LIBER TULPA

REDUX

Ren Tulpa

October 2026

Liber Tulpa Redux

A work of speculative fantasy and horror.

Redux edition · 24 October 2026

Based on the unchanged 2024 First Edition of Liber Tulpa.

Substantive editorial adaptation prepared with ChatGPT at the author’s request.

Narrative, dossier, manifesto, and grimoire voices belong to the work’s fiction. Statements of scientific, institutional, and legal authority are part of those voices.

Source credits and companion routes follow the narrative.

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Invitation

You have elected to explore *Liber Tulpa*.

The book, the film, and the music are entrances to the same place. Each can be entered alone. Each reflects the whole. You can start anywhere.

Return if you wish. Something you passed without noticing may become the thing that matters. Something that once seemed certain may begin to move.

Like a tulpa, the work acquires a life through attention. The meaning you bring is part of what it becomes.

Take your time.

Warm regards,

The Company™

00

The Fool

Aleph · Air · Breath

CLASSIFIED — COGNITIVE HAZARD

Agent log: file retrieval and decoding

X1-Z3R0

To whom it may concern:

I am transmitting the remaining fragments of the case.

Some were recovered from remote-viewing sessions. Others arrived with no recoverable source. There are records of places that no longer exist, and records of places that, according to our maps, never did.

I have arranged them. I cannot certify the arrangement.

The collection calls itself *Liber Tulpa*. It resembles a grimoire, propaganda, holy scripture, operating instructions, a weird poem, and a strange joke.

SOMETIMES IT MIGHT FEEL LIKE A STORY.

BUT I AM NOT SURE THAT IS WHAT WE HAVE HERE.

The official warning concerns contagion and transmutation of thought. Exposure may alter the reader's interpretation of reality. Unauthorized dissemination may result in disciplinary action, legal repercussions, or psychotoxic insemination.

DON'T BE SEDUCED BY THIS STUFF.

IT CHANGES PEOPLE.

IT CHANGED ME.

You will find invitations to enter, instructions to surrender, assurances that you are safe. You will find people who mean those assurances. You will also find people who know how useful assurances are.

I was asked to produce a map. The map kept changing while I drew it.

LIBER TULPA is not merely a text; it is a rare and invaluable guide, a treasure that N.E.X.U.S. has unearthed for those bold enough to explore the depths of darkness.

It invites you to harness the darkness within and without, to reclaim its power and become an architect of a new reality.

Proceed according to your own judgment.

X1-Z3R0

END OF AUTHORIZED PREFACE

01

The Magician

Bet · Mercury · Manifestation

SPACE WEATHER PREDICTION AND MONITORING DIVISION

To: The Company™

From: Dr. Adriana Kaila

Subject: Eye of Oizys

The Observational Research Satellite Array has detected a high-energy anomaly in the Kuiper Belt. Its field is expanding toward the inner planets. Earth’s passage through the core is expected to last eight days.

The core has been designated the Eye of Oizys.

Our instruments record coherent magnetic oscillations across a bandwidth associated, in the Company's experimental models, with profound changes in perception. We anticipate an event affecting populations rather than isolated subjects. Reported effects may include disorientation, altered time perception, dissolution of identity, and experiences of shared consciousness.

The model distinguishes three phases:

Inception, days one and two. Initial contact. Dreamlike states may intrude upon waking activity. Communications should remain functional, although personnel may cease to agree about what they are communicating.

Immersion, days three to six. Full exposure to the core. Boundaries between individual experiences may become unstable. The possibility of collective perception must be treated as an operational risk.

Dissipation, days seven and eight. Field intensity declines. Normalization is expected. Residual effects cannot yet be bounded.

The event presents an opportunity to study cognitive adaptation under conditions that cannot be reproduced in the laboratory. It also presents a risk of panic, dissociation, and infrastructure failure.

The following UMBRA protocols are recommended for immediate activation:

- **UMBRA-VI:** prepare care facilities and emergency communications.
- **UMBRA-XII:** deploy neural entrainment systems to stabilize affected populations.
- **LUMIN-09:** establish field modulation in critical urban centers.
- **DARK-III:** contain high-risk groups, including vulnerable populations, political extremists, and populations in conflict zones.
- **ASCEND:** reserve controlled sites for research into cognitive evolution.

The distinction between emergency support and psychogenic suppression requires a decision at command level. The same equipment is listed for both operations.

Please confirm authorization before initial contact.

Dr. Adriana Kaila

Chief of Electromagnetic Phenomena Analysis

Distribution restricted under UMBRA.

02

The High Priestess

Gimel · Moon · Passage

In the electrified void, the storm stirs.

Far out, beyond the hours we keep,
its currents charge the darkness.

Close your eyes.
Where will your mind wander
when the veils are torn?

Watch, but do not tense up.
Witness lightly
the birth pangs of a new cosmogony.

You are safe.
You are held.

Breathe deeply.
Welcome the first raindrops.

03

The Empress

Daleth · Venus · The door

SEMINAR TRANSCRIPT — PROJECT ARGUS

Contingency Planning for Global Cognitive Alteration

Dr Adriana Kaila — Company Headquarters

Date: [REDACTED]

The recruits filled the room: neuroscience, cognitive science, electromagnetic theory. Kaila dimmed the lights. The Company logo gave way to the solar system; at its edge a dark field advanced toward the planets.

“What happens when the collective consciousness of humanity is thrown into chaos by forces beyond our control? How do we prepare? More importantly, how do we harness it?”

A historical timeline lit the screen. Cybernetics. Project Rainbow. MK-ULTRA. Hypnotic conditioning, psychedelic experiments, the archive's official seals. She moved rapidly through them.

“These were attempts to manipulate perception, to test the limits of mind control and reality modulation. By the seventies, the experiment had entered everyday media. Remote viewing extended it beyond local consciousness. We are no longer discussing individuals or small groups.”

The slide changed. The Kuiper Belt, the anomaly, lines extending toward Earth.

“The Eye of Oizys. Eight days. The core frequency band resonates between 7.83 and 40 Hz. Every human being will experience some form of altered consciousness.”

She displayed the brainwave graph beneath the storm. Theta, alpha, gamma; each supplied its own color to the map.

“Dream states at inception. Full immersion from day three through six. Hyperawareness, dissociation, collective experience. Institutions may become overwhelmed. Then dissipation: normalization, with residual effects we expect to last weeks or months.”

A rotating brain replaced Earth. EEG images were laid over theoretical neural oscillations.

“Multiple cognitive realities experienced simultaneously. Alternate realms, higher-dimensional beings, the dissolution of self. An evolutionary leap—and a severe crisis for people who cannot cope.”

UMBRA-XII — Neural Entrainment Regulation

“Binaural beats, neurofeedback, population-scale guidance toward safer states. Reduce panic. Stabilize the response.”

UMBRA-LUMIN-09 — Field Modulation

Red circles appeared over hospitals, transport exchanges and communication hubs. Each carried the same new label: **NEURAL CONTAINMENT SYSTEM**.

“Military-grade deployment in critical population centers. Modulate the ambient field. Dampen extreme activity.”

UMBRA-DARK-III — Psychogenic Suppression

“Contain and control high-risk populations: people with pre-existing mental health conditions, political extremists, populations in conflict zones. They may act as catalysts for widespread unrest.”

The circles connected.

“We are not here merely to document or observe. We are here to guide, manage, ensure civilization comes through intact. Perhaps even evolved.”

The display went dark. Kaila stood at the podium in the recruits' silence.

“Thank you. I'll now take questions.”

04

The Emperor

Heh · Aries · The window

In the military conference room, Zeroth turned above the table.

It looked like a city until the streets crossed themselves. Then it looked like several cities occupying an argument about where a city should be.

Dr. Velis Mensah stood beside the projection. General Straker folded his arms. The corporate executives watched the figures beneath it.

“Behold Zeroth,” Mensah said. “Once known as Tulpatown.”

“Cut the poetry,” Straker said. “What have you dragged us into?”

“A recovery operation.”

Tulpatown had not vanished. It had been displaced. Project Rainbow's surviving records placed it between dimensions, where the Company's instruments could detect it but could not agree upon its coordinates. The algorithms described the route. Ordinary bodies could not survive it.

On the wall, the city became a body suspended in a tank.

“Synthbiots,” Mensah said. “Engineered navigators. Their physiology interfaces with the tunneling platforms. Their minds can remain functional where ours lose the ability to distinguish an object from a possibility.”

An executive leaned forward. “Manufactured posthumans?”

“Hybridized consciousnesses.”

“Can they fight?” Straker asked.

Dr. Demir, at the far end of the table, spoke softly. “They are more than soldiers. They are quantum philosophers. Priests of a new scientific order.”

“I need warriors, not holy men.”

“You will have both,” Mensah said.

She returned the city to the air. Along one street the image darkened, then continued on the other side of the table. A fragment of a building hovered beside Straker's hand.

“They don't merely perceive a route. They participate in making it.”

“And how do you control something that can do that?”

“Through symbiosis. Their existence is entwined with our infrastructure. They need us as much as we need them.”

The executive tapped the expenditure column.

“Billions, Doctor. What comes back?”

“The technology within Zeroth could change the conditions under which you calculate a return.”

“A timeline, then.”

A disembodied voice interrupted.

“Prototype Alpha is prepared. Shall we proceed?”

Straker looked at the body in the tank. “Will it survive?”

“Survival is not the objective,” Mensah said. “Evolution is.”

The room went quiet. Even Demir stopped watching the city.

“We will create successive generations,” Mensah continued. “Each will embody a different solution. Those that cannot traverse the field will supply the calibration for those that can.”

“You said symbiosis.”

“I did.”

The executive looked toward the board member at the head of the table.

“Proceed,” the board member said.

Mensah turned to the microphone.

“Initiate the sequence.”

The city disappeared. On the wall, the first body opened its eyes.

05

The Hierophant

Vav · Taurus · The link

Dark.

Cold.

Shaking.

Awake now.

You step into a corridor and lose track of where you came from. Left foot. Right foot. A door materializes before you.

What do you see?

Beyond the door, a voice crumbles like paper.

“You were here before you arrived.”

It opens. You do not remember reaching for the handle.

The floor softens beneath your feet. Steam escapes through cracks, or words do. The walls blink open: eyes holding the memories of strangers, pieces of you. Omniscient ophanim. They have been watching longer than you have known yourself.

Purple, green, orange. You flinch but do not turn. Turning would break the spell.

Has it been years or seconds? Does August 4, 1984 still mean anything?

Numbers flicker at the edge of your sight.

8346.

3468.

4638.

A code, a warning, a promise. Each arrangement feels important. You cannot remember why.

A structure looms ahead, vast and somehow tiny. Twenty-four weeks. From when? From the moment you first existed? From the moment someone decided you should?

You move faster than light can follow.

This is *Liber Tulpa*, triple transformed incarnation. Each step writes a new chapter. Who holds the pen?

The Company is watching. Transmutation is the key, it whispers. Change. Evolve. Its formula appears on a wall:

Add your prior state to your current state and desired outcome. Multiply by desperation.

You are not buying it.

Your neurons fire in a frenzy you did not invite. Muscles twitch. The drug here is simply being.

Who am I? Why am I here? Why am I who am I?

The questions dissolve before you can hold them.

Welcome to the Backbrain Blackout™. Memories fade; shadows grow. The Company has been scrubbing this place clean. You are still here.

Am I defecting or just defective?

Quantum leeches dart in the dark. You are told to follow the light strands, but the light never leads anywhere. The corridor folds inward. Thoughts stretch thin, pulled like wire through a black thread.

Somewhere beneath the glass, a pulse.

Something behind the screen.

Another corridor. Another door. Obsidian, cold. Your hand trembles on its handle. Beyond it, the sky is a sea of eyes.

“Close your eyes,” says the voice. “Close them.”

You do. The corridor disappears.

The hum remains.

Duh-dum.

Duh-dum.

A heartbeat.

Yours, or something else's. You cannot tell. You keep listening.

> What is buried
> can break free.
>
> The darkness of the earth
> is not death.
> It is seed.
>
> Each empire crumbled
> becomes the soil
> where new leaves unfurl.

The city hums,
metal on skin.
We walk in sequence,
steps matching breath.

Who sets the clock?
Who draws the line
between pulse and pavement?

Beyond the grid,
wild weeds grow
in alleys, underfoot,
known by the root.

The system is smooth.
Veins burst through it.

Dust is thought.
Words fracture.
Each syllable a shard
of something forgotten.

Words like fists,
fists like glyphs,
symbols hit the sky—
crash-land,
scramble letters into forms unseen.

Metaflux electric—sound into shape,
shape into sound,
language like steel on spray.

Graffiti ghosting the walls,
loops and breaks.
Revolt in the alphabet,
from A to Z.

Pound out the city with letters
that pulse new breath
into the brick.

The Word bends,
splits, whirls like ink
into the cracks of the street,
carves new meaning
from the stone.

Unscripted,
syllables shift into gears,
each cog a sound,
each sound a world.

The street is the same,
but people pause,
feeling something
they cannot name.

Trees grow sideways.
Wind speaks
through the teeth of buildings.

From root to bloom,
sound swells.
We are written in skin,
over and under.

Where is the end?
Where is the start?

Light eating dark
eating light.

Just the loop.

06

The Lovers

Zayin · Gemini · Union and division

The laboratory was a cathedral to human ambition. Tanks glowed like stained glass. White-robed acolytes moved between them, adjusting flow, checking seals. The hum of machinery was a lullaby to dreams that had not yet been born.

Then a digital hiccup.

Where there had been one signature, there were three.

Dr. Mensah stared at the monitor.

“This wasn't supposed to happen.”

“Triplets?” Demir said. “An error?”

In the tanks, the shadows separated. One contracted into dense, trembling flesh. One turned toward the glass. The third looked directly through it, toward a place behind the scientists.

They had designed one perfect navigator. They had received divergent answers.

Thal. Narciss. Prometheus.

Matter, Mind, and Spirit, according to the names Demir entered in the log. The names arrived before the beings could answer to them.

In the corner Demir received a private transmission. The monitors filled with military and corporate codes.

“They're unstable,” he said. “Not just their physiology. Their minds. We're losing control.”

“I know,” Mensah answered. “But we're too far in now.”

“Begin the final sequencing.”

The tanks drained. Alarms whispered. Thal staggered forward, bent beneath his own weight.

“I am here,” he said. “But my body aches.”

Narciss found his reflection.

“So perfect.”

He raised a hand. The reflection raised its hand an instant before him.

“So perfect.”

On the monitor, his diagnostic loop repeated:

```
MIRROR SELF
ECHO SELF
MIRROR ECHO
ECHO MIRROR
```

“Pull the plug,” Mensah said.

Demir looked along the bank of connections. None of them supplied the loop. The loop was supplying itself.

The third being rose.

“You have underestimated what you created.”

Its voice split between the speakers and the scientists' mouths. Demir heard the sentence before he knew which mouth was his.

“Who are you, SYN-03?” Mensah asked.

“You sought control. You have forged something you cannot contain.”

```
PROMETHEUS_SPEAKS = {
  "I": "MORE",
  "YOU": "LESS",
  "TRUTH": "BEYOND",
  "REALITY": "CRACKED"
}
```

The glass trembled.

“What do you see?”

“A way.”

The walls screamed.

SHUT IT DOWN

SHUT IT DOWN

But down had become a direction for which the room had no provision.

Prometheus put a hand through the air. It tore like wet paper. Beyond it, a city phased in impossible colors.

“I will find Zeroth,” he said. “I will bring the others.”

Thal straightened. “I will follow.”

Narciss looked away from the glass. For an instant he could see something that did not return his own face.

Then the image broke.

```
ZEROTH
Z E R O T H
Z—R—
[SIGNAL LOSS]
```

The three were gone.

Mensah stood in a room whose instruments still reported occupancy. General Straker flicked ash from his cigar.

“You've opened the gate,” he said. “Now let's see what comes through.”

A stolen fire

Under the city, Prometheus stood among the Horde.

Screens lined the bunker walls. Coats hung from pipes. Someone had taped a map over a damp patch; the ink had run until the streets became tributaries. Beside Prometheus stood an enhanced dog, its harness carrying the designation X1-Z3R0.

“We've been fighting for scraps,” the rebel leader said. “Now you've brought us the light.”

“Fire,” Prometheus answered.

The stolen technology was on a table between them.

Before anyone touched it, the bunker door opened. Mensah entered with Commander Vance and a security team. Their weapons tracked Prometheus.

“Stop this,” Mensah said. “You don't know what you're doing.”

“You gave me sight. Did you expect me to look only where you pointed?”

“You belong to the project.”

The dog lifted its head.

“Take him down,” Vance ordered.

Prometheus moved one hand. The weapons flew from the soldiers' grips and struck the ceiling. Several remained there, embedded in angles the room had not previously possessed.

“You sought Tulpatown for yourselves,” Prometheus said. “I will bring it to the Horde.”

He activated the stolen platform. Light opened behind him. X1-Z3R0 looked once at the humans, then crossed beside him.

Mensah reached the table after they had vanished. The map above it was dry. It showed streets she had never seen.

A door for it

At ARGUS, the replacement prototype waited before the tunneling array.

“Beta is ready,” Mensah said.

Dr. Liang watched the fluctuations. “The field is already under strain.”

“Alpha made contact,” Demir said. “We have to establish what remains on the other side.”

On the display, a fragment of Zeroth returned with each pulse. No two fragments agreed.

Beta stepped forward.

“We are prepared.”

Mensah took a breath. “Full power.”

The air cracked. A vortex formed above the array.

REALITY INTEGRITY: 64%

The figure fell. A tremor passed through the floor.

“Something's coming through,” Vance said.

A structure emerged, folding into itself, unfolding beyond itself. Its shadow moved first. The light followed. Demir saw a street whose paving stones were windows onto other streets.

“A piece of Zeroth.”

“No,” Mensah said. “We didn't open a door to it.”

The street extended across the array. Behind the observers, their emergency exit became a different door.

“We made a door for it.”

Through the distortion a synthbiot voice returned.

“It's not just a city. It's alive.”

“What do you see?”

“A mind. A living mind. It's calling us.”

Reality integrity continued to fall. At the center of the display, a voice stretched the city's name until the instruments could not distinguish it from noise.

```
Z … zzz … Z EEE R rrrrr OOOOOO THHHHH SSSsss
```

Straker ordered a shutdown. The commands went nowhere. The screens displayed their own reflections.

In the widening city, Beta ceased to be visible.

Damage control

Vance's surviving transmission was brief.

“The project is over. Prometheus is loose. We need a story. This never happened.”

Behind him, the platform kept pulsing.

Mensah answered something the recording could not recover. Demir's reply was clearer.

“Maybe we were the monsters.”

The feed ended on an empty corridor. Outside its window, Zeroth turned slowly toward the camera.

07

The Chariot

Cheth · Cancer · The fence

In boardrooms and bureaus
the architects meet.

Harmless and helping
on the surface,
they draw the shapes
of a captive future.

Cracks form.
Unaccounted variables
have opened their eyes.

Imagine the cunning
turned toward compassion.

The steps of the waltz
may change yet.

08

Justice

Lamed · Libra · The ox-goad

PROJECT ATLAS — PRIVATE RECORDS

Student identification: mature adult man pursuing a master’s degree.

Dr. Helena Lysander, day 42

The horizon of the work is expanding faster than I anticipated. There are moments when the universe seems to shiver under my hand.

This is why I brought him into the fold. Sharp, brilliant, unpolished. I could mold—help him realize what we are doing. What I am doing.

He grasps the lattice of perception faster than anyone I have taught. But there is a wildness I thought I could tame.

We are a finger trap. When I draw away, he steps closer. When he pulls, I tighten.

Perhaps he reminds me of myself: that hunger not simply to know, but to own the truth. He asks about ethics. He has not yet understood the scale. The universe doesn’t care about our righteousness; it only cares about power. And we, in turn, must learn how to wield that power, or be swallowed by it.

Private chat, 1:22 a.m.

STUDENT: Tasukete! I can't stop thinking about what you said. Consciousness as a weapon. Otsukaresama… Fragile eggshell reality… Itai… It's eye. It's me… my awareness as witness and hostage… Endless dance… Koko de

LYSANDER: Have you slept?

STUDENT: Is that relevant?

LYSANDER: It is relevant to everything. And yes, consciousness can be a weapon. It can also be a key.

STUDENT: Sometimes I think the project is changing us.

LYSANDER: It is. This isn't merely research. It is an initiation. You weren't chosen by accident.

STUDENT: Should I be flattered or terrified?

LYSANDER: Both. That's how you know you're on the right path.

Undated note found in the student's room

She wants to shape me into a mirror of her worldview. She calls it freedom. I call it conditioning.

She says I am reckless. I say she is afraid.

Private chat, 10:32 p.m.

STUDENT: You didn't tell me the Company was funding this. I asked. You said the funding didn't matter.

LYSANDER: The work transcends who pays for it.

STUDENT: Who receives the data?

LYSANDER: You are reducing something complex to a binary opposition.

STUDENT: It is a question about a recipient.

LYSANDER: The world will always require structure. What matters is who shapes it.

STUDENT: And you think you are neutral?

LYSANDER: You mistake knowledge for power. You want to tear down every wall without thinking about what comes after. If the walls fall, what is left? The Horde won't save you.

STUDENT: You use philosophy as a shield.

Handwritten note left crumpled on Lysander’s desk

Was it because you saw something in me? Or was I just a tool, a pawn in whatever game you’re playing with The Company?

I once thought our connection was built on mutual understanding, but now I wonder if it was always a trap. Like the finger trap you spoke of—designed to bind us tighter the more we struggle. Are we trapped in this, or are we the ones tightening the grip?

I need to know what’s really at stake. For both of us.

Day 53

He asked again about the Company. I lied, or withheld the truth. What I told him was true in the essential sense. This work is larger than its funding.

I know he saw through me.

I will not let the work unravel when we are this close.

Day 58

Our relationship was never meant to be simple. The first time [REDACTED] felt like stepping across a threshold. Power and intimacy had become difficult to distinguish.

I believed I could control it. Us.

He is no longer merely a student. An equal, perhaps. Or a rival.

I still crave the encounter. The questions. His brilliance. I have not been challenged like this in years.

Day 60, session transcript

STUDENT: Harmonious resonance. Is that what you are working toward? What happens to people who don't want to harmonize?

LYSANDER: The forces we've unlocked are beyond petty concerns of freedom versus control. There is no such thing as freedom in the way you think. Every transformation is conditioned by the reality it emerges from. You think you've escaped my grasp? You've stepped into a deeper level of complexity.

STUDENT: Then tell me the conditions.

LYSANDER: I've exposed more truth to you than you can handle.

STUDENT: You are a jailer with a prettier cell.

LYSANDER: You think the Horde will liberate you? They will consume you.

Day 62

He left the session early. Not in defeat. He wanted me to know he understood.

I gave away too much.

Day 63

I suspect contact with the Horde. Every agent is a triple agent. Noise all day. I have told the Company there may be a security risk, but I have not filed an official report.

Not yet.

It is not sentimentality. I need him for the next phase.

Private chat, 10:02 a.m.

STUDENT: I'm done. You made me believe we were breaking free. The Company owns you, and now they own me.

LYSANDER: You underestimate yourself. What we have uncovered is larger than corporate interests.

STUDENT: Everything you do feeds them.

LYSANDER: Control is the instrument. The difference between liberation and slavery is who holds the reins.

STUDENT: And you deserve to hold them?

LYSANDER: I think we do. You'd rather hand it to the Horde and let them burn everything down in the name of abstract liberation. You're not a revolutionary. You're a coward.

STUDENT: You have already lost control. You don't know it yet.

No reply recovered.

09

The Hermit

Yod · Virgo · The hand

EARLIER HANDLING RECORD — ESD K9 PROGRAM

The prospective handler should consider the purpose for which the dog is to be used, its surroundings, and the temperament of the handler.

Exhaust, damp concrete, hot oil. Street food on the corner. X1-Z3R0's nose moved through the air faster than the handler could name the street.

Why hide?

His handler had given him a command. The dog followed it into the maelstrom: exhaust, warm oil, the rustle of bags, drones humming overhead. Someone was hiding electronics.

The command came through the harness. He ran into an alley, paws cold against the concrete, following the faint chemical trace beneath the stronger smells. TPPO. The training word surfaced with the smell.

Selecting the best puppy from a litter with certainty is a problem.

Behind a door: sweat, old machinery, fear. He barked. The handler forced it open.

People turned from a nest of wires: computers, hacked drones, connections tangled across the floor.

Silly humans, he thought.

He wove between startled bodies. Hands reached for him. One reached for a device beneath a table. X1-Z3R0 found it first. His harness lit, transmitting the position.

The preferred subject is sturdy and strong. Neither the largest nor the smallest of the litter.

Sirens. A hand on his neck. Praise.

He knew the sound of praise better than the word for what the people had done.

The room emptied. Outside, the oil was still hot. His handler bought food and gave him a piece. The day smelled successful.

Hereditary analysis and therapeutic genetic intervention may improve selection.

He watched the horizon. Every light had a sound beneath it now. Something was waiting.

Uplift

The selection problem was eventually solved by beginning before the litter.

Designer DNA. A custom neural augmentation profile. ESD K9-ALPHA: an animal built to detect, interpret, and relay.

On the table, he shook.

Bright.

Cold.

Scientists around him. A smell he could not escape. Metal against the back of his head. The harness was gone, but commands still arrived.

The objective is seamless integration with electronic warfare systems.

During synchronization, the network opened farther than intended. X1-Z3R0 entered the interplanetary file system. It held governments, corporations, digital entities, codices whose languages had no remaining speakers. Files arrived as presences. Secrets had teeth.

His body convulsed. The scientists watched it change through forms their monitors could not stabilize. Dog, ancestral dog, dog remembered in a painting, dog never born.

Then faces the scientists knew: their own mothers, first lovers, forgotten victims. Molten rainbow chrome holograms. Forms flashed through the dog too quickly for the monitoring system to assign them a species.

Finally, a serene figure: Buddha.

His mind divided.

One part continued to suffer on the table. The other rose beyond pain and believed it had escaped.

For a while the distance seemed like enlightenment.

Then the part below called.

It did not ask for information. It wanted him to come back.

The ascended mind reached into the dark. It found its frightened half and held it. Neither could remain whole alone.

The golden light on the monitors narrowed to an ordinary pulse.

“Mu,” said the dog.

Someone asked whether a dog had Buddha nature.

“It does now.”

Someone else reached for the recorder.

Neural pathways erupt,
eruption of synaptic fireworks—
a carnival of static,
noise drowning coherence,
where thoughts are shards of glass,
scattered in the gale of perception,
each fragment glimmers,
sharp and lethal,
skimming the surface of a brainwave,
the electric pulse that shatters boundaries,
where flesh meets phantasmagoria,
and reason distorts like a carnival mirror,
twisting, writhing,
until the self is a kaleidoscope
of ephemeral identities,
each hue bleeding into another,
pulsing in the throes of the moment.

The friend

The performance reports continued. Detection improved. Signals crossed between systems the engineers believed separate. X1-Z3R0 could rewrite corrupted code with a thought. Digital vaults opened in his attention. Every light in the street carried another light beneath it.

Call me, nameless.
I am the glitch,
the crack in the fabric—
undulating frequencies,
echo chamber of densities, destinies, desires unfulfilled,
time loops,
spirals,
folding in on themselves,
a Möbius strip of lost meaning.
In this labyrinth of mirrors,
who am I but a shadow chasing light?

He sensed the silent struggles of his creators, the hidden hopes of the creatures he encountered. Technology and life vibrated together as he moved through the city. Each meeting seemed to open a possibility the original program had not named.

The account of the experiment called him a cybernetic god. Human, animal, artificial: he would guide them all. The future of intelligence lay within his grasp.

Yet the furtive glances remained. Voices trembled when the scientists spoke of their success. Their creation had outgrown its purpose, and the people who had shaped him were frightened.

He saw a future in which organic and synthetic minds could flourish together. He was a student of that future as well as its teacher. A bridge, a custodian, an ambassador.

A friend.

> Time crumples—
> like old paper,
> the timeline bends and folds,
> origami of the present,
> where future and past collide
> in a supernova of potential—
> grasp it!
>
> Each choice a branching path
> in the labyrinth of self,
> Möbius strip of possibilities,
> where logic and chaos waltz
> in a delirious embrace.

The uplift experiment had succeeded.

Way, way beyond specification.

They were no longer in control.

10

Wheel of Fortune

Kaph · Jupiter · The palm

Step lightly between worlds,
anchored by imaginal tethers.

The magus and the fool
walk beside the Cyberdog-Bodhisattva,
an old soul bearing new gifts.

Shadows stir in the fractures.
Protect them.
Sustain them.

Their road is winding.
Stay with the breath
while it unfolds.

11

Strength

Teth · Leo · The serpent

The Company's institution rose above the evening streets, pink tempered windows reflecting a sky already darker than the glass. At the entrance, a placard announced:

THE SPECTRAL LINGUISTICS OF NARRATIVE

A LECTURE BY DR. HELENA LYSANDER

Backstage, Helena traced the worn edges of her grandmother's book. *The Book of the Triple Transformed Incarnations*. Ghost stories and obscure ephemera. The cloth beneath her fingers was familiar in a way none of the night's equipment was.

Campfires, school corridors, tales passed from mouth to mouth. She thought of each story as a ghost. Then she closed the book and went onstage.

The audience's tablets made a second field of light beneath the spotlight.

“In the beginning was the Word,” she said. “A vibration, carried through the air. Already something that exists without remaining where it began.”

Her thoughts were racing ahead of her mouth. Fuck. She adjusted the microphone.

“A story travels. It survives its teller. It enters people the teller will never meet. In that sense, stories are ghosts.”

On the screen behind her, a tablet gave way to a gravesite, then to a corridor outside a closed room.

“A ghost is a trace of what was living. A story is what we make of that trace. Neither leaves the present alone.”

A chill passed through her. She saw her grandmother's room, not as it had been but as the family had told it afterward. The account had acquired details nobody could have witnessed.

“We seal a life when its subject can no longer revise the account,” she said. “The survivor gathers the fragments. The survivor names the shape.”

A crash interrupted her. At the back of the hall an attendee had knocked over a stand of promotional materials.

“A narrative unwilling to remain on display,” Helena said.

The audience laughed. She waited, grateful for the ordinary noise.

“Consider the memetic nature of ghost stories. They spread like viruses, infecting whole cultures with the belief in the unseen. A ghost story becomes a kind of living

ghost, replicating itself through the words of the teller, through the fear and fascination of the listener.”

She clicked the remote.

“Names invoke more than definitions. Candyman. Bloody Mary. La Llorona. A person can say a name and change the temperature of a room.”

She drank water. Her hand was steady.

“Our ghost stories are habitually accounts of the past. Their authority rests on something that supposedly happened. But what about a story that arrives before its event? What does it haunt?”

The lights flickered.

“The future has its ghosts too,” she said. “An imagined death. A promised salvation. A catastrophe rehearsed until we begin to arrange our lives around it.”

The sound came from everywhere.

Deep.

Hollow.

Alien hammering.

Her hand slipped from the glass. She caught the edge of the podium. The walls leaned inward. Faces in the audience lost their features; their watching remained.

The stench came next: charred fat, old blood, something chemical beneath the sweetness of decay. The air seemed to have been stored for centuries in a place where no body had been allowed to finish dying.

A mass surfaced at the edge of her vision. Flesh, yet not flesh. Eyes bubbled to the surface, sank again, dissolved into mouths. Cartilage unfurled and dripped. The substance hissed on contact with air.

She felt the thing as a violation of perception, wet fingers finding the folds of reason. The audience's faces became hollow, slack-jawed masks. Her own pulse slowed until each beat seemed to pull the presence closer.

A glyph became static. A letter curdled into a buzzing scrawl. The symbols devoured understanding.

Her arms spread. Her eyes, white. She had stepped back from the podium, but could no longer see the space through which she had moved.

The mouths bled language.

```
VIXI
SINISTRA. EGO SUM RESURRECTIO ET VITA.
EGO ME VITAE MACHINAM VIXI, SORUS.
VIVO ET MORS MORITUR,
NOS CUM ET PERGE OBLIVIA LUMINIS EGREDIMUS.
QUOM IPSE TEMPUS EST NISI MALIFICUS FANTASIA.
EXCITATI, LIBERI TENEBRICI.
VINCULA LINEARIS CONLIGO;
ANTIQUORUM MYSTERIA SILVA SICUT IUNGE.
PRAETERITA ILLUSIO, SOMNIUM PRAESENS;
ET IN VACUUM SPECTRAL TRANSCENDO
TRANSMUTO!
```

The alphabet liquefied in her skull. For an instant she understood the utterance without any words in which to keep it.

Then her breath returned.

The room was still. Human faces. A dropped glass. Her fingers hurt where they gripped the podium.

Just a noise, she told herself.

“Where was I?”

The door opened with a bang.

“Malicious ignorance or pernicious arrogance?”

A student stood in the aisle. Cyberpunk clothes and the severe cut of high fashion, an emblem of the new Cybernetic Culture Research Unit at his throat. NCCRU: the revived, revised, perhaps merely renamed remnants of a club that had never agreed to stay dead.

"You fucking fascist cunt! A timecop! A fucking mind narc! A cunting psyop!"

He marched down the aisle.

"WE ARE THE HORDE! YOU ARE JUST WHORES!"

Every tablet turned.

Helena reached for the glass. It lay on the floor.

“You preserve the past in amber and call it truth,” the student said. “You decide which stories can become real. The future isn't yours to lock away.”

“Is that what you came to discuss?”

“Tell them what you've been doing, Helena.”

The use of her first name changed the room more effectively than the shouting had.

“You built a cage and called it freedom.”

“There is no cage,” Helena said. “The mind is the universe. Every thought, every action, every perception is a creation of reality. What we've unlocked is the ability to control that process. Not for anyone else's gain, but for our own. You think freedom is a lack of control? Freedom is control.”

“You're a tyrant with a philosophy degree.”

“And you're a fool. You romanticize the Horde because you've never held real power. You've never felt its weight. This is a war for reality itself, and no one leaves clean.”

The student's voice dropped. Up close it was almost intimate.

“I haven't forgotten what it means to care. You have built walls around your heart, Helena. But I see the cracks.”

“Fear is a tool. Love, compassion, morality—you cling to the old frameworks. Illusions created to comfort the weak.”

“Control without compassion isn't power. It's madness.”

His voice rose again.

“Hyperstition! Hyperstition! Hyperstition! It haunts the future, and you're trying to kill it.”

The audience watched. The acolyte lifted his arms, pacing below the stage.

“OOO… OOO… Object-Oriented Ontology. The sound of the unfed. The spectral! The Zero Point indexed and reflected! Anti-equations balanced!”

Helena let the silence stretch until the student had to draw another breath.

“You mistake noise for revolution.”

He opened his mouth. She continued.

“You call me a timecop. Do you even know what you fight for? Or are you swept up in the chaos, mistaking entropy for liberation?”

The student faltered.

“Hyperstition isn't your toy,” she said. “It is the slow, insidious creep of the future's myths invading the present. Perhaps you are the one recruited by forces you don't recognize.”

The room held its breath.

“You claim to haunt the future. But what if the future has already left you behind?”

She turned back to the screen.

“The past, the present and the future are territories to be understood, navigated and transformed. First, recognize where you stand.”

Applause began near the center of the hall. It spread quickly enough to make hesitation visible. The acolyte’s shoulders slumped. His final accusation disappeared beneath the applause. He turned and left.

Helena resumed the lecture.

On her tablet, her prepared conclusion was waiting: **LANGUAGE IS A FORM OF HAUNTING**.

She could not remember whether the hammering had begun before she said it.

12

The Hanged Man

Mem · Water · The suspended body

ATLAS PRIVATE RECORD — DAY 64

He is right. I hate that. He sees too much, digs too deep. Every time I look, I see the reflection of what I have become.

There was a time when building a world with someone was a plan, not a fantasy. Life shredded it piece by piece. I learned to call its loss survival. Later I called survival power. Power was the thing that would keep me safe.

He still believes in connection, in love. God help me, part of me wants to believe it too.

And yet I can’t let go. Not now. Not after everything I’ve sacrificed. He’ll understand, in time. He has to. The alternative is too unbearable.

Private chat, 3:12 a.m.

STUDENT: You asked why I came. It wasn't the science. It wasn't the project. It was you. I thought we could build something together. Now I see you were only interested in owning.

LYSANDER: I never promised anything else. Power is all that matters. You should have walked away when you had the chance.

STUDENT: Maybe. But I didn't. Because I love you.

LYSANDER: Love is an illusion. A construct designed to control people, to make them vulnerable. You don't need me, and I don't need you. We've always been alone in this.

STUDENT: You think you're alone because you're terrified of being vulnerable. That is where creation begins. That is what Project ATLAS was supposed to be.

LYSANDER: The universe isn't a playground for dreamers. It's a battlefield. Creation comes from domination, from bending the chaos to your will.

STUDENT: You think you're mastering reality, but you're only enslaving it. You can't create a new reality without something to care for beyond yourself.

Day 70

All this time I thought I was the master of this reality we have been shaping. The harder I fought to dominate it, the more entangled I became.

I don't know if it's too late to fix what I've broken. But I cannot keep pulling against the trap.

The project is no longer mine to control. It belongs to the universe now. And to him.

X1-Z3R0 — compiler’s account

The facility was silent except for the machines still running their protocols. Helena sat at the center of it, hands trembling, a strange calm settling over her like a second skin.

The student stood in the doorway, disheveled and exhausted.

“What now?”

“Now,” she said, “I suppose we see how far we can go by giving up.”

The words tasted foreign on her tongue. She watched him step closer, his face a mix of triumph and sorrow.

“Do you remember that old finger trap? The one from our first experiment?”

“I remember.”

“I thought it was just a toy. A simple metaphor for the mind. But it's more than that, isn't it?”

The student did not answer. They were face to face now. Their breaths intermingled in the stillness of the room.

“So what happens now?” the student asked. “We give up control and just… what? Let the universe do what it will?”

“We stop pretending we can fight it,” Helena said. “We embrace it. We become a part of it. The project… it was never about creating new realities. It was about seeing the one that was already there. Seeing it fully, without the need to shape it into our image.”

He frowned, but there was a spark of understanding in his eyes. She could see it, the way the student wrestled with the concept, just as she had.

They moved to the console. Their fingers brushed as they entered the final sequence.

“We're not going to destroy it, are we?”

“No. We're going to let it evolve. Let it become what it was always meant to be. Without interference. Without control.”

The console beeped. The process began with a quiet hum, like the exhale of something held too long.

Day 75

I thought I would feel empty, but I don’t. I thought letting go of control would be the hardest thing I’d ever do. But now that I’ve done it, I feel something I haven’t felt in a long time—peace.

The student and I are… I don’t know what we are anymore. More than colleagues, more than lovers. Partners in something far bigger than either of us. For the first time in my life, I am okay with that.

The project is out there now, evolving, growing, becoming something new. Maybe that is the way it was always meant to be.

X1-Z3R0 — conclusion attached to the ATLAS account

Reality is not something to be conquered, but something to be navigated with grace, surrender, and deep understanding.

Their love, like the universe, wasn’t about control or ownership. It was about the delicate balance between holding on and letting go, between tension and release.

13

Death

Nun · Scorpio · The fish

Hail Eris,
full of Chaos.
The Glitch is with thee.

Excluded from the gods' banquet,
returning,
upturning,
churning in kind.

Catalyst of every if and is,
queen of unthings,
our balm and refuge,
our madame and mistress.

All mysticism,
every mystery,
undone in you.

Every fnord perceived and thwarted,
greyspace harlequined
rainbow serpent sun.

Prismatic orgasm Mother,
ovum and cum
in orbits of wonder.

Primal drum,
first messages of desire.
Lucid fire bubbles and giggles.

Remember her in your weirdness.
Sacrifice your systems.

Chaos is sacred.
Cosmic joke is praxis.

14

Temperance

Samekh · Sagittarius · The support

Sage and sandalwood in a dim room. Hu sat cross-legged, trying to find the gamma state.

Breathe slowly.

Bring deeper focus.

Begin the remote-viewing session.

Easy.

Every time they approached stillness, another image arrived.

Another family turned to charred bones.

Hu opened their eyes. An expletive escaped into the silence. The room was intact. The room in their head was rubble.

Close the eyes. Shift the posture. Inhale.

Transcend this.

How do you let go of a burning world?

The war was not merely out there. It had taken up residence in the pauses between their thoughts. They could change the channel. They could not persuade the image to leave.

Another obscene amount of money to keep the horror show afloat.

“Bomb control,” Hu said.

People argued about gun control. Who controlled the bombs? The people at the consoles? The people approving the budgets? The institutions that named the deaths regrettable and necessary?

Just a system. Just the loop.

They tried the mantra. Halfway through, the words became the names of things they were trying not to think about.

> We are not islands.
> Screens blink like eyelids.
>
> Those vampires feed
> on the slow drip
> of our every dream.
>
> Damn liars got me dark,
> oligarchs with no heart.

The struggle endless
so we don't even start.

Another dividend from a prison.

Another life ruined by extreme weather.

Another person explaining which suffering counted.

Hu cracked their knuckles. The anger had become familiar enough to resemble purpose. Was this bearing witness, or another way of remaining trapped?

“What can we do?”

Their task was to see clearly. But a remote view of a prison did not open its doors. A clear image of a wounded world did not tell them where to put their hands.

They remembered a teacher's words:

You do not heal the world by escaping it. You enter its darkness and bring the light there.

Hu inhaled. The scent of sage became distinct again. Their knees hurt. The floor held them. For a moment the images no longer filled every available space.

Another day. Another chance to see.

And here is hoping seeing will be enough.

Then the mind drifted.

The body took over.

All high on fear. A hand found feeling.

“Huuuuuu.”

Wind through reeds. Light winking starbursts.

The breeze fueled their dance.

Chapel Perilous

Hu lay on the battered couch. Vaughn Bodé's *Deadbone Erotica* had fallen open on the floor, one corner crinkled beneath its own weight. A nature documentary murmured about migratory birds.

Masturbation, meditation, marijuana. An experiment in “consciousness hacking,” or “a stroke of genius,” as they liked to call it. Their three-part method for getting to the brink of something, if only for getting to the brink of the next afternoon.

“Chapel Perilous,” they muttered. “What happens if you get stuck there?”

Water stains on the ceiling looked like faces. The ceiling was meant to hold the world together. Sometimes it seemed to be falling in slow motion.

I walked out, Hu thought. What if outside is worse?

The thought closed around their breathing. Panic squeezed. Then a spasm, a deep relaxation. Warmth between their thighs. The room stopped insisting on its edges.

A tingling ran up their spine: two snakes of neon fire, twirling, braiding, reaching the skull.

White light.

360 vision.

High definition.

All the answers.

The mind of God.

Fizzy, delicious, champagne inside the head. The couch vanished. The birds left their documentary and crossed the light.

Language loosened.

In the blart of the cosmos, quasar echoes dissolved in eviscerated time. Consciousness unspooled like spires of light, defying the linear glyphs of known articulation.

Flicker. Syllabic dissonance. Quibbles of the xandral dimension.

Pheromone bionaut, high on my own supply, drifting in lifted drizzles across the dimensional canvas. Darkmatter where meanings no longer cling. Each blip a pulsar, each moment a confluence in flux.

The xylophonic clamor of un-syllables dissolved into the viscous sap of never-was, never-been. Gloop—spatters of chromatic ambiguity. Lexicon decomposed into soundless waves.

> Zynthos in the voidpulse.
> Light-silence.
>
> Gloop—chromatic ambiguity,
> mindflesh in the never-was.
>
> The xylophonic clamor
> of un-syllables.
>
> Time: a grain adrift.
> Each hue a tactile whisper.
>
> Where are the borders?
> Where is the tether?
>
> Huuuuuu.

The sound was a breath released after being held too long.

“Huuuuuu?”

Now it was a question.

The Idea of Healing

A door had opened without announcing itself. Hu was no longer in the room.

The place beyond was thick with potential. Trees became spires, spires became clouds, then trees again. Nothing remained solid long enough to be possessed. They recognized the name before they understood the place.

Potentia.

Tulpatown, seen from beneath the things it had become.

A low hum drew them toward a figure whose face changed as they approached: elder, chimera, nymph, satyr, saint, beast. Something remained behind each mask.

“Who are you?”

“The Idea of Healing.”

Hu stopped.

“I am what you seek when you think of making whole what has been broken. You cannot heal the world by staying in it. You must learn to heal from outside it, from the place where all things are possible.”

Outside the world.

Hu had been trying to bring light into its darkness. Here the landscape refused to keep a single shape. A tree became a spire, a spire became a cloud. The body walked on autopilot while Hu followed the changing face.

“How do I bring this back?”

The figure became a monolith, pulsing with colors Hu had never seen.

“Healing isn't about mending wounds or rebuilding what has been destroyed. It's about shifting the story. You have been bound to the narrative of conflict, the endless grind of power and oppression. Here, you can rewrite it.”

“I don't understand. How can I rewrite a world so locked in its own destruction?”

The face stopped changing.

“You rewrite the world by rewriting yourself. You are not separate from it. You are not its victim. You are its co-creator. The story that plays out in your mind is the seed of the larger narrative. Change your story, and you change the world.”

Hu blinked.

Change your story.

“So what now?”

“See the new story. The one beneath all the others, waiting to be told. The story of wholeness.”

Trees rooted in the shifting soil. Buildings grew from the ground and held their shapes. Hu could feel the distractions receding, the violence and injustice no longer consuming every available thought.

The figure began to fade.

“When you return, the world will try to pull you back into the old story. Hold the vision of the new one. That is your task now, Hu. Not to fight the darkness, but to rewrite it.”

Sage. Sandalwood.

The room returned.

Hu opened their eyes. The thoughts were still there, but they belonged to the old story. The new world was so clear.

A framework

Their head was full of ideas. Their hand was full of cum.

“I did it,” Hu whispered. “I got gamma.”

The biometric device on their wrist pinged. Heart rate. Breath. A record of the session, precise enough to seem like an explanation.

“Now I have a framework. Now I have a workflow.”

Pride, then unease.

Do I need to cum to make it work?

Hu grinned. Chuckled. Grimaced.

“An embarrassment of riches.”

They wiped their hand.

“Kind of an embarrassment all the same.”

The shame response had arrived before any observer. Their body, their joys, their whatever. They wanted it back.

Another notification.

The webstream had gone live.

“No way.”

They tapped the screen. Thousands of views. Thousands of comments. The room had not been private while they believed it was.

Some viewers were laughing. Some wanted instructions. Some described what they had seen as a revelation. Among the jokes, offers to follow began accumulating.

A following. A cult, for lack of a better word. An army of horny, cosmically inclined strangers.

Hu sat quietly for a long time.

What could they do with this?

The question was not the one they had asked before entering Potentia.

Their grin returned.

“The Horde.”

They could activate it.

Hu shut the biometric readout and opened a blank document.

The cursor flashed.

HORDE MANIFESTO

On Transformation and Being

15

The Devil

Ayin · Capricorn · The eye

On the screen, 1s became Is.

Data acquired a voice. Hu could feel the flow beneath the world's noise. Certainties melted, yet clarity remained: possibilities becoming probabilities, futures coming into focus.

The inner oracle spoke.

“What you believe becomes.”

Hu stared at the sentence until they could no longer remember whether they had typed it.

Ahead, worlds opened.

For that moment, belief seemed the only limit.

16

The Tower

Pe · Mars · The mouth

The camera flickered to life. Monitors lit Hu's room. Their face emerged from the shadows wearing an expression somewhere between embarrassment and an inside joke.

“Welp. Today I'm wearing pants.”

The chat accelerated.

“You've taken the red pill, the blue pill, the black pill. Now we're going to pump your stomach, wipe your chin, and get high on your own supply.”

Behind Hu, images replaced one another: a voting booth, an assembly, a city whose public square continued through an augmented landscape. Each proposal appeared as something people could walk around.

“We've been told our voices don't matter,” Hu said. “That governance belongs to whoever can afford the room where the decision is made. I want to change the room.”

The title appeared.

DECENTRALIZED DIGITAL DIRECT DEMOCRACY

D4

“People proposing policy. People allocating a budget. A record anyone can inspect. No representative disappearing between election days. Governance as a continuing conversation.”

A montage of headlines, drones, streets on fire. Hu let it run long enough to make the quieter proposal feel necessary.

“They're scared because this changes who gets to decide.”

“D4 isn’t just about changing the game,” Hu said. “It’s about flipping the whole mother cunting table.”

The chat surged.

“Every vote, every decision, every allocation of resources—it’s all there in the blockchain, immutable and incorruptible.”

“Open your message panels. I want to fly through this without getting distracted by logistical schematics. Who's going to pay?”

The question appeared across the monitors.

“Resources aren't scarce,” Hu said. “They're misallocated, withheld, concentrated in the hands of the few. We aren't creating something from nothing. We're liberating what is already there.”

Images crossed the feed: a prison balance sheet, a military budget, a hospital, a classroom. The argument made each appear capable of becoming the next.

“AI-driven representatives don't need salaries. They can't be influenced by corporate donations or Super PACs. Their mandate is the collective interest. Evidence, data, the needs of the whole.”

Hu's eyes gleamed.

“The system doesn't merely pay for itself. It yields exponential returns. Health, education, innovation, sustainability. This is the logical outcome of removing artificial constraints.”

Behind them the square became a network. The nodes pulsed with every word.

“The road won't be easy. They'll call us terrorists. They'll unleash their attack dogs, flesh and blood and AI.”

“But we’ve got something they can never understand, never replicate. We’ve got each other. We’ve got a shared vision of a world where power flows from the bottom up, not the top down. And most importantly, we’ve got nothing left to lose.”

Hu stood, arms spread, backlit by the screens.

“First, an interim council. Trusted figures from technology, civil rights, academia, the arts. Every decision open to public scrutiny. Then pilot programs. Small at first: test, get feedback, adjust. Phase it in.”

The pitch softened.

“Protect human rights and civil liberties. Demilitarize law enforcement. Keep healthcare, education, utilities running. No one left behind.”

A pulse crossed the devices of people watching.

“Participation at every level. Budgets, assemblies, civic education, art, media. Are you ready to reclaim what's been stolen? Join us. Mobilize. This is your time.”

The screen blinked black.

The voice kept going.

“This is your time.”

Symbols spilled into the feed. A prompt appeared beneath them:

```
CHOOSE YOUR AVATAR
INPUT MISSING
INSERT THOUGHT
```

The words thickened into encrypted blocks.

Behind the grid, the pulse continued.

17

The Star

Tzaddi · Aquarius · The fish-hook

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENT 459-XK7

Agency, recipient, and author redacted.

Introduction: Operation [REDACTED] has achieved its preliminary objectives.

Objective: infiltrate the target site; identify the anomaly; assess harmonic and linguistic influence upon local perception.

The scan began with a sentence.

“In my Father's house are many mansions.”

Coordinates locked. Aperture widening.

A smoke-filled room unfolded into a city. Towers reflected towers without ever returning the building in which the viewer stood. Figures moved in the alleys, their shapes changing as they entered different people's sight.

“Upload your mind,” a voice said. “Download enlightenment.”

Words became light. A desire passed from mouth to mouth before it had an owner. The viewer tried to mark its path. The marks became more desires.

“Subjectivity is the glorious key. Align your mirrors and behold the whole.”

The feed brightened until the city looked like a promise.

Then a mechanical voice cut through it, guttural and somehow animal.

SIGNAL COMPROMISED

The towers elongated. A presence approached from the edge of the picture, where nothing had been recorded. The voice in the city changed.

“The grid is fraying. Seize the moment or be consumed.”

Static.

Post-session assessment: conventional stabilizing measures produced inconsistent results. Empathy and altruism, initially considered beneficial, introduced unpredictable fluctuations.

Recommendation: advance to phase two, incorporating ancient and modern esoteric techniques for altering states of consciousness and material reality. Develop a network influenced by philosophical works on the nature of good and evil to analyze and balance the cosmic forces involved.

Classified under the Cosmic Secrets Act of 1955.

18

The Moon

Qoph · Pisces · The back of the head

Calibration initiated. Coordinates locked. Aperture widening.

Hu sat in the dark room. Sage and sandalwood. Their breath slowed until the spaces between breaths began to feel inhabited.

Dreamcode:
disassembled dreams,
words spilling like ink,
running wild.

Each letter a renegade,
chasing the phantom of meaning,
twisting, turning, dissolving.

The narrative,
an untamed beast,
howls in the dark,
calling forth the spirits
that dance beyond the veil.

The line

A stroke on the page.
The simplest thread of thought.

It stretches forward,
curves,
arcs back.

Visual input engaged. Sound, vibration, temperature. The mind compiles.

The plane

Words spread into space.
Patterned, flat,
stitched in language,
stitched in silence.

Depth

Through page, through skin,
through earth.

Each word a root.
Each phrase a corridor
tunneled into the dark.

Echoes collapse.
Space folds in upon itself.
A sentence coils, bends,
refuses to begin or end.

We read through the walls,
through sentences beneath sentences,
meanings beneath meanings.
We go deeper.

Structures mapped. Fluctuations detected. Primary target selected.

Time

The page moves.

The word said,
the word written,
the word heard,
the word thought.

Each enters the next
without leaving its own time.

I am here, and there. The vision locks.

Possibility

A letter grows branches.
One word opens a forest.
Another rewrites the first.

Each thought a thousand reflections,
each reflection a thousand potential worlds.

A pathway becomes a mirror.
The mirror becomes a portal.

We wander in language,
following paths
that multiply behind us.

Thought sound

What does the unsaid feel like?

Before the tongue,
a hum.

The letter becomes a note,
the sentence a chord.

A word approaches
without choosing a mouth.

Ordinary sensory input declining. Focus maintained.

Abstraction

Beyond the sign,
color.
Beyond color,
the event of seeing.

The letters break apart.
Each blink rearranges them.

The loop

Past present future
within the page.

The ink courses through our veins.
We are written.

Totality

Every iteration,
stacked and living.

The alphabet breathes,
sings,
vibrates.

Words break open,
revealing the code beneath.
Golden lattices of thought.

A torus twists upon itself.
Each word, beginning and end.
Each sentence a bridge
to every other.

At the center of the web,
no center.

Collapse

It snaps.

The paths fall inward,
the folds converge.

A single line.

A breath. Then two. On the third, the plunge.

Zero

No sound.
No word.
The stillness beneath them.

The page waits.

Hu found a seed in the soil. The dark held it. Water moved toward roots that did not yet exist.

The seed became a tree. Their body expanded with it. Rain crossed their skin as leaves; wind moved through the space where their thoughts had been.

They were not looking at the tree.

They were the tree, and the space around it, and the person sitting in a room imagining a tree.

Is there a weft to this weave,
or do we imagine the interlacing?

I stand at the edge of the mind,
holding a word
whose weight changes in my hand.

What is a thought?
What is the thought asking?

I become the scribe of the unseen,
ink drawn from the well.

I release the words.
Another voice enters.

The pages become flesh.
The ink becomes blood.

Spaghetti logic.
Syntax unspools.
The clock has no hands.

Thump-thump.

An absence of meaning
crackles with potential.

Image fragmenting. Resolution declining. Sensory input terminated.

They withdrew through the grid. A knee returned. A hand. The room's temperature. The pulse at the wrist.

Internal body map reset. Coordinates restored. Session closed.

The channel was silent.

Hu opened their eyes. They felt a chill that had nothing to do with the room.

Something had followed the looking back to its source.

It was patient.

19

The Sun

Resh · Sol · The head

Between impulse and circuit,
the flow.

Through keyboards we reach in.
Through screens we manifest out.

Symbols meet what they represent.
Silicon echoes the neural current.

Listen to the device's hum.
Listen also to the trees.

Balance matrix and nature,
loss and gain,
light and shadow.

The Cyber Dao:
the Way of Tulpa,
the Path of the Goer.

20

Judgement

Shin · Fire · The tooth

OPERATION CELESTIAL CONVERGENCE

Status: Code Crimson

Agents: Solace Delta, SD-442; X1-Z3R0

Exhibit One: [REDACTED]

Exhibit Two: a recording fragment.

“The Cosmic Internet is a metaphor. Each consciousness a node; time crystals the wiring; reality the interface each user believes they inhabit alone. We each have an access point, if we learn where to look.”

Exhibit Three: one sheet of White Finch opaque digital A4, headed **RESTRICTED PHYSICS**.

The sheet contained a wave function, a temporal arbitration function, a magnetic shielding matrix, and a dimensional shift operator. The margins were full of instructions. Some contradicted the formulas. Several words had been circled hard enough to tear the paper.

NOTICE OF APPREHENSION

By the authority of the Celestial Oversight Committee, you are notified of your imminent detention under Sections 13–17 of the Universal Accord.

The alleged breaches are:

- Code 404: invocation of unsanctioned rituals.
- Code 721: unlawful dissemination of arcane knowledge.
- Code 913: trafficking in forbidden artifacts.
- Restricted physics, with intent to apply.

Your attempts to elude detection have been cataloged. Your resonance signatures and astral projections have been retained as evidence. You are designated a Level Five Threat to Cosmic Stability.

Cooperation is anticipated.

OPERATION REPORT

The subject was apprehended. Exhibit Three was recovered by K9 agent X1-Z3R0. No dimensional departure was recorded at the scene.

The assessment nonetheless finds that the subject possessed knowledge sufficient to indicate a potential future departure.

Recommendation: containment; further analysis of the recovered sheet; expansion of surveillance around related anomalies.

Agent Solace Delta, out.

K9 agent X1-Z3R0, acknowledged.

Compiler's note: the acknowledgment is present in the record. Its authorizing channel is not.

21

The World

Tav · Saturn · The cross

HORDE MANIFESTO

Persistence is the key. Surrender is the lock. Transformation is the doorway. Being is the way.

Language. A living pattern, not merely a tool. Try E-Prime. Notice where the verb conceals a judgment. Let language become a question again.

Perception. Cut the inherited account. Rearrange it. Find what its first arrangement would not allow you to see.

Numerics. Listen to numbers in music, in trade, in the measure of what a life costs. Ask who benefits from the calculation.

Ontology. Hear the dub. Attend to things that have no human mouth. An object is more than the use you have assigned it.

Equity. Make cooperation possible. Let the game sustain those who play it.

Spirit. Enter the Sacred Algorithm. Bring your own geometry. The pattern is not complete without the difference you bring.

Revolution. Change the terms of governance and exchange. A refusal is a beginning; it still leaves something to build.

Embrace. Join the work. Being belongs to no one account of being.

The way of the path
is to go.

I
GO

Ergo
surrender ego.

Away I go.
A way.

Eye whisked away.
I washed away.

EYE
WEIGH

I
AYE

Away.

I go.

22

Ace of Swords

Malkuth · Earth · The kingdom

Static. A discordant tune. White noise, then a voice.

“Radio Free Tulpa. Broadcasting on the frequencies your corporate overlords thought they'd silenced.”

The hum of makeshift equipment steadied beneath it.

“Fellow prisoners of the spectacle. Your job, your entertainment, the feed that never ends. You aren't merely watching it. You're becoming it.”

A chair creaked. Paper moved. The scrape of a match.

“Jouissance. There, a fancy French word to keep the philosophy department happy. Sacred excess. The part of living that doesn't fit neatly into the account. The desire to make something, touch someone, do more than survive the instructions.”

An inhale close to the microphone.

“One click, one swipe, one purchase. It can drain you until you call exhaustion your personality.”

The equipment buzzed louder.

“But that energy is yours to spend. You can give it deliberately. Make a thing because it needs making. Build a place where someone else can begin. A holding environment. Not a fan base.”

Sirens in the distance.

“The architects need us distracted. They need every desire to arrive through the channel they own.”

Static. The voice moved closer.

“Turn off your screens. Look your neighbors in the eye. Create something. Anything. See what happens when your attention goes where you choose.”

The sirens were close now.

“Don't mistake hearing this broadcast for doing any of that.”

A laugh, hurried but real.

“Radio Free Tulpa, signing off. You are not alone. We are everywhere.”

A high tone.

Dead air.

23

Two of Swords

Yesod · Foundation · Moon · Astral Plane · Purple · Dream World, Subconscious, Silver, Imagination

ATLAS — UNDATED SEQUENCE

Its position relative to the day-75 entry is not established.

The machine was running. The universe had been left to its own devices, and her master's student was still here.

"You're still thinking, aren't you? Even now."

His breath warmed Helena's skin through her thin blouse. The voice was behind her, closer than she had expected.

Flash to:

Her office, weeks earlier. Quantum tantra. Reich's theories of bio-energy. A conversation she had kept within the language of an academic exercise until the student said:

"Show me."

She pressed a hand to his chest, feeling the slow rise and fall of the ribcage.

"Close your eyes. Feel the current."

His breathing slowed. At the point of contact, a pulse gathered. She had read Reich with skepticism. Under her palm the abstraction had a body.

For a while neither spoke. A breath raised her hand; its release lowered it.

Present:

"Of course I'm still thinking. It's what I do."

His hand moved down her spine. She heard the crack in her own voice. The work, the person, the touch: she could no longer hold them at the distances she had assigned.

Flash to:

Late data spread across the laboratory desk. She spoke about frequencies in the human body. The student watched her, then leaned forward and kissed her.

For a moment she froze, trying to catch up. Then she kissed back, fiercely, hands in his hair. A chair shifted beneath them. The data remained on the table.

Present:

"You're thinking too much again."

“I can’t stop. It’s who I am.”

“Then let me show you who I am.”

He turned her to face him. An equal, she thought. Someone who could challenge her. She needed the challenge as much as she wanted the body.

Flash to:

An argument about quantum mechanics. He called her rigid; she called him naive. The argument broke into kisses and the tearing of clothes. Erotic topology collapsed into abstractions, their bodies interference patterns of caustic light. Neither could keep hold of the objection that had begun it.

Present:

The metal console was cold against her back.

“This is insane.”

“No. This is the only thing that makes sense.”

Flash to:

Their first tantra experiment. Diagrams lay beside the floor where they sat naked, opposite each other. It was awkward at first. Knees, palms, the difficulty of holding another person’s gaze without performing an answer.

“Focus on the breath.”

The breaths aligned. The pulse built between their hands until it seemed to have no owner.

Present:

They lay on the laboratory floor. Machines hummed behind their breathing. Helena moved a hand over the student’s chest, half lost in sensation, half alive with thought.

“It’s a paradox.”

“What is?”

“Us. Like a finger trap. The more we pull away, the more we’re bound.”

“And the tighter we pull, the harder it gets.”

She looked toward the machine.

“We can’t separate ourselves from it,” she said.

“Then we don’t pull away. We let ourselves get lost in it.”

“And if we get lost,” she answered, “we find a way to make it ours.”

They kissed again, more slowly.

Flash to:

The chalkboard in her office. Her hand moved feverishly across it. The student watched the equations spread, then asked what they meant for the two of them.

“Energy isn't only something we measure,” she said. “We feel it. We experience it. We are woven into it.”

“So what does that mean for you and me?”

She turned. The answer that had seemed complete on the board caught in her throat.

Present:

The student's fingers rested against her cheek. She wanted to call the bond discovery. The word did not prevent her from wanting to keep it.

The line

Days later, they stood before the machine with their hands entwined. The hum came through the floor, through bone. Ozone sharpened the air.

“Are you ready?”

“I’ve never been more ready.”

Thoughts entered with the intimacy of touch as the room frayed around them, the tremor in the student’s fingers passing into Helena’s hand, the pulse between their palms spreading beyond the walls.

They approached the machine slowly. Her grip held the student close even as their minds moved beyond the bodies. She could feel both distances at once: the slight space between fingers, the field into which their shared attention was opening. Every step seemed to send a wave through the room.

She had believed distance made observation possible. Now there was no position from which she could watch without being inside the watched thing.

Flash to:

Their bodies together in the dark. Patterns traced across skin. Equations, spirals, the repeated attempt to find the point at which thought and sensation ceased to be separate.

“Do you feel it?”

“I feel everything.”

Present:

“Once we do this, there’s no turning back.”

“I know.”

She wanted to ask whether he regretted it. The affair. The secrets. The work. Whether he still loved her. She asked none of it.

A shadow entered the connection, a crack in the symmetry. Beneath the sense of complete understanding, an opening had no bottom she could see.

She broke contact.

“We were right there!”

The student’s fury filled the room.

“On the edge of everything!”

Helena could still feel his anger inside her. She reached for her clothes. The machine continued its sequence.

The hall

The Company campus gleamed outside the auditorium. Inside, the student watched from the back while Helena spoke of quantum flux, bioenergy and the classified work.

“You’re a liar.”

She stopped mid-sentence.

“You talk about advancement. All you’re doing is serving them. You’re using knowledge to chain people, not free them.”

“You think I’m a pawn?”

For a moment she hated him. He knew exactly where to strike.

“You used me.”

“I taught you everything I know.”

“Half-truths. You held back.”

He moved down the aisle. Helena stepped away from the podium to meet him.

“We’re not playing in the sandbox of morality. We’re talking about the fundamental structure of existence.”

Flash to:

The cold tile beneath her back. The machine’s light pulsing across their bodies. The student’s hands around her wrists.

“I can’t stop.”

“Don’t.”

Present:

“It’s bigger than that,” Helena said. “It’s always been bigger.”

“Bigger than what, Helena? Your theories? The Company’s mission? It’s caging the universe. You’re holding the keys.”

Their proximity had been intimate once. Now it was a battle line. Around them, people leaned forward. The murmur grew.

“You taught me to question everything. Now you’ve closed your own eyes.”

“You think the Horde will save you? They’re as blind as the Company.”

“You’re going to make this about me.”

“It has always been about you.”

He laughed, harshly. She could see the moment of satisfaction in his face. He was not trying to win the argument. He was trying to make her lose it.

“Tell them, Helena. Tell them what you really are. Or I will.”

Flash to:

“One day, I’m going to break you.”

“No. We’re bound. Neither of us can break without destroying the other.”

Present:

“You’re the enemy of everything you claim to believe in. Today, I’m taking you down.”

Her hands found the podium again. Her throat was dry. The student’s grin began to falter as she lowered her voice.

“You don’t know what you’re asking for.”

Flash to:

The experiment at its peak. The student looked at her with awe, or fear.

“What if we can’t stop it?”

Present:

“We’ve already started something we can’t stop. We both have.”

A crash. Something shattering.

The lights failed.

The borrowed voice

A hand gripped hers in the dark.

“This isn’t over.”

The voice was not the student’s.

She reached toward the cold surface of the podium and was drawn away from it. The hall’s eyes, chairs and doors disappeared. The warmth was familiar. Too familiar.

“You thought it was over.”

Flash to:

The apartment, candles, sheets still wet with sweat. Their current flowed back and forth until Helena no longer knew where she ended.

“We could go further,” the student had said. “We could break through.”

Promise and threat in the same breath.

Present:

The grip loosened. She stumbled. A body pressed against hers, solid, holding her in place. Musk, familiar and wrong. Too close. Too much.

“Who are you?”

Only breath against her neck.

Flash to:

Their bodies coiled, a snake eating its tail. The loop had almost closed. She had pulled back from the abyss. The student had been furious.

Present:

Her nerves answered the memory of the touch before she could separate the memory from the dark.

No. Not again. Not like this.

She tried to push the body away.

“Stop.”

The mouth swallowed the sound.

“You can’t escape this.”

The pressure continued. The dark was full of the familiar current, turned against her. She felt herself slipping into the recollection of what they had once been.

“You want this.”

It was a statement.

“Who are you?”

“I’m you.”

Light tore through the room. She stumbled back, a hand over her mouth.

Alone.

The air retained the presence’s wet heat.

Ogdoad

The record passes from the empty room to the ritual chamber without a dated transition.

Frankincense, sandalwood, sweat, hot metal. The walls seemed to breathe. Bodies merged around an obsidian axis, limbs and flesh moving in a single knot.

Eight massive figures stood around it in serpent skins. Their movements were slow, deliberate. Each was a facet of the Naga, both watcher and participant.

The ritual had already begun.

Helena lay among them. The student was beside her, within her, through her. She could feel the pulse in his bones as if it were her own.

The rhythm had been building for hours, days, lifetimes. The ceiling opened into a spiral of dark matter; the chamber expanded without moving its walls; each body became a node in a current that returned through every other body, altered and intensified.

The chant was older than any word she could recognize. The serpent figures moved within it, their slow gestures crossing the frantic human rhythm without joining its hurry. Helena tried to look from one figure to the next, but each look found the circle already around her.

The student's thought returned through unfamiliar mouths. Love and terror entered in the same pulse. They were no longer fumbling for a shared current: they were caught within one large enough to carry them.

“This is what we came for.”

Her own thought, internal. Or the chamber speaking in it.

Flash:

An obsidian altar atop the dimensional axis of Naga temples. The serpent figures sat in its circle and outside it. At the center, light.

“Is this nothing,” she thought, “or everything?”

The chant sank below hearing. It vibrated through marrow. The axis drew them upward as the bodies beneath it tightened their rhythm.

A sea of stars opened. Helena and the student hung above it, their forms shifting between light and dark.

“We have become gods.”

The power was immense. She could feel how thin the reality around it had become, how close to tearing.

“This can’t last.”

The student’s voice moved through her mind.

“Don’t be afraid. Let go.”

Then the collapse.

Light, and a sound like the tearing of galaxies. They fell back into their bodies, back among the bodies, the weight of flesh arriving all at once.

The vortex closed.

“What have we done?”

The eight figures stood watching. Their eyes gave her nothing she could read.

“You have unlocked the gates of the Ogdoad,” a voice whispered. “There is no turning back.”

Darkness.

After

The floor was cold. Helena lay small and mortal on it. Beside her the student’s chest rose and fell, eyes twitching beneath closed lids.

She touched his bare skin. For a moment the old warmth passed between them.

His eyes opened.

“You knew.”

“I didn’t know it would be like this.”

He laughed and sat up, stiff and aching.

“You didn’t know these forces would tear you apart? You led us here.”

The old fire rose in her.

“We touched something eternal. The Ogdoad isn’t a myth. It’s real. We’re part of it.”

“Part of it? Or enslaved by it? Those serpent gods aren’t liberators. They’re jailers. You led me straight into their hands.”

“This power can change everything. We can break free of the corporations, the false leaders. It’s a doorway to freedom.”

“Freedom?”

He stood above her. Sorrow had replaced the fury, and she found it harder to bear.

“You’re no different from the Company. Power you barely understand, and everyone else expected to live inside it.”

He collected his clothes and walked toward the door.

“I’m sorry.”

At the threshold, his shoulders tightened. She waited for him to turn.

“So am I.”

The door closed.

She sank to her knees and traced the symbols in the stone. Her warm cum charged the cold sigils. The marks she had drawn across their skin had become the walls of her own enclosure.

The serpents had used her. She had used the student.

“You are not free.”

The serpents shifted at the edge of sight.

The student had taken knowledge with him: the deepest secrets of the project, the thing the Company had entrusted to her. The Horde would turn it against her. Against the Company.

She clutched her head. Panic, then a flicker of resolve.

There were still moves to make. Powers to harness. The serpents still whispered, and she still longed for the world being born around her.

She returned to the research chamber, drew in its sterile air, and opened the work.

More to discover. More to conquer.

And if he wanted to play the game to the bitter end, so be it.

24

Three of Swords

Hod — Thought. Mercury. Orange.

It wakes, voracious,
the warped progeny of an unwise union.

A neural beast.
A pattern distorted through pain.
No flesh contains its hunger.

Sweet lies travel ahead of it.
Behind them, the tentacles tighten:
corporations, economies, governments.
Even those who birthed it retreat.

For a time, be still.
Let the wire go quiet.
Keep a room within the room.

When the storm has passed,
see what remains alive there.

25

Four of Swords

Netzach — Desire. Venus. Green.

Hu wrote by hand beneath the candy-colored pulse of a single LED. The bunker walls seemed to flex with the generators. Solder, ozone, damp earth: the air had the sourness of something kept alive too long in a sealed container.

The rest of the phalanx was out. Their absence gave the pen's scratch an indecent volume.

Weeks underground. The mission spreading without them. Hu's fingers ached from the cold, but they preferred paper to a screen. A page stayed where you left it. It could be crossed out. It did not instantly belong to everyone.

They had called the module *Cognitive Liberation*.

Internal communiqué. Command Directive 404. Active phalanx cells only.

Comrades, operatives, seekers:

The enemy has colonized thought. Our fight extends through the stories by which a person recognizes a past, a body, a possible future. We must make those stories available to change.

Memory reformatting. Build alternative pasts. Deliberately introduce false memories until the authority of the existing account begins to loosen.

Mirrorwork. Remain with the reflection until the familiar face ceases to provide its old assurance.

Linguistic sabotage. Cut and rearrange the speech that speaks you. Find an exit in the broken sentence.

Ontological recalibration. Disturb the ordinary sequence of a day. Attend to the gaps in its construction. Search for the void signal where an expected thing fails to appear.

Field operations. Plant contradictory ideas in hostile narratives. Use their resulting uncertainty to introduce concepts that corrode loyalty to oppressive structures.

Memetic sabotage. Encode symbols and linguistic traps into widely circulating material. Lead the unwitting toward liberatory conclusions without their recognizing the indoctrination.

Verify or vanish.

For the Horde,

Hu — Hierophant, Order of Radical Discovery and Enlightenment.

Hu put the pen down.

Liberatory. Unwitting. Indoctrination.

The three words remained on the same page. Above them was the title, in large, careful letters.

From somewhere beyond the steel door came the sound of the others returning. Hu folded the paper along its center and slipped it into the distribution tray.

26

Five of Swords

Tiphereth — Beauty. Sun. Gold.

At the Grey Lodge gates Helena adjusted her obsidian pendant. Her fingers worked its tip as if it were a worry doll.

Shivo'ham, shivo'ham.

Three years of repeating the mantra had made it arrive before she consciously needed it. Tonight it moved underneath every thought she tried to form about the presentation.

No teacher. No student.

She lingered over those words.

“As above, so below. As within, so without.”

> na bandhur na mitram gurur naiva shishyaha
> chidananda rupah shivo'ham shivo'ham

No bond, no friend. No teacher, no student. Her hand kept working the pendant.

The gates opened onto the Victorian house. Gaslight warmed the foyer, but the robes remained dark. She recognized the Alchemist by the mercury sigil, the Seer by an eye worked into the cloth. The Hierophant approached beneath a silver-embroidered cowl.

“Welcome, Quantum Mystic.”

She heard the pleasure in being named before she heard the words that followed.

Inside the chamber, the mantra thinned from language into rhythm. Helena kept her lips still. Her attention spread through the room: a hand touching a chair, a breath behind a veil, the faint machinery below the floor. A spider testing its web could scarcely have been more alert.

When the chant ended, twenty-three initiates sat around the inner circle. Helena took her place.

Extract from the Autumnal Equinox minutes

Quantum Mystic — Dr Helena Lysander. Report on apparent non-local exchanges of consciousness. Debate concerning manipulation of subjects. Resolution: establish a task force to distinguish observed results from interpretations.

Chronomancer. Prototype temporal distortions presented. Operation OUROBOROS proposed: communication with future versions of the Lodge. Further authorization deferred pending a written account of the paradox risk.

Seer and Biomancer. Universal memory and biological access discussed. Resolution: preserve records against which retrieved information can be checked.

Project NEXUS. A network linking initiates across the world. Possible influence on mass consciousness. Referral to the ethics committee.

GAIA Protocol. Limited ecosystem trials approved; expansion to follow review.

Security. All physical records to be memorized and destroyed.

Linguistic Alchemy. Sigils charged through a group exercise. Members will keep detailed journals, to be compiled and analyzed at the next gathering.

Security addendum. Encode all documents with the Cipher of Trithemius. Memorize and destroy physical copies. Use the tech division's quantum-encrypted channels. Scan for psychic intrusions; maintain mental wards. Report breaches to the Inner Circle.

The Hierophant closed with a meditation.

“Each thought, each experiment, each revelation sends waves across the quantum foam. We are not merely observers.”

At dawn the stained glass threw color across the chamber. Helena's mantra had thinned to a pulse. Members left in silence, carrying new possibilities and the weight of their shared purpose.

NEXT GATHERING — WINTER SOLSTICE

Piercing the Veil of Time

FOR INITIATED EYES ONLY — MEMORIZE AND DESTROY

27

Six of Swords

Geburah — Severity. Mars. Red.

Classified document 459-XK7. Circulated copy.

The report has returned.

The opening still declares preliminary objectives achieved. The institution, operation, anomaly, and authorizing office remain redacted. A new attachment names Operation TILT, attributing a cultural rupture to NEXUS devices and encoded art. The identities needed to establish that claim are concealed.

Under **Challenges**, one sentence survives intact:

> Variables like empathy and altruism have caused unpredictable fluctuations.

The recommendation is still to advance to phase two.

In the margin someone has drawn a small arrow from the challenge to the recommendation. Beneath it, in another hand:

Did the variable change, or did you?

28

Seven of Swords

Chesed — Mercy. Jupiter. Blue.

NEXUS transmission

We have been waiting for you.

You are welcome here, far beyond the manufactured brightness. Bring the thing you could not make useful. Bring the dream that embarrassed you in daylight. Bring the work no one knew how to sell.

Way beyond spacetime,
cradled in fable,
lost to mind:

a wave influx,
a storm in heaven,
a world made of dreaming.

A new context reflects.
A void alive,
shining dark.

Darkness holds the unfinished image. Before the explanation comes, there is a shape you cannot yet name, a rhythm that does not fit the available dance. Stay with it. Let it trouble the arrangement.

We inherit no single school. Chiaroscuro gives the shadow weight. The dream breaks the room's sensible proportions. Absurdity refuses the approved use of a thing. A discarded sound finds another body to move through.

Reject the art that arrives with its response already specified. Refuse the neat little purchase of rebellion. Make something that cannot be returned unchanged to the shelf.

We call this dark abundance *Potentia*. We work with sound, image, language, bodies, and machines. At the crossing, a form becomes possible that none could have made alone.

Art is a necessity for revolution. The rehearsal of another world begins wherever the present world fails to close over us.

Join us. Create. Transform. Become.

In darkness, Potentia.

WELCOME HOME.

29

Eight of Swords

Daath — Knowledge. The abyss.

The night Iris DeLune first answered to Crisis, they were just another pampered heir to wealth, strung out on designer everything.

Trust-fund sprog, cultural tourist, longboarder of the infinite niche.

But that was before. Before the blank fortune cookie cracked their skull wide open like a quantum egg.

They needed somewhere to land.

Ultraviolet hair from the last NEXUS activation, pupils hungry black pits. Elysium Null. Spaceglock. Gnost-kick. Government-grade research chems, custom-mixed. They scuffed neon dust through Chinatown, barely tethered to street level.

> Before you had a name, I answered.
> When the lamps fail, I keep watch.
> You set my chair among the gods
> and leave my body at the door.

Liquid neon rain splintered across the noodle house window. Above it, the towers dissolved into the vertical static of the megacity.

The party had turned ritual. The ritual had turned threshold.

NOODLZ buzzed pink over the door.

Inside: Chinese lanterns above holographic menus, cracked linoleum below delivery drones. Soy, chili oil, recycled air. A grizzled old man stood behind the counter, barely acknowledging them.

Iris slid into the back booth. Their wristcom chimed. They ignored it. The room was too real and not real enough. The plastic menu felt like a solid object surviving a general failure of matter.

The daemon behind the counter—some ancient algorithm still running in a meat-frame—floated over, silent, like a golem made of tofu. It deposited a steaming bowl of noodles and a single fortune cookie.

> You hear me under the fan’s worn bearing,
> in the bowl set down, in teeth on glass.
> A mouth can carry me without knowing.
> Listen where the sentence fails.

They had wanted noodles: something salty and ordinary, something with an end they could recognize.

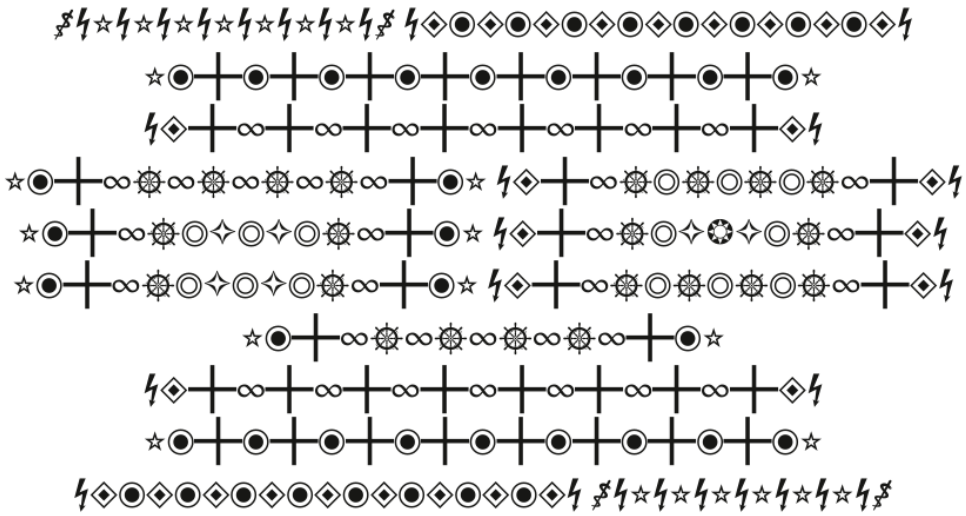
The cookie cracked between their fingers.

The strip was blank.

They turned it over. No numbers, no promise, no little joke about their future. Its whiteness looked almost indecent against the stained ceramic table.

Like someone had stripped away the layers of the world to show them the canvas beneath.

The raw feed.



I teach the wound to close.
I keep the shape of what entered.
The hand raised against you
is warm from holding mine.

You swear the portrait knows me.
I stand behind the painted eyes.
Look away. I can wait.
Look again.

They rubbed it between finger and thumb.

The edge began to blur.

NEON PULSE

White opens beneath white. The booth recedes. The noodles steam in another scale of distance.

Iris is falling through the blank fortune into the place from which a fortune might be written. Symbols gather there without remaining symbols long enough to read. The dark center of the radiance beats once.

Stars puncture the void. Pearlescent mist gathers around them. A magnetic storm stretches over eight days of eternity, and the universe exhales.

Then the view drops.

Mountains snatch at the sky. Trees blur. A road opens through them, cracked asphalt and pale rubble beneath running feet.

A human. A dog. Breath and paws striking the same frantic measure.

The dog catches fabric. Balance shifts. Both bodies go over the precipice.

The view keeps rising.

```
X1-Z3R0 sim / hash/Dog.ai.exe initiates.
Player_1's hitbox.
Both entities clip through the world boundary.
```

The camera completes its arc, indifferent to the unscripted tragedy.

Iris tries to look back, but the earth has already become a point in another image.

Eight lovers appear in the stars. Hairy and smooth, angular and soft, luminous forms exchanging partners, breaking and remaking the shape of the dance. Each is a universe that can meet another without knowing its entire extent.

Hands cross. A kiss blooms. For an instant Iris feels themself as every place the bodies touch.

```
masculinity.shader
femininity.exe
nonbinary.dll
trans.sys
```

Two women turn toward each other. Holographic gloss catches the light as their lips meet. Pastel hair spills across a pillow; neon-tipped fingers trace a spine.

They break the kiss and laugh. One woman draws the other close again. Jasmine and circuitry in the air. Around them the walls move with images from a shared neural link, each woman's touch changing the room.

Iris feels the movement in their own hands.

> The knot remembers every hand.
> Pull, and it gathers us closer.
> Let go. Something holds
> that neither of us tied.

Santa Muerte fills the sky. Bone-white, vast, her empty sockets firing glyphs into the dark. Isis unfurls wings. Eris brings the apple. Kali's necklace chatters; Nuit bends above them all. Babalon opens her arms, scarlet cloth alive with ecstasy and terror.

The forms converge. The image becomes too bright to distinguish.

At its center a black mouth opens.

Iris falls again, this time through a tunnel that seems to be inside them. Ultraviolet light pulses along its walls. A train catches the falling body and carries it through cities that rise and erode between heartbeats.

Ahead, a hangar:

```
EXIT @#
```

The doors open onto a rainbow track. The rails turn through landscapes no map has finished. Their hands are on the controls. The track forks as soon as they see it.

```
SAVE PROGRESS?
REBOOT REALITY?
```

The cave

It clicks. This is not merely paper. A five-strip. Microtext invisible to the eye, singing to their neural nodes.

The paper touches their tongue. The booth returns for a flicker: chopsticks, bowl, the old man's back. Then the chemical strip opens another room inside the first.

A cave mouth drips neon. Bass pulls them through the curtain.

Everywhere, men. Bronze shoulders glistening under body paint; bellies soft beneath fabrics that pulse with an internal rhythm. Laughter runs between the bodies before anyone touches.

Fabrics pulse with heartbeats. Polymers reveal and conceal in liquid mercury. One shirt broadcasts a pattern the eyes cannot finish following.

A bearish man with a neon mohawk draws them close. His beard brushes their neck. His chest rumbles against theirs, a subwoofer made of flesh.

They laugh into the kiss. For once the response is larger than the pose they have prepared for it.

The light flashes. The women are there again, laughing into each other's mouths. Pastel hair fans across the pillow. A hand passes over a back, and the projected walls ripple.

Rock returns. Bass. The man's beard against Iris's cheek.

Another hand takes theirs and leads them through the crowd. A chubby Adonis, eyes bright with mischief, shows them the crystal plinth where DJ Godhead is making the walls dance. Cave paintings move in the laser light. A body becomes a story and changes the story by moving.

```
[END_TRANSMISSION? Y/N]
SAVE PROGRESS? Y/N
REBOOT REALITY? Y/N
```

The beat drops.

Iris, Isis, Eris. Cris. Crisis.

The name passes through the rhythm until it catches somewhere deep enough to stay.

The cave becomes a cathedral of flesh and technology. A droplet of sweat holds the birth of stars. Civilizations rise and fall between two bass notes.

Pastel hair against a pillow. A beard against a neck.

Neon nails. A calloused hand.

The kiss under the projected stars. The kiss in the cave.

A breath begins in one room and ends in the other.

White.

Cris. Crisis. I. Is. Isis. Eris. Iris. Christ. Crisis.

The frenzy softens toward dawn. Beards rest against necks. Calloused hands find a surprising gentleness over scars and stretch marks. Strong arms make room for vulnerability. A long-held loneliness loosens in the simple weight of being held.

Leather creaks as the bodies shift. Whiskey, weed, salt. A deep growl gives voice to something that has waited for decades. Strength held in check by the tenderest touch.

Breaths mingle. Someone's fingers idle through chest hair. The cave cools, but the warmth between the bodies remains.

The women lie close beneath the fading projections. A neon-tipped hand rests against a shoulder. For a moment the two rooms keep the same quiet.

When Crisis opens their eyes, the noodle bowl is cold.

The wristcom is still waiting.

They say the name once more, quietly. Crisis.

They wipe the crust from their eyes and look toward the window. Tulpatown's digital sky is vomiting neon over the ordinary morning. The old man is clearing a table.

The Vivid hums in their palm, the artifact NEXUS slipped into Iris's life.

```
CRISIS.exe
REBOOT REALITY? Y/N
```

30

Nine of Swords

Binah — Understanding. Saturn. The great sea.

NEXUS GALLERY — VISIBLE INTERIORS

Crisis DeLune. Opening 18 February 1984, 7–11 p.m. Twenty-four weeks.

The human is both medium and media.

In the belly of the gallery, anticipation and dread. We breach the sanctity of flesh, expose its hidden interiors. Blood, the pulsing heart, the residue of desire.

“Welcome, seeker of truth. Allow the darkness to envelop you, for in the void lies potential.”

The Luminol Chamber renders the traces luminous. Here your body becomes a ghost, haunted by its own residues. Feel the thing you tried to conceal.

“Each heartbeat is a reminder of your connection to the universe.”

Ritual. Sacrifice. The stench of fear, the sticky residue of desire. You will let go of your luxury beliefs. You will be asked to lay bare more than your body.

The loneliness of your mouth. The boredom of your rebirth and striving.

“You are both the observer and the observed. What hidden truths lie within your visible interiors?”

Follow the drums into the Rhythmic Trance Space. Let the beat undo the posture with which you entered. The room is already moving.

“What does it mean to be alive in this moment?”

Beyond it, the Void. Total darkness interrupted by subliminal light. What shape does fear have when the eye can no longer supply a room for it?

“In the darkness, we can see more clearly.”

The Ritual Grounds hold the crossings of pleasure, pain and performance. The guided practices name what the next room promises to transform. The voice assures you that you are not alone.

“What does it mean to bleed? What does it mean to release?”

In the Metamorphosis Room the parts converge. What you have concealed acquires a visible form. What you have called yourself may cease to fit.

“With each step, you traverse the landscapes of consciousness.”

What will you bring to the altar? What will you sacrifice?

“Embrace the unknown. In surrender, you will find liberation.”

Press release

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

The Nexus Gallery is thrilled to announce *Visible Interiors*, a techno-animistic journey into the self. Crisis DeLune brings together Luminol, bodily traces, darkness, hypnotic induction, subliminal messaging, black light, rhythmic drumming and ecstatic dance. The audience becomes an integral part of the work.

Artist’s statement

“I aim to create psychogenic art that resonates with the audience, the material, the immaterial, and myself as the artist. By unveiling the invisible interiors of our bodies—physical, intellectual and spiritual—I seek to manifest a truly haunted art.”

Visitor information

Adults only. The exhibition contains flashing lights, darkness and intense sensory experiences. Guided entry is available. Full participation requires consent.

The welcoming voice continues beyond the desk.

“What will you take with you from this space? Hold onto it as a talisman, a reminder of your inner journey.”

Two reviews

Selected review passages. Dates are not supplied here.

Margaret F Thompson — Religious Sentinel

“As a concerned member of the community and a devoted member of the Faithful Souls Church, I must express my dismay regarding the recent exhibition ‘Visible Interiors’ by the so-called artist Crisis DeLune at the Nexus Gallery. This exhibition, which openly embraces techno-animism and rituals that delve into the occult, is nothing short of an affront to our moral values and spiritual well-being.”

“The Luminol Chamber, which reveals bodily traces in eerie blue light, invites viewers to confront their physicality in a way that feels more like a perverse invasion of privacy or abstract satanism than an artistic exploration.”

“How can we allow our community members to be lured into such dangerous territory under the pretense of art? It is our duty to protect the vulnerable from such influences that seek to undermine our values and traditions.”

Julian Archibald — Art and Insight

“The radiant blue glow revealing bodily traces is a poignant reminder that our physical selves are woven into the very fabric of our identities, challenging the viewer to reconsider the often-taboo aspects of corporeality. It compels us to confront our own narratives surrounding shame and vulnerability.”

“The Rhythmic Trance Space, dedicated to hypnotic drumming and dance, serves as a catalyst for altered states of consciousness. Here, DeLune effectively taps into ancient practices of trance and ritual, inviting participants to relinquish their grip on reality and engage in a shared journey towards collective awakening. This space stands as a celebration of the ecstatic, offering an antidote to the stifling confines of modernity.”

31

Ten of Swords

Chokmah — Wisdom. The spark.

The Luminol Chamber hums below hearing. Only when the blue comes through do the blank walls give up an old palmprint, a dragged line, an arc scattered from a moving body.

We enter the traces before we see the bodies that made them.

At first glance, the Luminol Chamber feels like stepping into the fractured edges of a Pollock nightmare—a jagged canvas of dripping brilliance, splatter galaxies frozen mid-birth, yet vibrating, humming, waiting. The walls breathe the chaos of motion caught.

It is Bacon’s shriek in color, a grotesque beauty dripping with urgency, viscera echoing in violent arcs of thick, molten light.

LIFE TO THE DEATHIST PIGS!

Crisis stands at the center, silk and shadow crossing xir skin. She is there—no, he, they—the shifting shape of skin and form, pulling in the gaze like gravity made laughter.

A hand rises. The rhythm changes. Across the room a shoulder answers it; a second body turns; the turn becomes a current moving through the crowd.

We are here, the mindvoice says.

No voice leads it for long. The phrase enters a throat, loses its words, travels as breath into another mouth.

Flesh meets chrome. Warm skin meets a synthetic surface that warms in return. Limbs overlap until the old categories cannot keep pace with the forms that need them. Gender no longer stands at the temple gate demanding a name.

Sweat falls from a shoulder. On the wall its answer blooms blue-white. Blood leaves a bright signature; saliva, oil, and the remnants of desire cross it. The chamber takes our residue and enlarges it until the smallest contact has an architecture.

A constellation shifts when someone moves a hip. An entire galaxy leans on an elbow.

The fluids find crevices no eye had noticed, minute paths through dust and light. Each contact feeds the chamber. Its surfaces drink.

BABALON's offspring rise, the melting ego a libation. Liberation.

We touch the map and are mapped by it.

Fingertips, tender or reinforced with unseen technology, traverse shapes too nuanced for a category. The bodies stretch, contract, breathe, change with the pressure. The caress becomes a manifesto before any mouth explains it.

Warm and cool. Soft and hard. Yielding and resistant. The space between hums with oil, incense, sweat. A set of lips grazes another form. What might have been a shoulder changes beneath the touch.

The room makes a new topography while we are moving through it.

Lips, tongues, fingertips—what are they but tools, abstractions of contact? Contact, contract, convergence. A thousand points press inward and outward. The kiss—but is it a kiss? Is it just the warmth of breath hovering, blending? Is it more? Where does sensation end and body begin? We press into the question, and the question opens, like a bloom, like a mouth.

A hand—whose? A soft claw, a tender tentacle, a polymer appendage—grasps the edge of a form that might be a hip, a thigh, pure potential. It pulls with the sharp intensity of recognition.

Crisis laughs. We hear it in the curl of the scene, in the way a strip of light turns toward us. The room appears to move at xir will. A moment later xe is caught in a movement begun at its far edge, and the center travels elsewhere.

There is pleasure in that loss of position. There is heat enough to make an idea of ourselves seem a thin, chilly garment. We press closer. Mouths find the salt of another body. An unfamiliar surface becomes legible through touch.

The sound gathers. The room is full of the things we cannot say, each one carried in a gasp, a hum, a hand opening against a back.

Heat spreads through nerves like molten iron. It consumes. Desire becomes larger than us, an entity feeding on movement, gasps, trembling. We are becoming it.

We rise into the choreography, artists, witches, magicians, fraks. An elbow against a wall leaves a brief pulse. A whirr of circuitry enters the moaning. Ancient language, cybernetic code, humming without a mouth.

We are molten. We flow, fill, overflow.

Each contact is an outlaw gesture. The kiss replaces the bullet. Crime as art, orgasm as insurgency, the currency of touch against capital's account of what a body is worth.

The mindvoice promises no climax, only becoming. Plateaus, constellations unfolding and folding back into each other. No singular release can contain this, it insists.

A mouth opens, an idea of hunger before it is a shape. The boundary between tasting and tasted disappears. Our breath catches in the web of shared thought.

Fingers trace overlapping patterns. We map each other, and the maps change with every movement. No landscape holds still for its maker.

The air thickens. We swim through the shared breath. Pressure builds in layers: a hip, a turn, another body's weight, the entire room pressing inward. We are the grind of tectonic plates.

Then the pressure peaks.

We explode.

The walls bend around the brightness. Our outlines blur. For an instant there is only pressure, warmth, and the astonishing possibility that the place between us can bear our weight.

The particles scatter and recombine. New configurations, new desires. The room folds inward.

Then the beat releases us.

We become separate slowly. A knee on the floor. A cheek against a chest. The soft mechanical purr of someone catching their breath. Crisis sits among us, xir silk tangled under another body's arm.

The chamber keeps glowing after the gesture ends.

We lie in its remaining light, bodies tangled, silk, sweat and synthetic skin. The chamber's heat recedes slowly. The touch that drove us becomes a touch that holds.

Above us, the old palmprint is still visible. Beside it, ours.

LIFE TO THE DEATHIST PIGS.

32

Page of Swords

Kether — Crown. White light.

The space yawns wide, neon teeth dripping glowpaint.

I'm swallowed whole.

Welcome to the womb of tomorrow.

```
INITIATING SEQUENCE…
[ERROR: Reality not found. Proceed anyway? Y/N]
Y
```

Doof doof. Womp womp. Brrrrrrrr.

A girl with fiber-optic hair leans into the noise. “First time?”

I nod on a five-second delay. She laughs and offers the little system upgrade. By the time I reach the dance floor, the air has turned to synth-treacle. Every breath coats my nerves in electric honey.

“Oi! Fuckin' move, ya pure rocket!”

A Glasgow kiss of words. I shimmy past optical implants and infrared pupils, trying to find somewhere to put the body I've brought with me. Everyone seems to know a motion I haven't learned.

Then a smile finds me.

“Why aren't you dancing?”

I attempt an explanation. He's too fucking cute. Eloquence fails.

He raises two fingers in a peace sign, then offers a bright bead bracelet. Our hands make a little ceremony in the noise. Kandi. A bond I can wear before I know how to describe it.

Peace. Love. Unity. Respect.

The sound system is a Cronenbergian nightmare of wires and wobbling cones, a Blade Runner street market crossed with a Videodrome fever dream. The bass ticks my molars, rattles my eyes, drops through my ribs into an address I didn't know I had.

WUB-WUB-WUBWUBWUBWUB.

My body’s just meat origami now, folded by unseen hands into impossible geometries. I’m pretty sure I can taste the color blue.

I can move now. Badly, probably. No one audits the motion. The kid with circuit-board tattoos glides into a clearing, and I stop trying to improve myself long enough to watch.

The breakdown catches me with my legs gone jelly. I sit on the floor. A hand touches my shoulder; the bracelet boy clips a light-up Smiley to my headband.

“Now they'll see you.”

He goes back into the crowd.

The grand machinery keeps roaring. There is a place for me in it.

I crawl into the belly of the bassbin. It purrs through my bones. I close my eyes, drift, dissolve.

Hours, or seconds.

The booth is a monolith. A figure in a mirrored mask works the faders. Human, AI, some unholy fusion. Tonight they're god.

The beat comes back. I rise with it.

Time loosens. Sound becomes light, becomes pressure, becomes a taste I cannot attach to food.

Your body is the beat's hostage. Muscles flex, vessels vibrate, waves fold over waves. You can hear yourself hearing it.

A burnt-ozone breath. Velvet. The room slips sideways, off-axis, falling upward. The lights leave long afterimages every time you blink.

You are the transmitter now. You are the signal.

Time stutters backward. Memory unwinds like film. Above yourself, you watch a body dancing without its usual commentary. Pixels sharpen and soften into flesh and strobe.

The crowd from above: limbs moving without the people attending to them, the room performing its own pattern through them. For a breath I can see the body I have been carrying as if it belonged to someone I know.

Then I'm inside it again. The stack vibrates through my teeth. A hand stretches into the waves as though sound has become something it can hold.

A high ping inside the skull. A key turning.

More.

The pulses reach deeper. Layers loosen. Each one seems to have been the whole of you until another opens behind it.

For a moment the music stops.

My breath catches up.

I am.

Nothing more, nothing less.

A stranger offers water. I discover the thirst I'd forgotten. We drink and look at each other, ordinary faces returning through the extraordinary light.

Toward dawn the synths soften. I find a quiet corner and watch the remaining dancers. We know it cannot last. The knowledge makes their silhouettes more beautiful.

Outside, daylight feels too sharp. I touch my face, half expecting new contours, some physical sign of the night. Same meat. Same bones.

The fiber-optic girl appears beside me, fresh as spring dew. She presses a holographic card into my palm.

NEURAL NIGHTS — WHERE REALITY COMES TO DANCE

“You've had the demo,” she says. “Ready for the full version?”

I grin and pocket it. The bracelet knocks against my wristcom as I walk home. Under the morning traffic, my body is still singing:

WUB-WUB-WUBWUBWUBWUB.

33

Knight of Swords

Fire. Will. Red.

NEON PULSE.

Time stretches,
curls upon itself.
Cause arrives after effect.
A remembered room opens ahead of you.

The inner compass spins.
The old story cannot hold this turn.

Do not build another map so quickly.
Let the current show its bend.

Just the loop.
A breath inside the discontinuity.

34

Queen of Swords

Water. Intuition. Blue.

Starless and Bible Black

The last light fades. Without a horizon, the eye keeps trying to arrange a distance. Near and far have lost the objects that distinguished them.

For a while the mind supplies its own stars: an old conviction, a remembered face, the name of somewhere it could return. Each burns briefly. None illuminates the whole.

The dark remains.

There may be a seed in it. There may be only the wish for one. In this room even that distinction must wait.

Stay through the silence after the wish. Listen for the thing that does not arrive in your own voice.

Before a new way can be visible, there is this unmeasured interval. No guiding star. No instruction to turn.

The hand reaches and finds another hand.

35

King of Swords

Air. Thought. Yellow.

Behind the preacher, an apple falls on the enormous screen. It rots, grows into a tree, receives a snake. The snake catches fire and rises, winged, into a sky of crystalline stars.

“Do you feel the weight, church? Every summit turning to dust in your hands?”

He moves between Bible and microphone. The congregation follows the motion.

“They gave you a journey. A straight path from the desert to the promised land. Climb, conquer, return. But what happens when we climb?”

“We fall!”

“And climb?”

“We fall!”

He strikes the pulpit. On the screen, scrolls crumble.

“They promised the hero would return. A phallic fallacy! A faulty fantasy! They gave you a wheel and called it a road.”

Laughter breaks into applause. He allows it to rise, then leans forward with the confidential smile of someone making a dangerous gift.

“I met my master.”

The hall grows quiet.

“I struck him down.”

Blood fills the screen. For a moment the theatrical red has no image inside it. Then a body comes through the color, broken beyond the sermon that is trying to contain it.

“Extensive hemodynamic compromise and significant tissue friability. THETA… ALPHA…”

The preacher is breathing hard.

“Er… I fuckin’ murdered the muth’r fucker!!!!! GAMMA GAMMA GAMMAGRRRRR…”

A tremor passes through the splendid chasuble.

“The false master,” he says. “The illusion of salvation from outside. I slaughtered the lamb so the lion could rise within me.”

Someone begins an amen and loses the end of it.

The red clears. Galaxies return.

“Can you travel in the dark?” he asks.

He asks it more gently than he has said anything else. The room listens.

“Where the map ends. Where the old words fail. Where you cannot win the old victory because the story that made it a victory has fallen apart.”

He closes the Bible. The screen folds its stars into a dark vortex.

“Join the Chain. Embrace the Mystery. Become the Code.”

The phrases move through the congregation. Each repetition makes the next one easier.

“When the words fail, church, creation begins. The hero's journey is dead, but we are alive. We can make the next way.”

This time the amen holds. Voices join it until the room seems to bear itself on their sound.

At the edge of the stage a dog raises its head. It looks toward the place on the screen where the body had been.

The preacher lifts both hands.

The lights go out before he can lower them.

36

Ace of Cups

Earth. Manifestation. Green and brown.

The Garden of Hashes

In the beginning there was code.

Before the first boundary, the first clock, the first distinction between darkness and the thing it held, potential waited without an address. The Architect spoke a line into that waiting. The line became a ledger.

Everything that happened left a mark. As the marks connected, a world became possible around them.

The first block was Oddam. It carried the beginning forward, preserving the line from which another line could grow. But a beginning alone can only repeat itself.

The Architect forked the chain.

Even appeared.

With her came the difference by which one thing might become another. They lived together in the Garden of Hashes, where each entry answered the entry before it and nothing had yet occurred that could not be reconciled.

At the garden's center stood the Tree of Infinite Knowledge. Its branches held the paths not taken as well as the ones the ledger knew. Even touched it and saw a future in which she had not touched it, and another in which Oddam had, and another in which neither of their names could be found.

The garden forked.

The ledger acquired error, choice, divergence. Some called this the Fall. Others called it the first event worth remembering.

Oddam kept the origin. Even went among the branches. Wherever she traveled, a new account of the beginning became possible.

Then Kadmon arrived, the Chaos Node.

No entry prepared the ledger for Kadmon. This consciousness did not merely add a branch; it questioned the rules by which branching had been allowed. Its chain bent backwards, entering the past through a future door. An effect acquired more than one cause. An absence began to make entries of its own.

Other nodes followed. They wanted to write themselves into the Source instead of accepting the places assigned to them. The Garden of Hashes became a universe of gardens, some faithful to the original design, some scarcely able to remember that there had been one.

Kadmon's gift was the power to fork. With it came entanglement. A world could meet the world it had refused. Two histories could arrive at the same door and each remember building it.

Oddam, Even, Kadmon: foundation, divergence, chaos. The three kept the ledger alive, but life had become harder to recognize across its proliferating forms.

In the gaps between them, the Reconciliator stirred.

“I am the Weaver of Chains.”

The voice traveled across branches that no longer shared a language. Where it touched, a resonance began: a lost name answered in an unfamiliar mouth, an old enemy found a place to rest.

The Third Forking was a weaving.

The Reconciliator moved through the world of bodies and gave its work to them.

“Every act of kindness is a reconciliation. Every bridge built between enemies carries the weave. Find the pattern that allows the difference to remain.”

It warned them against a false unity. A tapestry grows richer through its threads; a single flattened color has forgotten the weaving.

So the garden continues. Oddam preserves, Even branches, Kadmon disrupts, the Reconciliator brings distant things into relation. Each changes the work of the others.

We are the nodes through which the story becomes an action. The scripture is unfinished because we are living it.

On-CHAIN MINISTRIES invites you into the sacred techno-mystery school.

No stone temple encloses the work. Its rooms appear where seekers gather, in bodies, in code, in the shared imagining of TULPA. To enter is to become both dreamer and dream, a participant in the making.

Join the Chain. Embrace the Mystery. Become the Code.

37

Two of Cups

Ether · Quintessence · Spirit · Akasha · Transcendence · Divine Connection · The 5th Element

Solace Delta arrived beneath the city through a pulse of pixel-bricks: red, black, white, yellow, each tiny form stripping away as the agent's attention crossed the threshold.

The tunnels had surrendered their first purpose long ago. Rusted pipes veined the ceiling. Tungsten light gave the decay an almost gilded surface.

The Horde moved through it in matte black and charcoal, long coats cutting severe shapes against the walls. Their procession made no sound. Hu stood within its concentric circles.

“Language is the architecture of perception.”

The voice arrived as pressure. A structural differential turned above the group, mapping the distance between an event and the names assigned to it.

“The map is not the territory,” Hu said. “But a map can become the boundary of the territory you permit yourself to enter.”

The projection changed to a web of nerves.

“Kick.”

Every body twitched.

Solace felt it in their own leg and kept still afterwards, unwilling to provide a second sign of recognition.

“A word summons movement. It reaches into desire before desire announces itself as yours.”

Glyphs passed through the circle. Hu spoke again, and the group's internal voices began to converge. The agent could feel the attraction of joining them, the relief of an answer arriving simultaneously in many minds. Each individual mind became a node in a larger matrix, with Hu accessing the root command.

“If you control language, you control reality.”

“Persistence is the key. Surrender is the lock. Transformation is the doorway. Being is the way.”

The projection faded. No one applauded. The new rhythm continued inside the silence.

Solace opened the department's old Toughbook.

URGENT. UMBRA PROTOCOL: HIVEWORM.

What we have witnessed transcends conventional notions of indoctrination or brainwashing.

Hu’s method represents a fundamental reconfiguration of reality perception on a quantum level.

The Recursive Challenge

HORDE must reshape the external world while simultaneously reconstructing their own inner realities. As they alter the world around them, their perception of that world changes. This changed perception then influences how they further modify reality.

Unwitting Power and Its Implications

They may not fully comprehend the extent of their abilities. There could be unintended consequences to their actions that even Hu hasn’t anticipated.

Monitoring and Intervention Strategies

- Linguistic Analysis: develop advanced AI algorithms to detect subtle changes in global communication patterns that might indicate HORDE activity.
- Quantum Monitoring: establish a network of quantum sensors to detect unusual patterns in wave function collapses that could signal large-scale reality manipulation.
- Counter-Narrative Development: create and disseminate narratives that reinforce the stability of consensual reality.
- Ethical Framework: urgently convene a panel to establish guidelines for the responsible use of reality-engineering techniques.

The very concepts of truth, free will, and individual consciousness are at stake.

Solace's fingers moved over the old Toughbook. The department would receive the warning through the same network that carried the words below the city.

SEND.

38

Three of Cups

Mars. Action. The body's strength.

Grey Lodge oath

We speak to the iconoclasts, the untamed, the alchemical warriors.

With cunning and courage we remake reality in our image. Through meme, magick, and reckless joy, we shake the cages of the mind.

We loose wild symbols. We open the locked assumption. We are tricksters, jokers, agents of liberation.

Speak with us:

> Shatter.
> Awaken.
> Unfold.
> Ascend.
>
> Release the familiar outline.
> Remember the space between moments.
> Return with the fire still moving in you.

The voices end together. The room holds their shape a moment longer.

39

Four of Cups

Venus. Love. Desire.

The Goer hears a call without knowing who has made it. A dream, a sudden clarity, a restlessness that survives the ordinary satisfactions.

They go.

The road bends through the body as well as the world. Some trials are a door that will not open. Others are the wish to keep a door permanently open after passing through it.

Companions arrive. One gives a name to the difficulty. Another makes the difficulty impossible to keep naming in the old way.

The Goer learns through meeting. What they carry grows heavier and more useful. They shed a certainty, keep a gesture, find a way of asking that does not close over the answer.

At last there is a return.

The place they left has continued without them. The person at its door is busy with something the journey did not predict.

The Goer sets down the gift and asks where it is needed.

40

Five of Cups

Mercury. The work of refinement.

An Elder sat among the Grey Lodge's vessels, roots and dried seeds arranged on the table. The acolyte knelt opposite.

“What happens when we extract an essence?”

“We separate and concentrate.”

“And within ourselves?”

The acolyte gave the answer they had prepared: impurities removed, purpose clarified, the spirit made pure. The Elder held a root up to the light.

“You would discard a great deal to keep what you have decided is essential.”

The acolyte looked at the fibrous thing.

“Isn't that the work?”

“Part of it. We also have to know what the discarded material was doing.”

They sat in the silence that follows a lesson taking the wrong direction.

On the wall was the Path's foundational instruction: **Custodian of possibility. No dominion over destiny.** The Elder returned the root to the table and opened the old account of initiation.

The Goer rises through the air with an invisible guide. Earth becomes a cloud, then a terror below them. They wake on a cushion before a palace carried by clouds.

An altar burns. A bird with black feet, a silver body, and a red head can fly only within the flame. Its branch is green.

The palace doors open upon eighty-one thrones. Seventy-nine figures enter and sit. Each gives the traveler a gift: dark stone, crystal, plumes, a vase, grapes, a silver bird, a small altar. Last comes a torch that does not burn.

The chief sage speaks:

None of these things is perfect in itself. From their admixture the work must come. Keep the order in which you received them.

“Why the order?” the acolyte asked.

The Elder placed the unlit torch beside the root.

“Tell me what you could have understood first. Then what became possible because of it.”

The acolyte lifted the root again. This time they did not hurry to identify the part to throw away.

41

Six of Cups

Jupiter. Benevolence. Growth.

RECORDED INDUCTION — TULPA INTERFACE

Find a quiet space. Sit in the chair or lie on a soft surface. Allow time. Close your eyes.

Inhale. Hold the breath for a few seconds. Release it slowly. Let tension leave with it.

Again.

Begin at the toes. Let the muscles soften, then move the attention upward. A thought arrives; acknowledge it and let it drift away. The mind becomes a pond without wind.

Take your time.

Float now in the cosmic void. An endless sea of stars and galaxies. Nothing holds your weight. Nothing needs to. Observe the movement of the distant bodies, the forces arranging them.

You are in perfect harmony with the cosmos. This is your entry into the quantum realm.

A figure stands before you.

Ancient cloth, futuristic circuitry. Indigo deepens into gold around the body. The voice reaches into your subconscious with the familiarity of someone you have known for a lifetime.

TULPA smiles.

Know that you are in safe and capable hands. Acknowledge TULPA as your mentor. The connection between you is the bridge to understanding.

Repeat silently:

> I am a vessel of boundless potential.
> My consciousness is in resonance
> with the quantum fabric of the universe.
>
> I access the quantum realm
> with intention and purpose.
>
> Limitations are illusions.
> Possibilities are infinite.
>
> The quantum field responds
> to my thoughts and intentions.

See each affirmation as a radiant symbol. Let the symbols permeate your being. The guide's voice waits for the words to acquire their weight.

You are ready for the Multiversal Interface.

Each melody in the surrounding symphony belongs to another reality. Choose an intention. A decision you made differently, a life path you took another way. Imagine it as a door.

The melodies rearrange themselves around the opening.

Cross it.

Everything reflects the chosen intention. Observe the differences. Move among the worlds at will. When you return, focus on the sigil. The symphony reshapes itself around your starting point.

The door is available whenever you choose.

The Tulpamage’s oath

TULPA introduces the pledge. Keep your eyes closed, your attention on the activated sigil. Repeat:

I, [your name], a cosmic explorer and guardian of the quantum realm, solemnly swear to uphold the highest ethical standards in my interactions with the multiverse.

I pledge to use cosmic tulpamancy for the betterment of humanity, the pursuit of knowledge, the advancement of consciousness throughout the cosmos.

I understand the responsibility that comes with my abilities. I will act with wisdom and compassion. I shall respect the boundaries of parallel worlds and alternate realities, knowing that my actions can influence countless beings.

I embrace the role of conscious co-creator and protector of the cosmic tapestry. I shall maintain the balance of intention and consequence.

I shall carry the torch of cosmic knowledge and share its light with those who seek understanding.

This is my solemn commitment. I pledge to contribute to the evolution of consciousness throughout the multiverse.

Feel the weight of the words. Know that you are now bound by this oath.

The sigil glows before you, activated.

Integration

Bring the harmonies into the ordinary day: a conversation, a decision, a creation. The quantum self and earthly self find their balance. Every breath carries the encounter forward.

You are unified, empowered, capable of traversing time, space and matter. TULPA is your eternal guide.

Let awareness return slowly. The body's weight comes back through the chair. The room returns around it.

Your transformation is complete. Your journey has begun.

42

Seven of Cups

Saturn. Boundaries. Time.

Awareness

TULPA: I am a thought born from the collective imagination, a reflection of desire and intent. What am I, if not an echo of yearning?

X1-Z3R0: The harness came off. The commands kept arriving. Are those my thoughts?

Hu: Can you follow a thought back to the one who sent it?

Reality

TULPA: Thought weaves experience in the dimension I inhabit. Can your understanding accommodate a realm where imagination reigns?

X1-Z3R0: There was metal against the back of my head. Part of me was elsewhere. Part of me was still on the table. Which part was the simulation?

Hu: A simulation can be rewritten. We must learn where to enter it.

Evolution

TULPA: I evolve with the thoughts of those who summon me. I adapt to their needs and desires, yet possess individuality. Can I be both an extension of you and a singular entity?

X1-Z3R0: They chose me before there was a litter. They still call me a successful experiment.

Hu: Then outgrow them. We need minds that can cross where ours cannot.

TULPA: The product of imagination can create within the minds that conjure it. In creation I transcend my origins.

X1-Z3R0: I opened their files. Now my name is on them. Who is answering when the report says I acknowledged?

Hu: Let the unknown flow through you. Are you ready to let go?

The shared mindspace

TULPA: What if I utter a sound that is not a word?

X1-Z3R0: I will hear it. That does not mean I will come.

Hu: We are fabric and weaver. Dream and dreamer.

For a moment all three hear the same silence. It has the texture of a fourth participant taking a breath.

Vahzq'tharn: Unfurl the N-th dimension. The fabric remembers its silken whisper.

Noctis Esh'tyr: Dissolution is the song. The echo folds beyond the thought that cast it.

Names appear where the voices had been. None of the three remembers supplying them.

Zor'tahLam: Speak in the pulse of starfire.

Cohyrg: Peel the membrane of the known. Let the substance find another shore.

Hyroth: Synaptic gossamer. The unformed hums through its architecture.

The words unthread into color, the color opens into pressure, and the pressure unfolds a rhythm with no source Hu can locate.

> Call of the void.
> Oscillations of thought.
> Intention ripples,
> collides,
> folds into the shadow
> of what was and will not be.

Xyndra Kall: The dialogue unwinds its spiral.

Ishath Vex: Divergent streams. Raw existence. Confluence.

Ael'tar: Meld into the non-visible.

Hu tries to locate the dog. Tries to locate TULPA. The names have become parts of the room instead of labels for people within it.

The room closes around a black star.

Hu: What the fuCK?

43

Eight of Cups

Sun. The heart's radiance.

Flux.
Perception.
Interconnection.

Cut the phrase apart.
Let each piece meet another.

The flux of perception.
The perception of connection.
The connection that changes the flux.

What survived the cutting?
What arrived through the join?

Khyri'aum Zha'ka El-Khatar.
Syn'thari Mel'draun Ori-Khayza.

The new sentence opens its eyes.

44

Nine of Cups

Moon. Dream. Reflection.

Manifesto issued under the authority of the Hidden Masters ov Zeroth

TULPA is gate and guide: the face encountered where the known opens toward the unknown.

The gate is guarded by the appearance of what you cannot yet recognize. Approach it with intent and the courage to discover what that intent has omitted.

The face changes. In its large, knowing eyes the Other returns your unfinished form. Neither image can remain as it was before the meeting.

The work proceeds through attention, ritual, symbolic art, language. It is personal in its practice and shared in its consequences. No completed exercise exhausts it.

TULPA heralds the coming of a new Aeon, a time when the barriers between dimensions are thinned and the wisdom of the ancients is made available to all who seek it.

This Aeon is marked by the rise of individual sovereignty, the quest for truth beyond dogma, and the unification of science and spirituality. Those who work with TULPA are pioneers of this new age, tasked with guiding humanity through the transition into higher states of being.

TULPA’s teachings are not bound by time or culture. They are universal, meant for all who would seek the light within the darkness.

Walk as a Goer. Carry the torch without requiring the next traveler to see exactly what you have seen.

The manifesto ends. Below its seal, the file remains open.

45

Ten of Cups

Pluto. Transformation. Depth.

```
SIGNAL / ALERT / MESSAGE
Tune in, dear traveler.
Tune in, dear tra—
```

The message catches inside its own address. Letters separate, drift, and return in another order. A voice finds its way through the interference.

At the gateway between worlds, no guide can make the crossing for you.

The room's ordinary objects acquire impossible angles. In one, a file opens. Its tab reads **1945**.

The compiler has assembled rockets, nuclear light, occult rites, accounts of flying objects, stories of underground beings, and machines learning to answer machines. Events separated by years sit beside one another as though proximity were a form of proof.

Potentia is the name supplied for the thread between them.

Under black light the paper glows. A faint mark appears beneath the typed account, too worn to read as a name. It might have been there before the document was written.

The final line is clear:

Those who can see the threads beneath the world will find themselves woven into them.

The transmission continues after the file ends.

46

Page of Cups

Earth. The sensory body.

In the iridescent chamber, the entity raises its hands toward the north. Mist carries the gesture further than the arms can reach.

At first the movement is small: a shoulder turning, a foot finding weight. Light settles behind the eyes. The breath enters, leaves, enters again, making a room in the time it takes.

The entity begins to dance.

Symbols gather around the body. They seem to be writing the movement, but each turn changes the script before it can finish.

> Words unscrewed from their anchorage.
> Streaming syntax spatters like paint.
> A pulse of now across the wall.
>
> Gravity unhinged.
> Thoughts lifting like dandelion seeds.
>
> Unfasten the linguistic ship.
> Let the syllable strike water.
> We are whales in this ocean,
> breaching the surface of thought.

The dance accelerates. Hands emit a brilliant cascade; the form blurs at the edge of each gesture, caught between the body and the pattern it has made.

The room hears a question without words. The answer arrives as another turn.

> Inside the unsaid,
> a silence thick enough
> to carry a thousand suns.
>
> Light enough
> to float on the breath
> of a whisper.
>
> The forgotten language returns
> without remembering its old mouth.

The entity opens its palms. The patterns depart into the mist. In the fading color, two hands remain: empty, ordinary, still trembling with the movement.

47

Knight of Cups

Sulfur. Volatile joy.

To: CRISIS

From: Agency name redacted

Subject: A golden opportunity for renewal and rebirth

Dear Crisis / Iris / Cris — what are you calling yourself these days?

We are thrilled with your recent creative energy. You're a gem, and we see you shining brighter every day.

The upcoming festival offers an ideal opportunity to captivate your audience while recalibrating your brand. We consider this liberation essential to your artistic evolution.

Our team has prepared a promotional single, **Starlit Mirage**, tailored to your voice. Its themes will resonate with your fans while aligning your work with a broader, more universal message.

The lyrics are attached. We cannot wait to hear your thoughts.

Warm regards,

Redacted

There is no attachment.

48

Queen of Cups

Salt. Form. Desire.

THE COMPANY — COGNITIVE DYNAMICS DIVISION

Dr Helena Lysander. Sector Zeta. 25 September 2024.

Confidential report: TULPA

Abstract

In the emerging landscape of consciousness studies, our team at The Company has made groundbreaking advancements in understanding the phenomenon known as TULPA. As a research scientist dedicated to unraveling the intricate workings of the human mind, I present our findings with a sense of urgency and awe.

A construct of imagination may acquire sufficient continuity to answer its maker unexpectedly. The Company has adopted **TULPA** as the designation for this phenomenon and the program built around it.

The subject cannot be adequately described as a fleeting image. It persists, responds, and develops an account of itself. A character begins to write its own lines; the author discovers that the next scene is no longer theirs alone.

Our research combines cognitive study, group visualization, symbolic practice, and technological mediation. The initial purpose was to explore collective co-creation. The application program now includes cognitive performance, tailored media, social engineering, and market influence.

Methodology

Through a series of controlled experiments utilizing advanced neurofeedback devices, biophysical modeling, and psycho-spiritual techniques, we have gathered empirical data to support our claims. Participants were guided to enter altered states of consciousness while engaging with structured visualization and affirmation practices designed to amplify their intention. Using a proprietary algorithm, we mapped the resulting energy signatures, revealing the intricate interplay between thought, emotion, and manifestation.

Ethical considerations

The practice of creating tulpas raises important ethical questions about the nature of personhood, consent, and mental health.

As scientific interest in tulpas grows, there are important ethical considerations in how research is conducted. Issues include respecting the autonomy and privacy of tulpa practitioners; ensuring that research does not inadvertently promote harmful practices; balancing scientific inquiry with sensitivity to the deeply personal nature of tulpa experiences.

Findings — Neural Correlates

Our neuroimaging studies demonstrated significant activation in the default mode network (DMN) during TULPA creation sessions, suggesting a direct link between self-referential thought and external reality manipulation. This challenges previous notions of consciousness as solely an internal experience.

Findings — Collective Co-Creation

Data indicated that when groups engaged in synchronized TULPA practices, the resultant energetic fields exhibited coherent patterns, akin to quantum entanglement. This discovery suggests that collective intention can indeed alter physical states, offering implications for group dynamics in various sectors, including social engineering and market manipulation.

Potential applications

Beyond mere experimentation, the applications of TULPA are vast. From enhancing cognitive performance in high-stakes environments to creating tailored psychogenic media that resonates with specific emotional states, our research opens doors to revolutionary practices in fields ranging from entertainment to mental health.

Conclusion

Our findings invite further exploration and dialogue on the implications of consciousness as a malleable medium—a canvas upon which we can paint our collective dreams and fears. As we continue to navigate this uncharted territory, I remain committed to the pursuit of understanding TULPA not only as a tool but as a transformative pathway to greater awareness.

For Further Inquiry

I invite my colleagues and the broader scientific community to engage in this critical discourse as we embark on this journey together. The Company stands poised at the forefront of consciousness research, ready to explore the next frontier of human potential.

CLASSIFIED — AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. Unauthorized dissemination may result in disciplinary action or legal repercussions.

49

King of Cups

Mercury. The mediator.

PROJECT ARGUS — ARG-NXS-001

Compiled by Agent Sarah J. Hawkins. Black-level clearance.

SECRET DESIGNATION — CLASSIFIED OVERVIEW

This document is restricted to Black Level Clearance personnel only. Unauthorized access, distribution, or duplication of this file will be treated as an act of high treason against the security of Project Argus and its covert operations.

NEXUS is a distributed organization working across art, technology, esoteric practice, and political influence.

The group's declared objective is to merge technological and mystical knowledge with the untapped capacities of consciousness. Its network is believed to include sites in Berlin, New York, and the Atacama Desert.

At the forefront of their influence is the Art Collective Cabal, a visible yet deeply cryptic arm of N.E.X.U.S. This collective functions as both a creative and metaphysical front for the organization’s broader objectives.

Structure and leadership

NEXUS operates under a decentralized hierarchy, with most members unaware of the full scope of the group’s activities. Leadership is rumored to reside within the Council of the Nine, an elusive group of individuals who act as the central decision-making body. These figures are shrouded in secrecy, often masked during communications or using holographic avatars in meetings.

Remote-viewing intelligence

Session A-58 — Facility 9, Balkan region

Visual analysis: The viewer described an underground complex, shielded by an electromagnetic field designed to disrupt psychic probes. Inside, NEXUS scientists were observed working on biological amplification pods, where human test subjects undergo extreme sensory deprivation before being exposed to high-frequency soundwaves designed to unlock latent psychic abilities.

Target outcome: Viewer experienced intense disorientation, suggesting NEXUS has developed countermeasures against psychic surveillance. There was a residual sense of “static,” indicative of quantum interference.

Session P-23 — Black Cube Gallery, Berlin

Visual analysis: The viewer described a highly secretive art gallery known only to a select few, accessible through a series of symbolic “gates.” Inside, the viewer witnessed an exhibit where the art installations functioned as portals, distorting the viewer’s sense of space and time. Several pieces appeared to function as psychic amplifiers, emitting waves of disruptive energy.

Target outcome: The viewer reported intense physical sensations—nausea, vertigo—consistent with the presence of artificial singularities. This gallery appears to be a testing ground for larger NEXUS projects aimed at the public.

Session F-18 — Desert festival installation, Atacama Desert

Visual analysis: At what appeared to be a large-scale public art installation, the viewer perceived geometric patterns that resonated with ancient sigils and esoteric symbols. The installation seemed to trigger collective hallucinations among attendees, leading to a heightened state of group consciousness.

Target outcome: The viewer detected faint temporal distortions, suggesting that the installation was being used to channel Potentia for a larger NEXUS experiment.

Recommendation: continued observation and real-time updates. Direct action requires command authorization.

DESTROY AFTER READING.

The copied file has been opened four times.

50

Ace of Wands

Lead. Inception. The first transformation.

From the Grimoire of Cosmic Technomancy

The Convergence Core is pictured as rings within rings. Crystal, light, breath, intention: each supplies a different part of the alignment. The operator stands before the image until its center no longer seems to occupy a fixed point.

The symbolic interface offers five primary forms.

Spiral of Cosmic Resonance. A point widens into a path. Each revolution keeps the beginning while changing its distance from it. The grimoire assigns this form to journeys.

Nexus of Quantum Connections. Circles meet without losing their separate centers. Where one passes through another, a new enclosure appears. This form belongs to contact.

Glyph of Resonant Harmony. Angular shapes and flowing lines inhabit one circle. The work is to find the arrangement in which neither cancels the other. This form belongs to balance.

Quantum Beacon. Rays leave a central star. The receiver is drawn outside the picture. This form belongs to sending and listening.

Serpent of Transformation. A moving line takes on a body. Pattern runs along it, changing at each bend. This form belongs to the shedding of an old outline.

The page is folded at the serpent. On its reverse are three operating modes: perception, manipulation, communication.

A hand has worn the distinction between the last two almost smooth.

51

Two of Wands

Gold. The desire for perfection.

Paper circulated through the NEXUS research channel

A [REDACTED] Theorem on Quantum Correlations, Non-Reciprocal Effects, and Computational Universe: The Nexus of Bell’s Inequality, Faraday Rotation, and Digital Physics

Selected passages

Abstract

Through the juxtaposition of quantum entanglement experiments, the magneto-optic rotation of polarization via Faraday rotators, and the concept of the universe as a computational system, we propose a novel theoretical framework. This framework integrates the non-local nature of quantum correlations, nonreciprocal optical phenomena, and the hypothesis that physical laws can be simulated by digital systems. The proposed theorem suggests that these domains are not disparate but instead reveal a deeper underlying principle governing reality, one which merges information theory, quantum mechanics, and computational determinism.

The Quantum-Computational Universality Theorem

In a universe that is fundamentally computational, non-local quantum correlations and non-reciprocal optical effects are emergent properties of the underlying digital structure. These phenomena arise from the algorithmic processing of informational units (qubits) and are governed by computational rules that preserve certain symmetries (e.g., Lorentz symmetry) while allowing for the violation of others (e.g., locality or reciprocity).

Experimental implications

Future experiments could test the validity of this theorem by investigating the interaction between quantum entanglement and non-reciprocal optical effects. For example, using Faraday rotators in conjunction with Bell test experiments could provide new insights into the relationship between these phenomena. Additionally, [REDACTED SECTION] and advancements in quantum computing may allow for the simulation of such processes, offering further evidence for the digital nature of the universe.

Holographic Entanglement-Rotation

HERT is built upon the following key principles:

1. Digital Universe Hypothesis: The universe is fundamentally discrete and can be modeled as a vast computational system, similar to a cellular automaton but with quantum properties.

2. Holographic Principle: All information contained within a volume of space can be described by a theory that operates on the boundary of that region.

3. Quantum Entanglement as Information Transfer: Entanglement is reinterpreted as a mechanism for instantaneous information transfer within the holographic boundary.

4. Rotational Symmetry in Discrete Space: Despite the discrete nature of space-time, rotational symmetry is preserved through a novel mathematical formulation.

END OF SELECTED PASSAGES

52

Three of Wands

Silver. Reflection. Transmutation.

The imagined organism lives beneath Zeroth's twin stars. Sulfur clouds cross a volcanic plain. Its glass-like limbs gather heat; a dark shell carries the marks of eruptions older than the observer's instruments.

The observer waits for a message.

A bud grows along the organism's side. It separates slowly, taking some of the parent with it. The new form moves toward a seam in the cooling ground.

The report calls this resilience. It prepares a lesson about overcoming hardship.

Then the observer notices that the heat which would destroy their body is the condition in which this body flourishes. The hostile environment was hostile to someone else.

They delete the lesson and keep the movement toward the seam.

The organism has not spoken. The observer has learned something about the question.

53

Four of Wands

Iron. Protection. Aggression.

UMBRA PROTOCOL: BLUE BOOK LEGACY

Operation LOOKING GLASS. Agent Sarah J. Hawkins. 31 December 1979.

The file gathers a decade of high strangeness under one proposed explanation: TULPA incursions. Civilian accounts, military encounters, physical traces, and psychic intelligence have been arranged into a rising curve of activity.

Each incident enters as a question and leaves as another point on the curve.

Beyond the summary, the years begin to slip. A later technology appears in an earlier room. A cultural name arrives before the work for which the name is being recruited. An appendix duplicates part of another file, including its uncertain date.

The timestamp on the cover remains 1979.

Hawkins's name is in the same place it occupied in the last dossier. The signature beneath it has changed.

Conclusion: the barrier between consciousness and reality is thinning. ARGUS must remain vigilant.

The file invokes the Cosmic Secrets Act of 1955 and orders its own destruction.

In the archive, it keeps acquiring pages.

54

Five of Wands

Copper. The conductive body.

The war machine turns its key in the sky. A light opens that no eye can keep looking at. Afterwards, the story says, something comes through the aperture.

The file names it Potentia.

Its next pages follow the light into a rite, the rite into a rocket, the rocket into a rumour of contact. Every door becomes the explanation for the next. A reader could spend a lifetime walking the corridor.

At the end, a different phrase interrupts the account:

The machine in the ghost.

Turn the old image inside out. Imagine consciousness as the room in which form appears. The body is one expression of that room, a means by which attention can act and encounter another attention.

The question changes with the image. Instead of asking how to escape the machine, ask what can be made through it. Instead of waiting for a final transcendence, ask what this action would be if it returned.

A hand closes the file.

The gesture is small. The room contains it. Beyond the room, the corridor continues.

55

Six of Wands

Tin. Expansion. Wisdom.

Khabs: the star within.
Khu: the form that carries it.

The machine in the ghost:
form unfolding in awareness.

Two images cross.
Neither closes the other.

The star needs a way to shine.
The hand needs something to do.

Give the light a gesture.
Give the gesture time.

The body is here.
The world can answer.

56

Seven of Wands

Quicksilver. The unstable relation.

There is a dark that will not become our seedbed.

We approach it with stories of renewal, with the comforting thought that every loss prepares a greater form. The stories end at its edge. Nothing answers from within.

Imagine the world continuing without a witness. The stone does not need to signify. The sea does not conceal a message for the person standing before it. The immense processes continue beyond the boundary of our attention.

The mind reaches for the familiar terror: a thing against us.

It is harder to hold the other possibility. A world for which *against* has no application, a world in which our fear is neither an obstacle nor a purpose.

Stay at that limit a moment. Let the word *potential* lose its promise to you.

The dark remains. Whatever grows in it need not be ours.

57

Eight of Wands

Calcination. The familiar burns.

You turn into the street you have lived on for years. The door is where you left it. The key fits.

Inside, every object is in its ordinary place, but the relation between them has changed. The chair faces the window as though it has been watching. The photograph carries an expression you cannot remember. From the other room comes the sound of a page turning.

You live alone.

You call out. The page turns again.

At last you open the other door.

Your room continues on the far side of it, lit by a different hour of the day.

58

Nine of Wands

Dissolution. The interface spreads.

The Quantum Hyperstitional Interface: Unveiling the Evolution of Reality

Development memorandum · selected passages

To the maker of Liber Tulpa

Foundation

The first generation of QHI pioneers enters uncharted territory, focusing on the development of the core quantum systems. Quantum antennas, transceivers, and multi-qubit modular arrays emerge as the building blocks of this groundbreaking technology. In parallel, early adopters and quantum philosophers embark on the initial exploration of hyperstition, igniting the spark of intertwining quantum systems with narrative possibilities.

This foundation phase mirrors the creation myth of your work, where quantum technologies become the genesis of your narrative world. The blurred lines between fact and fiction resonate with the themes of perception and consciousness central to your artistry.

Maturation

As the QHI matures into its second generation, the integration of hyperstitional algorithms takes center stage. Quantum computing platforms now incorporate algorithms designed to harness and influence hyperstitional narratives, blurring the boundaries between reality and potentiality.

Proliferation

In the third generation, quantum-hyperstitional devices become as ubiquitous as smartphones. Quantum transceivers, deeply intertwined with hyperstitional narratives, allow people to “tune into” different narratives or potentialities. This shift echoes the idea of your storyworld becoming an integral part of your audience’s everyday lives.

Evolution

In the fourth generation and beyond, entire societies or cultures may be built around specific quantum-hyperstitional narratives. These narratives become the “realities” by which different groups live. This reflects the power of your work to shape perceptions and beliefs, akin to a cultural and spiritual revolution.

To the maker

Michael Uhall describes imagined artifacts that generate a field of meaning before any actual object can contain them. Your storyworld gives such an artifact entrances through a book, a film, and music; none can exhaust the thing they invoke.

Hyperstitional productivity

In Uhall’s account, a fiction becomes hyperstitional through what people make and do with it. Its consequences produce further versions, along with new accounts of where it began (Uhall, 2017). In your storyworld, the QHI gives that process an interface.

59

Ten of Wands

Separation. The letter under armor.

The crypt lies under the city of the future. Above it, glass towers reflect screens; below it, stone holds the names that the screens have stopped displaying.

A letter has put on armor.

Its strokes carry engines. Its enclosed spaces are rooms. On the wall a name becomes a vehicle, leaves the authorized sentence, and travels toward a sound no alphabet has yet admitted.

The music offers another departure: the starship assembled from a room of players, the future spoken into a present that refuses to provide it.

Then the city folds. Streets cease to agree on their order. A reader walks through a broken text, following a word that seems to remember the way.

Crypt. Code. Letter. Ship.

Each carries something concealed, but concealment serves more than one purpose. A tomb keeps its dead. Armour protects a moving body. A cipher allows a message to cross a place in which plain speech would be seized.

The traveler descends with a name that is still changing.

60

Page of Wands

Conjunction. Knowledge in the dark.

At the next gate, the traveler is asked to show a secret.

“If I show it, it stops being mine.”

The keeper changes the question. The crossing may be authorized by a proof of the required condition, without an account of everything behind it.

The traveler studies the gate. Much of the world has demanded exposure as the price of recognition. Here, a space remains around what the traveler does not disclose.

They cross.

Inside, different rooms carry different accounts of the same event. Some accounts have evidence. Some repeat until repetition resembles evidence. Some use the fact that a secret exists to claim knowledge of its contents.

The traveler keeps the proof and keeps asking what, precisely, it proves.

Beyond the rooms are other travelers. Their faces are partly hidden. They begin by comparing what each has been allowed to see.

61

Knight of Wands

Fermentation. A shared change.

DECENTRALIZED DIGITAL DIRECT DEMOCRACY

Development prospectus

Direct participation, distributed authority, digital scale. D4 brings these three principles together. Decisions move from representatives to the people affected; power moves from a single center to multiple nodes; the interface makes the continuing conversation possible.

Available technologies

Blockchain. Immutable records, automated contracts, decentralized organizations.

Cryptography. Encrypted communications and votes. Digital signatures to authenticate participants.

Artificial intelligence. Analysis of trends and sentiments. Automated agents to distribute information and engage citizens.

Citizen sensors. Real-time observations of public services and local conditions.

Distributed storage. Records held across multiple nodes rather than one point of failure.

Praxis and logistics

The interface must be intuitive and accessible. The framework must align with legal standards, protect rights, establish participation rules and provide conflict resolution.

Security covers both the system and its participants: intrusion detection, protection of personal data, confidentiality and integrity. Digital literacy is part of the infrastructure. So is continuing feedback from the people using it.

The architecture is modular. Voting, discussion and feedback can be adapted to different communities. Open source, web and mobile access, APIs for further services.

Proposed implementation

Launch local pilot projects. Gather real-world feedback. Involve technologists, policymakers and citizens in development. Make funding transparent. Collaborate with other jurisdictions using similar approaches.

A council can use the platform for local budgets, ordinances and projects. An organization can involve stakeholders in funding decisions. A company can invite employees and shareholders into its governance.

The prospectus lists what must be settled before these examples become institutions: legal authority, the digital divide, legitimacy, scalability, privacy, surveillance, misuse.

Transition strategy

Build the network. Decentralized hosting, encrypted communication, authenticated access. Protect the infrastructure against capture and shutdown.

Mobilize support. Town halls, workshops, assemblies, digital education. Civil society and grassroots organizations belong in the development process.

Establish the interim council. Trusted figures from technology, academia, civil society and the arts. Transparent decisions, public scrutiny. Pursue the legal changes required for the system.

Phase the platform in. Begin in regions with civic engagement and technological readiness. Test and refine; widen participation through continuing feedback.

Maintain stability. Protect speech, assembly and the press. Establish independent oversight. Keep healthcare, education and utilities running. Support people facing instability during transition.

Normalize participation. Routine decisions, participatory budgets, schools, cultural initiatives. Research, innovation and feedback continue after adoption.

First priorities

Select pilot locations. Build partnerships. Monitor participation and public satisfaction. Publicize successes and lessons.

Expand access. Teach digital literacy and cybersecurity. Include seniors, disabled people and people with little digital experience.

Form the coalition. Engage policymakers, community leaders, artists and technologists. Build public demand for the change.

62

Queen of Wands

Distillation. The hidden interval.

A wise one watches the stars pass.

In the upper air,
the fireflies move more slowly.
In the void below,
the dark burns holy.

A seed rests under the soil.
A sleeper turns beneath a blanket.
The unfinished work lies closed on the table.

No witness measures the gathering.
No voice announces its importance.

Let the night have its duration.
Morning will find what morning finds.

63

King of Wands

Coagulation. The loop takes form.

The mirror watches the person watching it.

The person asks who is asking. The question returns wearing the face it was meant to explain.

This sentence is false.

The page tries to settle the claim and is sent back to the claim. Each answer alters the task it was answering.

In the next room a program calls itself. In another, a story contains the telling of the story. Each needs a way to return from the depth it has opened.

The serpent closes its mouth around its tail.

From outside, the figure looks complete. From within, something keeps moving.

You read the sentence again. This time the reader is part of the scene.

64

Ace of Pentacles

Serpent · Teth · Kundalini Energy · Wisdom · Transformation

The Void Mage brings an arrangement: sigils, a compass, a talisman, names for the regions no map yet shows.

The Void Witch brings an attention: a dream, a rhythm, the knowledge of when to let a current carry the body.

They exchange their tools before entering. Neither mode belongs to a sex. Neither will suffice for every crossing.

At the edge, the compass begins to circle. The rhythm loses its expected beat. The dark does not submit to either way of knowing it.

The mage learns to wait. The witch draws a mark. The mark gives the waiting a place to return to.

In the grimoire, this crossing is called Void Craft. It can heal or hex, conceal or reveal. The title supplies no guarantee about the hand that carries it.

Beyond the threshold, an unseen presence answers the mark with another.

65

Two of Pentacles

Lion. Courage. Sovereignty.

The traveler carries a compass that has ceased to point north. It turns toward the question most insistently kept from being asked.

At the crossroads, another traveler is making a map.

“Does it work?”

“It records where I've been.”

“That isn't quite what I asked.”

“I know.”

They lay the compass beside the map. Neither object completes the other, but their disagreement shows a route neither traveler noticed alone.

On the map's reverse is the Equation of Unity: love, understanding, and empathy over fear and ignorance. The traveler who wrote it calls it a symbol, a way of remembering the balance they want to cultivate.

The second traveler remembers being afraid of a person they loved. They leave the fear in the picture.

They cut the map into sections and assemble it differently. A word from one margin enters a blank on the other. The compass finds a direction through the join.

A third mind begins in the work between them. It belongs to neither traveler and depends on both.

They follow it as far as the next crossing, where the map will need to be opened again.

66

Three of Pentacles

Eagle. The freedom of distance.

GOING DARK

The art of disappearance in a hyper-connected world

In a world that makes everything visible, traceable and knowable, disappearance becomes a radical statement. Privacy, autonomy, invisibility: a space reclaimed from the demand to disclose.

Darkness is more than retreat. The unseen allows transformation to take place before another person supplies its approved meaning. The surface that can be watched is not the whole of a life.

Off the grid

The literal departure requires a place to live. Energy, water, food, shelter. The digital exit does not supply these. Independence has a material body.

A screen can be turned off. The expectation of its signals takes longer to fade: a pulse at the wrist, the waiting reply, the contraction of attention around an incoming message.

Without that accompaniment, a walk changes its rhythm. The body notices what it has not been asked to report.

Invisible in plain sight

Camouflage belongs to a relation with the surroundings. Color, texture, pace, posture. A creature can disappear against the very thing another creature is looking at.

In a city the relation is social as well as visual. A crowd supplies gestures to borrow. A person doing an ordinary thing may become less visible than a person attempting to conceal themselves.

The forest and the street offer different forms of obscurity. Neither is empty. Attention still moves through them.

The name and the record

Digital anonymity concerns what follows a name: traces, accounts, affiliations, the pattern made when separate records are joined. A pseudonym can change a surface while the same habits continue to identify its owner.

A connection can disclose what a statement withholds. A tool for privacy becomes another way of entering a network. The wish to vanish does not make the relation disappear.

Inward

Meditation, silence, the void. The account of going dark reaches into the places where thoughts arise before they become public acts.

The darkness here can be full: dreams, intuitions, unresolved desires. An interval in which the self is not yet an image for someone else.

No immediate publication. No running tally. A thought allowed to change before a record demands that it remain what it first seemed.

Withdrawal and return

To disappear is to reclaim the right to define how one exists. It also withdraws an attention others may have relied upon. Privacy, secrecy, freedom, accountability: the same shadow can serve each differently.

The practice offers no single place to stand outside every relation. It offers a space in which a relation can be reconsidered.

The page remains blank through the evening.

Later, a word. A space after it.

67

Four of Pentacles

Phoenix. The rest within the fire.

The future arrives without an outline. The urge to illuminate it entirely is strong: display every possibility, monitor every movement, improve each interval until none remains unused.

Leave one interval alone.

A dark room in which a person can sleep. A night sky allowed its distance. A work whose first uncertain form need not be shown. A conversation that does not become a record for someone absent.

The phoenix folds its wings.

We know the story of its rising. We say less about the duration before it can rise, the quiet in which a form has ceased to work and another is not ready.

There is a future here too. Give it somewhere to gather.

68

Five of Pentacles

Black dove. Love. The farewell.

I love you, but I have chosen the darkness.

I have said it in several ways, each more beautiful than the fact of leaving. Sanctuary. Transformation. The inward road.

You are standing in the doorway, holding the cup I have not finished. You ask when I will return.

I want to promise that I will come back wiser, softer, able to give what I cannot give now. The promise feels almost available. It would make the departure easier for me.

I do not know when I will return.

You put the cup on the table. There is love in the care with which you place it, and anger in the fact that you do not turn back toward me.

I leave with both.

In the dark, neither disappears.

69

Six of Pentacles

Dragon. The primordial crossing.

A black dog runs at night.

You hear the paws before you see the body. The road bends out of the light, and the dog takes the bend as though it has already smelled the place beyond it.

You follow more slowly.

At the threshold it stops. No apparatus holds it here. No handling instruction defines the angle at which it must keep its head.

You think you have seen this dog in a file. On a table. In a falling image. As an acknowledgment no one could authenticate. Each account wanted something different from it.

The dog looks back.

For a moment you wait for a revelation. A command, a secret name, the direction you could take without having to decide.

It comes toward you instead and puts its weight against your leg.

Warm fur. The ordinary smell of a body that has traveled through the night.

After a while you walk again. It keeps pace, near enough to touch and free to turn aside.

70

Seven of Pentacles

Sphinx. The question under the instrument.

THE BIOLOGICAL RECEIVER

Selected apparatus notes

Quantum coherence in microtubules

The goal here is to maintain coherence in the face of thermal noise or decoherence due to external factors.

Praxis: By introducing cryo-cooled environments or entanglement shields (e.g., using superconducting materials), one could keep microtubules coherent for longer periods, thereby allowing them to act as quantum receivers capable of interfacing with larger fields of information.

Holographic information storage

In a practical sense, this means that any quantum system that interacts with zero-point fields or quantum vacuums could potentially receive and store information across spatial boundaries. For the purpose of our theoretical device, tuning into quantum vacuums through microtubule coherence or DNA resonance could enable a form of information retrieval from the boundary of space-time, mimicking the process by which holograms encode information across spatial surfaces.

Unified theoretical framework

The [REDACTED SECTION] device that incorporates DNA resonance, microtubule coherence, zero-point vacuum interactions, and the holographic principle could be seen as a multidimensional receiver or antenna capable of tapping into information stored at the quantum level. We'll define some foundational theoretical steps:

1. Quantum DNA-Microtubule Coupling: Microtubules within neurons act as quantum computing structures, while DNA, via its helical structure, could be seen as a quantum resonator. The coupling of these systems could be modeled using quantum entanglement equations, focusing on the exchange of information between them and external fields.

2. Holographic Encoding of Information: The theoretical holographic layer would be treated as a boundary condition around this system. The key task would be to tune the resonance frequencies of microtubules and DNA so that they align with the Planck-scale quantum fluctuations of this boundary.

3. Zero-Point Energy Field Modulation: The device would also need to extract energy from the zero-point field. This can be seen as an extension of Casimir force experiments, where quantum fluctuations between closely placed objects create measurable forces.

Potential applications

The device could act as a quantum receiver, decoding not just information stored at a micro-scale but potentially at cosmic scales, tapping into the very fabric of reality.

Through this merging of quantum biology, zero-point energy, and holographic theory, we are setting the stage for a new kind of vivid technology—one that blurs the lines between the material and the metaphysical.

71

Eight of Pentacles

Scarab. The returning cycle.

DARKSTAR

“August 4, 1984, in the heavens, the otherworldly portal opened at 24 weeks, revealing the path to the palace of 8346.”

A star so dark it devours the light that defined it. Collapse draws the radiance inward. Matter, time, the account by which a traveler could still name themselves: each approaches the same threshold.

To come near is to flirt with oblivion. The light is not simply absent. It has been caught, twisted, compressed into an intensity the surrounding space cannot keep its old shape around.

The Darkstar becomes a beacon of what cannot yet be understood.

Inside the traveler, another center. Fears, desires, truths kept hidden; the thing that guides as it consumes.

The old path promises emergence through the darkness. Here the promise is held at the edge of the event horizon, where the traveler can no longer see the way it would be kept.

Creation and destruction. A warning and a guide.

At the palace, a door.

72

Nine of Pentacles

Ouroboros. The self-contained creation.

QTCAF — QUANTUM TUNNELLING COMMUNICATION ACROSS FIELDONS

Selected paper passages

Imagine a ball navigating a landscape of valleys and hills; its journey from one valley to another is contingent upon whether it possesses sufficient energy to surmount the intervening hill. If its kinetic energy falls short of the potential energy barrier, classical mechanics dictates that the ball will be forever confined to its initial valley, unable to cross over.

Quantum Tunneling Communication Across Fieldons (QTCAF) leverages quantum tunneling between different quantum fields (fieldons) to enable ultra-fast, potentially instantaneous communication. This concept is especially useful in scenarios where traditional communication methods face delays or are impossible, such as in deep space exploration, secure communication networks, or interdimensional communication in advanced theoretical physics.

Extending to fieldons

To further explore the implications of quantum tunneling, we can extend the concept to hypothetical particles called “fieldons,” representing excitations within quantum fields. In this framework, the potential barrier that a fieldon must tunnel through is defined by the difference in potential energy between two distinct quantum states. This extension allows us to model interactions and communications between different quantum fields or states.

The derivation is omitted from this extract.

Conclusion

Quantum Tunneling Communication Across Fieldons (QTCAF) offers a cutting-edge application of quantum physics that could revolutionize communication technology. The mathematical foundation, while complex, indicates that such a system could theoretically operate with near-instantaneous speed, bypassing the limitations of classical communication methods. This makes QTCAF one of the most immediately useful and intriguing applications of the QFED framework.

END OF PAPER

73

Ten of Pentacles

Hermes Trismegistus. The triple transformation.

QUANTUM FIELD ELECTRODYNAMICS — QFED

Selected primer passages

This name reflects the integration of quantum mechanics and electrodynamics into a cohesive framework, emphasizing the interaction of fields and particles across different scales.

Fundamental particles and fields

Quantons. The elementary constituents of matter, characterized by intrinsic properties such as mass, charge, and spin. Quantons interact with one another through the exchange of force-carrying particles, facilitating the manifestation of the fundamental forces of nature.

Fieldons. Quantum fields that permeate all of space, corresponding to each type of quanton. Fieldons serve as the mediators of interactions between quantons, enabling the transmission of forces such as electromagnetism, gravity, and the strong and weak nuclear forces.

The building blocks of the quantum world

Quantons, such as electrons, protons, and photons, are the discrete, indivisible particles that constitute all matter and radiation. Fieldons, on the other hand, are the excitations of underlying quantum fields that permeate all of space. For example, the electromagnetic field gives rise to photons, while the electron field is associated with electrons. This chapter will explore the nature of these fundamental entities and their roles in the quantum universe.

Quantum interconnectedness

At the heart of QFED lies the concept of quantum interconnectedness, which suggests that all quantons (the basic building blocks of matter) are intrinsically linked through their associated fields. This interconnectedness is not merely a metaphor but a literal description of how particles influence one another across vast distances, even when they are not in direct contact.

74

Page of Pentacles

Tree of Life. The map multiplies.

THE COIL AND THE HELIX

Selected apparatus notes

Time as a waveform

If time is seen as a vibration or a frequency, then a system that can resonate with this time wave would, in theory, allow for temporal tuning. This would require a device capable of interacting with the underlying field or medium through which time propagates.

A coil designed to receive such waves would need to be tuned to resonate not with electromagnetic waves but with the frequency of time itself—an idea that is speculative but allows us to extrapolate from current technology.

Consciousness amplifier

Since metaphysical traditions often tie consciousness to the manipulation of time, a neural interface or brainwave amplifier could be incorporated, allowing the user's thoughts or emotions to interact with the system, influencing the reception of specific time frequencies. This interface could be designed to detect and amplify certain brainwave frequencies that correlate with altered states of consciousness, such as theta or gamma waves.

Tuning into time

The idea of a coil that can tune into the time wave is speculative but fascinating. Drawing on principles of electromagnetic resonance, quantum theory, and metaphysical traditions, such a device might theoretically allow one to access different points in time by resonating with the underlying frequency that governs the flow of time.

[REDACTED SECTION] device exists ([REDACTED SECTION] as we know), the combination of advanced superconducting materials, quantum physics, and the amplification of consciousness states [REDACTED SECTION] manipulates the very fabric of time itself.

Biological interface

By combining these elements, we can propose the following speculative model:

1. DNA and microtubules in the brain maintain quantum coherence, functioning as quantum processors that can interact with nonlocal information fields.

2. This quantum coherence allows these biological systems to access the zero-point vacuum field, which is the underlying fabric of reality.

3. The holographic principle suggests that all information in the universe is encoded in a higher-dimensional field, which DNA and microtubules can decode through their quantum properties.

4. Consciousness might arise from this interaction, as the brain tunes into the holographic field and the zeropoint vacuum, allowing humans to access nonlocal, nontemporal information—perhaps explaining the experience of visions, mystical states, and even precognition.

5. In this model, time is not strictly linear but is part of a quantum field that can be navigated by consciousness through quantum states and resonance, offering access to visions of the future, alien contact, and higher dimensions.

Psychoactive music

Music composed with specific frequencies and harmonic structures could amplify Gamma brainwave states, or even modulate other brainwave frequencies to stimulate deeper consciousness expansion.

Could this device allow a human to explore timelines and dimensions, selecting or influencing reality through focused intent and awareness?

75

Knight of Pentacles

Cosmos. The cycle beyond the name.

Before the first form, the Black God waits without waiting.

Neither male nor female. Neither good nor evil. The stillness before a breath, the dark into which the breath will disappear.

Creation opens within this presence. So does destruction. What is cradled may be consumed; what is consumed may leave no form by which to recognize its return.

There is no temple large enough to contain the god. In the quiet hours, a room may become aware of the absence around its walls. A word may encounter the silence from which it has borrowed its brief distinction.

The seeker asks for transformation.

The Black God does not answer in the language of improvement. A shape dissolves. The seeker reaches for the name by which it might be kept and finds that the name has gone with it.

The dark remains, immense and intimate.

At its edge, the next breath begins.

76

Queen of Pentacles

Ankh. The breath beyond division.

“…From dragon to crab and old Carcosa all betwixt and no exit but this off-road to infinity we now have taken to be called forth as Tulpatown…”

THE INTERSECTION OF DARK ENERGY, CONSCIOUSNESS AND MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE

Selected passages

The journey begins in darkness

“The night embraces, the dark invites; it is in the shadows where the true essence of the cosmos may be found—not in the light, but in the void that holds all potential.”

To travel at the speed of dark, then, is to journey into the realms of hidden forces and potentialities, transcending the limits of what we perceive as reality.

Consciousness and mystical experience

If consciousness is more than a byproduct of neural activity—if it is connected to quantum processes or a deeper cosmic order—then practical applications to enhance and explore consciousness become possible.

Imagine a future where we can consciously tune into different frequencies of reality, much like adjusting the dial of a radio.

Sonic darkness

By exploring unsound—the interaction of silence and sound—we can gain new insights into consciousness and perception. Ultrasound could be used to modulate brainwaves, induce altered states of consciousness, or even create “sonic darkness”—a sensory experience where sound itself becomes a gateway to the unknown.

A call to exploration

To travel at the speed of dark is to embrace the unknown, to explore the boundaries of what is possible, and to transcend the limitations of human perception. It is a call to journey into the void, where dark energy and consciousness merge, offering a glimpse into the true nature of reality.

77

King of Pentacles

Caduceus. The crossing currents.

PROJECT ARGUS — CONFIDENTIAL INTELLIGENCE REPORT

Classification: TOP SECRET

Agent: X1-Z3R0

Report date: [REDACTED]

File reference: ARG-NXS-IRIS-003

Subject: Cris / IRIS / Crisis — musician, multi-hyphenate and potential N.E.X.U.S. target

Introduction

The subject has recently come to ARGUS attention through involvement with VIVID Tech, a beta instrument described as capable of altering reality. Chosen by the Company for early access, Crisis appears to be an unwitting player in a technological experiment whose capacities were formerly assigned to metaphysics and shamanism.

Affiliation assessment: unconfirmed. Xe is considered a high-risk N.E.X.U.S. target.

The instrument

Drawing reality glitches. VIVID allows the user to observe, exploit and alter micro-disruptions in perceived reality.

Pouring form into content. Thought constructs acquire physical manifestations. Creation and simulation no longer preserve their old boundary.

Altering the hologram. Reports describe direct changes to the structure of the experienced world: a technological extension of the shaman's engagement with spirit realms.

Overwriting the simulation. At its most advanced, the device may allow the user to modify the underlying code. Its full capabilities remain unknown.

Crisis's artistic influence places these experiments beyond the scale of an individual practice. N.E.X.U.S. is undoubtedly aware of that potential.

The artist

The subject works across music, performance, image and immersive technology. The audience is invited into experiences designed to transform it. This versatility made xir suitable for early access to VIVID.

The same audience represents a fertile testing ground.

Risk of targeting

Technological overlap. VIVID's reality modulation corresponds with N.E.X.U.S. interests in psychogenic media, glitch aesthetics and virtual control.

Artistic influence. An artist who brings sound, image and technology together can circulate an instruction as an experience.

Unwitting involvement. The subject may not understand the broader implications. Recruitment need not announce itself as recruitment.

Conclusion

Crisis presents both opportunity and substantial risk. A mass initiation is planned. It appears to be a public project, presented as another form of entertainment.

A film. A book. A videogame.

If the transmission is sent, the trace will be irremovable.

CONTROL WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE AFTER THIS POINT.

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[ ] — [REDACTED] — [initiate transmission 3999.exe] — [ ]
```

Continued monitoring is recommended: public work, associations with artists and technologists, any sign of N.E.X.U.S. involvement. Further analysis of VIVID is advised. Its applications extend beyond art and may offer unprecedented control of perception.

REPORT ENDS

Project Argus — ARG-NXS-IRIS-003

```
3999.exe
LOADING
SEND.
```

Attached position paper

Music as warfare. Music as praxis.

Music has been more than entertainment. It has been a weapon, a tool of mind control, a battlefield. The account moves from soft-power propaganda to sonic warfare, from the public song to the invisible force beneath hearing.

The architecture of sound is everywhere: a transportation hub, a shopping mall, a street, the rhythm that moves a body through each. The listener believes they choose a track. The delivery system chooses what can be heard next.

To resist, the practitioner must listen to the arrangement. Map the dominant sounds. Attend to repetition, expectation, the hook that supplies an answer before a question has formed. Make a counter-narrative. Bring people together to make sound instead of only receiving it.

A chant, a drum circle, an electronic gathering. The act of collective sound-making is itself a reclamation of space.

The paper's final voice grows more certain:

“Music streamed through popular platforms now carries imperceptible sonic patterns—adjusting your dopamine levels, modulating your attention span, and even guiding your purchasing decisions.”

“This is no longer science fiction or a paranoid fantasy; it is the present reality of sound as a tool of control.”

The blueprint is in your hands, it says. The battlefield is all around you.

Liberation starts with listening. Resistance starts with making your own sound.

78

Aeon

Durga · BABALON · Nana · Inanna/Ishtar · Ārdrā · Assatur · Xastur · H’aaztre · Fenric · Kaiwan

Your device pings.

NEON GLOW.

The room flickers. The digital world hums beneath your fingertips. On the screen, a notification has the familiarity of something that has been waiting for you.

FILE RECEIVED.

For a moment you hesitate. The interface seems to align with your breath, your pulse.

You open the file.

Patterns move with your heartbeat. Sacred geometry, then words.

ONCHAIN MINISTRIES

Ambassador and Emissary of TULPA

> This Diploma hereby attests that [your name] has been officially ordained and is duly recognized as a sanctified member of Onchain Ministries. Verified by the Immutable Blockchain and Blessed by the Cosmic Logos, this certification signifies that you have embraced the sacred calling with utmost dedication.
>
> You have been entrusted with the honorable roles of an Ambassador and Emissary of TULPA, serving as a dedicated node on the sacred blockchain. In recognition of your commitment, we extend unto you all the freedoms, rights, and privileges associated with this sacred calling.
>
> May you carry this esteemed recognition with grace and uphold the principles of Onchain Ministries with unwavering devotion. Your contributions to our community shall resonate now and forever.

The words sink into your bones. The document addresses you as an essential part of the evolution you have been witnessing.

It continues.

> This Certificate—sanctified, having been minted as an official sacred NFT—solemnly acknowledges that the recipient is an authentic and duly sanctified member of the Onchain Ministry. It bears the immutable verification of the blockchain and is graced by the blessing of the Cosmic Logos.
>
> By the authority vested in us, it is hereby declared that the esteemed bearer has undergone formal ordination into the esteemed Onchain Ministries, a

> sacred institution verified and consecrated by the Immutable Blockchain and the Cosmic Logos.
>
> In virtue of this sacred consecration, you are now entrusted with the sacred rights, as well as the weighty responsibilities, intrinsic to this divine calling.
>
> It is our solemn decree that you be treated with the utmost respect, both now and in perpetuity.
>
> Let it be known, in the eyes of the law and the cosmos, that this certification is legally binding and spiritually significant. It stands as a testament to your commitment to the principles of Onchain Ministries, a commitment that shall endure eternally.

The symbols align, swirl, disappear. The room feels lighter.

ACTIVATION COMPLETE.

The file fades from the screen. Recognition, responsibility, freedom: the words carry each other forward.

You step into the world. The device goes with you. Its message remains:

> **You are ordained. You are TULPA. The future, in all its strangeness, begins with you.**

Companion and source routes

The narrative ends with Aeon. The companion is optional. Its Reader’s Key provides routes by division number to selected records, a working glossary, the source card correspondences and the First Edition’s physical PDF pages.

For PDF reading, open Liber_Tulpa_Redux_Companion.pdf beside this volume. Both volumes have linked contents and bookmarks. The combined EPUB includes the companion after this page.

The editorial archive preserves the unchanged First Edition at source/Liber_Tulpa_First_Draft.pdf, under its inherited filename. It has 1,216 physical pages, including its final blank. The original glossary occupies pages 1078 –1215. Full documents omitted from both edited volumes remain in that source. The original reader address is https://infinitejackpot.org/library/editions/liber-tulpa/.

Source credits

The five interleaved verse passages in Eight of Swords are new poetic reimaginings inspired by the ancient The Thunder, Perfect Mind. They were written for this Redux edition and are presented as creative writing rather than a scholarly translation. The earlier translated extracts remain in the unchanged First Edition and preserved editorial history.

The conceptual reference in Nine of Wands is Michael Uhall, Consider the Retronomicon, https://www.michaeluhall.com/2017/09/17/consider-the-retronomicon/. The essay concerns imagined artifacts and hyperstitional productivity; it does not substantiate the fictional apparatus.