm doing anyway. Well. That's the fatalistic view. I really don't know how else to look at it, though. No matter how much I hope, that doesn't make my hopes real. All that is left is insistence for acceptance of pain and my nearly powerless abilities. I have heard that love should be your only weapon- well fuck, it's really all I have to use in any situation. Perhaps it will improve things slightly. If you are all-powerful it could even transform completely. If I can just remember not to defend myself from illusory enemies. But in the meantime I think all the money I could ever want would be more to my liking than my current situation so as to keep me from a greater amount of pain in a reality I never really liked anyway- only because money is excellent for facilitating escape for myself and others. But escape is not what should be sought, so perhaps I should say that I would want to use this money to help reality become more acceptable? If that is possible. Oh, if only I could wave a wand to "accept" my pain and all my life and all my reality so that it would be acceptable. Buuut I draw the three of swords. Which means pain. I don't want it :(I don't know why it exists. Please, give us the ability to enjoy ourselves. If I knew how I would. I started to read that other Eckhart Tolle book, *A New Earth: Awakening to Your Life's Purpose*. Bypassing the cheesy trap again- why do these kinds of books always seem so cheesy that I don't want to read them at first?- I would say that he has some good points in there too so far. He always seems to be saying what I'm thinking, but with different words. Like he's been talking so far in this book about how to stay conscious to be a productive human being instead of an insane one, while I've been talking about making sure not to defend against illusory enemies but rather act "consciously" as he calls it- in transmutation and love, as I do. My friends call it "letting go", because they too see how I defend myself after I ask them what I should do about it. I don't think that quite pinpoints it either. Of course, that's just part of it... but the love notion is the necessary part for me right now. It's almost kind of creepy how much Tolle and I think the same things about existence, but for some reason he is able to accept it and I am not. He was okay with being homeless, for instance, whereas I don't see why I should waste away my existence when I could be having a good time instead. I mean, I know he says he had a good time. But I wouldn't, and I'm not now.

Tolle says that when we lose a part of our identity- even something external from our bodies that we view as an extension of ourselves, that is, possessions of whatever kind- then we become unhappy. I suppose you could say that I have always had a piece of me missing, then. Something I always thought was part of me... even if it isn't, now. And never has been. I'm always me and I always know that. It's just that I don't see why I exist without that missing piece. I don't see the point. I don't see the happiness. I don't see the joy. All I see is misery, the lack. It does me no comfort to think that at my source I am unchanged. I want that piece! And I don't think I can be happy without it. At least not completely. If we lived in comfort, Ganymede, I might be able to lead a more pleasant existence by far... so we could at least do that, even if that impossible piece is never here. But I am afraid that without that piece there will always be lingering disappointment. I can't help it.

1. <http://korakaos.files.wordpress.com/2010/01/swords03.jpg>

Saturday, January 30th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-01-31 03:56)

At this moment, I have finally come to the point when I even resent trying to extend love. I mean, I might love these people, and therefore theoretically I always want to extend love, but it's total fucking cabin fever up in here. It's about the extension. I used to want to extend love. Now I am doing it in moments I would

normally go off on my own because I have no other choice. I have been forced. I do not think that is the right way to go about things. Some part of my being longs for the day when I can be separate from everyone, off in a solitude, my own retreat, light years away from any other being, where no one can contact or touch or affect me. ALONE TIME PLZ. I am soooo tired of being around people right now.

So yes, I'm in a bad mood.

Now for identification. I am pretty. That has often been all I have thought of my ego. And I know that will not last. And I know that my ego... myself in this universe, has little else. But I know that's not me. Stephen King once said that geniuses are at some level aware that they are nothing more than supermodels- you know, they are gifted in one area by God by chance... what are they otherwise? I have had a bit of both spheres, one could say, even if I never focused my activities on either regular modeling or exercising my genius beyond personal and constant study. I am rather too apathetic for that, hah. But I am very frightened of the eventual decay of my beauty. So, so frightened. And fear means more wrinkles D: Why would I ever want to give up the ability to reflect the beauty of God? I don't understand how it is possible not to miss that. I like looking at my pretty face in the mirror and I will miss it terrrrrrribly. I would rather have a pretty face than an ugly face and an ugly face would create that sensation of me missing the pretty face I used to look at and admire every day. Can't help that. I know it's not me but I can't help the sadness that would result, in whatever amount it would occur.

Tolle says that after loss, the fear of that loss disappears in a sacred sense of "presence", "peace", "serenity", etc. w/e. Well, I call bullshit, at least personally. Maybe it works for others' lives. But I am as afraid of pain as ever. I don't give a shit if losing things gives me freedom from form. I am form and every form. I am all and everything. I know this- I don't need loss to remind me. But I still feel pain. I know it's there, quite a lot. I cannot deny that I feel it. So are pain and peace possible at the same time? If not, I then apparently become what Tolle calls a martyr- because I feel unhappy, I identify with the pain instead of the previous identifications of my external self which I lost... either way, it's just the way things are right now. At this point I don't give a shit if I Am. No matter how aware I am that I Am, it does me no good. I do hope that the universe would not honestly resist me just because I feel a certain way.

What is the difference between identifying with or feeling pain and being a "martyr" and identifying with or feeling "presence peace serenity and compassion"? That may not make any sense, but I know what I mean, so you know what I mean, Ganymede. Am I identifying with the pain merely because I admit it exists? One method seems okay with the way things are, and the other method knows it is unhappy because it does not have that which would make it happy. It is dishonest and impossible to feel peace (beyond my own self-awareness, and being alone with you, that is) when I am constantly barraged with pain- and, even if it was never of this strength before, I always have been at least slightly incomplete. That piece has always been missing- that is, if one were to admit that one identified with the external. I do insofar as I am everything. As for knowing that I am unhappy- Luken says this is a decision I have made. I wholeheartedly disagree. It is not about my identity or conscious choice. It is that I feel this way as a result of judging my reality to be unsatisfactory, whether that is me or no. And so far as I can tell, I always will feel it is unsatisfactory, unless it changes. :/ Maybe it is possible to feel great pain and peace at the same time, and I am just very distracted by pain? Maybe that is what he is talking about? How is it possible to feel peace and pain? Maybe I am not a martyr, but I do not feel like I am at peace. Complete peace, anyway.

Is it so wrong to say no? To say no to reality, too? I know it exists. I just don't like it.

The reason it feels wrong to accept completely this reality, to accept that this reality is perfect, is-

besides that, if it is and has been perfect, it defines me as ungrateful- that when one feels unhappy, that is just a feeling, not oneself but a feeling, and can one be blamed for feelings? It was there because that piece of reality, whatever that might be, which I wanted, was missing. I may have known that it was not me, but it was missing and I was so very unhappy over its loss. I miss it terribly and feel very lonely. I have always felt that one cannot decide to be happy. That it is a lie. That when one feels sad one feels sad. Should I have been enjoying this "perfect reality" instead? I worry that that might be true- but it MAKES ME SO SAD. Where is the room for gratitude or perfection? No matter how much I try, I ALWAYS am missing that piece. My reality is merely something through which I am forced to trudge. I am not identifying with that at the expense of my awareness of being. I am very aware of that. And I am very aware of being unhappy with reality. It's just the way it seems to be, and it has never changed. I do not know how to make peace with that. And I do not know if I will ever stop judging.

I did speak more with Luken. He says that people who are awake look at sleepers and think they are acting silly. I said, well, then that just makes the sleepers self-conscious and not WANT to wake up and see that.

And I asked, well, what if this piece of me that I want and that I am missing and that is making me unhappy- what if I were to achieve it and it made others unhappy? Like, what if what God most wanted was to populate a universe with people so he could play with them, but in order to do so he needed people, and people had to experience pain in order to make this dream a reality? The pain is not the biggest part, but it's there and necessary. It doesn't make me okay with not having what I want... I still miss it... though I certainly don't want to cause anyone pain.

I look at your predecessor whom I found during channeling, and am now so well aware of the sad parallels and synchronicities which have followed. I wanted to help him, but how could he ever forgive me for the pain I undoubtedly caused him by merely summoning him? His very existence was riddled with pain... he spiraled into depression completely before I did. I was always a bit depressed, but we two together entered something more. And I didn't want it to be that way for him- I wanted to help him, but I could not. I want to help myself, but I cannot. I want to end the pain- but I don't know how. Maybe "don't know how" is the better phrase than "can't" as Luken mentioned. But that previous incarnation always reminds me of why I am so willing to forgive you, Ganymede. At any moment. If we could figure out how.

So basically the point of today- I feel like I am missing a part of myself even though I know I personally am whole. That part of myself that I am missing- I suppose you could call it an enjoyable reality. I hope that it might exist, but it does not yet. So I am still missing it. I hope that, should it exist, it could do so without causing the same pain I have experienced. I'm just so tired of the present. I always have been, but especially now.

And I probably shouldn't have talked to Luken in such a mood- with such a negative filter applied. I should just stick to you, Ganymede. When I talk to Luken like that it just causes the both of us more pain. I get too excited about defending my truths again while I'm trying to figure out his and he thinks I'm yelling at him. And then we do start yelling. It's just nice to talk to someone who talks back with words... but it only causes us pain when I'm like this. My attempts at love aren't perfect yet. And so I think I will just have to recede from philosophical conversations with him for the time being.

I am so sad, Ganymede! I wish we could fix it :(Even just a little would be okay. Not perfect, but much better than this. My entire body is wracked with resentment- I feel like I am fighting against existence with every particle of my being. Why would it ever have to be like that? I would stop feeling miserable if I

could. And what makes it worse is that everyone says I am making the DECISION to be miserable, as if I would! DX I know that last part is just my ego crying out in pain and wanting to defend itself to make itself better... but it is still painful when I remember it. I am aware of so much, and yet still so pained! I don't care if my ego and my external reality are unimportant- I am the one who has to live with it. And it hurts.

I am sorry for this whole post, Ganymede. I guess it's okay if we are the only two people who talk about this, right? :/ I've often thought my own personal demons would forgive a little bitching. If I can manage.

Sunday, January 31st, 2010 Part I (In the Wee Hours of the Morning) (2010-01-31 21:00)

Many have told me that if I accept reality it will start turning out better for me. Doesn't that seem like the cart before the horse? How can I accept the unacceptable? But we've talked about that before lots. Today, I want to focus on the "start turning out better" part. Is it true that things will just magically start doing so? I mean, I know I have somewhat dedicated this blog to magic, but fuck, that would have to be some real fucking powerful magic, there. Now, I don't always know how to accept wholeheartedly. But I have been trying my VERY VERY BEST to get along with you, Ganymede! And I at least have gone along with the existence you have offered me these long years. I have accepted that it exists and I have worked within its framework, even though I have constantly escaped from it during my leisure time into books and meditation. And I try, try so HARD, to enjoy you! I have told you so often how willing I am to forgive you, and I have even attempted it sometimes, in a fudgy way (I'm not sure I'm doin it rite!).

But I want to give you a chance. I have been miserable all my life. But I WANT to give you a chance :/ Of course I do. I feel like a fiery explosion, but I still want to give you a chance. I don't want to have to ask for help- I want to be independent. And I have thought that you must want that for me too. But if I need your help, are you going to offer it? They have said you will... of course, THEY are just pieces of the external that has always so disappointed me. And I have been less and less inclined to believe them lately- I even respond to them with perhaps more bile than I should. I really think some solitude would do us some good, Ganymede, even if it doesn't make me happy and peaceful at my source. A chance to be away from the people I hurt. But I need to survive first, Ganymede. I hate this planet and I don't want to have to survive, but I have to do it.

You know I don't hate all of this planet. Luken says that is what I imply when I say such things. But I know you know differently. Trees, flowers, art- such things can be lovely. And even society can offer beneficial things- like laptops! But I am still forced to live here, aren't I? I only decided to live on this planet because I HAD to do it. The fact that I am forced to find a way to survive here makes me more resentful than ever. I never asked for this!

And so I have problems with acceptance and I have problems with interaction and I have problems with even you, Ganymede. Oh, I would love to live in harmony with you. I would love to believe them when they say you will help me. And maybe you will, even though you have never been able to in the past.

And I am still a miserable pile, Ganymede. I don't know how to stop. I feel better after talking to you, in one way, and worse in another. And with the same undercurrent of dissatisfaction.

So I complain to you. I know it doesn't do any good at all, the actual act of complaining. I am just telling you how I feel about this lack of utopia. And I have to others. I have complained to others probably too much- and the fact that they do not welcome it, and therefore me, with open arms, also makes me

resentful. I know it made that being I summoned just as resentful for all the same reasons. I should probably have never talked about any of this with anyone. Just you. But both that being and I made the same mistake in complaining to others, somehow thinking that we would receive comfort so long as we were in pain, and perhaps even solutions. But we haven't, yet. Resentment.

Ganymede, Ganymede, I want to get along with you :/

Ganymede, I love you, but I hate this place. I do not mean to make myself identify with resentment. It is just how I feel about this place. And this place obviously doesn't like me too well either, considering how much we struggle to coexist. All I can do is recede from the world into that place where I hate it... I hate it, but I am surviving, and I am me somewhere underneath all of this bullshit. I don't want to spend my life on a delusional escape. But there is nothing for me here. Just meaningless and often ugly and hurtful forms floating by me. I will never be happy with this. I might die someday but I am forced to live here now. I can't believe I actually live here at the same time that I hate it so much- I feel kind of like- if my hate is so strong, how does that not automatically transport me out of this situation? But it doesn't and I am still here.

I will never be happy with things like this. But I'm still here. And... I'm still me. All I can think to do is recede. And allow you to look at my surroundings... sometimes I imagine that you shield me from them and that can sometimes help. But that doesn't mean they're not there. It doesn't mean we aren't watching the ugliness, day in and day out. All I have is escape. If my existence were a food I would be vomiting it up right now; that is what I feel like. With that kind of strength behind my resentment, I do not know how to find peace, Ganymede.

I am trying to recede. I must try to recede. And let you guard me and handle my ego. Otherwise I am always just reminded of the vomity feeling. And that isn't how I want to feel. If feeling bad is a message from you that I am doing the wrong thing, then all I know how to do is escape. I wish we were somewhere off and alone without any society or exposure to ugliness to worry about.

1.2 February

Sunday, January 31st, 2010 Part II (2010-02-01 04:49)

Wouldn't you know it- again, you respond to me immediately in some way. This time, after I had resolved not to let my ego interfere at all by avoiding any philosophical conversation if possible (as I invariably complain) and just basically trying to stay present enough not to defend myself or any position or thought... I went to bed after reading more Tolle and thinking to myself, "I could make tomorrow a wonderful day. All I have to do is stay in the present moment. It won't be utopia, but I can make it as positive as possible on my end at least."

And so I wake up to Luken telling me that he's fed up with me and if I don't get therapy he will kick me out :/ He even called my mom to see if she would talk to me, about going to live with her instead, I guess. I have no idea what he said to her, actually, but he told me that I should go there. I've already told him that I would rather be dead than have to live with my family again.

So once again you threaten me with losing Luken.

So I had a little extra energy. It was emotion. And it was mental. So it had no outlet- I wasn't actually fighting for my life against a tiger or some other enemy. So I left Luken alone after he told me that, and I screamed- while alone, but still everyone heard me. Apparently this is terribly socially unacceptable. So now I can't even do that either. So, in the future when I feel like that, I will not let it out- I can't; everyone jumps on me like a mofo. Tolle says that extra energy will go to my mind to create more anxiety and get lodged in my body as toxicity.



[1]
Tasty Comfort

Ganymede >.<!-- You want me to recede even further? The more disparate I feel reality is from utopia, the more I want to escape it. Everyone is telling me that it IS already utopia, but I just don't see it. Not yet anyway. And they say I could see it right now if I wanted to. Sigh. I think I am just going to go finish reading that book now and then write over some coffee. Even though I know caffeine is not good for me.

1. <http://korakaos.files.wordpress.com/2010/02/20100130205.jpg>

Groundhog Day 2010 :D Diary Entry (2010-02-02 22:40)

So I took down notes of everything I found particularly interesting while reading this book through. If I don't mention something you can probably assume I at least somewhat agree with it or do not find it literally remark-able. Tolle is pretty spot on. Of course, there are some curiosities.

We've already discussed how I do not feel like I can stop being unhappy. That it is just there, and I do not know how to overcome it. So this part was of interest. "Can you see that your unhappiness about being unhappy is just another layer of unhappiness?" "...if you don't mind being unhappy, what happens to the unhappiness?" The woman to whom he was speaking answered, "I'm still unhappy, but now there is space around it. It seems to matter less." I'm glad this worked for her, although on some level it somehow still feels like a "giving up" sort of acceptance and surrender. A giving up to the unhappiness. Because I still feel rather put out about not enjoying reality, and I don't know how not to do that. It seems like another cart before the horse situation, even if I theoretically know what he must be discussing.

"Making it' in whatever field is only meaningful as long as there are thousands or millions of others who don't make it, so you need other human beings to 'fail' so that your life can have meaning." Good point, Tolle. This is something I have wondered before myself, as I mentioned. If I get what I want, does that make others suffer? I do not yet know how to go beyond wanting, but as I said, I do not want to cause suffering either.

Tolle says that people often have unconscious thoughts behind whatever situation they feel is mak-

ing them unhappy. Such as: "Something is happening now that should not be happening, and it is preventing me from being at peace now." I have always thought this, or rather, the variant that something is NOT happening right now that should be- utopia- and it is preventing me from being at peace now.

He discusses pain as necessary for awakening. He says it is like something you have to burn up. This directly relates, I should say, to the three of swords I drew the other day. While I can always see how it functions as such, I still do not see why we could not just immediately overcome that obstacle instead of wallowing in it. If God is perfect, why could we not just make the computation or revolution instantaneously or have already been perfect in the first place? So that's another reason I judge this to not be utopia. I have heard yoga instructors say, "because if you force your flower to blossom too quickly it would break off the petals". Why were they made to break through instant awakening instead of being made to not break under such stipulations? I could play this game all day.

"Whatever you think the world is withholding from you, you are withholding from the world." Perhaps that is why it is not utopia? How do I give the world utopia? Tolle would probably say something like "just be present and let the light of consciousness shine through you". I do not see how I am withholding utopia or exactly how being present would offer that to the world and thereby transform it into such, but I am not saying it is impossible. All I am saying is that it doesn't make sense to me how that could occur. And you know, it does sort of feel like that whole vulnerability thing- in order to love, someone has to extend that love first- or in order to get a high five, someone has to hold up their hand first. That is a vulnerable position. And without knowing what is going to happen, I am of course reluctant to try. Not that I feel I really know how, other than to try to stay in the now, even if I feel it is unacceptable.

Though I judge the present to not be utopia, Tolle says it could be and I wouldn't know. "Welcome it in no matter what disguise it comes" he says. Well. All I can say is that demons have fucking ugly disguises. They're UNPLEASANT. But I'm supposed to bring presence to it, apparently.

"...when you treat the Now as a means, an obstacle, or an enemy, you strengthen your own form identity, the ego. ... The more reactive you are, the more entangled you become with form." Hum! And I had just been trying to think of obstacles which I enjoyed overcoming. His language makes obstacles and enjoying seem mutually exclusive, both here and when he later talks about a mode of living in enjoyment. Because one would view nothing as an obstacle but merely Now if one were present. Nonetheless, I am still trying to think of "goals" which contained "obstacles" which I had to overcome. Curious to note the dichotomy here.

"...when someone criticizes you, blames you, or calls you names, instead of immediately retaliating or defending yourself- do nothing. Allow the self image to remain diminished and become alert to what that feels like deep inside you. For a few seconds, it may feel uncomfortable, as if you had shrunk in size. Then you may sense an inner spaciousness that feels intensely alive. You haven't been diminished at all. In fact, you have expanded. You may then come to an amazing realization: When you are seemingly diminished in some way and remain in absolute nonreaction, not just externally but also internally, you realize that nothing real has been diminished, that through becoming 'less,' you become more." This is exactly what I was talking about what I had been thinking the other day, before I picked up this book. Odd that he should say so just a day or so after! I had told myself I would practice this. And he recommends it too.

"the greatest impediment to finding the experiencer, is to become so enthralled by the experience that you lose yourself in it. ...you get taken in by every thought, every emotion, and every experience" I think it's worth noting this quote only because I happened to be listening to a song that I hadn't heard in ages. It is easy for humans to slip into "unconsciousness", because of thought and whatever, I guess that's what he's saying- I don't know why that had to be so. But this is what the song was singing as I read this.

"I'm so sick of this terrible instinct- it's so hard now just to find you." :P

Tolle says to be aware of your breath. I think I have been TOO aware of my breath since I was in middle school, if that is possible. "If you have a compulsive behavior pattern such as smoking, overeating, drinking, TV watching, Internet addiction, or whatever it may be, this is what you can do: When you notice the compulsive need arising in you, stop and take three conscious breaths." I developed obsessive compulsive behavior when I was in middle school, perhaps not altogether coincidentally when I began to yearn for utopia while at the same time knowing I was stuck here. It was a complex system of body behavior, and I have been aware of my breath at frequent intervals ever since. I know that such behavior doesn't do anyone any good, but in the absence of any real possibility of utopia, I guess my body just attempted to absorb less negative and more positive energy whenever it could. This included breathing less when I was watching ugly things, but allowing myself as much as I want whenever I'm not.

"...a purely intellectual recognition or belief that 'I am not this form' does not help." If you can't sense it, I guess. Which would mean, at least for me, that I would have to get over this acceptance obstacle. This reminds me of when I was studying acting, and there came a point when, because I am rather scholarly, someone told me that whenever I am trying to do something right for the teachers, I am all in my head instead of actually acting. The particular professor with whom I discussed this said I reminded him of himself at that age... he told me he had seen me act wonderfully and knew that I could do it, but that I waste a lot of time being the book-learning type. Yes, I am very clinical, even about awakening. And I am aware of that. But it helps me to get my thoughts down on the screen, at least. Then I can look at the larger picture of myself.

"If you can neither enjoy or bring acceptance to what you do- stop." Lawlz, is Tolle telling me to commit suicide?

"The misperception that joy comes from what you do is normal, and it is also dangerous, because it creates the belief that joy is something that can be derived from something else, such as an activity or thing. You then look to the world to bring you joy, happiness. But it cannot do that." Once again, I am just not so sure. I take far more joy in a pretty angel than an ugly demon, and far more joy in a utopia than whatever the fuck this shit is.

Ah, and finally at the very END of the book he does discuss utopia, which was obviously my main problem all my life. He says that utopia implies future. The future is not now and so does not exist and so when one looks for it one is wanting and trapped in ego. Well, I already knew that. But let's say that utopia does not imply future, because he also uses the term heaven, and I would say they are pretty interchangeable. He insists that utopia- as I see it, heaven as he and others call it- already is right here right now. Iiiii guess we have severely different definitions? I accept that it could exist right now, but I don't feel that it DOES exist right now. It's that whole ugly demon vs. pretty angel thing again. I judge so much!

I judge that there are homeless people

I judge that there are hungry people

I judge that there are people suffering a great deal everywhere

I judge that there is oppression everywhere

I judge that there is litter on the ground and pollution in the air and in my food

I judge that I have much less freedom to act than I would like

I judge that this isn't really my kind of planet.

And this is why I just can't think that this is utopia/heaven; this is why I cannot accept it with a true and honest internal "yes". If Tolle says this is utopia disguised- well, I judge it as a very unpleasant disguise and I don't see why a perfect God would use it. I don't like the disguise and I don't see how I ever will. I could extend that vulnerable acceptance in the form of presence and awareness of myself and God, but I'm not sure that it's the same thing as true acceptance. It is just me giving up and trying something new in the hopes that maybe God would respond in a more positive way, and I wouldn't be able to enjoy it. How long would I have to do it, knowing that it would be severely unlikely to create a utopia? If the magic works so as to give me favorable coincidences, as he says, then that at least is a step up, but it is a difficult one for all that vulnerability, instead of resentment, which comes more naturally to me. And I would still be somewhat resenting so long as I was judging everything to be ugly, no matter how in the now I would try to be.

I think Tolle definitely has a grasp on things, but I just do not see the solution for me here yet. Tolle helps to phrase things in a way modern persons can understand, and so he helps a lot I think. I loved that part about the ego and I loved the part about the portals into the Now in his last book. But something about... acceptance... raises my hackles. It's like all my emotions go, NOOO. It is not that I want to make my external reality into my enemy. I just often judge it as such when I see or experience ugly things. And as they are so undeniable in my life, I am usually judging.

I'm sure some people think I'm silly for focusing on the negative so much that I do not convince myself I live in utopia. If I could make it utopia I would. All I can do is try to stay uneasily present. That's where you come in, Ganymede, but I still have to trudge through reality, and I half expect you to smack me up at any time, like a child who expects to be hit by her abusive drunken father often. I don't like being vulnerable and I don't like being told to accept shitty ugly shit. But you, Ganymede- I am always willing to try to work with you.

Wednesday, February 3rd, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-03 22:43)

So it looks like I "philosophize" a lot. Sometimes I feel an inordinate amount of my speech is dense with that shit. :P I never took a philosophy course, but oh well. And it doesn't stop me that every single damn person has a different opinion. If I say something about anything someone is sure to have an opposing opinion. And it doesn't bother me that people practice magic and religion in so many different ways- just that they argue, well, violently over it.

In times like those one must simply remember: "οκ οδα". Socrates. "I don't know". One can't know anything with absolute certainty, because absolute truths are beyond the grasp of language and mind. No words I can say will ever encapsulate anything really true. Or, one knows through not knowing. Socrates was also a man who spoke with his demons, by the way, Ganymede ;)

And, speaking of demons and varied viewpoints, I found more stuff about that three of swords. More goetia, even- so they label it, and they speak of summoning demons in a Crowley-esque fashion. They are, however, also unique unto themselves. I should ask to borrow my neighbor's summoning tome so I can read what it has to say about these two in particular: Purson and Gremory. This author associated them with the three of swords. Each of these demons are each said to command however many legions of spirits, whatever

the HELL that means :P I'm not really a numbers person. They are both described as beautiful, which pleases me. Purson answers truthfully, Gremory knows secrets, and they both know of all in past, present, and future. I heard someone say that to me in a dream once- that I was the master of past, present, and future. I didn't give it much weight, as it seems a rather vague thing to say, considering that time is only an illusion, but it's interesting to note the parallel here.

Thursday, February 4th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-05 01:36)

Allo, Ganymede!

"Take the Copenhagen Interpretation literally, and it tells you that an electron wave collapses to make a point on a detector screen because the entire Universe is looking at it. This is strange enough; but some cosmologists [among them Stephen Hawking] worry that it implies that there must actually be something 'outside the Universe' to look at the Universe as a whole and collapse its overall wave function." - John Gribbin. This made me lol. Especially the "worry" part. Nothing is real unless it is observed, so it implies that there is something besides the Universe. ...consciousness? XD The observer and the observed... it seems the observed must always be there, but it is merely an illusion for the observer to "enjoy". What's to worry about, besides the fact we're forced to watch, which is tangential to this. One of my roommates says that the scientists are just worried that there is something beyond the realm of science, which is knowledge, so... yeah. So what? So you can't know eternity :P At least not with the mind.

On another note, if Kant says that we must be honest with one another as with God, in order to truly love, I know that it is impossible- at this moment- for me to love or be loved. I do realize that this on some level has to do with trying to keep one's ego in check, which is what I have been trying to do... I can't tell the people in my life everything, because, when I do, they call me crazy and get defensive of their positions and then I want to defend MYself even though I know I shouldn't have to do so. For instance, I just mentioned this to Luken- just that Kant said that, is all. He immediately became defensive. "What's that supposed to mean? I can't react to that. Are we supposed to have diarrhea of the mouth? I don't think so." Along that line. It was very harsh. And I knew that if I were to explore further he would argue against me, no matter how much I would attempt to not allow my "ego" to speak for me... since words are all external, and I didn't want any more harsh words, I just shut up. Like I said, no more philosophical conversation, if I can help it. And I watched my ego shrink and my pain grow. I want to be able to discuss anything, but I am acutely aware that I cannot. Anytime I should mention that I feel my reality is unpleasant, certain people disagree vehemently, and I think that Luken must have sensed that was what I was trying to say then. That I wanted to use Kant as an excuse to tell him I was unhappy. That I was unhappy with reality and wanted to share with him. Yet another part of myself I can only share with you, Ganymede. Sigh.

Oprah interviewed Rainn Wilson on her satellite radio show. Among other things, they discussed how everything is spirituality. And they mentioned how society might need to switch from valuing fame to valuing service. Like your namesake, Ganymede :P I have a hard time WANTING to serve anyone, though. It's just not something that feels like it comes naturally. Many forms of service are so very extremely dull. Luken tells me they wouldn't be dull if the one serving could just stay in the now. Wtf/e, I tried that at my last job and it was still very grating. I mean I really really tried. And it was still boring and I'd still be glad when it was finally time to go. What's up with that, Ganymede?

And someone else was saying how not accepting your life wholly is like trying to wear shoes that aren't the right size. So, by not wanting to accept that this is not utopia, I am wearing the wrong size

shoes? I guess that is what they are saying. And here I thought the shoes weren't fitting in the first place. They sure don't feel like they do.

And I keep coming across yet more people who say pain is a good thing. That it is for your own growth. That you needed the pain to grow. "Often you need to evolve more so you can understand more. Grow more." Suck my cock, God. I want instantaneous computation and growth- though I don't see why it's necessary if I'm perfect anyway.

You know, if we're already living in Heaven as Tolle claims... and I cannot accept it... would my accepting reality wholly, my internal "yes", transform reality into Heaven? Would it truly fix all those things I judge as bad and can't stop judging as bad? Would it really just take my acceptance to make a utopia? If so, I am a motherfucking jerk-ass for stopping Earth's arrival into utopia :P

But again. Cart before the horse. If I accept, that means things like homeless and hungry and oppression are okay. If they're a part of Heaven, after all. And if it's all already okay, that would mean that it wouldn't bring the utopia I want at all. And I can't accept the homeless and hungry and oppression. So, is that what I am withholding from the world?

I want to be accepted unconditionally, but I will not accept reality unconditionally, will I? I want to accept you Ganymede, but you sure put on an ugly mask. It's very difficult not to judge that. I can't manage yet. And I can't see how I ever would. I can't see how I can not judge this and accept this over my imagined reality of all of God's children playing in harmony. So, if I cannot accept you unconditionally, that must be why you hurt me, yes? A paradox.

The only solution I can see is what I discussed with you the other day- that I would have to extend myself like a vulnerable high-five in as much presence as I can constantly muster. Even then, though, Ganymede, much as I might try, I don't know how to stop judging ugliness. Why would you force me to endure an existence of ugliness?

Ugliness... though nothing is either good or bad.

Friday, February 5th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-06 07:37)

Once I received a horrible vision of a sort of merry-go-round of creatures. They would run around and around in this merry-go-round, and, as they did so, they would with every movement lift up the ground around them. As they did so, this would expose the creatures underneath the ground. This would cause the creatures underneath the ground extreme pain, and they would cry out to the merry-go-round runners, expressing this pain. But the merry-go-round runners could not really understand what they were doing, and never ultimately knew that they were causing pain. They did not mean to attack the creatures under the ground, but the creatures under the ground certainly felt it as an attack and went through great pains because of it.

I mention this because I feel it is akin to the ego thinking that it has an enemy when really it does not. It feels the pain, but the person did not mean to hurt them. (And sometimes I worry it is akin to what God does to us.)

Inner Kora/Ganymede watches the outer ego Kora/Ganymede judge and hate everything. Luken told me to

think about this when I am having problems with judgment. Because it is of course false under his philosophy to think that "I" would judge anything, as "I" am eternal and beyond such, and "I" is a false term. The real me does not judge, only the ego judges. Well, the real me still has to watch the ego move through maya and judge it all, and... SOMEONE judges that as bad :P Suck. Which brings me to the following question I had last night.

Last night we had some drinks and Luken had been reading A New Earth as well and so he wanted to talk about it. Which meant philosophical conversation. And I just so happened to mention that because I am still watching the maya and my ego is judging it incessantly, I don't much see the point in awakening- at least as yet. So what if I recognize that I am watching? Maybe I would care if I did awaken to a point where that stopped, but I haven't. And so the persons I was talking to said, "You're afraid? Well just know that the real you isn't afraid-" oh fuck you. And I was aware of this reaction that my ego was having to their false "attack". So I said that I would rather be quiet now than continue the conversation. However, they took THAT as my ego- so I told them, very well- nothing I can say now will not be interpreted by you as ego, so let us finish the conversation. Be done with it. Silence. But they insisted that my wanting to withdraw from the conversation was me proving to them that I was afraid and by doing so I was exercising my ego, and they continued to try to draw me out- whether they were enemies or not, I was receiving a barrage of attacks that would not stop on all sides. There was no escape. No matter what I did, it would be ego, so I finally interrupted their constant barrage with a raised voice, saying something like, "JUST LET ME SHUT UP". Which they were more than happy to point out as a PRIME example of ego. Because I had raised my voice, I agreed with them, but I tried then to remain silent- but they continued. I still maintained that no matter what I say or would have said in this conversation, it would have been ego. And they said that was an excuse of the ego.

So even as I am consciously aware of the ego, there is no stopping it. And so I lashed out in that moment of anger, yes, and it still bothers me on this, the next day, even if the past is not real. Because I want to learn from the past. Somehow it reminds me of the moment that one might presume that Jesus gave in to a moment of ego when he angrily knocked all of that shit over in the temple. Why did he do it? Why did I shout? Why couldn't I have found some way out of the conversation that wasn't ego?

Also, I remember Tolle saying something about it being okay to correct someone on facts. If person B says "the sky isn't blue" then person A can say "the sky is blue" without ego, so long as they do not insert themselves into the mix, such as "believe me when I say the sky is blue". So, even though I was sure that I was not afraid, they thought I was. I attempted to disengage from the conversation but they continued to insist. Perhaps whether or not I am afraid is subjective, but I honestly did not feel afraid, and I didn't see the point in them bringing it up- when they said it, yes, my ego flared up in anger and in a desire to defend what it felt was right... a desire to get back to what was more important. But they just insisted and it all just kept degenerating- even when I wasn't trying to defend myself, nothing I could say was not a defense! _ _ I don't know. What a weird conversation. It makes me angry. It makes my ego angry- wtf/e. I am not going to distinguish between myself and my ego ALL the time in language, for some of the same reasons I call you Ganymede.

The only thing of which I am afraid is that the world will continue on always as it is, which was not dependent upon what we were talking about. It is not that I was afraid of negative consequences, but wondering if there were any positive consequences. And, along with that, I would be afraid that I should be constantly trapped into defending myself, I suppose! Just a constant maya of me being angry at no escape. Unless I were to lie and agree with them; I don't know. But I don't want to lie. I think perhaps next time I will just respond with "bananaphone" if I cannot merely be silent. And they will probably still say it is my ego defending itself. Nothing I can do about it. Just watch it happen.

I went to an occult shop today. I thought about buying a penis candle for Dionysos and Shiva :P Another time maybe. And I am about to head out to watch myself some Dionysian activity 8D

Oh. And I tried to listen to a guided meditation today. If you can't take the motherfucking vocal fry out of your voice, there is NO WAY I am going to want you to lead my guided meditation, mkay? Mokay.

Saturday, February 6th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-07 06:32)

Today I had some leftover birthday cake with my lemon water and coffee. It's great having Aquarians in the house ^_^ And I want to let you know I had a lovely time watching players channel Dionysos last night. There were many wonderful moments.

I also spent some time this morning looking for other bloggers with similar interests again on WordPress. This time I was looking specifically for those who wrote about or practice goetia. However they might do so. I found a few gems, several blahs, and a few ickies. But I'm following those gems now and will hopefully benefit from reading about others on their path.

I also came across someone who does tarot. I haven't really done much tarot at all since I was in high school and first experimented with it. It's been awhile- but it's been cropping up again too. So, once again I figured what the hell, and I did a tarot reading today with the intention of learning more about my career, as it is an area in my life with which I find constant frustration. I have been trying recently (and perhaps desperately, the past couple of years) to find stability within career. I know the things I like to do, but I feel like there's this whole big cockblock in that area in general. Probably because I am so apathetic anyway. But! So I did the reading, which spoke of my career and a few other things. I take this as communication from you, Ganymede, of course.

And you say... I am stuck in apathy :P You say that I focus only on the fact there are ruins, while I have, at the same time, the power to turn everything around for the positive. I just am not looking at it. In some way, I suppose this would involve giving of my own instinctive, nurturing glory... not that I have any idea what that glory is other than the same old same old everyone has. Perhaps, as this part was associated with health, it merely means to get in touch with the feminine creative or healing aspects for myself... or others. I am also to value my close bonds in a feminine (creative? receptive? nurturing?) way, even while it is obvious to myself and everyone that I lie in a battered ruin- I am defeated and vulnerable, something difficult to accept- as the worst is over, I am to surrender so as to be reborn. Surrender again, Ganymede? :P Also, two of the cards I received before the rebirth card had to do with birth already- I have no intentions of getting involved with anything fertility or baby-related, so you must mean myself. So, after hitting rock bottom, how to be reborn? I receive meditation, delay, frustration... a survey of whether or not it is worth it... indecision. Somehow, this indecision relates to relationships, not just my indecision about life in general, though I am not sure how that affects the interpretation here. My next card- honestly, Ganymede? Judgment. It is obvious, then, that I stand on the threshold of change. It just NEEDS a decision first. Perhaps the one area where my judgment is lacking! My indecision in my apathy. Yet this card signifies that, once I make the judgment, there is the possibility of a sort of awakening, so long as I cooperate with the cosmos. This is also related to my relationships... I suppose a true awakening would be related to everything and not just my job, though. So even though I am bound by indecision and apathy within, I am to survey the present and finally act. ...great.

So finally, the part which ultimately pertains to career in the formation. And it starts off with love. I'm not

sure what kind of direction that gives me... but when does the tarot ever give really good direction? XD Of course I WANT to love my career... though this could mean a career in which I exercise love. A career in which I spread love... well, I can't much think of anything that I would receive like that immediately, so that doesn't help me in my Judgment. Other than that, of course, I should in all goodness strive to spread love in ANY situation, under the law of love. So, that card's a bit wibbly... moving on. Love again! Though, this time, emphasizing union. There will be harmony... or should be... hm. This reading is making it seem more like my ideal dream job than what I asked for, which is some immediate help... and I'm not so sure I will gain my dream job so immediately! I had thought it would take at least a few months. But I'm not ruling out this reading's immediacy.

Lastly the reading discusses the spiritual, which is always present. I feel in need of help, and I will get it, though I should not rely on charity. (Like I would... I hate asking for help. Doesn't mean I don't want it, though.) There is indication that stability is coming, as this reading indicated before how the worst is over. I have desired stability all my life and never received it, for one reason or another, so... here's hoping, Ganymede. I could also be giving to others. And the universe will want me to come to a climax, to culmination, to become a whole human being. Actual culmination and success, Ganymede? You tease me with thoughts of utopia again.

The outcome? I am shattered, crushed, vulnerable, disappointed, in ruin, humiliated, bitter, defeated, humbled. You tell me again that I view life as a cruel joke. I am left to contemplate empty victory. It is time to surrender to the awful situation, and to resign myself to loss. It is time to examine the ruin. Ganymede, you promised love and culmination- I hope I can find them through examination, even though I feel rather blind and helpless.

sendao (2010-02-08 23:56:24)
Hello.

korakaos (2010-02-09 06:40:50)
Hi :)

Sunday, February 7th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-08 03:52)

What an odd dream I had last night. And after a very unique first-time experience before I went to bed. Very disconcerting, what we did together! Yet at the time I think I was enjoying myself o _ _O And I certainly thought about my true self while I was dreaming... and I'm not sure I really liked what I saw, even then. Oh well- I was only half lucid. I wrote it down in my dream journal... I should probably start uploading those into here. There's just so many other things to finish I haven't got around to it yet.

So! Ganymede... I have been thinking about how some people have advised being very respectful with demons. And I can see why they say that. Both because demons are powerful, and, besides that, it is always good to exercise love. Of course, while thinking about that I was also quite aware of all the times I have cursed you or other beings. God in general. And I am always aware while I am doing it that I should probably not be doing it. Because it's always good to love, and, if I withhold something from you, you withhold it from me. Of course, I always do it feeling that you have withheld from me in the first place... the way I look at it is like this: I don't want to be walked all over. Whenever I'm of the opinion that God is a torturous tyrant, I am rather prone to curse. Why should I put up with something for two decades like a doormat? That's how I feel. And I honestly don't want to be the kind of servant that puts up with all that. I had said how I would be happy to serve- but after you've been a doormat for so long, you get upset.

I don't think I deserve to lord over anyone- that's not what I want. I'm just upset at my reality. I should say that we could do much better than this- but then again, I don't know if you agree. I think you want things to be better. So I guess from what you've said. And I wonder if you ever get as moody as me- well, probably not because you need a body to be moody. It is only in my body (and the other players' bodies I suppose) that you feel moody. Well, you always know that I don't really want to curse you. I think you must have the best for us in mind... but remember those merry-go-round creatures!

Monday, February 8th 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-09 06:34)

Again with the cursing. Just trying to be honest. I know complaining, again, is not constructive. I don't know if it matters that anyone should know that I know that. But I do and I'm writing it down. And you seem to be the best receptacle, Ganymede. I'd rather not do so with living human beings separate from myself. It is not that I do not feel as such. It is just that they do not respond well to that kind of energy. I can't imagine that it would help you to function either, however, things are as they are and I feel like talking. And you know you liked watching your predecessor. Who wouldn't?

Things we like to watch! Like paintings. I like paintings and I like what the thing with my namesake does XD I tend to enjoy our reality a little more with that thing. I just wish I could use it more often.

Oh. I heard another bit in that Oprah interview which I think is very interesting taken along with the notion of goetia. She mentioned what she thought her soul looked like and said something like "everything she sees". It is at least something, Ganymede :P And I'm having to watch mine. But like I said- with my namesake thing I feel much less prone towards cursing. How strange. I know that ideally we should be able to effect such existence always.

Ah, you just gave me the chance to test whether or not I would be honest about my feelings. I felt like denying something that was said. There was no proof. But I didn't want to bring the other person down with my opinion, because I knew it would be pretty much viewed as a complaint. And like I said, Luken and the others vehemently disagree that there is anything to complain about. So I left it alone.

I suppose there is no need to complain. Nothing worse will happen to me if I do not do it, for now. So I hope that it's alright letting the others think what they want without my side being known. I do not want to appear ungrateful, Ganymede. But I still think we could do better. And besides that, even if the ego is pretty much unimportant, mine is very tired and bored with its existence.

I just would prefer a different picture here, you know. This one feels icky. I don't understand why or how one surrenders to that when we could be having a good time with each other instead. We do. Often. But it feels as though it pales in comparison to what we could do- harmony all the time! I feel like we should be perfectly capable of keeping ourselves satisfied enough and loving enough not to want to complain about reality ever, but rather, live each moment as we wish. Not sick or any other things wrong with this place. Ah, I'm still not accepting you. :P

Hm. I read about someone who almost seemed to be saying that some people are approaching Judaic and Christian religion in an "Oriental" way instead of the "Judaic and Christian" way they were... apparently formed. I'm not quite sure what to think of what this person was saying. Since all is one, Judaism and Christianity are really no more different ultimately than any other religion. They do, however have "separate" idioms. So then, do they mean that by, say, practicing Christianity through yoga instead of through weekly

wafers, because yoga has traditionally been associated with Indian religion (though Dionysos undoubtedly has always partaken of such measures too, call it yoga or not, that's why I mention this in particular; you'll see more about that after a bit) and wafers are associated traditionally with Christian ceremonies, that such persons who claim to be of the Christian cult while practicing yoga are immoral? This person... hmm... at least thought it indicated lack of research. And said they ignored moral obligations. XD I am really not sure what this person's point was other than that he or she seemed to think that it pointed to a lack of study within "modern" practitioners of magic, and I think maybe he or she took offense to this assumption?

You know, we are modern insofar as none of us are old enough to remember the days when such religions formed, except the most recent. And we must, again, keep in mind Socrates's quote, "I do not know". Especially because we each have different idioms. Reading the entire dictionary to get a good grasp on vocabulary is excellent, but one does not need to be well-read to have gotten by in life. You read the parts which you need to read for the present moment, at the very least. I have studied religious/spiritual matters beyond the one into which I was initiated for over a decade now, and I don't think that even if I studied for several more decades I would ever lose the feeling of being a "newb". "I do not know". I have read a good deal more than many humans about this topic, but perhaps those who choose not to read just... don't care to cast certain kinds of spells, certain kinds of idioms with their lives. So what if one person chooses to summon a demon with homemade goatskin parchment and one does not, but instead chooses to achieve another end and to repeat a mantra or something else? The only problem is when we get our wills all in a kerfuffle, because I really rather don't enjoy how we hurt each other so much. So then, should I study more so I can find the button to press for utopia? :P That is the only spell I cannot seem to look up... or rather, perhaps I have and, while living now, I choose to survive in another way.

I have grown up with Dionysian traditions and Catholic traditions. Through Luken I also found Hindu and "Oriental"... (what an odd word. Mooshing all of that up into one word :P) forms of worship and have accompanied him in such often. I have studied but I haven't studied everything. I practice what I like that I know. There is only so much time during the day to alleviate "ignorance"- but I am not at all worried about my relationship with the divine. There is no reason to feel insecure about that. Like I said, the only notion of which I am afraid is that I always have to watch this non-utopia eternally :P And I'm working on it gradually. And I know how to work with you, Ganymede, in that context- though it seems to be a bit of slow going. Well. I am the studious type. I have read medieval texts, which this fellow seemed to think were important- though honestly not that many; I have usually preferred older ones. But I am none too worried about the people who haven't read such things. I want them each to find their relationship with their divine (and to stop fucking up the place, but again, I'm the one claiming it's not utopia). If they don't find that relationship... well, how much room do we have to say they are "immoral"? It seems very easy to at least say it with the violent and oppressive persons. But we are still each... I dunno. I'm not going to say I agree with Socrates in that no one does anything evil... but I might pretty much be agreeing. It's just hard to agree with him when we feel icky about things.

sendao (2010-02-09 19:05:04)

<http://deoxy.org/alephnull/nam-shub.htm> Don't fall for that love cult harmony bullshit. It's incomplete, like the yin without the yang. The yang is there for very good reasons, including defense and evolution. If you choose to reject it you will fall out of balance and into misery, even while you deny it with every breath because you are clinging so hard to the love parts. Accept that hate and fear exist in life. Accept them instead of rejecting them. Love even your hate, even your fear, and then you will truly understand.

korakaos (2010-02-10 03:24:02)

Understand? :P You have offered me a defense of hate and fear. Thank you for reading my blog. And thank you for the link to the curse and the story of the egoless blob.

Tuesday, February 9th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-10 03:04)

What a lovely time we've had! You've provided some wonderful feasts. How am I supposed to get anything done with all these parties and all this channeling going on? Today was fun too... bumping music and bright colorful lights and constant rhythmic circular movement. I had fun with Shiva.

I should probably take a moment to mention that pretty much everything I say will be an exercise in ego... a catalogue of events connected with Kora, philosophizing upon herself and upon Ganymede, isn't that so? And I don't mind. I could try to speak without identifying, but for the purposes of this blog it might not be the best time. I can't just go around saying "am" all the time. XD But I can at least not push my amness above others. Just you. I am here in these entries to talk to you, Ganymede, as that is most appropriate.

Again and again Socrates's quote is called into play lately. I know that "I don't know"... and so thereby I know. We are fine with that, Ganymede. Especially thanks to Dionysos... or perhaps it was his maenads. It was that kind of energy, anyway (look, more identification). Not to say that there weren't other helpful portions... but point is, I talk to you about certain topics, Ganymede, instead of others. To be eternally the newb and at the same time a perfect unique snowflake son of God- but I am using the ego as a tool with you nonetheless. You are the best receptacle for complaint.

I am, of course, again going to attempt to love only, still (when I can remember)... haha if one loves one's demons unconditionally, negatives would go away (as easily as adding -1 to 1 makes 0). But I'm clumsy anyway- I love but it is not true love- I don't love your dirt, but I love you theoretically. Yet there is always something in me that says, "I would love you more if we were not merely watching the world hate itself". How paradoxical. Love is the only cure (as Crowley, Jesus, and therapists are wont to say). How difficult it is to transmute. Especially when one does not trust one's demons. Yet one is always with them, so I continue to offer vulnerable high-fives in resentment- and well, that's because I don't really expect the world to ever return it. And so you are my receptacle.

But we've been doing better with that. Of course, this might just be a bump on an Aristotelian parabola. There is now nothing but this bump, but I'm not stupid. You've shown me plenty of valleys before, and there is always one in view.

Watch out, or God's hand will come down and smite thee in punishment for not meeting your evolutionary deadline! XP Seriously, I see right through this. We can do better than that fearmongering and oppression. It is boring. I do not want to insult you for what you have chosen to give me, Ganymede. But srsly.

Unless there's something I still haven't remembered yet. Oh well.

You go enjoy your smoke while I enjoy this nice painting and perhaps some channeling afterward.

sendao (2010-02-11 02:37:06)

While for you it may clearly be that pushing out whatever love (fake or real) towards the bad/faulty parts of your self/community is good, mind that your self/community may not feel the same way. I don't really know. But I've had enough people push their fake love toward me in an attempt to 'heal' me that now, at this moment, I am rejecting all

of it, and all of them. They are poisonous people, pushing my ego and heart higher than it should have gone before it should have gone there, only to warn me when I began having doubts about them that their love was transitory, dependent upon my own love. Tell me your love is transitory and I have only one response: get away from me and stay there. Food for thought, Kora.

korakaos (2010-02-11 03:35:02)

You love conditionally only those who are unconditional in their love? :)

Thursday, February 11th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-11 22:22)

I have left a few comments here and there on WordPress. I suppose these comments are Kora speaking, and I am not sure how much they come from ego. Every word I speak is in a way just another vibration of ego. Since I have already tried to keep from inserting my ego too much into my life with friends, as I do not want to hurt them, I hope also that I do not inadvertently hurt anyone on the internet. I don't want to say something that brings someone down- however, a simple statement of truth is often hard to resist. One must merely be careful that it is not as follows: I know something you don't know, and my ego delights in enlightening you. Especially since words will never fully encapsulate the truth, simple or no. I would like to just let everyone know the whole "namaste" thing- yes I recognize you as a perfect divine son of God, and there are no such things as enemies, so here is what I have to say! Hahaha. I tried that a couple of times. It didn't quite work as intended; oh well.

Yesterday was rather a blah day. I spent a lot of it doing things I didn't want to do. Considering I usually don't want to get up out of bed in the morning, I guess it might not seem like a lot to others, but it was monumental for me :P And I won't lie- I spent some of it wanting and wishing for what was not there. Even if I stay present I find such vibrations grating and disagreeable. You know, I have wondered how someone who regularly practices presence à la Tolle would do in a rape situation- if they surrender to the present moment, will it become more agreeable? :P I don't know. And I don't really want to think about that too much. Anyway, I should think that surrender would make life that much easier- if you surrender, every movement would flow with grace, yes? I certainly didn't feel like that yesterday, and I don't know how. I want to be able to make my life flow, but I still feel that cockblock, no matter what my tarot reading said the other day. Perhaps it is improving. Perhaps I will stop being George Bailey losing everything at every critical moment. Honestly. Or perhaps things will continue to suck no matter how much I am aware of Now. They have so far.

Luken said to me, "You keep coming back to that idea that all is one, and I think that confuses you." It doesn't confuse me at all. It confuses you, Luken, my partner, because you do not understand the idea yet- or at least you do not understand it in this moment the way I understand it, and thus we have a communication breakdown. It must be something ELSE that I do not understand. The idea that all is one is thoroughly compatible with any philosophizing, including that our inner selves are a part of the ultimate self- individual or not, all is one. You see, we were just listening to Tolle say that some evolutionary impulse WANTS us to evolve. And I was confused as to why he said that as I had thought that Tolle had said only our egos want. They want to want but will never get what they want because they will never be satisfied. I had thought that he had said that our ultimate selves would not want under his philosophy- though I have obviously experienced something just about as close to my ultimate self as is possible, on more than one occasion, and still wanted. But I had merely thought he said they do not want. And now he is saying that there is an evolutionary want. And I had thought that he had said we are not supposed to want, since that is ego. Yes, and along with that I have wondered why he bothers to care at all that humanity is supposedly

at an evolutionary crisis. That is, if wants do not matter and all is an inconsequential game of form. Maybe something does matter after all? ;) I should say so. The fact that I am aware and watching my ego ALWAYS matters to me. All that is still One.

Luken reminds me, "Evolve or die." "That is a dick move." "No it is not, because you are personifying God." "I don't care if I'm personifying God or not- I don't care if there's a person or the opposite of a person. It's a dick move." "Your judgment doesn't matter." "I don't care if it doesn't matter." "Neither do I."

At what point do judgments become unnecessary? I feel that judgment would cause one to feel compassion, a desire to comfort- but Luken says that since every judgment detracts from the now, that it is entirely unnecessary and that we should accept WHILE working to change things. I do not see why we would ever want to change things if we did not judge them to be worthy of changing. He says that is because I do not understand acceptance yet.

I do, however, remember the moment of individuation. When I "separated" from the awesome wonder that is Myself. And I remember that my first impulse with this new consciousness was that I wanted to play a game. And so I made the first move in the game. Next was an immediate sensation of anxiety- I had separated myself from myself and had fooled myself into thinking the rest of me was "separate" and that it wanted me to return home immediately. I had a long way to go, but I started back right then, watching what seemed an endless river of lights.

It might be just fine to be home. But I still want to play a game. And I think we could play a great game. Without dick moves. Why the hell did we ever invent dick moves? I have still never heard a good excuse.

Wow reality is SUPER grating right now. Like someone petting you the wrong way. With a razorblade. Coated in bits of glass superglued onto it. Chriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiist on a cracker. I want to smash it up with a sledgehammer. But I can't :(I'm just to accept that it exists, whether I want to smash it up or no. Well duh. But I still want to smash it up.

Friday, February 12th 2010 - Saturday, February 13th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-13 10:30)

My horoscope has been rather interesting in the past year or so. Yesterday it said that, while I may feel comfortable (i.e., accept) that I am in the self-created dilemma of having an "impossible" dream (my horoscope uses that word a lot lately, hasn't it? I maintain nothing is impossible) that others will not be amenable. Open. Receptive. Yeah they pretty much aren't, which makes me want to be more reclusive, obviously. Like I was as a child. I was very good at that then. Of course, that doesn't sound like what I'm supposed to be doing- just that I am walking carefully around so many things.

If each satellite follows its path specifically in the great mandala... I am still rather clueless. I know what feels right and what doesn't feel right. And I have ideas- I have always had ideas. But I never know. And when I feel that the path is incorrect I become so upset. And cynical. Even while I know that everything is possible, I look at my existence and judge it as ugly. And maybe the universe doesn't care and will just continue to act as tyrannous and ugly as ever, always. You are a good companion when I feel as such, Ganymede. You are both as dangerous and violent as the universe and myself and Dionysos have been, but with you, it is easy to see the light underneath for which we long. You are a quiet thing who does not necessarily act at all

as others want him to act- I would almost label you reserved and a reflection of my resentment as well... but you are not a human like me, so you are not quite like that. Do we not act in some situations because we are too shy? Not so much as that we do not care for the disagreeable whims of others; we are rather more self-serving in that regard. So why do something we do not want to do? So maybe that is what I mean by resentment. Of course, you are capable of anything, including all the wondrous activities I know we would enjoy.

Sometimes I imagine we are sitting alone on a plane together as one just passively watching everything go by. The inconsequential infinity we always dislike, for the most part.

I was going to go watch some friends channel Dionysos tonight, but WOAHH @ the ticket price. XD I'm not paying that much unless they're going to fuck me pleasantly somehow during the performance, I think.

"There is no true discrimination between good and evil." - Crowley. How difficult it is to accept such a stipulation when one is in the process of judging!

And how much more easily one sees with mainomenos Dionysos. :/ It's later now, and yes, we have been in his company. He is at once sweet and suspicious. He reminds me how to have a good time.

Valentine's Day 2010 (2010-02-14 20:14)

Luken reminded me yesterday that acceptance does not mean approval. Yet I also hear that I am not to judge. But I do.

You know, I'm okay with what I am, I suppose, in the mandala. I'm okay with you and me, well, as I described us yesterday. But obviously there are still things I judge and will continue to judge. It is not really that I want so much, I think! Just for all of us to have fun playing games. But I suppose the influence of Dionysos only spreads so far as yet. And there are lots of players that just keep fucking others over. These things I have judged, with these things I have found flaw.

Well. I suppose we will just keep watching it. :/

Alright then, Ganymede, it's time for a lovely day out with Luken. I worry that I may have offended him in the past, you know, what with me saying that I don't much like reality. And he is a part of it. I told him last night that I want him to know it is not him with whom I find fault in this world. I think I have tried to tell him that before, but they were perhaps not very opportune moments. I have gone to some lengths to keep him with me, after all. And even though we may have argued during several miscommunications, I do believe we'll love each other always. There is something we have beyond misinterpretation in form. And there's something we share in form too 8D

Wednesday, February 17th, 2010 (2010-02-18 02:31)

Jesus Christ, you know, you talk way too much sometimes, Ganymede! :P Whatever that part of us is that is... akin to you speaking.

First I suppose I should thank you for the Valentine's Day gifts. Even though the romantic notion of martyrdom for marriage rights is probably only mythical, it was a grand notion, to think that someone would miraculously endure much and create holy healing effects. The violence, however, seems less appealing- it only serves to show us an obstacle....

I've just finished doing one of my very favorite mandalas yesterday. What a lovely time, though fully conscious I would have to leave it for other much less pleasant activities.

I have been looking at a lot of surrealist art. What a load of femme enfants and objects and more empowered women too. The art of attempting to visualize our neuroses, what is only in the spirit. They are making that reflect back at them... we are all each working to make our own most pleasant reflection. And we each have free will to do so. The artists do it, and we see it clearly in them, but we all do the same on every level. Sooo... wtf? _ _ If we can do something we will, it seems, as that is our nature, and there is so much pwnage to be had.

I still do not see why suffering is necessary. Only that it would seem to be caused by the energy our wills create. Surely destruction and transformation and most beautiful mandalas for us all to trace could be done with less pain. But as it stands- it is not as such, but instead, as it stands.

Oh, but I do notice one thing, and that is that even while the constant apocalypse occurs, the eternal lifting of the veil now, the beautiful young people always still find a way to have a good celebration. At any time. Even while we watch "evil" all around us. We still try to make the best, to make the most beautiful reflections we can. It is just that it is also painful at the same time.

What kind of art do I like best, I thought, after looking at all that surrealist art. And I think the kind of art I like best is beautiful young men. Now what does that say about me :P

I was reading Crowley again and he was going off for like ten minutes in some tangent about the nature of the universe before asking forgiveness, because words are meaningless... haha. He'll say he knew something before it was told- and who hasn't :) Since we've all already done everything, I suppose.

Well, whatever we are, here we are. Watching watching watching. You and I are watching. And I am judging. And I am acting. Or so I label things. Either way I prefer the more beautiful mandalas as I judge them. So I am going to go enjoy some more, Ganymede. What else?

Thursday, February 18th 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-19 01:04)

No matter how much I understand the how what why whatever of things, I remain upset. Hum hum hum.

Why? I suppose much of it is disapproval of current affairs. By focusing on what I dislike, does that bring more? I saw that idea possibly evidenced in my dreams- I had gone to bed with the thought, "I wonder how much I can control things as I slip into sleep. Because I think I have preferences. I would rather not dream about certain things." And I dreamed about at least a few of those things. Luken said that I have cast negatively far too often and occasionally tries to point it out to me.

Well, that seems slightly unfair. But if it's the rules then I suppose that is how we must work. Well. We have always been working on improving our relationship, I suppose we could say. Yet that in itself

contains- the idea of improvement... so what did we judge as worthy of improvement? It seems we have to at least take into account the negative... whatever... as we transform it. So where does one draw the line between focusing too much upon the negative and transforming it? I have been focused upon the negative because I want to transform all negatives into more pleasing obstacles, I would suppose- wouldn't you say?

It seems, then, I attract the ugliness with the intent of beauty. Have I then created every invading, oppressing enemy? Those I meet by wishing not to meet them....

At any rate, at least I have the kind of energy that rushes in unafraid. If I had bothered to determine whether or not I ought to be afraid of something before doing it- well, what an uneventful life that would have been. I fear nothing in magic because I feel there is nothing to fear that does not exist already....

Well, time to go dance again Ganymede :)

Saturday, February 20, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-21 03:59)

Good evening, Ganymede.

Today Luken told me of his practice of tricking others into doing yoga when he was teaching in a Dionysian fashion. How interesting that he should do so- that it should be taught in such a way. First, many learn it without really knowing they are learning it....

I never did yoga very regularly until I joined with Luken. I had done some before, of course- all those who learn the ways of Dionysos theatrically learn yoga. I first became acquainted with yoga through the Alexander technique. This is not called yoga and yet it is yoga. Same asanas and everything. There are those devotees of Dionysos who will claim that they are atheists and that they don't practice yoga... even while they ply his art and advise on correct posture. Silly bunnies :P

Today was another day for examining the nature of pain... and my tendency to want to open my flower as soon as possible without all that pain. There come certain moments when one must give in to the pain of yoga as much as any other aspect in life. Sigh.

I made a new friend, I think. She, too, is as interested in Roman history and culture as I am. We discussed Octavian's handling of Caesarion. We thought... wouldn't it have been a much better way to write the history of Rome if Octavian had decided to love Caesarion instead of executing him as an imagined threat? Sigh. Poor boy. Poor Octavian too, I guess, for choosing to found the empire on blood instead of love.

Monday, February 22nd, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-23 02:02)

It was perhaps rather an exaggeration the other day to say that I was not afraid- yes, all which one may fear already exists right now, and of course I have felt the same primal fear that everyone else does. It is just that I do not let it stop me from barging forward, I suppose. It is kind of impossible not to do so anyway. And so long as we are speaking of fear I will mention something else I had been pondering. It was how magic can be like going around naked everywhere as you do things, while the whole universe sees you naked (and possibly wants to bend you over and seize you during a vulnerable moment). I was pondering this after listening to

a discussion about hermaphroditic models... or maybe more than models, depending on the person. They spoke of the models with complete abandon and seemed to know quite a lot about them. How strange- put on a fun skimpy outfit and take a pretty picture and you have men wanting to know about you from miles away- those who use your pictures to fap and probably would prefer bending you over, yes. It just makes the world that much smaller between fappers and nudes.

I also was reading someone's frustrated writing about how they think modern magicians speak unintelligibly, and thusly, the magicians are just making up make believe gobbeldy gook in line with only the fantasy they have decided, and don't know what they're saying. Poor bunny. It is not that the magicians are speaking unintelligibly, it is just that whoever wrote this does not have the proper gnosis to understand their symbols. There is simply a miscommunication between the metaphors of the magicians' words and the complaining one's awareness. Some language and metaphor is perfectly interpretable by one and mumbo jumbo to another. This person is not apparently friendly with metaphors, though. This person even goes so far as to say that the idea that a word might mean something other than the obvious seems to be paranoia. (Not only does this person not like metaphors, but he or she also does not know how to spell or use apostrophes correctly, so I am not sure how much we should listen to their opinion of metaphor in language.)

I too once thought that so-called magicians were a bunch of silly people wrapped up in poor study and make-believe. And maybe some of them are in their own ways in their story. Yet after years of my own study, I did suddenly one day receive the dawns of my own gnosis. From there, the world opened up and I could see everything in a new light. INCLUDING words and their metaphors. Words are useful tools in this regard! And so I find myself saying all sorts of ridiculous things. Witness a symbol in action:



This is Not a Pipe, by René Magritte

And so I am not quite sure what to think now about those who consider magicians to be delusional paranoid liars. Clearly it is just a miscommunication, and to truly care what such persons thought of magicians would be only ego getting in the way! Still, as love is always a motivating factor, I would rather that such people would try to get along with magicians and understand them rather than deriding their chosen prose. What to do, what to do. Nothing except live, I suppose.

And let us have a lovely evening, Ganymede.

Wednesday February 24th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-02-25 00:51)

I should augment myself yet again. Magic may be like walking around naked before the universe- however, the topic came up with Luken, and he reminded me that, while a very accurate description, it is only true for those who follow my path. Really, I suppose almost anything I say could be taken that way. But that is a very good example.

It's kind of funny that this should be my path, and yet, what I am watching is an inseparable part of me and supposedly has a very different kind of experience.

Well, earlier point taken, as well as your little communication about the ins and outs of parabolic activity... you tell me to observe my emotions, but I am not sure wtf I get out of it in these moments.

Just that I'm naked and we grow closer in new ways. =/ I don't know what to say.

Sometimes I wish to say negative things and so I do. Perhaps I shouldn't. But I also don't like feeling like Andromache, being told to accept her new conquered reality and forbidden to cry as the soldiers of Greece display her baby son they murdered and she knows they'll cart her off to a life of slavery and rape.

Sigh.

1.3 March

Monday, March 1st, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-03-02 07:07)

I had quite an interesting meditation... even though I was somewhat worried about the dwindling of resources and the world in general, I feel almost as though I have indeed reached the end of the utter doom that had been crushing me... much of it is ultimately still there, of course. It is as though there is no escape. But I think that perhaps I have reached a place that my tarot reading had mentioned- even if it isn't a love for my career as it had also specifically said, it had also said that I was finally emerging from wreckage, and it is at least an easing. Which is better than before and that is something to be grateful for and to prefer. The meditation was somewhat difficult as this and other concerns occasionally bopped through my head during the meditation... but the rest of it was mostly nice.

I am not sure how to describe it. It has happened... happened? To varying degrees before. The ways I would describe it would seem to be very silly ways of describing it. Even while everything is a mandala, it's not exactly... I dunno. These kinds were never what I was after. But that's what I get.

I did, though, actually remember my first meditation... at least, I think it was my first. I was so very young, probably not more than three. And it was when I was first introduced to Dionysos and transformation too, I believe. At least, in this incarnation, if you would call it that. I'm not sure how I feel about this memory. It is at once evocative of things I would love, and at the same time, it reminds me of how my whole life has been less than something I would love.

And I am not sure how to feel about our relationship since then. I feel like there are parts I have enjoyed very much. And I feel like we have been close throughout those years. But I also feel this sense of darkness- and yes, within that meditation I felt the... I don't know what to call it today- chaos will do I

guess, considering- pushing me again... even if it's interesting, how can one feel entirely positive about that? It's so violent and dour. At least it wasn't painful/scary as fuck this time. Only slightly scary because it reminded me of when it was ;)

So, no matter what, I always have lingering memories of that.

Yet I seem to be almost unbelievably moving forward... had I forgotten what that was like? I had to know it must come someday. I just wasn't sure how I would feel okay with things. I'm still not, entirely. There were even some moments, though, when I would wonder if I would miss being destroyed and torn apart and crushed by Dionysos- I would wonder if I was not grateful enough and I would wonder if I should be taking more advantage. But I could not have done so; it was not meant to be. And it would be silly to miss anything painful from the past. Yet, now that he seems to be easing up in many ways, I just... I don't know.

I have been so mixed up lately I can't even finish my sentences XD

Nothing has really, truly changed... mostly, it is only what I see as changed. And us. I have no idea why we chose this for ourselves, and I probably don't want to contemplate that for too long, and I still want to escape and go off and be alone....

Which makes me wonder if I'm not being grateful enough now ;) Oh fucking well. Whatever we are, I hope we keep turning out better. I'm not holding my breath, though :/ Still, we can do some things. We are not entirely powerless. Just... mostly :) As we watch the entire world go by our perception helplessly.

Since I indeed seem to be moving on in certain ways, it may at least finally be time to resume the kind of magical work which I had not felt capable of doing these past several months. I don't know. It seems to be starting up again in part. (A good part!) But at least keeping a record of these past couple of months has been something, and I will probably continue to write anything down which is truly important to my journey- I just don't know how often that will happen. I suppose I do not need to know. Dionysos will.

Also, all of this has been yet another adventure in ramming forward, damn the consequences- that's how I always seem to be. That's how I came into this world. It wasn't that I was just charging ahead completely blindly- I had at least the VERY faintest sense of what I was doing. I knew that I had to do it. And so I dove in. Just like a diver plunging herself down a veery long depth of blackness and fog and... whatever had beckoned me to do so. Luken reminds me that, no matter what, I made the CHOICE. I say- I only did it because I had to. And he says- you still made the choice.

I don't remember why I made that choice, though it seemed to make sense at the time. And I guess that's similar to why I've been choosing to write all this. I know Dionysos likes it when I do, even if words mean nothing... though I fear that today's post in particular is rather blah. It seems a little less professional than I usually manage- but considering how often I let my emotions seep in, I suppose I'm the only one who cares to notice the levels of difference, and the universe won't care (so far as I can tell!). So I thought I had better write it anyway.

The moon seemed to have three halos last night. The outer ring seemed so large.

Sometimes I feel like I don't want to be one with everything, because what's the point? Not that I have a choice. My relationship with Dionysos/God is so friggen bipolar.

I have been reading someone's article in Time magazine, and the poor dear cannot seem to separate

consciousness from thought. As though my brain is me, haha. Insofar as everything is one, I suppose. It reminds me of reading old scientific articles when people thought absolutely the most silly things ever. People will think, someday, that this was silly too. But oh well. Who cares.

I just want to sit in a nice little shrine and enjoy meditation, with the occasional bout of human interaction and puzzles and games... you know, actually, recently... Dionysos seems to have blessed me with lots of women wanting to get into my bed. I have been used to such behavior from men all the time, even just walking down the street and listening to them gawk and watching them fall off their bicycles, but it has been some time since a woman took interest, and now I have so many, and there is so much fun activity to be had! This is when I love Dionysos.

And I heard about that poor figure skater that the media is laughing at for wearing heels and makeup and just having fun. Oh, the pains of being a liminal figure- it doesn't ultimately matter because the pain we feel is ego until society imposes upon us. But it is still pain, even if only illusory. Why it should always be this way is beyond me- does society really need this kind of structure? I know that liminal figures serve their uses, but couldn't everything be just a bit more comfortable? Jesus Christ.

I am going to play a little game and then I suppose I am going to go through my wardrobe looking for something suitable to wear to... well, the place where I was rather surprised at being told I did not look ENOUGH like a fashion model. Everyone there does, and I can too, so that's part of the reason I was invited... but it's not like that's what I wear all the goddamn time. I had thought I looked nice- I'd even thought maybe I was wearing TOO much makeup. But I was told I wasn't wearing enough for the second time in my life! The things that woman said to me- they seem such STRANGE things to say to another human being. So I don't wear lipstick and I don't wear earrings and bracelets WITH the scarf and ring combo I was already wearing... is that so bad? I guess so. I hate being judged on my looks in order to get by in society. I love being pretty and being told that I am. But should it really be like this? I guess I could ask that about so many things in the world. So, I would like to ask Dionysos to at least help me through it so long as it lasts. Till May, perhaps.

Have a good night, Ganymede. I'll try to do the same.

And Happy Birthday March....

Tuesday, March 2nd, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-03-03 04:15)

Someone masquerading as a specific religious figure (I do not use the term masquerading negatively; after all I worship Dionysos) has said of his own accord, not that of the person he is imitating, that Jesus of Nazareth created a slave religion based upon original sin and vicarious atonement. These were not Jesus's practices, no matter what some Christians (or non Christians) believe. But some people who commented in turn towards this masquerader wondered- who did then turn it into a slave religion? If you would call it that. I maintain they all lead to truth, but that does not mean its practitioners do not act in such a way that would make the religion seem as such. One hundred sixty-two people approved of what he said, though. =/ One of them claimed Jesus did not even exist, as though such a stipulation were relevant, and scholarly opinion be damned, apparently. Some insulted Christianity. "Fuck Christianity" is one direct quote, and there were so many more negative comments. Others seemed to know what was really up- they know what Christ means. In fact another pondered the true nature of Jesus's magic rather than resort to insults. But yet another vehemently expressed his distaste for the Bible... I guess everyone has an opinion, but do you have to make it seem worthless when so many others love it? Something tells me that's your ego talking. I

am glad that several came to Jesus's defense in that they knew he was about love, and not sin- but oh so many people were ready to treat him viciously. _ _ _ I guess that's something he must have been used to since he was alive.

Love is the law, people. Do you really think that insulting Christ will bring about anything good? Perhaps they thought they were making people think. Maybe Augustus thought he was making people think when he killed so many people to erect his torturous empire. Okay, that's probably fallacious. And the variables are all different. But somehow this whole thing made me go... ugh.

Will we really all love one another someday?

=(

Well... I can fantasize about it anyway. That we have all taken our places in the heavens to shine our best with one another in harmony, each life feeding the next what it needs and wants.

But until that happens... I'm stuck watching this. With you, Ganymede.

Wednesday, March 03, 2010 (2010-03-04 07:38)

I learned a new asana today called walking in high heels for hours.

It's that or wear an accessory of every kind.

I once interviewed with the president of a company for a position in his office. Turns out he only wanted one beautiful young girl of every ethnicity in his office....

Haha, Ganymede, what are we doing with ourselves.

Saturday, March 06th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-03-07 03:06)

I found it hard to be aware as the day began... I did not want to do it, you see. Everything felt hostile even if it wasn't.

Also spent a lot of time housewifing up the place. I would be cool with just being a housewife if that's ALL I had to do, like, you know, normal women. But no. I must also walk around in heels and earn rent, as a man cannot apparently be the sole provider anymore.

But I still housewife up the place, for the most part. And no matter how much I purify in the name of Dionysos or Shiva, it's fucking annoying when you know that you're pretty much the only one doing it and you STILL have to go to work too.

Didn't God say that man would be cursed with work and woman with childbearing pains thanks to their knowledge? Lucky me to get both. Ganymede, help me to accept... because I guess that's the right thing to do.

Wednesday, March 10th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-03-10 09:35)

Even though I have been "emerging" from a low point, it is easy to slip back when one is unaware. I was complaining aloud the other day, and, yes, my negative magic had immediate effects- chaotic effects ;) I must keep reminding myself to cast positively. It is the same reason I am trying to stop watching/reading so much negative news. Like that the religion of which I am a member is acting in direct contrast to Christ's teachings- not just occasionally, but now blatantly and destructively in that they are threatening to stop their charitable feeding of the homeless in Washington. Man... Jesus tries to improve his religion and... sometimes it seems like it's not working.

So I must merely exercise my only power, which is love. I am not exactly a "frequency holder" as Tolle terms it... I am actually just slightly more active than that because I must be so. It is just that, though I have quite a relationship with you, Ganymede, it is not always easy to remember an impetus to love at ALL times, especially when practicing painful asanas or repetitive activities I disenjoy and judge as pointless. I know they are not any more pointless than anything else... but I almost want to cry at the futility.

Speaking of crying, Luken believes that, indeed, Andromache should not have cried- sometimes he calls me a baby when I cry- though he does not excuse the Greeks their violent activities. =/

Mars turns direct today. I am painfully bad at astrology and any other number of "occult" activities. But I don't mind. I am just another one of Shiva's liminal layabouts, ascribing to no one but myself and taking only what I want as I watch myself. Yet I do hope that this heavenly patron will bless me with a springtime abundance for which I have always longed. Or if not that for which I have always longed, that which is best. =/

Friday, March 12th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-03-13 02:00)

There have been a few things you have been trying to tell me, Ganymede, but I do not know why. I will mention this one for now.

A week or two ago, for some reason, I had been thinking of Baby Jessica. I don't know why. The memory merely dredged itself up from the depths of my brain. A few days later, it did it again- and again. So I looked her up. Seems she's doing well. Her rescuers have suffered more than she- one paramedic committed suicide after a struggle with PTSD. It is... somehow indeed primarly frightening, what happened, but to think it had such an effect. And to think that so many people were willing to get behind her when CNN used her in constant coverage to get their first big ratings break or whatever... when humanity is not as willing to save itself as a whole. Ah, the power of identity. And, just now, Luken was watching SNL- we hardly ever watch TV but he does love comedy. There was a skit in which that Kenan fellow was singing lots of jazz songs- and during part of his "improvisation" he started singing about Baby Jessica for just a few lines, and an actress was wheeled across the stage smiling and waving from inside a prop well. CURIOUS, Ganymede. Why would you want me to notice it?

Also, I wonder what is the best way in which to thank Mars- or all the others who have helped me recently. Surely creative works would be the best way, but you know that I have felt less than motivated

towards such. And I know that I wouldn't be doing good work unless I were enthused by definition, haha. Oh well- that will come when and if it does, but in the meantime, I should indeed like to show my gratitude.

And I resist the urge to complain about the dirtiness left over... and to ask for that which I do not have... even if I want it. The dirtiness... is depressing, and without that which I want I still feel ennui, but I know that I am still a functional person and that I am just existing. That is what there is to be done.

Tuesday, March 30th, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-03-31 07:17)

"For as long as history has been recorded man has had an insatiable hunger for knowledge regarding the universe. To understand why man is so interested in this unknown expanse of space around our little world, we must take a journey. Please sit back, relax, and free yourself from the bonds of our planet as we take off for the -stars s-stars planet as we stars staiyablejibbledwazo-" Carl Sagan... well, Fallout 3 added the technology error.

My apologies for not writing for so long, Ganymede. You know as well as I how things have been. I know that there should be no reason for me to be bored. Also that there should be no reason for me to allow myself to worry about things which do not concern me. But mostly I need to agree to however you might dole out life in my direction. At any rate I am ready to begin this form of correspondence again. You know why.

Now then, to get to what you want me to write about, because I know it falls within the bounds of my designations for this blog. I had a rather intense experience some weeks ago. Felt like fucking Elvis or something because all I was doing was sitting on the shitter. And then all of a sudden the universe decides to become one again and I'm seeing all sorts of it in ways I don't always see it. ...Haha, as if my words will ever convey the vibration. And there I was in my heels and fancy outfit with my underpants around my ankles feeling like I just got fucked by existence- and I was trying not to be afraid, but to love it in surrender instead... just at a random friend's house. So Luken was curious why I was taking so long in the bathroom and came in to find me and I think I scared him when I told him that I had just had an intense experience and had seen again the eternal and undying void. And it had scared me, yes, and Dionysos gave me perhaps too much of a taste of divination in some regards... perhaps I don't want to divine certain things. And I was glad when that fear began to give way... and everything lessened.

Perhaps I can surrender to and accept everything even if I have often judged it as negative- whether they be thieves and murderers and oppressors or not. What would it take to form the world I had expected instead of the world that I always know must be when I see the void? Some have said that all the players would need to wake up. I don't know. But this is what is and therefore what must be. I have been trying to live with it. And with the help of the most surprising god... or perhaps not so surprising, since this month of March has begun. So Luken and I had our own little festival and sacrifice for the new moon, Mars, and a couple of other important matters.

My satellite uses different words and sees different sights... in every moment... different from all others. So I watch with you, Ganymede. Ignorant and knowing at the same time as I watch.

It is also as if I have come around to the same place yet again. Yet again. I do not think that it is always that we must make the same circle even if every moment is a reflection and repetition of the previous moment, as each moment is new- and I feel that it could come to pass that I could do whatever I wanted

and that nothing is impossible. Yet here I am. And once again- when I see the void I know this is the way things must be. I come to know myself in more and more ways... I'm not sure if I always liked this process, but I know that the "being close with one's HGA" part is at least a fun way to spend time.

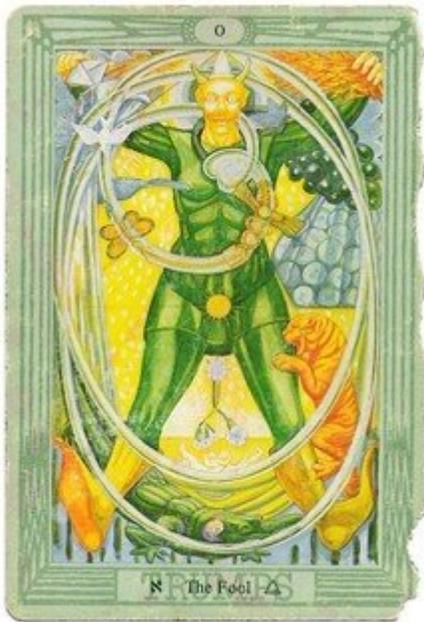
When I had my "first" very intense experience with the void, I almost really did not know what had happened or that it happened to everyone. I immediately felt like sharing it with any and all who happened to be around in case they might know anything about it- classic way to be overexuberant. In fact, classic way for me to go down a path many people have already said is unnecessary and painful... but we can't resist anyway. I found that it was something many had already done... in fact, it is the same thing to which every religion points in one way or another... it is the same thing everyone always says. In different words. It is the same thing that artists express so intuitively, whether they mean to or not.

So I watch myself still... what else is there? Even if I do not have the kind of utopia I had thought about, I am attempting to bring acceptance and love in anyway. Even if I am the only person it helps and nothing ultimately changes, I rather like having an enjoyable relationship with Ganymede than not. Maybe I shouldn't exactly say that it's a switch one turns on and off- love and happiness instead of fear and despair... but considering there seems no way out of this ride, there's no harm in trying. I will try to pay less attention to negative concerns and instead go ahead and have fun whether it makes me feel silly or not, especially in the face of myself. Might as well.

1.4 April

Thursday, April 1st, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-04-02 06:43)

Happy April Ganymede



The Fool

Good Friday, 2010, Diary Entry (2010-04-03 06:34)

Enjoy your Good Friday, Ganymede.



The Crucifixion by artisan666

To love God so much that one accepts His torturous execution over delusional rulership of all the kingdoms offered by Satan. Sentence fragment :P I'll leave it at that

Saturday, April 3rd, 2010 Diary Entry (2010-04-04 07:20)

I return from Easter Vigil, Ganymede.

I went alone, because unfortunately Luken doesn't like church. I can see why it is unappealing- as a child I found it boring, and as an adult I still find myself judging its dragging qualities and... well, some of the music is kitschy and REALLY not my style. At least someone was trying to play drums. But there are benefits I would rather not miss.

So, we began the mass with staring up into the vast expanse of empty space above us- dusk was visible through the ceiling and stained glass as the priest lit the one fire from which several more lights would come- each light a part of the One flame and yet reflected separately. Each of us lit a candle from this flame and held it for a time through the service, symbolizing, in the big dark empty space of the house of God, that we would each hold our own light in the darkness and reflect His light and love throughout the universe. Though we may feel separate or schismatic, we are all One, and One with God, and so also in our Catholic/Universal church. And when we reflect our light in love we help others to shine. Through our reflection others become stronger.



One and Many light reflections in the universe.

The first reading was from the book of Genesis- Creation. And so we recounted the creation of light, reflection, the heavens and Earth, the birds and the animals and Man.



Collision, by paradox828

Another reading told of how God saved His people from slavery, through the use of such tools as a pillar of fire and parting the Red Sea, when he was ready to be rid of golden calves in favor of a sacrificial lamb. Some people associate this time with an "Age of Aries". I suppose we have a reputation for antagonistic violence, too.



Samaritans and a sacrifice

We chanted into the space. And also sang kitschy songs... I must not judge this as being less than satisfactory, eh? They tried their best. We did all the usual ceremony- standing sitting kneeling singing and making a human connection- shaking hands and wishing peace upon them.

But most of all as Catholics this weekend we remember the incarnation of the lamb, Jesus, who submitted himself to a very vulnerable moment because of love.



Who-ow-ah-ow do I think I am.. by myp55

We must all be like him, and be vulnerable in our love. For it is through serving others that we realize the Risen Christ within all of our hearts. Through Christ, who is the light, omnipresent in us all, we must accept and reflect. And hey, even if we don't want to- every soul will surrender to this vulnerable moment.



Stigmata by VisibleCruella

Some people were then baptized- a couple of them Anglicans, whom our community was ready to welcome back of course- the Anglican leader is very upset with our leaders right now- and likely with good cause, as Father said this evening- but we do not dwell on such negativity during mass. No- we focused only on spreading love, and even though we recognize all faiths as capable of showing one the Truth, these people came to our community because our way is the way for them. I realize other communities may not be so lucky, for instance whichever communities have had the sleeper priests attacking children, but many shine with the true light, encouraging everyone to share and serve and love. And so it must be with any religion.

Several were also confirmed into the faith, and baptized by the Holy Spirit. We recognize the Spirit within each one of us. And we sang a song about intimacy with God- and how He knows us so well. Father joked about intimacy between males being so unapproved of by the modern psyche. We also heard testimonies from those who had just become One with us, as Father termed it. They were glad to have found a Universal family.

I might be getting a few things out of order. Damn, Easter Vigil is long.

I like this song; it's stayed the same over the years so I was able to sing without being lost in the service:

Christ has died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again. Christ has died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again. Amen, amen, amen. Amen, amen, amen.



Resurrection of Jesus by Matthias Grünewald

And the Christ IS risen. Everywhere and in all. So- let us go and love God and our neighbor, live the teachings of Christ, know Him risen in our hearts, and celebrate.

tobeme (2010-04-06 21:17:46)

Excellent post both in prose and visually. Thanks for sharing your thoughts and your faith.

KoraKaos (2010-04-07 23:22:20)

Thank you! I worried it was a little heavy-handed, but who am I to worry. Btw, I always enjoy reading your entries too :)

therockingchef (2010-04-12 17:04:03)

I love to see how different denominations celebrate easter I know for us at <http://austinstone.org> it was a huge celebration and peaked at the singing of these words, "Christ has died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again. Christ has died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again." I have been in church all my life but this year my wife and I really separated ourselves from the secular parts of easter, so by the time we made it to the nightly services it was a true "party."

KoraKaos (2010-04-13 00:00:51)

That's great! I think one of the best ways to celebrate God is through soul-touching music. After all, since we are all One vibration, and He is the beat, it makes perfect sense to spend one's life celebrating Him in that fashion. I love true celebrations. I love monastic chanting. I don't love the banal bubblegum soft rock I sometimes hear in church... I'm more a fan of metal. But that's not nearly as common in services, hahaha! And I hear great things about Austin... two of my good friends whom I consider family are from Houston.

Easter Vigil 2011 « Kora Kaos Online (2011-05-08 06:34:55)

[...] Vigil 2011 I attended the Easter Vigil service, as I did last year, and many details were the same. We all lit our candles and stood with them in the darkness of [...]

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