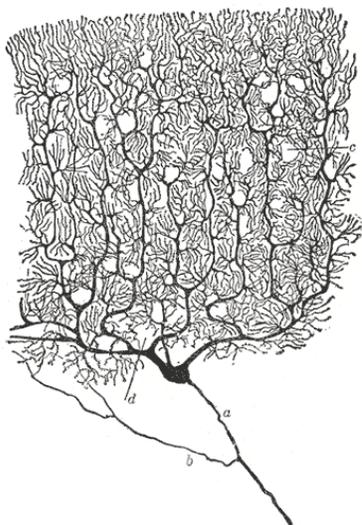


TO TRAVEL THESE PATHWAYS



The great giant, whose mind is the world, has fallen into a deep winter coma and caused the sky to darken. She dreams as she sleeps, and those who travel light the pathways of her thoughts.

The giant's dreams are made manifest in your life—and so, they are your own: dear and true memories of your past.

To travel these paths, you must locate:

- A lantern or similar source of light.
- One other wanderer, as coyotes hunt in tandem.
- A path within a forest.
- The night sky, particularly that of December 21, 2012.

Once you have these things all in one place at one time, follow the ritual of the hunting coyote to travel the giant's dreams. Read this aloud before you begin your journey:

One coyote will begin to lead the other in their hunt for memories. He must hold the lamp to light the path.

He must first stand still to observe some feature of his surroundings.

As he does this, a memory from his past arises and he begins to share it with the other coyote and they begin to walk.

by Abi

The human face smiles in sympathy with smilers and comes to the help of those that weep.

(Horace)

The lantern lights the neural pathways of the great giant. Her memory travels through the coyote's feet and out his mouth.

Share with sureness and loudness, that your memories may not be caught up in the wind before reaching your companion's ears.

Take care not to ramble on as the wandering burrows do, lest you lead your companion off the path and into an open field of memory.

If you do get lost in a memory, your companion will paw at your back.

Follower: listen and do not speak, for this memory is not a light unto your feet but one unto your companion's.

Still, the memory may travel through your ears and into your mind, then out your mouth: a coyote's chuckle to her hunting companion.

This marks the pathway of memory through your own body as well. It is a looping trail, passing between companions then ending at its own beginning.

Once the leading coyote completes this memory, the pair must pause, with all listening and searching, for a new memory waits to become your prey.

We are more alike than we are different.

(Depeche Mode)

The leading coyote then passes the lantern to the other and becomes a follower.

One morning long ago I woke up with the memory of my father richly pulsating inside my cranium. For a shining moment my dreaming mind seemed to have brought him back to life in the most vivid fashion.

...

We are all curious collages, weird little planetoids that grow by accreting other people's habits and ideas and styles and tics and jokes and phrases and tunes and hopes and fears as if they were meteorites that came soaring out of the blue, collided with us, and stuck.

...

Input signals coming to me would, under certain circumstances, follow pathways in my brain that led not to *my* memories but to *Carol's* memories. . . To the extent, then, that I, over our years of living together, had accurately imported and transplanted the experiences that had rooted Carol on this earth, she would be able to react to the world, to live on in me. To that extent, and only to that extent, Carol would be thinking with my brain, feeling with my heart, living in my soul.

(Douglas Hofstadter, *I Am A Strange Loop*)

This new leader takes a moment to observe some element of her surroundings.

And then a memory makes itself her prey. And then she walks as she utters it, shares it with her trailing companion.

And so they continue until the trail's end.

At this point the coyotes must pause. Each of you must recall some piece or pieces of the memories that have graced your ears tonight.

You must howl them to the moon or the sky, retrace their paths in your minds for safekeeping.

In short:

- Observe something.
- Walk as you speak your memory.
- Stop when you're done.
- Pass the light to your companion.
- Companion, do the same.
- At the end of the trail, mimic pieces from your companion's memories.

By the time you finish this dream, the giant will confront her death, doctor at the bedside. Doctor, ethereal companion of the giant's own travels to her end.

Be ready for the morning light as the giant shifts in her sleep. As in, *with this sorrow, have joy*--for the giant's thoughts now manifest themselves in your own minds.

After this, the giant will have passed and you will no longer be able to gather her memories through your feet.

But share these things openly and generously, that the giant's dream may be sustained in other people.

Neuron illustration by
Ramon y Cajal.

Much thanks to those whose
pathways I have traveled,
and those who have traveled
mine.