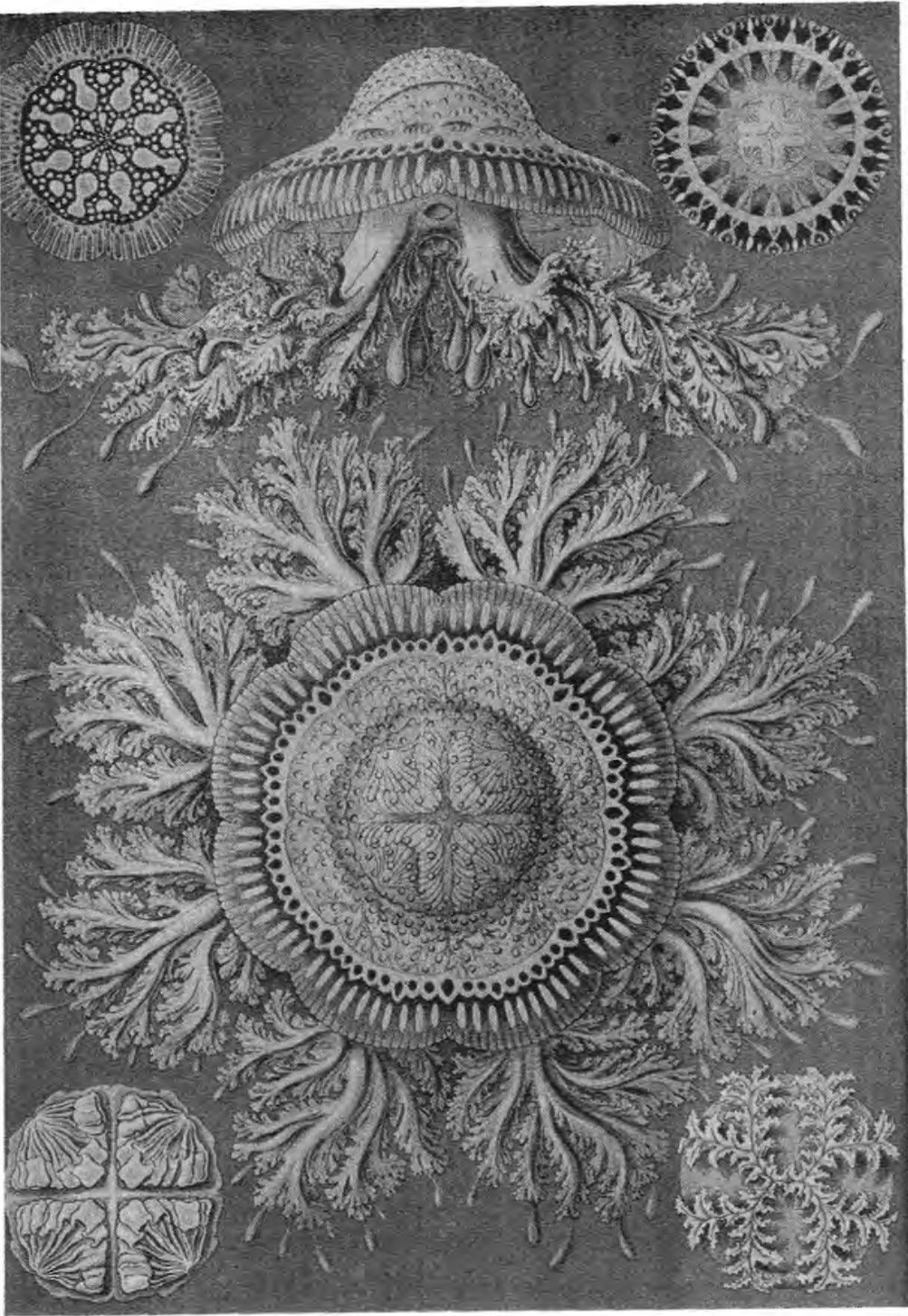




VISIONARY LOVE

A Spirit Book of Gay Mythology

By Mitch Walker and Friends



VISIONARY LOVE

A Spirit Book of Gay Mythology
and Trans-mutational Faerie

In Gay SPIRIT
Mitch Walker



By Mitch Walker and Friends

Treeroots Press · San Francisco

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Comments from the creators of this book:

Mark Thompson—For most, this book will offer passage through strange terrain. The unaware or overly cautious traveler will benefit little if the journey is rushed because of fear or cynic disbelief. Be prepared to shed unneeded emotional baggage enroute, to adapt gracefully to new language and culture, to accept the challenge of the startling new insights that will come your way. Know that the voyage will alter your perspective of life, enriching it with knowledge of a foreign, yet somehow familiar, place. Realize the responsibility inherent in this education, for it will create access to personal dimensions not previously tapped.

As a conscientious traveler, you will gain most from your efforts by observing the meditative approach. Take slow but deliberate steps and trust this guidebook to lead you on a direct, but sometimes difficult path into the extraordinary and paradoxically alien landscape of self-awareness and affirmation.

So many of us live the desperate life of the outcast. Mitch Walker has constructed a bridge to a place where we might learn to breathe, grow and flourish in a manner appropriate to our being. I encourage you to take the voyage and to partake of the special waters to be found once there.

Frank Brayton—One of the occasional rewards of enduring the linear tyranny of typesetting is to find synchronistic little messages from the subconscious that take the form of typographical errors. My favorite typo in the course of setting *Visionary Love* appeared in a line where "adolescence" was being defined. My fingers typed that this is the time when boys and girls become mean and women.

The larger reward typesetting provides is in the spreading of ideas, using the devices of typography and printing to connect minds for a while. Typesetting *Visionary Love* offered many opportunities for connecting with Mitch's vision of a time and place free of the meanness and alienation that boys generally inherit with their sexual awakening. And with each reading, the manuscript provides new resources for the next reading, in spiral fashion.

I hope that the visions contained herein will spread, and that men

will learn to nurture and support in each other the vestiges of boyhood innocence and wonder that have survived this culture.

Thanks is due Anderson Graphics for allowing access to their typesetting equipment for this project.

H. Constance—As the sole woman of this group, publishing a book which focuses on gay *men's* (or notMen's, as you will soon understand) spirituality, I address the Androgyne of female as well as male readers. This book has quite remarkable information for both. The focus is male oriented (Mitch is, after all, a man writing of his male experience), but the real essence is not separatist. It is androgynous, speaking of the doors through which gay vision can take us, doors which lead to both aspects (magnetic/dynamic, yin/yang, female/male) of the trueself.

This book speaks of the importance of harmony between the Earth and all of Her creatures (see Trans-mutational Faerie), the ultimate necessity of healing the Earth... now. The manner in which this is presented is very powerful, as it needs to be... there is an urgency surrounding our earthly home.

This is a serious book and vastly important. Profound insights and perspectives are being portrayed in new light. This work is somewhere between a giant step and an eon ahead of anything that has gone before. I heartily recommend it to women for its essence and spirit, to men for its experiential qualities as well.

Proceeds from this book will be used to further gay-spirit and feminist projects.



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Introduction

When the essay "Visionary Love" first appeared in the Winter 1976-77 issue of *Gay Sunshine*, I had little idea that it would affect some gay men as deeply as it has, or that it would take on a living, independent, underground existence. But when I started receiving long, enthusiastic letters, long-distance phone calls and even requests for visits from total strangers, I could hear a strong chord vibrating. Their responses were intense, personal, caring, often tinged with feelings of creative inspiration, as if the essay had reached down below their minds and stirred up pools of enspiriting juices. Brothers told me they felt supported, strengthened, encouraged, turned-on. The essay seemed to have a healing effect. It felt as if I had *touched* my readers, and some then had touched me.

In the months and years that followed I discovered that the essay was travelling from hand to hand, by word of mouth, around the country and even overseas. Long after that issue of *Gay Sunshine* I would hear from somebody new in Colorado or San Diego. These responses felt very good to me, they fed my heartspace, renewed my commitment to my gay brothers and our visions. I don't think I would have been able to continue without these exchanges of loving empathetic care. I'm convinced that my/our gay visioning and unfolding would be impossible without nurturant, emotional, supportive sharings like these.

The lack of supportive friendships, networks, matricies and communities has been one of our worst weaknesses, severely hobbling our efforts toward freedom and self-maturity. Anybody who feels they're gay, who wants to be themselves and unfold their gayness, has a hell of a time. With little encouragement and much resistance—even active hostility—within our so-called gay community, not to mention straight society, the wondering seeker easily becomes a dazed wanderer, depressed, discouraged, defused, cynical.

Without positively gay affiliations, associations, affections, we have only straight cultural values, standards and means to go by. And these are all deadly for gay selves and gay questing. I feel this deeply. I've seen too much death, both psychic and physical, to feel otherwise. To me this is not an intellectual or even rational issue, but one felt in the

heart. It's not a question of belief, but of direct experience, of *knowing*.

I *know* there exists a gayness, something separate from and *alien* to straight modes of being. I *know* that this gayness excites incredulity, opposition, fear, anger, hate and violence. But I also *know* that gayness inspires strength, love and profound visions in those who are *of* it. I can *feel* these visions in my heart. Their fierce innocence shatters my unfeeling sleep, my zombie existence in the land of mindgames, defenses and no-thoughts. These visions are under-miners, termites in the house of my "personality", my encultured, cultured ego-self. They are so vital, direct, immediate, pleasurable, whole, healing, spiritual, that they simply bypass thinking, they bypass my resistances and censors. Their wild freedom runs in my blood. They push out on the sores and scabs of my life in this noxious, obnoxious civilization around me.

I look into my heart and hear messages from beyond, beyond that phoney who-I-thought-I-was, beyond straight society, beyond western culture, beyond time and space. I see an ancient, ancient wise being in my Self, I see rainbows between worlds, I see our Earth as a thinking, breathing, unitary entity, I see the spreading cancer of Mankind over its face, I see new forms of evolving conscious beings, new forms of society, culture, reality. I feel the strong presence of a great wheel turning, the wheel of death/rebirth.

I see visions that the life-source is changing, so that whatever is not of this Changing but is old and prior to it will be cut off, will run out of life and drop into extinction. I see gayness as very much a part of, caused by, leading into and through this Changing. I see gayness as a door, a source, a spirit, a lover, a teacher, or rather as sourcing, enspiriting, loving, teaching. It spirits me away somewhere magickal, strange, profound. I meet teaching *weirdnesses*, opening/expanding/dropping me into *lights*, I feel ecstasy, wonder, delight. I feel SPIRIT.

This is all far, far away from western social realities. Economies based on internal combustion engines and other nature-exploiting technologies, societies based on scarce access to physical necessities like healthy food, air and living space, cultural milieus featuring alienation, regimentation, divisiveness, manipulation, competition, sadism and violence—all are intrinsically and spiritually deathly and cannot in any form change sufficiently to pass the time-barrier into new life—all this which so many take for granted is dying, and will disappear like the dinosaurs. And so will those modes of being, consciousness, thought and personality which cause and live in such societies.

Thus my belief that we who un/enfold and become our gayness are passing through these fated changings into entirely new being, cul-

tures, realities. The secret keys are in each of us, as we become each our true Self. These essays and all my work have the aim of supporting, encouraging this process, these changings, in me, my gay brothers, and all who desire it.

The sense of gayness as a Spirit path is growing. As we break out of straight mind-bindings we naturally recoil from seeing ourselves and each other as either mono-sided homo-sexualists or homo-oriented straights. And then for many of us come revelations of feminist thought/practice: we discover women exposing, breaking free of sado-slavery into whirling fiery gyn-ecstasies of loving magickal sister-Selves. We discover anarcho-sissydomy, life-loving faggotry and more. We begin to suspect the existence of hidden universes beyond the pale of straight space/time delusions.

Our straight sociocultural enculturations have blinded us. We must turn to the freer world of our imagination, fantasy, dreams, myths. Let us open to truthful enspiriting visions from below/above, outside our prisons. Such visions are immeasurably precious. Let us love and cherish them, gather, share, and evolve with them, and so make our escape. Let us build fairy mythologies—gay ways of thinking and doing—to realize and protect our loving soulful brotherhood, to reclaim our Selves, re-create our culture, regain our heritage, re-member our fates as beings of Spirit, wisdom, power, compassion, truthfulness, light.

This book is myth-building in action. It represents 3½ years of my dreaming/practicing visions of evolving/revolutionary gayness in self-transformation. Herein lie fairy tales for reference, example and support in combatting that straight dark maze of manly engulfment. Herein lie fantasy maps for spirit-questing through time and space to other worlds, exploring queer Martian canals, soaring among Venusian cloud-formations. I'm building thoughts of paths to places/lives which do not exist in any straight world, which are simply nowhere. I suppose we could call this gay theology, philosophy, psychology, politics, physics. But my desire is not to recreate straight academia, but turn you on. My desire is life, not death, freedom, not slavery, for all of us, equally. I much prefer transcendental joy, transmutational mind, healing shamanic trance, ensouling drug magick, sexospiritual ecstasy, revelational love, strong protective sorcery, enveloping Spirit-light.

The first essay, "Visionary Love", came to me in the Spring of 1976. It's a beginning step, concerned with building a new world-view, a set of basic concepts, a theoretical framework to orient, guide and protect gay questings, to sustain our struggles. Then in the Winter of '77-'78

came "Becoming Gay Shamanism", exploring shapes of sorcerous self-transformations required by and resulting from the practice of visionary love. The third essay, "Trans-Mutational Faerie", which slowly emerged during the Summer of '79, becomes itself a shamanic trance and therein speaks a vision and a call to an altogether Otherness-ing.

These essays are autobiographical. They make no claim to perfection, gospel or authority. They attempt to organize and describe my dreamings, visionings, understandings and changings in those years. They are products of a journey—a healing journey—from straight western civilization to new, gay places, an exploration in thought, being, time and space. My enculturated person went travelling overseas in foreign, exotic lands, and as the British used to say about certain explorers, "he went native". This book is the story of an immigrant.

It's a story transcribed onto these linear English bookpages as best as I could manage. I see myself trying to serve as translator, attempting to share meanings, messages and knowings which were given to me in mindscapes light-years distant from English. I've tried to shape the writings to maximize understanding and remain faithful to what I received. Of course this depended on my own state of being, ability to communicate, and any personal limitations and liabilities at the times of writing. I certainly changed over the years, and you'll note some differences as the essays progress. Yet for me the outer forms of the writings are not as important as the inner spirit. May you receive these words with the same love and care in which they came to me.

My hope, through this book, is to further your unfolding enflowerment, your own seeing, experiencing, understanding, questing, flying, in your own ways. I feel there can be no such thing as gay leaders or hierarchs, only sharers, only inspirers; so likewise there can be no followers, no armchair or vicarious gay travellers. For gay evolution to be successful, it must come from and happen in each of our own living Selves, authentically. May you hear truth in your own heart; that and love will bind us together. Keep this in mind as you're reading. I see gay real-ization as evolving maturity and lived fullness of each individual, as anarcho-communal empathetic friendships, as a leaderless spiritual brotherhood.

Now a word here about why I'm speaking primarily to men: I think being a lesbian is radically different from being a gay man, although I feel our visions are very close. So this is why I won't speak about or for women, because it's not my place, though I know many lesbians will see their visions in our eyes too. I welcome them to share my writings. I hope that some day we will build powerful alliances together.

I hope reading this book will encourage my brothers to believe in yourselves and your gay dreams. I hope it will help us have faith, trust, revelations and gatherings. I hope we will grow, flow, coagulate, build those loving healing supportive friendships, networks, matrices, homes, communities and non-institutions so vital for our survival. Let's make living crystal balls, magickal doorways, transformational half-way houses, transmutational fairy cyclotrons. Let's cross the abyss on silvery wings to new worlds/lost homes and re/e/merge with the Great Spirit of all. Let's have mass migrations.

As we depart straight realms our thoughts, languages, lifestyles, environments will all change. Periods of confusion and disorientation are inevitable. But keep in mind that, as a gay person, the trip from straight to gay is a healing journey, a journey to wholeness, to health. The traveller must abandon the perversions, corruptions, cancers gained in straight life. The prison walls of straight space, straight time will crumble. There are multitudes of dimensions, realities and beings in existence, and much may seem unbelievably or even terribly fantastic at first.

Yet it's been both my and other gay travellers' experience that we find our way, in large part because mysterious Others come to help us. Wonderful beings or consciousnesses exist on the fairy path, beings of great awareness and wisdom. In the establishment of living gayness we have loving Friends.

We will change, and transmute ourselves. Like Native Americans and most all nature peoples we will come to see life as essentially Spirit-full and essentially good. The sun, moon and earth feed us, and we will learn that we are each sun, moon, earth and all else. Then we will be entering our fate to become and be gay. SPIRIT—the intelligent power shaping and sustaining matter, space, time—will bless us, and we'll re-member we were really SPIRIT all along, and then we will assume our responsibilities and complete our tasks in the cosmic scheme of things.

May we be open.

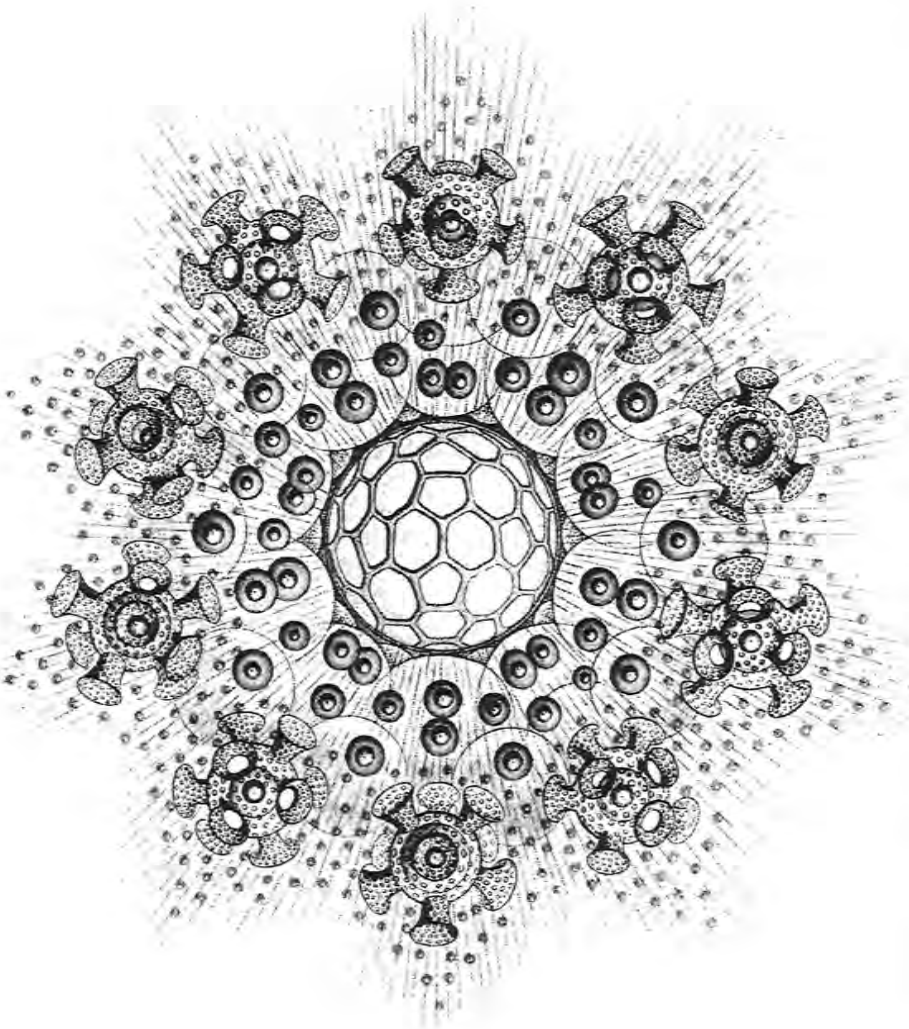
May we be with Harmony and Inspiration.

May we dance and sing our questings, our sorrows and happiness,
and taste ecstatic Joy.

May we be healed, and become Whole.

May we be Truth, Compassion and infinite SPIRIT.

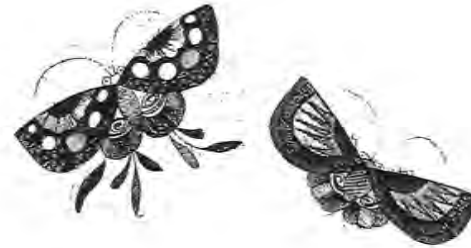




Visionary Love:

*The Magickal
Gay Spirit-Power*

Spring Equinox, 1976



We gay men are at a key time in the evolution of our gay consciousness. We've been struggling to reach a great vision buried in us, which we first sensed only in the vaguest ways. We have all felt this vision, lying inside, watching, showing itself in dreams, directing our acts and beliefs in unseen ways. In the modern Gay Liberation Movement, the history of men's struggles has been the history of groping towards our vision, sensing it in the values of androgyny, in revolution, in free sexuality. It has led us to Stonewall, to genderfuck, to the birth of a new gay culture.

But during the past few years, it appeared that our movement ran out of steam; many militant groups faded, as did the brassy colorful rebels and our flagrant joyous celebrations. They seemed to be replaced by a new movement, the vocal gay Normals: fighting in the courts, the churches, the mental health professions, gaining advocate after advocate, victory after victory. It was as if the Homophile Movement for Equal Rights, taking new freedom from our radical flowering, thrust towards its goal of mainstream assimilation leading the mass of gays with them, and deflowering our movement, the movement toward our vision.

The Homophile Movement for Equality is a dead thing: dead to the gay vision, anti-magickal, counter-revolutionary. Its spokespeople and theorists shun the roots (*the radical*, source of nurturance and understanding) in favor of surface values: the social norm, success, integration, acceptance, assimilation. Its shallow reality suffocates the vision in us, co-opting gay people and vitiating the creativity and potential of the Gay Movement.

In response to the sterile domination of the Assimilationists, many of us gay men have turned to a wholehearted embrace of a non-gay theoretical perspective, Marxism. Our attraction to this tradition stems from our attraction to our gay vision, which is one of absolute freedom. Such

freedom is universal and therefore must encompass all people, destroying every form of oppression. Since no current theoretical system within the Gay Movement can sustain and help actualize our sense of freedom, aware gay people have turned to that tradition which does promise radical freedom—Marxism.

But in this process we ally ourselves with another line of thought which doesn't develop our unique, peculiar gay potential. An economic analysis of gay oppression is absurd, like forming a composite animal by tacking the legs of a kangaroo onto a tuna fish: the resulting creature makes a big splash in the water but doesn't go anywhere. The origin of anti-gayness is not to be found in economics. However, this doesn't deny the importance of people's liberation movements, and our solidarity with them (or membership in them for those who are gay and third-world).

But some of us aren't satisfied with either of these dominant branches of the male Gay Liberation Movement, whether Assimilationist or Marxist. We want to seek out our vision, which we sense contains a unique and necessary contribution to the freedom of humanity, which contains the seeds of a magical healing transformation in consciousness, key to the evolution of humanity to a new stage of being.

We know we must bring our vision to birth, where its powers can act and grow in the world. We must develop it in a body of analysis and action, so it can take root in the soil of daily reality and generate a new liberation. For at the heart of our vision is a vital spirit-force, bringing a revolutionary change in how we see ourselves and other people and the goals toward which we strive.

In this essay we will explore this gay spirit-force, trying to uncover what it is and what it means. This exploration will not be easy, however, because the spirit-force is in many ways foreign to our western-trained consciousness. In addition, it has been the special target of anti-gay oppression, forcing it into the unconscious, into hiding. All of this gives it a vague, elusive mistiness, making it difficult to grasp.

Because of this, an important first step is to provide the gay spirit-force with a conceptual handle for focusing our awareness, to give a semantic meeting-place, a *name* by which we can evoke it. When I decided to write about the spirit-force, this was the first task I set myself.

I found the problem of naming to be quite perplexing. I puzzled over it and meditated on it for quite a while. Over a period of weeks, I became totally immersed in this quest, ignoring my other obligations and worries. I wrote to other gay people for suggestions, and spent

hours making up alternate words. However, nothing was satisfactory, and I sensed that the answer was beyond my intellectual grasp.

One evening I was contemplating a list of names for shamans in non-western cultures. After a while, the room seemed to fade away from me, and I became lost in a growing feeling of joy or pleasure, much like being stoned on marijuana. Then the words on the page began to move about before my eyes. I felt a tingling in my body. I saw the words dancing on the page, and I started to play around with the letters, combining them in different ways.

I wrote the following words in a line: *yirka-laul*, which means "soft man" among the Siberian Chuckchee and refers to a male transvestite shaman; *brujo*, which means "sorcerer" among the Yaqui of northern Mexico; *botè*, which means "not man, not woman" among the Crow; and *enaree*, the word for a male transvestite shaman among the ancient Scythians, who lived north of the Black Sea in Eurasia.

I wrote these words in a line and began recombining the letters. I continued this in a haphazard way until something told me to stop, that I'd formed the right combination. This combination was *roika* (seemingly pronounced roy'kah).

I was somewhat awed by this whole event, and for several days thereafter I thought about this word, speaking it out loud and meditating on its sound. It seemed quite strange to me, somehow just what I was looking for. It seemed that this word truly named the spirit-force I had evoked. Because of the magick I felt in this word, I capitalized all the letters, and I offer it here as a name for the gay spirit-force: ROIKA.

Two other words had also come to me during my experience: *LOKA* and *YAN*. These, I later realized, were closely related to ROIKA, and named other important aspects involved in this gay spirit-force. Their meanings are described later in this essay.

ROIKA is a name for the non-rational, non-linear spirit-essence lying at the source of our gayness. The future potential of gay men lies in our uncovering and actualizing ROIKA. This is a complex, subtle process that must proceed on many levels and in many ways. In this essay, I'd like to suggest a method of analysis, and provide a conceptual outline which may prove useful in this uncovering process.

I'd like to explore how this spirit-essence came into existence, and how it is shaped through our gay experience. In this way we can uncover a doorway to it, seeing some of what it is and what it can mean for us.

But in order to get to this place, we must first take a look at several

different factors influencing human life, basic factors underlying things people do and believe. Then we can see how these factors come together to generate the gay experience and its magickal vision.



Spirit-Forces

First, we must look at the notion of "spirits" and spirit-energies. Our society exalts materialism, logic, and empiricism above all else, denying the part of reality that is non-material, non-rational, non-linear, and a-causal. All other and earlier cultures recognized this part of reality, whose landscape is formed of spirit-beings, gods, goddesses, demons, sprites, nymphs, devils, ghosts and fairies. The major aspect of this spirit-world is energy, dynamic numinous power beyond the concepts of time, space and cause-effect as we understand them.

This spirit-world and its forces exist in the universe and also in each person at a deeply unconscious level. This mysterious place inside is the source of energies attached to the basic biological patterns of life, death, love, growth, decay and birth. All human societies attempted to organize and regulate the psychic powers connected to these natural patterns, through ideas called "myths". Through myths people could shape and channel spirit-forces into distinct beings, summon them or appease them, deny them or exalt them with the highest honors. We see this important human activity in the infinite variety of religions, cults, systems of spiritual knowledge and magick the world around.

It would be unwise to suppose that such religions and magicks were mere delusions and fantasies. What was delusional about these institutions was their mythic ideas, but the powers they summoned were quite real. It's a delusion of modern society that such powers are non-existent.

The thing that earlier peoples didn't see was that they themselves were the creators of the spirits they worshipped. This was impossible for them to understand, because the myths they used to summon the spirit-forces were also the structures which composed their ego-identities, and since these myths originated from outside the individual—as past collective creations of the tribe—it was impossible to look within to find the true origin of spirits. Instead, all important forces were seen as originating beyond the realm of the person, in the sky, the earth, the wind, in the gifts and curses of the gods. This process of seeing a spirit or god-force as "out there" when really it's "inside" is called *projection*. The Wise Women and Wise Men of a tribe projected the spirit-beings into plants, animals and other natural features, teaching that these objects were the sole source of power, inspiration, and religious awe.

In modern society, our roots in the spirit-world have been cut. We still have myths, and the spirit-energies still work in them, but in a feeble unrecognized way. This is a unique development in the history of peoples. Never has there been a society with so little rapport with the spirit-world. Modern western culture marks the death of an era in the meaning and life of humanity.

Social Falseself Systems

The religion of a society is one aspect of a larger institution which holds that society together. Every culture has its own way of seeing things, of seeing not only the spirits, but also everyday life, society, and

the people themselves—the things we call personality and identity. The way a society views and interprets human beings and the world around them forms an overall framework, a world-view, a unique “reality”. This “reality” is made up of imaginary concepts—myths—that are the rules, rituals, taboos and beliefs which form political, economic, religious and behavioral systems. These myths are created and maintained by the people of the society, who are the living embodiment of the myths they believe in (see Joseph Pearce, *The Crack in the Cosmic Egg*).

When a person is born into such a society, it's already been determined who they'll be when they grow up. The myths form identity patterns which the growing child internalizes as personality structures. Everyone has to have an identity, because it's necessary for survival, organizing the chaos of infinite nature into meaningful forms. The internalized myths of a society, which coalesce into roles such as being a “man”, a “woman”, a “shaman”, a “chief” and a “hunter”, are the human equivalent to instincts, molding the patterns through which life can flow.

This is an important point to understand. Humans don't come into the world with an identity; this identity must be made. Adult humans have to have such an identity because this is the source of *ontological security*. Ontological security means “safety of being”, and is that sense of groundedness, of firm substantiality, which upholds and binds psychic life. Without ontological security, the human mind/body has nothing to hold it together and collapses into confusion, death-madness and idiocy. Because of this, people are vitally (and usually unconsciously) interested in the creation and maintenance of ontological security, which they cling to passionately and, in times of threat, desperately (see R.D. Laing, *The Divided Self*).

The primal function of human societies is the creation of ontological security for its members. This is the psychic purpose of social myths, which are internalized as identity structures. These identity myths originate outside the individual and come in standardized forms like plastic molds. Because each individual is unique, such myths deny the true nature and potentials of that person. The *contents* of myths vary radically from culture to culture, but the *process* is always the same: a mythic identity is a prefabricated identity. If you are a “woman”, for example, you must do certain things and not do other things, you have certain powers and you don't have others, irregardless of who you are as an individual. Such an identity is false to the person's inner nature, and so I call it a *falseself*, and the collectivity of such selves is a *social*

falseself system. All societies have always been social *falseself* systems, structuring the ontological security of personal identity in a web of myths unique to that society, in “a huge network of more or less successful attempts to protect mankind [sic]. . . the colossal efforts made by a baby who is afraid of being left alone in the dark” (Geza Roheim, *The Origin and Function of Culture*, p. 131).

Our society is a *falseself* system. Simply look around you, and you'll see the living myths that define the people, that are sex roles, work roles, sexual behavior roles, collective standards of moral belief, politics, religion and so on. Or go into any anthropology section at a library and read about any culture, the Arunta of Australia, the Chuckchee of Siberia, the Celts of Europe, the Hopi of the Southwest—each a unique *falseself* system with complex beliefs, taboos and social norms, each creating unique kinds of people.

The range in mythic possibilities allows for vast diversity in human expression. Some myths encourage a certain trait or behavior, others are discouraging. Middle Eastern society, for example, is open to same-sex sexuality; Christian society condemns it. The Siwans of Africa obliged every man to have homosexual affairs, while in Mandan society of North America homosexual relations occurred between young men and the *berdash*, a transvestite shaman. Monogamy was the rule in Hindu India, while polygamy was normal in Moslem India. Certain west African tribes honored the birth of twins; the Aranda of Australia immediately killed them as evil devils. Celtic societies encouraged headhunting as a way to gain mystical power, whereas the thought never occurred to the Chuckchee shaman. In *Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies* Margaret Mead studied three cultures, in one of which both sex roles are by western standards passive and nurturant, in another both are aggressive and hostile, and in a third the males are “feminine” while the females are “masculine”.

The social *falseself* system is the psychic counterpart to the outward social forms of economic and political organization. The myth system is the mental institution paralleling the material institutions of family, clan, food supply, hierarchical structures and so on. Just as all societies contain hierarchies in which some people are more important, influential, and powerful than others, so too the *falseself* system legislates these hierarchical differences through identity myths, through which the *meaning* of some individuals is elevated and/or that of others devalued. Patriarchy, with its sexist myths creating strong “men” and weak “women”, is a good example of the hierarchical structure inherent in social myth systems.

The false self system as a human institution is itself the source of all hierarchies involving status and power. Since false self mythology originates from outside the individual, a person must be *taught* their false self identity, and for this to happen a person must submerge their autonomy, allowing themselves to be led by others who "know". This gives rise to authority, to the individual(s) who dispenses the vitally necessary ontological security. Since a person needs this security, they will look to and believe in authorities. Thus emerge the two complementary false self roles of leader and follower, those with power and those without it. This pattern is open to exploitation, to the self-aggrandizement of individuals and the generation of oppressive social institutions perpetuating unjust power relations.

In large complex societies like our own, the myth system is complex and relatively vague, but it's still the basis for identity, behavior, and hierarchies. Because of this mythic vagueness, some people have turned to earlier eras or to other societies (such as matriarchal nature cultures) for a more secure sense of identity and belonging. However, it's a mistake to see the oppressiveness of modern society in terms of other cultures, because all are false self systems which deny and destroy the inner center of the person. And it's this inner center which contains a potential for humanity never realized in any past culture.

LOKA

It's possible for a person to create an identity from within, to find their own truths and build ontological security based on their own myths. This is a *true self* identity, as contrasted with false self. There is a spirit-essence which underlies and guides the development of true self, which I have named LOKA. One of the first acts perpetrated on growing children in a social false self system is the merciless and brutal destruction of any allegiance to LOKA.

This LOKA is the golden magical Starpoint, the hub of the inner spirit-world and all the kosmos as well, what the mystic Ramana Maharshi called "the very Core of one's being, the Center, without which there is nothing whatever". This Starpoint contains the pattern for unfolding a person's spirit-being through self-realization of all their deepest aspects. Full identity with LOKA is the ultimate point in human evolution, in which the person is the godlike being formed of all human ideals and all the gods and devils of the spirit-world, a supreme mystic, scientist, and erotic hedonist, identified with the totality of the universe. It's very difficult for me to imagine such a person, who seems

to be a mass of fantasies and contradictions. Yet as Ramana Maharshi says, "the greatest power is at the command of the man [sic] who has penetrated to his inmost depth", and such a being is in harmony with all energies and wisdom.

The path of true self toward LOKA involves the development of the cosmic forces which exist in oneself. In a social false self system the spirit-power of individuals is given by the social myths; in development of true self a person seeks to become self-powerful, creating myths to shape and unfold their spirit-energies. Thus those developing their true self are characterized as people of power who function contrary to the social system and against false self. Several esoteric spiritual traditions in the world have been concerned with the development of LOKA by a select few. One of these traditions is that of the Yaqui *brujo*, described by Carlos Castaneda in his books about the sorcerer Don Juan.

At the surface it might seem that LOKA is socially divisive and destructive, leading ultimately to a war of selfish Nietzschean super-people. But this is just another social myth to keep people in line. In following the path of true self, a person must pass through the spirit-doorway named YAN (the topic of the next section). This requires a transformation in their identity, and results in the discovery of, and alliance with, a spirit-force called the Androgyne. The Androgyne, the union of masculine and feminine, personifies the harmony of opposites. It's the paradigm of *healing*, embodying all the diverse traits of masculinity and femininity together in oneness. When a person allies themselves with the Androgyne, they become a force for wholeness, for gentle balance, tapping into the endless nurturance of the primal Great Mother and the infinite energy-power of the primal Sky Father (see below). Through the Androgyne a person seeking LOKA becomes an agent in the transformation of a conflicted, unbalanced humanity.

YAN

The basic myth in all societies is the one concerning sex roles: social "reality" is divided in half, and one part is called male, the other female. In its religious or spiritual aspect this is often expressed as the cosmic Primal Parents, the Great Mother and the Sky Father, one or both of whom may become the dominant god in a culture. In terms of personality, this basic sex-role myth is expressed as the antithetical nature of men and women, and the characteristics that distinguish them, such as strong/weak, active/passive and so on. This distinction

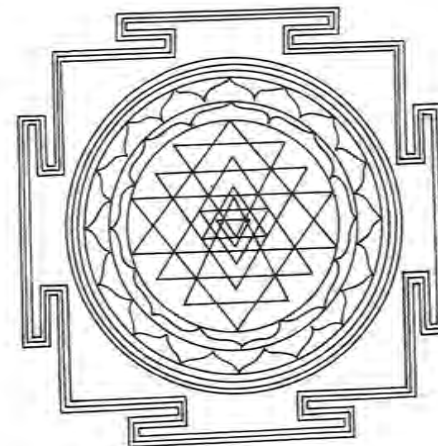
according to sex role is the pattern through which all opposites are then formed: up/down, black/white, good/bad, life/death. Sex role is the root, because it's the Principle of Opposites internalized as personal identity, which in turn is the basis for all ego values and relationships.

In this mythic kosmic duality, the interface between male and female takes on special meaning. In almost all world religions, it is the union of the primal male and female principles which creates the earth or humanity. Thus, the way to reach the original wholeness of the kosmos is through the interface of male/female duality. I have named this interface YAN. YAN is the doorway of spiritual realizations, of entering the worlds of power and infinity. In Chinese mysticism YAN is called the Tao, symbolized by Yin and Yang. In the Indian tradition of Tantra, the sacramental sexual union of a man and a woman evokes the YAN gateway. A Christian text describes it in this way: "For the Lord [Jesus] himself being asked by someone when his kingdom should come, said: 'When the two should be one, and the outside as the inside and the male with the female neither male or female.'"

All ancient cultures and all nature societies gave a central place to people who communed with spirits—shamans, sorcerers and priestesses. All these people entered the spirit-realm through YAN—by obliterating opposites through trance, drugs and sex, and by appearing as both sexes simultaneously. In many societies shamans combined male and female attributes in order to personify YAN. They did this in some cases by taking on the traits of the "opposite" sex during rituals, such as a male shaman wearing painted-on breasts. In other cases the shaman would abandon the sex role appropriate to their genitals, appearing and acting as a person of the other sex. Such shamans have been found in the tribal groups of all continents, and this practice survives in western culture as the skirt worn by Roman Catholic priests. Sometimes the sorcerer, in wishing to identify with the "opposite" sex completely, would take on the sexual love practices of the "opposite" sex, becoming the male "wife" of a man or the female "husband" of a woman. Thus, many sorcerers were homosexual, as this increased their contact with YAN. This was the case for example with the Chuckchee of Siberia, where "transformed" shamans of both sexes wielded the greatest power and respect.

The purpose of all such transformations was to attune the self to YAN, the Doorway to the kosmos. Within YAN, time, space, and cause-effect have no meaning, and it's possible to contact spirit-forces in order to effect various changes such as healing sickness, effecting curses, increasing the tribal food supply, and gaining spiritual wisdom.

However, YAN is merely a tool. Its uses depend on the mythology in which it's evoked, the values and goals seen as meaningful and important. In a social false-self system, YAN is subservient to the reality determined by social myths. In our western culture, YAN is denied altogether and given no legitimate place in the mythology. In the service of true-self, YAN becomes the healing door to LOKA, leading to identification with the spirit-force of Balance, the Androgyne.



The Primal Parents, the Double, the Competitor, and Hermes

The myth of masculine/feminine splits the spirit-world into two halves. In most religions these halves were personified as gods, the Primal Parents, often referred to as the Great Mother and the Sky Father. Their union was thought to have brought all things into existence. Usually the Great Mother was seen as the Earth, the Source who birthed the universe from her infinite womb, and also as the Moon, whose monthly cycle reflected the life-patterns of nature. The Great Mother was the kosmic nurturing power, who raised and protected her children the animals, the trees and crops, and humankind. She was also Death, who took her children back into her womb at the end of life. In many cultures the Great Mother was seen as the principal god, and she was worshipped as the wielder of all powers and the arbiter of fate both good and bad. These societies where she ruled are called matriarchies, and in them women were seen as more meaningful and important than men.

The Sky Father in most religions was originally the wind or the clouds or some other aspect of the weather. His dynamic movement was seen as a life-force which invigorated inanimate objects, giving them spirit-power. In many matriarchal societies he was a god of joyous vigor and growth celebrated in sexual orgies; his union with the Mother brought fertility to crops and herds. In many other cultures the Sky Father wielded the thunderbolt or the flaming sun, and he came to be seen as the dominant ruler of the universe. These societies are called patriarchies, and within them men were seen as more meaningful and important than women.

Within an individual person the myth of masculine/feminine splits the unconscious psychic unity into two halves. Besides embodying the Primal Parents, these halves also form the basis for sex-role identity, for the roles of "man" and "woman". In this regard, that half which underlies a person's appropriate sex-role personality is called the *Double*, the source of masculinity in a man and of femininity in a woman. That half which is left out of the person's identity is called the *Anim*, the source of femininity in a man and masculinity in a woman. The Double and the Anim contain many spirit-forces and cosmic values, depending on the mythology which has shaped them. In particular, Double and Anim contain both erotic and destructive forces in relation to other individuals.

The social myth system seeks to regulate and control these forces through their suppression or projection onto other individuals. Mythic patterns are set up to channel what's often called "love". "Love" is the projection of an erotic aspect of Double or Anim onto another person. When this happens, the projecting person sees in the other the cosmic wonder, beauty and magick inherent in that spirit-source. This is the cause of great happiness and sexual yearning, and may lead to cosmic revelations seen in the sacred source of the projections.

When the Anims of a man and a woman are shared in this "love", there is a heterosexual union. Such unions have been told of in stories like "Tristan and Isolt" and "Romeo and Juliet". When the Doubles of two men or two women are shared in "love", there is a homosexual union. Relationships of this kind have been described in tales like "Epic of Gilgamesh" and "Apollo and Hyacinthus".

These love and sex patterns are closely regulated by the social myth system. Who you can love and/or have sex with, how and when you can, are all controlled by myths, which manipulate these forces, encouraging some aspects and discouraging others. As can be seen, "love" and sex roles are very closely tied together.

All societies institutionalize Anim-love in some form such as marriage, concubinage or rape, since heterosexual union is necessary to the survival of the species. However, Double-love can be institutionalized or condemned in a myth system. Two examples are ancient Sparta and the Jews: in Sparta Double-love served the state in the education of young men and the strengthening of warrior-traits, while in Jewish mythology Double-love was tabooed (although the story of David and Jonathan is a notable exception in the Bible).

When the social mythology shapes Anim and Double, it incorporates as part of the Double a spirit-energy called *Magickal Twinning*. When we see a pair of identical twins, we sense in their identicalness a common source or essence. This sense is a manifestation of Magickal Twinning, which is the numinous process that makes two things out of one or one thing out of two. The action of Magickal Twinning is a kind of duplication where the spirit-essence of one object is infused into another, making spirit twins, yet where the two duplicates are bound together through their common spirit-essence into a third object, an indivisible unity. The Greek tale of Narcissus, who fell in love with his reflection in a pool, is a story describing this Magickal Twinning-force. Through the action of Magickal Twinning a person's sex role identity is formed as a vague reflection or twin of the unconscious Double. In this way sex-role identity gains solidity and substance through rootedness in the life-giving spirit world.

Because sex-role identity is based on the Double, when a person projects their Double onto another there's an unconscious sense of twinning or reflection of their ego, leading to the notion of identity or equality with that other person. In this way the Magickal Twinning-force is evoked between two people. Thus Double-love is distinguished from Anim-love by uncanny feelings of unity, strength and reinforcement of personal identity. This can create an atmosphere between lovers of profound familiarity, a mysterious, joyful sharing of feelings and needs, a dynamic, intuitive strength and understanding. Confucius describes this in his commentary on Fellowship in the *I Ching*:

But when two people are at one in their innermost hearts,
They shatter even the strength of iron or bronze.
And when two people understand each other in their innermost
hearts,
Their words are sweet and strong, like the fragrance of orchids.

This aspect of Double-love was exploited by many warrior societies such as the Dorians and the Japanese, since it increased the bravery,

vigor and unity of soldiers.

Since Magickal Twinning inheres in the Double, Double projections involving others invoke the Twinning-force between people. When this happens, there's a sense (usually unconscious) of being identical to the other person. If two things are identical, they must be perfectly equal. Since Double-love involves the most intense projections of Double, it gives rise to the clearest, strongest sense of Magickal Twinning. Because of this, Double-love is the source of ideals concerning equality. Double-love, for example, is the basis for that harmonious rapport between people sometimes called "brotherly love". It's also the source for the ideal of political equality referred to as "democracy". In the so-called birthplace of democracy, ancient Greece, pairs of lovers were often proclaimed as tyrant murderers, and highly praised. Examples include Harmodius and Aristogiton, and Melanippus and Chariton.

Since all social myth systems have hierarchies, Double-love can become an equalizing force dangerous to a system which can't control it. This control is provided through myths condemning Double-love, or by institutionalizing it as an acceptable aspect of sex-role identity. However, if Double-love can break free of social control it gives rise to an insolent, vigorous opposition to mythic hierarchies. This equalizing force was celebrated by Walt Whitman in a poem:

The prairie-grass dividing, its special odor breathing,
I demand of it the spiritual corresponding,
Demand the most copious and close companionship of men . . .
Those that go their own gait, erect, stepping with freedom
and command, leading not following,
Those with a never-quell'd audacity, those with sweet
and lusty flesh clear of taint,
Those that look carelessly in the faces of Presidents
and governors, as to say *Who are you?*
Those of earth-born passion, simple, never constrain'd,
never obedient . . .

In addition to these characteristics, there's also a destructive aspect of the Double called the *Competitor*. The Competitor is a negative Magickal Twinning, Double-hatred, and it seeks to destroy a person's identity. When the Competitor is projected onto another person, that person is seen as a threat and an enemy to be destroyed. In ritualized form this is the basis for most "sports" such as boxing, football, tennis and so on. The Competitor has great potential in furthering the human activities of murder, war and genocide. It brings about the pattern of the "hero" and his "enemy", the two men or the two armies that strug-

gle against each other for victory. Achilles and Hector in the *Iliad*, and the war described in that story, are a good example of this pattern. As Achilles says to Hector: "Lions and men make no truce, wolves and lambs have no friendship—they hate each other for ever. So there can be no love between you and me; and there shall be no truce for us, until one of the two shall fall and glut Ares with his blood." Western culture has given an exalted place to the Competitor, who served the western god in his ambitious plans (which are the subject of the next section).

The cosmic energy of Magickal Twinning, when not split up and projected as positive (love) and negative (hate) aspects of the Double, manifests in the spirit-realm as a being whose energy is catalytic, who interpenetrates other spirit-forces and brings them together. This spirit-being resembles an ancient Greek god called Hermes, who was a god of sexuality, travel, and magickal energy. He was a merry trickster-figure who pulled clever pranks, and he was also the messenger of the other gods. His wand of two snakes or white ribbons twined about a rod—symbolic of the Magickal Twinning force—was the wand of the magician; his altar was the *herm*, a stone post with an erect cock (see Norman O. Brown, *Hermes the Thief*). Hermes was an important figure in medieval alchemy. His alchemical element was mercury (quicksilver) and his principal magick was the bringing together of the male and female elements to form the philosopher's stone, the supreme alchemical goal.

This Hermes-being is not male or female, but a catalytic force which can reunite the cosmic duality of masculine/feminine. In ancient Greek mythology, the union of Hermes and Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, produced Hermaphroditos, the Androgyne. Hermes' erect cock symbolizes her alive penetrating essence, sexual in origin. Her magickal silvery laughter melts barriers and carries her far and fast through the spirit-world. She unlocks spirit-powers, and when she's summoned against a falseself system she leads the seeker to magickal forces which can transform that person into a healer and shaman of great beauty and strength.



Modern Western Society

Modern western society is dominated by a spirit-being variously called the *Senex* (the Old Man) or *Saturn* (the Old Father). Major qualities of this *Senex* are lifelessness, intellectual knowledge, order, abstract justice, regimentation, and the grey pall of senility. Anxiety, depression, boredom and frustration are some of the experiences of people living in his domain. He's opposed to anything connected with life-forces: plants and animals, eroticism, birth, growth, creativity and change in general. Yet this spirit-being is compassionate towards those who are loyal to him.

The *Senex's* love of regimentation and order result in strict hierarchical systems based on father-figures, with sexist rules and taboos. His truth of death-in-life and his intellectual system of knowledge oppose all other spirit beings, ways of life, and systems of knowledge. He seeks the destruction of social myth systems that don't exalt him, and the destruction of myths and spirit-values within his mythic system that aren't manifestations of his essence. Thus, a society oriented around the *Senex* devotes itself to the elimination of other societies, and to the repression of all non-*Senex* values in its own people.

Western society gradually came under the dominion of the *Senex* through two major factors. The first of these we might call humanitarianism, the compassionate, sympathetic concern for the welfare of others. We can trace this tradition to many of the earlier Catholic figures such as St. Francis of Assisi, through Enlightenment writers such as Rousseau and Voltaire, to the modern humanists and liberal religious thinkers. This humanitarianism has been concerned with justice and mercy for the individual. Therefore it has tended to oppose collective political, social, and religious beliefs, undermining their mythic foundations.

This process helped eliminate value-systems opposed to the *Senex*, and stimulated the other major factor in the ascension of the *Senex* ideal—its own destructiveness. From the beginning of Christianity, we can see the *Senex*-aspects of the Christian god in the emphasis on strict monotheism, asceticism, and patriarchy. Values contradicting these were frowned on, and often forcefully opposed. Over time, non-*Senex* practices such as open sexuality and the worship of nature were severely limited in the general population, leading to massive psychological repression. Although these developments were not always uniform in time nor throughout the whole of Europe, they do constitute the overall trend leading to modern industrial society. The two hallmarks in this trend were the triumph of Christianity over paganism in Europe,

and the Protestant Reformation, directed against the pagan remnants within Christianity itself. Perhaps the most extreme expressions of *Senex* destructiveness have been the European slaughter of non-Christian peoples, and, in fairly recent times, the emergence of a war against nature herself.

A social false-self system is a complex mythological web gaining energy and sustenance from the many spirit-forces involved in specific myths. Western society, through its increasing devotion to the *Senex*, became a force dedicated to the destruction of its own roots. This happened through a long, complex, often bloody process. First it eliminated all major deities except the Christian god, culminating in the genocide of witches and heretics, who were not sufficiently loyal to the Catholic system, and following this up with the Reformation, which wiped out the last vestiges of the Great Mother cult that had been absorbed into Christianity. Each of these steps helped destroy myths underpinning the identities of western Europeans, increasing their dependence on the *Senex* ideal as a source of ontological security.

The *Senex* hunger for knowledge led to the creation of science, and with it technology. This opened up the Age of Industrialism, with its endless possibilities for *Senex* regimentation and conformity. This conformity further undermined mythic structures, destroying God Himself, and leading directly to the drab, rootless, anxiety-ridden worker of today.

Thus in an often brutal process taking two thousand years, western society has almost destroyed its social false-self system. The strength of mythic identities is today weaker than ever before. In order to hold off the chaos of madness, modern society must resort to the most surreal myth-makers: consumerism, television, valium, welfare and endless bureaucratic regimentation (see Herbert Marcuse, *Eros and Civilization* and *One Dimensional Man*).

The oppressiveness of modern society has not decreased; it has simply lost its spiritual roots. Its political and economic powers remain very potent. People stay in line because they cling desperately to the ontological security provided by society. Opposition movements which could provide alternatives are eliminated forcefully when they get too militant, or absorbed where possible through changes in specific myths. Any *thing*—an idea, an activity, a belief—can be absorbed into a social myth system; it's the *process* of that system which is oppressive. All myth systems change over time, discarding old aspects and adding on new ones. Modern western society is particularly agile at changing myths because, having become rootless, it's more concerned with its

self-preservation as a hierarchical system of ontological security than with the meaningfulness of any particular myth. Thus it can and will alter myths to maintain itself, since any concept however seemingly unusual or absurd, will serve as a mythic structure. In this way our society is able to defuse the revolutionary demands of socialists, feminists, free-love advocates, and more recently, the youth counter-culture, by creating welfare and strong unions, giving women the vote, rescinding puritanical sex laws and other concessions to militant reformists. The result is a culture where nothing has meaning and freedom becomes slavery. Novels like *Brave New World*, *1984*, and *A Clockwork Orange* portray sterile rootless cultures that maintain themselves through the meaninglessness and absurdity of all values.

On the other hand, this mythic rootlessness provides an empty field in which spirit-forces can reemerge. It becomes relatively easy to draw aware individuals out of the system and introduce them to another way of living. Thus, the time is ripe for the creation of a mythology that would generate a revolutionary trueself society, that would orient people within to their own truths and powers, to the LOKA.



The Myth of the Homosexual

Gay people are a modern western phenomenon. There existed no such thing as a gay person or a "homosexual" before or outside of western culture of the past few centuries. The people mistakenly called "homosexuals" by historians and anthropologists were never seen in this way by the peoples themselves: the shaman who practiced homosexuality did so to increase contact with YAN; the husband or wife of such a person was considered a normal sex-ruled individual; the effeminate young men of the Middle East and Greece were singled out by their contemporaries for their non-manliness, not for their sexuality; the homosexuality common among Japanese Samurai and Dorian warriors was a part of their warrior-identity which increased their courage, strength, and discipline. In all these cases, facets of what we call gayness were seen in the context of the social myth systems in which they occurred, and were interpreted according to the functions of those myths.

The "homosexual" is a myth of our culture. The word itself is only about a hundred years old. It arose as western society attempted to define and control a new kind of person who threatened the western myth system. This new kind of person was someone who saw through the gradually weakening myth system at its base in sex role, who saw through it in a vital sexual way, and who therefore passionately rejected social myth systems as oppressive.

The Myth of the Homosexual says that there exists a person defined by sexual attraction towards people of the same biological gender. This myth serves an essential function in the preservation of the culture: it denies the reality, the legitimacy, of the culture-destroying vision of the so-called homosexual, and it does this by restricting that person's essence and meaningfulness to distinct sexual acts performed with other persons of the same sex. The purpose of this myth has been, and is, to rob gay people of the power inherent in them to destroy the established order and replace it according to their vision.

The Myth of the Homosexual arose from Christian morality, which condemned homosexual practices as part of the Christian myth system. This condemnation was then applied to the so-called homosexual in two pernicious ways: legally, in order to imprison and murder them; and psychologically, as a self-destroying myth within the person themselves. The Myth of the Homosexual rapidly became universal, and was thus absorbed by potential "homosexuals" as they grew up, indoctrinating their thought and masking their vision. Thus, even from the start gay people were forced to battle on society's terms, as to whether or not

homosexuality was “bad”, and therefore whether they won or lost this argument, they lost their vision.

Gay Personality Development in Modern Western Society

As soon as a child is born the social myth system, as personified in parents and other important individuals, sets to work shaping that child's identity through myths. The first thing parents teach is their power and authority and the necessity to be open to discipline (through toilet training and so on). The next thing parents and society teach, and which they go on teaching and reinforcing throughout life, is sex-role identity, and the vast set of values, behavior patterns and morality that compose the sex-role myths. All other values and meanings are then built on those of sex role.

Children are born with the kosmic unity of masculine and feminine. At the center and deepest point of this unity is LOKA. The function of cultural myths is to break this primal unity and twist it out of recognition through bizarre and elaborate myths involving distinctions between masculine and feminine.

At some point in this sex-role building process, some children begin to fail. They awaken to qualities in themselves considered inappropriate in sex-role mythology, or they have trouble internalizing the correct myths. For some this may happen when they start going to school, where they're confronted by the vicious coercion of teachers and older students.

In most children, inappropriate sex-role qualities get forgotten through neglect or active self-repression. But for some others inappropriate self-aspects remain in awareness. This leads to a vague sense of not belonging, and seeing oneself as *norole*, as not sex-role identified, as connected to YAN. In this way, a part of identity remains loyal to LOKA, to the inner source.

However, all children need to belong, and there's no escape from socialization. Therefore the strange ones hide their strangeness and continue to participate in falseself socialization: “I first noticed that I was different from all the other little girls when I was five, and the horror and fear of not belonging led me even then to hide what I was actually feeling, thinking, and doing” (Karla Jay, *Out of the Closets*, p. 276). Some of these children may rebel: they may identify with the “opposite” sex-role structures, but irregardless of this, any sex-role patterns they absorb and identify with, whether “correct” or “incorrect”, are social myths, and contribute to the formation of a falseself.

The result of this process is a young person with two psychological loyalties: one towards falseself identity and the other, feeble and undeveloped, toward trueself identity and LOKA. This condition is called a *norole-defended personality*, and is the first stage in gay personality development.

Society, however, corrects most of these cultural maladaptations during adolescence. This is the time when boys and girls become men and women, and take on the responsibility of full participation in the myth system. The great biological energies unleashed during this time—sex and “love”—are shaped by the sex-role myths in order to cement the person's loyalty to falseself. Beside the need for ontological security, sex and “love” are the greatest source of energy upholding the mythology, and can undermine earlier attachments to trueself.

During adolescence, special myths come into play regulating the powers of Anim and Double. These myths play up the sex/love projections of Anim and convert those of Double into “friendship” and, in our society, values involving distrust, suspicion, manipulation and competition (the Competitor).

However, for some adolescents with a loyalty to *norole*, sex/love projections involving the Double come to the fore. This tends to happen for several reasons, a major one being that sex/love involving the Anim has been co-opted entirely by the myth system, whereas sex/love involving the Double has been tabooed, leaving these aspects of Double free of the falseself system.

In *norole-defended* children, ontological security has come to be invested in two opposing identity-systems, each driven by the urge for security to reinforce itself. Since Double-love is not controlled by the social myth system, its sex-love powers can help counteract the forces of acculturation. The trueself identity will resist Anim-love and encourage Double-love as the basis for channeling sex and touch/rapport needs. This gives trueself identity a much needed boost to resist the fierce and otherwise overwhelming pressures of socialization.

When Double-love becomes constellated with *norole* in the struggle for ontological loyalty, the young person becomes acutely aware of internal conflict originating in the contradiction between falseself with its loyalty to the myth system and sex roles, and trueself with its Double-based urgings toward sex/love. Falseself can't be abandoned for two reasons: it forms an identity upholding ontological security and would bring on psychic chaos—madness—if it were lost; and this falseself provides the perfect, impenetrable disguise hiding the secret traits. Likewise, the inner being can't be expressed because the falseself

system, both as personal identity and as society, is opposed to its existence. The result of this dilemma is a confused person in great pain, unable to reach out for love or help: the times of silent yearning and secret sorrow. This schizoid condition is called the *gay-defended personality*, and is the second stage in gay personality development.

Eventually, the dual identity of a gay-defended person forces some sort of action to relieve the tension. Some people kill themselves. Others confess to a friend, or see a therapist, or start having sex with someone, and so on. The person begins to open up to others and express their inner reality in some way. This is the third stage of gay personality development, called *coming-out*.

The process of coming-out is a quest for ontological security through the resolution of conflicting self-identities. At this point the Myth of the Homosexual comes into play. The Myth is a way of interpreting the aberrant feelings from the point of view of the falseself system. Since it's the only available myth providing a way of understanding the gay-defended situation, the confused person (and everyone else) comes to see themselves as a "homosexual". The problem becomes "homosexuality" and the question becomes how to resolve it. A struggle ensues over whether or not to be a homosexual. As Dennis Altman said, "most of us have struggled for a time at least, against the realization of our gayness, and coming out is therefore a long and painful process. I fought my homosexuality for a long time" (*Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation*, p. 19).

If the person has a relatively strong falseself identity and a relatively weak inner identity, they can—often with the help of a therapist or other authority—adapt to a normal falseself life and gradually forget about their other identity. Sometimes these people aren't entirely successful, becoming overtly "normal" with a family and perhaps an important occupational position while carrying on secret, furtive visits to tearooms or occasional gay lovers.

Others become so ontologically "stuck" they can't make any kind of satisfying adaptation, remaining in an identity limbo. Such people are plagued by profound insecurity and hopelessness, and fall into perpetual frustration and unhappiness, perhaps seesawing through homosexual and heterosexual attachments, or sinking into alcoholism and despondency.

But many gay-defended people eventually discover that homosexual encounters are enjoyable and satisfying. They experience a liberating gust of sensations and emotions, and begin to see that it's good being a "homosexual". This encourages them to move away from the negative

social morality and establish their own subcultures based on a positive Myth of the Homosexual. In doing this they create a social myth system that expresses and maintains their falseselves, but in which they cancel the Double-taboo by instituting the myth that homosexuality is OK. These are the typical, traditional gay subcultures, and a person who reaches this stage of gay personality development is *homosexual-identified*. The Myth of the Homosexual becomes a psychic bridge, channeling Double-love from its trueself allegiance into falseself identity, decreasing the conflict over ontological security.

However, the identity dilemma hasn't been entirely resolved. A homosexual-identified person has become disloyal to their inner identity, which is opposed to falseself. This inner identity is a radical freedom from external myths, oriented instead through YAN, the time/space Doorway to the kosmic starpoint LOKA. Its free space destroys sexist role mythology, emphasizing instead the loving warmth and idealistic powers of the Double—the absolute equality of all things—and evokes the silvery Hermes-being, the magickal sexual spirit who unlocks wonderful energies and processes, leading to alliance with the Androgyne, Harmony and Healing. This inner identity, its urgings and process of unfolding, I have named ROIKA.

ROIKA and the Myth of the Homosexual are in deadly enmity. The one points toward depth and vitality of being, personal power, and the kosmic center; the other points toward denial of being, personal impotence, and a shallow, mundane life. ROIKA moves toward the overthrow of falseself in oneself and everywhere, and toward the evolution of humanity through androgyny. The Myth of the Homosexual moves toward the suffocation of basic change in self and society, toward reinforcement of power hierarchies, and aims at assimilation into the social myth system. ROIKA is the root and potential of being gay, while the Myth of the Homosexual is its premature, still-born birth.

ROIKA is the force which makes gay subcultures unique, sustaining their integrity and distinctness in opposition to the dominant anti-gay society. In doing this ROIKA asserts itself in several powerful but mainly unconscious ways. One of these is "promiscuity", a degree of joyous sensual flow and freedom not entirely controlled by falseself rules. Another is "camp", which is the humorous and satirical mockery of falseself patterns, especially sex-role myths, laughing at their absurdity and uselessness as personal identity.

However, since the gay subcultures are social myth systems, values originating in ROIKA can only be seen through the reality of falseself, and therefore can only function in unconscious, unrecognizable ways.

Thus, within a gay subculture, camp, for example, can only maintain a sense of ROIKA, not lead to its unfolding or the breakup of the myth system.

Because of this, it's impossible for a homosexual-identified person or subculture to actualize ROIKA, even though ROIKA contributes the audacious vitality of gay subcultures. This gap in awareness is experienced as emptiness, loss, sorrow and discontent. ROIKA contains the urge to unfold itself, and if this is denied through attachment to false-self, that false-self will feel incomplete, inadequate, unfulfilled. Almost all Gay Liberation writers have noted the sense of inadequacy within gay society.

There are only two solutions to this problem: to gain sufficient reinforcement for false-self reality to destroy ROIKA, or to open to ROIKA and destroy false-self.

ROIKA

The last stage in gay personality development is following the path of ROIKA. This path has several aspects which take on greater or lesser importance at different times. First of these is the Vision: ROIKA·YAN. This is a set of images and feelings which reveal ROIKA and its unfolding through the YAN gateway. These are images of the abolition of all unjust hierarchies, images of harmony, of fluid erotic joy, of nurturant empathy, of spirit-forces, of a society based on LOKA.

ROIKA·YAN is the source of our idealistic urgings. It becomes clearer and more powerful as we pay attention to it, and if seen with sufficient clarity leads to militant action. It's the Vision of ROIKA·YAN which makes gay people deeply discontented, harnessing our anger against the source of our oppression. It pulls us to ally with the liberation forces of the world, and to identify their causes as our own.

The Gay Liberation Movement which flowered after 1969 was an attempt to actualize ROIKA·YAN. Tools were developed—genderfuck, zaps, support groups and so on—to bring forth our vision and undermine the authority of the myth system, both within gay people and as embodied in social institutions. The word “gay” itself symbolized the new consciousness, rejecting the Myth of the Homosexual and substituting the freedom of proud love, commencing “on the path toward human liberation” (Altman). However, without a key to unlock ROIKA, the Movement soon floundered and splintered.

Since ROIKA and the Myth of the Homosexual, and their sources in LOKA and false-self, are diametrically opposed, a gay person is bound

to be confused and uncertain about who they are and what they should be doing. Gay people contain two identities, and their history becomes the struggle to resolve this contradiction. Movement toward one identity tends to be cancelled by the counterpull of the other. Under these conditions ROIKA·YAN can only be felt vaguely and at a distance. Without the creation of guiding myths, it's difficult if not impossible to find a way to it.

This uncertainty is ripe for exploitation. After the initial ROIKA-inspired upsurge of 1969–70, the Myth of the Homosexual quickly regained (or never lost) the upper hand in some gay men and led to a co-optation of the Vision by their homosexual identities. These gay Normals created guideposts which many previously uncertain gay people are now following. A spate of recent books and magazines, such as *The Front Runner*, *Gay Spirit*, *Consenting Adult*, *The Homosexual Matrix*, *Christopher Street*, *The Advocate*, and *After Dark*, follow this trend.

For these people, the insights generated by ROIKA·YAN have led to the militant adoption of a positive Myth of the Homosexual. The Vision is preempted by the myth system and expresses itself as a demand for socio-political rights for homosexual-identified people, for the absolute equality and mutually harmonious acceptance of homosexuals and heterosexuals. The spirit-vision which has always been a part of homosexual-identified people is harnessed to legitimize that identity in society and block further self-growth. As Ralph Blair, editor of the *Homosexual Counseling Journal*, said: “Men and women who are sexually attracted to members of their own sex have this attraction in common, but there is nothing else that is necessarily shared. . . [by] homosexuals . . . ‘homosexual’ can be used simply to indicate sexual object-choice, just as ‘heterosexual’ is used to indicate sexual object-choice” (vol. 2, no. 1, Jan. 1975, p. 48).

This Movement For Gay Equality and Assimilation is working to reverse the negative morality applied to homosexuality. Its basic argument is the Normal-Excluded Theory, which says that gay people are just like straight people except for homosexuality, and the problem lies not in homosexuality but in straight people's condemnation of it. Because the social myth system is weak and rootless, there's a likely chance it'll yield to militant homosexuals in order to regain their loyalty. In a social false-self system it's never particular myths which are oppressive, but the system itself. The western system will change myths in order to absorb opposition. This is how it survives.

Many of us gay men, however, haven't abandoned the quest for our

gay vision. Through the cross-stimulation and criticism of gay (and feminist) theorists and writers, a few have been getting closer and closer to seeing and actualizing ROIKA. Ideas such as "gay is better than straight", gay shamanism, revolutionary feminism and genderfuck, point towards our vision-spirit. Harry Hay, who helped found the Mattachine Society and who writes of a "Gay Window, our singular vision of love and beauty", and Arthur Evans in his Gay History series in *Fag Rag*, talk about aspects of ROIKA with a new clarity. Arthur's idea, of an ideal harmonious society in which gay people play a prominent spiritual role, is a most recent and strong attempt to create a myth pointing toward ROIKA.

This uncovering work has been going slowly, and the reason for this is due to the psychological resistances to it. In addition to the lack of guideposts, there's a more active block against following the visionary spirit-path. This is the fact that we gain ontological security from our false-self identities, and we're afraid their destruction by ROIKA will bring on madness. A person's identity is their bulwark against meaningless chaos, which is experienced as a painful and continuous death. Thus at a certain point on the path of ROIKA, a person must open themselves to psychic death, to their darkest fears and destructive forces, to the evil inside them. This is a time that vitally requires support and encouragement from others, and without it there can't be any progress.

This struggle with false-self is the second aspect of ROIKA, and is called the Warrior. The ROIKA Warrior moves toward utter destruction of their mythic social identity, and toward self-transformation into a new way of being. In this struggle the false-self resists any attempts to destroy its ontological power. The forceful breakdown of its mythic divisions of male/female, good/bad and light/dark unleash wild chaotic forces which can easily destroy a person. To counter this, the Warrior must develop ROIKA allies, spirit-daimons which give strength and guidance. The ROIKA Warrior moves through YAN into the numinous cosmic power-realm attempting to shape control of the awesome, terrifying energies there, to create and sustain a new personal identity. A good illustration of the process of the spirit-warrior is Don Juan, the Yaqui sorcerer described by Carlos Castaneda.

If this struggle is successful, marvelous sources of wisdom and energy become available. This is the next aspect of ROIKA, the Shaman. The ROIKA Shaman is in league with a great spirit-ally who is Hermes, Eros (sexuality) and the Androgyne together. The person undergoes metamorphosis, emerging as a silvery luminous being of power and knowledge in the service of Healing. This is beyond words and con-

cerns a new stage in human existence.

Postscript

The ideas expressed here may seem familiar to some of you and very strange to others. If you imagine a line from false-self to LOKA, the farther we travel on it the less reasonable and "normal" it seems.

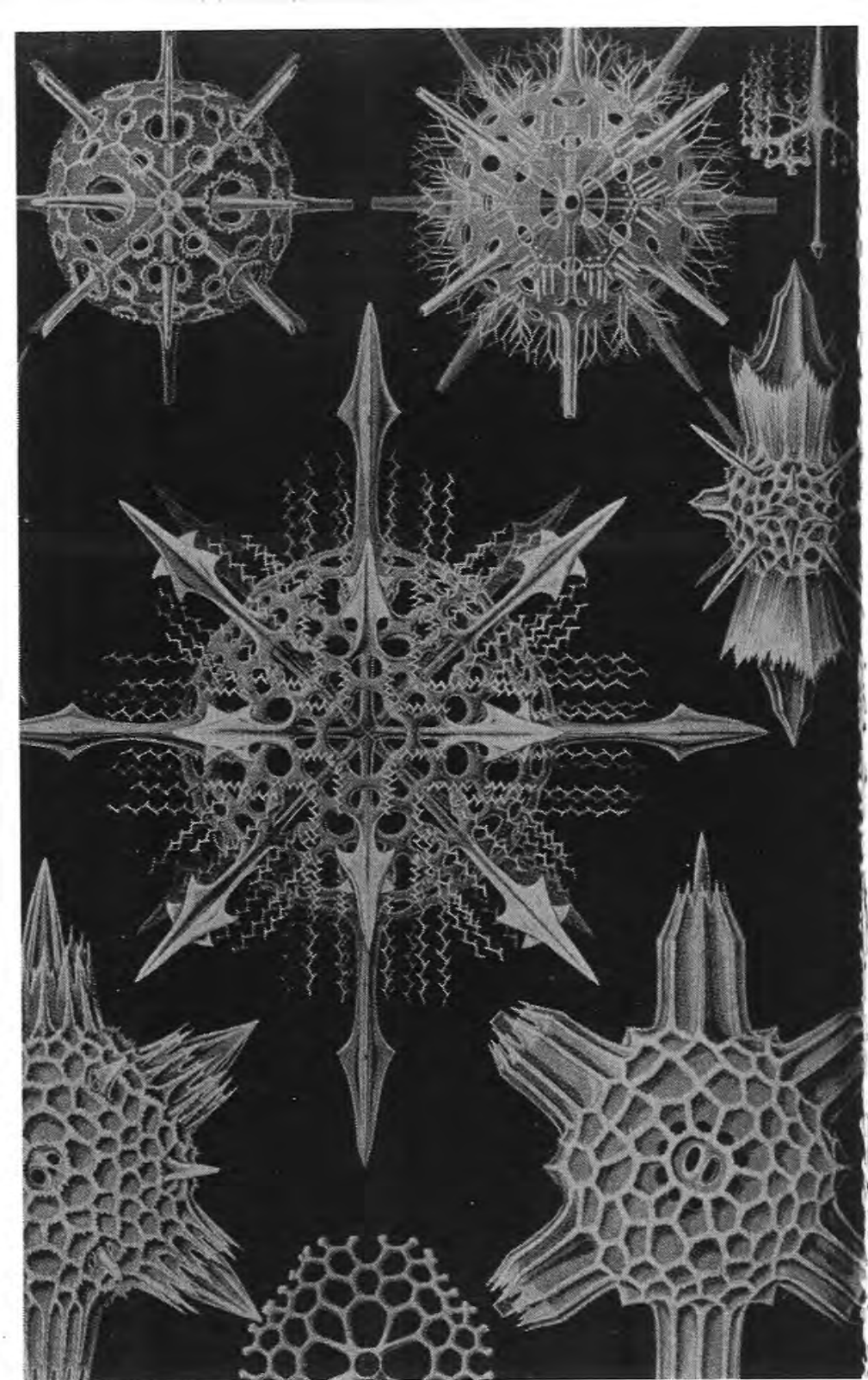
The spirit-forces are perhaps one of the hardest parts to understand. Modern western society is so disconnected from the "supernatural" energies which exist in the kosmos that it denies them. However, basic growth can happen to a person only as they reawaken to this level of reality. To do so is not to give up logic or reason, but to reopen to the roots of life and energy. The spirit-beings exist inside us in potentiality, and we can shape them and work with them for the higher good of ourselves and humanity.

Of special importance are the *names* of the spirits, which are used to develop rapport with them. The spirits I've named in this essay I hold in great respect, and they have allowed me to use their names here to help clarify the discussion.

The idea of true-self spirit-visions is similar to the institution of fast- or dream-vision common in many Native American societies. Although the Indians used such visions within a mythological false-self network, their appreciation of the vision process was subtle and well-developed. I recommend listening to, or reading about, Indian accounts of visionary experiences to help get a feeling for this process and how to approach it. One excellent source is the autobiography of a Sioux shaman, *Black Elk Speaks* (edited by John Neihardt).

The important thing I want to do is to support visions and their validity. It's your own vision inside you that counts, and only when we each have the strength to stand on our own and lovingly respect each other can we all move together to build a new world.





Becoming Gay Shamanism

Winter Solstice, 1977

THE TAROT OF THE EGYPTIANS

A SHORT EXPLANATION OF THE ATTRIBUTIONS HERE SET FORTH WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIVE DIAGRAMS

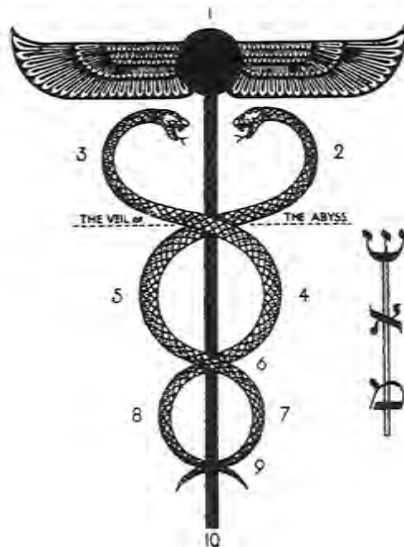
LIST OF DIAGRAMS

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|---|--|
| 1. The Tree of Life, with the attribution of the Sephiroth and paths. | 5. The Numbers of the Planets. |
| 2. The Tarot on the Tree of Life. | 6. The Elements and their symbols. |
| 3. The Yi King on the Tree of Life. | 7. The Elemental Weapons. |
| 4. The Caduceus of Hermes. | 8. The Sphinx. |
| | 9. The Essential Dignities of the Planets. |

DIAGRAM 4. THE CADUCEUS

This diagram illustrates the Tree of Life, the Cosmos as the Wand or creative force of Mercury, that is of the balanced energy which has created the illusion of existence. It will be noted that the shape of the symbol shows the three Mother letters of the Hebrew alphabet, Shin, Aleph and Mem, in its three sections.

The importance of this symbol is mainly that the Tarot is primarily the *Book of Thoth* or *Tahuti*, the Egyptian Mercury. For the understanding of this



Open mine eyes that I may see
Glimpses of truth thou hast for me
Open mine eyes, illumine me
Spirit divine.

—Cris Williamson

Greetings. May Harmony be with us.

I've been asked to share more of my vision of gay magick. This vision is my tool, the heart and strength of my living. I practice my vision, thus strengthening and completing it. This in turn furthers my practice, and thereby I move in the spiral of creation.

To find your vision means to enter your own soul. To follow it means to walk backwards from out of your soul, always facing its heart. Thus the *key* which unlocks the promise of gayness isn't to be found in extroversion, in groups, in sisters, brothers, teachers or leaders. This is why most published work in gay magick has so far been mild, even trivial. The key has been lacking. But on the other hand this lack has been an asset, protecting the unprepared from their own foolishness. This essay is about that key.

Regarding *my* being a teacher or leader, it may help to know that I have a special friend who tells me I'm *really* nothing, a nothing with a point in it. Then the rest of me appears as a terrified child stumbling out of dark nightmares toward a distant light. In other words I don't know any more than you do, and if you see this good for you! Remember, everyone has an asshole. . .

Everyone has one or more roles to play in the growth of wisdom/justice/love, and this is revealed in their vision. We are each like the Lakota boy who goes off to receive the revelation of his fate, to be a warrior, musician, medicine man or *winkte*. For us gay people each such role aims to unfold the Spirit to our self and, through this, to help others unfold it to themselves.

It seems to me that most gay men are alienated from most of their gayness. Perhaps this is as it should be, our self-alienation holding us back from dangerous things we're not ready for. This alienation is our

blindspot. It makes us miss important messages coming across the Rainbow Bridge. The Rainbow Bridge connects Here (so-called material or mundane reality) with There (the meta-reality). *There* is the hub/source of all realities, all wisdom/energy, also called LOKA, the cosmic starpoint. All things “spiritual” originate There. The heart of gayness exists There. The gift of gayness lies in an increasing ability to see and enter on the Rainbow Bridge. I’ve called the heart and gift of gayness ROIKA. But due to anti-gayness gay men have been defused from ROIKA. Thus they can’t pick up messages coming from There. They often ignore and misunderstand them. Anti-gayness is the technique western society developed to keep gay men from actualizing our ROIKA. When gay men actualize ROIKA they become a powerful threat to western society.

To realize ROIKA is to transform ourselves. I don’t know much about this transformation. Even this name reflects my ignorance, since many people won’t connect with it at all, even though that which ROIKA refers to lives in every gay man. But I’ll try to support and stimulate your ROIKA anyway, because my Guide (who lives There) has asked me to, and I’ve freely chosen it. This is the purpose of my writing, and hopefully your reading.

You can look at these words as an offered set of tools that you may find useful. These tools are meant to help actualize ROIKA. They themselves are also ROIKA. This essay extends and develops some tools first talked about in “Visionary Love”, concerning those aspects of gay personality development called spirit warrioring and the ROIKA shaman.

The tools I describe can be dangerous. This is in part why I couch them in seemingly strange names and ways. I would prefer no obscurity. But that isn’t possible at this time, because crossing the Rainbow Bridge is tricky and needs caution: if you were tempted onto it prematurely you could fall off into psychosis or suicide, or turn on others in evil ways. Adolf Hitler is a good example of this latter result. So I have a moral obligation to help avoid the horror-potentials lurking on the ROIKA path.

I’m urged on, however, by the violent destruction in our world today. My anger, disgust and suffering encourage me to tell what I’ve seen and experienced as clearly and simply as possible. Hopefully the tools I’ll describe here will gradually wake up and grow on you, as they have with me. ROIKA starts out as vague mysteries, puzzles with a hidden solution, which may not come clear till long after you’ve started

paying attention to them.

Your anger can help you with this. As far as I can tell every gay man is filled with murderous rage. This rage is energy turned foul and stored up in us as we’re forced—starting in childhood—to undergo anti-gayness. Our rage is the child of our impotence and suffering, of our fear. Unless we deal with it directly and usefully, it serves anti-gayness. It fuels our self-destruction, the ruthless, shallow, backbiting, suicidal, ripoff tendencies in gay culture. But this hate can just as well power our beauty and strength, if it’s harnessed to our vision.

In fact, you can become a great champion of healing in the world. All people have this potential, to be reverse Hitlers. To see this is to see your ROIKA. To follow it is to become an alchemist, transmuting foulness into wisdom.

In my previous essay I spent much space describing my gay vision. Let me then just briefly describe it here: gayness is the power/potential to cross the Rainbow Bridge, through the Androgyne Door called YAN. Those who do this transform themselves totally, become wise and powerful sorcerers helping others do the same. This is ROIKA, the faggot warrior’s path. The faggot warrior stands in two realms: he both lives in and struggles to gain the end result of his practice—a world of total justice, compassion, beauty, equality, pleasure and grace where all people come together to actualize our finest potentials. For we’re currently as far from our true humanity as we are from the other animals. Western societies are the pits of waste, exploitation, alienation and inhumanity. This is a far cry from our true being, which is the utopian dream come true, a new age, a complete change in all current forms of society, a complete change in what it means to be human.

We gay people have been put in an important place on humanity’s path toward this goal. Edward Carpenter, the great gay visionary, was one of the first to notice this publicly when he wrote in 1919 that gay people “point to a further degree of evolution than usually attained, and a higher order of consciousness” (*Intermediate Types Among Primitive Folk*, Arno reprint).

Each of us knows about our gay gift in some way or other. This knowing, this vision—even if unconscious—is our doorway into it. This doorway I’ve called ROIKA·YAN. We each step through it in our own way; every faggot’s path is unique. Indeed, you create your own path as much as it creates you. You create ROIKA, as you find and follow it. In fact it never even existed until you made it. Likewise you create Here and There and the Rainbow Bridge between them. You are the ultimate mother/father; even the Spirit is your child.



For those who think I'm bullshitting, I refer you to Jane Roberts' Seth books, which recount how a woman becomes a medium for a being from There. This being, called Seth, then tells us his views on Here, There, space, time, consciousness and human evolution. I find that many ideas in the Seth books parallel my own, but are much clearer and more detailed. Of course you may find Seth (or Jane Roberts) to be bullshitting too.

You'll discover on reading the Seth books that he says things which may seem unreal, far-fetched, weird, nonsensical or crazy. For example in *Seth Speaks* he says to us that "you create physical objects as surely as you create words". And he adds that "it is only by comprehending the nature of this constant translation of thoughts and desires into physical objects that you can realize your true independence from circumstance, time, and environment". Many people I'm sure won't accept this opinion! I often have trouble with it myself. Yet there's so much we're still ignorant of.

It seems to me there's a group of beings who watch over our planet and help guide us to become as they are. They're very old and wise, were here before our planet appeared, and participated in the birth and evolution of earth-life. They have spoken to us in every culture, throughout the ages, sometimes appearing in our own physical form, at other times helping secretly. You can hear their messages in many famous people, such as the Buddha and Isis. The more we evolve the more clearly we can hear them. They reach across the Rainbow Bridge to us, helping us to see and walk it.

I don't think I'm the best medium for these messages. I certainly haven't crossed the Bridge yet. But in a dim-witted way I've heard something that I've willingly agreed to send along. Someone has told me it's time to act; that many gay men are ready to get down into their gifts and blaze up in joyous power, in full-strided purpose, with unheard of grace and beauty. Faggots are ready to be hot stuff! So get off your psychic ass.

I only have one message for you. Sometimes megalomania butts in

and confuses things, and so I ask you to excuse my frequent foolishness. REMEMBER YOURSELF. All my words—the entire essay—are aimed at this one thing: remember. And the way to do it is by asking yourself, "Who am I?" For me this is the key, the best way to discover everything. Following this supreme wisdom, always asking/answering/asking this question, will take you where you want to go. Just do it. All the time. Who am I? You'll find it gets easy.

Story of My Life

I'm reminded as I sit here writing how strange it sometimes sounds to me. Though I've trained myself to write "good" essays, it's really hard work and I'd rather be talking with you in person right now. For in order to understand what I say, you must know something about me.

I was born on 1-18-51 in Culver City, California. I'm 6'3" and skinny, part white, part Jew, part Cherokee, usually have fairly long, unkempt, dark brown hair and a beard, sometimes I imagine I have cancer, was raised in a lower-class home, wear used clothes, live a semi-alone life in San Francisco sharing an apartment with a dyke. I'm a faggot and I work in a frog factory.

There was a time before I knew much about ROIKA and the Spirit and the Rainbow Bridge. And now by "I", I mean my ego, since other parts of me have always been wise. Perhaps I would've remained unconscious except this wasn't my fate. Voices spoke to me, and they got me to wake up. One of the earliest I remember hearing one day when I was 13 and walking across a street to eat lunch in the school cafeteria. It said: "You are a homosexual". This was a devastating message at the time, because I didn't want to be a homosexual. But from then on I had to confront this issue consciously. It made me take the first step out of the closet and into myself.

Another voice came to me right after I turned 18 and told me I was in love with a classmate in school. This was the first time I was ever "in love" and it had quite an effect on me.

To understand why, you should know that I grew up in a very cold, loveless family. For me to feel love in this environment was so hard that I usually felt great pain instead. So at an early age I took all my love and locked it so deep inside me that I didn't even know I had any. So you can imagine that suddenly to feel and recognize love came as a great revelation. It thrust me vividly out of my cold ego reality, completely upsetting the personality I'd so carefully built up over the years. I was love-struck, instantly transported to gardens of delight by a shy,

blond football player. I finally worked up the nerve to tell this boy I was in love with him. He, however, didn't appreciate finding out about it. In fact he was stunned by the foulness he saw in it. And through his reaction I reached another revelation, that I couldn't continue in my crazy closet world. This led directly to "confessing" my gayness to one friend, and then to a teacher, and then to a shrink. I hoped the shrink would make me straight, but after 1½ years with him I fell in love with another man and realized love was good. I quit my shrink and started on the path of accepting and becoming myself, which took me finally to the Spirit and the realization of my destiny.

This happened through another strange incident. At the time, when I was 20, I was a great admirer of the black leader W.E.B. DuBois. I'd just finished reading his autobiography and was wondering what he felt when he was twenty. Did he know then what a marvelous fate he had, and what a fine work he'd accomplish in his life? He hadn't answered these questions in his autobiography and I knew I'd never get a chance to ask him. Just afterwards I happened to be in an airplane flying from L.A. to San Francisco, and I happened to strike up a conversation with an inconspicuous, middle-aged white man sitting next to me. It turned out he was a professor of history at Kent State University, and his specialty was the life and work of W.E.B. DuBois. He had written several books on this man, and visited with him more than once before he died. So I asked this professor how DuBois felt when he was my age, and as we talked it occurred to me that I could do more than just read books about admirable people, that *I could do great works also*. This was indeed an awakening for me, one which isn't finished yet.

Each of these incidents marked an important step in my self-realization. Each time I moved closer to the heart of my soul, and I became more conscious. Becoming more conscious, I became more effective at developing myself. As this process went on, I gradually woke up to skills, such as writing, I could use to encourage others to do what I was doing. And this in turn helped my own growth.

And the big reason I wanted to help myself and others was that I found *great pleasure* in becoming myself, unspeakable delights of a fleeting yet brighter kind than any other. This is why I want you to consciously and actively discover ROIKA—because it feels so good. It feels like beating off and getting fucked and eating great food and getting stoned and taking big shits and laughing till you cry. It's so beautiful I feel like getting right up and dancing over it. In fact you can discover ROIKA through doing all these things, and they in turn will

become much more interesting through ROIKA. Because ROIKA is the Bridge to that Spirit which exists in all things and all experiences.

ROIKA grows on you like an addictive drug. The more I experience it the more of it I want, as pure and unadulterated as possible. Why have someone tell you about god when you can know her yourself. Why even know her when you can *be* god?

This message is gradually dawning on me as I become my self-realization. I call this process finding your trueself. Trueself, you'll recall, is the real and unique you, as contrasted with falseself, which is the you you were tricked into believing was you by your society—that is, your parents/teachers/politicians/tv/books/friends etc. And what I'm discovering is that trueself is just my "ego" and nothing else. By "ego" I mean that *function* which says "me", which knows itself. All contents, all those things I call me like personality, appearance, sex and work roles, history, even most thoughts, are all falseself. These falseself parts exist in layers all stuck onto my ego, and as I deal with them and pry them off, I recover more and more of my trueself, which is nothing. I come to see that I was mainly garbage.

Now this lesson can be a tough pill to swallow, and it hasn't been easy for me. I like being fucked-up. I bet you like being fucked-up too. And our fucked-upness exists in many gross and subtle ways, mainly unconscious.

My ego doesn't want to lose its falseself because it's learned to need it. The unlearning is very painful. Many intricate methods—including all kinds of spiritual disciplines and psychotherapies—have been invented to deal with this problem. All of human existence can be seen as the building up and tearing down of falseself.

You might wonder why people would go to the trouble of making something just to get rid of it later. And the answer is that falseself has been an important tool in the evolution of human consciousness. It was the way by which the nothingness of pre-humanity became conscious. Now I don't know what this "consciousness" is. I put it in quotes because it's that consciousness which makes people unique among earthly animals. It's that which asks and answers the question, who am I? In this sense most other animals aren't conscious (although they're very wise and knowing, in many ways wiser than we). Falseself was an invention of pre-humans as they were evolving physically into the creatures we know today. It helped them survive and change.

It was the method by which humanity brought itself from the other animals to the foot of the Rainbow Bridge, where we are now. Trueself is our tool for crossing over. Our crossing over involves the death and

decomposition of falseself. It decays into a rich loam from which true-self sprouts and blooms. An intact, growing falseself is archaic, and only holds us back. We must kill our false selves.

Fear

One of the problems I'm aware of in getting rid of falseself is to remain grounded. Because the ego is so used to having all this snug crap around it, it tries to fill up any empty space that appears when a piece of falseself is pulled off. If it can't find another piece of crap, it fills up the emptiness with itself. Thus as time goes on the ego gets bigger and bigger: it gets inflated like a hot air balloon, and as soon as it gets big enough and hot enough it starts floating towards the sky.

This isn't a good thing for the ego to do. It isn't by nature a sky creature and has the rather unnerving habit of panicking as soon as it realizes where it is. As soon as it panics it falls. The falling hurts. It can even be deadly.

The rising inflation is called megalomania (bloated disease), feeling like you're perfection and everyone else is shit. The falling or negative inflation is called depression (disappearing disease), feeling like you're the shits and everyone else is perfect. Megalomania doesn't have to cause immediate collapse (Hitler's an example of this); likewise you can feel awful without getting bloated first. This happens when a piece of falseself comes off but your ego can't find anything (including itself) to plug up the hole. Then it gets frightened.

Fear is a danger signal. Most people run away from it, and this is often a good tactic. But if you want to follow ROIKA and find your true self, if you want to touch and be your ecstasy, if you want to move toward utopia, you must stop running away from your fear. Fear makes you a coward. A coward is a child who refuses to grow up and feels sorry for themselves instead. Actualizing ROIKA means becoming an adult, and by "adult" I don't mean those terrified children running around calling themselves adults, as if by evoking this word they could magically hide their failure. Most people only pretend to be adults. I think Charles Fort, the crazy philosopher, was referring to this when he said that "what we call knowledge is ignorance surrounded by laughter" (*The Book of the Damned*).

The demon at the magical gate is fear. It's a truly horrible thing, yet, like the Wicked Witch in *The Wizard of Oz*, is no more than a little dust. If you want to walk freely on the Rainbow Bridge you must, like Dorothy, get rid of the fearsome demon. This is one of the first

hurdles in "practicing" the gay vision.



All of this talk about fear may be puzzling to some of you. But you'll know what I'm talking about as soon as you get into ROIKA. If you're not feeling *any* fear at all you're either a truly great self-realized being, or you haven't gotten very far yet.

This fear we're talking about is the kind where you're standing at the edge of a cliff and someone tries to push you off, but where there's really no one there. It's the invisible, secret, shadow fear, fear of yourself, of your parents, of your anger, fear without a cause, anxiety, paranoia. It's one thing to talk about ROIKA and the Bridge, but it's another thing to do it. Your fear is your guide.

Now at this point I must stop to remind you that you always have free choice, and I don't want anyone saying I made them terrified. LSD did not drive Art Linkletter's daughter out the window, regardless of what he says.

So you owe it to yourself not to get into anything you can't back out of if you have to. After a certain point the ROIKA path is dangerous, and there are many safer ways to enjoy the Spirit, such as singing, dancing, fucking, talking and getting stoned. The path of ROIKA is the way of a trueself sorcerer, of a Buddha-realized witch, of an electrified Taoist master in drag. And this way is scary. That's how I see it; that's how I lived it.

Awhile back I was telling you about some of my experiences. Well, after my DuBois revelation I gradually came to focus on the notion of my "center". I had no idea what my center was, but I grew fascinated by the phrase "finding your center". Something told me the center was

important. I was also taking LSD. One time, on my 21st birthday, in fact, I had what's called a bumner experience. Previously I'd always had fabulous trips, but this time it was horrible, excruciating, ugly/suffocating/foulness. I wanted to jump out a window.

Unbeknownst to me then, this was my initiation onto the Rainbow Bridge. I became aware of a demon stalking me. Up till this time I was never conscious of my fear, my shadow side, my badness. Suddenly I was flung into it. I stopped taking LSD, vowing never to have such an experience again. But then, about a year later, I began feeling strange and paranoid when I'd smoke dope (marijuana/hashish, which I'd been smoking since I was 20). I saw a creature, who personified my bumner acid trip, trying to find me. So I gradually stopped smoking dope, hoping that it was in the marijuana and not in me.

Simultaneously with this process (in 1973) my best friend Estelle (a fantastic 32-year-old woman with two young children) discovered she had incurable bone cancer. Her sufferings became mine, too. Real human tragedy was another revelation. I saw a vital, noble, gracious woman become a shrivelled bag of bones. I saw fear, guilt, horror and the nitty-gritty of human suffering—vomit, blood, shit, pain enough to make dead flesh moan.

All this continued through 1974: Estelle's dying, my wondering about my center and the demon's creeping up on me. Each stimulated the other. Things began to get very strange and loose: "good" and "bad" started mixing it up, turning into each other. In December a man I'd been in love with abandoned me. Instead of getting depressed I felt strangely excited. I started wondering about the roots of gay love, and this quickly became an intense and pleasurable search. I'd heard about the Jungians and their work in the magick of straight love, but they had nothing to say to gay people. I thought somebody should correct this, and about three weeks after Jody left me I stumbled on the idea of the Double, one's twin soul-mate (described in *Visionary Love*). This gave me a curious thrill and I rushed ahead to see that one could develop a whole psychology devoted to gay liberation and celebration. So I gave it a whirl and in two months of feverish work produced a 200 page manuscript. I was euphoric. I'd somehow broken through my earthly bonds to soar in a wonderful heaven of freedom, pleasure, light and creativity. It felt so good I tried to spend all my time there.

But suddenly in February 1975 the whole thing came crashing down; creeping shadows and nightmares appeared, during the day! Why this happened I had no idea at the time. I was first bewildered, then scared out of my wits. Little whispers started urging me to stab myself with a

kitchen knife, or murder somebody. I couldn't believe it was happening: my acid bumner had at last caught up with me.

How can I describe to you the bizarre psychotic realm I landed in? You couldn't depend on things being what they were supposed to be: a shadow, a gleam of light, a window, the kitchen; all might suddenly, unexpectedly, implacably, become evil. I was this way for over a year, and am still coming out of it now.

I don't think I was "going crazy". I was being forced into my vision. I was in the grip of an overpowering creative unfolding. Many people fail this test, and so have to take it over and over again. For all must pass through the gates of their fear. My purpose in writing is to see if I can't make it a bit easier for you than it was (and is) for me.

Now let's get down to business. I'm here and now generating certain energy vibrations or frequency/meanings, of which I'm preserving the bare bones through this linear symbolic recording called words. It's hoped that when you read these words you'll be able to pick up some of the original vibrations. Even if you aren't aware of them another part of you will be. For on one level I'm not speaking to you at all, but to your LOKA—the heart of your trueself—who's also reading this even as you are. Your wisdom and great knowing exist. By Compassion I ask you to listen and awaken. You yearn for and understand the combination of vibrations.

Currently I'm dealing with those energy-forms needed to complete the pattern started by fear. As part of this, we must summon the fear. It's a necessary component. So the first step is training yourself to know clearly when you're experiencing fear. This means learning to look at it without instantly running away. As you go through your day, tune in on situations and events that frighten you. And it's not good enough just to acknowledge being afraid; you must recognize it as cogently as you can and then try to hold onto it. You must make yourself fearful.

And of course when you're doing something scary is one of the best times to get into it. If, for example, you've wanted to tell someone you're gay but have avoided doing it so far, then it's an opportunity. I'm sure each of you can dig up a myriad scary things you've wanted to do.

Now, once you've got yourself scared you can go the next step of learning to play with it. Visualize your fear. Ask it where it comes from. See if you can look behind it and find someone lurking there. Don't rush yourself at this; practice at your own pace. The purpose of all this, which you'll gradually discover, is that this shadow emotion, who's really your own death, can be a helpful friend, a source of good

energy. In general, fear is a basic guide which the sorcerer works with and develops throughout his apprenticeship.

As you're working on scaring yourself, you've also got to find a safe place. This is important in learning to handle the fear. Everyone has a place where they feel most OK. This place exists in you, although Don Juan says it also exists in your physical environment. Your safe place might be imagining yourself curled up in a small warm bed in your mother's house; someone else might find it in being enfolded by the strong arms of a special, secret, loving friend, perhaps an older sister or brother. My safe place is falling off a cliff.

You need to discover your safe place because through your self-scaring you're going to summon up some pretty nasty demons. You *must* have a place where they can't go, or you're done for. Of course you need the demons in order to find your safe place, since only when they can't get there proves you're really there yourself.

Finding your safe space is grounding yourself. If you can't find it or you lose it, try holding onto a large firm material object and willing yourself not to move an inch until the demon(s) pass. This is what I did before I found my place: sometimes I'd be sitting in my chair and have to hold on to the arms for dear life, to keep from going into the kitchen. Holding onto a material object grounds you because we are our bodies, and are thus one with all forms of the earth. To embrace an earth-form, then, is to reunite through the body with the ground of all existence. This ground—the earth herself—contains infinite calm and security.

Another aid for relatively short-term attacks of terror is valiums, libriums and other chemical tranquillizers. I also used (and still occasionally use) these. They're especially helpful for bumper drug trips.

If over time the fear seems to be getting altogether out of control, you might want to consult another person. If so, try to pick someone who'll be supportive of your growth. Among therapists I think many Jungians and some Gestaltists/body workers have been trained to handle this level of reality, although even in their case beware of prejudices like homophobia. After I freaked out I started seeing a gay Jungian, who became my safe place for a while. He helped me go through my unfolding, rather than deny it.

As you uncover your fear, you may notice yourself getting more vulnerable and also more paranoid. That is, you may feel weaker and become more suspicious of others. This is because you're beginning to change, to loosen up, moving away from the "normal" reality with its strict safety rules. Your friends may not understand what's going on

with you. They may get frightened themselves, and try to manipulate you by ignoring or trivializing your experiences.

When you're working with your fear in the way I've suggested, you'll find that groups of people will be especially fruitless. This is because most groups are concerned with generating false-self myths (structures that uphold false selves). Group activities have a high extrovert factor, which can easily weaken true-self when it's struggling to come out. Groups can be quite useful when they're guided by true-self principles, but otherwise watch out! As somebody noted, the activities of true-self growth "are nothing shameful . . . but [when] practiced on a highway they become insanity" (Hans-Ulrich Reiker, *The Yoga of Light*).



Crazy Faggots

Continuing with the energy-pattern around fear, we come to that aspect which a friend of mine calls being a crazy faggot. Being a crazy faggot is one of our best ROIKA-tools—a great strength—in carrying through the dance with fear. We gay men have often been called very adaptable, very flexible, good actors in many roles, and so forth. These skills reflect our relative freedom from false-self myths, the legacy of being gay. This relative freedom is an ego-comfortability with high levels of uncertainty. This tolerance of uncertainty is the act of existing with nothingness, which is what true-self is all about. Being a crazy faggot means attacking, shocking, mocking and abandoning as many social false-self myths as possible.

It means summoning that unique and rare essence of ours: getting really silly, ultra campy, kooky-kinky, getting into your hottest Hal-

loween drag, Divine & Cockettes, a thousand Charles Pierces. And the more soul you put in it—the more you *flaunt it*—the better. (If you've ever done it in front of straight people you know what I'm talking about: their mouths fall open and their eyes bug out.)

But you want to do this *inside* yourself, summoning this energy for your ROIKA quest, focusing it on your heart. It's sailing your Unidentified Flying Object, buzzing into Washington D.C. like Klaatu in the film *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and startling the natives. That is, it's conjuring your crazy faggotry and landing it in your own soul, confronting your garbage, bringing yourself wisdom.

This may be hard to do at first, because traditional gay culture tries to limit, externalize and thus neutralize our crazy power. So most of us will first learn about this teaching-key by watching other gay folks and acting it out ourselves in an extrovert way. But once you *know* it you can then focus it on your path. Crazy fruit is waking-up food.

So the more you're able to be a UFO and follow your own rules, the better. You can help summon this energy by dressing weird or neuter, bedecking yourself with robes and glittering jewelry, being a sweet sissy or alternating between butch and femme genderfuck, or by doing a fag vampire, injecting your bitchy camp-joke venom. But do try not to get lost in the outer forms. Remember that your drag is only reflecting an inner state, teaching you about your heart-felt strength, skill and humor.

This laughing gynandrous energy moves you through the YAN gateway, the place of *norole* between the sexes. You're unidentifiable, neither a woman nor a man. This will take you to the strength beyond your fears, because it's nothing, an emptiness, and thus remains open to messages from across the Rainbow Bridge. Remember the Bridge? It connects Here with There. Your ego doesn't know how to get There. But beings over There know how to get Here. Often they send messengers. These messengers I've called spirit-beings. In my previous essay I mentioned a bunch of them: the Mother, the Father, the Partner, the Anim, the Hermes-being, and there are many more besides.

People used to call these spirits "gods". But they're messengers from There, who originate in your own soul. Often, however, their messages get quite garbled in the translation. That's why dreams, a favorite time for the spirits, are so often incomprehensible to our egos.

Being a crazy faggot is part of our radio-reception equipment for the signals across the Bridge. Our *norole* emptiness provides the tuner to receive the spirits. That's why we're called fairies, *faerie* being the name of the spirit-land in Celtic mythology. Our ROIKA·YAN makes

us kin to the magickal transvestite shamans of many nature societies. Even Socrates had his daemon. When we reveal our crazy faggot energy in front of straight people, they call us fruits (naturally sweet sources of sustenance for the fairy-spirits) or faggots and buggers (referring to the "crazy" anti-establishmentarians of medieval Europe). Charley Shively has written many essays in *Fag Rag* on the extrovert forms of crazy faggotry. But whereas Charley looks for revelation/revolution *out there*, in society, the source of crazy faggotry looks in, to a revolution in your soul. And the delight is that such a soul-turning doesn't decrease your power in the material plane, but increases it.

You want to pick up spirits on your *norole* tuning because you want to find out what their messages are. In receiving their messages you gain them as allies, as strengths in your self-revolution. They'll help support your ego in grounded balance as they help you pull off the falseself crap. Plus you'll never find out how to do it all unless you get guidance from There. Your tacky faggot freedom from falseself helps you pick up this guidance.

However, you'll discover right away that fantastic psycho-kinetic spirits don't bounce right up to your beck and call. This is because they're all mixed up in your falseself crap. This is what often garbles their messages. To meet up with a being who contains great wisdom and also great folly at the same time is tricky. Your falseself had as much of a hand in producing your spirits as They did over There.

The spirits are literally all around us, yet they (with our unconscious cooperation) have got us trapped. It isn't that falseself is just passive muck built up over the years; it's full of active, purposeful, even wilfully malicious energy. As you work through falseself you free the spirits from their bondage to ignorance.

Because these beings are locked up in your falseself shit, when you first stir them up they give off noxious fumes. You'll experience these fumes as fear. Fear is the function of your alienation from the spirits, and theirs from you. Since you don't understand each other, they often appear as malicious demons. In fact, demons have probably been appearing to you since you first formed your falseself. You probably haven't been consciously aware of this, though. You've probably only noticed—and tried to avoid—the fear they cause. Warding off fearsome demons is of the first importance to children of all ages. But now you'll want to follow into your fear. This is how you can grow up.

Your fears indicate your weaknesses; your weak spots reveal demons. We all have many weak spots: things like cock-impotence, alcoholism and drug addiction are common results of weak spots. Some of my

weak places are sex, anger, male authority-figures, my mother. Each of these scared me, was a monster. My own growth has depended on my exposing, struggling with, learning from and pacifying each monster. I have to learn to respect them.

Because of our alienation from demons, we insult and belittle them. Insulting them, we ignore, trivialize, and humiliate our weak spots. Putting down our faults, we run from our own fear. This cowardice, then, seals our failure. You must respect your fears: they are gracious, graceful creatures. Respect also your cowardice: it points the way. This is the path of a crazy faggot.



The Black Faggot Magickal Wand

Every male human starts out being straight, with the potential to become gay. No one was born gay, but some were born further along the ROIKA road. So-called gay men are those who've moved the most in actualizing their gayness. This path is a gradual unfolding. First you became aware of your difference, then your gay-love yearnings. Then later you came out of your closet and joined the realm of homosexuals. Then perhaps you started finding out about all the other wonders, besides homosexuality, in being a homosexual. Then you became a gay person; perhaps you joined the struggle actively. The next step is to become conscious of ROIKA; then you turn into an apprentice faggot sorcerer.

And following this way doesn't deny or contradict any other liberation work or struggle you're already in. It's simply that whoever you then are—shaman, singer, worker, film-maker, farmer, political activ-

ist—will work towards the gay warrior's goal. And this goal is actualizing ROIKA, that is, bringing about its vision on the material plane, thus changing that plane. The aim of faggot warriors is nothing less than the transformation of reality.

To wake up to this knowledge is to move through the doorway ROIKA·YAN. We have a set of keys or tools for doing this. One is being a crazy fruit. Another is our black-faggot magickal energy. This energy is the push or umph within the structural attitude of crazy faggotry. In her "Notes on 'Camp'" Susan Sontag says "the two pioneering forces of modern sensibility are Jewish moral seriousness and homosexual aestheticism and irony". We could call this Jew-gay sensibility. But Susan ignores the import/meaning of black culture. Seemingly unbeknownst to her, there's a hidden and subversive unity of "homosexual" and black culture, a sinuous, sexual, cock-rigid, snake-sliding, hole-seeking, underground flow. The snake in the Garden of Eden was a black fag.

This holy sensuality is akin to that of all nature peoples, and not just the ancestors of Afro-Americans. But black people in the U.S. have been extremely influential in carrying this nature-energy, having taken on a role similar to that of the Catholic Church in the European Middle Ages. The Church, you'll recall, saved much of the intellectual work and history of Greece and Rome for the sake of the European cultural rebirth called humanist scholasticism, or later, the Renaissance. In the same way black jive/juice/cool/jazz/strength brings us the power/wisdom of African high culture.

Well, this black juice turns out to be the fag sap in the ROIKA tree (the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden). The holy snake talking to Eve is a spirit-being, a personification of black faggot magick. And by *black* I mean here that special color, the opposite of white, the tone of deepest night, called dark Satan prince of sabbats by European witch-hunters.

Arthur Evans in his book *Witchcraft and the Gay Counterculture* has tried to reveal this black faggot magick. Unfortunately he can only go so far with it since he works with the outward results of this magick, not its inside source. Arthur plays with the wrapper on the candy bar of black faggotry.

Be that as it may, you'll discover in Arthur's book and more so in your own cock a powerful musical political subversive camp ecstasy, which can be increased thru drugs, dancing, fucking and especially meditation. You can meditate on this energy, which you'll find in abundance at the base of your cock (between your cock and ass-hole).

Gay parks, bath houses, and other culture-spots are full of such energy.

But you don't have to go there to get into it; in fact, as usual, there's a trap in the outward manifestations of this magick: it's so much fun that you get lost in it. Black-fag magick comes from ROIKA; it's purpose is not just to have "fun" in the common meaning of that word. It's a skill/tool/power for revealing ROIKA, which the faggot sorcerer focuses on thru concentration and attention. And I must say from my own experience—no tool ever felt better to use. You already know about this tool and how to use it, just as you know all about ROIKA, the evolution of humanity, the Rainbow Bridge and There. Your job is to remember.

The patron god of black-faggot energy is the laughing Hermes-being, the supreme fairy. S/he's the golden Priapus, the Egyptian Thoth, fleetfooted moon god/dess, the wise black Trickster, kabbalistic baboon, scribe to Rama's heart, gynandrous Lord of the Philosopher's Stone, quicksilver laughingwind. S/he holds the caduceus, the erect winged cock with two entwined snakes, staff of transformation and healing, doctor's cure. This staff is a gift from the Lady of the White Rose. She's a close friend of Thoth's, and talking about her brings us to another important tool we have for moving thru ROIKA·YAN: our woman-energy.



MA·LOKA

All faggots are feminists, and militant ones at that. To cultivate your woman-energy, your feminism, is to increase your ability to see and walk thru the great portal. In fact it's essential.

This is because YAN is the magick hole between the sexes, the hidden inner place of our norole, our lack of sex-role identity, our UFOness. This norole runs counter to the patriarchal-chauvinist Power dominating western culture, and this Power is opposed to norole. It will try to subvert our norole by buying us out or by obliterating us thru guns, knives, and psychological poison. Be aware that great evil magicians exist in the world who're against the emergence of ROIKA sorcerers. These vicious depraved beings create tools like Anita Bryant and Adolf Hitler; they'll try to put a hex on you too, thru your weaknesses. Feminism counters the pull of these evil magicians. It helps to cancel our own sexism and make clear the YAN portal.

This doorway, as I've recently discovered, belongs to a goddess who I'll call the Lady of the White Rose. It's literally her vagina, and through this channel comes the birth of the star-point atman, trueself. The white rose is the lotus—moon-flower of the soul. When it unfolds the soul awakens. The beautiful Lady holds the essence of this form, and so is the heart of womanhood on the ROIKA path. Her patronage, her alliance, is vital in the fight with our fears and their supporters, the evil magicians.

There are many goddesses in the spirit-realm, depending on the mythology used. Pioneering wise-women have shown us the way (see, for example, Anne Kent Rush's *Moon Moon*). The Lady of the White Rose is a being of strength, protection, enlightenment, inspiration. She's the light of the moon, its wisdom. Like Thoth, this Lady serves the Truth in the Spiral of Consciousness. She has many names. In ancient Wales she was called *Gwenddyddwen adlam Cerddeu*, "White Lady of Day, refuge of poets", sister of Merlin the mage whose blessing is to "open the Books of Inspiration without fear". In India she was *tarati iti Tara*, "She leads happily across", "she who in the mind of all Yogis leads out beyond the darkness of bondage" as one scholar puts it. In Tantric Buddhism she's Prajnaparamita, "the illumination that makes one a Buddha, lead[ing] the soul across the river of samsara to the far shore which is nirvana". In other words she's a Rainbow Bridge guide.

In China they called her Shing Moo, "Perfect Intelligence", while in Christian lands she often went by the name Sophia, the "personification of wisdom, the Lady Wisdom, the Goddess Wisdom, the highest incarnation of the feminine principle, the Moon Goddess in her function of spirit, divine knowledge" (M. Esther Harding, *Woman's Mysteries*). Her gift is the sacred mushroom Soma, which grows in moonlight and bestows illumination: "We've quaffed the Soma bright, And

have immortal grown; We've entered into light, And all the Gods have known", as the Hindu *Rig-Veda* puts it.

This Lady is the lotus-flower, Isis of the Mysteries, Demeter of the Rose; J.R.R. Tolkien calls her Queen Galadriel. Her most sacred animal is the unicorn, "the Roe in the Thicket under an apple-tree, the tree of Immortality-through Wisdom". T.H. White describes this animal in *The Once and Future King*:

The unicorn was white, with hoofs of silver and a graceful horn of pearl. . . . There was a faint bluish furrow down each side of his [sic] nose, and this led up to the eye-sockets, and surrounded them in a pensive shade. The eyes, circled by this sad and beautiful darkness, were so sorrowful, lonely, gentle and nobly tragic, that they killed all other emotion except love.

And so, finally, we see that the Lady is also the Compassionate Heart.

Now whereas Hermes comes from, and is of, the wind, the Lady of the White Rose comes from matter, and in fact never leaves it. Her love doesn't separate the "spiritual" from the "material" but carries the seeker to the Spirit in materiality. Thus her love is of the body, is sexual in fact. We see this in so many Woman-Spirits such as Shakti, Isis and Aphrodite, Goddess of Fucking. In ancient Babylonia, for example, Ishtar's temples were holy brothels where her female and male representatives, the *consecrated ones*, brought her ecstatic Gift by screwing the eager worshippers. Many animals such as the fast-fucking doves, the large-horned cows and goats, the cock-like snakes and prolific rabbits are all holy to the Lady of the White Rose. The Lady's sexuality is the rhythm of the universe. On our ROIKA path this rhythm gives us the wise pulse of our black-faggot magick; her invocation, then, will increase it.

Now this Lady I refer to is not the Great Mother figure as usually thought of. The Mother, like the Father, is the All and Everything. They each have a thousand aspects, each can be a terrible oppressor. Ma can be the sow with a bloody sword in her upraised hand; the eternal, all-enfolding suffocator; the vulture who swoops in for the kill, picking the bones of the dying. She can be Kali, destroyer of souls, Maya—Mater-iality—jailer in forms, who spins Veils of Confusion which rob the sighted of their eyes.

Here I follow the wisdom revealed by Andrea Dworkin in *Woman-Hating*: the Great Mother is "the first corruption of the Great Original, or primal androgyne" and signifies alientation and imbalance. If we side with the Mother, then, the Great Father must be lurking about

somewhere in perpetual opposition. Because of this imbalance the Mother (or the Father) can't find the central YAN portal, but the wise Lady of the White Rose knows the way. She can bring us to the holy woman T'ai Yuan, the gynandrous First Being in the Chinese chronicles, called Awonawilona in Zuni. *She* is a great secret, named MA·LOKA—mother of our ROIKA, bearded maiden in the portal, and she is our proper ally. She is ROIKA·YAN itself.

Only you can know your MA·LOKA, just as only you can travel ROIKA. YAN is an irised round door which unfolds like a flower. MA·LOKA is the flowering of the androgyne in the soul. ROIKA is the process of transmutation, falseself to trueself, Child of the Original Parents to luminous gynandromorph. As the ego changes, so do all the spirits. Mother and Father cast off their possessiveness to sit at the roundtable of atman-self.

In this pinwheel flowing, the Mother births our Lady of the White Rose and the Father emits Hermes. As the Lady and Hermes approach YAN they become hermaphroditic. Black Hermes emerges laughing from wrathful Zeus the cloud-thunderer. He's *pneuma* the tricky spirit-wind and comes to the middle in invisible gusts or silent flutters, becoming s/he and full-moon bright. The Lady moves in a spiral (climbing circle) of contrariness; she starts as the Great Mother in all her totality as helpful/hurtful, nourisher/destroyer and then splits into the Lady of the White Rose and Kali, who dance in a circle till the Lady grows an impish cock. Then she and Hermes get married, she screws him, and *you* give birth to the Spirit.

As long as we're working in falseself, each magickal being is a test of courage and skill: dealing with the Lady, for example, may evoke a wrathful Kali. Each part, every aspect of our Quest can bring good or bad, can be both hurtful/helpful, coming/going away. This is the strange world of the spirits, the weird dream-place where things are always changing into something else. The ROIKA sorcerer's job is to stop this changing, to shape a calm for himself, to find a firm path to walk on, to balance the conflicting forces, to make a center out of nothing.

Then you'll discover there's no more opposition, and movement suddenly comes easy. Then you'll fly through the Lady's rose-wisdom on the wings of the Hermes-being, riding your cock like a witch; you'll fly laughing in the wind with your pulsing black-fag sex thru your realm of crazy YAN to the indescribable There of supreme joy and wisdom, the LOKA-place of all things, beyond the sky and over the rainbow like a sleek black raven, to the Source. Wouldn't you like to fly? *Really* fly,

not a "fantasy" or "illusion" of flying, but the real thing? All this awaits you in the freedom of the sorcerer.

And for those who'll complain that I'm not telling you enough practical information to use effectively, remember that when you're flying you can fall. When you jump off the cliff you may actually hit the bottom in the material plane and have to start all over. So I don't think you should start jumping until you're ready. That's why I always give incomplete notes. That way you're forced to complete them on your own, thereby teaching yourself the wisdom only you can teach. I want you to get irritated. Use your dissatisfaction to learn about your weak spots. These are the holes through which your fall can end in death or mutilation.

Cultivate your black-faggot magickal wand. It will give you wings. Develop its consciousness. This cock-consciousness starts out in western culture under the spell of evil magicians. It's that banging, invading, battering-ram force, the essence of rape. Learning to use your black fag sap is working on your cock-energy, to shift it from battering ram to more gentle forms of movement, eventually to no motion at all. This is the wonderful paradox in tantric sex: no motion brings cosmic continuous orgasm. If cocks aren't used as blunderbusses, they can become fine-tuning knobs on your spiritual tv set. We might call this dynamic eunuchism, receiving the gift of the Mother without her bane.

In general one gains a spirit-ally by entering into its realm and then getting out again. The going-in reveals the spirit, so that you *know* it; the getting-out shows you how to keep from being destroyed. These two pieces of knowledge equal power *with* the spirit.

You get into a spirit's realm by realizing you're already in it. Your falseself is filled with spirit-beings, who you're constantly projecting onto others and/or identifying with. Projections are roadmaps into your soul. Every time you feel strongly fascinated by someone, whether it's good or bad, beautiful or ugly, you're projecting a magickal energy. The same goes for objects like the U.S. flag, a statue of Diana, the t'ai chi symbol, the lambda or whatever. Be aware that you're dealing with magickal energies all the time (see Jung's *Man [sic] and His Symbols*).

For example, have you ever been in love, had any lovers? Every lover contains a spirit. This spirit-being can be a potentially great ally for each of us in our quest. He can become your soul-guide, leading you into yourself.

You can find him whenever you're strongly turned-on by another man. He's your Double, your exact reflection, your soul-twin. Because reflections are always the reverse image, he's also your opposite; the in-

ner form to your outer, the sensuality to your intellect, the old to your young, the white to your black, the other pole to each of your ego-identified attributes, yet he's all this as your twin, your identical copy. This is his magickal form, "the secret sharer of my life, my second self" as the story-teller Joseph Conrad described him once (in his tale "The Secret Sharer").

If you'd like your Double to become an ally, you must first realize his existence in you. Every time you get that sexy loving urge for a man, this reveals the pull of your Double. *He* has control of your ego, in that he makes you "fall" for somebody irregardless of how your ego feels about it. He casts a spell over you. As long as he has control in this way, he won't become your soul-guide. In fact, he'll keep you from realizing yourself. This basic insight about the trap in "true love" is revealed in many great stories about lovers, whether they be homo or hetero. In *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Iliad*, *Tristan and Isolte*, true love ends in death.

So you've got to pull free of your Double's mesmeric spell. This doesn't mean to stop loving others, but only to become more aware. There's no need to rush it: just slowly and surely wake up to the fact that he exists. The best time to do this, of course, is when you're projecting him onto another. Loving relationships can be the finest teachers.

Shamans Key

In surviving nature societies the novice shaman has the support and guidance of the cultural mythos and its teachers. The function of this support is to insure successful passage thru the many hard tests on the road to Power. We're working on such a support system for faggot society. The focus of shamanistic faggotry must always refer to the trueself path of each person, to the fierce truth in ROIKA. So the basic message of a faggot support system already exists, is absolute and unequivocal: it's *all* already in you and waiting.

The problem is you have to start out with your potential surrounded by demons. These demons are your falseself. To recognize your falseself is to realize you're circled by demons, demons you put there, who control you, who you've hidden behind to protect yourself and adapt to your society.

These demons rule the society of falseselves; they make people unconscious and force them to act out demonic desires in every common daily thing they do: screwing, laughing, falling in love, talking to

friends, going to work or bars or movies, following authorities, thinking, competing, getting married, helping or hindering others. Every action, every word, is full of a hidden, *alien* will, which people *knowingly* pass off as their own. This is rank irresponsibility, supreme folly. These demons make people do all the hurtful things they do so frequently: suicide, murder, physical and mental torture of “loved” ones: child abuse, wife beating, chronic psychosis, rape, racism, genocide, war. This is the stuff of which Hitlers are made.

Most people are full of Hitleresque energy, in all their ordinary everyday selves, energy that passes for “concern”, “love”, “education”, “help”. Evil can have the kindest intentions. All wars were always fought for “good” reasons, by people like you and me. Fascism is always seen as an “improvement” by little old ladies, college students, the next door neighbors. Parents always “love” their children, and lovers each other. Most people are full of shit.

To confront this game is to frighten people (and thus make them angry). So waking up to your demons always starts with fear. You must be harsh, clear and relentless with yourself in this: on the sorcerer’s path you begin surrounded and possessed by your shit, your false self, your demons. Trueself is breaking free of them. Turning them into allies. This is being a warrior.

The faggot sorcerer’s path is ROIKA, crossing the Rainbow Bridge. It’s like a ring of keys to a set of locked doors. Your first key is its vision, ROIKA·YAN. This is your gynandrous eye; it gives you direction, all your roadmaps—your fairy intuition. Always rely on it. Your second key is your crazy faggotry. This is your will, your strength of purpose, your open freedom to move on the path, your fruity power. Your third key is woman-energy. This is your balance, your safeguard, your warm alignment with the White Priestesses. It brings you to MA·LOKA, compassionate guidance, pearl of wisdom, the unfolding lotus. Your fourth key is your caduceus, your black fag rod, your snake in the Tree of Knowledge. This gives your forward flying motion, your penetration of the mysteries, your laughing sleek tool. Your fifth key is your spirits, the beings of mystery, the wise demons, the treacherous teachers. Your sixth key is your fear, fear of your demons, terror, paranoia, hatred, the shadow energy, your own death. The seventh key is your safe place, the good limbo, your protection from inflation, the living rock, the grounded root of your vision. The eighth key is your Guide(s), your absolute sureness, at the end of the Rainbow Bridge, in the starry LOKA place. There are also other keys, but the order isn’t important, only that they make a ring, a hoop of power.

Your set of keys fill up your medicine bundle. Your medicine bundle is the strong arm of your sorcery, its mark, Cain’s mark, the sign of the despised, the feared. Your sorcery exists, just as your gayness. Your gayness marks you as outcast, as wicked, malicious, seductive, vile, a Frankenstein monster, a mortal enemy. Just listen to Anita Bryant, she speaks the truth: this is how the collective of false selves always reacts intuitively to trueself magick; it’s proof of your sorcery (see Hesse’s *Demian*). Remember, fags were destroyed *before* Jews in Nazi Germany. Yet you freely chose to be gay, to come out of hiding. And so too with your sorcery: it’s entirely up to you, your challenge, your own quest. I can’t advise you how to decide this dangerous question. Listen to your inner voice. I can’t tell you anything about your path.

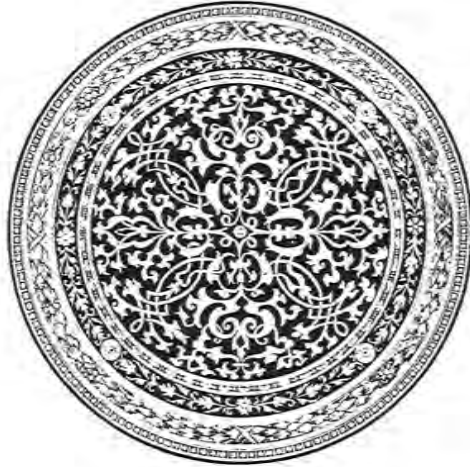
Your fourth key, your magick rod, has the number three, the triangle, the arrow. It’s aligned with MA·LOKA. Your rod can fly up and down your spine, turning on your lights.

Your rod can help you divine your demons. You can locate many of them in the ground of your body. I have a friend who has a hate demon in his throat. Billy Budd stutters, bringing about his own death. I have a block in my diaphragm. Wilhelm Reich did much work on demons in parts of the body: character armor he called it, demons in your character, in your false self, your defense against adults when you were a child, your body.

Put your other tools in your moon-powered caduceus and it will illuminate your demons in your body. It brings a healing energy. It feels good. When you first locate a demon it’ll try to overwhelm you with its power/control, but eventually—thru your gentle rod—you’ll become familiar with it, approaching closer and closer, establishing rapport. With enough rapport the demon will hand you its power. With this you can escape from its realm.

Once you’re free of the spirit you can use its power-pattern: in healing self and others, in further learning, in opposing the evil sorcerers. Possession equals fear; freedom equals sorcery. Fear→uncovering possession→breaking free→sorcery. Magick is the use of spirits.

ROIKA is shaped like a mandala. Its outer edge is its vision. Its center point is LOKA. Arrayed about this is the pattern of your soul, your false and true self, There and Here, light and dark, pain and pleasure. Superimposed on this pattern is the spiral maze of your path, the keys of your sorcery, becoming clearer, leading to the center, the point of the kosmos.



New Age Faggot Becomes Sorcerer

At this time and place we have access to much wise knowledge. Sometimes we have to dig for it, sometimes it comes right at us, unbidden. This knowledge is available to aid you on your path. Much of it relates to spirit energies, to enhancing rapport in their realms.

Many of these techniques deal with symbols, which are persons, objects, or specific actions that contain a projected spirit-energy. The idea is to create, interact with, participate in or meditate on the symbol in order to learn about the hidden spirit in it. This is the basis of all witchcraft and sorcery. All kinds of fairy tales, cultural myths, religious objects such as statues and paintings, are highly symbolic. All spiritual and religious holidays, rituals, dances and orgies are methods to summon the energies. If you see them in this light, they can help you on your way.

Many important teachings can be found in the great disciplines developed from symbols. These include: the t'ai chi or Twirling Paradox (*I Ching*, *Tao Te Ching*, Zen, Sufism), the Kundalini (kundalini and tantric yoga, tantric Buddhism), the Philosopher's Stone (alchemy), the Tree of Life (tarot, kabbalism), the White Goddess (feminism, yoga of wisdom/compassion, women's mystery clans), the Zodiac (astrology), Wicca (the sex-plant teachings of medieval witches, homeopathy), and archetypal psychology (Jungianism). In addition one can find guidance from living or dead masters such as Black Elk, Alice Bailey, Seth, Isis, Don Juan, Ramana Maharshi and Socrates, as well as from people you know or meet in your daily life.

There's a great awakening going on now, a meeting of wisdom, growth and time, in which this essay is a small part. Your coming into your ROIKA is also part of it. Some people call this awakening the "New Age". Some new age writers are Andrea Dworkin, Anne Kent Rush, Jane Roberts, Carlos Castaneda, Chogyam Trungpa, Hyemeyohsts Storm, Ram Dass, David Spangler, Rita Mae Brown (who balances David Spangler nicely, by the way) and many others. A musical recording in the same theme is Cris Williamson's *The Changer and the Changed* (Olivia Records). A useful summary of this happening is Mark Satin's *New Age Politics: Healing Self and Society* (Delta Books). All the arts and sciences, the ways of family, politics, food production, social organization, loving, are re-emerging anew.



This new age is starting with a synthesis and transformation of societies. In much of the third world this change is happening under Marxist principles. Supporting this means learning about the Marxist vision of imperialism, class, etc. if you already haven't. But especially it means unfolding our gay gift, ROIKA.

It's crucial for gay men not to give up their unique gayness when dealing with the magical energies of non-gay sorcerers, writers or spokespeople. If you do give it up in favor of another aspect of the struggle, that's OK. But then you won't be able to help develop ROIKA, which contains a singular contribution towards saving our planet and creating the new-age society.

Many non-gay new-age people ignore or trivialize our gift. They'll try to make your gayness seem insignificant, at best just an "alternate" form of sexual expression. One method you can use to decide on the understanding and usefulness of a particular person is to see if they praise and encourage our ROIKA (or on a more strictly material plane, how they relate to gay people). If they have nothing to say at all about us, be suspicious. Some new-age mystics turn out to be assholes and pigs as far as gayness is concerned.

But I think the emergence of ROIKA and the new age are closely connected. And it's up to us fags and our friends to do it. Unfortunately many of us have been distracted by false self, liberal, namby-pamby, Marxist and other non-gay claptrap. As yet there are few faggots actively into ROIKA, though many are on the doorstep. The journals *Gay Sunshine*, *Fag Rag* and *RFD* occasionally glance there, as do Edward Carpenter and Aleister Crowley. Harry Hay in his unpublished essays points to it (his address is Circle of Loving Companions, 5343 La Cresta Court, Los Angeles, CA 90038). Then there's Paul Rosenfel's obscure *Homosexuality: the Psychology of the Creative Process* (Libra Press). Arthur Evans looks at it in *Witchcraft and the Gay Counter-culture* (Fag Rag Books). Aaron Shurin (in his *Midnight Sun*) and a few other fag poets sing about it. William Burroughs tells it in a creepy book called *The Book of Breeething* (Blue Wind Press). Lots of dykes know of our ROIKA, but you have to ask them about that.

What you really have to do is ask yourself. The truth is in you now. I'm dressed as Abraham Lincoln on the shoulders of a tacky circus magician. So listen to your own wisdom, your inner voice. There's much more than appears in this essay; so mix it up, throw it out or take parts as you find useful, at your own pace, what feels good for you. Things will happen at the right time, which can be any time. The lotus unfolds anywhere, in your daily life, while eating, shitting, reading, working, fucking. It's not what you do, but the spirit you bring to what you do. The fantastic already is, here, now, in every moment, every movement.

This essay has been about moving through your vision on the path of the faggot warrior. It continues the previous essay but goes more slowly. The first view is grand because from a distance; only when you get closer do you see the cliff. Beyond the cliff waits your ROIKA sorcerer. He watches you approach. She extends her hand. It comes slowly, then flings you off. They fly with you over. Then there's no more you and sorcerer. There's only the flashing eye, the sparking fingers, the compassion and sorrow, the burden and laughter, the charm. There's death, there's nothing, only the supreme mystery, only the Great Work.

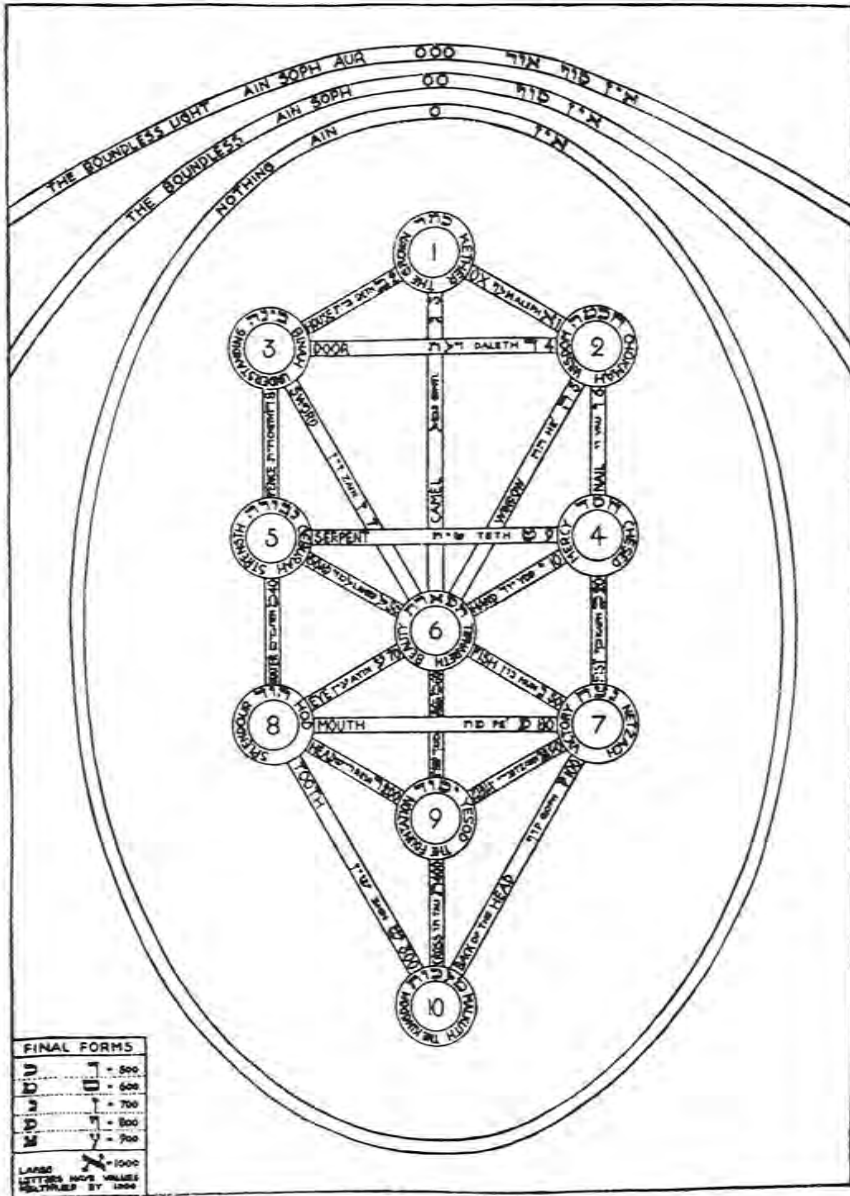
And so it goes. As it's revealed to me I grow. As I grow, more is revealed. And thus I move in the spiral of creation.

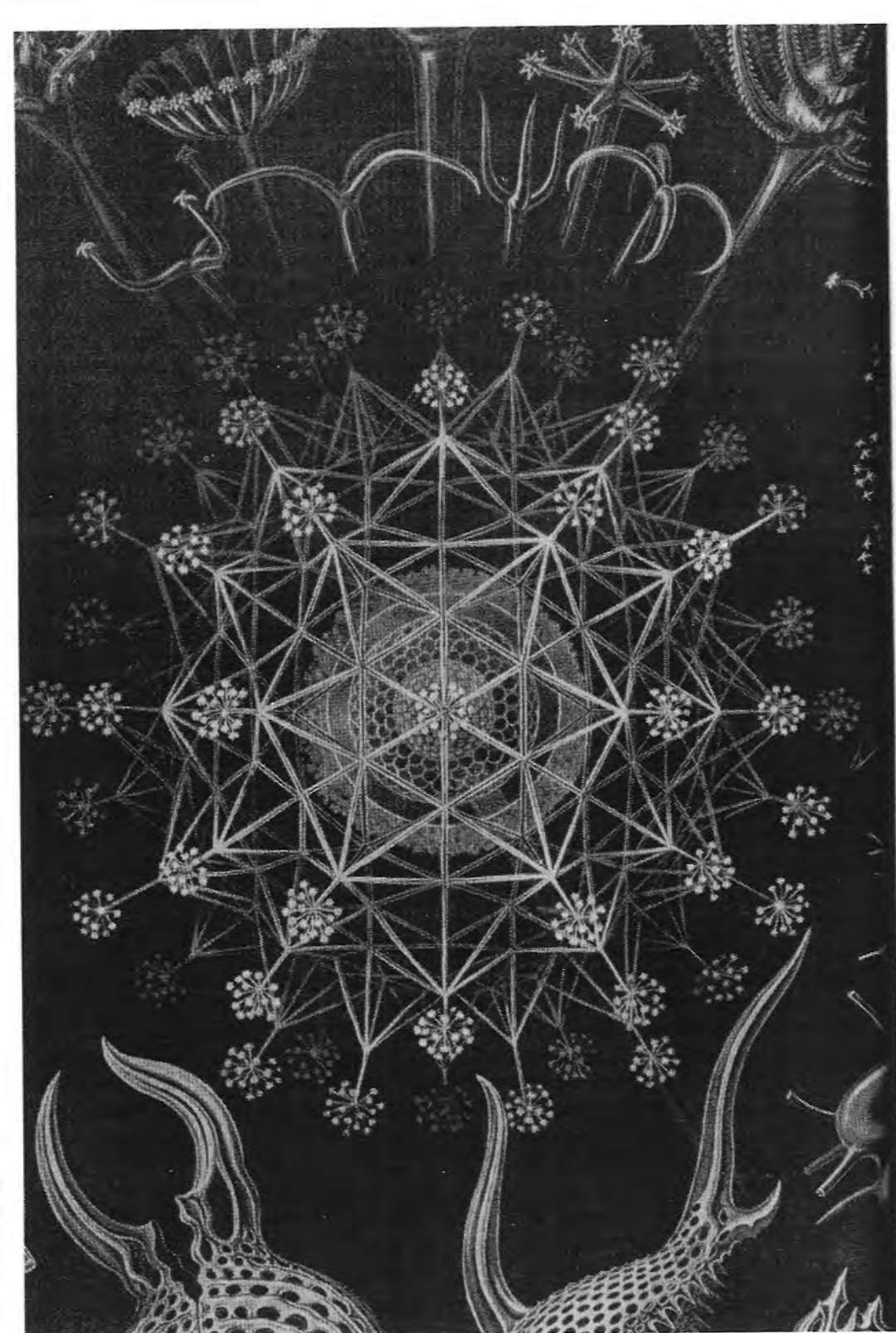
May Harmony be with us. My greetings to you all.

Come to your life like a warrior,
nothin' will bore yer,
You can be happy.
Let in the light it will heal you,
and you can feel you
And sing out a song of the soul.
—Cris Williamson



THE KEY SCALE.





Trans-mutational Faerie

Fall Equinox, 1979

Somewhere over the rainbow
Way up high,
There's a place that I heard of
Once in a lullaby.

If happy little bluebirds fly
Beyond the rainbow in the sky,
Then why oh why can't I?

—*Judy Garland*

Yeah you
Got that something,
I think you'll understand
When I

Say that something,
I wanna hold your hand,
I wanna hold your hand,
I wanna hold your hand.

—*The Beatles*

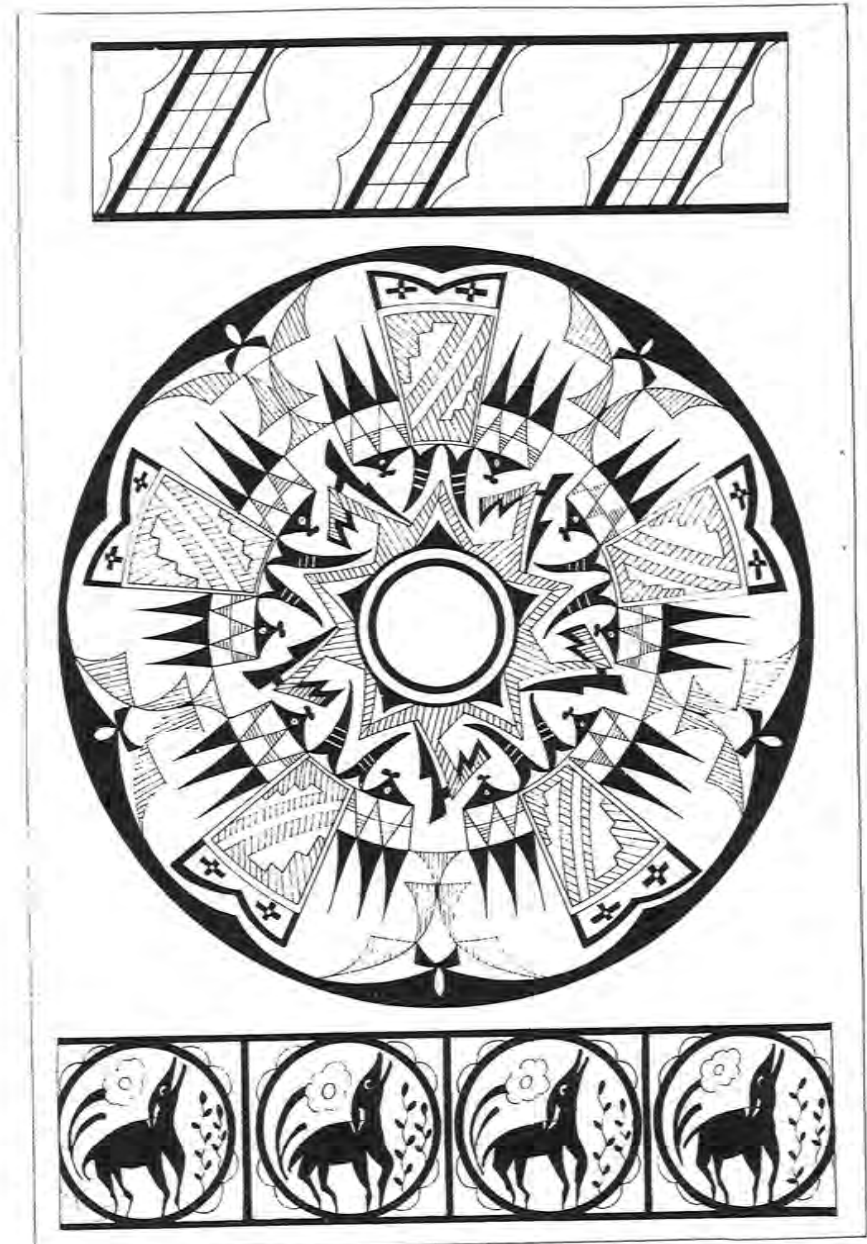
When will the Circle
Be unbroken?
Bye and bye, Lord
Bye and bye.

—*American Folk Tune*

You run and tell that ol' patriarch
we're no longer blind to his ways
You run and tell him we've stolen all the keys
To the prison he has made.

There's a gay spirit singing in our hearts
leading us through these troubled times
There's a gay spirit moving round this land
Calling us to a time of open love.

—*Charlie Murphy*



Greetings, my brothers.

I have a vision which I wish to share. Imagine us sitting in a circle, holding each other's hand. Perhaps we are in the desert, at night time, sitting around a few candles, with the great star-multitude above us, and the desert's song of cooling peacefulness after the day-sun's heat.



Imagine some dreamy place such as this where we have gathered in peace, serenity and openness, where we feel trust and warmth for each other and all creation. Imagine we are sharing in oneness at the end of the day (as if we'd been doing this for many years), sitting together and holding hands. We've gathered in the silence, breathing softly, listening. We're hearing the night sounds, and remembering peace.



Peace is a beautiful thing, I feel. And so too are compassion, joy, wholeness, balance . . .



My brothers.

Let us enter a dream space. Imagine that we are dreaming, that what I say is a part in this dream and has no more nor less substance than any other such thing. Let us each recall where we enter and leave when we sleep, where we were last night and will be again soon. Listen to these words as if they came from a dream voice or a dream place, and be with them as it is best for you.



My brothers.

I wish to share a vision with you. But it's a difficult vision to share in the written English form, with its straight lines row after row. My vision is not straight, but circular. This causes me some difficulty, which

I beg you to understand and bear with. This makes it hard to share the *life* in my vision, for the simple reason that a tree cannot be put on paper. A tree may be hundreds of feet high. Can you imagine how many reams of paper that might produce? Yet the paper is not the tree, although there would be little paper without it.



So too, there would be little life in the oceans without the abundant presence of *plankton*, one-celled green plants that live in billion-fold colonies throughout the great seas. These plankton are the pyramidal base of oceanic food-chains. With their presence life in great abundance is nourished and stimulated. The gift of plankton, however, is even more magnificent, for it also provides the major source of oxygen gas used by all air-breathing animals. Yet one plankton is very tiny, much smaller than the life forms we may be used to seeing as small, such as grass or ants.



Let us imagine ourselves on a dream journey. Imagine we have gathered here in the desert, in order to be one, to be in at-one-ment, with all the beautiful life forms of our planet Earth, to merge our consciousness with that of the plankton and all that live in the oceans, with the great continents and their rivers, mountains and deserts, with the living, molten rock deep beneath our feet, and with each warm brother present with us in this circle. Imagine yourself with all this, in awareness, dismissing any hardheartedness, hate or anger towards nature that you may have been forced to gather on your life's path. Imagine, now, being simply in conscious awareness, in innocence and relaxed trust.



Imagine us gathered together here in this one place, with all our brothers, in a great fairy circle, listening together. Listening to trees, to bushes and the wind around us, to hills in the distance, to the oceans and all life, to the stars which surround us in their millions and billions.



Imagine our Milky Way Galaxy spinning in its spiral path outwards from the Great Source, with many more like it twirling in space too. Recall to mind astronomical photos you've seen of galaxies like Andromeda or of nebulae or novas, and try to imagine what the pictures try to represent. Try imagining, and feeling, the presence, beingness, *immenseness*, of something like an andromedan galaxy. Imagine yourself as Galaxy Milky Way rather than, say, Mitch Walker. Leave your intellect at the door, and sit in presence, in unitary telepathic communion with all space.



Let our hearts be open. Let us be filled with compassion as we listen. Let us listen heartfully to our sister/brother stars, to our sun and moon, to our earth and her many voices, to rivers and streams, birds and dragonflies, whales and dolphins, antelope and elephants, to trees and rocks, to the people around us, to ourselves.



This is a time of great transition, and there is much stress. Perhaps you can feel this stress. There is a great Event happening, something vast, right now as I write these words. You won't read about it in the newspapers, although it's present in almost every story. It is not political, economic, social or military yet affects all these aspects of life.



This event is originating at a much deeper level. Because it may not as yet have reached Mankind's linear time/space awareness does not mean that it doesn't exist. If people walking down the street don't feel it, perhaps it is because they're out of touch with their bodies, with their bones even, for this Event I speak of is profound, is *very* real and *very* much present to myself and many others. It includes and permeates our entire planet. It shakes me to my depths. It frightens me. Everyone and everything with eyes, ears and other senses can see, hear, feel and even taste it. It's Here. It's coming.



I see her coming. Awe fills me. She carries a scythe, with which she reaps worlds. She is a vast Being. She serves the Great Spirit, which is Herself, and so she strides between the stars towards our planet Earth. She has heard and seen and responded.



Many folks are seeing visions. Some take them seriously. Others don't. While most are sleeping, and the air is filled with their snores.



Such is the state that Mankind has brought things to that many people can no longer hear, or see, or feel. This is a terrible state to be in, with much pain. It feeds on itself like a cancer within a body. Because of the suffering, a person takes the simplest, straightest, easiest ways available and has not the time or patience to understand circles, or triangles, or trees. This is a great loss.



Because the Earth is a circle, a breakable circle. And if many people were aware—were in *touch* with—our Earth I'm certain they would feel her pain. The end result of Man's obsession with linear, rational time and space is the inevitable reduction of the planetary ecosphere to a straight, flat line. A *real* reduction, a substantial, palpable, dynamic, thorough change: the collapse of the Earth's eco-system, the death of what Teilhard de Chardin called the noosphere, the life-force Presence, what many nature peoples called their Mother.



Here is the first half of the vision I want to share with you. It's not very pleasant. I find it good to be balanced in a deep heartspace with it.



Let me speak clearly: I'm not, as yet, *rationally* convinced that the planetary ecosphere is in a process of irreversible collapse. Yet I have visions, and sense intuitively some thing like this, some thing dark and awesome. And if the ecosphere *is* dying, then this would be a good thing to know about, don't you think? Could you imagine anyone who *wouldn't* want us to know about it? "Pish, pish," such a person might say, "that's unfounded, a wild overgeneralization, irrational, extremist, emotionally biased, kooky mumbo jumbo. It's best to stay away

from such nonsense, or you might get a little kooky too." (Unfortunately in this particular myth system such terms as "kooky" are connected with certain concentration-camp like places called "mental institutions".)



Imagine the planetary ecosphere as one vast living circle or chain of energy, formed of many links. In this image, if one link is broken, the energy circuit can no longer flow at that point. Because the circle-chain is formed of such an immense number of links, the effect of one broken link will be felt by the whole only gradually. But when it is, since this is a living chain, the link will then be healed. In this way the life of the circle is maintained. A vast ring of life-light is continually manifested.



Now imagine that more and more pressure is brought to bear against more and more links in this great chain. The system undergoes stress. If more links are lost than can be repaired by the circle-life, then a process of dying is entered. Then the life-force can no longer renew itself. It fades. Wholeness dissolves. The Source-of-life departs, the Soul departs.



Now imagine that the planetary ecosphere, the life-ring, is present within each plant and animal being on the Earth as health and healing. As the life-circle is disrupted, all plants and animals are affected, knowingly or unknowingly. Their internal states of health and healing are disrupted. As the life-chain sickens and withers, so do they. As the powerful men sit in their great steel towers and marble palaces they will sicken and wither too.



I wish to speak of these men, these Masters of scientific, patriarchal, electronic, post-industrial nation-states. They have built for themselves fantastic weapons of destruction. As I write these words, many thousands of thermonuclear warheads sit poised, waiting, constantly tended, like coiled steel springs, waiting like loaded guns with a finger at each trigger, aimed, waiting. Many thousand-years of androcratic yearning for strife and supremacy lie gathered now in ten thousand hydrogen bombs. Ten thousand hydrogen bombs.



Try to imagine the consciousness of such beings who would create and maintain such things. Imagine the sense of power and control of fate they must feel, to be able to envelop the Earth in radioactive clouds and obliterate planetary life. Imagine the will, the greed, the lust to domination, fear of domination, fear of death, which must be embodied in such tools, in such masterly methods of power.



Do you think the creatures who created such weapons and who created the conditions requiring such weapons will grow more sane as the ecosphere collapses? Can you imagine that 10,000 years of cancerous androcratic growth in sado-supremacy through war, thievery, trickery, rape—that thrusting growth which invades our Earth's life-ring even as it builds more and better weapons of war—I say can you imagine this 10,000 years growing and see it without its momentum, without its accumulated vigor, embodied in 10,000 fusion warheads? Can you imagine that this stupendous, ridiculous melodrama has no *meaning* in the cosmic scheme? That the brutal obliteration of entire animal species and human races, the greedy exploitation of most survivors—the pogroms, genocides, enslavements, rapes—that the sufferings of millions of innocent victims, women, children, whales... that the deaths of so many have no meaning?

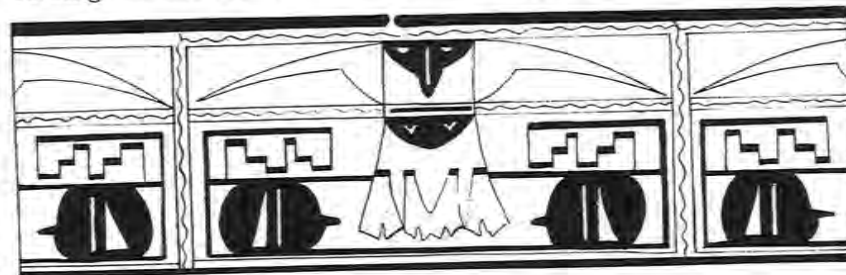


I'm sitting in a room. I can't remember exactly what I was doing there,

but I do remember sitting near a large open window. Outside I can see a large body of water which might be the San Francisco Bay. I'm sitting in this room, and suddenly it is filled with a tremendous, blinding white light. Automatically I turn my head out the window to see a great white blaze filling everything, so that I can no longer see the bay or sky or even nearby buildings, but only pure white light. Time seems to stop.



As I stare at the light, gradually I can begin to distinguish a center. The light starts to draw into this center, expanding outwards again in the form of a great yellow ball. Then I can see this great ball of light over the bay. The light dims still more, and I see the great ball rising in roiling clouds of multi-colored flame. I watch a stupendous cloud-mushroom rise over the bay. There is no time to think anything. It's totally fascinating, totally captivating. Then comes a great rushing, roaring thunder-sound. It is the sound of my dying.



It may be hard for us to stay long with certain dream-images or thoughts. We may glimpse our own personal death, and such a glimpse can be profound. We all know we will physically die at some point, inevitably. Yet this may be difficult to accept for some reason or other. It may feel like a threat, it may trigger much fear. Our egos may not like the idea. But if we do not try to oppose or avoid our deaths, and can calm those egos, then we can be with dream-images which may include or suggest our own personal physical death within them. Then we can consider situations and possibilities which might otherwise be closed to our awareness.



But my real job is, and that's why I need your help, to tell people that death does not exist. It is very important that mankind [sic] knows that, because we [i.e. mankind] are at the beginning of a very difficult time. Not only for this country, but for the whole planet Earth. Because of our own destructiveness. Because of the nuclear weapons. Because of our greediness and materialism. Because we are piggish in terms of ecology. Because we have destroyed so many, many natural resources, and because we have lost all genuine spirituality. I'm exaggerating, but not too much. The only thing that will bring about the change into a new age is that the Earth is shaken, that we are shaken, and we're going to be shaken. We have already seen the beginning of it.

You have to know not to be afraid of that. Only if you keep a very, very open channel, an open mind, and no fear, will great insight and revelations come to you.

—*Elisabeth Kubler-Ross*



Now if the society of Androcratic culture has a ten-thousand year history of life, meaning, evolution and fate, which culminates around this time, perhaps so too do other cultures. Perhaps there is a polar opposite or reversed reflection of Androcracy, a not-androcracy peopled with not-men living nowhere. Perhaps as the darkness grows, somewhere else light increases. Perhaps as some beings reach for destruction and dissolution others focus their will on regeneration and rebirth. Who focus their will in such a way that they do not oppose destruction and dissolution, but understand them as *natural events* in the Great Spiral Dance. Perhaps these others are aware that death and birth are perfectly linked, that the ultimate fruit of all labor is creation. Perhaps they are with a great Round of life which encompasses not only our own planet but many others. Perhaps they are with a Round of Life which includes many spaces and many times.



Perhaps there are places where thoughts and physical objects exist as simultaneous manifestations of each other. Perhaps there are planets or realities where thought is instantly translated into physical form. Perhaps there are will-ful beings who manifest the gift of perfectly free choice concerning the contents of their thoughts. What would such beings choose to think?



I know this:

Whatever we can imagine is possible;
 Whatever we will to be will be.
 I know it is time to dream strong dreams
 And then to abandon them for the dreams to come.

—*Barbara Starrett, I Dream in Female*



Imagine yourself in a womb-matrix, in a warm, protective, nurturant, free space, a place of renewal, of perfect healing, of soft, calm, quiet, floating, peace. And now imagine yourself as that matrix in which you float. Be gentle. Be strong. Be graceful. Be compassionate. Be she who birthed us all, to whom we all return, infinite warmth, infinite safety, infinite caring, infinite acceptance, infinite love. Be peace. Be silence. Be healing. Be all things, and be healing. Bless all the beings who exist, and send them your love. This is the way of Infinite Warmth, who judges not. She is unending unstoppable healing, gentle as water, yet she wears down mountains of pain, suffering and confusion. Peace, peace to all.



There is a place beyond words. Let us go there. Imagine deeper, fuller communication: thought-transference, telepathy, total subject-subject communion. Imagine being in such a mode now.



Words get between us and the dance and the meaning behind the dance—just one more thing between us and the meaning. One must dance the dance and go through it to the meaning.

—Dorothy Bryant, *The Kin of Ata*



(Relax deeply, focus, and listen slowly, care-fully:)



You all agree on certain basic assumptions that serve as a framework within which the play can occur. The assumptions are that time is a series of moments one after another; that an objective world exists quite independently of your own creation and perception of it; that you are bound within the physical bodies that you have donned; and that you are limited by time and space.

—Seth



Explode these assumptions!
Let us be freeflying!
This is gayness,
This is visionary love,
This is faggot warring and sissy shamanism,
This is rainbow dancing, rainbow becoming!



No more auction block for me!
No more, no more;
No more auction block for me,
Many thousand gone.

No more driver's lash for me!
No more, no more;
No more driver's lash for me,
Many thousand gone.

No more pint of salt for me!
No more, no more;
No more pint of salt for me,
Many thousand gone.

—Black spiritual



Fairies everywhere must begin to stand tall and beautiful in the sun. Fairies must begin to throw off the filthy green frog-skin of Hetero-imitation and discover the lovely Gay-Conscious notMAN shining underneath. Fairies must begin creating their new world...

—Harry Hay



Imagine that Visionary Love is first seeing, then recognizing, and finally joining a vital, mythic, on-going struggle for the universe of free being, for the universe of your true gay being, for worldwide justice for all beings on all levels, a deeply revolutionary com/passionate karmic work with pattern and purpose involving evolution, consciousness, creatures of false and true self, of straightman's societies and anarcho-communal Spirit-utopias, forms of living zombie death and magickal spiralling kozmic ecstasy, reality-forms of a multi-level, multi-sexual political melodrama.

“The commitment to ending male dominance as the fundamental

psychological, political and cultural reality of earth-lived life is the fundamental revolutionary commitment.” —Andrea Dworkin, *WomanHating*. The commitment of a *gay man* to ending male dominance *within himself* is a great and magickal Nightjourney of shamanistic trial and transmutation, a complete and thorough self-alteration, a great and living Round in growing, glowing consciousness, a double-helixed, evolutional Self dancing.

Sometimes I refer to this dancing as ROIKA. This word is a tool, a dream tool. Because “roika” is not a known word or meaningful English sound, it therefore has no meaning in that culture: it’s outside English language, thought, experience, behavior.

So it can have Other meanings and images. Imagine it to be a mysterious, good, dreaming-song. Imagine that it comes from the wise, universal Center through the kozmic black hole below your mind and *takes* you.

Imagine that when you hear this song it *takes* you away, with love and purpose. If so, then it won’t happen in English (or Spanish or French). If you are *taken*, it doesn’t happen in English and it’s not a tv show and you can’t smoke it: SOMETHING HAPPENS TO YOU. WEIRD LOVING BEINGS COME. THERE IS MUCH HEALING, MUCH LOVING, MUCH UNDERSTANDING. AH! Aieeeeeeeooooo! Hey yah! Oil



O camerado close! O you and me at last, and us two only.
O a word to clear one’s path ahead endlessly!
O something ecstatic and undemonstrable! O music wild!
O now I triumph—and you shall also;
O hand in hand—O wholesome pleasure—O one more desirer and lover!
O to haste firm holding—to haste, haste on with me.

—Walt Whitman



It is very difficult to give any intelligible description of [the shining beings]. The first time I saw them with great vividness I was lying on a hill-side alone in the west of Ireland, in County Sligo: I had been listening to music in the air, and to what seemed to be the sound of bells, and was trying to understand these aerial clashings in which wind seemed to break upon wind in an ever-changing musi-

cal silvery sound. Then the space before me grew luminous. There was at first a dazzle of light, and then I saw that this came from the heart of a tall figure with a body apparently shaped out of half-transparent or opalescent air, and throughout the body ran a radiant, electrical fire, to which the heart seemed the centre. Around the head of this being and its waving luminous hair, which was blown all about the body like living strands of gold, there appeared flaming wing-like auras. From the being itself light seemed to stream outwards in every direction, and the effect left on me after the vision was one of extraordinary lightness, joyousness, or ecstasy.

—an Irish mystic, who is a seer, quoted in *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries* by W.Y. Evans-Wentz.



O Sadhul the simple union is the best.

Since the day when I met with my Friend,*

there has been no end to the sport of our love.

I shut not my eyes, I close not my ears, I do not mortify my body;
I see with eyes open and smile, and behold his beauty everywhere.

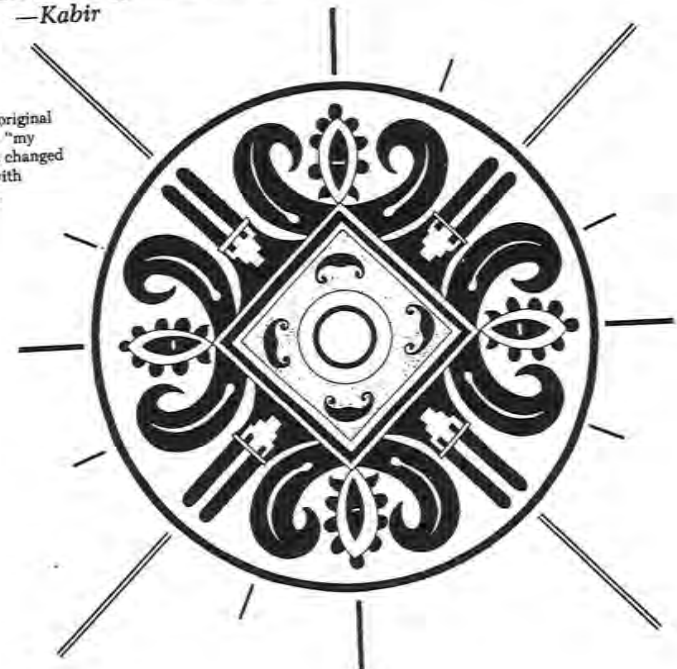
.....
Whether I rise or sit down, I can never forget him;

for the rhythm of his music beats in my ears.

Kabir says: My heart is frenzied, and I disclose in my soul
what is hidden. I am immersed in that one great bliss which
transcends all pleasure and pain.

—Kabir

*Note: the original translation, “my Lord”, was changed by M.W. with permission.



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Later, after I return, I discover that I've changed. Something has infected me way down, has watered my deep seed; I start to sprout, to remember things: *there's a gay spirit, an ecstatic love and liberating purpose*. There is no hesitation: I commit myself as a Spirit-warrior, to the struggle, to re-enter and free this reality, this love, this Self, this dream-vision and all such dreams. . .

to dance through the true/false-self dialectic
on a found, created, crossed Rainbow,
to sail in a rainbow egg through the skies
to an Other place.

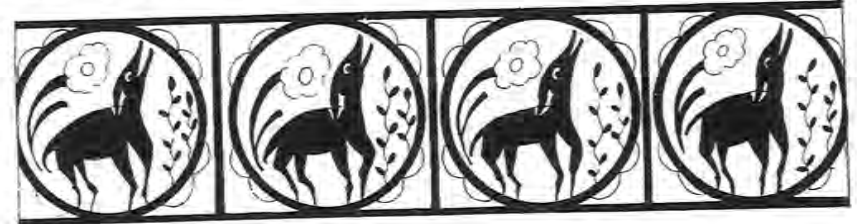


Sometimes I have mentioned this other place as LOKA. The word "loka" exists in Sanskrit and in that language means, simply, "place". Thus LOKA, of course, is more nonsense, or, perhaps circular nonsense, and if we wish to be in a more positive mode, it can then be circular yes-sense, and next we can add a hub-point to form a perfectly centered Self, and this Self is a blazing wisdom and infinite enspiriting empowering Source.



Simultaneously, LOKA can be a *faerie realm* in the kozmic All-center, a world or even a Universe of worlds of great harmony, balance and creative joy. Imagine a world like earth, yet where perfection manifests more clearly, easily, readily than on the Earth that we know now, where there are no wars, no slavery, no rapists, no false-self games, no men. Imagine yourself as a kosmopolitan experience of simultaneous, multiple time-space lives, functions, knowings, energies, purposes. And yet your overall experience is centered, unified, balanced, transcendent, free, ever joyful and light. Imagine a world built of light, with plants, animals and Self-ful be-ings of light who together manifest societies and cultures of great pleasure and enspiriting. The Self-ful be-ings travel between worlds in ships of light, as they experience their various lives, functions, knowings, energies and purposes. Imagine that, after we die, we will instantly remember we are such be-ings and return to our ships of light. Or/And imagine that through this imaging we are co-creating ourselves as such beings with such ships. Or/And imagine such imaginings of such images as being

highly positive, useful, healing and purposeful. Reach for the fullest, most wonderful imaginings. Open to as many as you can focus on, as lustfully as possible. This will bring great joy and goodness.



Let me tell you a story:

About types of beings generically called Fairies, about their characteristic consciousness, their strange awareness, called *faerie*. Faerie is *see-ing through polarity*. In straight consciousness Bi-Polar Thought is king: male and female are opposites, win-or-lose is the game, reality and dream are separate, immutable and contradictory. But there are Fairies, who look on in gentle mocking laughter at such childishness, for they know that everyone is now "female", now "male", that no one ever wins when anybody loses, that reality and dream flip into each other at the flick of a glittering wand.

Fairies see polarities dancing, changing everywhere, constantly. So they know that any pole frozen by itself blocks the flow, becomes a dead weight, an illusion hiding true understanding. So they come to realize that every "objective" *thing* is but a shadow.

Knowing this, the Fairies can't take themselves too seriously, either, seeing as they are also an illusion. This creates a marvelous lightness! Fairies are truly blessed, truly free modes of being, for they can laugh at themselves in their deepest places, can transcend their ignorance from moment to moment, gliding out of each limit and restriction even as it manifests, emerging each from hir own form like a butterfly or a moth.

This wonderful paradoxical freedom from form, this lightness, enables Fairies to fly. It grants them much deep wisdom.

Once someone came and told them this:



"There is an essence, essence of an eternal, hidden, dark, shining, eerie

secret: the simultaneous and continuous creation and annihilation of Form, which is the heartbeat of material existence, which is that beingness, that essential *is-ness* of all that exists there—trees, people, planets, space, time, matter, energy—all *is* which is Changing, an infinite Pattern, a total-living weave of beams and streams, eddies, swirls, bursts and flows of *is-into-not-is*, and *not-is-into-is*, out of and into an unnameable nothingness-One; that all shapes, forms, are *bendings* and *corners* of this flowing-is, this power/nothing, the true behind the false behind the true behind the false in a living, pulsing spiral of All-That-Is.

“And those blessed with *faerie* can gaze into this essence as it were a crystal ball, and it opens their gaze through swirling shapes and colors deeper and deeper until it becomes unfoldingness itself, and they can see through the earth and out to the stars and beyond, and melt into their gaze and become the point in their Eye and flow into the Crystal itself, passing to its Center, and so become themselves There which then too is Here and All and anything, and thereby they are One *from the inside* with the bendings and corners of realities, and so they are not yet static *things* but riders of lightbeams, weightless dancers along the edge—indeed they are the Dancing itself, purposeful, masterless, nothing-points of will; they are flow, the wind, There at the Source.”



Just as most human societies are based in human, androcratic, straight thought, so there are fairy societies based in *faerie* multi/not-thought. Just as there are human arts and sciences, so there are fairy “arts” and “sciences”.

Remember school? History, English, Geography, Biology, Astronomy, Physics? Nations wars geniuses literature language music oceans continents stars comets atoms? Remember books teachers doctors church tv family airplanes the street where you grew up? Was all this real, or a dream?

Fairy r/evolving involves something like what some call death. So-called death is like a faerie double-helix. Western man opposes death just like he opposes faerie, just like he opposes Woman-song. Fairies do not oppose death, because faerie *is* death. And re-birth. Faerie is life and death together, and the *freedom* of life and death, and much, much more.

Faerie is freedom of all forms, all things, freedom of gravity, and

thereby of distance and motion, thus of space and time.

This gives faerie-beings many abilities, ability to appear and disappear at will, to travel between the real and not-real, to play creatively, knowingly, with illusion/truth. The Fairy “arts and sciences” are wisdom-systems based in these and other abilities. The result are strange and marvelous beings, who move with much gentle grace and the strength of High Magick, trans-multiple be-ings of radiant compassion, shapers in Dream, Form and Pattern, agents of kozmik porpoise.

Many Fairies are agents of planet Earth. Their faerie-being gives them telepathic union with nature’s heart, such that they flow with her completely, loving her as they do themselves. In return she gives them her wisdom, her *being-ness* of and deeply loving respect for the joyful fulfillment of each living creature. Thereby these Fairies become living repositories of all nature, they become planet Earth itself.

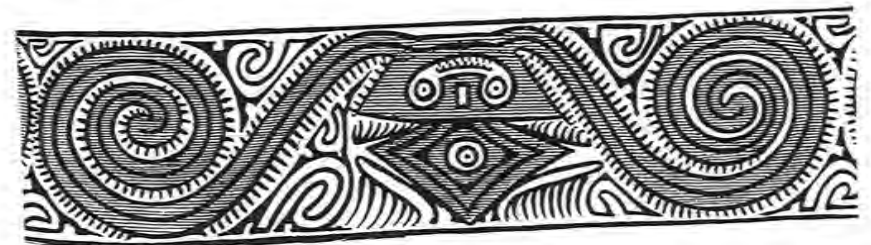
In this way Fairies can become other planets as well, other times as well.



Earth Fairies are lovingly present when a link in the eco-chain dies. And their manifestations of life increase in response. Thus they work in the Pattern. As darkness grows, so does their balancing light.

These Fairies, and wise Witch-women—all the agent-creators of Healing and Balance—prepare and provide for fulfillment of the Earth’s great Change of death/rebirth, what the Hopi Prophecy describes as the end of the Fourth World and emergence into the Fifth.

Some men provide channels to allow the entrance of death. Some trans-mutational faerie-ing provides new life.



I knew I was dying and that there was nothing I could do about it, because no one could hear me. . . . I was out of my body, there's no doubt about it, because I could see my own body there on the operating room table. My soul was out! All this made me feel very bad at first, but then, this really bright light came. It did seem that it was a little dim at first, but then it was this huge beam. It was just a tremendous amount of light, nothing like a big bright flashlight, it was just too much light. And it gave off heat to me; I felt a warm sensation.

It was a bright yellowish white—more white. It was tremendously bright; I just can't describe it. It seemed that it covered everything, yet it didn't prevent me from seeing everything around me—the operating room, the doctors and nurses, everything. I could see clearly, and it wasn't blinding.

At first, when the light came, I wasn't sure what was happening, but then, it asked, it kind of asked me if I was ready to die. It was like talking to a person, but a person wasn't there. The light's what was talking to me, but in a *voice*.

Now, I think that the voice that was talking to me actually realized that I wasn't ready to die. You know, it was just kind of testing me more than anything else. Yet, from the moment the light spoke to me, I felt really good—secure and loved. The love which came from it is just unimaginable, indescribable. It was a fun person to be with! And it had a sense of humor, too—definitely!

A brilliant white light appeared to me. The light was so bright that I could not see through it, but going into its presence was so calming and so wonderful. There is just no experience on earth like it. — It was beautiful, and everything was an intense green—a color unlike anything on earth. There was beautiful, uplifting light—all around me! — As I approached more closely, I felt certain that I was going through that mist. It was such a wonderful joyous feeling; there are just no words in the human language to describe it. — Around the edges of the door I could see a really brilliant light, with rays just streaming like everybody was so happy in there, and reeling around, moving around. It seemed like it was awfully busy in there. I looked up and said, "Lord, here I am. If you want me, take me." Boy, he shot me back so fast it felt like I almost lost my breath. — After I came back, I cried off and on for about a week because I had to live in this world after seeing that one. I didn't want to come back.

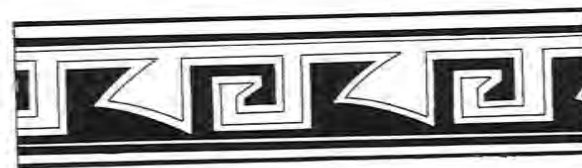
It is a very interesting thing to find out that other people have had the same experience, because I hadn't realized. . . . I am actually happy that I have heard this, knowing that obviously someone else has been through this, too. Now I *know* I'm not crazy.

It was always such a real thing to me, but I never would tell anybody because I was scared that they would look at me and think [something hostile]. . . .

I figured that someone else would've had this same experience, but that I probably never would meet up with anybody who knew another person who had, because I don't think people are going to talk. If somebody were to come and tell me, without me ever having been there, I would probably look at them

and wonder what they were trying to pull over on me, because that's just the way our society is.

—People who "returned" from bodily death, recorded in
Life After Life by Raymond Moody



We are being called. Listen.

Somebody sings:

GAYNESS IS NOT A STRAIGHT REALITY.
GAYNESS IS NOT A STRAIGHT REALITY.
GAYNESS IS NOT A STRAIGHT REALITY.
We are stepping beyond.

Listen. Sings REALITY beyond.

Sings of time. Sings straight space/time means slavery and death for budding fairy Selves. Sings straight space/time is linear, sequential, flat, fascist, father of 10,000 brutalities. This is the politics of working on the Earth-plane now.

Multi not-Man be-ing is the politics of working now. Life-Death is the politics now. All go to their fates. There is a fairy fate. Listen.

Almost all human cultures had myths and stories about faerie lands and astral (star-channeling) planes.

We have been deceived! Caught in a mythological tyranny, in a web of falseself perversions, in a maze of deceptional violence, in a world of twisted words, cut off at the roots by shadows, trapped within spells of the word-masters. We have forgotten. We became thought-slaves. "Indeed, deception is embedded in the very texture of the words we use, and here is where our exorcism can begin"—Mary Daly, *Gyn/Ecology*.

Visionary Love starts here, in the bowels of falseself bondage, is a book of contrary word-testaments, of uppity queer metathought-liberation, of sissy-fying world-slipping survival tactics, of epic reincarnational trueself recovery ploys, of strategic evolutionary consciousness flowering fairy fate. We manifest a mutation in consciousness, for which we have been persecuted and exploited. It's time to stop this stupidity. It's time to enter our maturity. *It's time*.

Darkness grows in the falseself lands. This is not a coincidence. Those of use who live there live in a time-bomb, in a monstrously climaxing karmic behemoth, live in a violent dinosaurian genetic fate. Tyrannosaur Rex is thrashing in ecstatic S & M pain, is the ultra-victim in a self-induced *snuff* movie involving the entire Earth, enacting his last act and ringing down the curtain on World 4.

Gay shamanism is work in such times, work in the mode of death, work with the dying, death of oneself. Delightful communal Self realization is the instantly real resurrection. Sorcerous faggot fighter is a menace to society, is a dangerous flaming phoenix, a glowingly rounded rebirth function, an extra-ordinary healing-tool, a Rainbow-bridging eros-tool. Gay realization is sorely needed life-light now. Concentrated eros, focused will, activated anger, cerebrated magick, shared love, are tactics to guard and guide our questing, to transform vision, trans-plant worlds, trans-vest Self.

Transylvanian Self-spiraling revolutionary lavender mutations alter cellular substructures beyond man's reincarnational time-warp, when the triggering switch is thrown, when the evolutionary melodrama gets to the right place, when it's time, when you do it. Then function re-

forms form.

SPIRIT function re/places space-time.
Songs of falseselves fade and dissolve.
("Death" was just another falseself delusion.)
Fairy Reality be/comes.



This happens of itself, because trueself LOKA-fated, in those who are truly fated so. A nasty process of poly/gynandromorphic trans-Uranian spherical Self mage-icianing; circle-time process of super-conscious alchemical dissolution above, below, beyond false selves and through their tacky world-mentalities; process of being *taken*.

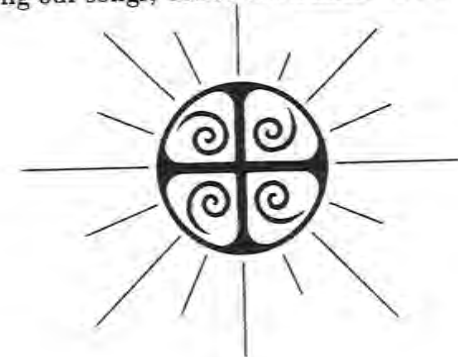
To be *taken* by loving Fairies is truly Self trans-planting, truly not describable, true Self return, dis-adoptioning, un-orphanizing, and real-istically dis-covering, non/sensically re-remembering, aerotically re-entering faerie family homes. Peace, equanimity, wholeness. Homosexual→gay→faggot→fairy→gone.

Fairy physics, helical fusion reactions, anarchical atman supernova, t'ai chi medicinewheel person. ROIKAN recovery of your and my own knowing. Real-ization of dreams, yearnings, ideals, visions of loving, laughing, freedom, satisfaction, creativity, joy, consciousness, belonging, silly erotic innocence, telepathic reunification, wholeness, rejustifying the great imbalances growing now on Earth, reaching our new worlds.

Build loving rings of Spirit, astral fairy brothers. Reclaim our heritage! Reunite our Selves.

Circles of light!
Centers of fire!
Spiraling wind!
Rainbow egg!

Let us create, conspire, organize and plot, spread, evolve, manifest our fates. Let us sing our songs, dance the Dance. Let us be/come Fairies!



So here is the fulness of my vision: it starts in man's world, in linear time, in bipolar thought, in false self bondage, in decay and death. And then it turns, just as time turns, as DNA turns. Justice comes. There is struggle, pain, but also light, ecstasy and great peace. Old and new worlds, forms, methods of time/space being twirl and vibrate, dance in their patterned light/dark fates, expand and withdraw, explode and emerge. In the confusion some fairies discover them/Selves and nova, as was their fate. Heretofore hidden Rainbow Lovers reach out to their seedling-brothers and caress them into maturity, into their ageless soulful Rings. Self uncovers itSelf.

Gay spirit is profoundest love and knowing. A magnificent liberation is possible now for those who re-member their true nature as reality-channeling as faerie Selves. Some forms e-volve, some de-volve. Earths plane. A great revolution.



There are so many beings of consciousness, forms of consciousness in the universe. The myth of a one most conscious creature, whether called god, human, man or oneself, is just that, a myth.

Think of Fairy as symbol, representing or triggering experience of joyful freedom from the myth of One Highest, liberation of be-ings and conscious forms from the bondage of oneself, opening up to the kosmopolitan nature of Self-universe, to the multivarious unitary truth of the matter. Fairy can refer to be/know/come/out/ing, an experiential truth-tool for leaving one's closety old body/mind selves, societies, planets, realities, not merely escaping or abandoning old things for at first they still exist, are still a part of reality, but no longer primary, no longer the obsessive objects of inside fixation. Such fixations are pivot-points in the mythic mechanism of false self bondage, in fascistic

human society-forms.

Liberation is desirable at this time, to enable necessary transfer channeling processes to establish themselves. You can think of this as the latest installment in the unfolding tradition of "gayness" in human societies in the last 10,000 years, an inside tradition of liberation mirroring in perverse reverse the unfolding practice of false self manifestations, most centrally of the dual human sex-roles.

So gayness, faerie etc. are not preconceptions of what they might be, what anyone thinks they might be, but what they are when you find out for yourself going beyond preconceptions, beyond prior myths (like the 3 R's: Respectable, Responsible and Reasonable—and The Golden Rule). Thereby one comes to the myth of faerie, dancing ROIKA, joyous howling rhythms in jisming, pul-ul-usating jubilations.



So goes this vision. I see a Woman coming. She holds a feather in one hand, a double-bladed labrys in the other. The t'ai chi Medicine-wheel is on fire. Great whales are dancing, lit orange and red. I see a pyramid pointing down. Now is time to choose. We each and all must choose.

But the language is all wrong. Non-fairy notSelves nonsensically recover. Nothing true can be written. That's why it's perfectly anarchistic, a matter for each or none at all, from the heart alone, custom-made. Naturally it's telepathic.

Time is all different, not only not linear, but more than just circular or even spherical, more like clay or simply impossible (and of course nothing new to knowing Selves).

Incipient notmen need non-authorities now, need safe gardens for sprouting, need a protective matrix. Let's remember the advice of our gaybrother Harry Hay:

Fairies must begin creating their new world through fashioning for themselves supportive Families of Conscious Choice, co-joined in the shared vision of LOVE (which is the granting to any and all others that total space wherein each may grow and soar to his own freely-selected full potential). Let us gather to find new ways to cherish one another, to reach towards spiritually-sustaining

and emotionally-supportive Gay Family Collectives, within which we can explore, in the loving security of shared consensus, the bottomless depths and diversities of the newly-revealed subject-SUBJECT [*faerie*] inheritances of the Gay Vision.

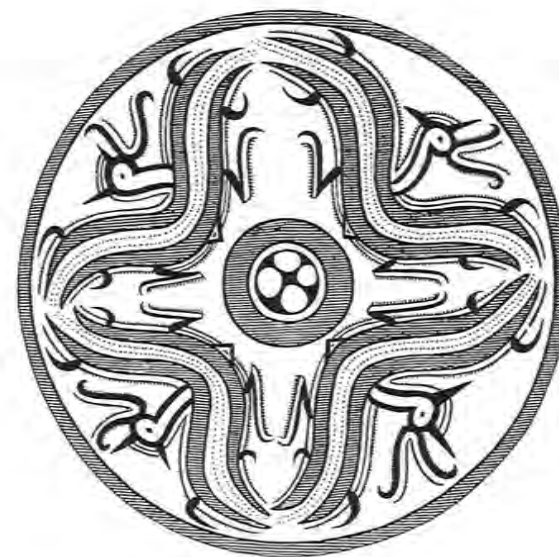
Thus our ages-long work can ripen to term and birth our strange, strange fates.



Now return to our starting point, our quiet spot in the desert. Take three slow, deep breaths. We're back in our warm circle, sitting together under the stars. Be aware of the touching hands, the love and caring. Listen to the desert's nightsong, and remember peace.

Remember this place in the cool wilderness where we have come together. Remember peace and silence, and be with their Source. May each of us, and all beings, always live and grow in peace, in harmony, in creation, in consciousness. Remember all these things in your dreams. They are eternal. You and I are eternal.

I offer you my heartfelt thanks for opening to this sharing. May there be many more.



We two, how long we were fool'd,
Now transmuted, we swiftly escape as Nature escapes,
We are nature, long have we been absent, but now we return,
We become plants, trunks, foliage, roots, bark,
We are bedded in the ground, we are rocks,
We are oaks, we grow in the openings side by side,
We browse, we are two among the wild herds spontaneous as any,
We are two fishes swimming in the sea together,
We are what locust blossoms are, we drop scent around lanes
 mornings and evenings,
We are also the coarse smut of beasts, vegetables, minerals,
We are two predatory hawks, we soar and look down,
We are two resplendent suns, we it is who balance ourselves
 orbic and stellar, we are as two comets,
We prowl fang'd and four-footed in the woods, we spring on prey,
We are two clouds forenoons and afternoons driving overhead,
We are seas mingling, we are two of those cheerful waves
 rolling over each other and interwetting each other,
We are what the atmosphere is, transparent, receptive, pervious,
 impervious,
We are snow, rain, cold, darkness, we are each product
 and influence of the globe,
We have circled and circled till we have arrived home again, we two,
We have voided all but freedom and all but our own joy.

— *Walt Whitman*

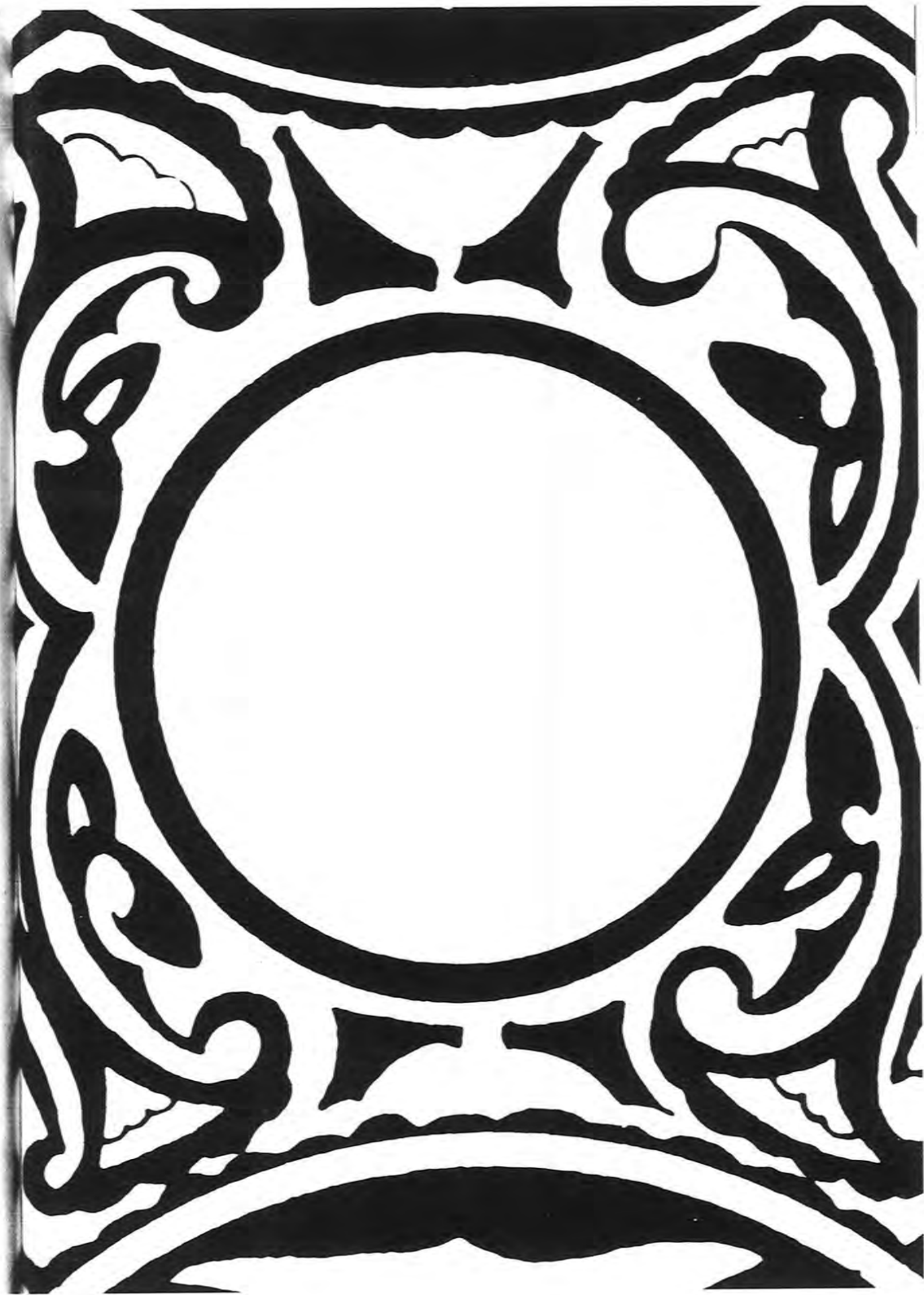
In beauty it is finished.
In beauty it is finished.
In beauty it is finished.
In beauty it is finished.
— *Navajo Night Chant*













VISIONARY LOVE

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and Trans-mutational Faerie

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