

False Light

Autobiography of Mateusz Sokołowski
2022

Preface

The hero of this story stands out from the crowd. Clothes like from another era and a specific manner could give him an aura of elegance - but it is restrained by a certain sloppiness. Unusual vocabulary could give the appearance of a certain buffoon - if words considered coarse were not mixed up between them. This mixture, however, creates a certain aura of mystery around him and acts a bit magnetically.

He was quite sceptical when explaining what the project was all about. It is not about the questions themselves, but even the facial expressions when he asks them. Nevertheless, he agreed.

Apparently, he likes to try new things and support all kinds of initiatives.

"Without trying something at least once, it's hard to form an opinion - whether a given technique is effective or not, and above all - whether it works for me."

He seemed to have a million thoughts at the same time and as if he wanted to spit out all the stories at once - on the other hand, the answers were simple and straightforward, without colour or description. This is also the preface - better let his story describe it.

False Light

A short sketch of the family

My name is Mateusz Sokołowski, although that was not my initial name.

I was born on November 6, 1988 in Rzeszów and I really don't want to write my autobiography. But apparently there is supposed to be an element of self-therapy in it, so I will write about myself - although it will not be easy.

I was born as the first (as long as nobody hides anything) my father's child and my mother's third child. My two older sisters are from my mother's first marriage.

My father, Edward, is a construction worker who worked abroad most of my childhood - and it was for the best. Certainly, one can say about him that he is the so-called "true Pole" of the worst stereotypes ... He is a highly conservative Christian, boasting about his anti-Semitism and hating communists. My father has good reasons for his hatred of communists - he wanted to join the party under the Polish People's Republic, but it was gently suggested that he would better fit in the ORMO - so it can be said that he suffered harm and humiliation from the communists, hence he signs with both hands under the current government.

My mother, Teresa, is a clothing technician who practically raised me and my two sisters on her own - as I mentioned before, my father was abroad. Mother "made sure that we never got bored" - there was a row every day. The mother is a nervous, unspoken person who likes to control others.

My sister Róża is ten years older than me, she was more of a background character. She had been in this peculiar family system longer than I was, so she had time to learn how to survive with the slightest damage to her mental health - so she usually remained silent, locked herself in her room. She was able to "disappear" in our small apartment so well that once my mother was worried if Róża ran away from home - while she simply holed up with a book on the balcony.

My sister Marzena is eleven years older than me. Actually, it is more not Marzena, but "Marzenusia" - otherwise you cannot speak to her until today without risking a quarrel on the

part of the mother ... She was and is the apple of her mother's eye - and in such circumstances she still has problems with some basic things. However, it can be said that she is doing the best, because she gets quite good money from 500+ and alimony from two different fathers.

When it comes to the relations in my family - in short, everyone (maybe except for Mother and Marzeniusia) hates each other heartily and it is no exaggeration - this hatred will run through this story, sometimes biting it. Enough, however, about them - the background is already outlined, and the story was supposed to be about me.

First contact with a cat

My first memory is the face of a black and white cat. He looks into the carriage curiously. Then some snapshots. Clear and consistent memories do not appear until the age of 5-6. By talking to my family, the mystery of the cat's face was solved - when I was little my mother often went to help her parents in the fields, and she left the carriage with me under the linden tree and went to work. Apparently, whenever she came back to me, there was always a dead bird or mouse in the cart. My grandmother's black and white cat was probably trying to take care of me and thus trying to feed me. I love cats to this day. For the most part, however, childhood - especially early childhood - is a black spot. Apparently it's normal if someone had it difficult.

Do I have any childhood memento? Yes - a white cat mascot. When I was still in kindergarten, my mother once went to Germany for a few days to visit my father. I stayed with my older sisters then. The mother was not perfect, but the baby needs a parent - especially when one sister pretends she's not there and the other acts like a child even at the age of twenty. So you know I missed my mother. When my mother came back she gave me this mascot. As a few years later, all the old toys went to my nephews - I didn't give this one back.

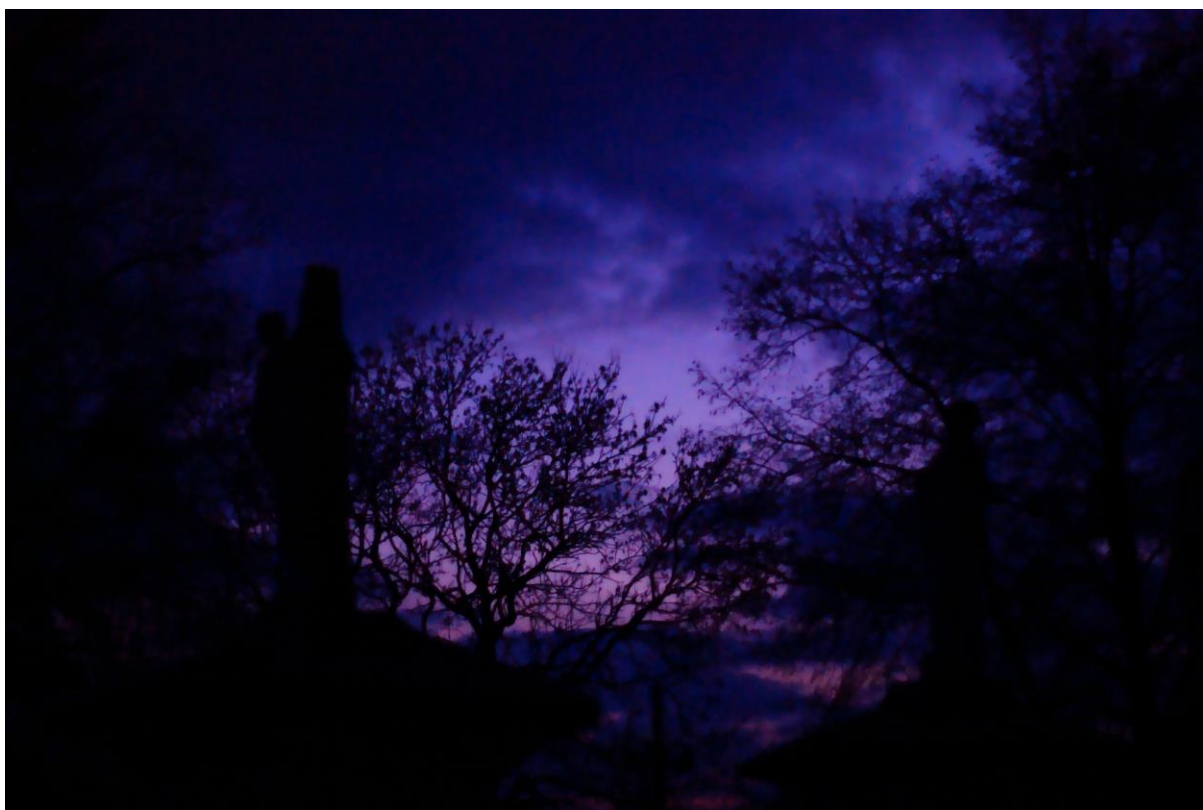
Early bad childhood

I didn't have a lot of toys. As a child, I used to play with buttons instead of toys. On the carpet, on maps drawn with my imagination, I placed troops of brave soldiers. Those green buttons with a gold stripe across were archers, the lead buttons with one hole was a hard ride, and so on. Even when I got toy soldiers for one Christmas - I still preferred to play with buttons - they created more possibilities and there were hundreds of them.

Recall the 1990s. That wonderful greyness beating from everywhere. The time right after the transformation. My father was working in Germany at the time - and he didn't send too much money. For my sisters, my mother did not take alimony. So there were days when we ate only porridge or bread. Remember the mentality of the people at that time. Sociodynamics.

So what could have happened when I went to school? Bulling. From elementary school. The approach of educators and teachers back then was very often based on the principle "let them apologize, that's none of my business". My father was absent, my mother was overbearing - I had no one to learn to stand up to. And the victim was the perfect victim.

We still went to Grandma's on vacation. The grounds are beautiful (albeit neglected). But the main purpose of going there was to help out with the harvest - and I was severely allergic to pollen from storms and grasses. So it was like a prison for me- Even in the leaky house itself, I had a severe runny nose, and going beyond it - I was getting short of breath. So I was sitting alone in a country house, playing chess with myself, watching TV (there were as many as 3 channels!) Or browsing newspapers. Of course, my grandparents had books - but it was mostly war literature, which for me at that age was too difficult. Despite being bullied at school, I really didn't like holidays.



Old cemetery near Grandma's house. I took a picture of it as an adult. Admittedly, it has both beauty and a certain amount of darkness.

I often had nightmares then, that I ran away from my grandmother's village chased ghouls and wraiths straight to the bus that took me to the well-known Rzeszów, where I felt safer after all. It was also influenced by the aggressive uncle who did not hide his dislike for me and he often groveled.

Still childhood or youth?

Hey, this is probably the moment when I'm going to move from childhood to my youth. It's a bad moment, I still feel like a child. But there is a chronology and human norms, and according to them, the teenage age is already beginning.

I wanted to go to middle school. Not just any – art school! In the last three years of elementary school, I was taking courses and I was supposed to go there. My talent may be doubtful, but I loved to paint and sketch for it. So I attended art clubs (neighbourhood) and talked with students of these schools about how wonderful it is there, and also about how even a strange individual like me can find their way there.

I could already feel myself spreading my wings, I already felt almost acceptance ...

Did I mention? It will be a story about sadness and hate. When I was about to go to art gymnasium, Marzeniusia got pregnant. And she got postpartum depression. 23-year postpartum depression - because it continues to this day. The story was supposed to be about me, but its story is so intertwined that it deserves a few sentences. My mother loved control. Nobody could have friends, and every exit from the house had to be agreed and accepted by the mother. Marzeniusia could sometimes leave the house and the like, but she never had a boyfriend ... Until my mother invited my cousin from the naval academy to visit us.

Let's add a horny student to a horny student ... The year I was about to go to junior high, Marzeniusia got pregnant.

Did I mention that we sometimes ate groats and water? At that time, my father was building a house in a village near Rzeszów, so that's why he didn't add to life-all money went into this investment, which was built very slowly. When Marzeniusia got pregnant, things moved quickly. The parents' conclusion from this situation was as follows: I cannot go to the gymnasium, which I wanted, we are moving to the countryside (now suburbs), and on my way back from school I will drop in for hot dinners at my sister's. I would have to travel to the middle school to which I wanted to go by two buses, and to the nearest high school (let's not forget about lunches) one ... I didn't eat lunch at my sister's.

But ... I did mention that I was the perfect victim - such a paternity without a father?

It has not been six months since I started studying at the nearest junior high school. I was badly beaten - I have been struggling with the consequences to this day. Why are my teeth different in colour? Some are implants. It was the middle of the school year. I couldn't get into my dream art gymnasium anymore - and my parents decided that after such a beating, I had to be moved. And so I became a saintly student of the Catholic school.

False light

I was still a believer then. But this is one of the darkest stages of my life.

It is not about the cult of suffering - this one I know from home. When I was 6, my mother sat me at the table and told me about her life. I know, this is not the "worst" dimension of

suffering. But in my life I have come across people who have had secondary PTSD, and that was a pretty good introduction. It softened my psyche and learned to take care of psychic vampires. Apparently, such behaviour is one of the symptoms of "parenting" - parents transferring responsibility to their children. So I was a free psychologist or a lamentation partner for my mother.

Exactly! My father hit me maybe twice in my life. But I saw him twice a year - at Easter and at Christmas. The mother, on the other hand, used psychological violence on a daily basis.

The answer to bullying was: "Lower your head, somehow it will be." But for the 4+ grades there was a whole tirade that I am ungrateful that I do not study. I already had depressive states in primary school. And it was just beginning.

Only a severe beating prompted my parents to change high school. I went to the Sisters of Presentation Gymnasium - it was paid and my folks did not want to do it, but it was the only school which still accepted new students. Did I mention Marzenusia and her first baby? She got postpartum depression that continues to this day - so when her kid was around a year and a half I had to start looking after him. In addition, the pressure for grades of at least 4.5, and a much higher level in the new gymnasium, additionally destroyed me. I started to drop out of school, which turned into fights at home.

I was at school from 5 am to 5 pm - commuting took me over an hour a day, then I took care of the child, then I did my homework. And so every day to the meeting room, where, you know, a row - parents' arguments that "the fees are not paid so that I have an average of 4".

Have I had friends? Yes, I did. Typical nerds. And while it is fashionable today, it used to be an additional reason to beat a person up. A classmate had an older cousin with whom we played Warhammer. The world of imagination was a great springboard, where as a Flint-dwarf who knew a bit about magic, I travelled the worlds of imagination and could forget about reality. Exactly! It was then that my father, further abroad, began to donate a bit more than for "bread and milk", and my mother started to drink.

"A little." I remember three of my classmates. And jakes from the neighbourhood - eight. There were times when I had to take my mother away from parties by simply dragging her over the cobblestones. Not out of ill will, it was just that my 14-year-old body couldn't carry

her on my shoulder, so I could only drag her down the street - like Winnie the Pooh's Cross. Then sometimes I had to mother her.

Even though the mother herself broke the rules, even decency - I had to be perfectly polite.

My mother sometimes had acts of grace - I was fascinated by history, and her friend's son was in historical reconstruction - so I could join. The friend's son was quickly expelled, but I wasn't, so her friend said it was a cult - and I was banned from historical reconstructions, too.

The beginning of the movement of autonomous liberation of myself.

For all mothers who say that the internet is bad - it's true!

This time, they connected the Internet in my flat. By chance I found the band "Kat" on the Internet and I fell in love with it.

About six months later "Kat" was playing in my city. Of course, my mother refused to let me go to the concert. I had been hiding money from my grandmother for birthdays, etc. for some time - because I noticed that in the piggy bank they like to disappear. That was my first rebellion. I ran away to a concert. The first seal has been broken! Time to release the Beast!

The concert was phenomenal! Imagine a brat who got out of the house for the first time and ended up at a concert of legends. People, probably amused by my age, three times carried me in their arms in front of the stage (now I know that this is normal "fun" - but then it was something new for me). I came back in the morning. I wasn't drinking or smoking at the time - it was just that when I got back my parents knew I was gone. I never received pocket money - so punishment in the form of taking it away was not an option. I was only met with a row - which I had every day anyway.

The first seal has been broken!

I understood. I have an row every day anyway. I have no pocket money. At home, I was only babysitting for my sister's child - and for the sister herself, because the more time passed since giving birth, the deeper her depression was. Of course, she never went to the doctor (but she always got a strong attack when there was something to be done - e.g. to take care of her own child). Then I really understood! I can do anything! My parents have no way of

punishing me anyway, because I already have all the "punishments" of a normal teenager in the package every day.

How can you learn what the Father should teach you, without the Father?

Do you remember how I couldn't go to historical reconstructions anymore, because of my mother's friend's son, etc?

Nobody could stop me anymore!

I also mentioned that I was the perfect victim. During the reconstruction it turned out that I have a talent for fighting with a dagger. Likewise, I bought a knife. Not great - just a finke, but I carried it everywhere with me.

I probably wouldn't have the psyche to use it, but it gave me confidence.

In those days, "individuals dressed in tracksuits" - at least after one incident, the policemen told me to refer to tracksuits, because the word "tracksuit" is pejorative - they liked to harass people like me. Once, on the bridge across the boulevards, four of them started to bounce me like a ball and joke that they would burn my hair. I then pulled out my knife and smiled like "I have nothing to lose." They took a step back and I moved on. There were four of them, but let's be honest - nobody wants to get a knife first. According to psychological research, attackers choose victims based on the fear the victim feels - and not, for example, on the basis of their posture. I haven't carried a knife in years, but I do say that many times it saved my life precisely by not feeling like a victim with the blade in my hand.

Reconstruction was more than a battle. There I also learned to pitch a tent, make a fire - everything that I should take out of the house if I had a normal family. What's more! It was the first time that I felt appreciated! At home, I was always the "bad and useless" one - and the reconstruction revealed, for example, that I had the makings of a blacksmith.

Historical reconstruction and RPGs were my springboard from the world. In the meantime, sister Róża also gave birth to a child, and Marzeniusia to another one. I liked taking care of Róża's baby - it was just a child to be lulled. On the other hand, Marzenius's children were getting worse and worse - they were always allowed to do anything. An example here can be how Pawcio played with the TV very quickly turning it on and off. When I forbade him, he burst out crying and got me fucked up. However, if he broke the TV - I would have gotten

even bigger. Marzeniusia's children reacted by crying whenever they heard the word no.



A photo from the historical reconstruction trip-already later. Older photos of myself than this I do not have. The fact that this is a later trip is evidenced by the long hair-it was strictly forbidden in Catholic school.

More false light

I was in a Catholic and I was a believer - quite strongly, despite listening to "satanic" music.

We had an interesting catechist then - W. S. The name was deliberately censored, because despite the fact that nothing indecent on his part happened to me, I know that he later had things that would be suitable for the script of the film "Kler 2". This catechist used to do surveys about what kind of priest he was, etc. Supposedly anonymous - but then he compared the handwriting from the surveys with the essays. Children and teenagers! Never trust adults!

Since my anonymous survey was not in superlatives, I was called off by sinners and antichrists. I found out that I can't stay there in high school. And that I cannot call myself a

Christian. And since I have always been there, that I don't go where they don't want me, I started reading about other religions.

Behold, the second seal has been broken.

In addition, everything bad happened to me from Catholics. The real ones, which then sit in the first pews in temples. Even the dregs who used to assault people have now rebranded themselves as Elders of Mary (the name changed to avoid lawsuits-but any other referring to militancy in conjunction with Mary was already taken, which illustrates the scale of the phenomenon) and continue to assault people-only with a cross on their chest attacking leftists, Erasmus students, refugees and women.

Proper Youth

I was already in high school. People who like to read about children - I will disappoint you, but you can look for W. S. - you will exchange stories. My story is just beginning!

I was young and vulnerable, though not so powerless anymore. I wrote poems and published them on a portal that no longer exists. I was 17 years old, but it has already happened that a beer had passed through my pretty slender hands. Then a 30-year-old girl became interested in me. I loved talking to her about poetry, listening to the music she recommended.

Apparently, in this chapter there should be something about love, and since I was loving, the infatuations would go back to my childhood - so I will tell you about LBird (I will not give surnames, and she had such a pseudonym on this portal with poetry), which, one can say, was my first reciprocated. LBird had a fair complexion, long auburn hair, green eyes - but so cold it was hard to look at them for too long - and such an angelic face that although she was thirteen years older than me, in bars and pubs it was she was asked for ID proof, not me.

I suspect LBird didn't know what she wanted - there was nothing more than kisses between us, after all - but one day she got deeply indignant.



Me in the period of first loves

Road

After being labelled a heretic, I searched. And once one person said I had an occult gift and would teach me. LBird at the time even fumed. She stated that she didn't see a gift in me, but there was no option for anyone to teach me except herself - and although she hadn't admitted it before, it turned out that she was in a Gnostic order. She could really do a lot, but she was a really poor teacher - on the other hand, in retrospect, I think she just didn't want to teach me. At that time I was already a sexy long-haired metal - she was also from the climate and one time after a concert she got pregnant with someone. We officially "said goodbye" because I was unemphatic and instead of: "My congratulations!", I said: "Oh fuck!". To me, however, it seems that she wanted to start with a clean slate, and whatever I said, the acquaintance would still be over.

Although to this day I lack her recommendations and aesthetic sense, and in the tender mood I humming "Abraxas - Temptation", which was "our" song - objectively I have to say: it's good.

As I mentioned, she was a hopeless teacher, and without a teacher, I had to learn by myself. This is how I found chaos magic.

The third seal has been broken - the Beast is now free!

By the way, one of the questions asks for your favourite song.

Once upon a time, the song "Beast" was the anthem of Rzeszów among metal men.

"The sun was blazing in slow twilight

Hiding my face in the abyss of darkness

Where the immortal beast was born

In the midst of rebellion, she created her throne For darkness and blackness

For a life of sin. Too razor-sharp

Metal sound. Let's salute her

Let us give up the soul of the immortal beast

And in black let us bow to her "

And that was my favourite song. It is true that I did not lead a "sinful life" then, but because of my family I had to hide my face in the dark more than once. By the way, Marzeniusia already had a third child. Guess who had to deal with the other two descendants - because postnatal depression was the same.

"And though now he is covering his face with his hand

It hides in the soul of black velvet

Although her figure is looming in a sea of tears

Someday it will emerge from the depths of oblivion "

Gods of the graves! How I dreamed then that someday I would emerge just from the depths of oblivion like the Beast from the song.

I guess you already understand why it was my favourite song?

Suffering now, hope sometime. I know it doesn't work that way anymore, but the chapter was about youth, so by Gods, I had a right to be hopeful.

To close the chapter - there is a question about the dream I had then. Same as today - and that is one of the reasons why I say that I will not grow up. I want to live in a house with only artists and occultists. Not that in the same apartment - everyone needs space for themselves. But imagine a whole tenement house of artists and freaks. Of course, sometimes they argue over whether they are in a mood. But with twenty individuals gathered that most of all value freedom and you can be yourself there. And as if the authorities "allowed themselves" too much - five people throw gasoline bottles, and another fifteen people prepare more and serve them.

Okay! We have millstones, and I announced that the third seal has broken.

Yes, it's me! Not chronologically, but I consider myself an adult from that point on. Ever since I got to know the magic of chaos. I was a bit before 18. And the word magic does not imply that fairies will be here. On the contrary. Magic has been with us since the Paleolithic. Chaos magic was created by Austin Osman Spare around 1910. Its founder corresponded with Freud and Jung. Sigil according to A.O.Spare is practically a complex according to C.G. Jung. It's just that sigils can be positive-a couch to psychologists usually goes to those who don't have very positive things in life. It's the most "psychological" path of magic that made me realize, "Oh God, I'm fucked up."

At the same time, my depression was getting worse. My mother, obsessed with control and afraid that after my 18th birthday she would lose her power over me, started chasing me to all kinds of psychiatrists. Everyone said: "The boy is healthy, but you would benefit from a therapy." One psychiatrist even took me to a week-long ward as part of a nefarious "bet" with my mother - the bet was that if they didn't detect abnormalities in me, my mother would go for observation. The mother discharged herself at her own request.

But I didn't see the meaning of life all the time and by the age of 19 my hair started going grey.

But after all, I was no longer an "average" person. I was a chaos magician. And the term sounds bloated, I would have laughed at myself if I had heard such a thing. But it was a reading engine. In the meantime, I went to college. But in absentia I started IPS-Institute of Applied Psychology, in order to learn more about myself.

Another milestone does not follow from the plot. From experiences. Do you know my life a bit?

I would like to add that apart from psychological violence, control, the fact that the mother liked to overdo alcohol, taking care of my sister's children, physical violence occasionally happened. Well, at school, mainly physical. How can such a person feel about people?

He fucking hates them all. And wishes everyone a painful death.

Going to IPS was the best decision of my life. Professionally, it did not help me, but two years of psychology lectures allowed me to understand my torturers.

Do I feel superior? Yes. Contempt? Sometimes. But I don't hate anymore.

Each "bad" is just a by-product of the "bad" of the previous generation. And the word "bad" is in quotation marks, because it is a matter of morality and current events. There is no objective "bad".

IPS also helped me understand myself a bit. I have never had classic depression, but I have 100% Eisenc neuroticism. And since I had a lot of stress all my life, it showed symptoms of exhaustion, etc. As with depression. And the knowledge gained there helped in working on myself.

Symbolic recovery of autonomy.

Another milestone. Brief. I changed the name given to me at my baptism. Unfortunately, my first name was not allowed to be changed, but my middle name and surname were. I didn't want even my last name to connect me to my family.

The world is mega ironic. I have always been rather an introvert. Sometimes to the point of exaggeration.

A disappointing professional life.

And the first job I snagged was in a call centre. I quit it after three months, but elements of the call centre also recurred later. I don't want to write about the jobs one by one. There were

physical ones too, but for a short time. All in all, for example, in the carpentry shop I would have gladly stayed longer - unfortunately, they were only looking for someone temporary when they had more orders. And that was the best of the jobs I had-there is something about physical work that relieves stress, though.

I was also a manager of a computer store. I resigned because of a conflict with the manager, although I liked the job.

I have a problem with finding myself in the hierarchy - I had too much of it at home.

When someone demands from me to be treated with officialdom or by position or title, it arouses aversion in me. I believe that a person should earn respect by actions, not by titles. As I worked in security for a while and the "boss" humiliated me - or at least tried to, but I taunted him so much that he didn't take reports from me all day, and this despite the fact that he could have lost his job for it.

I respect all people, but I react with a vengeance to contempt towards me.

Therefore, it was difficult for me to complete my studies. I started out in many directions, but usually conflicts eventually happened.

My last "normal" job was being a head-hunter. I sent specialists abroad.

They paid well. The atmosphere was so toxic that I paid for it with my health. All in all, I almost twisted.

It was then that I decided that I would start living off my passion. I've had a lot of confirmations before - so why not start earning tarot money? And this is how I earn my sixth year - I already have my reputation. It happens that the competition comes to me for consultations.

Another false light source

When working in Poland, you need to register. And we have one of the worst tax law in Europe. It is true that I could hide temporarily in the grey area - but as I mentioned, I almost

twisted because of my previous job. And the health problems stayed. It was necessary to find a way to legalize and insure, but not to go bankrupt. A friend told me about a religious association that was pantheistic. Pantheism is very close to chaos magic. Basically, it can be described as low-chaosism. He was so "close" that I passed the doctrine exam at 5 on the first attempt. And so I became a priest - and a religion that is close to me. I cannot give the name of the "church" more precisely. The first 3 years were quite good-Privileges for priests, tax and insurance benefits are really huge. And most importantly in the above-mentioned

"Church", fortune-telling is written as one of the sacred rituals, therefore I could do my own - simply calling the service "service" and not giving the price and "what a grace not less than PLN 100".

Importantly, in this church there was a "Council" and not one decision-maker. And everything changed when one person on the Council quit or was kicked out and another person took their place.

In addition to the standard tithe, the "church" imposed gigantic fees on those higher up in its hierarchy. Chancelleries were changed to much better ones-but the reasons were rather disturbing. Simply put, the religion had become as corrupt as the Catholic Church. Because of the changes, 2/3 of the priests left. Those higher up in the hierarchy were already horny for extra money, so they increased the fees on themselves even more. I left as well. When I resigned, the lawyer from the law firm himself told the Council that if they got rid of all the believers and left the businessmen alone the CBA would eventually go after them.

As far as I know, they screened some of their business afterwards.

Okay! It was an epic part! You could even say that I bragged.

I am proud of tarot. For a while, I even lectured at Cho ku Rei Academy.



Me and my deceased animal, unfortunately, Kiciuś protector of Spain. My pets always have crazy names.

A Life of Love and Mercy.

But when we look at other aspects of my life, it's not so fun.

I would like to have a family. Okay, family is too big a word - because as an anti-natalist I don't want children. But a partner for better or worse - I already do. I was once engaged and even lived with my fiancée. It was a good verification of friends - she slept with most of them. She didn't give the ring back. Pile on the ring itself, it didn't cost a fortune - but on some issues it's about the rituals themselves.

Her family accepted me. What's more - her uncle was my colleague!

Then for six years, with some break, I was with another woman. She did not accept the ring, but after so many years it seemed that it would last. Did I mention that working in corpo as a head hunter brought me to the brink of death? That's when she broke up.

My approach to things is rather pragmatic. Better sooner than later.

Then there were shorter or longer relationships. After one I even had to treat myself.

At least I know something about Gaslighting. In that relationship I learned it on myself.

I suspect myself of Messiah syndrome - I usually choose women with problems.

Who knows what this syndrome is, also knows that there is nothing good about it. I give it my best because I don't feel good enough - so I'm looking for women with a "problem" to fix, naively hoping that they will stay with me after the repair. It's good that I realize it - that's why I'm alone for a long time. Not only a few who would like a persona like me, but when it happens, I often give up, because I see this pattern.

Someone may ask why someone who puts Tarot has love problems.

Well, there is a rule that you do not put cards on your own and it results from a specific thing.

In order for a tarot to be more than just random pictures - to convey what awaits you, your mind must be objective, even completely empty. When you care about something or someone very much, it is practically impossible.



Sometimes we take silly pictures with our friends. The dumber the better.

Notes in the margins to complete the picture

Fortunately, I have two cats. Both are finds - one is 14 and the other is 3. Watching them play together always cheers me up.

What is most important to me? To be real. That's why this text is sometimes "vomit". I know from PR and social engineering alone how many rules I break. And what would happen if someone started to analyse this text. Nevertheless, I break the rules and write it. And I try to be myself - sometimes "vomiting" emotions. Besides, would it still be self-therapy without "truth"?

In my opinion, the biggest problem in this world is lies. Corporations that say, "We want your good" - while they think, "We want your money." Political groups that say, "You cannot be indifferent" - while they think, "You are either friend or foe." There would be hundreds of examples. To quote one of my favourite bands: "You know too little - that's why you have to lie."

Several people called me the mouthpiece. I have a lot of friends from Pomerania.

"Wyszczerca" is a Kashubian word. The opposite of the slanderer. The slanderer is lying to hurt someone. The Eyelander tells the truth for the same purpose. Usually I don't do it consciously, but just "breaks free". In the tarot trade, my clients love me for it. Friends often take offense, and then come back a few months later, saying, "You were right. I am not perfect - I know that. I require a lot of repairs. However, I cannot find a mechanic that I can trust - because of a field related to psychology, I can see most of the techniques and close myself, although sometimes I use them myself. One would like to say: "a sharp will not deceive".

One of the questions is whether I am in any group. Yes, what?

The brazen question is, but it has an interesting anecdote - and as I mentioned: I don't like games of appearances.

I am here, in a way, because we plan to open a foundation promoting culture with my friends.

Also, I once started a group that works to this day, so you could say I'm in it - although unfortunately most of the members now live in the UK, so we only see each other once a year. The group was associated with chaos magic. Its only goal was to learn from each other, but its members liked each other so much that it turned into a kind of self-help circle - which makes me very happy! Once upon a time, they even lived in one tenement house, realizing my dream about which I mentioned earlier - unfortunately, I stayed in Poland then. Seeing that this country is about to go bankrupt, that was probably a mistake.

What kind of myth am I?

This is one of the hardest myths here. The myth of the phoenix? Unsuitable. The phoenix was beautiful from the beginning and was reborn spotless in the ashes. Totally doesn't fit. Although I know many myths and fairy tales, none fits. But if it were not for one difference, the myth of the dream, Ishtar would have many parts in common. As it is little known (despite the fact that everyone knows its plagiarized version), let me summarize it. The goddess Ishtar, the goddess of war and love, decided one day to visit her sister Ereshkigal in the land of Hens which she ruled - the equivalent of the afterlife in the Summer family.

As they were in conflict, she instructed her maidservant Ninshubur to resurrect her if she did not return after three days. And so Ishtar entered the land of Chickens, but then the keeper of the gates demanded, as was customary, that she give him her 7 amulets. One at each gate. At one o'clock, she gave him the crown. On the other hand, a lapis lazuli wand. At the third, the jewels adorning her necks. Fourth - breast brooch, fifth - decorated belt, sixth - bracelet, seventh - robe.

When Ishtar was naked and defenceless, she met her sister - who summoned the demons to tear her apart and imprison her in the afterlife.

However, when she did not return for 3 days, Ninshubur informed the Gods who, through an invisible servant, brought Ishtar water and the bread of life to the afterlife. This is how Ishtar rose from the dead and, returning from Kur- peculiar hell, at each gate she took one talisman - a symbol of her power. What is the difference? By the time Ishtar descended into Hell, she was already beautiful and wise - a kind of Goddess and leader. I've never been like this. I was born in Hell.

But I'm getting out of it!

This is what I call false light. At the first gate, I picked up this fin - a weapon and a symbol of self-confidence.

At the second - a book with the magic of chaos - a symbol of change.

At the third - a kiss - a symbol that I can be appreciated.

On the fourth - psychological knowledge - something that made me believe that not the whole world looks like the hell from which I was born.

On the fifth - tarot cards - a symbol that I can manage outside the hierarchy, without someone's shoe above me.

I haven't visited sixth and seventh yet.

What's waiting for me there? I do not know. In the end, I come out of hell, I didn't bring anything in there myself.

What I collect probably belonged to others who were going to it, but never had a chance to get out of it.

Not every wound can be healed.

I've had a hard life, but I'm proud to be getting out of it.

I know many have been broken and have fallen- Even if they had a much better start.

However, I will not feel sorry for them or shed tears for them - that would be insincere.

Afterword

He was unhappy with the outcome of the project. Not so much with the booklet and its visual form, but with what it moved. It did not bring Katarsis. It did not bring solace.

"All in all, the act itself was a bit like confession. And confession doesn't purify at all, but only reminds one of one's guilt, of being inferior for one reason or another.

Likewise, this autobiography. Telling the story didn't help in any way, but it did remind of it. Even though I had limited contact with my family-almost a month afterwards-they spoke up again with their problems and claims. Isn't it funny how this world is intertwined? All it takes is a reminder of the emotions in question, and they begin to host life again. It's as if they were waiting for the right moment. Maybe the best way to fight the inner demons, is not to confess them and just ignore them, not give them attention? Especially if it's attention they've been feeding on."

There was some disappointment in his eyes.

"Nevertheless, I'm still glad I did it. Doing it took effort-it was a certain act of willpower-to force yourself to do something you don't feel like doing. Such a battle with oneself. And I won. Although it didn't bring me purification or a better understanding of myself-because I also thought a lot about myself beforehand-I have the

satisfaction that I didn't chicken out by facing myself-or rather, my story."

He accepted the printed biography with slight reluctance. He thanked me and walked away.

I don't know if this act will have any significance in his life.

Sometimes the more we seek a cure for our suffering or sadness, the more we become immune to such cures.

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