

Wholly Phool

Pan
Father
Pete s'
Tales
for his
Grandchildren

A Vast Psychological Pretension

A dad joke is a painfully awful type of joke
which actually may be used as a
Pun-ish sort of weapon
which may be used so to
punish language.

They are mostly rated PG and are most often directed toward the beautiful
innocence of children.

They the are often the lame stating of banal obviousness's

The may even stoop down into toilet humor
identifying farts as laugh bombs
that can either make you laugh when it happens
or later when it is shared as an anecdote.

Laughing is not necessarily
the prize sought by the execution of dad jokes
an awkward cough, a chuckle, or an eye roll
or just making you go "mmmmm"
is a greater prize.

Remember any body can issue a dad joke
Mums are also very good at it .

Dad jokes
can be identified as some deeply unique
human bonding chemistry
between
the madness of our adult world
with
the innocent world of our children.

But when all said and done -

Dad Jokes are no laughing matter

Intro

I give thanks for the rotation of our planet upon its axis
It really makes my day.

My new emerging Hunch Hunch was sewing through my mind-scape like a growing vine, threading together
a Factual Fiction from a fictional fact so to achieve a vast psychological pretension. The tension needing to be applied was one which facilitates an exotic, erotic, seductive vibe of romantic love affair with
That which I do not yet know
and
that which I do not yet no

To state the obvious the Universe is infinite and is made up of everything that we can know, it is made up of everything that we do not yet know and it is also made up of everything that we possibly can not know. But the beauty is that although nobody knows what we do not yet know, and any body might stumble upon knowing that which we thought we can not know. That any body is also a some body and that some body might be me or you.

We all as fellow human beings, upon our delicious erotic exotic mother earth, are equipped to enjoy her cosmic beauty, are available to be nurtured by her abundance and to be healed by her infinite unconditional love. But we are not just enjoying a life adventure upon our planet we are also in a world. The world that we are in is created by every being who is alive and is also flavored by everyone who was alive.

We all as a species have created our world that we live in, upon our planet, and have created a collective adventure that does not always seem to make sense. As a matter of fact it could be seen that the whole world of our making is quite mad and presents for we all, all sorts of possible harsh challenges, all sorts of potential delights, all sorts of non sense and lots of things that make you go "mmmmmm".

Wise ancients summed it up in one word
"Weird"

And underlying All
A puzzle seeking to be solved for great reward.

Chapter One

Let Us Pray :- O Heavenly Father, is Reality your Dad Joke

There was this part of the map on google earth that was sort of blocked out, it looked like it had been digitally altered to hide something. I had noticed it a few years ago, as I like to look at my own area of life on the google map, and find it interesting when they change the picture. There is an ongoing progression of snapshots which tie together to lend insight into what is on the ground upon our world. For example, for some years google showed there was a bus in the front yard of a particular neighboring property, which had actually only been parked there for a few days. Myself, I live in a region near to a National Park and so there is thousands of acres of wilderness just out my back door.

For fun I would fly over my landscape with the aid of google earth and enjoy an explore of the lay of the land, the shapes of the creeks, the rocky outcrops peeking out from the forest, the fabric of the tree scape. But for some reason there was this one spot that caught my attention, and as much as all the other landscape would change over the years with updated images there was this one particular oddity that seemed to have been a cloned image from another part of the forest, permanently holding that particular position.

For my busy mind it seemed to be possibly hiding something, but practical logic would suggest that it was not an important part of the dense forest landscape in the cleft of two ridges, and the image was sufficient to present what was there.

But some beings have a funny something in them, a sort of a nagging "what if", for myself I have been dealing with my own nagging "what ifs" for as long as I can remember.

Nagging "what ifs" are OK by themselves but when certain ponderables accumulate then they become hunches. Hunches are a little more demanding than what ifs. A Hunch is a strange and beautiful thing it activates a feel of allurements, a possible something just out of reach, a something that might not even have words to describe it yet, an idea nobody has yet thought, or maybe some notion that has been long forgotten and aches to be remembered.

A Hunch infects imagined possibilities that color the mind and generate scenarios that usually fade out into fantasies. Like when you buy a lotto ticket and for your few dollars you get to entertain your "what if" muscle, and if you have an active imagination certain things may happen in your day to catapult the what if into a hunch and then you can begin to imagine yourself driving a new car, or buying a new home, or traveling the world.

This little part of the forest was bugging me and while being at work, my doing-my-job-mind would begin day-dreaming into taking a little hike to where the google anomaly beckoned, "its probably not too far" my mind would say "it probably is not too steep", "bush walking is fun anyway", "it will be good exercise" and then the final hunch punch "Why Not".

So I did what any curious bloke would do and I set out with my backpack and photo copy of the google map knowing that at the very least I could discharge my "what if" and create the mind space for a new "what if" for some other day. Now it wasn't a simple and easy discharge of my "what if", as google showed that the enigmatic part of the map lay about phive or so kilometers away as the crow flies through the wilderness. So in hilly rain forest scrub the actual path will be much longer.

The fateful day was early spring in the tropics, enjoyably warm days with cool evenings. The trek I calculated to be possibly double the crows flight and in parts a climb, as the terrain of my google map indicated my destination existed atop a ridge, joining a bigger ridge which lead to a shared high point of a few ridges. The creeks of the terrain were still with water from the wet season, so carry water was needed only for the climb over one ridge

and then along more creek and more climb to the spot I had called X. X was mostly east facing but included a portion of the west face of the adjoining larger ridge.

I set out at daylight with the vague prospect of returning the same day. But good sense suggested I might like to prepare for a night sleep over in the forest and in my backpack I had my hammock and a small tarp and appropriate ropes and a sleeping bag. A nice compact bundle which I had used other times in other bush walking adventures.

A walk along the boulder-ed creeks of the forest is good for exercising all your monkey muscles. Rock hopping, and climbing, clambering, sliding, ducking under fallen trees, avoiding the claws of the 'wait-a-while' or the potent sting of the Moonlighter, being careful to not slip on the slippery bits. This type of bush walk is necessarily a journey of mindfulness. In a relaxed mindful stroll is the safest way to go a long way into the bush by yourself, no stress, no difficult time limits. Being prepared to sleep over allowed a day to get there and a day to get home.

The meditation of bush walking, when with out stress, allows ones mind-scape of "what ifs" to feel into the allure-ment of pondering multiple possibilities. Might I find some alien flying saucer base, or some secret military com-pound, maybe some old bloke who has been mining gold for fifty years, or is it just more scrub and rocks and tur-key mounds.

Hours go by and ones mind becomes absorbed by what is, the sounds of the day, the birds, the water, the breeze, the sound of my walking, the sound of my breath, the pounding of my heart. The walk is comfortable though not easy, the following of the creeks always present a reasonably uncluttered high way, a part from fallen trees here and there.

I grew up with gentle, loving, nice people who were always dealing with there own "what ifs". I noticed that "what ifs" come in two particular types and that obviously is positive and negative. The trouble with "what ifs" is that most times when one journeys into their particular "what ifs" to see if they are the particular "if" you thought they were going to be, some other "what if" comes along to change them, or complicate them.

But it is the unknown factor of the "what if" that breeds the hunch and it is the following of the hunch which ulti-mately cures the "what if".

There is no escaping the "what ifs" when you are alive, as "what ifs" are mystically connected to ones will. Will I or won't I ? . What ever you end up doing you have answered a what if. If you do nothing you are still in the conse-quences of "what if I do nothing?"

My mindfulness of rock hopping was needing a rest and at a particularly beautiful water hole I sat and enjoyed the sun, drank the crystal clear flowing water and ate some dried fruit and nuts. My favorite, most compact and durable, most satisfying and effortless nourishment for these sorts of situations.

My mind was buzzing with a glow of smile due to my actually embarking upon a deliciously loaded "what if" adven-ture. It is so easy to ignore silly little things in your life that at the end of the day probably don't really mean anything. So I am on a bush walk, enjoying the nature, feeling the nourishing exercise of body, enjoying the mind-fulness of the day, enjoying the daydreaming of following a hunch. Worst case scenario a healthful day or two of nature.

By afternoon I had crossed my first ridge and found my next creek system. Its flow was a little slower and there were gaps of dry stone between water holes. As the creek systems dry up in the dry season they change from creek to waterholes and eventually all dry at the surface. The higher you trek the dryer it becomes. My water bottles now full as I now tackle the ridge which I calculate will get me to X. My guess as to where I was had me feeling I was still a couple hours from where I needed to get to to dissolve my what if.

The juxtaposition of my google map of terrain of tree tops to the flow of the land at ground level has you always wondering if you are actually where you are supposed to be. Will I be clever enough to actually find what I am looking for ? The enigmatic spot on the map covered a few acres so I was bound to at least identify some part of the ridge intersection. All my previous bush walking was not going any where in particular, especially not looking for a particular spot in the scrub. I was not equipped with satellite navigation or any thing fancy like that, I had

my photo copied google map and my own fathoming.

I was surprised by the steepness of the terrain I was meeting by mid afternoon, and the density of the scrub had become more challenging. As you climb the gullies that are the creeks, they become less open as you climb higher, and in some parts of the rain-forest the canopy meets with the floor in a twisted mesh of "wait-a-while" claws. It is easier to skirt around the densest portions but then one begins to wonder where one is in regard the actual shape of the ridges. The good news is you can't really get lost, if you don't know where you are and you are concerned, you can just go back down and follow the water home.

Always looking out for rocky outcrops to stop and have a look around and fathom your next move. I was upon one of those outcrops on the edge of a steep when looking further up through the scrub I could see another big out-crop where it appeared a ridge climbed from higher again. Which on my map would seem to be probably where I was guessing was the ridge cleft I was calling X.

On I went and at the next rocky outcrop, for all intents and purposes I guessed I was actually there. As good as I could tell from what I had followed and what I could see I was in the general area of my X. The out crop had a reasonable clearness, though under tree cover and not necessarily an outcrop that would be visible upon my google map.

I was tired and glad I had planned to camp the night. There were plentiful trees to tie my hammock, and a general feeling of welcome in the harsh landscape. The beauty of this particular forest there are no real predators, there are snakes and pigs, both of whom I expected would be aware of my presence and would avoid me. There were no ticks or leeches as I had expected from the position in the season.

I put my hammock up high enough so I didn't need to worry about pig visitors, and my tarp above me in case of leaf or stick fall, and for snakes, well, keep hid in the sleeping bag. I settled in to rest, I had enough of looking through the day, and I was content to simply listen to the bush till sleep had found me.

Like other hunches I had followed in my life I knew of the feeling of anti-climax. That feeling that all of the mind work of thinking limitless possibilities was just an indulgence in dreaming. Reality had it that here I was far from home, in the bush, hanging in a tree wondering what to think about now I had just about dissolved my silly google map phantasmagoria. It was fun thinking it all, and it was motivation to do a strong bush walk and get some exercise. What if I had not followed my what if, would I be still pondering the same thoughts? Are "what ifs" something we create so to make reality a bit more interesting? What if you don't follow all your hunches ?, will the one that will actually present cosmic consequences be the one you ignore ? How much life force should one invest into wild fancies ?



Chapter Two

Falling to sleep as the sun goes down makes a long night, a long night of sleep in a new and somewhat challenging comfort creates dreams, and the longer you lay there the more lucid the dreams. Continually readjusting from side to side in the hammock has you come back to the surface of near wakefulness and back again into dreaming. The closer it comes to the dawn the more vivid the dreams as you have had enough sleep to your normal quota, but there is no practical reason to get up, so in the hypnogogic state you swim.

They say dreams are the fathoming s of your collective ponders and wonders of your life adventure, the stresses, the dramas, the excitements and anticipations all combine into a soup of symbolic oddities. In the history of mankind there has been many an allegation that certain scientific break through s, the solutions to certain perplexing problems arrive to the dreamer so to be utilized in reality. Certain mystical notions may emerge from the mysterious realms of the unconscious.

My mind was loaded with the allurements of bringing myself on this bush walk adventure. My mind was loaded in its tiredness with the feeling of hunch anti-climax, my mind was loaded with questioning the good sense of my allowing myself to be seduced by my own vivid imagination, my mind was loaded with the practicalities of just walking home and returning to the day to day of life. My mind was loaded with the deeper hunch that seems always to be underneath all the hunches that come and go. And that hunch is that there is something more to life that I can not see, something more that I sense is there but I know not what it is. I have always observed that hunch and figured that it was probably a hunch every human being wears as a part of our basic response to the mystery of life and creation. A hunch so general and obscure it probably may be as anti-climatic as many of the other hunches that lure one along.

The hypnogogic oddity smorgasbord had got to the point where I just got up in the very first light of the day and sat and watched the day arrive. I had a good sense of accomplishment for the simple fact of having just had the walk, I felt a certain satisfaction for having just dissolved my google phantasmagoria. But there was something else in me from that hypnogogic soup I had had for breakfast, a rousing titillation from that particular hunch I mentioned that underlies all the hunches of life. Was it in fact the parent hunch responsible for all the hunches I have come to know in my life, and all those hunches are but the little fragment of a monster hunch that underpins the whole universe.

Crikey what am I saying, I have come all this way into the bush, so I can just go home again not cured from my what if, but a chronic sense that although my google phantasmagoria had led to nothing I was going home more hunched up than I had ever been before. Taking a more activated hunch back home.

I was starting to spin out a bit, wild imaginings were still emerging from my dream states. We humans are funny things, we do strange things in strange ways, we entertain strange ideas for equally strange reasons. I packed up my camp, the day was begun the sun was up outside the canopy and shafts of gentle light were illuminating the forest enough to do some exploring.

I walked further up the ridge to where I knew for sure I would be beyond where my area X was on the map. Then as best as I could calculate I chose a path down through what I determined to be the middle ish of my X area. That last 'by the way' so to have my mission seem more like I had done all that I could to satisfy my curiosity.

Down the steep slope I gently went, holding on to trees so to not slide in the loose gravelly surface, luckily there was no big 'wait-a-while' and my little knife was enough to cut offending tendrils before they would become a nuisance.

Then a ledge led to a more flat area to walk upon and a suitable place to stop and have a look around. Below me were big boulders and although it was steep to get around them I found that underneath them was a large natural shelter. A overhang that had had a wash out below it revealing a cave like cavity large enough to make a relatively comfortable camp if you were to be stuck there.

In fact it appeared that at some time somebody had been camping there as there was the remains of a small fire in the middle of the flat covered area. It was about eight meters deep back under the boulders above with a good standing height of at least two meters. It had been a long time since any body had been there but there was evidence of some stuff having been left behind. There was a 2 liter plastic juice bottle that had most likely been for water, there was some fabric at the back behind a few rocks covered in leaves and dust. There was small scats on the floor of probably a small wallaby or maybe a quoll. I don't know my creature poos well enough to tell.

It was a nice place to just sit and take my time into the day, I was not needing to rush home and the trip back was mostly down hill so going back will be easier than yesterdays journey. Time to eat some more of my fruit and nuts and dream about having a coffee when I get back. A relaxing half an hour listening to the bush, having a tobacco and then curiosity had me dig the bit of material out from behind the rocks to find it was an old work shirt. In its pocket was a piece of paper and roughly written in ink was the words -

Find it All in the Shadows.



Chapter Three

Oh no what had I done, now my mind was going into overdrive. Here I was sitting in an overhang, that as far as I could tell was in my designated area X. I was still being effected by the feelings of my morning dreams, and now my "what ifs" were became larger than life. Had I come all this way to find these few words roughly written on a scrap of paper in the pocket of a dirty shirt abandoned by somebody a long time ago.

Minds play games with us, and now my mind was seizing upon the accumulated points, and this cryptic message had not only sewn itself upon my initial ponder and wonder about the discrepancy on the google map and then my curiosity to actually do the big effort of making a two day journey to discharge it, it was now beginning to take on a life of its own.

What if something was having me find those few words in an old abandoned pocket. What if it is my deep hunch that lays behind all my hunch s, that which I was now this morning beginning to call my hunch hunch. My lucid dreams of the morning were not necessarily rational, there were all sorts of images clear in my memory that really did not make sense to me. But what I did have was feelings of my inflamed hunch presence. The hunch that led me to be here now had given me a hunch punch and I was confronted by a whole new universe of possibilities.

The walk home had me pondering those few words - Find it All in the Shadows - the capitalization of Find, All and Shadows seemed to be an important part of the statement. The capital on the All indicated a large all-ness, my hunch hunch was saying that all of everything everywhere in all time is All. Sort of like the notion of God for those of a religious persuasion think of god as their be all to end all.

For myself I had been brought up in a home that had no connection to the religions that existed in our neighborhood. We enjoyed a gentle and simple loving environment that held no concern for needing to go to church like so many others. We did get sent off to church in the early days as my early school years were in a convent with nuns and a church. Like most other kids I was schooling with, the whole church thing didn't make a lot of sense, we just sat, and kneeled, and stood, and listened following along with all the others in the pews. It didn't affect any deep feelings of connection into me, it was just something I had to do so to not get into trouble. I had the experience of getting hit with a ruler by an old Nun for laughing with another boy while the service was unfolding. If only she knew we were actually joking to each other that the Priest swinging the pot of smoke on a chain might be the Devil. We were only seven years old at the time.

The mind can be a funny and entertaining dimension of experience, and likewise it can be a prison cell of inescapable torture. There are many millions of we all as fellow members of our human family that come to a point in life where the only conclusion is to end it all. Suicide exists as a phenomena that presents both a macabre, frightening point of horror, but also an alluring potential escape and going home sort of possibility.

It is any wonder more of we all don't go mad, as we all do have a mind and it is on, and going, day in day out for the whole of our life adventure. But having said that, when I look at the world, it does, despite the bins being emptied, and the toilets carrying away our waste, our shops stocked and our roads etc being continually built, it does appear to be quite mad. As a matter of fact casual glance of our modern 2019 world would seem to be that we are all attempting a collective suicide. Our collective life scape across the planet has pollution and desecration of nature to the degree that we might begin to compare our world to the bedroom of a junkie. Our addiction to sucking the oil from our planet, her blood maybe; our addiction to consuming a vast smorgasbord of consumables so to satisfy short lived sensory gratifications; our addiction to novelty and righteousness all seem to be the behavior of a junkie.

My walk home was proving to be an amplified version of my trip to area X. On the way up my ponderings were "what might I find", "what if I am finding that I am just following along behind ghosts of my own making". Now having found the small phrase the neuron-net of my brain was lit up like a Christmas tree. Part of me was verifying my hunch trail to go there, and with what I had found I now had the feeling that my whole life was different.

As mentioned hunches are strange and funny things, they are nothing actually in themselves but hold some mystical etheric suggestion that only you can fathom. It is generally pointless sharing ones hunches with others as more often than not the shape and flavor of ones hunches seem to be pointless, off with the fairies drive for those of an un-like mind.

My going home was now with what I was calling my hunch hunch and although it was really nothing from one perspective, was it simply the entertaining of the mind phantoms of somebody with too much time on their hands, or truly something belonging to the ever present mysterious depth of life and creation. I was fascinated by the amount of mental weight my small journey was creating for myself. Had I been led by some mystical inner something to find a life changing conundrum, or was I just bored and creating more phantasmagoria to pass my days.

There seems to be no escaping the workings of ones own mind. You can not really put your finger on it, and if you actually do it changes into something else.

Like we all I have been with my mind for a life time now and have got used to the continual wonder and ponder that goes on and on and on. I have enjoyed the exploration of those who write about the mechanics and dynamics of the living mind and the study of psychology, the study of wisdom traditions assist to bring some order to the chaos that is sometimes the mind. There are days when one feels at centre and at peace with life and its unfoldings, there are days when the opposite is true. All the while the mind is ticking, ticking, ticking along.

This was one of those times I was feeling both excited to have new possibilities to ponder but also wondering if I was just leading myself along some perpetual trail of excited delusion. All through my life I have enjoyed simply being in the unfolding of my day in a sort of waiting for some new idea to arrive, never knowing how it might arrive, or who might deliver it. But when it came you knew, because all you could excitedly think about for the next while would be the new notion that had arrived. It didn't need to be any thing in particular, just a new notion that I had not encountered before, something new to ponder till I was either bored with it or something even better came along to trump it.

For my whole life this never ending anticipation of something new to ponder or wonder was some thing that of course is completely free, mostly, as sometimes one thing would lead to another and you would be compelled to spend money to get a book about that which was now the new dominance of thought.

My bush walk home was a mind-scape that I was very familiar with, a constant tug of war between my excitedly pondering the possibilities of my growing hunch hunch and the logic that when my rational ponder dominates there is the distinct possibility that I am simply a dreamer lost in my own inner world.

The most useful wisdom tradition that I had found over the years to assist me to maintain a sensible order that allowed me to function in a practical and useful way in life was the Toltec wisdom tradition. It had delivered simple, practical, pragmatic insights which allowed me to walk the edge between my enjoyable entertainment of vivid imagination while remaining grounded with life in general.

I had experienced over the years reading lots of books, sniffing out more and more information about what my mind might be, and how I might get more from it, or get a greater command of its seeming autonomous nature. A perpetual quest to fathom a mystery that I was permanently with day in and day out, but also when I observed the world and all of everything that was coming from it, the mystery I was feeling and wondering into was not really an important part of the program of the life and lives around me. So as deliciously compelling, intriguing, alluring, seducing and limitless as the mystery seemed to be to me, at the same time life and lives about me suggested a pointless futility in following it.

It is these dynamics which are the fabric of ones ongoing mental contentions and are the inner conflict that has for some needing to end it all and hopefully escape the never endingness of it all. But thanks to the Toltec wisdom, I had read much to capture a few words that affected the necessary insight to be the useful balancing agent between my own warring inner contentions.

As simple as it might all seem and this mornings mind-scape of my walk home is a good example of the vivid and real dynamics of mind that can and does negatively affect so many beings. Am I nuts ? or am I on to something mystically amazing. Toltec wisdom suggests that the mystery of the universe is mostly un-knowable, but one is

equipped to potentially come to know, and although you can not affect the universe to reveal its mystery what you do have control over is your way of being with the unfolding mystery.

This simple and gentle insight has been my saving grace, my accepting that there is nothing I can really do about my continually contentious mind-scape other than just be with it, to observe it, to be aware of what it is going through, to be aware of what comes to feed it, to be aware of that which requires to be followed and that which requires to be avoided.

So my google map "what if" had been a nagging that required to be followed, my walk to my area X had been an adventure of free entertainment, healthful exercise and a capture of a new pronounced hunch that now upon the ponder of a few words had me scrambling into my mental archives of all that I have ever studied over the last few decades looking to find a thread, to find a hidden nuance of meaning, a possible feeling of solving the mystery of life and creation, or just another day dreaming.

I remember the last thing my Grandma said before she kicked the bucket
" hey how far do you reckon I can kick this bucket"



Chapter Four

On and on the walk home unfolded, and in the captive meditation of bush walking there is no escape from the meditation and contemplation at hand. You just need to go with the flow and see where it goes. Says I following the flow of the gentle stream flowing through the rocks, and of course where this physical flow of water goes is actually to my home. The gentle security of knowing that if I simply follow this flow 'tis home I will go. No need to spend any thought power on figuring if I am going the right way. The reflective symbolic flow that was the momentum behind my present contemplation was on the other hand, a flow I was needing to follow to see where it goes. At this stage I knew not/knot where it was going but to some similar sense of home I was hoping.

The captive space provided by bush walking delivers the necessary no escape from the meditation needed to get to the bottom of certain ponders. Like I said before I have been with my mind for a life time now and have come to know how to work with the seeming autonomous, tricky nature of that which is my mind. So often in my normal day to day life I notice that my busy mind can race ahead of itself. It gets so far ahead of itself that itself is left behind separated from the abstract projections of the racing mind and prone to be lost by itself in some tangent or distraction. So here on this walk home in the captivity of this type of meditation contemplation process beyond all the possible should s, could s and would s normally being negotiated I can not get ahead of myself. In this walk home along this boulder y creek, mostly hidden beneath the trees I am symbolically not able to get ahead of myself I am where I am on the path home and that is where I am.

Now despite my figuratively not being able to get ahead of myself there is this ongoing, never ending dynamic tension that is sort of like the bickering of Tweedledee and Tweedledum from "Alice in Wonderland". The very familiar two sides of my mind throwing notions at each other and not stopping till there is some degree of conclusion and then immediately move on to the very next notion. The notion flow can have a rational flow, where the notions seem to be obviously connected one to another in some way. But also there is what I have called my meta-rational flow which is not necessarily immediately rational in its connection, but somewhere down the track some other piece of the particular puzzle arrives and magically the meta-rational arrival of some thought will show its deep rooted relevance.

The management strategy, for coping with my "tweedle-verse" - and that being my ongoing Tweedledee-Tweedledum inner banter, I had stumbled upon from my extensive reading - some where it was said that there are generally two types of minds upon the planet from a species perspective. The eastern mind and the western mind. The eastern mind is served by the meditation techniques we are all familiar with that we have been taught from the Eastern Masters. The sitting in cross legged, straight spine, still, silent approach to emptying the mind, to close down the chatter, to sense a gravitation to ones natural center and allow oneself to fall with it. The process of seeking to touch the still, silent, invisible, empty no thing-ness that exists beneath all or any form, and the consequent contemplation that issues from that touch.

The Western mind is a different creature according to the wise observation I had read all those years ago. The western mind prefers to be occupied, to be sewn into a process, to be actively participating with something that does not require enormous mental challenge. Take driving your car for instance, that realization that you are further along the road than you had been paying attention too is the flow I endeavor to describe. For those with a western sort of mind accordingly do well to structure their meditation as the focus into repetitive work, digging, raking, or crafting, machine operation and of course bush walking.

So the captivity of needing to get home, the relatively challenging path of following a bouldery creek, all contribute to the desired setting necessary for the western mind to activate the meditation to contemplation process. Here I was in the flow of my processing that which I had not really expected. Which when you have followed a particular hunch the fruit of which is to reach an outcome of some sort. In this particular case my wild fancy of needing to go to some obscure place in the scrub, to touch base with some perceived anomaly on a google map had led to that which I had not expected.

The simplest outcome would have been to go, find nothing of consequence, discharge the "what if" and return to normal life. But now that I had found that scrap of paper with those few cryptic words my entire Tweedle-verse, my own personal inner universe of the tensional bickering's of my own Tweedledee-and-Tweedledum-ness had found fertile amplification. It is sort of good and bad at the same time when this type of unfolding happens in my head. I have experienced it all many times in my life adventure and have learned to flow with it all. But there is no escape from it, I have found that I have to simply keep on thinking and thinking it out until it is all thought out, what ever it might be that my tweedle-verse is needing to process.

My life of looking at my own mind, of exploring as much psychology, philosophy, meta-physics etcetera: of exploring different meditation techniques had proved to grant me a workable management strategy so I can continue to cope with the never-ending-ness of my mental processing. The other consequence to the exploring and reading lots of psychology, philosophy etc and exploring meditation techniques was that it actually fed the monster I was endeavoring to tame. It seems the better I get at knowing more about my mind the bigger and stronger it continues to get. A funny sort of catch 22.

Still here I am walking toward home, and what I have determined so far is the fruit of this whole epic is I am now with what I have come to call my Hunch Hunch. This totally unexpected outcome of my venture. Where I was pondering wild fancies of a possible secret military installation, or some strange alien portal in the top of some ridge, or maybe a hidden enclave of strange folk. But what I got was my already ethereal mutterings now on steroids.

The whole thinking process of wondering should I pay attention to the silly little things I notice in life. Like my very own perception that there is some strange anomaly upon a google earth map, that I would be moved enough by it to go to the effort to do a strenuous two day bush walk to satisfy my curiosity and then now find myself in a mind-scape that has me a little overwhelmed to be honest, but at the same time excited by the implications that those few cryptic words have upon all that which is being carried in my endlessly busy mind.

The dreams of this morning, the stumble across the overhanging cave like camp spot, the noticing of the old shirt against the back wall, the finding of the bit of paper and those few words were now eating into my mind and developing tendrils of relevance to things I have been thinking for years. Relevance to mechanics of psychology I have read and pondered but have yet to piece together as a bigger picture.

Even though I had yet dedicated much focus upon trying to figure out the words of the message their arrival into my awareness, there having been delivered as a form to be absorbed by my unconscious mind was beginning to make me observe that by themselves these few words were affecting into me and I was naming it all as Hunch Hunch.

This hunch hunch was becoming something in me, it was clothed in the few words -Find it All in the Shadows- Its developing tendrils of relevance were seeming to me to be like some mystical golden thread which had arrived to magically sew together beads for a necklace. The beads were the isolated ponders of other hunches I had experienced over my many years of pondering my own mind, and the symbol of necklace was the coming full circle with a set of ideas that all joined together and may be worn as some thing I could know and speak. Symbolically the necklace is placed upon the throat region of the body, and it is symbolically from the throat region comes our voice, and the necklace is something that is worn to decorate, to highlight, and to symbolize.

This small phrase which had turned up seemed to display a very real form of some sort of mystical plant that was now growing in my mind and its growing tendrils displaying a momentum beyond my conscious input. It seemed to be a motivating force responsible for the selection of notions that I was consuming in my contemplation process.

Every new thought that was now arriving I was wondering if it was being sent to me from that which was the motivation of where the tendrils were wanting to grow where they were wanting to go and which notions they were choosing to sew together.

My imagination was racing and I began being surrounded by new meta-rational notions - is the wholeness of that which I am an aware aspect of, can it be something that I may possibly fully know. I pondered that if I were a muscle cell in the calf of a particular human body could I conceive of that which I was a one fifty trillionth of. If I were a microbe on an elephants anus could I know about the herd he or she was a social member of. So was it in fact the wholeness aspect of that which I am but an aspect of, seeking to have my conscious awareness know it ?

My mental journeys into various bodies of wisdom was always with the intent of curiously needing to know more about that which was needing to know more about. The whole mystical realm of self reflection is indeed a realm like any realm, it is both good and bad, useful and useless, potentially enlightening for those who dare but also potentially a vivid journey into madness, delusion, isolation and for some suicide.

The wholeness of any particular cosmos is essential for it to continue to grow in balance, in harmony, in purpose, in meaning. But reductionism, fragmentation, becoming lost in the parts, becoming separated from the bigger picture of the wholeness of the particular cosmos will have it fall apart. It is sort of like its being aware of its wholeness is that which ultimately holds together its wholeness. Maybe that is the process our entire whirled world soap opera of our collective human comedy is coming to terms with. Maybe that is what was unfolding for me as a consequence to my daring to follow a wild fancy, maybe I am suffering some sort of delusion was going on in my tweedle-verse or maybe I was being propelled into my wholeness by that which I had found in a dirty old abandoned pocket.

This is the sort of ponders that were whirling through my mind, that which my captive meditation walk home was generating. Then I started pondering into other notion generators that I had experienced over the years.

I had over thirty years ago been a proud owner of a floatation tank, a sensory deprivation device which was described as a cheap western trick in the blah that came with it. I enjoyed over 200 hours floating in those days and the capacity of it being a notion generator was being reminded to me now, the capacity of it being a very useful window to look into ones own inner infinity was an other aspect of its multi-faceted usury.

I had also enjoyed the experience of an other notion generator, a Vipassana meditation retreat where for ten days one is led through a meditation technique, sitting, slow focused walking, no eye contact, no speaking with the others. The captivity presents the emission of trapped notions that need to be thought out, to get out.

So as you may see my familiarity with the meditation contemplation process had been with me for decades.

I was feeling like I was in possession of something big, something that at one level isn't really anything but the mutterings of some bloke who dared to ponder into his own mind. But for me and how my mind works this new revelation process activated, motivated, authenticated by the unfolding s of wild fancy had become something big for me. Although once I was to get back to home and back to the normal swing of life there is probably nobody really that will appreciate the enormity of what had now come to exist in my own personal mind-scape. A strange and funny way to be in the world where you can talk about the weather, and the flow of life's happenings with all those others we share life with, but at your very core, in the very light of your own inner beingness in the living now time an ongoing, never ending tweedle-verse of contentious war was going on.

So not only have I a flow of "what ifs" also the "yes buts" move them aside and become warriors standing off against each other. The bickering's of my Tweedledee and Tweedledum mind-scape is a very real and ongoing fabric upon which the entirety of life's unfolding s is cast against.

The living dynamics of ones own mind-scape is a gymnasium for thinking about thinking, thinking about how one thinks about thinking about thinking. Limitless spirals of self same ponders in dynamic tensions of attraction and repulsion, right and wrong, possible and impossible, good and evil, love and hate.

It is this very perception that the meta-physical model of the universe suggested by the horoscope had indicated to me. That the twelve signs of the zodiac that we are all familiar with from our magazines and newspapers were in fact in reality a set of six signs of polarized dualities in a state of ongoing gendered warring contentions.

It would seem that the actual mysterious life force behind every living form was due to the conflict of warring between the gendered nature of the entire universe. By virtue of anything being manifested it owed its existence to being no longer in a state of is, an ex-is-ness and by virtue of no longer being in a state of "is" it requires to participate in a tension. The tension all things exist with is the tension between the past and the future, past tense, future tense. The tension between expressing as yin feminine or yang masculine, the tension between expressing as negative or positive, the tension of being revealed by light or being hidden by shadow, the tension between our expressing with the common good of all, or an expression of vane, selfish greed, disharmony and all that

is anti-life, evil in fact. Our entire universe from this perspective is a set of dynamic warring tensions.

My mind seemed to be excitedly equipped with a new force, a new set of relevance tendrils that were taking on a life of their own, things were coming from my archives of stored memories from my now thirty five years of serious ponder into all things that looked into the mystery of life and creation. In a word the genre of ponder I was most interested in was always categorized, on the label on the back of the books, I was most drawn to, as "esoteric philosophy".

Esoteric simply means hidden or obscured and is sort of like a cosmic trick which has you looking to do or ponder or know one thing while the real thing you are requiring to know or find is actually not known to you and sort of arrives like a surprise. It makes total sense once it arrives but would have not have made any sense had you been given it before you went through the process of thinking you are seeking to find something else. For people that like puzzles this sort of genre of mind food is not only delicious but it is also a labyrinth that leads to who knows what.

My ponders as my walk home continues are solidifying the fruit of my journey as the Hunch Hunch, and in true esoteric philosophy form that which I was looking for is not what I have found, and that which I have found is nothing and something at the same time, it is a larger than life mysterious glow in my mind-scape but for all intents and purposes of any other human looking upon me and my life adventure I am just some other bloke doing life, nothing has really changed.

I would have never guessed I would have got to this strange place in my life adventure, a part of me feels like I have won the lotto, but when I look out of my eyes into life it all seems the same as always, the next cuppa, the next meal, the next day, the next job, the next gathering. A continuing chain of ordinary unfoldings that occur and flicker past the mind-scape that I wear. The mind-scape I wear certainly changes from day to day, and over the years I have experienced many mind-scapes that wear varying glows from delicious to downright uncomfortable, frightening, dark and foreboding.

My relevance tendrils were taking me back to my favourite esoteric philosophy suggestions from the body of wisdom called Toltec. The wise accumulation of ponder that is the Toltec wisdom tradition came to me initially in the works of Carlos Castaneda and his teachings of Don Juan, the mystical adventure into the mechanations of self and mind and cosmos. Sewn into the body of work were the nuances of wisdom that become personal realizations that may be worn, that may become practices and pragmatic attitude. I loved the practical nature of the overall Toltec realm, which included not only the work of Carlos but also Theun Mares s' epic four volume set, and the very broad multi authored subject of the Mayan Calendrical System.

It is from the Toltec realm of knowledge that has allowed me to craft a safe way of being with the very mind-scape that I am presently dealing with in this whole Hunch Hunch unfolding. The bodies of notions held in ones head, accumulated over many years do not just sit there like a dusty library, there is a living dynamic that seems to want to thread through them all and sew them together. Sewing it all together is not something that I could set out to do personally, but there is this other thing going on where if I get out of the way it will sort of do it all itself. That is the realisation that is coming from my Hunch Hunch and its brief though powerful -Find it All in the Shadows- message.

My take from the Toltec suggests that if life itself is an unfolding of gendered warring contentions it would be best to approach the unfolding in the attitude of a Warrior.

Which brings us to another dimension of this whole adventure of playing with the notion of "esoteric". There is something hidden, something beguiling, something alluring, something seductive about pondering deeply into anything that you want to ponder deeply into. Esoteric means hidden and obscured and as stated you may get to actually find that which you didn't really know you were looking for. I discovered along the way of my ponder travels that the notion of lexigraphy in regard the pondering of the values hidden in the simple basic humble word may reveal something that broadens, extends, amplifies or surprises you when you are looking into a word.

For example my mind was remembering my look into war-ri-or '**War**' is the force and power found in the dynamics of dealing with hostility, rivalry, or things of a contentious nature, the sobering and definite work of the reconcile of opposites.

'ri' I found in the dictionary as a word fragment that suggested that it is the approach of the jocose rather than the serious, is the approach of a smiling, joyful, sportive, playful attitude, an enlightened means to hold objectivity and subjectivity in balanced union, to identify duality as a polarity and bring polarity into balance, to find resolution for paradox, to craft gender to balanced union resulting in creating values beyond the sum of their parts, to play the tensions of reality as a life song.

'or' is the noun forming agent which in this word identifies one who is in the state or condition of.

My Hunch Hunch was activating my memory of looking into the word warrior, as the relevance tendrils were seeking to satisfy the most important part of my being now in this mind-scape, activated by my following wild fancy. I required to feel grounded in myself, to feel that despite what was whirling around and around in my mind-scape I could function sensibly and usefully in my normal, everyday, mundane existence. I need to know that my amplified mind-scape was not going to unduly affect my life in general.

So being only this day from being home I was in my captive meditation going through a grounding process, a process where I could feel I could utilize my new found living mind coloring, in a way that enhanced everything else I required to do in my day to day. I could see that the mechanations of what is the consequences of my following the google map and all that has unfolded from it would continue to be productive. I needed to wear the mood of the warrior so that I could direct the living vibe of my mind toward producing something. I could see that if I did not there was the very real potential that my mind could potentially spin around and around in circles resulting in my being more dizzy than I usually seemed to be.

I was wearing a sense of impending challenge due to all that had unfolded, which was at the same time bizarre, as practically all that was happening was, I was needing to deal with a jolly mental phantasm of my own making. My Tweedledee and Tweedledum Tweedle-verse were whacking between each other perspectives of my present reality around like a tennis match. From mystical revelation to nutty madness and all in between were my intermittent conclusions.

So like I have mentioned my relevance tendrils were pointing me toward setting up a firm foundation upon which to deal with the unfolding I was journeying through, and that foundation was simply to hold the stance of a warrior toward the energies that were whirling around me. Whirling tweedle-verse opposing values that were inescapable and required a firm management strategy.

Ok I was beginning to feel more relaxed as to my actually arriving home and having a strategy for settling back into normality. Thank you Toltec Wisdom, my mind was suggesting I cultivate a way of being that may deal with any thing that unfolds, cultivate the way of being as the suggested warrior of wisdom on the path of knowledge.

To appreciate the mind-scape I was now helplessly needing to learn to live with I began to remember my experiences of psychedelics that I have had over the years. I have only ventured into that reality challenging realm a dozen or so times, enough to feel the astonishing depth that exists around we all every minute of our existence, enough to realize that the universe we are in is profoundly more than we presently know or can know. It would seem our brain is a tool we have been blessed with so as to filter out the astonishing enormity we are all a microscopic speck among-st, just so we can simply continue to ex-is-t. When in the depths of a psychedelic experience it can be overwhelming, a sensory overload, a timeless eternity that needs to be waited out, needs to be waded through whether you like it or not, it can also be a timeless eternity of endless bliss. Both options exist.

My tweedle-verse concept had become a notion this morning on my captive meditation walk home. In this ongoing mind adventure my whirling thoughts were grabbing at all manner of things, for instance what was a concept my mind was asking. All con and com words indicate a coming together, a contract with situation. And cept is like a receiving and cept sounds like sept which is seven, seven indicates a severing and the notion of seven is the most mystical of numbers, it can not be constructed with a compass and straight edge like other numbers it can only be approximated. Geometer s say it cannot be born from the vesica pisces and has a presence which exists outside of the principals of other numbers, it is referred to as the virgin number as no number in the number line before it can divide it. The whole con-sept of tweedle-verse and the ongoing never ending bickering's between my own perceived Tweedledee-and-Tweedledum-ness was a new notion which seemed to have arrived in line with the whole unfolding of the morning.

My suspicious mind had identified the anomaly in the poor old humble google map, my curious mind had convinced me to contribute a big effort to follow up on the "what if", my humble mind had accepted that I was simply a victim of my own wild imagination and had presented the "yes buts", my ever expectant mind was well satisfied to stumble upon the overhanging rock and ultimately the piece of paper and its message and had presented the "what the ? ", my ever present mind was now identifying the reality of a hunch hunch and that it may exist as a sort of mystical thing which had come to inhabit my overall mind as some sort of living growth that seemed to be wanting to grow like some golden tendril threads, seeking to sew together the collective fragments of thoughts thought over a very long time, to bring together notions which are scattered through my life long developed mind-scape.

My deductive mind was seeing that there was something going on in my own mind and that there were real forms called thoughts or notions which although were swimming around separately and distinctly different to each other and were in fact all swimming together in the same pond. That pond being my own mind and then my inductive mind pondered all the disparate fragments captive together had to be connected by virtue of being trapped together in the same mind. My crazy mind was wondering if all these particular thoughts that were for what ever reason trapped in my particular mind could be sewn together whether they liked it or not. My limitless mind suggested that the universe is full of infinite notions, and as I was observing there is a living autonomous process that has the capacity to access notions that one has never pondered, to access notions that one has never read or heard from the smorgasbord of captured notions that exist across the spectrum of humanity. I was humbly coming to realize that I maybe, thanks to my own particular nuttiness, stumbling into possibly thinking thoughts that may not of been ever thought before.

Still I was walking home, my excited mind feeling like it was in possession of something larger than life.

What do you call some one with no body and no nose
Nobody knows



Chapter Phive

Still I continue to walk, gently, casually, no rush just amble along the rocky route and enjoy the scenery. The safest way to travel alone in the bush. Maintain mindfulness of the path and its hazards! Not only of the actual still walking of the path but also the still making of the mind.

My tweedle-verse was still bopping along with me and as I watched the notions bouncing from one tweedle to another a tendril of relevance began to beckon. My ongoing wild imaginings were still acting as an other layer behind other notions. My making usury of idiom was also apparent to me, the tool of idiom is the structure of my using for example the 'Tweedledee and Tweedledum' from 'Alice in Wonderland' to explain a certain aspect of my mind-scape. It seemed that idiom was a tool used by my rational mind so as to capture concepts issued by my imagination.

The Tweedles battle seemed to be bringing up serious questions about the overall good sense of the whole happenings I was bush walking through. How truly worthy was my jaunt into wild fancy, has the resultant mind-scape created from such, is it a worthy place to be ?.

Ok! I was thinking to still this present Tweedle debate, I needed to rise above the ongoing battle and establish some firm and still imaginable ground. The notion that came was my overall relationship with an area of ponder I had been visiting since the mid nineties. In a word 'conspiriology' the whole realm of conspiracy theory and the capacity to view it all as a phenomena in itself and then draw from it what ever wisdom it had to offer as a result of it existing. Never buying into it at an emotional level as one would be catapulted out into all sorts of activism's and never indulging in being fearful of the mountains of madness that were indulged in by my species.

The endless commentators suggesting all sorts of labyrinth-al societies and secret societies conspiring behind the scenes, together seeking ways to establish various degrees of advantage, especially in regard wealth and power. I had no particular favorite conspiracies but the overall ponder of the phenomena in its wholeness had been my worn attitude, for my visits to this realm.

The big banks globally it was suggested were some sort of interface between two types of worlds. An elite world of enormous wealth and power and the world we all as ordinary every day folk live in. The banks as an entity in the soap opera of our human comedy have showed an amazing either neutral position, or some other sort of juxtapose. The banks it would seem do funding of both sides of wars according to allegations of some commentators in the conspiriology arena. Banks also have the capacity to create their currency out of thin air and then charge you to use it. They in relationship with the political body of governments issue a command which say certain pieces of paper or digits on screens have a certain value, which is of course our money. Fiat currency, it has a value because someone with a gun says so. All the governments, all the religiosities, all the industry and commerce are the protectors, the preservers, the promoters and the perpetuators for the institution of Bank and the current management strategy of the blood of our social body.

Right here right now my ponder flipped, one moment I am reviewing my take on the whole conspiriology thing, then my focus came back to the tweedle-verse and the Tweedledee and Tweedledum-ness of it all. Yes the tweedle-verse is some sort of ongoing warring contentions, and perpetual conflict is the perfect scenario for a banker profiting off by managing the energies of warring parties. If it is that some banks actually do do this, then it would seem that they have factored into the equation the side that loses and those particular losses they must accept. Sort of an ongoing betting on a two horse race and your ongoing investment into one or the other, as the race unfolds investment would swing toward which ever one was winning.

So if it is good enough for the personality of our species-organism-mankind to have a banker dimension to its personality then it is good enough for me.

How will I fund both sides of my tweedle-verse I began to ponder, feeling a growing sense that I was actually more separate from the ongoing tweedle-verse battle than I had initially thought. A good place to begin my banker

aspect of my personality. A banker provides a service fundamentally and to get to the bottom of its service it is probably good to ponder about what money is to our species body. If we ponder money as the representative of the life force energy that exists in people and is traded between people like the movement of blood throughout our body. Access to the life force necessary to maintain integrity of operation is the base line we would hope for in our body. In society the blood which flows through our social body is money and the management of it the responsibility of banks in general. Remember as a banker I need to fund both sides and be ultimately loyal to the winners.

So with my tweedle-verse warring factions I require to not take sides, to be the banker I require to identify and fund the winner. So now my tweedle-verse seemed to be pausing to take heed of my position. I was beginning to see even more clearly that there was some sort of threesome going on here. My Tweedledee and my Tweedledum and Me.

I am after having some epiphany-revelation here. Simply by my stating my ponder of being the banker funding both sides of the warring parties I as an awareness felt distinctly separate from the tweedle-verse chatter. I began to notice that there has been times where I have simply allowed the ongoing drone to drone on and then not become interested till its sort of sorted out its own conclusion.

Still I walked and then I decided I needed to sit, to take five and just enjoy the sun, to sit back and ponder the forest around me, to look a little more slowly to the ponds and puddles, the trickles and flows. I had been on the go for a couple of hours now and despite my walk up yesterday and my passing through this same landscape there were some parts of this track that looks the same as other parts. So remembering particular landmarks was only necessary to cross a ridge to the other creek system. Once again on that creek, it is just follow the flow home.

Follow the flow I thought to my self, if I were to be looking at this landscape in its pure nature expression I suppose I would be able to glean insight into the elements as presented by the meta-physics of the star lore of astrology. Meaning simply that water in meta-physics represents feeling and emotion. So as I sat and looked into the pool before me I watched the stillness of the water, the crystal clarity, the floating leaves, the reflections, all dimensions of what this element is expressing. So feeling is the water, its capacity to dissolve, to absorb, to saturate, to transpire, to sit and be still enough to hold reflection, to sit and be until it is soaked up or evaporated away, or something happens and gravity has it flowed away to possibly do all that somewhere else.

All these qualities are what is my feeling nature I was thinking, so then what about emotion I pondered, as I looked further down the stream to where there was the water flowing, moving heading toward home. So there it was -emotion-, it showed itself as energy in motion, and was simply the water moving. And what was it that had it moving but jolly old gravity. Water finds its own level and stills itself until gravity pulls it to be somewhere else. Always heading toward what is in the earth element either the lowest position or some held position like a dam or puddle. Earthing is going to ground, going to grave, some finality. The star lore suggests that it is the water element and the earth element which is the yin or feminine expression.

Relevance tendrils were at it again, I was now transposing my circumstances of dealing with my tweedle-verse to the meta-physics of what I had been pondering in the star lore over the years. If it all has any value I require to be able to see nature displaying the elemental dynamics of fire, air, water and earth and consequently what I may analogize for my overall wholeness in regard those values.

Yes I was the banker because the values I was delivering to my tweedle-verse was altering the banter. My feelings of being separate to the tweedle-verse was becoming more relevant by virtue of my all of a sudden thinking that my grasp of the elemental ponder now had the Tweedledee and Tweedledum bantering about the functioning of elemental interaction. Now as the banker in the equation it was my job to provide the currency, and the currency I realized in this situation was simply the underlying topic flow.

I was sensing a strange situation of there being three ponders going on at once the banter between the tweedles and my own and an overview behind it all. I needed to see where the feeling and emotion element related to what was going on between me and the Tweedles. So how do I feel about them ? Well they are ok I suppose, I don't seem to be able to escape them and they are a part of what is my experience of my ex-is-tense. So my now choosing to be the banker aspect of my own inner personality had me in a new position in regard the clutter of the internal chatter that goes on and on.

So would I be minus them if I found myself in ex-ex-is-tense. Is there such a state as pure "is" ? Even this the Tweedles began to debate, yes they agreed they would exist! I guessed they were hoping as I am sure they knew only as much as I do about the ultimate mysteries.

I sat in the sun, and felt its early spring warmth, the fire of the elements being the sun was the life giving spirit of our dimension. And the air in the meta-physic model is thinking, the moving nothingness that was breezing around me. The air was a nothingness which gave all forms their shape by not being anything, but by its non presence it presented every thing. The light of the sun was the same as the air, it was not see-able the light itself, but its existence made everything see-able. The air also was not see-able but its existence allowed everything to be see-able. So it is with the two masculine elements.

My relevance tendrils were moving me, I was seeing that the notions I was just contemplating were revealing insights into the notions I am continually contemplating. The unpacking of what is going on in my gender-ness. The simple fact that all creation is the dynamic interaction of conflicting opposing values that have the potential to both fuse or refuse, meaning attract or repel. Now under my microscope was - what is the gender mechanics of what is going on in my tweedle-verse ? How I feel about it all is obviously the feminine water dimension, and the forms that are what I am having as my notions are also a feminine or yin aspect of my living experience that I am pondering here. Earth is form and structure of every kind, the form and structure of all that is in our solid physical world and the form and structure of ideas, notions, the form and structure of our character, the form and structure behind that which one may identify as ones personality.

So then my masculine yang ness as pondered before is sort of that which by being not present allows one to see that which is. Crikey I feel like I am pondering into strange territory here. The fire and the air element of my beingness is likened to the light of the sun revealing what is, although it itself, is not actually observable. The air element being that which is not there so as to give space for form to be observable. "Mmmm". The yang s' job it would seem is to make the yin be seen.

Right ! where was I up too? I have sat and pondered into an array of notions which seem to be assisting me to continue to secure the firm, still, imaginable ground before mentioned. A place in my state of mind where I am maintaining the wealth and power of a necessary balance and harmony. Right my conspiriologgy notion rushed back to me, I was identifying with the elites who I now realize are the principles which the bank primarily serves. So as the banker aspect of my personality is now establishing some sort of form for me to feel into, the elites they primarily serve also is a form that is being revealed by my relevance tendrils.

I was yet to make the mind space to inspect deeply the actual words of the message from the pocket. I was still dealing with the flow of notions that was bubbling up from my unconscious mind. I guess it was from the unconscious where the meta rational flow of notions came, they seem to be unrelated initially but become apparent as thinking flows with them. So there-in was another clue as to what I was unpacking here.

My previous ponders in days past had journeyed into identifying the relative dynamics of my own personal yin and yang ness. I could see that it was my imagination itself that I could identify as a yin aspect of my personal experience of life, I could see also that it was my rational mind which then could be identified as my yang aspect. My yang rational mind was the repository of all my access to logic, reason, deduction, critical thinking, discrimination and discernment. Then it was my yin imagination mind that tapped into realms beyond rational ponder. That which I identified as meta-rational, meta being beyond or above that which may be rationalized. So instinct, intuition, wild guesses, wild fancies, hunches and today my Hunch Hunch I can identify as a yin part of me.

In my previous ponders into my inner gender-ness I had been playing with the idea of giving some imaginable form to my inner-bloke-ness and my inner-sheila-ness and then progressively pin upon them all the different aspects of my beingness that I was able to identify as being either yin or yang.

My tweedle-verse was being revealed to me, it was a gendered contention, a yin against yang that either expressed as a battle between or a dance with. The yin and yang symbol shows the relationship quite clearly. Each is separate to the other, although each has a little of the other in it and together they present a perfect balanced wholeness. In stillness they present this observation, in motion they present a blur that confounds ones ability to see clearly which one is what.

Hey presto! When the Tweedles are in full flight in their banter it is difficult to pin point which one is saying what. By analyzing the content of what it is they are putting forward may reveal which one is which. But when on the move and one topic changes into another it is necessary to simply do the best you can on the run. So fund both sides says my new banker personality aspect, which ever side delivers that which may be enjoyed as wealth and power for that which I serve as my elite-ness, is who shall be funded to win.

Wow I was saying to myself, how strange it is this mind of mine. I was beginning to identify aspects of my beingness that I was now more clear so to ascribe gender toward. My bloke-ness seemed to be my rational constructs, where one notion connects to another logically, where the actual unpacking of notions under my focus are appraised for what is worthy. Then there are the meta-rational notions which seem to pop into ones head, that really seem to be unrelated, seem to come from left of field. Wow again as the phrase "left of field" was a familiar thing we all say to identify those things which are unpredictable. In the meta-physics of the wisdom traditions it is the left side of the body which is our feminine side, which has a cross link to the right brain which is also dedicated to the yin feminine side of we all.

The ongoing banter of my Tweedles was now the ongoing banter of my own gender-ness. Prudent appraisal now revealed my not taking sides but contributing that which could ultimately have both sides actually work together and produce more than the sum of their parts. That was the ultimate message of the meta-physics of the yin and yang that I could fathom. If the genders are actually loving with each other there is a new octave of power available to them. A simple, obvious, matter of fact-ness which for what ever reason is not that which seems to dominate the gendered reality across the soap opera of our world.

So is it the actual conflict-ion that goes on and on around we all each and every day that is the life giving principle behind the life of our species. If it was that we had a world of total peace and love everything would draw to a halt ? Was it that the overall conflict-ion was but half of the story, the the very real love, affection and intelligent cooperation was the other half. The yin and the yang symbol symbolizing a play off between conflict-ion and things of a contentious nature and war in a perpetual dance with co-operation, love and inclusion.

My meta rational imagining into being the banker of my inner infinity was suggesting I as banker am the aspect that holds the value which comes from the ongoing battle in my Tweedle-verse and as the banker it was my job to serve the Elite part of my beingness first, while providing a service to the ongoing warring factions.

We keep an empty milk bottle in the fridge
just in case some one prefers black coffee



Chapter Six

I stood and felt it was time to continue walking, my sit in the sun had brought my pondering to a new conclusion, a developing clarity around a whole host of fragmented notions I had dealt with separately over the years. My imagination was gaining more material to verify as real the notion that the few words from the pocket were actually some sort of living thing within me, like a rain forest canopy vine that ties the forest together. It was in its early stage of growth but was already displaying very real notions that I could ponder into.

A flow of meta-rational notions were being delivered to me from my unconscious mind by my imagination. My rational mind is not able to immediately piece them into the overall developing mind-scape, but none the less they ultimately do.

I, like so many others in our modern world had lived and loved through intimate relationships with the yin aspect of the species. I was remembering my overall collective of relationships with the most prominent women of my life. My mother and the Mothers of my children seemed to be the highlights in the constellation of my present coming ponder. So my relationship role as Son and Lover, Husband, Father seemed to be the connectivity this new meta-rational flow was encouraging me to ponder into.

The relevance tendrils were feeling their way through me. The ongoing Tweedle-verse battle needed to be looked at from the perspective of what role was being played in what ever particular banter that was unfolding between them.

The choice of Tweedledee and Tweedledum was beginning to perplex me, as in the Alice in Wonderland story they were two rather annoying twin boys. So my immediate choice to describe them as my bickering Tweedle-verse was appropriate, but then as an expression of that Tweedle-verse being the venue for my ongoing gendered contentions I was needing to review my readiness to associate my Tweedle-verse concept with my inherent gender-ness.

A tendril of relevance immediately popped into my head. The left and the right is the yin and the yang, in our nation states we have a parliament made up by a left and a right, the sort of mother and father energy of the family nation state represented by those of the left who are sort of a Mum energy who wants all the children to have access to all they require unconditionally whereas the right is the Dad energy who want all the children to actually get off their bum and contribute and will get nothing if they contribute nothing. Here-in the essence of socialism or communism rule by the state being the Mum side of the equation and Fascism or command by corporation the Dad.

In that particular gender-ness we see predominantly men battling out the yin and yang of the nation. So in lightning like strike my perplex for my choice was evaporated all of a sudden my Tweedle-verse was acting like my own inner parliament, fully inclusive of the ongoing debate we witness in our parliaments. The ongoing struggle for dominance one side against the other, to dominate the present argument or the ongoing intent to be the dominant force which ultimately becomes the government. The biggest problem is if both of them are mad then there isn't much hope of them not presenting either ridiculous conclusions, or worse still damaging ones. Governments tend to act more like a separated ego soap opera auto immune disease than the sort of natural law government we can witness in all life forms, and in all realms of natures' collectivities.

Then I was immediately mindful of my having taken on the banker aspect of my personality in regard my dealing with the Tweedle-verse within me. The banker is the funder of both sides of war and has loyalty for which ever side is winning. Like wise in the nation state the struggle between sides is irrelevant, the life force in the form of money is required despite which side of politics dominate.

I was at that part of the day in my bush walk home where the dapple shade of the forest was all about me, a coming toward the mid morning I was figuring. As the sun becomes higher and hotter it is the shade where one is

sometimes drawn to go. The shade is a welcome shadow.

My mind began to hold firmly to the word shadow. Shadow in fact was the active ingredient of the punch line I had found in the pocket a mere few hours ago. I knew it was time now to begin thinking into the mechanics and dynamics of what shadows are and how they operate.

Well they are actually nothing in themselves they exist only because something is interrupting the flow issuing from a light source. Shadows are cast helplessly and have no determination as to what is their shape, they are true to the shape that which is casting them, they are true to that which they are cast upon, a shadow is stretched and warped to suit the terrain it meets.

Now in the shadow itself I was noticing that I was drawn to it because I was wanting to be relieved from the amount of light that was shining upon me. The shadows around me were alive by virtue of the movement of that which cast them. The shade patterns in the forest slowly change as breeze blew and the day wears on.

In the forest everything at some stage will have a shadow, everything at some stage of the unfolding will receive the light of the sun. But the thing I was now starting to pay attention too was the biggest trees in the landscape around me. They had full access to the light of day, all day, and cast the dominant shadows that the other trees around them had to stand in whether they liked it or not.

The trees in the shadows down here at the forest floor were small and as I had pointed out to me before were stunted in their growth due to lack of light. There was nothing wrong with these stunted trees, they were perfectly healthy and held the very real potential of becoming one of the trees that get to the forest top to share in casting a more dominant shadow and enjoy a more dominant amount of light in the process. The trees in the shadows are simply waiting, they are waiting for their receipt of more light so that they may grow.

The same amount of light is available for each and every tree, it is only those who loom largely, who command access to the nourishment of light. When that access is available the result is the potential of a looming position in the forest. In the shadows of the trees who loom largely are the others eagerly awaiting their access to the light, so they may also compete for a looming position.

I was sitting again on a rock, I needed to look at the shadows now as I was focusing my thinking into them. Around me on the floor of the forest were branches of trees, leaves and fronds of palm trees and also trees which had fallen. I began to see all this forest litter as something also which had been cast. The living trees had cast off their leaves and branches, the forest had cast out trees to the forest floor. The leaves the fronds around me were all shadows of their former self.

The tree cast from the forest a shadow of its former self laying decaying on the forest floor. Now fallen the available light arrives for some other tree which has been sitting stunted and waiting for its chance of becoming that which casts a big shadow due to its possibility of becoming a looming dominance.

It was coming to me, the deeper layers of the -Find it All in the Shadows- conundrum which I had found a few hours before, or had it found me, my Tweedle-verse verse was suggesting. This phrase I found in the pocket was sort of like a seed that was now growing into me. The kernel of the seed was the words and it is the kernel in the seed which determines the form that is to emerge. As I pondered the mechanics of shadow, and as I was looking to the small trees now having access to light from the gap in the canopy made by a tree fall, I pondered also the seed the small tree had been, the conditions suitable for it to germinate and emerge to stand quietly, patiently awaiting its access to light so it may possibly grow to become a looming dominance.

Looming dominance as a word now spread throughout my mind and the relevance tendrils of thought took it straight to the parliament, the debating sides of left and right all competing for some looming dominance, all competing to be the one who has access to the greatest amount of light in the form of wealth and power, all competing to be the one who casts the biggest shadow.

As we explore the mechanics of shadow, the affect shadow has upon what ever is in it, is the supply of light, in the form of light from the sun in the forest, light in the form of wealth and power in the workings of institutions and then there is every other field of endeavor across our world. It matters not which one you choose the mechanics

of shadow is evident. Who ever is an expert, a master of their particular field of endeavor becomes a looming dominance in their particular field. Those in their shadow are two types.

In the forest floor I had identified that the small trees who were sitting waiting for their access to light so that they could be the next possible looming dominance were not the only life form on the forest floor. There were other plants who were well pleased to create a whole life for themselves as a direct result of the shade existing. Shade loving plants do not want the full blast of the light. In fact if the looming dominance which casts their shadowy environment were to fall and full spectrum light were to arrive the most delicate of the shade plants would perish.

In all fields of endeavor there are those who follow along and seek to be like or become as clever as the looming dominance in a particular field, the very real feel of motivation to become bigger and better, the capacity to see how high the bar is set, are all benefits of the shadow for these types of shadow dwellers. There are those others who enjoy the benefits of setting up life in the shadows cast by the looming dominance of a particular field. The affects enjoyed by these beings is the feelings of association with the looming dominance, the capitalizing the micro climate of the shadow, and upon others drawn to the particular shadow.

The Guinness Book of records is a quick almanac to explore the multiple various looming dominance's holding a position in their particular forest.

The phrase from the old pocket was in me and continuing to affect my curiosity, to affect my excitement to explore what it was about, what sort of insight did it potentially carry for me, was it also a seed of that which may become a looming dominance in my simple gentle life adventure.

I thought again about the Hunch Hunch and how it was sort of like a living plant in my imaginable mind-scape, and how its tendrils of relevance were choosing certain notions that I was analogizing were the arriving beads of an imaginary necklace that only moments before I was debating whether I was to rationally construct this necklace, meaning sort the notion beads that were arriving and either place them upon the golden thread as they arrived or sort them into an order of my own making.

My mind began to ponder into the necklace image and instead of a standard string of pearls type necklace I was pondering an image of a macramé style of neck lace where the beads sit in multiple layers in a knotted geometric array. I had imaged a solution of doing both allowing the notion beads which arrived to be threaded straight on to the necklace but now having a couple of options as to where they could go. My rational and my meta-rational minds both satisfied.

What was a more useful invention than the first telephone
was the second one.



Chapter Seven

I stood from the rock and began my walking again, I needed to digest these early ponderings of the mechanics of shadow. I was pleased with this initial rush of insight and I was continuing to be amazed at how simple some insights are to capture when you utilize the simple gentle obvious wisdom of the ancients.

I had used my understandings of the observable interaction of fire, air, water and earth along this bush walk meditation home. And I was now simply watching the shadows on the forest floor to ponder into the mechanics of what shadows are in themselves.

I knew from my ponder into the realms of psychology that the whole notion of shadow was a very important part of the whole unpacking and figuring out and fathoming of who I actually am. Thanks to the gentle insights of fire air water and earth I was immediately figuring that figuring is an aspect of my mind, my thinking being that which is associated with that which is my Air element. Figures are generally identified as numbers and numbers measure and calculate and that is a thinking function. Fathoming on the other hand would be a feeling thing, a water element function. The ocean is measured in fathoms, and the words that usually go with fathom is -to fathom the depths-

The next meta-rational bead of my growing necklace rushed to me from left of field. Pisces the sign of the Zodiac which represented that age we as a species-organism-mankind were now graduating from, as we all get ready to enjoy a new and very different age. I think it was the "fathoming the depths" that triggered what was now unfolding in my mind-scape. The symbol for Pisces is two fish, the base architecture of the domain of the sign is Yin Mu-table Water and the bosses or rulers of the sign are Jesus/Jupiter archetype and the Neptune archetype. Neptune symbolizes the King of the Ocean and in the nuances of the Horoscope this ocean is the ocean of human emotion. A symbolic water ocean holding each and every feeling of each and every living soul. The ocean that the age of Aquarius is presenting is an ocean of ideas coming from the Ether's. An etheric ocean we are all yet to fathom.

"I see said the blind man but he didn't really see at all" was something my Grandmother used to say. When I think into it, it presents for ponder two sees. In a simple little Grandmother saying a deep wisdom is carried that may or may not be divined for insight. The two sees of the two seas was now that which was playing in my mind, was that which my tweedle-verse was playing with.

It is interesting to note at this point in time that the Tweedle-verse of my ongoing never ending inner banter is not always challenging, is not always annoying, it is very often amusing, entertaining and a loving companion.

CC senior, just say CC's which is Yes yes, the See and the See is also what I see the Toltec wisdom was identifying as the first and second attention and now the Two Seas of my astrology ponder, one I can fathom the emotional sea indicated by the sign of Pisces, and one I can figure the archetypal geometries of the etheric sea indicated by the unfolding age of Aquarius.

CC I see see the Sea Sea - I guess it is my minds way of solidifying certain concepts and now this little insight was a loaded notion assembled over the years in all sort of reading and thinking but only now sewing together and presenting itself as a new bead to be threaded upon my growing imaginary necklace. My growing mind-scape affected by those few words from an old dusty pocket.

I was in a strange unfolding, my mind was unusually excited and racing from one idea to another, like a kid in a lolly shop as they say, not really knowing which one to enjoy next. But coming they were, as one little notion was pondered and digested enough to grab a little insight then another would arrive sometimes logically connected sometimes not.

The captive meditation of my bush walking home was presenting its own ponders of dimensions of my own experience. As previously mentioned I had chosen to be the banker aspect of my own inner personality so I could allow

the banter of my Tweedle-verse to do what it had to do with out my becoming consumed by it, but remaining present enough to harvest the conclusions that were produced by it. Funding both sides and being loyal to the winner was the strange nuance I was rolling with. While the banter continued to perpetually unfold there was a behind-ness to it all. Like I was experiencing in my bush walk home there was an underlying nice-ness of the day, a sound of the creek flowing about me, and the sound of the forest creeking above me. Behind the ongoing banter of my tweedle-verse was the still, silent, invisible, empty no-thing-ness. Which was from where I now pondered was where my banker-ness accesses and stores the loot, where my banker can produce money out of thin air.

Looming dominance came to mind again, and I began to ponder that either I was the looming dominance in the mind-scape of my beingness or my tweedle-verse could be the looming dominance. Who was in who's shadow? Which bit is what in my mind-scape? If it were a forest I was walking through what shadows am I in, what shadows am I casting. CC I needed to See See the shadows of my Sea Sea s. This thread of relevance tendrils was sort of making me feel one of those delicious shudders that go through your body. Some call it somebody walking over your grave, that flowing vibe that washes through you. I have heard it alleged that it is a release of DMT from your own pineal gland and is associated with your digestion of light.

Where there is light there will be shadow. The presence in the shadow may be where you are setting up a delicious symbiotic life, like the shade plants who love the shade and every thing else that is cast their way, but in some shadows it can be intimidating. For those in areas of expertise the challenge of staying at the top of your game, the challenge to remain as the looming dominance that casts the shadow can present the energetic of intimidation for either those who hold the position of dominance or those who challenge it.

In-tim-id-ation. In time the id may become a tion, In time the Id may become a state of being is what the lexicographical ponder of the word was offering. In this particular word unpack I have picked up on the Id, which when I remember from one of my books it shared that Sigmund Freud a warrior on the path of figuring and fathoming the whole psychology thing had determined that the Id was an aspect of our beingness which was our living expression coming from our unconscious, a more ethereal part of our living psyche that comes from that part of we all that looks after the pumping of the heart, the making and delivering of hormones and other life chemistry, all those things that happen in our body that we do not require to devote any conscious attention too and so likewise those things which are going on in our mind-field that we do not require to devote any conscious attention too.

So the Id was an aspect of ones psyche that emitted from the unconscious and in my walk home I was seeing that I could match it up with the meta-rational nature of the notion beads that were arriving to me. Sigmund suggested that it was this aspect of our mysterious psyche which exists to reduce pain and enhance pleasure by giving free reign to primitive impulses, our instincts and ethereal intuitions. He called it the pleasure principle and said that it was in the continual dance with the reality principle of the Ego. Realizing of course a dance can be a waltz, or a martial artists' fight to the death.

Wow this thread was giving me goose bumps, for a long time I had read lots of different things about psychology but certain things were now beginning to dawn upon me.

Over the years I have enjoyed reading many books in the realms of esoteric philosophy, philosophy, psychology, common law, meta-physics and anything and everything that comes near it. Over the years you accumulate books, boxes of them. Most books you have read and have them sort of on board, some books come you flick through them and they don't actually move you to get into them at the time. It is sort of like they are the fruit of the knowledge forest and cant really be enjoyed until they are ripe. More likely until you are ripe enough in your ongoing maturation process to enjoy them.

So the Ego I had long determined to myself from surveying many books was that something in me that requires to be the looming dominance, that which requires to get access to the greatest amount of light. The Ego according to the wise minds of Sigmund and Carl Jung his protégé was the crown jewel of the psyche, it was the actual growing tip of the living psyche which was seeking to become a looming presence, the thing that ultimately cast the shadows. The shadows that I would need to deal with in my own mind-scape, and in the mind-scapes of all the others I was but one ego amongst.

The Ego as a growing tip was that which was growing toward the nourishment of the light of all or any of the dimensions of my being and my world. It was that part that was the conscious see of my world and my mind and it

was being affected by the unconscious see of my unconsciousness. The two sees I could see were my seeing consciously and my seeing unconsciously. Both sees were seeing the other two seas I had just been pondering. The sea of humanities emotion of which all my emotional content was but a drop amongst, and the sea of archetypes which are the ocean of invisible forms which come to embody all forms of everything that in our universe holds form. As an Ego it was this sea of archetypes which was responsible for the form that I am in body and character. The sort of looming presence I am as an Ego determines the sort of shadow I will cast, the sort of archetypes chosen either consciously or unconsciously are the puzzle pieces that join together to be that which is my form.

My Id being my pleasure principal, that part that sought to reduce my potential pain or suffering to be met in reality, that part that sought to increase my pleasure of being in reality. By virtue of it wanting to reduce pain and increase pleasure it was obvious from my meta-physical unpacking of it, that it was a feminine principle, that which belongs to the Yin of me.

If Sigmund's identifying the reality principle with the Ego, then ponder suggests that it would require to be a masculine principle the Yang of my.

The Yin of Me and the Yang of Me were presenting themselves as a labyrinth of layers of intertwined dominances which cast a labyrinth of shadows. If I were to -Find it all in the Shadows- ? I was certainly finding plenty of shadows to inspect.

I was reaching that place in the thinking process that feels like a whirlpool, for a while you are on the edge sort of fighting against the going into it, then as its strength presents a looming dominance you begin to spin. The whole spinning out of being in a plug hole vortex full of swirling notions leading into the unknown.

I felt I was being presented in this present moment my own presence of being present and that this very present was a present that required to be opened and enjoyed. I was present with my present of presence to present for my own inspection.

Don't trust atoms
they make up everything



Chapter Eight

There are times in my life when my adventure in to my own mind becomes so completely whole and vivid, an unfolding in a joyous flow that falls endlessly into infinite unknowns. Helpless as a cockroach of a floating bottle, in a flooded creek, not knowing what to do or think next, an unfolding unfolding about thee, one that one can only but watch and hope to see an out for, but simply hanging on is the best that can be hoped for at this very point in the proceedings.

My visits to the realms of psychedelia have proven to affirm my presence to certain mind-scapes that arise. Psychedelic substance is not the only thing that colours thine mind. For me my visits to psychedelia is to know of the existence of certain perceptions and know they exist. When and if they present themselves along the way you know them to some degree of slight familiarity. This very mornings unfoldings and resultant captive bush walking meditation contemplation process was not unlike a trip. It had an all consuming wholeness to it, it had a vividness that carried that feel of anticipated surprise, it had a flow that was like being carried along in a strong creek or river, needing to simply navigate your way through safely, to avoid the rapids and waterfalls, to watch out for hazards, hookups, logs, wire, and an appropriate out when presented.

The other thing that was obvious to me about psychedelia was that it was like you were turning a light on in your own inner infinity. You become ever more present to the reality of your inner infinity's very real existence. We all tend our awareness into our inner infinity and into our shared external infinity. The equal degree of reality of the inner infinity to the shared external infinity is revealed with psychedelia. Here again I pondered that the light of psychedelia turning on in ones' inner infinity casts shadows that one requires to deal with. The shadows cast are the shape of who I am plus the shape of the terrain upon which I Shadow and the angle from where the light source shines.

From where the light source shines was the next ponder in regard my unpacking shadow. What sort of light is it that casts the shadow," it matters not" my tweedle-verse immediately came back, "light simply arrives to a form and a form is what the form is and it casts the shadow that it is". Hang on Tweedle-verse if it is that the light is the responsible nourishment for the growing of a particular form to looming dominance then there is some degree of relationship between the light and the form that casts the shadow. "No light, No life form" immediately came back Tweedle-verse.

I was noticing something in the flow of banter, there was the usual ongoing bickering's of the Tweedle-verse, which seemed to be just jumping on what notion was under the spotlight of focus and either positively affirming it or negatively seeking to nullify it. The notions themselves were either presented by my rational process, some logical determination due to a flow of notions which needed to be joined together and arrive through rational process, a deduction for instance - if this, then that - , or maybe induction - by virtue of all these notions being together there appears this pattern, and so then that- , and retroduction - if we remove everything that is not relevant and what is left, then that - .

Or either the notions arrive from my meta-rational process which I was now becoming more familiar with, I had begun to now see it in light of what Sigmund was suggesting, it was what he called the Id. The consciousness that exists in my unconscious, or may be it was my sub-conscious I was not sure if they were the same thing by different names.

So although unconscious to my awareness it was like a conscious processing which had come from my deep archive of a life time of being alive, living experiences, solving problems, dealing with the politics and dramas of everyday existence, the accumulated stockpile of all I have ever read and pondered. There was some conscious state that held all of this stuff together as the pile of loot from which my new Banker aspect was feeding into the Tweedle-verse. Wow I was seeing some patterns in the workings of my mind-scape. The tweedle-verse was a parliament, there was this banker who managed the provision of nourishing money in the form of notions from two sources the

rational and the meta-rational. So I had two banks the rational bank and the meta-rational bank, that was who my banker worked for.

Behind the Banks there were two sets of consciousness in operation, the one I was in, in regard my consciously pondering and following this entire unfolding and the other consciousness which was unconscious to me as the management of my heart beating and my breath flowing my ongoing chemistry of all I have eaten etc. There was also the meta-rational flow of notions which consciously I can rationalize as needing to have inherent form and order so as to be able to present such amazing notions which on the surface of their fresh appearance do not really immediately fit as a piece of the unfolding puzzle. So that which is unconscious to my now time presence is actually conscious in that realm which is unconscious to my being conscious now.

The first and second attention spoken of in the Toltec wisdom work of Carlos came to my mind. I had already pondered into what that all meant over the years, but to day it was becoming much more clear for my rational ponder. The first attention was my waking dealing with reality mind the shared external universe and my understandings of all that is, and the second attention was from where the meta-rational flow came, was that which was my inner infinity of innerstandings.

I had found my elites, the stockpile of wealth that was held in an order of wholeness and with intimate loving knowledge of, was fathomed and at lightening speed so to deliver a nuance, a perspective, a memory that was necessary to give context and meaning to that which the conscious rational mind in its ongoing, continual work was mining reality so to feed into the mind-scape.

So the power of Yin was evident with the meta-rational flow source, that which was issuing from my unconscious. The power of Yang was then the aware rational surveillance of all reality through the phive physical senses, the masculine act of dealing with the coalface of reality, the goings on in the shared external infinity and the protecting and delivering nourishment via the absorbing of life.

Anyway the point being that the flow of notions came via either rational or meta-rational source and had their own unique offerings in regard the unfolding that unfolded due to following them. It was sort of a nourishment arriving for the Tweedle-verse that fed their parliament of ongoing bickering's, their ongoing warring contentions.

My Banker aspect of my personality installed and activated a couple of hours ago then arrived back and said the currency that was made available to the warring sides was the flow of rational and meta-rational notions. The interest in following the notion flow created more notions, and for the banker that was the potential increase of wealth and power that was being harvested from the investment. The light source for my rational mind was all the conscious things that I was dealing with in my life adventure, and the light source for my meta-rational mind was the unconscious dealing with sorting in to order, meaning and purpose of all that arrived.

The nourishment which the flow of notions presented to my Tweedle-verse I could now see was like the nourishment of light. So light can be simply whatever nourishes any particular form so it may grow to some looming dominance so it may then cast a shadow.

The light source now in my ponders was again in the backwards and forwards of the Tweedles. Yes light source is that which is the result of investment, energy flows where attention goes, energy activates, initiates, nourishes that which it has been directed too. So money in our world serves that purpose, it is access to money for any being in the unfoldings of our world who displays all manner of different expression due to how much money is available to them. The amount of money available to any being is directly proportional to the shadows they can cast.

R.I.P boiled water
you will be mist.



Chapter Nine

Walking, walking, climbing, stopping, looking, drinking, thinking, on it all went. I stopped looked around caught a breath, indulged in a small round of deep breathing, sniffing in the day, the freshness of the creek the smell of the forest. A brief pause in the unfolding arrival of notions and their being bantered by the Tweedle-verse.

A management of what was unfolding happening somewhere in my background. As the dealing with the ongoing Tweedle-verse was a very full and consuming glow from my conscious mind it was obviously in my unconscious mind where not only the enormous stockpile of the entirety of my life adventure but the ongoing accumulation of everything I was continually processing. It was enough to be journeying through the notions that were arriving or I was deliberately construing while being present to my walking along the creek, rock hopping, climbing, ducking, weaving, watching, listening. But behind it all these notions I had figured as being sewn together by the Hunch Hunch, were a necklace of relevance to all that was unfolding. The logical construction of the necklace of notions was obviously happening elsewhere to my conscious participation.

The mechanics of fire air water and earth came back to mind. The Yin elements of water and earth, the Yang elements of fire and air. I need to go back to what I was thinking a little while ago, that little realization that due to the light the water and earth were observable, due to the light upon the water and earth emerged the living forest, and due to the air being not present allowed the space for all forms to be present.

From this logic it would seem the Yang exists to reveal the Yin. The yin of me and the yang of me. Then it occurred to me I was not alone in the form of some old dad joke.

We are all here because we are not all there, Me Myself and I.

Yes this is the most useful and relevant means to identify the ethereal aspects of my ongoing ponder into my wholeness as a psyche phenomena. Me Myself and I.

So as I walked along the creek again what bit could I say was me, what bit is myself and which bit is I. Usually one would say I am, I am this I am that. The part of me that defines its form, "I" could be the actual Ego, that which is growing toward some looming dominance, that which is responsible for casting its shadow into the world of physical-ness and also the world of fellow egos. So my I-ness is that which I express and project into the reality about me.

"But if nobody sees you" says the tweedle-verse "are you an ego?". Well yes of course came back a notion identifying the Hermit as an archetypal geometry which may be worn and lived and expressed but is generally out of view to most others. I was loving how the relevance tendrils were flowing with images, symbols that I could think into and was already familiar with.

The Tarot was a favorite part of my ponder over the years, it was a mind boggling mystical device that was hidden in plain sight, and could just act as a deck of cards so one could simply play patience, or they existed as a device for some beings to tell fortunes, or an amazing meta-physical model of the universe which acted as a trestle board for assembling the archetypes of the universe in an order that was figure-able and fathom-able for any interested enough to explore it as a logic puzzle. It was a tool for mining the depth psychology of oneself and the collective mind of man. The micro and macro psychology of all.

This particular image of the Hermit was now in my mind-scape and I remembered the image from my favorite pack had a Hermit as a man looking into the darkness, holding up a lamp looking inward, finding ones own light within, finding ones own center were the key phrases associated with the actual card in the pack.

The card carried with it the attributes of Virgo the sign of yin mutable earth the actual polar opposite of Pisces on the horoscope wheel. So in a ponder of one graduating the age of Pisces a ponder into its polar sign, its shadow

would be worthy in regard my call to -Find it All in the Shadows-

The Hermit it would seem is the one who is looking into the shadows, holding the lamp up and peering into the darkness. In this ponder the shadow cast from Pisces.

"It is the shadow of the age of Pisces that cloaks our entire world" picked up the Tweedle-verse. Woo hold on are we getting ahead of ourselves here I was wondering. I was actually seeking to identify me myself and I. I was pretty obviously that which is my ego self, my conscious ongoing selfness which is active each and every conscious moment that which I had also pondered as my First Attention. Thanks Carlos. So that which was my determined second attention was the domain of Sigmund's Id and the source from which my meta-rational flow of notions, was the repository for the whole of my accumulated life adventure experience.

My self was the self that was mine, it belonged to me. So me is separate to myself and it is separate to I. So the self that is mine is the miner in the mine of all that which is mine in my mind. So that which is the conscious intelligence which operates in the sub-conscious realms and is that which is unconscious to my conscious mind in its workings but is conscious by virtue of what it delivers for my conscious ponder.

So what does it deliver for my conscious ponder? A continual assortment of meta-rational notions that are some what connected to the flow of notions being pondered and processed at any particular moment. Some wild notions don't seem to be connected to anything but mystically do present that which you would not of expected.

The whole of this unfolding was founded upon the very meta-rational notion that there existed some anomaly upon a section of a google map and required to be fathomed. Some wild fancy, some crazy idea, some thing that belonged to the depths of the unconscious of my very own experience of reality.

My self was presenting a hunch as to which part of my living psyche was the bit that was the self. Myself was the source of hunches and so was the very place from where my Hunch Hunch was emitting from. It was narrowing down the self that was mine and was the wealth of accumulated life adventure experience as a living thing, which emitted meta-rational responses to all that was unfolding for the conscious unfolding of the first attention.

Me myself and I, Me myself and I was the mantra in my head as I ambled through a fairly flat and open part of the creek, a section of easy strolling. Probably time to sit again I thought, I felt I needed to capture this particular conundrum, establish concrete definition to me myself and I so that it could be a particular bead in the growing imaginary necklace.

I am this I am that, I am that which cast the shadows, but it is myself which seems to feed the forms necessary to build the ultimate form which casts the shadow. Soul was the word that was being now thrust before me. The soul I understood to be that which was the sum total of all I have ever been in every dimension of my beingness right up to the moment I pondered so. I was pondering so right here right now and my being present to the flow of meta-rational notions, my pondering that the meta-rational bank was the sum total of all that had ever been for me so here it was, my living soul.

"My soul then is a Yin aspect", my tweedle-verse began immediately, "by virtue of its absorbing, accumulating unconscious aspects, it must be"

Ego and Soul were a little more clear to me. So then the me bit? The living awareness observing the whole comedy unfold. The ultimate light which is responsible for nourishing the entire unfolding I was experiencing, and the entire mind-scape I was alive within. All was the shadows of me.

Right I need to digest this lot I thought, time to move on from my brief stop. I was continually stopping and going in my ongoing bush walk meditation and contemplation home. I was needing to create small exclamation marks for the major notions that were seeking to be established. Big notions and small notions, rational notions and meta-rational notions all arriving to knot together a macramé necklace. Although I had sense of an imaginary necklace and its being in a state of construction I had no actual image for it in my mind, I had no actual logical capacity at this point to figure out what was to go where in the threading of all these notions together.

That is why the ancients had chosen symbols to capture a field of notions together. Like with the Hermit card as

a symbol there are many ideas that may be ascribed to the Hermit. The ancients suggested that symbols are the language of depth, so the lamp held by the Hermit could quite possibly be his language of depth so to penetrate the shadows of that which he was peeking into. It could also be simply his focused attention of consciously capturing the mechanics of ones inner infinity.

Symbols as a language is beautifully adaptable to the personal individual uniqueness that every living soul is as a unique individual fractal of the mystery of life and creation. For example if one was to get up on a big stage and say the word "dog" to a million people, they would all understand that which you said, but each would have their own personal sense of what dog meant to them. That is how symbols work.

I brought my shoes from a drug dealer
I don't know what he laced them with
but I have been tripping all day



Chapter Ten

Me myself and I was something I had pondered at other times in my life, but here today I was loaded with a sense of clarity for wearing a very real sense of those parts of my beingness, separate one to the other. Although my mind-scape in a general sense was an amalgam of these three essential parts, in the normal flow of life there is no need to have them as separate one to the other. So much other of life dominates the importance of what unfolds.

But I find myself in this funny unfolding, a hunch hunch activated by following a wild fancy, and escalating into a full on psychedelic trip like mind-scape due to stumbling upon those few of words.

I was identifying shadows everywhere I looked. Not just in the physical world but also in the dimensions of my mind experience of my life as the unfolding of the mystery of life and creation. The figurative, the symbolic shadows of all existence were waiting to be identified.

The shadow itself is not something in itself, it exists as a phenomena that creates a situation where something else that is not a shadow may hide. So a place to hide something deliberately or a place where some thing is hidden by virtue of where the light source projecting creates.

The notions shared by Sigmund and Carl suggests that there are all sorts of shadows that exist in our living psyche that create all sorts of bothers and complications in the unfolding of life. Carlos and Theun in there toltec wisdom contributions to the whole psyche puzzle suggested that it was by the combing of the shadows where one was able to harvest personal power.

Carlos reckoned that the mood of the warrior on the path of wisdom utilized the art of stalking to assist his or her combing of the shadows. This art was the continual vigilance to be conscious of that which was an affect-ant upon all that which was going on in ones mind-s. You could become angry, upset, offended by the words that were emitted by those others in your life adventure and it was the life force behind the words that carried a particular affect but it was the effect that was what the stalker was interested in figuring and fathoming.

In fact it was this very stalking which was the actual art of combing the shadows. Hidden in ones shadows are the attitudes and opinions which may remain hidden in the shadows until some actual words, some situation, some circumstance may arrive that pushes a button in you and you are activated into some type of bother or complication, some anger, offense or upset.

The art of course was the activation of an objective over-ride, a sort of biting of the tongue to not respond but also thankful as there was something hidden in ones own shadows that was the source of needing to bite the tongue, to reserve your opinion, to not let on that you are affected, to pretend you didn't hear something. All of these types of situations and circumstances are the shadows that are being combed. The biting of the tongue a perfect example of shadow combing.

What is it that is hidden in the shadows that become the active ingredient to become the potential bother ? "Attitude and opinion" are the energetic s identified and immediately being tossed between the Tweedles.

A looming dominance in our psychic world required to be empowered by a certain attitude and opinion. If you did not wear the right attitude to the soap opera unfolding of our world you would most likely not succeed. If you were competing in a race but your attitude was that you didn't care if you won you most likely will not. If your opinion of it was you thought it was stupid to run fast in a paddock of lines, you would most likely not be bothered to even run.

So the living dynamic of attitude and opinion were being seen as that which was potentially hide-able in the shadows. There are attitudes and opinions in the flavors of positive and negative but it is mostly the negative one which would generally seek to hide in their shadows. Sometimes deliberately out of courtesy, or prudence you would conceal your true opinion or shield your attitude, but sometimes there are those attitudes and opinions hid-

den to yourself in your own shadows that you cast with out thinking.

It was these inherent attitudes and opinions that were what was being looked for by the warrior in the combing of the shadows. That which was hidden to the self by the casting of ones own shadow and generally only became apparent in the consequences of life's unfoldings. Certain unfoldings in life are a consequence of certain decisions and all decisions are colored by the attitudes and opinions that lay everywhere throughout ones mind-scape.

So here I was at another point in my ponderous depths of the mechanics of shadow. Attitudes and opinions what are they as things I began to wonder. Att - it - u - de At it You Down, you are going at something that you are trying to bring down seems to be hidden in the word. And O - pin - I - on which seems an obvious I pin on something O - of my attitude. Hidden in plain sight is clues to assist this -Find it All in the Shadows- puzzle.

Attitude and opinion were some thing that was real and creates living affects in my own mind-scape and the mind-scapes of all the other beings I share existence with. As a thing I could see that any attitude and opinion is something which can be changed or altered, in deed had been my experience on many occasions to experience a change of attitude or opinion.

So as a thing then I could see the attitudes and opinions were conclusions created by my Tweedle-verse and existed throughout my entire mind-scape. They essentially were unfinished conclusions, or poorly made conclusions, or a conclusion made in a rush, or a conclusion as the product of incorrect assumption, a conclusion as the product of cultural inheritance, or a stereotype from social conditioning, peer pressure, the status quo.

A mine field of possibilities was opening before me. I was just after establishing some notion of my me myself and I ness in my mind-scape and now the dimensions of attitude and opinions had come to join them. What was my inherent attitude and opinion of my me, what attitudes and opinions did I wear in regard that which I had identified as my "myself" as the soul of my being ness. And then what attitude exists for my "I" and as the Ego crown jewel of my beingness, what attitudes and opinions was it projecting out into the universe.

White boards are remarkable



Chapter Eleven

I felt the need to stop again, to sit and digest what had just unfolded in my mind. There were some big boulders in the bush near by so I choose to go and sit upon them, to have some fruit and nuts, to drink some water. To pause again between the ongoing flow of notions and the continual banter of my tweedle-verse.

Language was in my ponder as that was the thing I was thinking was the basic tool for exploring my conundrum. So much seems to be hidden in plain sight in regard certain words. Like the word Bible truly is phonetically - Buy Bull. I needed to ponder deeply into the mechanics of what was my language. And for myself born in Australia having spent my entire life here it was English which was my mother tongue, it was English which would act as my tool to skry the depths of my growing inquiry.

I had read a book called the "Language Crystal" which presented the strange way that although we are all babbling on in Babylon. If you take the time to look into that which is being language-ed all sorts of hidden jewels become apparent. I have always loved playing with words, ironic situations are addressed with a play on words, a silly pun, the very material of lame dad jokes. If it is that reality is but a dad joke of the heavenly father, well then it is up to fathers every where to bring it to the surface, to highlight all that which is cringe worthy, to punish you with all sorts of mutterings that are pun-ish. A cosmic encouragement to not take things too seriously. Some ironic cosmic mystery hidden in plain sight.

I remembered something obscure again, my meta-rational mind bank issuing forth something for my tweedle-verse to bounce around. I was feeling quite relaxed about all that was unfolding now since my realizations of that which is my 'me' , 'myself' and 'I' differing states of being, were developing a very real sense of placement within me.

It mattered not how obscure the notion that issued from my meta-rational 'myself' ness state of being, I was wearing the sense that it was my inner chick-ness who was quietly behind the scenes, hidden away in my unconscious, tending the pile of stuff which was the loot of my collective assembled experience of the entirety of my life since I had drawn my first breath over 62 years ago.

This enormous pile I began to imagine was like the Aladdin's cave of treasures seen in the cartoons over the years. Although this pile of treasures was incredibly enormous it was all known as a matrix, it was All stacked and assembled in a way which the very conscious and intelligent capacities of my inner-chick-ness tended it and continually added to it as the notions bounced around in the tweedle-verse became temporary conclusions that needed to be stacked in the continually growing loot pile

It was apparent to me that the notions continually being processed by the conflicting, contentious contrarium of my tweedle-verse were supplied by that which I had determined to be both my Rational Bank and my Meta-rational Bank.

It was apparent to me that the Banker managing the flow of the notions was my 'I' and it was my 'I' who was directly consciously managing the construct of notions being delivered to me from my Rational Bank and it was 'myself' who emitted the flow of notions being delivered to me from my deep unconscious Meta-rational Bank.

I was wondering if it was that I was in this perspective actually witnessing the very mechanics of my very own living soul.

My "I" was rationally involved in the managing of the overall bankness of flowing notions, it was my 'myself' which managed the assembling into the pile of treasures each and every notion processed, to what ever degree of temporary conclusion it had reached in its processing by the tweedle-verse. But it was my 'myself-ness' which was responsible for the delivery from that loot pile of each and every notion of relevance to the machinery of my tweedle-verse.

So was 'I' the Banker for the Rational Bank and 'myself' the Banker for the Meta-rational Bank processing the endless factory of notion treasures. If so was my Tweedledee and Tweedledum bickering mind-field the staff of the Bankers and as the symbol of parliament described them as well, I would say yes.

Yes it was becoming apparent to me that this whole notion processing thing I had this very morning identified as my tweedle-verse was a separate part of the mysterious amalgam of that which is the wholeness of my mind-scape. It was becoming apparent to me that my 'I' was at the forefront in the conscious flow of the notion treasures both doing its own further construction as a result of the Tweedles work, and also figuring and fathoming the placement and possible further constructs resulting from the contributions arriving from the Meta-rational Bank. All the while the whole resultant flow being poured back into the unconscious realms of the loot pile in the Meta-rational Bank.

It was now apparent the it was 'me' who was the elite who the entirety of both Banks belonged. Behind the conscious work of my 'I', behind the unconscious work of 'myself', behind the loudness of the machinery of my contrarium tweedle-verse, it was all for me.

The me myself and I ponder that had been unfolding moments before was in a state of process, my tweedle-verse processing at great speed now causing my 'I' and 'myself' to become very involved in constructing insight and realization for 'me'.

In-sight is like I had fathomed moments before was the affect of any light which exists to illumine my inner infinity, like the affects of psychedelics that illumine that which may be seen in the shadows of my unconscious. Once sighted in the inner infinity by what ever light came to illumine it, that which was now seen becomes that which is real- eyes - d.

'I see said the blind man' came back into my conscious field reaffirming this ongoingness. 'but he couldn't really see at all' immediately followed having the tweedle-verse suggest that the amorphous ethereal nature of the amalgam of the wholeness of the mind-field is that which can not really be seen.

For me it needed to be seen, as pondered moments before, a wholeness may survive when a particular wholeness is directly involved in becoming more fully conscious of its own particular wholeness. It was becoming apparent to me that the chaos of everything which was chattering from my tweedle-verse, the processing 'I' was continually processing and the endless strange and enigmatic flow of offbeat and seemingly irrelevant notions arriving from 'myself' was the wholeness of 'me'.

As chaotic as it all appeared it was most certainly all familiar to me in its overall everyday workings. But the deeper layers of its own mechanical-ness, the patterns of flow and distinctly identifiable nuances of differences of the swirling amalgam was something I had not really penetrated as clearly as 'I' was doing today.

For me it was apparent that I was needing to stand upon all these swirling realizations and reach into further insight. It was a quest "I" was on and the quest was coming from me. Aha questions come from me as the quest I am on in any particular moment.

Questions then seemed to be that which was feeding the overall machinery of all that was unfolding here. Endless questions which fed into the contrary machine of the tweedle-verse. Where 'I' continually constructed rational extensions and conclusions and where 'myself' could throw in the curve ball, the conundrums from left of field, the notions which seemed unrelated and made you go 'mmmmmm'.

For me it then became apparent that the quality of questions was a very important part of what was actually going on here this morning. Despite all the feeling gone through since I had awoken this morning with my Hunch Hunch on board, all the feelings that had come from the finding of the words in the pocket, it was now apparent to me 'I' needed to become extremely mindful to the questions "I" was constructing.

I was glad that I had stopped and sat on this rock, I really needed stillness at this moment to capture what was going through my mind. I needed to stop and get behind all of everything and feel for the questions necessary to go beyond. I could see I needed to have the -Find it All in the Shadows- as a tool to uncover the bigger questions indicated by the Hunch Hunch and at this point yet to be identified. A mysterious something beckoned from the

hunch hunch that had no form, no nothing of anything, but wore an alluring exotic erotic romantic love adventure calling that suggested the -Find it All in the Shadows- was a means to an end.

The question of what the hunch hunch might actually be existed beyond the -Find it All in the Shadows- It was the shadows where it was hidden and what it was in itself was also hidden to me at this stage. How do I find what I do not know that I am looking for which is hidden. Rambling non-sense questions were now being churned about from the Tweedles.

Then it came from 'myself' -Be sure to All ways use your Ridiculizer- was a phrase I had coined over the years and it was the notion that sometimes it is when you are being ridiculous, when you engage in ridiculous banter about certain problems, that in that journey into non-sense, that journey into absurdity and silliness, the grasping out into puns and corny lame Dad jokes, that sometimes a treasure of relatedness magically arrives to save the day, magically arrives to reveal a whole new universe of possibility that may have never been found other wise.

The tool of the Ridiculizer my tweedle-verse was now debating as to who was responsible for it, was it the playing of my inner yin and yang, their laughing together and creating between them something funny, or ironic, or in the true power of the jester the capacity to share certain information that in normal circumstances could either be overlooked or even offensive. In the traditions of the monarchies it was the court jester who revealed certain nuances of life and its unfoldings that only the court jester could get away with saying. Any body else who said the things the jester had said before the jester had said them may be condemned or worse.

The quest-i-on, the quest I am on ? From where did the questions come from, who was issuing the quests which would be the motivation behind all the flows of notions which were being processed in the Tweedle-verse, that was the impetus behind the ongoing logical constructs affected upon the notion flow, that was the cause for the inner-yin to retrieve certain notions from her loot pile and throw them into the mix.



Chapter Twelve

I stood still upon the boulder, I went blank in my mind, allowing space for something to arrive. Something to take me to the next phase of this ongoing ponder flow. The twists and the turns all piecing together some bigger picture that was not apparent to me yet. Was it my wholeness, what ever that might be, be that which was behind my Hunch Hunch ? Was it my wholeness which was seeking me to have cognition of what it is that is my wholeness in actuality ?

The the old familiar question I had pondered into over the years sprang larger than life into my presence. Who Am I ?

The whole 'me' 'myself' and 'I' thing that had been going on this morning had been a journey into 'What Am I' I was figuring. My tweedle-verse ascertaining with the logic of my Rational Bank that all that had been visited so far was a looking into the mechanical working of the strange whirling living amalgam that is the dynamic of each and every mind. A mind that is worn by living souls into this shared external infinity adventure, of humans enjoying a ride on a planet, creating for themselves a world, for something to do, while filling in the the short time together called a life.

The thing to look at in the Quest is Who. A who is the determining one living soul from another, when you have a line up of people and you are seeking to narrow down a particular one of them. Like in a who dun it scenario. So who is which one of the living souls is which.

In the endless ponderous realms of philosophy I had come to accept the notion that the only real solid truth that actually exists for any living soul pondering the mystery of life and creation was - I Am - I know that I am by virtue of existing in a capacity to ponder so. The ponderous tomes of the Bhagavad Gita the delicious oomph behind all the yogi wisdoms has a foundation in - I Am That I Am - and everything else is a flowing endless symbolic illusion holding secrets which a ponderous mind may find, and have as treasures in its notion stack .

So in the Who Am I quest that I have all of a sudden found myself once again staring into, was now looking at the I am but it's being reversed into an - Am I-. It was interesting to me how I had never really noticed before that when you have -I Am- as a statement it is definite in affirming the presence of one. Then when it is inverted to -Am I - it becomes indefinite affirming that the particular presence my not be.

I was sensing a shadow in my midst, right here in this tiny little question that falls upon the lips of all beings at some point in their existence. The quest I am on was the familiar old Who Am I quest which I had visited many times by virtue of being a fan of the whole philosophy dimension of human experience.

Their was the seeming obvious-ness that this particular question was directly related to the Hunch Hunch. Which of course didn't help the overall puzzle-ness of things at all.

Chapter Thirteen

I had asked the question a long time ago in my personal life adventure - "Who Am I?" and now what was becoming apparent to me was the question you have asked all that time ago is actually definitive of the quest I am on in my life adventure, behind the whole of every and any thing that unfolds. The 'who am I' question had created a simple vibrational tone of a search for meaning. The punch line of the question is not who I am but what does it mean to be asking so.

Who I am is made up of what I am. Me, Myself and I were all working together as best they could to get to the bottom of the question long ago asked and the consequent quest I am on, that in its simplest definition was a quest for meaning.

The interesting thing I had pondered in regard to looking at the question of "what is the meaning of life?" was to practically look at the word meaning and search its values. Mean is the mid point between two extremes the dictionary had suggested to me. The middle road travelled in life as suggested by some philosophic tomes was the mid-point that one could look to find a balance and harmony in one's continual dance with the unfolding mystery of one's own life adventure in creation. So my logic determined that 'meaning' was the finding and establishing the mean. Mean as the mid-point or the middle road had it that my seeking to find and establish a position within the unfolding mystery of life and creation that was the mid-point between any two extremes I could identify in life.

The mid point between pleasure and pain, between attraction and repulsion, between good and bad, between useful and useless, between conditional and unconditional, between genius and madness, between yin and yang.

I reflected that my journey of skrying that mid-point was a windy road, that at times touched and defined that which was the extremes. Some mid-points of life's duality are difficult to find with our visiting the extremes.

So as the wisdom of the Chinese folk with their whole ☯ yin and yang thing were using the description of the overall dynamics of any particular duality as being yin and yang. And simply for we as living souls enjoying a life adventure it was the whole dance of being a gendered species of human animals was the very raw material of learning what the whole yin and yang thing is. All that which is expressed by the XX chromosome wearing beings was yin and all that which is expressed by the XY chromosome wearing beings was the yang.

The mystery of life and creation was suggesting that everything necessary to penetrate the mystery that any living soul may puzzle, was around them in their daily life, living experience. Esoteric Philosophy had suggested to me that one's practical ponder of the workings of fire, air, water and earth around you in the expression of creation, the interaction of form and light and the resultant shadows, the living experience of relationship with gender and its resultant feeling and emotion dynamics, the living experience of desiring and thinking into creation as a creator of that which is thine life adventure, all was the living answer disguised as the question.

Paradox so often was the answers revealed by looking into the form of what was. Paradox was such a deliciously satisfying mid-point non-answer answer. It was sort of both and nothing at the same time and although not really something that my rational mind could be totally satisfied with, my inner feelings were well pleased to have reached an oasis mid-point of paradoxical balance.

I reflected my journey of juggling, as a past-time I have enjoyed having for something fun to do in those moments of play, was also a practical tool to bring realization to more esoteric ponders. If one ponders that the successful mid point of the certain action of throwing things in the air and keeping them up there, in juggling is the flow of the throw. The actual juggle only exists when certain other important things come together to have it come to be. The desire to want to do it, the intent of making it happen, the exertion of throwing and catching, the focus of continually doing so, the developing skill set, the flow, the balance, the harmony, then the juggle.

So as a means of capturing a ponder of paradox the paradox of things flying around in space was due to the coming together of certain dimensions, there syncing, their working together. The juggle only able to exist when all

were present in there presence. So a secret of paradox may be that it can only exist as something tangible when all its dimensions are synced and present. Outside of that it may only be pondered or remembered.



Chapter Fourteen

I was walking again and realizing that I had not really noticed my doing so. My rush of ponders were so dominating in this captive bush walk meditation contemplation process I could feel my self in that timeless space of automation. So often in my work adventures I would become present to a moment realizing that a number of hours had slipped past. Much achieved in the work adventure but much much more happening in that lateral overlaying dimension of ponder.

I was at a patch of large boulders at a point of drop in the creek, so I was needing to be present to doing some small leaps from boulder to boulder, a slide down with a last minute jump to a rock in the middle of a big puddle. From there up and over a fallen tree. Upon which I now stopped and had a look around.

In this space I reflected the overall amount of ponder that was actually going on. Regardless of all the content of the whole adventure from google map, to taking the walk, to finding the message in the pocket, to now. All was a living dynamic. A living vibe that carried an overall feeling of well being, relaxed contentedness, a sense of achievement, a sense of anticipation, a sense of being with some sort of mystical unfolding.

Then my Tweedle-verse chimed in there is also the sense of being lost in the mutterings of someone, who to some degree of measure, is off with the fairies.

This issue coming from my tweedle-verse struck me, the negating of what I was just holding in positive light. The positive of assessing my whole unfolding as worthwhile, as something that was deeply significant as some level, that was an allurements into the unknown was the positive light. This sort of light was the "light not heavy type" of baggage one carries in regard to self attitude and was that which was the light of ones own mind-scape, the light that highlighted certain forms that were to be the land marks of the traverse of that inner infinity and the puzzle offered by the resulting shadows..

The negating it all as an 'off with the fairies' situation was a worthy ponder, the negative light that was shone across the wholeness of the current unfoldings was as a negative light, a light one could call a shadow. Yes here again shadows to comb through to find that which is to be found in the shadows. The negative light cast by my mind and the positive light cast by my mind each with, from another perspective, something positive to contribute.

I thought about the word 'cast'. A cast is a selection of beings together playing out a scenario. The wholeness of my unfolding was under the spotlight of my ponder. The cast of my experience was me, myself and I and together they were the dynamic living amalgam of my living psyche. As a cast they were the shadow of some light.

My 'what am I' unpacking of the morning delivering the identifiable character positions of me, myself and I and now as I pondered positive and negative light as light and shadow, I was thinking that I had pulled back another layer of the mystery that was unfolding about me. When positive light and negative light are sources of light neither are what we would normally ascribe to the word negative. Negative is normally something that we determine as some thing you are not wanting and positive something that you do. Shadows are not something negative they are something that assists in defining the positive. There is a sliding degree of positive to negative which in its paradoxical mid-point is neither. The very message of the ☯ yin and yang, in its most perfect balance and harmony, was the Tau. The Chinese wisdom tradition suggested that although they are complete and different in themselves together they had potential to be something else when together both positively, and negatively Yin and Yang at war was certainly different to Yin and Yang in soul fusion embrace.

The mean point of any part of ones adventure was that Tau point and as a thing was the paradoxical position that arrives only when certain dimensions of experience can and do sync, balance and harmonize. I began to remember the work of this amazing bloke off YouTube. Ken Wheeler a genius of his particular portion of the universal ponder shared deep mystical ponder into the actual workings of di-electricity being electricity in its living gendered nature as positive and negative and in cahoots with the di-electric work was magnetism as a field from which it all

emitted. My take on his shared ponders was the the ether was some sort of field from which the entire universe is but the emanation from. A giant living mind that begins the manifestation process with ethereal thoughts which may or may not eventually solidify into the different forms of matter that make up my physical universe.

This whole forest I was in was but a thought at some stage of its development. Each seed of each and every plant in the forest carried a particular thought as to what each plant will grow to be. Then depending upon the dynamics of coming to exist in this shared external infinity the positive and negative aspects of creation had it you inevitably end up being the mid-point of what ever thought that you happen to be as form in potential. As a seed of the forest you would be a tree maybe. As a sperm and ovum the being I am now pondering myself to be, is the obvious out come of the thought that I am, evolved through the positives and negatives of all I have ever experienced. to be the me I am now pondering my self to be.

This morning I was swimming through a paradox, the gentle walk home through a beautiful though gently challenging landscape, wearing a gently challenging mind-scape of illusion-al ponders while all the while feeling some sort of mystical cosmic allurement and a sober probably isn't as well. While at the same time endeavoring to trump the negative aspects of what it is that negative is, in itself . Trump it with some other beyond-ness sort of thought. Now I was really spiraling off with the fairies again my tweedle-verse reminded me.

The shadow of my mind-scape was the whole notion that I was off with the fairies in regard the normal day to day life unfoldings I was walking home to. There was not much I would be able to say about it all to others that would help it sound like it was not off with the fairies. When I got home and if some one asked about where I had been, why I had gone, what did I find - what could I say?

The light of what was going on for me, could cast into the mind of some other asking, and what shadows would be the consequence? If I am to find it all in the shadows there was still something else I was needing to figure out about shadows that I did not yet know the question for.

Light Form Shadow. Yes form was the mid-point between the light and the shadow. And in the 'who am I ' quest I am on it was the form that was receiving the light and casting the shadow. I began to ponder form. Around me were the forms of the forest. The ground form and the vegetation was that which I, upon my captive bush walk meditation adventure, was what I was negotiating.

The next clue began bouncing around in my tweedle-verse ne-got-I-ate. This strange word I have used plenty of times I now had under my lexigraph microscope. Ne is the negative and got is some thing I have, so the ne-got is something I do not have. I is the third part of the word and ate at the end. It is usually useful to ponder the unpacking of a word backward and forward to capture what it may be conveying. So the energetic s of the word could be "something eating me in regard something I do not have", issued from the tweedle-verse, or " I ate of what I do not have "

The 'ate' on the end of a word like negotiate was an action of verb forming. A moving word, the act of I not having or in the action of dealing with that which is not got yet. The walk along the creek where I was negotiating the terrain, the form of the forest and I did not have that which I was not yet at, but I did have where I was in this now time moment. A perpetual dealing with one form after another, and when I finally finish this walk home and I am at home on and on will be the forms I am going to be negotiating.

Banal stating s of the obvious were flowing through my mind. That sense that hidden in plains sight are all the answers held in a paradoxical equation. Like the pondering of the dynamics of fire air water and earth in the world around me as a banal stating of the obvious - put your hand in fire you get burnt -. Also a banal stating of the obvious was a large part of the mind-scape I was negotiating.

The banal stating of the obvious I was negotiating in the walk home was putting one foot after the other, the lifting up upon a rock to hop to another or the skirting a puddle or avoiding a branch. The largest part of my meditation existed among-st a banal obviousness that despite being banal and obvious required presence, as a slip could bring about a negative light cast upon the whole unfolding.

Form was that which required to be negotiated in all dimensions. And so it was form that I was now pondering and required to be negotiated to get to the bottom of the 'who am I' question quest I am on.

OK I was now at a slight turn of about 60 degrees in the creek. A different orientation to the shadows. They themselves sat where the light source was casting them but my perspective now changing to my looking at them. So the form itself was that which actually hid some of the shadow from my inspection. Now I was oriented more to the north as the shadows on one side of me were behind the trees and on the other were in front of the tree.

So to find it all in the shadows, my ponder began to play with the fact that shadow may be hidden from inspection due to the form and ones relationship to the light source. It might be that I am in the way and casting a shadow myself which takes over the shadow that would have other wise been cast should I be not in the way.

I kept spinning concepts through my mind, that was the flow of notions now. Concept. My con-tracting with the sept-ion of form in relation to my orientation. Shadow was in direct relation to light source and form and my in-spection was separate to it all.

The who am I question then was apparent to me that who I am has a form and from it a shadow is cast, the shadow is related directly to the light source. So the finding it all in the shadows was an effect upon which one could orient the cause. By inspecting a shadow one could effectively discover the light which had made it. And the form it was the negation of. The light stopped at the form and continued no further, and the shadows the inert, static no-light-ness which helps to define the overall situation.

Thank you Ken Wheeler my Bankers were saying. His contributions of notions are valuable insights for the positive flow of this particular unfolding. My needing of a trump notion to find a beyond-ness to seeing negative as negative was now in the flow.

Ken had shared insight into the workings of how LED lights work. His very salient point of it being important to capture as useful as possible understanding of the how of phenomena so as to ponder more deeply into the whole of creation. The example that came to my mind was "Gravity Is", we are in it, we have worked out how to work with it and use it to our advantage but our formal concepts, as to what it actually is as a thing, fall quite short of the insights of beings like Nicola Tesla, Ken Wheeler and Walter Russell and others. The new technological internet mind of mankind access to the most delicious ponderous depths.

Mind Boggle I lovingly call the whole chaotic length and breath of the net. Somewhere in it is something I have never thought before. The delicious array of presenters on the youtube-iverse present a smorgasbord of rabbit holes. The presentations presented beings who were presenting their particular rabbit hole of fascination. For the bold and intrepid notion traders and paradigm wrestlers among we all this new dimension of experience now available for our species-organism-mankind is truly a new frontier. Wheels within wheels of beings being present to the presence of those others who present their own particular presentations of that which they have been present too.

I was beginning to think my Tweedle-verse was trying to knot me. Phonetics were an interesting part of my ponder over the years there are times when we are saying one thing but saying something else at the same time. Those who indulge in dad jokes seem to notice this dimension of our human experience a little more than others. Maybe simply for the access to raw material for playing with language.

My tweedle-verse then brought to my attention my ponder of my relationship with dyslexia, a funny situation of dis meaning 'no' and lex generally having the meaning of the 'word' or even 'law'. So indicating a fools freedom to jump between not and knot, and no and know and many many other phonetic anomalies when catapulting imagination into skrying the deeper hidden meanings which may be hidden in plain sight.

A wholly Phool way to penetrate the mystery.



Chapter Fifteen

I was at another "stop for a moment" point in the walk, a negotiating of another big boulder upon which I now stood and looked at my shadow. The obvious light was the sun above and to it I looked. The form was my body I was in and using to do this walk and before me cast upon the rock and ground was my shadow.

Of course my body is a great deal more than just what I am using to walk. It is the living recording of my entire life adventure. Every scratch and scar, every blemish and bit of tanning, very bit of fat or definition of muscle, the shape of my form, the stance of my posture all see-able in the shadow to a degree. My form was the sum total of all I have been and done in my life adventure. But my shadow was but an outlining of it all. My shadow also is distorted to the shape of the scape of the land it is cast upon.

The outline was held in the shadow and the outline of course directly in response to the light source and my forms orientation. The banal and obviousness I was witnessing held analogy for my ponder into the form that I am as a character who happens to be the one being on this walk, responding to that google map, being affected by that message in the pocket. I was being directed by my inner amalgam of mysterious ponder ability to see that it is my own perspective which may be seen as a light that is cast upon the form of my character and context is the scape upon which its shadow is cast.

The debating parliament of my tweedle-verse was presenting amazing insights as this amazing mind coloring flow unfolded. Attitude and opinion and their relationship with perspective and context it seemed were the mysterious things I might be finding hidden in the shadows. The shadows cast by my world view was my way of being with what ever it is that is my world view. My perspective of the paradigm I wear is a light which casts the shadow of the form being constructed by my inner yin and is cast upon the scape of my life. The shadows of my mind-scape are the context of my perspective shone past the form of my character.

I was in a juicy part of this mental flow, much to do with the very objective mechanics of the working of my living psyche were either becoming apparent due to previous pondering or some other mysterious dynamic of my spirit was communicating with me. I had heard the little quip that it is the two 'eyes' in sp'i'r'i't that see the soul. And it is the developed and evolved third eye which has the x-ray power to see through bullshit.

As a living body I was observing that I was not just the shape and form of the body I have, but also that which I have chosen to adorn it. My choice of clothes were symbolic of an expression that could be read by some other looking at me. If it was that I was a soldier and I was wearing my uniform then immediately that other would identify me to be a soldier.

My tweedle-verse immediately interjected with " but I may be a soldier who had chosen to wear the typical sort of work clothes I was wearing, and that some other would not immediately identify that I was in fact a soldier".

The dimensions of light now indicating that the image seen may also be a symbol and the image and the symbol may not necessarily be the same thing. The very situation we know of when pondering actors. There is a being expressing a certain something that we are to accept as something, which behind it is something else.

The expression of a character may be presenting one form but hidden in its shadows is something else that it is, but we will know not till we comb the shadows. Like in my earlier ponder of fire air water and earth where I pondered that light can not be seen but it reveals the forms that can be seen by its presence and air by its non being creates the space so a form may be seen.

I was in deep ponderous territory, and the deeper the terrain the greater the shadows was the banal obviousness that needed to be acknowledged.

The form of my character, just like the form of my body was something that I had been constructing since I was born. Every life experience presented situations and circumstances that is the terrain I require to negotiate.

In a human form the body responds to the degree of difficulty of terrain it requires to negotiate by revealing a

consequent shape in form. If one was to sit in front of a TV and eat MacDonald's for a decade their form would reflect the negotiating of that terrain. Likewise someone who lived on top of a steep hill and required to walk up and down it each and every day would reflect a different form.

From this perspective I was seeing that behind what ever form was being constructed by living souls in human form the intent, the attitude and opinions were dimensions of potential light that cast certain shadows in the form of any character. The shadow of a decade in front of a TV eating junk food belonged to a certain intent, certain attitude and a particular opinion. The shadow of the hill climbing dude existed also with an intent, attitude and opinion.

I was sensing my entry into a territory of potentially complex ponder that could spiral into all sorts of deep psychological mechanics, all sorts of meta-physical constructs.

In this quest I am on the question of who am I requires to ride the terrain of banal stating of the obvious. I require to keep it simple, to build the form that I was seeking to reveal to myself one archetype at a time, just like I have actually been doing for my whole life.

I was more than the me, myself and I that I have just been unpacking in my inner universe. I was also somebody in the shared external infinity that 'I am' in with the other supposed seven billion living others at this point in time.

OK, I am heading off on a new tack now, I was now taking my tweedle-verse into the realms of the archetypes. I needed to get to the bottom of exactly what it was that I was wearing as my own understanding of these ethereal notions of that which was responsible for the bringing into form, the entire universe. The living architecture that was the blue print behind everything that held form, the living architecture of the geometric expression of every character who has ever existed.

My tweedle-verse began bouncing around the various notions I had accumulated over the years, all those that went toward my ongoing ponder for understanding this very meta-physical construct. Carl Jung was the man I understood to be the one to coin the word and brought to our collective attention the whole concept of archetype as some sort of holographic DNA. Which was like the DNA of the cells of our living body, which gives shape and feature to our living body, holographic DNA on the other hand gave shape and feature to our living evolving character.

The holographic nature of the archetypal DNA was not just a blue print, it was alive and dynamic seeking to be more than just a shape and feature, it wanted to be expression as well. It also needed to blend and morph with all sorts of other geometries. As best I could tell the archetypes that ultimately come to be the me that I am, have been accumulating for my entire life and in themselves compete to be the dominant expression of who I ultimately come to be.

Once again a looming dominance came to my thought flow. This was an important concept that I had fished out from my Meta-rational Bank this morning and I could feel that "looming dominance" was a concept I was going to need to keep on my workbench of reverse engineering my own self. I really felt that the whole of this mornings unfoldings were now leading me into a very technological jungle.

The way geometric forms come together to create a greater form would obviously obey the same sort of laws that we may observe in the way DNA creates the diverse crowd of beings we are as a species. Despite our diversity we all do appear as living souls in human form to each other. Regardless of the different tongues we speak, the different cultures we wear, the different races we express, the different forms and shapes we hold we are all a living expression held within certain recognizable boundaries.

Likewise our archetypal holographic living DNA exists as the compulsions we all wear, the driving forces we all express that dominate our every choice we make.

My tweedle-verse was acknowledging the insights won from a book I had stumbled upon in a second hand book pile in Salamanca Markets in Hobart many years ago. I had found Katie Altham's book 'Who am I' and had enjoyed its simple usable exploration of the multitude of types that come to inhabit all beings. She had shared that our tastes, style, values, our choices in career, relationships, homes, cars, music, books, television, movies, hobbies, loves, hates and interests of every kind were all the reflections of archetypal geometries we had accumulated

while living through the unfolding of what was our very own personal, unique, individual life adventure.

We as living souls having a life are unique from one being to another, as the living dynamics of life create we all differently as we all are positioned in our own unique position in creation, our own unique situation and circumstances, our own unique others who we have come to be child to, and member of family of

My Tweedles were surmising the way that the living holographs would come and build one upon the other. There are certain archetypes that would be similar and probably attractive to each other and some that would be repulsive which would create a living trestle board of bits that would want to come together and bits that would want to leave. Each encounter in ones life would bring the archetypes worn by others to our beingness so that we may either be inspired to embody that living expression into our own self, or be very clear in our selves to want to avoid it. Equally the archetypal geometries worn in myths, fictions and story's act as living enzymes which may have an inspirational affect upon those who ingest them.

As children we were totally among the fresh and vivid archetypal forms and it was in play that we began the process of wearing them, trying them on for size. In play we could be the cowboy or the Indian, the princess or the villain, the monster, the conquering warrior, the astronaut, the pirate, the king or the queen, the fool, the wizard, the doctor or nurse and of course the mum or the dad.

It was in playing, in imitating, in pretending that we were inviting in the archetypes so that we could embody them. As children we would play, doing that which ultimately we would be doing in our own personal journey of accumulating the archetypal forms and embodying them as an ongoing developing evolving amalgam that even now when one ponders so, is, unfinished business.

I reflected my own situation and circumstance of my own growing up. The archetypal geometries that existed in the characters of my parents and family, the archetypes worn by those who were the friends of our family, the archetypal geometries of those destiny had me be with at school, and as neighbors. All of them simply doing their thing would have either inspired my spirit to imitate or avoid. All the books I read, all the movies I watched, the tv shows, the story's I heard, all carried geometries I ingested digested assimilated and wear.

I could see that the whole unconscious process of embodying archetype, although much more dynamic when I was a child, simply by virtue of the fact that play was such a big part of daily life. The embodying of archetype is most potently served by play and imitation. Then it probably is that as we all get older the elasticity of form, like our body, has more challenge for blending and morphing into new and different forms. In innocence as children we absorb the archetypal geometries from our world and develop a vast psychological pretension so we may pretend to be all those things which ultimately we become.

As I became older I was pondering that I would have required to embody certain roles in the functioning of family life, becoming the dish washer, the sweeper, the tender of the pets, the digger of the garden. All of these gentle beginnings exemplified to me the process of embodying archetypes. The roles I was to meet, the roles I chose to fill, to honour, to be responsible for were the archetypes that were the living holograms which would blend and morph to become who I am in the 'who I am-ing process'.

So my 'who am I' was taking form, all the different "I am's" could be identified as roles I played in the unfolding of life. I am an employee, I am a father, a husband, a friend, a lover, a driver of a car, or a truck, or a tractor, a machine, I am then also a certain style of all of these things. What sort of I am am I I am-ing.

I was in the nuts and bolts of the whole conundrum of the whole "Who Am I" thing. I was clarifying the process of what were the notions of what the holographic nature of the ethereal living archetypes were, and how they came to be embodied into me.

There was a deep mechanics to it all that I had been becoming familiar with, by my indulgence in the whole astrology and tarot fascination, I have enjoyed over the decades. The very nature of the whole mechanics of both astrology and tarot were all about archetypes. Each and every symbol of these meta-physical arts were the attempt to capture a notion of certain archetypal geometries. The fool, the magician, the high priestess, the empress the emperor, the hierophant, etcetera, were all symbols of roles that may be expressed, capacities that may be worn. The symbols of the Tarot were directly related to the symbols that astrology was assembling into its array.

The very mechanics of astrology was the fine art of mixing and morphing archetypal geometries. For example if you had the archetype of Venus it could be merged with any of the others to form something different. The whole astrology tarot thing was a means of bringing a conceptual range of geometries which together were able to in a general sense identify every expression that may be worn by any being of our entire human family.

My Rational and Meta-rational Banks were delivering a potent flow of notions for my ponder. There was much I was now appreciating as a raw material I had accumulated over the years by my indulgence in the whole tarot astrology pondering. These arts always identified themselves as the tools one could use to do the work of working toward apprehending some degree of answer to the "Who Am I" conundrum.

I was delving into the whole "who am I " question for years and as I had noted only this morning it was actually this question that was in an underlying sense the very quest I am on. So here I was reaffirming that I had been indulging in a fascination with the tools and had now after many years I was developing a good sense of the various different and unique symbols, I was seeking to identify the general range of dominant geometries, which through my very own personal, unique, individual life adventure I was assembling.

I pondered that the very intent behind my choosing an archetype to embody was behind any archetype that I ultimately choose to wear. As a boy child I was more likely to play as a cowboy than a princess for example.

The roles I had come to play were the very foundation geometries I was needing to inspect right now. My remembering into the first responsibilities I had taken on. The first jobs I had taken on so as to serve some other being not of my family. I had chores in my family life, I had games going on with my siblings, I had make believes unfolding throughout my days.

But it was the very serious role of serving a duty which now captured my attention. My first job which I was paid to do, and which required my focused attention, my due diligence, my seeking to fulfill duty, my seeking to satisfy the one who was paying me for performance. There was, I was also remembering the whole wanting to be able to continue to receive a pay, to enjoy the engagement in the adventure of it all, the wanting to be seen as being good at what I was being set to do, and unconsciously my wanting to be seen as worthy, valuable, clever, efficient, enthusiastic, interesting, grown up and many more things I might find if I continue to ponder this particular line of thought.

The dimensionality of my being simply a boy serving ice creams from the window of an ice cream van was that first job. The responsibility of doing all the money thing, the acquiring the skill set of filling the cones or cups from the machine, adding the appropriate ingredients for the particular sundae or particular ice cream, the being pleasant as the server, to be engaging in the process, to be interesting company to the man that was driving the van, who was employing me, and our being with each other for the whole week-end adventure.

My tweedle-verse then added the extension of the fact that I had a pay in my pocket changed the dynamics of my schooldays which followed each weekends ice-cream van adventure. From that archetypal role I embodied in the ice-cream van a new role of being a man with substance began to sit unconsciously behind the other parts of my life adventure. The very living-ness of the geometries was becoming apparent to me. These archetypal geometries were alive, and as amorphous holographic forms, they could mesh and morph with all sorts of other forms that came to be present, in any unfolding life adventure.

The forms that tend to hang around with each other were now looking at me from the forest. In this particular rain forest there were no cactus, no coral, no sea anemones, no trees that did not actually belong to this particular landscape. Across the planet I could see that there are certain forms that form the organic intelligence of nature, and were assembled together with that which went best with each other.

Immediately the "yes but" from my tweedle-verse was that even in a particular landscape certain other forms could be introduced by the human element and have them come to life in a situations that nature herself may have not grouped. The whole human element, the very mystery of we all as living souls, seeking to figure and fathom out who we are, and why we are here, has we all mixing and morphing, blending and changing the whole of creation, in our collective madness to get to the bottom of the mystery that confronts we all.

As a species-organism-mankind we have been confronted by the mystery of who and why we are, since we began becoming conscious of that as a question, and it is this unconscious quest we are all on which produces the resultant world we are all whirling together.

As a species of living souls in human form I had long ago figured that actually nobody knew conclusively the mystery of life and creation. We as a species in all our ethno expression as races and cultures had a kaleidoscope of speculations as to what the mystery of life and creation was to us in our unique groupings and perspectives.

Then as we progressed and became bigger and more powerful groups, we would institutionalize our particular speculations and then so to have them become more solidly real to us, we would force them upon others that did not yet align with them. Religiosities were the prime example of looming dominance's that have occurred in our past together.

What I was growing through as a youth into the archetypal geometries I ultimately have come to be as the "who am I" was also that which we have been going through as a collective species. Despite our own dynamic as thinking out side the square of nature, we as members of nature are contained within certain boundaries of reality that we are yet to clearly identify and challenge.

In the whole of our new internet access to the collective mind of our species, some rabbit holes of ponder supplied some quite credible notions of certain things hidden in the shadows that promise to surprise us all, with the degree of beyond-ness that we may yet come to embody as beings, and as a species.

The shadows cast by the archetypal forms held and continually evolved by any 'ego' has the very observable hazard of the condition of the separated ego. The separated ego separated from its living soul, from nature, from its inherent human nature, from its inner infinity connectivity to the mystery of life and creation creates an ego state which becomes hypnotized by the form it holds. The personality of the ego, the appearance it holds, the authority it has in relation to other egos all contribute to the hazard of self importance.

The Toltec wisdom suggested the even greater hazard of the separated ego was the condition of wearing self importance as a virtue. Self aggrandizement. This particular type of shadow expression of archetypal geometry presents all the negative traits that we may list for all living personalities. The negative traits that harm the geometries of all who are touched by them. Those beings we see across our whirled together soap opera ego world that hold authority are damaging to the degree that their ego is either separated or soul centered. This sort of shadow could be seen as aggressive cruelty projected out upon others.

The tweedles then pointed out that the aggressive cruelty focused into ones self are the self torturing energetics of embarrassment, of having no self esteem, guilt from perceived wrongs, persecution complex. All this may be going on behind the false smiles and jests worn out into the shared external infinity. The many beings presenting a bright exterior energetic which may be a shield which hides depression, suicide or potential violence and murder.

Actors are those who make their living by showing us all how to wear archetypal costumes. The whole of character is presented as a geometry that may be seen. That which we see convincingly in the professionally presented archetypal costume of the nature of their character reveals also the banal obviousness that it is an actor that we are watching. The shadow of what we are seeing is not that which is truly in the shadow of the being expressing the character. What differing attitudes and opinions exist in each?

I was remembering what it is, that is hid in the shadows. Attitude and opinion. The attitude and opinion you would associate with the persona of the character you are being presented is not necessarily the attitudes and opinions of the actor behind the mask. The nature of opinion and attitude are the growing tip of conclusions both soft and hard. Soft conclusions are malleable and morph-able may where as hard conclusions carry with them stubborn, determined, dogmatic, fundamentalist, extremist vibrations.

As on the big screen so also in life I can see that beings wear and present layers of archetypal geometry, initially as an overlay of stereotype. One is part of a culture and assimilates to the degree one is comfortable, one wears the stereotypical personas of their roles in life. Then one has an inherent nature which colors those stereotypes one chooses to wear.

Nature is what I was guessing could be attributed to my inner yin and therefore as a construct the stereotype would be the Yang. Hidden in the shadows of that which is presented as character is the actor behind the mask. Despite who you have been presented to see there is someone else that you are dealing with.

The soul centered ego has cognition of its inner yin, has the imagination to factualize meta-rational cognition of the mystery of life and creation.

The very notion of imagining meta-rational factual fiction is the superpower of the inner yin. To imagine what is and in dynamic harmonics work with rationale.

The factory for generating perfected potential paradigms is the wholly imaginarium. This aspect of the Phools power is to extend into wearing certain concepts and feeling them out.

Only a Phool would consider that it is their awareness that is the hidden in plain sight immortal part of ones self.

Only a Phool would consider that this life is but only one of millions awareness will visit in its eternal journey through the Universe and Beyond.

Only a fool would wear these meta-rational perspectives so to feel into perspectives yet to be known.

Only a Phool would consider that by being alive one has incredible advantage so as to involve with the evolve of the soul.

Only a Phool would see the movie 'Joker' presents a fools shadow.



Chapter Sixteen

"I am this or I am that" was being pointed to by my Tweedle-verse. The very 'I' of my very "me, myself and I -ness" is the very "I" which has the duty of dealing with the other beings I will meet in my shared external infinity when I get back home to my day to day.

The conundrum of "who am I" was a static place that existed only in any moment I was to ponder so. The I am, that I am, when I get home, inevitably becomes morphed to the situation and the energetic s of the beings I am to meet as life unfolds. The whole notion of my presenting different variations of "Who I am" to others was bouncing around the tweedle-verse.

The question and the quest as juxtapositions created a dynamic between which I was now doing the ongoing work. Although my Tweedles were endeavoring to complicate things with my being different versions of 'I am' depending on who I was being an "I am" with.

Here was presented another realm of shadows that I needed to look at. The ongoing dynamic of presenting my 'I am' to the whirled world, to fill a role in the ongoing soap opera comedy which is the great unfolding of life in general.

Right. I now stopped again, I stood on yet another boulder and took stock of the flow, took stock of where I needed to re-establish my ground in this ongoing investigation. Despite who I might be as an 'I am' in any and all situations that I will meet in my getting home to the day to day. I needed too, right here, right now, get a handle on the actual "I am" that is what my potential presentations of self to others, is going to be the variations of.

Ok before the Tweedles take over again I began to ponder into my roles as a fellow member of my human family. I needed an aloof, mechanical overview of the me that I have been 'I am-ing'. Platonic measure was a trait of my Rational Banker-ness and Romantic measure was a trait of my Meta-rational Banker-ness. Platonic measure was the Yang of it and Romantic measure the Yin of it.

Romantic measure would take me off on journeys that were emotionally loaded, that activated all the memories that had me be in my sentiments. This particular realm of light and shadow deserved its own line of investigation. At the moment it was enough to establish the difference between the two sides of this equation. Platonic measure of a flower reveals the say, five pointed star that is the geometry behind its growth, but romantic measure is the impact of its dimensions of beauty. In this puzzling the logic of the archetypes behind the geometry that is my very own character exists the very 'I am-ness' that I will be the variation of at some later moment.

Roles as a son, as a boy-friend to a girl-friend, as a friend to friends, as employee in many differing roles. The momentum behind all these various unfolding roles was the embodying of certain archetypes. Just like as a child playing a game and embodying the character, the longer you do it, the more deliberately, the more enthusiastically, the more you become that which you are playing.

There was an organic flow to the momentum of the roles that I chose, that I embodied and lived. There was an inherent desire to follow, to become more involved, to get deeper and deeper into the form I was embodying. I was consciously embodying, that which was an unconscious momentum, due to the situations and circumstances of my actual life as a destiny.

Growing up in your family you simply accept that you are who you are, and are compelled to see the entirety of the world from where you happen to see it. In the lower socioeconomic spectrum of existence, in which I grew up, there are certain parameters that require to be negotiated, whether you like it or not. The practical advice from the matriarchs of my lineage, established in me a pragmatic approach. Do the best you can, with what you have, where you are, with who you are with.

This I immediately identified as the "stoic" if I was to put some sort of archetypal label upon it. So as a 'stoic' in life there are those who would be able to identify that trait and see the practical approach it embodied. So if one holds a stoic stance what then is the shadow that is cast.

At last I was there in my mind, I was now reflecting the multitude of archetypes offered by the tarot, astrology and Katie s' 'who am I' book, and the observation of what it is that is the positive and negative traits of any particular archetypal form. Stoic could be disciplined or it could be war like, it could be brave and committed or it could be defensive and prejudiced, it could be flexible, honorable, self-aware or rigid, pedantic and judging.

This flow was welcome, I was well pleased to arrive to this part of the unfolding ponder. I had always looked at the negative traits in the astrology key word books and tended to look past them to the positive traits. But today I was in a beyond-ness sort of mood, a quest to trump the negative way of looking at the negative.

-Find it All in the Shadows- was calling me to look more deeply into the whole realm of negative traits to see what I was overlooking. What is the actual shadow in regard someone wearing the positive traits of say Katie s' Scholar in her book in a set of positive traits a scholar is bright, inquiring, passionate, applied learning, expansive, courageous, intuitive, open, disciplined, humble, emotionally available, try the new, self-aware, connected and trusting. But the shadow as pointed out in the other column a scholar could be arrogant, analytical, mistrusting, cynical, superior, hiding, inarticulate, emotionally fearful, controlling, cold, aloof, disconnected, always the student, lectures, withholding, ivory tower, fears passion.

Katie s' book had been something I had absorbed in my journey and was now coming to the surface for me to ponder. There was something hidden in those shadows that I needed to identify, something I was being provoked to find.

The negative traits would not exist if the positive ones were present. As a scholar one would be humble and disciplined then even though the shadow would be an opposite trait if you were truly in the positive trait the negative one would not exist. So although identified as a shadow there was something else I needed to figure out. If the embodying of the positive trait made it so that the negative one did not exist, it was logical that if the negative one was that which one was embodying then the positive one would not exist.

Then it struck me as a scholar one could hide in the shadows of what are the positive traits, giving the impression that one is an embody-er of those positive traits but hiding in ones true reality is their actually being the very real embody-er of negative traits.

The thought of hiding your negative traits behind the impression of positive traits was the shadow I was needing to think into.



Chapter Seventeen

I knew that when I got home I could dig those books out of the boxes and begin revisiting them and combing through the pages and pages of identifiable archetypes and as was suggested by the book, there are certain archetypes that are more familiar to one and, that there are a dozen from the hundred in the book one could choose as the looming dominance of archetypes in ones actual I am-ness

I was walking and I was wanting to go beyond all that which I have not remembered from my read of that and other books, I was needing to tap into what had become inherent in me and available right here, right now as I was journeying through this captive bush walk meditation contemplation process.

I was feeling like I wanted to achieve some sort of conclusion, before I actually got back home, to what was becoming a greater and greater mental momentum, a greater and greater flow of notions from my memory, from left of field, from my conscious logical processing.

Although I was witnessing my mind racing, in this captive meditation it was Ok, it was the perfect place to allow the momentum of my mind to accelerate to what ever spiraling tempo it could achieve. I was happy, I was healthy, I was enthusiastic, I was on my way home, I was feeling that I could handle the high voltage flow of notions that was now flowing quite energetically through me.

It was sort of feeling like some kind of mind sports and I was feeling at the top of my game as I was dealing quickly with each twist and turn that was delivered to me by my tweedle-verse, each meta-rational notion that came and made me need to really turn the steam on for my logical processes, and the beastly careless attitude toward any idea, that what was indicating that all of what was happening was a bit mad, or off with the fairies.

I was holding a presence with myself outside that which was actually going on for my self. The vigor of the whole process, the vitality of the flow, the momentum of the walk in the forest, all working together to get me home in multiple dimensions.

The whole 'who am I' thing is something one delves into from time to time, and each time to time an obvious evolved position is recognized. As an exercise it was worthwhile, simply due to its affect of bringing one to some sense of center. -If center I be it is Peace I see- was one of those little ditties one picks up along the way and it was being tossed up by my mind to reaffirm the value of all that was going on.

Worst case scenario is I will have a good sense of being centered when I finally get home. What I was concerned about though was the possibility that when I got home the rushing momentum I had activated by my daring to embark upon this whole google map adventure might not be done with when I get there.

Prudence was having me think about a possible need to prepare mentally for my being in a sort of strange high when I got home and what sensible things I could probably do to contain it, or maybe keep it going and capitalize upon it. These arrived as other notions that needed to be swimming around in the background of all that was unfolding.

My mind catapulted back to looking at roles and the first roles of my employment and the shape of employment that has been my skill set for life. My first real job out of school I went into a janitor sort of role, at a caravan park, washing amenities, cleaning overnight vans, being a groundsman, basic construction projects. The ensuing jobs after that became more of the same, physically demanding roles as laborer in construction and eventually skilled laborer, operator, supervisor of works.

Quite practical were the archetypes of my organic choosing. In earth works, farming, landscaping, were the general overall theme of my skill set, but also cleaning, operating, and driving. Functional service that mostly could be achieved quietly alone in a meditative solitude.

I remembered now how Carl Jung had suggested that there were two general types and that being introvert and extrovert. And so the introvert archetype was a distinct feature of my survey. I pondered the natural proclivity to be introverted which of course entailed the desire to not extrovert thine self. A sheer delight in enjoying personal space and alone-ness. All-one-ness.

Beyond my going back to the books to look into the shadows of the 'I am-ness' that I am. I felt there was a general insight I was needing to capture in regard the -Find it All in the Shadows-. I could indulge in the personal inquiry of my own geometry or I could treat this puzzle as some thing that was even easier to solve by looking out into the banal stating the obviousness that exists around we all, all the time.

If it was some personal shadow insight that I was needing to discover I felt that my previous interest in all things self reflective would have exhausted to some degree my personal naval gazing. I knew that the greater intelligence of what the Hunch Hunch might be was larger and more universal than my simply coming to some aha moment of who I am as a family bloke living an ordinary life, in a gentle rural community as a part of the general culture of the 2019 Australian Zeitgeist.

Of course the whole archetypal geometry of my beingness that I could identify in those symbols of Katie's book were, from memory, was that I had a degree of artist, jester, craft-person, dreamer, gardener, peter-pan, philosopher off the top of my head. But I would need to go back to the books to expand more studiously upon that particular fleshing out.

The mission at hand had to expand into a non personal inquiry into the answer to this puzzle that would be a useful answer to absolutely any being that was needing to ponder so. There was a luring beyond-ness that continually sat behind all that was going on. The sort of beyond-ness that you enjoy when you are sharing a riddle with some one and you know the answer and they are bouncing around all sorts of things that are not out of the square enough to capture the answer.

There was that sort of annoying thing that there may be an obvious answer staring me in the eyes, hidden in banal stating the obvious camouflage. So on I must go, and it is the ridiculizer I feel I must now resort to, so to get out of the symbolic square.

Chapter Eighteen

My tweedle-verse loves the ridiculizer, they toss around such non-sense that they could quite easily make a dad joke seem funny. But none the less the hidden value of the use of ridiculizer is that it opens up new territory for exploration, new ponders that may have some ridiculous analogous connectivity.

How could I bend this, what sort of strange or weird light could I shine upon this all.

Off with the fairies hey! My defiant mind stood its ground and let fly with "hey tweedle-verse I will have you know that from a very reliable source, and that being my sister Therese sending off a vial of her spit to some ancestry web site, brought back the understanding that we are, as children of our parents, actually 34% Irish, 25% Scandinavian, 6% British, 24% Western European and various spec-lings of other genetic markers.

So having a looming dominance of the Irish Genes one would do well to be off with the Fairies. As an archetype the Faeries come in a few forms and they are said to find we humans as earnest and somber beings, and therefore find us pleasantly amusing. They like to play tricks on us, so as to offset our seriousness with their mischief and humor. The Faeries presence allows one to brings playfulness, frolic, folly, synchronicity, laughter, fun, and humor into the moment. The fabled Irish gene readily invites all these things into life's unfoldings.

Playfulness, fun and laughter were simple obvious things we all like, synchronicity and folly were more mystical in their presence. This very adventure I was on was a folly, insofar as a foll-ee could be seen as one who follows and I had followed my hunch to find myself here, I had followed my hunch to find the Hunch Hunch.

Synchronicity is an other mystical unfolding that occurs when it occurs, in the right place at the right time is a typical experience of synchronicity, making connection with my Mum and my Daughters was also where I would experience synchronicity to various degrees. There were many other synchro instances in life where the cosmos would touch you on the shoulder and surprise or amaze you.

I was now determining that all of this cosmic sort of stuff could be associated with the Faeries. So the seeming negative implied in my Tweedle-verse by my being off with the Faeries, was now something important to soberly embrace. I could also see that there is a dark shadowy side to the Faerie realms, particularly folly could be an unfolding like my finding the message in the pocket this morning, or it could also be a path followed which lead to disaster, delusion and all that which is negatively attributed to Neptune the most yin of the Horoscopic planets.

I was remembering from reading that in their own realms the Faeries live lives of merriment and laughter, they are joyous, carefree, and without pain, sickness or suffering. Their experience of time is endless and aging is slow, if at all. The Faeries see we humans as being in some sort of trance, a stupor in which things seem to be as they appear. For those with the appropriate fortitude of mind the Faeries may reveal that things are most astonishingly not as they appear

For those of we all who feel comfortable to 'go off with the Faeries' it would seem it is those with the Irish Genes who are among those who are best equipped to benefit from such adventures. The greatest hazard is the soaking in their timelessness, folk tales suggest that when one goes off with the Faeries for an afternoon feast, then when one finally gets home to reality, some years may have passed.

I was now acknowledging my own joking about my actually living here near this forest. Almost thirty years ago I had met a jolly Irish man in a quarry where we were both working. We connected our humors right away, and after visiting his home in the bush I said "Ed, I'm moving in", he said "OK" and now 28 and a half years later still I am here in the Pocket. Ed has been my touch with the energy of the Faerie Folk. Go away for the weekend and more than half my adult life later, today, I am, more than ever, in this forest, infected with 'an off with the Faeries' sort of adventure.

I gave thanks to my Ridiculizer, as I was now on a new tack in my ponder stream, immediately all my memory of looking into the Faerie Folk myth and folk lore was bubbling up out from my Meta-rational Bank. Thanks to Ed I

had awoken an interest in pondering into that which was my genetic ancestry. I knew I had Scottish immigrants as Great Grand Fathers on both sides of my family tree. The Welsh, the Cornish, the Scottish and the Irish effectively the same beings from the perspective of those who looked deeply into my sister's spit.

Ed had grown up on the "Hill of Tara" a most sacred landmark in the Irish history. The place where ancient Kings were crowned and the mythical vestiges of those mystical beings the Tuatha D'Danann. The Tautha Danann fought to a stand still at the Hill of Tara and in the ending truce were allowed the underworld as their half of the kingdom and so it was at Tara they entered the Underworld and became the Faerie Folk.

They were the ancient inhabitants of Ireland who were forced to give way to the Gaels and become the Gods of Celtic imagination. They were the mound builders and are the ancestors of the Faerie Folk. The ancient Irish being inherently romantic and spiritual believed the land to be a living goddess. The word Ireland comes from Ari- or Ariya-land, meaning land of the 'Arya' or the 'Aryans', 'Erainn' or 'Erin' comes from Ayrán, and an Ayrán was a man under the goddess, a keeper of her mysteries.

Tara was a goddess of Nature, and in particular, Forests. She was said to be the patron of all life, including man, for each of us is a part of the one world of nature. She was goddess of forest from the perspective that the world in all its diversity is a forest.

The glow and vitality of the archetype of Tara is a pure, sincere, knowing and attentive female image that radiates kindness, caring and all encompassing love and warmth. Tara is the impact of beauty, that which we all know and identify as perfection in creation. Tara is that aspect of creation that is the beyond-ness of the limits of the functions of things. A flower does not require to be so wondrously beautiful so to serve the duty of its function. Tara is that gob smacking beauty of creation.

I looked again into the forest around me and from my years of living on its edge and visiting it I pondered that my love of this forest seemed to be something that was just in me, something that was simply in my genes I figured. As a descendant of an immigrant colony, and being a fellow member of our human family in a multi-cultural nation there is a natural disconnect from that which is one's genetic heritage, culture and wisdom tradition. But there is an inherent something that allows one to connect deeply into the mystery despite how much one has been separated from it all.

It was my own inner urge to look into the histories of Ireland and the Aryan peoples of the world. In my vast ponder across the internet many delicious rabbit holes of wondrous ponder had opened up and fed those deep and hungry parts of my psyche. The Aryan had been the inhabitants of Ireland, the Persian empire of Iran and also the Indo-European civilization that extended to ancient India whose ancient name was also associated with Arya. As well the other mystical ponder that was growing out of the internet was the whole 'Mud Flood' and the Tartaria Civilization which commentators said was a civilization named after Tara.

There was a certain missing something having not had Grandfathers in my life adventure. A certain something that I had felt sitting around various fires, among various fellow beings, during my travels. That funny feeling of suddenly remembering that you had forgotten to do something, but with the added mystery of not knowing what that something is.

There is an aspect of reality when we are in tune with the wholarchy of our species-organism-mankind that can only be read by our living experience of epi-genetic experience, which in its simplicity is to ponder deeply into thine genetic roots, feel and fathom into the depths of thine cultural ethno expression whatever it may be. For myself my own genes are with the lore of the law of the Tautha de Danann, the faeries. Eponymous matron of Ireland, the daughter of the Tautha De Danann, Eirinn, Tara, Ireland.

I stopped again to squat upon yet another boulder, and capture this particular nuance of feeling. This strange feeling was a funny little vibe that came at different times of my life adventure and haunted me after it left. It wouldn't ever really last for long, but its' presence always delivered impact, and always left a distinct after taste. It was one of those strange nothings that is a something that makes you go 'mmmm'.

It had actually been visiting me since I was ten, I remember the first time, sleeping in my Grandmothers lounge room on the couch, long after the silence of the night had filled the house, where My Grand Mother, Great Aunt and my Uncle also slept came this strange overwhelming feeling that in those days I called the thickening. It sort-

ed of felt like I was 'thick' meaning I did not have my normal physical bounds and sort of bled out into the night. It was not scary, it was fascinating and when it came I would try to hold my breath so it could last as long as possible. But there was no telling when it would visit, and sometimes it would be years between visits but when it came I knew it immediately and held my breath so its fragile, delicate essence would hang around for as long as possible. Hang around long enough so I could attempt to capture some sort of guess at to what it was, or what it was trying to tell me.

Here it was on this rock in the bush, I have not felt it for years and nine out of ten times it visits I am in my bed in that space waiting to drop to sleep . This day has been a delicious deliverance of mystical nuances. Those beautiful little moments that touch some sense of astonishing beyond-ness just out of reach. The deep enthusing of thine spirit to want to go further, to go deeper into some allurements.

During my ponderous journeying over the last many years into various realms of philosophic wonder, it was certainly the love of wisdom, which the word philo-sophia spells out, and the greater depths of Philosophy is the love of Sophia and is the love of the Earth as a living Goddess. So in a way it is the love of Sophia that continues to be a most invigorating stimulant to my whole life. It always activated an inner delight of ever expectant wonder in me. My vivid imagination touched by the Faeries of my own imaginings established in me a certitude of knowing that any of us all may be with a deep, exotic, erotic, romantic in-love-ness with All creation.

Imagination and romance are the raw essence of Yin, desire and platonic measure the yang. In-Love-ness is a created held space like a juggle, the focused effort of the greatest intelligent cooperation between yin and yang juggling the four elemental intelligence's between them.

It is in our human journey of relationship where we are introduced to the whole realm of falling in love, and the overwhelming potency of all that entails. Relationships are creations classrooms for delving deeply into her greatest mystery and that being the energy of love that underlays all creation.

Excitedly my tweedle-verse began throwing around this present delicious ponder. "deep, exotic, erotic, romantic in-love-ness is exactly what one would want to find in the shadows" said one tweedle, "there are no shadows that are immune to light" said the other, "the only shadows of any importance are the ones one is looking into", " a shadow that you are looking into is a shadow into which you shine your light", "take ownership of each and every shadow you seek to cast the light of your ponder into" "the eye of your "I" is lens for focusing your own particular light in to any particular shadow"

Are we in a joke we can't get out of?

Chapter Nineteen

I needed to take stock again before I set off from this particular boulder I was sat upon. The whole adventure had now had me revisit a strange and cosmic feeling that had visited me throughout my life. Why today, what is significant about what is going on that I can relate to all those other times I had felt this strange, gentle, nuance of nothing. Every time I had experienced this strange vibe there were no amazing revelations around it, no significant life changes or events that it would be land marked against. It came as it will, left its very real and recognizable vibe and simply disappeared again.

My tweedle-verse had been my ponder again, my ponder of its place in my swirling amalgam of mind-scape. It had always been there, always babbling on, always processing thoughts by tossing them around in a sort of banter that could range from pleasant frolic, right through to depressing suicidal no-hope-ness. It was described by others as the chattering monkey mind, or the internal dialogue.

If left unchecked the Tweedles could spiral out of control. The Tweedles could be infected by certain deep held opinions and their consequent attitudes. The perfect example is worry, when certain things are not quite known, and certain suspicions and assumptions surround them the Tweedle-verse can create inner situations where one can even feel sick. One can become totally unsettled and require to get up and walk around, get up and pursue following leads so to quench the bother that won't cease. The Tweedle-verse I could see existed in all minds as a functionary and it could be surmised through observation that in some minds the Tweedle-verse of others could be determined to be overwhelming to the degree, I suspected, that most drug addiction, particularly alcoholism was a means to drown it out or distract it. There was also the possibility that the Tweedle-verse could be amplified by substance as well.

I could see that the Tweedles were probably in fact responsible for the very act of suicide. So what was becoming clear to me as I brushed over my days ponder of being the Banker and funding both sides and being loyal to which ever side looked to be the winner, it was very important to have a good strong and commanding relationship with ones Tweedle-verse.

The command that came to mind was the control of that which the Tweedles were feeding upon, the selection of the flow of notions that they were to be throwing between each other. I remembered a little ditty I had picked up from my ponders and that was "To cure addiction you simply need to add diction"

I had been fascinated for a while with a whole realm of ponder called Quantum Language and it was the brain child, the remembering, of a man called David Wynn Miller. He was one of those amazing beings who in his display of his very obvious genius, you could also see the bits which hung over the thin line that exists between genius and madness. From it I had enjoyed the realization that it mattered not what it was that I was busying my mind to come to know out in the labyrinth of rabbit holes, only that I looked into and fed upon as much as possible.

In my own personal dealings with my own Tweedle-verse I found having a vast psychological pretension of many things to ponder, my Tweedles were kept busy, and could be directed down rabbit holes of distraction long enough to give me space in certain times of dealing with things that were potentially worrying or depressing.

In this modern internet world we are offered brand new analogies for pondering into the mechanics self exploration. The whole notion of band with could be compared to the whole range of topics that were being tossed between the Tweedles. The amount of mind space dedicated to certain lines of thinking take up certain amount of time primarily but also there is the degree of life force associated with the pondering of notions as well. The life force expended to be with dark foreboding self torturing ponder is totally draining compared to that which enlightens or inspires. The other analogy that came to mind was the whole foxtel thing one could sit in front of the channels and watch the content of ones choosing. The looming dominance of that which you choose to view would ultimately come to be that which colours the mind scape.

So the choice of content and the amount of life force dedicated to viewing content was something that my Tweedles were now having me hold as yet another conclusion. Conclusions exist in the shadows of the form of the con-

tent that I come to be and like the conclusions we meet in television shows are those held spots, those reaching a certain point until the next episode is aired and continues the process. Conclusions were a necessary part of the fabric and were the sort of place where you could mine for the attitude and opinions contained within them.

Here again shadows came to the forefront of my ongoing ponder. All worries and things of a potentially depressing nature were shadows. As what happens with much of the worries and depressing things of life they are a construct which when approached from some other perspective, when seen in some other light, when acknowledged as evolving conclusions can magically disappear.

Perspective then was a possible shadow eliminator. But also my Tweedles suggested it could also be a shadow creator. All and every thing that holds form, casts a shadow, and form is not inert, it is a living growing dynamic that changes and morphs with the unfolding of the mystery of life and creation. Even a rock that holds a solid form may cast its same shadow for millennia, until one day some one picks it up with an excavator and puts it in a crusher and hey presto a new type of shadow.

There was a nuance here I could feel in this flow from my Tweedles, some thing in regard the living dynamic of the form of ones archetypal geometries. As a living character I am living and experiencing the unfolding of life each and every day, and each and every day I have ongoing experiences that are affecting me to change and morph to continually become something more, something different, something else.

There was the nuance from the youtubiverse that we are hallucinating our reality. Hallucination is uncontrolled perception and perception is controlled hallucination. So that pivot point around which those two extremes play off with each other is me, that which is my awareness, that which is the immortal part of me observing All.

The dance is the Imagination delivering that which rationale may bring to life "Imagine what Is" was a very worthy advice which also emerged from the Youtubiverse. The amazing exciting notion that applying imagination into the coalface of reality so to uncover its mystery with both capacities of rationality and meta-rationally.

The dance between the Bankers of the Rational and Meta-rational Banks was necessary so to have the vaults of both full of treasures. And it is "me" who holds both banks, and it is the earnest efforts of "myself" and "I" that create the "interest" in All. The acrewing value of the Banks is the charging each other in ways that allow them to be greater than the sum of their parts.

A Tweedle added 'How ever subtle a change it may be, the shadow cast can only be of that which it has been cast from'.

It was my very own consciousness which grows the form that I am every moment of my being alive. It does not do it by grasping at facts and joining them together, it is more like it figures and fathoms at that which is yet not known. Forever growing and evolving itself as the conscious awareness field that is me. My consciousness as a thing I was figuring was but a holographic fractal of the infinite holographic field of the consciousness of the whole of our species' collective unconscious as had been mentioned in my readings of Carl over the years.

I was delving again into the mechanics of my very own mind-scape amalgam, I was seeking to measure it in some way, to look into its mystical depths and figure and fathom more of my I-am-ness. There seemed to be no end to the intricate nature of this whole endeavor.

To measure is to use science in a general sense, I had just read about the word science being made up of that bit that also makes scissors, a means of cutting apart. And it made also the point of the word re-pair. The two words and the oomph they were carrying were urging me to assign them. The science being that which is related to my rational mind, my Yang brain, that deductive reasoning of pulling things apart to see what it is that they are made up of. Just like I am so doing right here right now I thought also.

Then it is my yin brain, which is putting it back together again, doing the re-pair-ing, seeking always to unite a wholeness, a wholly-ness. The rational mind if it is with the science of being then it is con-science, and my meta-rational mind forever working toward wholly-ness I was staring in the eyes.

Having a con-science and being wholly became a very practical set of tools for the form builder.

Me, Myself and I loomed their dominance again as I pondered this thread and I was figuring that it is my "I" which was the pointy end of the growing tip of what ever form it is that I am. The consciousness that is the field of awareness within which my "I" operates is to some degree self defining and has its own measure of all things. Then it is my "I" which as the agent for the growing evolving consciousness sets out, e-go out into the shared external infinity to express a definition which others can read, and a measuring of the unfolding so to basically survive initially, but also to potentially participate in that which either grows and evolves the conscious field, or the opposite. The book the language crystal indicated that each letter of a word can help reveal the value being conveyed. In 'ego' e is for energy, and g is for earthing, grounding going to grave, finding a final resting place and O is the symbol of spirit. In astrology we see the combined use of O for spirit, ♃ for soul and + for matter in their use in varying combinations to describe the planets ♈ ♉ ♊ ♋ ♌ ♍ ♎ ♏ ♐ ♑ ♒ ♓ ♈. The symbol for Jupiter ♃ is soul above matter whereas the symbol for Saturn is ♄ matter above soul. The symbol of Venus ♀ is spirit above matter whereas the symbol for Mars ♂ is matter above spirit. So in simplicity ego is spirit seeking to earth its energy.

It matters not how conscious one is to participate in the form that they are creating, while you are alive it is just simply happening, either with full conscious participation of an unconscious following of that which may be folly. An other ponder of yin and yang came back to mind and that was the notion that it was art which was the counter of science. Science figured the existence of components and art created a wholeness for them. The contracting with science was for the process of creating wholeness.

The folly I was on was having me visit all manner of concepts I had collected along my way over the years. There were lots of them and I held them all in my self really not knowing the degree to which some may or may not be true. I simply love the whole pondering into the whole realms of philosophy and many interesting concepts exist that may simply be incorrect.

It was suggested that the holding in ones mind-scape multiple contrary views was a measure of intelligence. Holding an opinion and seeking to verify it with study was a trap which was countered by studying so to evolve an opinion. The opinion I had observed the evolution of, in my self, was the opinion that everything has the potential to be right, until I had found good cause to see it other wise.

For example the whole realm of politics was something I observed over the years, and many beings become very passionate about supporting one side or another. The golden middle way was able to see both sides of the bantering factions. I had come to a conclusion to treat it all like a soap opera, an ongoing never ending season of "Game of Thrones". With this opinion it all was just an interesting show that presented its own interesting twisted layers of archetypal geometries which we as a species are using so to create the form that is our collective decision body.

My "I" had a great responsibility in regard its working for the overall growth and evolution of the consciousness-field that exists for "me", then there is the part of the field which is unconscious to 'me' but is delivered to 'me' by that intelligence 'I' have identified as my Meta-Rational mind. My inner yin and her capacity to fathom the depths of the mountainous pile of notions I have accumulated through my experiencing the whole of my life adventure for the whole of my life time.

That sum total of my every thought act and deed is said to be my soul and the very work of this meta-rational yin capacity was quiet in her work, simply absorbing each and every thought, act and deed into her mountainous stock-pile and had it all in some degree of intelligent order, which allowed the retrieval of memories, and notions of relevance to any 'now time' conscious flow of ponder.

The momentum of my ponderous flow was taking me for a ride, I felt like I was becoming a little erratic, looking down one line of thought and then being spiraled off into another. I want to leave this forest walk with some solid things to call the treasures of this strange unfolding.

I had a me, myself and I model that now clearly identified my "I" as the ego part of me that goes out into the shared external infinity and does the whole Peter thing. Myself is my soul and it is the mountainous pile of my life in captured notions of everything I have ever thought acted or done. It is a jolly recording and its communication with me is the memories I have access to, all sorts of other relevance's that are fished out of the pile to add to the now time ponder flow, and it is home also to my Hunch Hunch, and every other delicious nuance that comes to mystify 'me'. And it is all for 'me', and it is 'me' who is watching the ongoing growing, evolving, measuring, 'me'

who is observing All.

The puzzle was unpacking itself. It was 'me' that was the 'All' to be found in the shadows of the archetypal structure of "Myself" and "I".

So is that it ?, is that the answer already ?. Surly not, or is it a surly knot.

Yes a knot it was, I was tying my self in a knot. A Celtic Knot I was hoping, as I have enjoyed drawing them and playing with them over the years. Me, Myself and I are a braided Knot was the banal stating of the obvious.

Right what can I do with it now? The "I" part of the knot was the interface between my inner infinity and the shared external infinity, it did the work of constructing the weave of thine life adventure into the fabric of the soap opera whirled-together-world I live in. "I" has the job of being with all those others who are to be the fabric of thine personal adventure and collect as much in-form-ation as possible so to bring form into my state of being. My state of being as the construct which is happening within also in the inner infinity.

For 'Myself' it was the enormous job of absorbing every thing "I" thinks, acts, does and hold them as a series of notions, containing in them, all sorts of unfinished business, evolving conclusions. All living vibrations that have inherent self, same similarity with other particular notions, and congregate in all manner of categories and ultimately inter link at every level. The amazing intelligence of what is soul goes about its work like the archetype of Tara, that pure, sincere, Knowing, attentive image of a woman who radiates kindness, caring and all encompassing love and warmth.

My Tweedles now issued witch for me to ponder and in the phonetic mystery of language why was it invisibly beside which. My inner Yin Tara is a Witch and a Which the theme of choice or choosing seemed to be what my Tweedles were trying to nut out.

Well that is what I was deciding, I was giving the symbolic image of Tara as archetypal form for my soul. It sort of satisfied some sort of inner genetic calling, an imaginary honouring of my genes, and what ever it is that I carry by having the cells of a particular chain of beings threading back into the history of my species. My inherent soul as an energetic was now this Witch Tara who was the unconscious choice of Which notion was to be drawn from my mountainous pile of notions.

By virtue of being alive right here right now I can not, not be a living descendant of the very beginnings of humanity. Beyond the soap opera world of egos, all the fellow cells of the living organism mankind are the ongoing living cells of an evolving species and every living one is connected to the same origin.

I pondered also while looking through the forest that as an individuated cell of the human species, we as a human family were but only one species in a countless mass of species that together are the living biosphere of the living planet. Our ancestors identified our living planet as the goddess Sophia, the sophia of philo-sophia.

My tweedle-verse immediately took hold of the word portion 'philo'. Phi is the golden mean, the divine proportion, the means of measuring the relationships of parts of a thing, or things as a part to a whole. So what is the 'lo' bit I now wondered ? Lo by itself is used to draw attention to something interesting or amazing - Lo and behold!. Having attention drawn to that which is interesting, or amazing by virtue of its inherent beauty of the balance and harmony that Phi is . Sophia also carries a 'phi' in it as well Phi-Lo-So-Phi. The overwhelmingly obvious expression of intelligence that is the whole of creation. The two 'I's in spirit allowed one to see the soul the two 'phi's in philoso-phi allowed one to see the beauty of the soul of creation.

I was really feeling like I was in some strange neutral point in creation. Meaning my choosing to come on this bush walk adventure has unfolded as it has unfolded and I am in an aloof beyond-ness to normal life's unfoldings, I had entered some sort of objective space of seeing things in a sort of cold mechanical rational analysis . The meditation of the bush walk has taken me into a space where I feel free to really capitalize upon the greatest weapon I have. That is my bringing together both my rationale and my imagination, those aspects of my living experience which are the Yang and Yin from within. My living soul, my Tara as I was now wanting to dance with that which is my rationale.

The suggestion of the Toltec Teachings that love is intelligent cooperation now became more starkly apparent

with my unpacking "Phi-lo".

My yin from within armed with her mountain of notions, surveys the now time unfoldings and can extrapolate anything to any length. Depending upon how well used an imagination is, will depend how well it works, how abstract and meta-rational it can go.

I was blessed to have enjoyed my flotation tank adventures over thirty years ago. It was not totally apparent at the time but the consequences of doing it allowed me to really appreciate just how far one can stretch their imagination. Imaginations love to have things to stretch. That is why I have loved to journey into the strange though interesting and entertaining realms of aliens and "Ufology", "Conspiriology", the soap opera world of politics, the alternate science and lore of law, all for the Imagination to stretch. Tara loves to stretch. But as a lover what Tara was wanting to stretch was the in-form-ation delivered by her yang counterpart the Rationale.

When used in a dance between imagination and rationale, it is the element of what we call 'credible' which arrives as a boundary that is worthy to identify. So flights into the wildest reaches of imagination then has a point of reference. Tara can hold on to a thread which connects to where herself and himself share common ground. The notion of imagination being remedy for entering to deeply into materiality and earthing being remedy for entering to deeply into imagination.

'Tara' who 'I' am now calling my soul, and my Mum knew very clearly who "I" was and named him Peter. I have the Peter as the wearer of the whole thing that is going on in my head for this whole adventure. And behind it all is Me.

Those two holders of form, Peter and Tara, together working on a project that is directly affected by what Peter does. Tara can only assemble that which Peter brings to her mountain of notions. But it is Tara here and she is goddess of the Forest, so a forest covered mountain. A forest just like I am in, a wholarchy jungle of intelligence. It matters not how I imagine it because its actual reality is hidden in my unconscious but wholly available to me thanks to my mysterious inner yin Tara-ness.

The words Con-science and Wholly came back to my mind, Tara was the Wholly one which meant that Peter had to be the one with the conscience, the one who was with science. Which then means to be con-scientious would be a particular duty of his. The mind of "I" is the interface between two infinities and requires the conscientious rational use of the conscience while dancing with the potency of the imagination.

Peter as the rational yang part of the equation has it that fire and air are the primary tools, the light of life as the fire and the living rational mind the air, the capacity to figure.

Like wise Tara the meta-rational part has the water and the earth as her tools, the capacity to fathom and the holder of the form.

Peter is responsible for that which Tara is building, she can only do the best she can with what she is delivered.

Any one who is not confused
doesn't know what is going on.

Chapter Twenty

I stopped again. I had to, I was really feeling that feeling that you just remembered that you had forgotten to do something and being puzzled as to not actually knowing what it was that you were supposed to do. But this time I was feeling like I just remembered what it was I was supposed to be doing. And that was to be more diligently serving Tara.

She had always been there, silently, quietly, invisibly, unconsciously going about her business, never failing to deliver all the memories sought, all the necessary nuances and concepts so to assist the unfolding of the ongoing now time ponders.

I hadn't been ignoring her, I did enjoy her imaginarium. I had most certainly been a good deliverer of loads of raw material for her imagination to stretch. I actually was feeling quite defensive, pondering how I had been diligent in doing many things that I felt sure were worthy additions for her building of form.

In a very real and practical sense I was actually seeing how it is that I build a soul. It is team work with Tara where the greater the materials I can sniff out and deliver her, the greater the imaginarium she can provide for inspiring 'Peters' ongoing collection.

Right then the archetypes I suppose it is that "I" have actually got to hunt down and capture for Tara to use for her construction of form. The form Peter and Tara are constructing is -

Me.

Chapter Twenty One

Me !, that was what Tara is laboring to build, and Peter, well (h)'e' is used to 'go' and get stuff for the construction. He brings 'me' all manner of interesting in-form-ation, situations and circumstances which Tara lovingly puts into form and gives it its impact of beauty. To give it that which is greater than its function, a feeling labyrinth-all depth that may be fathomed. It was the form of meaning and purpose that Tara built which was the wholarchy form I wear as my physical body and the structure of my living character.

So if it is that Tara is the one responsible for the putting together of the form, but the shadow it casts is the thought acts and deeds of Peter in his adventure. She can only build a form with that which is delivered to her. If she is delivered only a turd to put on top of it all, then a turd on top she will put.

As powerful as Tara is she is totally at the mercy of Peter and what he brings to her to build with. My Tweedles now debating the yin being at the total mercy of the the yang by virtue of yang representing the ego and the ego ultimately being the master and commander of the usury of freewill. The notion that the soul has no access to the freewill that is in the hands of the ego. The notion that the whole understanding of how we all behave as males and females in relationship is reflective of our each and every unique individual relationship our ego has with our inner yin. The whole underlying living dynamics of love relationship. The whole deep understanding of the playing out of the genders of our society, the understanding of the gender rift love loss that is present across our society, our culture and present in the way the left and right of how our parliaments behave.

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I have been most certainly off with the Faeries I was thinking and the whole mystical cosmic flavor of it all has been a visit into my Tara-ness. A realization that I have been actually tasting my very own living soul. The realization that it is a delicious treasure that feels sort of other worldly. That real sense that if too much time is spent off with the Faeries then it could be you may never get back. Tara a Faerie Goddess of the Forest and Peter well I don't quite know what to say about him, he's doing his best.

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that I do not even really know that I am looking for.

But it is a 'Who Am I' theme which leads my investigation, to get to some deeper mystery that sits outside of my current set of clues. The unfolding of this moment's insight of 'me, myself and I' of my Tara and Peter, of my fire air water and earth dissection of the mechanics of what is my Yin and Yang. All this is bread-crumbs along the trail of capturing something else. Something far more mysterious.

The whole joker archetype, the whole notion of fool and Phool has been an insight of my star lore ponders. The insight is the notion that the Fool, as indicated by the Tarot is the living querant, the living awareness which has come to the pack of cards for insight, the living awareness which has come to the universe for insight.

In the process of investigation a certain self awareness unfolds, and in that process exists the possibility that the Fool and his chasing of his tail so as to look into the whole mysterious realm of his or her living psyche, may capture a fleeting notion of what are the living dynamics of 'me, myself and I' or 'spirit, soul and ego'.

The Fool at some point in the unfolding of the mystery of life and creation figures and fathoms that it is by going cross-eyed that, when you look at something with cross eyes you see double, you can see things in a distinct two-ness.

Then my tweedle-verse chimes in with the jolly banter that it is when the fool goes cross-eyed and begins chasing his own tail he or she is able to set up a unique set of circumstance which have the very real potential to lead the Fool from Fool to Phool. In simplicity the inherent divine order, the golden mean, the golden ratio, the golden middle way between the extremes of excess and deficiency. The meaning of life, the act of finding the mean.

Here-in I was feeling the sense of embodying today the qualities of the Fool to Phool process. I had certainly pondered into it, had held it in my mind, had tossed it around in my thinking, but the very real sense of what it actually all really means was becoming apparent to me here on this captive bush walk home.

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That's it ! The tarot presents the fool as the archetype of the querant. By embodying the archetype of the fool 'I' can construct a form that casts a shadow that I can read and deal with. The Tarot becomes the guide book for the fools journey of transitioning from Fool to Phool.

I know from my enjoying playing with the tarot and astrology as a logic puzzle that it is with the journey through the twenty one ensuing archetypes where the Fool comes to meet the Universe.

The looming dominant thought at this moment is the ponder of the Age of Aquarius thing and the rulers of Aquarius is Uranus and Saturn, in the Tarot this being the Divine Fool and the Universe. The tarot suggesting that the analogy for pondering this particular moment in the great year clock exists with the intelligence field of Aquarius and its rulers.

The card Zero the Trump of the pack is the Fool and the last major arcana is the domain of Saturn. So then in this age of Aquarius the rulers symbolize the beginning and the end, the alpha and the omega.

My tweedle-verse was now reactivated and excitedly wanting to participate in taking to ridiculous extremes the whole Fool to Phool thing. Only a Fool would reckon that they could solve the mystery of life and creation. And as a Fool looking into the logic puzzle of the star lore over the years there were certain way out ideas that are enormously attractive to all Fools.

This mornings walk was coming to the point of acknowledging that shadow work in psychology is being consciously aware of the mechanics of soul construction so as to be able to cast a good shadow.

Attitude of wanting to build good form so to cast good shadow was important for my tweedle-verse to embrace. Attitude of having ones adventure as fun, is also the way of the fool. The concept of keeping it fun, light, interesting and consciously choosing the extremes that are the most fruitful to embrace. In its simplest definition that is en-light-en-ment.

The opinion one holds for the mystery of life and creation is important for constructing a powerful attitude. The opinion that the mystery of life and creation just 'is' and the only worthy solution to the mystery can only exist with ones awareness pondering so. The star lore suggests that there is an arsenal of capacities inherent in all living psyches available to be developed and used for this very quest.

There is the notion that there is an embedded intentionality existent in creation, that which was referred to as 'god' in our journey through the age of Pisces. The Fool seeks to get into bed with the embedded intentionality of creation and wear it in the entirety of ones 'me, myself and I'. As a fool the adding of diction is the addiction to be pursued and my next wild thought was that I now needed to really push my rational mind to be as clever as possible and deliver notions by wearing the opinion that the rational mind is but a set of antennas for my soul. The delicious thought that it is Peters' job to deliver high quality notions for Taras' wardrobe of wearings.

It occurred to me that the underlying intentionality of the mystery of life and creation was something hidden in plain sight before we all. It was something we all had access to and all have the capacity to identify.

The underlying intent of creation was something I had come to ponder when I was enjoying the Mayan Calendar ponders back in the whole 2012 thing. The end of the Calendar and so very much more which came to the surface at that time.

So even though it was not spelled out in those tomes the identity of the intent of creation was a concept I have been able to hold in my labyrinth of ongoing mind boggle.

Right here right now it was becoming apparent to me that what I was realizing about my very own personal unique individual living soul, what I was now identifying with the goddess Tara was the very quality of innocence.

The ethereal qualities of innocence is something we all may identify in our life scape. Predominantly we identify innocence with children. They are the epitome of what we see as innocence. Also we may see that innocence is observable in mother nature herself in what we know as wilderness.

Both children and wilderness as innocence are completely vulnerable to the freewill usury by the others with whom reality is shared.

My Tweedles were now extrapolating that if it is that the intent of creation itself is innocence and it is totally vulnerable to the usury of freewill gifted to we all, then it is the very nature of innocence which is what we as a species have been identifying as 'god' throughout the age of Pisces.

The intent of creation is innocence, the very nature of 'god' is innocence.

Yes it was obvious now, as a young and innocent boy my first introduction to the whole religiosity thing was with Christmas. The highlight of our yearly life, a definite seasonal visit to goodness, gathering, gifts and all things that kids love and enjoy.

Part and parcel to Christmas was the Nativity Scene and the baby Jesus, in the manger with his Mother. Little did I know that the archetypal geometry being emitted and imbibed was that it was the worship of innocence we were having installed upon our innocent hard drive.

The worship of innocence and the understanding and innerstanding that it is the very power of mother which is the agent most potently identified as that which protects, preserves, promotes and perpetuates innocence.

Herein I was now feeling that it was my Soul, my inherent Tara which embodies the 'god' quality of innocence and that this cosmic attribute of our being-ness individually and collectively was accessible via the hidden in plain sight trick of the cosmos.

The qualities of innocence were available to all beings via their usury of their inner sense.

My inner sense is my capacity to find quiet space to touch the still silent invisible empty no-thing ness within my own beingness. My inner infinity limited only by my usury of imagination.

This whole of my inner infinity exists as my soul and has antennas with which to emit and imbibe the shared external infinity.

The antennas of my soul is my rationale.

The raw power of my critical thinking, my discernment, my discriminating wisdom, my capacity to deduce, induce, reduce, to add, subtract, multiply and divide and more are those antennas.

The analogue style of thinking, it is reckoned by the ancients, is the means by which one is able to figure and fathom the mystery of life and creation. The process of skrying the multi tiered counter pointing dimensionality of the mystery of life and creation is best approached by analogizing the entire cosmos as a living analogy. That of course is the role of the Tarot and the mysterious depths of the Horoscope as a tool assisting any wholeness to become wholly conscious of its wholeness. Through the romantic and poetic analogizing one may sneak up and trick the mystery of life and creation into revelation of mystery.

For a Phool the Cosmos is a puzzle seeking to be solved for great reward, and although the mystery of life and creation has always and continues to be a mystery there is the very real possibility that there exists a key to reveal the mystery. There exists in the mystery the answer to it and it may potentially be remembered by any living soul pondering so.

Only a Fool would consider the very real possibility that there are concepts existent in the etheric ocean of archetypes that have yet to be thought into the mind of mankind. In those concepts are hidden keys which may be remembered into consciousness. The very concepts and notions held as secrets over the millennia by many and various members of our human family.

The tales of them exist in the realms of conspiriology and from those tales we may draw analogy so to assist the deciphering of the mechanics of the macro psychology of our collective humanity body. The shadows of the forms created into the shared external infinity by these beings has had them hold and hoard the deepest secrets of our shared mystery of life and creation for their own personal advantage. Their own personal separated ego need for enormous wealth and power. The will to power will distort and twist anything in the spiritually immature intelligent idiocy of misappropriating the wisdom of the ancients. Despite them all the star lore suggests that any living soul may simply remember that which the spiritually immature intelligent idiot will dedicate great effort to hide.

Only a Fool would consider that there exists a mathematical analysis that may be applied to consciousness itself and is yet to be remembered. It may be remembered by any living soul and once remembered would allow graduation from this particular life classroom, from this dimension of the mystery. Only a Fool would consider that their existence life after life is no different then waking and entering day after day in a life. So says the tomes of the Yogis'.

I knew of two examples of the concept of the remembering, by simple gentle living souls, of certain amazing concepts was real and demonstrated clearly by the work of Frank Chester and David Wynn Miller. In around the year 2000 Frank remembered into the mind of man a set of platonic type solids that express prime numbers. Like the whole amazing work of Plato to present the living geometry of the platonic solids Frank equaled in his remembering into form the seven sided Chesterhedron and the nested 13 and 19 sided forms within. This whole conceptual architecture has obviously always existed in creation but has been not present until remembered back into the mind of man.

The remembering in the late eighties by David Wynn Miller and his Correct-sentence-structure-communication-parse-syntax-grammar a mind boggling mathematical interface that mathematically can qualify fact from fiction in written language.

These rabbit holes had shown the existence of certain analogizing intuitive leaps can reveal something that has always been there but had not be seen until stumbled upon or nuted out by Fools. Then when these concepts are in the mind-scape of any ponderer the resultant insight opens up higher rational dimensions of ponder ability.

This was the delicious nuance of my Hunch Hunch, that it is totally possible that I could with the right attitude, with the right opinion, with the power of my own intent, simple gentle ordinary little me could figure and fathom mystical concepts that are yet to leave the realms of is-ness and come into ex-is-tension. They could be found via my inner infinity connectivity to the wholly see of the universe and then be released out into the shared external infinity for all to enjoy.

My Tweedles were bantering that a pre-tension upon is-ness may actuate a state of ex-is-tension. I could with imagination construct a vast psychological pretension that as a Fool I might Phool the mystery of life and creation into revealing its mystery.

Nobody knows what everybody does not yet know.

But somebody may.

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I was feeling like I was in a cross-eyed, tail chasing sort of scenario. But because it is a conscious and deliberate cross-eyed chasing of thine tail I was a thinking that I must be a Fool seeking to be a Phool.

That's it ! The tarot presents the fool as the archetype of the querant. By embodying the archetype of the fool 'I' can construct a form that casts a shadow that I can read and deal with. The Tarot becomes the guide book for the fools journey of transitioning from Fool to Phool.

I know from my enjoying playing with the tarot and astrology as a logic puzzle that it is with the journey through the twenty one ensuing archetypes where the Fool comes to meet the Universe.

The looming dominant thought at this moment is the ponder of the Age of Aquarius thing and the rulers of Aquar-

ius is Uranus and Saturn, in the Tarot this being the Divine Fool and the Universe. The tarot suggesting that the analogy for pondering this particular moment in the great year clock exists with the intelligence field of Aquarius its rulers.

The card Zero the Trump of the pack is the Fool and the last major arcana is the domain of Saturn. So then in this age of Aquarius the rulers symbolize the beginning and the end, the alpha and the omega.

My tweedle-verse was now reactivated and excitedly wanting to participate in taking to ridiculous extremes the whole Fool to Phool thing. Only a Fool would reckon that they could solve the mystery of life and creation. And as a Fool looking into the logic puzzle of the star lore over the years there were certain way out ideas that are enormously attractive to all Fools.

This mornings walk was coming to the point of acknowledging that shadow work in psychology is being consciously aware of the mechanics of soul construction so as to be able to cast a good shadow.

Attitude of wanting to build good form so to cast good shadow was important for my tweedle-verse to embrace. Attitude of having ones adventure as fun is also the way of the fool. The concept of keeping it fun, light, interesting and consciously choosing the extremes that are the most fruitful to embrace. In its simplest definition that is en-light-en-ment.

The opinion one holds for the mystery of life and creation is important for constructing a powerful attitude. The opinion that the mystery of life and creation just 'is' and the only worthy solution to the mystery can only exist with ones awareness pondering so. The star lore suggests that there is an arsenal of capacities inherent in all living psyches available to be developed and used for this very quest.

There is the notion that there is an embedded intentionality existent in creation, that which was referred to as 'god' in our journey through the age of Pisces. The Fool seeks to get into bed with the embedded intentionality of creation and wear it in the entirety of ones 'me, myself and I'. As a fool the adding of diction is the addiction to be pursued and my next wild thought was that I now needed to really push my rational mind to be as clever as possible and deliver notions by wearing the opinion that the rational mind is but a set of antennas for my soul. The delicious thought that it is Peters' job to deliver high quality notions for Taras' wardrobe of wearings.

The raw power of my critical thinking, my discernment, my discriminating wisdom, my capacity to deduce, induce, reduce, to add, subtract, multiply and divide and more are those antennas.

The analogue style of thinking it is reckoned by the ancients is the means by which one is able to figure and fathom the mystery of life and creation. The process of skrying the multi tiered counter pointing dimensionality of the mystery of life and creation is best approached by analogizing the entire cosmos as a living analogy. That of course is the role of the Tarot and the mysterious depths of the Horoscope as a tool assisting any wholeness to become wholly conscious of its wholeness. Through the romantic and poetic analogizing one may sneak up and trick the mystery of life and creation into revelation of mystery.

For a Phool the Cosmos is a puzzle seeking to be solved for great reward, and although the mystery of life and creation has always and continues to be a mystery there is the very real possibility that there exists a key to reveal the mystery. There exists in the mystery the answer to it and it may potentially be remembered by any living soul pondering so.

Only a Fool would consider the very real possibility that there are concepts existent in the etheric ocean of archetypes that have yet to be thought into the mind of mankind. In those concepts are hidden keys which may be remembered into consciousness. The very concepts and notions held as secrets over the millennia by many and various members of our human family.

The tales of them exist in the realms of conspiriology and from those tales we may draw analogy so to assist the deciphering of the mechanics of the macro psychology of our collective humanity body. The shadows of the forms created into the shared external infinity by these beings has had them hold and hoard the deepest secrets of our shared mystery of life and creation for their own personal advantage. Their own personal separated ego need for enormous wealth and power. The will to power will distort and twist anything in the spiritually immature intelligent idiocy of misappropriating the wisdom of the ancients. Despite them all the star lore suggests that any living soul

may simply remember that which the spiritually immature intelligent idiot will dedicate great effort to hide.

It occurred to me that the underlying intentionality of the mystery of life and creation was something hidden in plain sight before we all. It was something we all had access to and all have the capacity to identify.

The underlying intent of creation was something I had come to ponder when I was enjoying the Mayan Calendar ponders back in the whole 2012 thing. The end of the Calendar and so very much more which came to the surface at that time.

So even though it was not spelled out in those tomes the identity of the intent of creation was a concept I have been able to hold in my labyrinth of ongoing mind boggle.

Right here right now it was becoming apparent to me that what I was realizing about my very own personal unique individual living soul, what I was now identifying with the goddess Tara was the very quality of innocence.

The ethereal qualities of innocence is something we all may identify in our life scape. Predominantly we identify innocence with children. They are the epitome of what we see as innocence. Also we may see that innocence is observable in mother nature herself in what we know as wilderness.

Both children and wilderness as innocence are completely vulnerable to the freewill usury by the others with whom reality is shared.

My Tweedles were now extrapolating that if it is that the intent of creation itself is innocence and it is totally vulnerable to the usury of freewill gifted to we all, then it is the very nature of innocence which is what we as a species have been identifying as 'god' throughout the age of Pisces.

The intent of creation is innocence, the very nature of 'god' is innocence.

Yes it was obvious now, as a young and innocent boy my first introduction to the whole religiosity thing was with Christmas. The highlight of our yearly life, a definite seasonal visit to goodness, gathering, gifts and all things that kids love and enjoy.

Part and parcel to Christmas was the Nativity Scene and the baby Jesus, in the manger with his Mother. Little did I know that the archetypal geometry being emitted and imbibed was that it was the worship of innocence we were having installed upon our innocent hard drive.

The worship of innocence and the understanding and innerstanding that it is the very power of mother which is the agent most potently identified as that which protects, preserves, promotes and perpetuates innocence.

Only a Fool would consider that there exists a mathematical analysis that may be applied to consciousness itself and is yet to be remembered. It may be remembered by any living soul and once remembered would allow graduation from this particular life classroom, from this dimension of the mystery. Only a Fool would consider that their existence life after life is no different then waking and entering day after day in a life. So says the tomes of the

Yogis'.

I knew of two examples of the concept of the remembering, by simple gentle living souls, of certain amazing concepts was real and demonstrated clearly by the work of Frank Chester and David Wynn Miller. In around the year 2000 Frank remembered into the mind of man a set of platonic type solids that express prime numbers. Like the whole amazing work of Plato to present the living geometry of the platonic solids Frank equaled in his remembering into form the seven sided Chesterhedron and the nested 13 and 19 sided forms within. This whole conceptual architecture has obviously always existed in creation but has been not present until remembered back into the mind of man.

The remembering in the late eighties by David Wynn Miller and his Correct-sentence-structure-communication-parse-syntax-grammar a mind boggling mathematical interface that mathematically can qualify fact from fiction in written language.

These rabbit holes had shown the existence of certain analogizing intuitive leaps can reveal something that has always been there but had not be seen until stumbled upon or nutted out by Fools. Then when these concepts are in the mind-scape of any ponderer the resultant insight opens up higher rational dimensions of ponder ability.

This was the delicious nuance of my Hunch Hunch, that it is totally possible that I could with the right attitude, with the right opinion, with the power of my own intent, simple gentle ordinary little me could figure and fathom mystical concepts that are yet to leave the realms of is-ness and come into ex-is-tension. They could be found via my inner infinity connectivity to the wholly see of the universe and then be released out into the shared external infinity for all to enjoy.

My Tweedles were bantering that a pre-tension upon is-ness may actuate a state of ex-is-tension. I could with imagination construct a vast psychological pretension that as a Fool I might Phool the mystery of life and creation into revealing its mystery.

Nobody knows what everybody does not yet know.
But somebody may.

Chapter Twenty Two

All creation is 'conscious as' that which is the form it holds in the physical conscious field of the mind of the universe. Like much of the universe, a rock, a tree, an insect, an animal is conscious as a rock, a tree, an insect, or an animal.

The notion of being 'conscious of' is a distinctly human trait as well as we can tell. Nobody knows for sure the degree to which some other members of creation wear their consciousness. But for we humans we can observe the concept of the difference of 'way of being' of some one who is simply 'conscious-as-ego' as opposed to some one who is 'conscious-of-ego'.

The human being may simply be in a state of being 'conscious as' it's ego in the unfolding of the soap opera of the whirled world of our collective creation. Then there is the being in a state of being 'conscious of'. Being conscious of consciousness, being conscious of having and using consciously the 'ego' state. In the state of being 'conscious of' presents also the state of being conscious of having a living soul. This was what I was guessing was what was happening for me on this captive bush walk home. I had certainly read about this concept and had acknowledged the Toltec perspective of the Third Attention and I am continually fascinated by the whole concept of what is my living soul.

The Third Attention as best as I could figure was a state where there is the definite sense of there being a trinity of perception. A very real sense of being 'me, myself and I' and being able to feel and sense all those aspects of being as separate one to another. Here today I was feeling that sense of definition.

My Tara I had determined to be my living soul and my being 'Peter' being the 'I', the 'ego' that interfaces the shared external infinity with the inner infinity. And 'me' being behind it all, observing the unfolding, observing the living parliament that continually debates the incoming flow of issues met by my 'I' and continually assessing the relativity of the memories and relevance s delivered by "myself".

These three living reality perspectives dancing in a holographic overlay with each other, juggling themselves so to potentially hold a unity. Each existing as some sort of holographic imaginarium overlay. Each wearing a personal central axis and each axis meeting a moment of inertia in regard the dynamics of the unfolding of the mystery of life and creation.

There was a fascinating you-tube video that explained 'the bizarre behavior of rotating bodies' and how each could be the dominate axial spin depending upon which one ended up with the greatest 'moment of inertia'. With this image in my mind I could see the playing out of the trinity. As life unfolds that which is seen, and that which is felt, continually building together the paradigm which casts the shadows of attitude and opinion that my 'I' deals with.

I was now pondering that I was living in a meta-phor, meta is beyond or between and phor is to carry, there was something that could be carried between "me, myself and I" and the weight of it could affect the moment of inertia which determined which axial spin of which holographic imaginarium loomed to dominance.

In the ethereal realms of the metaphors I was playing with, it was the 'shadow' that was a weight which could swing the loom of dominance from "me, or myself, or I"

This ponderous bush walk was delivering a non-stop flow of insight and revelations. It seemed that it was the result of those few words found in the pocket of the old shirt, acting like a dynamic catalyst upon my many years of accumulated readings, of the broad subject matter of everything and anything that interested me.

The flow of image, of meta-phor, of relevance tendrils, of the measurable ratios of nuances, of 'what-ifs', of the ridiculous, the weird, were whirling around and around in my mind. Questions were coming from every direction, the chatter of my tweedle-verse parliament was throwing all manner of possibilities at each other. My Psyche was in some sort of hyper overdrive, but there was a sort of OK-ness about it all.

Although some evolving questions were questioning if I was on some sort of quest into psychotic territory, the abnormal thinking usually associated with a losing touch with reality. The sort of place one could describe as potential mental dis-order, the realm of schizophrenia where hallucination and delusion can be the hazards one requires to deal with when walking the razors edge between potential genius and utter madness.

This very dark and shadowy realm was where the work of combing the shadows happens. I was in it, I was in the shadows of my own making, in the shadows of my own wardrobe of potential dysfunctional behaviors. Shadow work is the rectifying of dysfunctional behaviors. Here I was now coming to really look hard into identifying all that is my very own self destructive or other destructive behaviors.

That which hides in the shadows is the opinions one ultimately wears as how one sees the world. Then underlying opinion is the attitude one wears as their way of being with the world. It is my opinions that actuates the context I hold reality in and it is context which underlays the attitude I ultimately wear.

My practical mind was looking to see how I was needing to approach my combing my shadows. I could see it was my very opinions and attitudes I was needing to comb my shadows for, and lay them out upon the work bench of objective scrutiny.

I had reached a point in the unfolding of my captive bush walk meditation where I could see I needed to capitalize upon this very objective space I had found myself in today.

This whole walk home had become something I had not expected at all. I felt strung between the extremes of what in a negative light, I might describe as a psychotic episode and in a positive light as a deeply transforming spiritual epiphany.

Never Never Doubt what Nobody is Sure About - Willy Wonka

Chapter Twenty Three

Once again I felt compelled to stop, this time again to ground myself upon yet another boulder.

Practical objective scrutiny of what it truly, practically is that are the shadows I am requiring to deal with. What is it that is my most obvious shadows that need to be pondered into? My conscious wish to be more deliberate in my choosing useful archetypes to construct a form that casts a good shadow. But I require to start from where I am actually really at in my life adventure in this now time moment. I need to identify and deal with the shadows I presently cast out into my life adventure and consequently should I die tomorrow the shadows I would cast through the portal of death into the mysterious beyond.

The whirling thoughts, the competing points seeking to be pondered, all held at arms length now as I sat again and simply relaxed into a long breath. The fine art of grounding, allowing center to loom to dominance, "if center I be it is peace I see" was the mantra that came to mind, a handy and gentle means to regroup. Regroup being the operative word, as it was the whirling thoughts, the groups of themes and angles, the competing banter of the tweedle-verse that needed at times to be contained into a whole-ness.

When the whole chaos is all grouped together you seem to lift up out of it all, are granted a small though usable space where you become separate to it all and if you are able too, then grab for a new and objective over view. Just like on a bush walk, the changing terrain, the changing vegetation all present different situations that require negotiation. The ongoing small moments where you require to be 'with it' as opposed to being 'in it'.

I had a few sore bits in my body, from the walking and climbing. My body over the years has accumulated a few injuries and hence a few worn bits. For instance my left ankle which had been broken almost twenty years before had been a nuisance over the years. Repetitive strain on it being something I required to deal with in my day to day life.

It was an obvious shadow I was being presented in my now competing thought line of seeking to ponder the very practical evidence of what it truly is that are the shadows I need to look more closely at in my life adventure.

My ankle is a shadow of what it was before I broke it. In the whole body mind connection the work of a few beings have written books about the symbology relationships of parts of the body to actions in ones life adventure. There is also the doctrine of signatures that is used to identify the relationship of plants to what it is that they support, like a broccoli or cauliflower are brain looking and so are analogously brain supporting in their benefits. Analogy being the operative word in this shadow combing work.

So these are the practical tools for assessing what is and the actions necessary for negotiating with it. So my practical need to be mindful of my ankle was something I take for granted, there is certain amounts of pain that exist with it, certain limits and boundaries that require to be honoured in my daily usury of my ankle.

As a very real and present shadow my ankle was now in my awareness field. I was pleased with its performance this day and yesterday and despite the long walk I have been on, its soreness is at a very tolerable level. I pondered my habitual favoring of it in my climbing and small jumps, my preservation habits from my years of living with it had it in my management. Mostly speaking, as sometimes I did need to take time out and give it some rest, the greatest hazard with it was over doing it, riding it to its edge and not really meeting those results until I had stopped. Which of course I was anticipating for my arrival home. That it will be demanding time out once back and settled in home.

The mindfulness of this stroll home was the best attitude for ankle preservation. My management of this particular shadow was good analogy for my pondering into all the shadows I am now working my way into figuring and fathoming. I had learned to live with the shadow of my ankle limitations and I wear a useful attitude that holds analogous insight for my pondering into other shadows.

I had certainly looked at the body mind connection over the years and had determined that it being my left ankle it was related to my yin side and being ankle it was integral for my direction in walking my path. My yin direction

was compromised was what this particular shadow symbolized.

On my right side my back had had an issue over the years. My lumber had a prolapsed disc with its stress being expressed on my right side. My Yang challenge was with the symbology of support. So in a nut shell I held in the back of my mind the shadows as my having challenge with supporting the demands of life and my yin direction in life. Or together I existed with challenge of supporting my Yin direction.

The shadow of my lumber challenge had been with me and a major part of my need to learn and understand the mechanics of yoga over the years. My dealing with my back challenge with yoga had been not only my means of bringing my back under my own management it has proved also to be a worthy source of analogy for much else in life.

My mind was now taking that objective wholeness ponder and I was seeing two types of approach to shadow. The conscious involve with the evolve of the soul so as to build good form so to cast good shadow. The other being the work of becoming conscious of the shadows I presently cast and learn to deal with them.

My tweedle-verse threw up 'attitude is everything' slogan that came with the Nike brand of shoe. I had determined that what ultimately was hidden in the shadows was in fact attitude and opinion and if anything was to come out of this strange captive bush walk home from the weird motivation to be on this walk and the mystical consequences met by doing so.

Life is a romantic adventure of mystical proportions

Chapter Twenty Four

My Hunch Hunch came back to mind and I was now in this new moment looking more deeply into the mechanics of what my hunch actually is and its energetic affects that are observable in my daily life.

I have always worn a sort of hunch about my being an awareness being aware of being aware. Even as a primary school boy walking to and from school I remember my early entry into meditative mind states. I would ponder what was for me the very simple and obvious being aware of being aware. Which when said and done being aware of being aware leaves one in a sort of silly situation where you feel that it is a simple minded stating of the obvious. Being interested in and enthusiastic for observing and pondering all that which is blatantly obvious and ridiculously apparent though not really talked about or even given much thought or taken for granted. Which in a weird way ultimately becomes the motivation for some one to want to indulge in dad jokes and puns a sort of poking at the fabric of banal obviousness so to find some wrinkle, some space, some gap that may be looked past.

There is most certainly an ironic dimension to being alive and being aware of being aware and thanks to the insights of the Tarot one may investigate the archetypal geometry of the Fool and enjoyably embrace the mystical irony and wear it as a ridiculizer super power for tricking the mystery of life and creation to let down its guard and reveal itself.

Well that is what my Tweedle-verse was now bantering. I was now feeling into my captive bush walk home again. I was pondering also my anticipation of actually getting to be back at home and what it was I was needing to do so to capitalize upon all that was unfolding in this strange and mystical two day unfolding.

I was now in possession of some solid insights that I could build upon. I could see the foundation of what work I was needing to focus upon when getting home. My attitude toward my relationship with my soul, my developing greater understanding of soul mechanics, my choice of archetypal geometries I was needing to visit and wear.

I had determined that I have two approaches to shadow, my focused attention upon the realities of the shadows I presently cast and my focused attention upon collecting the material necessary for my inner Yin, I was now calling Tara, so she may build for me the form which will cast the most excellent of shadows.

My Tweedles now pondered into the further shadows I had pondered at other times. In pondering into soul mechanics one ponders also into the mechanics and dynamics of karma and dharma. I now figured that karma is actually an other word for the shadow cast beyond the known bounds of the reality I am aware of. The shadows that today's doings may cast ahead into days ahead, and ultimately the shadows which may be cast beyond the portal of death into lives ahead.

Over the years my interest in philosophy had me contemplate the whole religiosity thing and compare the stories being presented by all the different expressions of differing ethnicities of our species. The golden rule was a common theme among them all. The very sense that the consequences of your choices, your use of free will existed as perturbations in your very own auric field, in your very own and consequently our collective field of consciousness. These perturbations, like the energy in vibratory motion of music, are vibrations which can potentially become harmonic with all manner of other self same similar vibrations and would require at some time to be dealt with. Well tempered tones or ill tempered tones, either within the personal private inner infinity, or projected outwardly in to the shared external infinity.

Like the shadow analogy of my ankle, it existed as a consequence of my smacking up very hard against reality, receiving a very definite damage and alteration to my form and the consequent shadows required to be dealt with whether I liked it or not.

not be seen may become a potential hazard, a limit, a short coming. The power of obscuring shadows may be something that one can use to their advantage, hiding certain traits, agendas, motivations that one doesn't want others to see. The dis-empowering obscuring shadow is having things hidden from your self that ultimately diminish advantages.

Why did the religiosities have in their foundations the golden rule, 'do not do unto others that which you would not have them do unto you'. There seemed to me to be a very obvious hidden in plain sight logic to this simple cosmic rule.

That which results from the use of free will is the raw material the inner yin had for constructing the form that is soul and the consequent shadow it may cast. The shadow cast beyond this dimension is what we have come to call karma and from the delicious collective ponder of the subject across the net we can logic that which is the form of my soul is not only the currency I will have available for my traverse of the afterlife, but it will also be the script for that which will be the underlying structure for that which will be my next existence.

This now brought me to ponder dharma in the parliament of my Tweedles. From memory dharma was congruent with natural law, and natural law was that which was observable in the playing out of what we can know in our living experience of fire, air, water and earth. Inherent in dharma was the banal being aware of being aware, and the conscious involve with the evolve of soul. The mindful approach to life that is ever seeking to deliver to the inner yin suitable raw material for the construct of a great soul which may cast a great shadow. Which is a mindful investment in the the currency one will have access to in the after life and the ongoing cosmic ponder into the blueprint for countless lives to come.

Here in was the Factual Fiction of the suggestions of all things meta-physical. All that which is beyond physics exists in the potential realms of fiction. The safest way to negotiate these ethereal realms is with our inner Yin the capacity of imagination is the super power of inner yin, the ultimate power to imagine what is. The power of imaginations access to meta-rational ponder has it the most efficient means to fathom fiction. It is a fact that it is the inner yin capacity to imagine, which is the super power to harvest truth from fiction, to find Fictional Fact.

All realms of myth, faerie tale and all sorts of fiction carry in the fabric of their story factual archetypal geometry which demonstrate energetic forms. It is the very facts drawn from the geometry of fiction that may make fiction a fact. A credible form that can be navigated by both yin and yang, by both imagination and rationale.

The very realms of ones re-existence, the notion of there being a customs like border crossing at the portal of death and the notion suggested by the Egyptians that this is where the heart is weighed against a feather to allow transmigration of soul or re-existence. A heart is heavy by the threads of unsettled commerce which connect it to all the other hearts commerced with directly and indirectly, within which may be unfinished business. The notion that your every thought act and deed is your living testimony at the portal that you can not hide. Naked before all creation demonstrating the script you have written yourself for yourself.

All this and more can only exist as speculations which only an imagination may navigate. From imaginations navigation of the potential fictions comes the Fictional Facts. Those very meta-rational meta-physical forms can be imagined into fact.

I had many times pondered that as an awareness in eternity even if one had experienced a billion lives it would not have made any impression upon forever. But in mindfulness of this cosmic possibility any Fool may allow for the pondering into the construct of an overall soul construct which takes into account the vibe of ones next million plus lives.

My ridiculizer was now being brought back on to the Tweedles work bench. Think big was the mutterings emerging from the Tweedles. Take on an imagining of what it may be that is the perspective of being a Wholly Phool was the suggestion that was now coming to the surface. Wholly is the inner yin as the energetic of bringing things into wholeness. Phool is the inner Yang, the 'I', the 'ego' pulling things apart. Wholly pull things apart so to put wholly put them back together is the yang and the yin of it.

ing on with my Tweedle-verse dynamics. If this inner parliament was to begin operating in the most potent quantum means right action and correct acceptance were yin and yang dance dynamics which needed to be acknowledged in some sort of higher rational overview. The ultimate stance, the ultimate posture of my inner yin, my Tara, my very soul and the ultimate stance or posture of my ego was obvious.

This thread was sewing together other notion beads, relevance's of the David Wynn Miller quantum language insights which makes use of a totally ridiculously anal means of x-raying language to reveal intent and agenda. Our normal means of usury of language we would never use the quantum mathematical interface but our cognition of its existence reveals amazing insight into the ways and means of values being carried via hieroglyphs in syntax. The way letters make up words and are assembled together. If you have some ponder of an ultimate integrity of from then one may assess the degree of falling short some thing is expressing.

In the pondering of the archetypal geometries of what the Tarot presented as its Trump, its ultimate soul-ution to the mystery of life and creation was the Fool to Wholly Phool notion that I was now capturing.

In looking at the words Fool to Phool when you listen to them being spoken they are exactly the same. Hidden in plain sight is the hidden qualities of the wholly Phool. The Ph being representative of the Fool having embraced the magic inherent in the phi of creation and humbly, silently wearing it, but not evident to any other except those who understand and innerstand the mechanics of the spelling which is cast. It is only in the spell of the words where the distinguishing of Fool from Phool exists.

My excited tweedle-verse held up the wand of the ridiculizer and cast into my mind the notion that when I got home I required to be artfully mindful of bringing to my Tara all that which would allow her to create the greatest soul possible for my aware enjoyment of my next million lives. Right action of my divine yang was determined by that which is correctly acceptable for my inner yin. My motivation and agenda for my constructing my life adventure required to be in align with my greatest imaginings.

My tweedle-verse was now extrapolating all this ponder thread into wondering into the very mechanics of the most delicious experience available for any living soul experiencing our shared external reality. That is the experiential realms of being deeply in love. 'unless ones inner yin and yang are madly, deeply in love then the projection into the shared external infinity will be either short lived or less than cosmic.

A game of make believe, like any great actor one may pretend a role in creation that presents character and consequent shadow. In our modern world it is the movie stars who have the greatest celebrity, those who pretend well are those we are enthusiastically interested in as a culture and reward well. The other word associated with an actor is cast, they are cast into a role, they perform in a cast and what they perform is broad cast ed.

I had always enjoyed a way of being that may be called somewhat innocent. I had become aware of the qualities of innocence over the years and loved to observe it in children. I had an inherited gene of being the mind boggling teasing sort of uncle who loved to always be on the edge of the dad joke style of narrative. I had always enjoyed the sport of punishing the innocent with a pun ish way of playing with the language. It had always been my own indulgence in playing with the banal stating of the obvious and keeping it as an ongoing game for myself where I could I bantered the ironic silly nuances that existed behind any moment any where.

As a compulsive trickster I noticed the affects of my pun-ish-ing dad joking-ness assisted most kids to indulge in the sport themselves. Of course there were those serious young ones who were annoyed, frustrated and even upset by my ongoing dad-joking way of being.

In pretending one requires a vast psychological pretension as the underpinning form that ones inner yin is bringing to form. The attitude worn by the "I" penetrates the shared external infinity and harvests that which will be the raw material for thine inner Yin.

My inner Meta-rational relevance tendril brought to my awareness the clinching bead for my invisible necklace of notions. Years ago I had heard of a strange version of Avatar which they called an Avadoota, an approach to thine life adventure in the style of a child like innocent rising above the consciousness of the separated ego emotionality of worldly soap opera concerns. A life of complete abandon, aloof and unrecognizable as spiritual masters as they simply blend in to the fabric of daily life as an eccentric, or a weirdo. The archetype of daring to wear a soul centered ego into the shared external infinity as a Fool in transition to Phool answering the call to wholly-ness.

Innocence I had determined was actually the way of being of what we call 'god'. The innocence of our children, the innocence of nature expressed as wilderness all are at the mercy of the free will of all others. The beauty, the omnipresence, the omniscience, omnipotence and the omnivore-ing of reality are all inherent in the state we know as innocence. When pondering across the fabric of our soap opera world it was the observation of any beings relationship with innocence which ultimately reveals their relationship with 'god', particularly institutions.

As a living soul my access to the mystery of life and creation exists with the power of innocence. now as I near my arrival home in a sense I now have a clearer inner sense of my innocence.

Now arriving home I felt my prize of my journey into following a what if, of exploring a hunch, of being off with the Faeries I am in possession of the attitude of being content to be seen as a Fool while quietly, humbly cultivating all that is necessary so I may deliver the raw material necessary for my inner Yin, so she may construct the form of the Phool, as the shadow I may cast into the mystery beyond.

Immortality Takes Forever to Achieve.

