

INTRODUCTION

On Being is a meta case study. It is a case study that becomes aware of itself as a case study. **It is essentially the archived, written record of the evolution of my consciousness** (I am your protagonist Ana), and it will continue until my inevitable death. It encompasses my projections, my fantasies, my life experiences, my ego contradictions and self-awareness pirouettes corkscrewing into the Ether. It is darkly meta poetry, my Shadow, my Stockholm-Syndromatic love notes to Saturn, a Plutonian tunneling into fear, anxiety, hatred, jealousy, unhappiness, self-loathing, negativity, pride. It is an exploration into who and what I am. It is my suffering transformed into art.

OB is a work of Time, and I dedicate it to those with the tools and knowledge to interpret it. One of its primary purposes is to aid in the exploration of astrological knowledge. Astrology is the study of cyclical, energetic patterns in Time, and *OB* is a documentation of a particular moment of Time (my birth) unfolding, evolving, and maturing throughout Time. I have provided many years of dates and the personal experiences and events that correspond to them, as well as my (Ana's) birth info. Any clever astrologer can analyze the data provided – the 'so below' – and make symbolic and literal connections with celestial movements – the 'as above.' Thus *OB* serves as raw data for metaphysical analysis, and ideally it will stimulate intellectual discussion concerning a variety of astrological concepts and timing techniques.

I intend on analyzing the astrology of *On Being* myself, but at the time of this writing I'm still very much a novice. I am currently pondering the logistics of said analysis. All I can say is that with Time and *OB*, I will show you how astrology works. However, you'll also need to do your own research and analyze critically what I/Ana say/s. We are the Unreliable Narrator. Our thoughts are tricksters, just like the most famous psychopomp itself.

How can one know anything is real, trapped inside her own mind, perspective, context, birth chart? We are embedded in context and can never be free. *OB* is an example of this, as it deals with internal, subjective truth, as opposed to external, objective Truth. It is personal experience, emotions, feelings, thoughts, ideas. It is a wholly idiomatic perspective, not one solely involving concrete Fact.

The characters in *OB* are real people, with their names and physical characteristics altered to protect their identities. It is not meant to slander or condemn, only to convey a personal psychological evolution, which inherently involves contact with the Other, and naturally results in various emotions about said contact. (And obviously I'm gonna talk shit about you in my diary).

For this reason *OB* straddles the line between fiction and nonfiction. It is neither, yet both. It is not memoir, it is not an autobiography. It is not literary fiction, or a coming-of-age novel with a wonderfully stereotypical story arc informing you that it'll all be okay in the end and everyone finds love. *On Being* is a case study, a fool's experiment in self-awareness, an exploration of beingness. It is my lifelong dissertation on Divine Energy.

I must explore my own consciousness, use words to outline its endlessly changing structure, hide it and fight it and let it oppress me. *OB* is a vast, psychic structure functioning as my 12th house prison, safe house, bunker, cage. It is my Saturn remediation, the spider-webbed contours of my psyche, my attempt at grabbing the slippery, eel-like form of intuition and Knowing without words. How can I catch Energy with words? How can I put into words that

which is inherently a fleeting image, a flash of feeling, a nonlinear system functioning as part of a larger system, gyrating into Infinity? The size scale is limitless, the parts all cooperate and are themselves made up of smaller parts.

I want to be your favorite psychonaut architect, both your slave and your master, your lover and muse, a strange, ephemeral ghost inside your head, someone you can project your fears and desires onto. I want you to talk about me when I'm there and not there. I want you to use me for metaphysical, psychological, astrological research. I want you to cut me open, delve into my depths, point out patterns and idiosyncrasies and blind spots. I want you to show me how it all works systematically, how it's all connected, a grandiose, energetic clockwork ticking away into the Abyss, fate and free will two lovers at a house party, sipping whisky and sharing a joint, an occasional cigarette, coffee in the morning.

I want you to judge me, pick me apart, comment on my thoughts and opinions, mock me, hate me, obsess over me, emulate me. Ultimately, this isn't for you. Fuck you. Fuck the audience, this is for *me*. I must anchor myself in the present moment by dealing with my suffocating, negative emotions through writing. *On Being* was only a byproduct of this process, until I became aware of that perfect synergy of science and spirituality, called astrology. Now *OB* has a larger, more meta purpose, but I will always use it as a tool for greater self-awareness.

I need it for my sanity, for my continued personal growth, for the preservation of my memories. I need it, or I become lost in despair and confusion and apathy. I need it, or else I can't figure out what's real. Without it I cannot understand who I am and why I exist. (Am I only startled movement in a broken mirror? An uncomfortable, inverted image? A black-and-white shadow of the truth? A faint whisper of dream-memory? A shimmering, indefinite question left unvoiced?)

Without *On Being* everything is meaningless to me.

I need it, you don't. That's why I say it isn't for you. Maybe it can help you untangle your own mess of a mind, but I am not writing it *for* you – as, for example, genre fiction or podcasts are made principally to please an audience. If I'm writing for anyone other than myself, it is for the astrologers, but it is not meant to solely please them. It is meant to make clearer their symbolic, archetypal language by exposing an inner truth connected to Time.

(Everything will become clearer with Time. How can I please you, my lord? Words are spells, my lord, and you have me spellbound.)

I will admit that at first I did think I was writing for you – or rather, publishing for you. As the reader, it's your money I'm earning. But I realized I will do this regardless of whether it earns me money (which, incidentally, I'm sure is the key to success and happiness – working hard at something you'd do either way). So I began to forget about you. I appreciate you, but you are not the Purpose.

When putting together the first three books I had you in mind. I made extensive edits so that it would be easier for you to read. I made sentence structure clearer and more linear, I made the grammar more formal. I removed many parts I saw as boring, and added clarifying information to parts that didn't seem to convey wholly the emotion felt at the time of the

initial writing. Thus books 1-3 are highly edited, and subsequent books won't be. (Although I will obviously still do edits.)

I have come to a greater understanding of why I am writing this, publishing this, exposing to you my Shadow. I hope it can help you in some way, but it's really meant to help *me*.

J. Guzmán
June/July 2021

p.s. The location from where Ana is writing is usually clear (a necessary data point for the astrological analysis). However, book one often doesn't specify the location, and when it doesn't it was probably written in Meridian, ID, her home base. (Just an aside for the astrologers.)