

Myths of the New Age Thesis

**MYTHS OF THE NEW AGE**  
Thesis

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I

I was nothing in the beginning, I didn't exist. I was left over of the universe before me, it's guardian had reached the end and all he created collapsed to create my big bang. At first, there was only loneliness, dark and a pull, something so far away not even I could pursue. Gravity created matter, and matter turned into elements, from the initial reactions nothing truly special was made, it was all simple, shapeless matter and no elements you'd really know. I wished for a Utopia then, little did I know how it would finish.

My predecessor left me a gift, an Amber Watch that kept time, something that could help with unfolding history. Each universe has its own atomic identity, the last one different than mine, and whoever comes next, but some things are endless, like the watch, some things that keep logic and magic balanced, whatever unexplainable, explained. These are what make the laws of physics unquestionable and unbreakable, and what makes every cell valid.

The universe we live in evolved from thousands of others just like this, each with more information and logic to it, passed down through each keeper, like a cycle of wisdom that never ends, each with more and more to discover and all things to unveil. Every time someone discovers the meaning of the universe, it collapses and starts itself again, like a child going to sleep saying "I've learned too much today".

That's how we got here, a new universe, after a long day, it is night again.

Myths of the New Age

1 The First Dawn

The first stars she made were only meant to balance light and dark, each of them very special but also very common in every other instance. They were concentrations of the first elements, burning in its own fuel. Things were being generated by her at all times, even when she wasn't paying attention, she might've been omniscient but her soul still felt human, and like so she couldn't deal with all at once. And every breath she took made life, and all the starts created light. But she needed more, desired for brightly burned, scorched, Icarus wings.

She felt alone and even with all she had she desired more, company none could suffice, so she created her own, and he grew widely. Her first love made her heart march, none had burned like so before, such intense passion, a beautiful caring love, in fervorous fashion, his fire burnt low, for his love was not about bursting but about control.

In careful fingers he trailed lightning on her body, making love, cautiously threading lightly, and each of his touches burned true, and her desire turned fuel. In holy sacrifice, when she found herself drowned in crazy euphoria, in her love, she made a God, one that no cloud can block his bliss, and all shadows were cast by it. All being bathed and needed his warmth, his touch, his breath. Light you can follow but cannot reach in any amount of steps. None can touch or her path ever thread, for he was the one she ever loved, and she was the only one he could ever love back.

Over millennia he was called many names, Amun, Apollo, Sol, and one thing is sure, he was worshipped and loved by all, but she never named him, and let his love be freed of owning. For even if he burst in gold, exploded in super nova or even created a black hole, she would've shone stronger. For she had more power than if he burned to the last of his tank, and wasted all his fuel, she could've burned longer. And though he tried to make her stay, she burned blue, in loneliness many of us can relate, she created the Sun, in the first dawn of her moon.

## 2 What Burned Inside

The sun wasn't the best partner, it was the first after all. His passion burned bright but something else burned, something burned even more than the sun, coming from the inside. Not understanding what was wrong she shrunk herself to look further inward.

Still it felt cold, empty. She needed that love, addictive, for an embrace of more than heat, her chest felt empty. As if she realized her lungs, her ribs meaningless because her heart was gone. With insides all jumbled and butterflies all around, but from dread and bourbon and it all started burning down. And it felt like an ocean churned so hard drowned itself and the birds sang in her head, the universe thought herself dead, when there was no more chance she took her souls intent, from the need for love they came planet born in mother's praise.

And life born throughout she cried for help and got a crowd, the bluest one so far like none in any star, embraced the earth, gracious water's birth. The planet she gave her soul to make life avert control. She created consciousness and blessed thy with, the true meaning of water's gift. What burned inside was ice.

### 3 Where There are Lakes in the Sky

When lonely she felt cold, when fulfilled she made warmth, ice changed, turned to water, turned to gas, turned to bliss, to create self awareness she made these elements, to become alive she made fluid that of which creates life.

In secrecy sworn to the highs, blessed by the Gods from Myth or Christ, where all the droplets are fruit-full and all the tenants are kind, abundance is scrutinized for none ever wilt. Water goddess in holy state, where there are lakes in the sky.

The most wondrous glistening view, iris arc in all chroma tones in cotton flowers of prism petals of beauty never understood by lower race. Being capable of love means sole duty while for some it seems hard to comply, no human shall ever thread for no hateful being is light. And beauty so delicate one fall through, and truth so devoted none dare doubt, all of its' instance is blue and all of its peace is cloud.

No need for desire in eden bliss, no stomach growls. Thou beauty is in the seer, its' people never seen dark, but everywhere it goes it follows and casts a shadow in the land below. Theres no love with no hate, no past without fate for no force can break thy rules, for the universe is bigger than a God, it is the truth. And each instance of each bless, and each spawn from that womb is unique in every property and one cell creates its own world.

Across stars and no matter there is no source better, for life given and liven and its fluid form thriving. It's in all its beings and in all its being, the all needed regeneration make powerful. The unhidden, unbidden treasure no map can truly show, take your share but sin is thunderous for balance broken it all melts away. In saddening destruction, here comes rain.

### 4 My Own Gravity

From a nightmare I woke up and my strength was gone, lost in his grip. Thought I was the one, lost my way and my will, and astray I could feel the shame. He was bright, he was fine, and he lit me, oh light. But it burned and I yearned for the cool of the night. Taking chances I wept but my tears were kept inside, and I burned so tough, revolving him hurt and I never met my dark side. So I turned away, wandered the lines in the darkness afraid, he had blinded my eyes but I could finally cry, the day I became the night. And the fog went away, I could see what I craved and I looked at the far furthest than where you are, out the sun I could see the stars.

The sun burned her on one side and her ice burned the other side, she lacked balance even though she possessed both extremes they hurt on their

own, she needed a driving force to create equilibrium. Revolving around the sun was arduous and there was no care for herself. So she started a new revolution.

## 5 The Red Umbrella

Another gift she gave, to end another ache and to protect and guard those in the songs of bards. The rain needed to grow, for some only meant cold to a world unknown, a protection tome. And the blissful bright only let thought light, a reason to try and fight for fruitful days, where tea is brewed in loving pace. No need for rush, no need for greed. She gave them all abundance heed, and threw it down to keep the drought from creeping minds, and the cold outside. What blood represented better, a red umbrella.

Peach, rose then cherry sweet. Strawberry, wine, apple tree. It stains, the pink, he bled mahogany but strength in red, their soldiers heal. Surviving always feels tender under the red umbrella.

## 6 Into the Wilderness

Each step taken, each break, each new perception, each stake. While trying tripping it's troubled existing vividly burns. When the atmos' sea churns, frightened, frightened thy figure stands in closed eyes. The reason why winter melts comes sleepy, for eternity spent hiding. New light is finally creeping, no cold lie idle.

Question what's dead, what dreads, what sleeps, what rots, when spring clouds roll and creeks start flow all beings come to live, and into the wilderness. Drink from mud puddles, eat what life truffles. A shuffled floor, by troubled people needing much more than seemed so.

Exasperating gasp, one trip up loosen your breath, in soft light, in calm embrace, loving mushroom in secret cave. Halo of bright unnatural color draws us to the light, life is born for New Myth's Mother.

And thus was born, spring's return. The cycle complete to shadow autumn burns. To make life possible she bound us to time in an endless loop as long as life, everywhere else in the vacuum of space all is everything, no time in waste. She created the bird song and the bee sting, the leaf's fall and the spring. The green of their blood, the red of our eyes, the strength of our will, the oceans tides, the winds direction and the reason why, the birds flocking away and the sky. She gave meaning to something where everything else already means everything.

The meaning of the universe is life's rarity and what it springs.

## 7 Moon Mine

## Myths of the New Age Thesis

The moon was made on the birth of gravity, it sailed the endless universal ocean like a comet, pierced through many meaningless planets and each battle shaped her to what she's become. Looking for its' place in the cosmos. Chaos is random but not without reason, the universal randomization is ordered and meaningful so we are always attracted and compelled to the paths and places meant for us.

She wandered, with the will and strength of a warrior, driven by rage and tranquility fighting over her nature. In Gemini she saw her path, decision taken with much disagreement and denial. Confused yet motivated she reached the earth, born to harbor life, the moon felt compelled to protect. The spirit of a guardian seeing something to protect, watch over and inspire.

### 8 The Blue Crown

Golden specs fell everywhere, sparkled, shunned and flared. Then broke the glass, reflected white, summation color is always the strongest light. Hand picked each one and built the view, to a brightest red from stillness blue. To matter explosions and chaos roars, frequency shifts and from an endless silent bore to loudest wits. The care she gave to them, in function to see the world, the sense of inflection. Sight was bliss given in prowl, audition was given in fright, touch was given in desire, good and bad surrounds itself in gustation and olfaction, to make conscience their brains wield thy blue crown.

To enlighten they had to see the only way to truly believe. It came from her own, the protection of home is the meaning of need. Like a lord over its feud she wanted to rule with care and good, like all of rulers should. But they took it for granted and took more relentlessly. And each vein broke, and crushed, and drove mad the ones who dared to lust. Her care gave conscience and even pride, it gave them pleasure and pain and lies. To create chaos in the most random way, conscious decisions with randomized reason. Brains filled with water and light, to hold the souls, desires and needs, to think of how to get and create more than with only one seed.

### 9 When the moon Disappeared

A day where stars were clear, the sun was setting over there and spawning over here, the ocean flipped and dipped, the air breeze or stiff, the planet always at a give and take. The laws of physics preventing mistakes, scientifically perfect in all its' fragments for time was kept by her every moment. The water showed its interpolation, visual example of phase relation, lightning struck in every corner, woke up every nation, in a natural way like everyday, but not all makes sense.

The universe had a child and her soul self was dense her heart was a whole diamond the size of a satellite not made out of carbon, but armalcolite, even so

tough it broke that night, it felt like glass, it crushed inside. When all was lost in dark and laws we trusted fell to ruin, physics wild for the pressure changed and what was feared is that all would die when the moon disappeared.

The ocean stopped, the air went stale, people tried to gasp for their religion failed, in no divine book ever said she could. The birds cried, the dogs whined at the void even if for a second she was missed that much. The pressure most sure and she came back to calm the tears and aching hearts, since first and for all she held them dear. The pain in her heart wasn't so big anymore because life is so much bigger than how much he hurt. The animals knew that fateful day but humans doubted if she ever went away, real or not, her look was more luminous than the sun which was beginning to rise, for the moon had the glow of a mother in her eyes.

## 10 What War's Worth

They pillaged and raped, and brutalized. They destroyed humility and scandalized their own race. It rained for days the tears she shed for in their gaze their god was dead. And craved, and waved, and crashed, and burned, they killed so much for what war's worth. No matter reason hatred is all, yet it's all just written in their stars but still they wage their wars. It doesn't matter if they're cursed or worse, driven, but criminal. A purge of dignity for all loved ones, and what she gave to us to share this wholesome trust. We took the gift and profited for war is worth in a suitcase.

And stole, and broke, and crashed, and burned the world she made with all her heart. And took and take a look there's more to take for wars are worth unworthy rage. Consciousness made us greedy, and greed made us violent. Hate is an excuse for war, war driven by ambition.

## 11 And How to Fix Our Mistakes

There was no choice, they were really far gone. She tried her best to love everyone, it was always a test but even a mother can wrong. They turned her world upside down, she was devoted to them all. The destruction was clear and it broke her heart but the world didn't deserve to suffer for the mistakes on our part. So like a queen over her sovereignty, she sent down a plague violently, spread thin, harmless but never doubt heartless.

Slowly sick and sickly turning, none worried but thy virus burning, then when all were set and done she hit the kill switch so that no one would ever dare to disobey the love dictatorship she reigned. Those with peace, who didn't dare to gorge, endured, and a new era forged, where none die for others to greed and all are equal and war has no need.

Those who understood the fruit of abundance and didn't thrive on blissful ignorance, were the true children she meant to have, the ones she truly knew

she loved. And no one needed heaven for it was made on earth, bliss is heeded in love, education, respect and trust.

## 12 The Green Ring

In a little box, in a little thing, born little from chlorophyll, little green in jewelry. To hold the magick, a magick ring. Humans went wild because the care of the blue crown was too powerful and the abundance of the umbrella was too constant. Magick fueled those and that itself was too big of a gift, so she locked it away, to protect humans from immense damage they could create but couldn't control, overcome, or survive.

And now the ring is the one true magick gift, anything can be with it. All the magick of that planet held. So like the holy grail and the kaaba, those are marks of a religion, three of the six powers. And the legends are true, even though red or blue can't grant wishes and their meanings become more important than their prowess, green flourishes life and grants vivid spirit. Bright then brighten for nothing is born natural without the hue of its emerald.

## 13 The Festival

Theres bread, theres much more, theres pride where there was war. The soup, the wine, the brie under an apple peach banana tree surrounded by their lives' memory and nostalgia when the days were festive always, in all doors colored flowers while outside a burst of drowsy April showers. Cultural culmination that finally led to societal appreciation for a time of hatred far gone. Wrath and love means pain but in the village, in the town's heart where you heed the drums, hear the festival, it is a no kill zone so all can watch the carnival.

No tradition, no wrong translation, just love in any language. To learn, to speak and listen, love and hate living with purpose. In any mix throw peace and theres bliss. She gave breath to calm their senses so all pay close attention. It is why the children know to behave, a veil of prosperity fell above all who deserved the bliss. And all Gods were worshipped, what we made evil, lust and devotion, were dawn to emotion, the humanity in us. In the village, in the towns heart where you can heed the drums, hear the festival in a free will zone that fell to earth.

In the dirt forever snow, in making stars became her glow. In womanhood came meaning, in motherhood came feeling. In lovers words, I do for the universe means with you, whatever it has to mean.



## Epilogue

To show how every universe is unique I will tell you the story of the first one, the one that inspired, the one that is so ancient and unknown it's become just a story. Not history, but a memory, nostalgic and pure, like a child visiting a dreamland.

### The Perfect World, the first

This old God was wise, fair, but not perfect, he tried creating a world where none would need. A world where differences made us unite and work together, like all of us still strive to create. Every God was once a soul in a previous instance, but this one was the first soul, the one that died in solitude so none else shall have to. He might have returned as another baby, or might have passed to the beyond, but all we know is that they set the example we all follow. To create for others, the best you could wish for yourself. His name was God, not like the thing, but a soul, with flaws and dreams, trying to do his best.

When young, he created land, he created sea, a boundless sky, a true land of imagination. Nothing beyond, like a dream you can't ever escape, he created the sunset even before he created the sun, he created the moon even before he understood the earth. He lived in Plato's cave, since even before Plato was born. He watched the sky, not knowing what would be of the stars, and simply not knowing what they were. Just a hope that he would make endless life grow and happiness the only energy to flow.

He watched the grass, not understanding why it grows. He knocked on wood, yet, he was scared of the snow. He was innocent, and lived and died in a perfect world. A world full of trees that for some reason were green, hills and grasslands that for some reason were also green, oceans that now in that case were blue, mountains, so high they reached another kind of altitude. He climbed those to see if he could touch the sky, almost drowned to touch the moon in the lake, ran the hills after the sunset. He was happy and more than that, he was free, the only things he wished all of us could be.

When he died and became ruler of that space, he saw everything he couldn't see before, all he could create. He made more creatures, he made humans, he made life, and fate. He created much more but it seemed like it was never enough, his children, his creation of will were greedy, and they let their sins wash away. A landslide to erase all his mistakes.

With a clean slate he did it all again, the lands, the seas, the birds, and the lakes, the wholesome ones and the snakes. After a long history of almost

perfect peace, his seeds sprouted from the rotten land, giving life to the wraiths again. A war was waged for years of hardship and pain, but the universe came to a collapse in the end. And now none remember, but the perfect world was my home, I fought that war and I knew his reign, it was not the Utopia he had before, but it was never in vain. I still hear the songs and the memories we made, all very confusing and very faint, but the feeling is of accomplishment, the feeling is of gain.

And the thing I miss most from that time are my friends.

After the perfect world, so many came after, each with a name, brand and fame. Each with meaning and fate. Resolved the very same way, but all with a little more progress from its' predecessor's remains. None of us know what comes next but I have a feeling I am the end. I lived the beginning and fought for my place. In history I was no hero, but I remember the ones I saved.

Seeing the thousands of instances before me, I realize that we always repeated history. We are born, we are greedy and we pursue our own demise. I wish there was something I could do to change the fate in sight, but we're only as strong as our hope.

The End

I look at the watch, and stare in silence, none ever dared to go beyond, time seems to slow down in this moment, all we've done is now history and the watch seems to be out of ticks. What if I fast forward? What will I see?

...

## Constructing the Work

This project is a concept I've cultivated since I was a child, it started when I was around four years old and I remember I had a really clear vision of what the universe was, I always believed in pantheism even before I knew what it was, I had somewhat of a nihilistic view towards the universe, yet I still believed in a higher form of existence, a commonly called God.

There is a theory which states that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable.

There is another theory which states that this has already happened.

This theory has always been on my mind and I made it my mission as a kid to make that happen as many times as I could, and I believed that every time I went to sleep I had done it again. The comfort of feeling like there was nothing else to discover in this universe would put me to sleep and unlock my dreams. I would travel every dimension in my dreams, many of them were scary but all of them were fantastic and waking up was always the worst part of my day. There was always this feeling of why? Everyday I tried figuring out more and more about the universe, and why I had to wake up everyday and what was the reason for life, then it evolved into the reason for consciousness, the reason for duality, the reason for sadness, the reason for happiness, most days I went to sleep repeating to myself "today I figured out too much".

I observed life and everyone with very careful eyes, and always took three steps further beyond the first thought. The idea I had in my mind wasn't that whatever we did was meaningless, but quite the opposite, the meaning of it all was already in the underlying intention. The meaning of everything we do is the freedom we have to do it, the reason of life is life itself. The reason for life is happiness, and sadness, human connection, human conflict, and every little aspect of our connection with the world.

My theory is that the universe is constructed of chaos, no good or bad, just randomized generation, and the most consistent and random way to create chaos is human consciousness. Our world is a peak of chaotic energy in the universe, energy we cannot see but we can harvest, every that can fuel our bodies and intentions, energy that if used right can improve our lives, and even give you the power of manifestation. This energy is just like dark matter, or gravity, is the spark that generates matter, it's part of us and what gives us life, and what still connects our conscious minds to the universe. Our souls are severed parts of the universe, we are that energy.

Philosophy has been my main field of study, my poetry is inspired and fueled by the philosophy and religious connection I've cultivated over the years.

Religion to me has never made much sense because I always felt like those were human words, written by humans, with intentions not necessarily pure. In my search for spiritual and philosophical enlightenment I've researched in Christianity, Buddhism and Wicca for Gods I identified with and ended up realizing the similarities between some other religions and how most of them overlapped, even the ones based on folklore and spoken tales. Religion has been a gateway for humans to connect with the dead, to profit off of fake news, to give reason to racism and sexism, to fuel homophobia and justify cruel crimes for countable times, I say countable because we can look back on history and take responsibility for our mistakes, but often times we don't.

In other light, religion has been a driver for many discussions on ethics and morality, and has given many people purpose and reason to do good without any judgement or prejudice. Buddhism has always been the one I admire most, with the best intentions, and ethic code, buddhists serve as inspiration for my decision making, but yet I never found myself reaching for that religious compromise, while they live a life of restraint and control, looking for enlightenment in meditation and knowledge of the body, I have too many aspirations and wants to fully commit to this lifestyle just yet.

Wicca has gotten closest to something I'd like to commit to. Wicca has always been misunderstood and misjudged and many have been persecuted for practicing their religious beliefs, yet Wicca is one the most ancient form of religion and it has been copied even by Christianity. The act of burying a dead relative or friend comes from primordial times, when primitive humans created this ritual to give themselves comfort and closure whenever a death occurred and that first act of religion was considered Pagan. Paganism and Wicca walked together for centuries, popular practices and folk religion have always been empowered by the idea of magic and the feeling it creates on people, unknowingly using body psychology to cure illness with the minimally effective forms of medicine, yet it saved many lives, the hope of getting better through magic made the true medicine, the will to get better.

But the place I've really found myself was astrology, finding my star sign and my connection to the stars and planets, finding Venus is my planet and Taurus is my house, seeing all of my personality traits and reading my map made sense to me and even if there are only some things I take from it, and even if I don't read the daily horoscope because I believe they're propaganda made up my people, the real studies make sense, the scholars that study the relationship between human behavior and the planetary alignments, take this so seriously that none of their conclusions are feign or speculation. Astrology is taken as a science more than a religion, it doesn't propose an ethic or moral code and it doesn't imply any Gods you should follow, but simply present a connection between the planets and hominid humor.

In finding this connection with the planets and creating my own moral code, I decided that whoever I decided to worship they would just be a

representation of the universe, since the universe is everything, it can be represented by everything, and that's when I started looking for my own traits in Gods and religions, until I found ancient Greek Gods and unsurprisingly the one I identified the most was Aphrodite, who in Roman mythology is Venus.

Studying all of these religions, I found so many coincidences that I started looking at them as instances or repetition, just like in any random generation of content repetition is very important because the number of instances of one same existence is part of the randomization process.

Random generation, that's what we are, there is no reason to why we are here because we are the reason for everything. Our existence is the meaning of existence, our perception is the only way the universe exists, the universe exists because our minds can process it, and there are different animals that can perceive what we can't, its just like a tree in a forest, if it falls with no one around, does it even make a sound? If we couldn't hear, touch, see, feel, would the universe even exist? I believe the big bang might not have created life but it created consciousness, and that's what I believe God is, the first instance of perception, that consequently expanded at the same rate as the universe. It's an endless cycle of trying to figure out what's beyond the largest thing, and what's within the smallest.

## The Research

Scott Cunningham has been a big inspiration for the work, since I used his books for beginning Wicca practitioners to start my journey. It helped me understand how much further the spiritual process needs to be taken to actually mean something, it needs to be about mindful enlightenment and not self rewarding reassurances.

Cunningham says "The shamans were the first humans with knowledge. They created, discovered, nurtured, and used it." Scott wrote shamans discovered and capture the power of knowledge through a state of ecstasy and alternate states of consciousness in which they communed with the forces of the universe. "Through such "awareness shifts", all magical knowledge was obtained. Conference with spirits and deities, plants and animals opened up new vistas of learning."

"From these primitive beginnings arose all magic and religion, including Wicca..., ...Wicca teaches us that nature includes broad spectrum of mental and spiritual states which most of us are ignorant. Effective Wiccan ritual enables us to slip into such states, allowing communication and communion with the Goddess and God."

"Unlike some religions, Wicca doesn't view deity as distant. The Goddess and God are both within ourselves and manifest in all nature. This is the

universality...” “That perhaps is at the core of Wicca—it is a joyous union with nature. The earth is a manifestation of divine energy..., ... Additionally, all nature is constantly singing to us, revealing her secrets.”

In another moment of my journey I thought a lot about philosophy and it was what drove my beliefs for that time. Trying to go further in my thought process was very inspired by ancient greek philosophers. Platos cave allegory is a very important theory that really shaped my beliefs, I always believe Im seeing things through the cave and none of what I believe is real, the truth is always hidden by a veil of coincidence and the meaning is concealed unless we make sense of the connections. “All I know is that I know nothing” as well as the socratic method is what drove me to make the connections of “everything is everything, and everything is nothing” and made me realize that the mind can generate more than the universe itself and then led me to the idea about consciousness and decision making being the reason for the universe, prolific randomization.

The socratic method is what started this. I was born with the socratic method in my mind, as a kid I would be that over excited child that would always want to know why. Getting answers has always been part of my personality and writing them down and finding similarities in words and etymologies is what I find most satisfying about poetry and critical thought.

This project is about finding meaning in chaos and creating many worlds out of that. At night I still transport myself to these worlds and which ever one I pick, I often lucid dream. Lucid dreaming is a religious experience to me and the next part of my research, the next step of my enlightenment journey, and most certainly the next point of inspiration for my next work. So much has been brought from astrology, numerology, philosophy, theology, and all of those are what make my beliefs feel valid and attainable to me. I need a logic explanation for everything and explaining religion helps me connect to it. It's about the satisfaction of letting things fall into place, just another human impulse.

## Myths of the New Age Thesis

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