

*I am Ophiuchus: serpent bearer. Since Ancient Greek times I have entwined with Serpens in the night sky, and learnt much from his sprawling haze. His writhing form positions itself across a large swathe of the night sky, conjoining a myriad of luminous pin-pricks and psychedelic supernovae too faint for the eye to distinguish. Bisecting the serpentine constellation of astral bodies, as I do, during my tenure as its master, I bring forth its most ancient secrets and unleash its powers of healing and encouragement of wisdom when the celestial alignments are auspicious. Some call me the lost sign of the Zodiac, the thirteenth, yet they cast me outside of their sidereal limitations forever.*

*You happen upon me at a most fortuitous time: Saturn passes in opposition to my glorious constellation, leading me to conquer the snake and orchestrate its mystical powers towards remedy and immortality. Saturn, so malefic in nature, produces coldness, restrictions and rationality, for he is considerably remote both from the Sun's heat and the Earth's vapours. He, and the other planets derive their energy from the positions they hold with regard to the Sun and the Moon, and all alter the constitution of this installation in particular ways. At this moment, Neptune casts its shadowy influence over our ambient proceedings, influencing this interaction with emotional smoothness.*

*But, what is this? This strange magical lens creates an alternate view: the serpent escapes my grasp and freely wanders around the room of its own accord. With its mighty coils its fey body escapes my own, so that it may weave and twist its serpentine knots around these fabrics and objects. But, curling its supple neck, it looks back and returns; my powers being transferred wholly into the aperture of this vessel. The dance will last forever, as we rage on level terms with equal powers, our feet ever crossing the elliptic. You, mystery astrologer, are for this moment the Ophiuchus to this Serpent, the central body in this alternate solar system. Observe as the enigmatic beast flows out of your arms, your torso, your left knee. Feel as he heals, weaving his serpentine magic over this occasion. Drink, as a miraculous elixir is served in celebration of this planetary event. Channel your energy through these time-sensitive silk exposures: notice how the cosmic energy comes down to these materials and changes them, changes their form. We shall investigate, not by means of charts and numbers of which no reasonable explanation can be given, but merely through the silence of the aspects of these current alignments between the stars and the planets, and to the places and the energy with which they have familiarity. Know that the story is circular, and even as you stand here at the axis of this continuous energy flow, the celestial sphere still shifts, and what you see as access to it is merely a temporary illusion.*

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