

Ath·e·nae·um

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Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself...

-Jesus of Nazareth



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A Double-Edged Sword



An often quoted aphorism penned by James Neal Hollingworth, "Courage is not the absence of fear, but rather the judgment that something else is more important than one's fear." Unmasking fear is one of the harder things in life to accomplish. Fear does need unmasked so that it isn't in our minds translating our space. We all have fears that we must dig deeply so that we can find the root cause of them and unmask, otherwise we will be unable to move forward. How can fear be unmasked, cast out of the eyes, and no longer grip the heart?

First, the word apocalypse, for it is not often translated gracefully. Apocalyptic is often used in context of time, and in a sense it is always time that is being revealed, although apocalypse is rather just a style of writing. It is an intimate form of writing where language is used in such a way to reveal slowly. Think of a ten thousand piece jigsaw puzzle. Hypocrite in Greek means actors mask. So, an apocalypse is a taking off of one's mask. When fear is unmasked, what do we become?

What is it that fear tells us in the dark? Usually it tells us some form of dread. Dread would be the best term to define the movement of fear. Another form that may well define fear is accusation, maybe division. Fear is simply evil eye, self accusation, and self division. So, in that sense fear is a possession that leads those who open themselves to it to live their life not in yaysaying, but in naysaying. The director here, Andrea Stineback, has a quote on her desk, "Don't look back, you're not going that way."

"How does this relate to literacy," I can hear resounding across the multiverse. "Good question," I reply. People are afraid of what they don't understand. This is also an often quoted aphorism and it is true. So, what is it that you are afraid of that is causing you to lose control? What is it that you don't understand? Who is it that you don't understand? Have you tried talking to them, learning them, listening to them? Are you afraid of yourself? Do you know yourself?

Fear, come, take off your mask, its ok, I promise. We cannot continue a relationship with you because you destroy all other relationships in life. How can we learn our relation to time, to space, to ourselves? That's how fear relates to literacy. Because literacy is learning and it is fear that keeps one from learning. There is no way to talk to yourself if you are talking to fear, because in the self there is no fear, just trust. Take courage, my lovers, talk to yourselves, for only then will you learn to hear, learn to see, learn to trust, and learn to learn.

The Beauty of Circles



I choose of my own free will to believe in predestination. I wrote this at 3 am the other night contemplating circles. This style of interpretation is termed gnostic, meaning “expressed in or of the nature of short, pithy maxims or aphorisms.” Often, expressing oneself gnostically is understood by the reader as enigmatic, dark, or koanic.

The word gnostic comes to us from the idea of a gnome. A gnome is a diminutive spirit in Renaissance magic. It is typically said to be a small humanoid, two spans high, that lives underground. The term may be an original invention of Paracelsus, possibly deriving the term from Latin *gēnomos* (from Greek *γη-νομος*, literally "earth-dweller"). They are described as very reluctant to interact with humans, and able to move through solid earth as easily as humans move through air. So, there you have it, identity revealed after all of these issues of Athenaeum. I put a picture of our home at the bottom if in question. Ha.

Often, readers of Athenaeum ask me, “So, where exactly are you going with all of this?” That is sort of a rhetorical question, because is anyone going anywhere when they project towards learning, *Project Learn*? As we move through time and space is it a line, or is it a circle? The symbol you see that looks like paint poured onto a grey background is from the movie *Arrival* and is the language of the Heptapods, an alien race, hept meaning seven, pod meaning legs. They are aliens, basically octopi, that have come to earth and are hovering in twelve different locations and the movie is a contemplation of learning their non-linear language and what is the best method, science or math, or a marriage of both. Take some time with the movie. There are many beautiful circles within it. The linchpin to the movie is non-zero-sum game, vesica pisces.

There is another interesting circle that is hidden in time, but represents space. A rainbow. You say, “Well, Tim, a rainbow is an arc?” Well, due to the horizon line, it does appear to your eye to be an arc, when in reality it is a circle. And maybe, just maybe, that’s why no one can ever find the leprechaun at the end of the rainbow... because the leprechaun at the end of the rainbow is in the rainbow, within the form, the spectrum. The beautiful thing about circles is that they return and are comforting. Look for your rainbow, and you will see her beauty is tree of life. “Beloved, your crown of seven diadems.”

