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***a book by Mircea Duca***

# **THE WEIRD THING ODYSSEY**

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*I can't help but whisper in awe. I feel so lonely sometimes but it is not always a bad thing. One experiences in this way this sometimes unnoticed beauty. This infinity squeezing the Earth is my biggest inspiration.*

*Scrolling through uncertainties has also helped me see how very un-alone we are. it's just annoying sometimes not having many people you know connecting to this. ...and it will be spoken at my sermon or, as a disambiguation, this will be spoken at my launch.*

*The most beautiful words I've ever heard...said somebody...inspired me...somebody I might like to meet.*

Are you, Weird Thing, really waking up or it's just me...?! Will dreams be erased as an aftermath of this becoming my religion ? And it doesn't sound like a poem, but an internal un-noise...such a moving - you - weird thing...this is so perfect...

This is the type of you - weird thing - I want to see, hear, feel, walking, talking, adoring when our industrial civilization is collapsing all around

us.....ironic that this - you - was produced from the fruits of saddened industrial civilization.

As I fill up my sight, as I listen to this scope of disambiguation, bathing in the sun and particles' sex-like thrills, I eat off my purpose-built machine network. Is there a better way to realize your already enlightened state?!...there is none...said the dog and the retard...by supporting the artist by not purchasing, but by accepting...by digesting...thus honoring the guts' right to dust; because some people are crazy and...or insane...

Without you - Weird Thing - life would be a mistake.

He was born as harmony. Mellow in himself, suspended as born from nothing and yet regarded as convergence to the primordial sound of a voice or (if anyone wishes) particles' initial entanglement.

To each his own and...further on...have a beautiful evening. Romantic and adorable and special and inspiring of what one should be.

Probably a silly statement. Is it too old to make you learn how to play your own strings?!

...and yet...what is this Weird Thing...or who?

The beginning is by definition a secret even for the one who begins. The trilogy, past-present-future which is in fact a monology, the great One, has already been approached for a long time without other addition needed.

So, the hidden secret of this - Weird Thing - lies in its being the very core, rational and living, of the unique essence of all and everything. The quantum vacuum is merely the way by which One separates in itself an individuality from seemingly another individuality whose dimension equals endlessness. There is no room for Two. There is room for One only. The infinity is just as large as to fit infinity. Nothing more, nothing less. Two individualities before me are just two features of myself just as I am the single unsplit image of the individualities before me. The method by which the - Weird Thing - dissolves time is as simple as dissolving time. Once in his lab Weird Thing said:

"For me you are the sky! and laughed..."

Once in its lab, actually the same once as the latest once, I had a panic attack. Weird Thing said:

"You little unaware prank! and didn't laugh..."

I was far from being a prank as I was just aware of my unawareness, thus scared by this huge, sensitive and endless horizon of myself. That's exactly why I couldn't laugh like the feature once did.

Fast forward back.

Dissolving time is as simple as dissolving time. Weird Thing removed some of the energy from a lightbeam, how much I don't know, but a certain quantity and suddenly the light beam seemingly brakes. The Earth became ice, needless to say that other planets were no more other planets but new chemical stuff indeed.

"Why did you do that?" I asked...

"Did? said Weird Thing...Look again you weird prank!"

So I did. Green fields indeed. Amazing.

"It's equity! said Weird Thing...What do you think happened? Another dimension?! No....! This is rearranging. Did I do something?! No. I swear on equilibrium, harmony, equity, arts and so on. What do you think happened, Feature? I'll tell you. The velocity of that lightbeam changed and distance followed; the distance between Sun and Earth, planets and so on. To swear on equity is to swear on reciprocity."

Once in its lab...

"Do you want me to show you something, Feature? you're back, no panic attack. Do you really want to see the Sun from a bit closer?"

Started thinking a bit...green fields...scorching fields and said: No!

"You learnt nothing, Feature!"

To this, I was amazed beyond me, beyond infinity, amidst the non-existing nothing, but amazed thou.

"Do you want to see the Sun from a bit closer?"

"Yes", said I

Weird Thing escorted me to another location of the lab, stopped, stared and laughed horribly but somehow friendly enough. At first I was battered but chilled out quickly and asked:

"Do you always have to be such an ass? said I. Is there no life without panic attacks?!"

"Feature! Did you really think that I would act upon the Sun and Earth directly? No need for that, no need..., watch this..."

W.T. took a piece of something and put it against the lightbeam thou allowing it to pass through and just enough to brake to some extent. The energy counter near us started spinning wildly, absorbing...; near the counter, the ruler getting shorter...

Green fields thou. Amazing. Needless to say what a gorgeous perspective of the Sun, what a close-up...

"Do you want more? I mean, a dimming of perspective?"

I nodded.

"The power of equity remains, I'm sure you know that by now. What I am trying to say here is that...it's like that saying: do good, get good. Equity works like an amplifier. The energy you saw sucked from the lightbeam together with the shortening of the ruler as a consequence, will be this time used, in order to speed up the beam."

Again, I was about to wonder loudly thinking of the scorching flames. But...just stood there and kept my mouth shut.

Green fields. Amazing and...no perspective at all. Maybe a slight one...the Sun a mere vanishing point. The ruler fell off the table as the center of mass had been far off the table as well. Couldn't turn it around. Sorry, too long for the room.

Equity. It's all about equity. The equity I swear on as well...from now on or...ex tunc, actually.

"As a minute idea regarding what you have just done, Weird Thing...I guess one needs an art feel in order to do this; without an artistic impression, vision, feeling, reasoning, it's like not being able to make the difference between a man and a dead man, isn't that so?! I mean the



lack of radiance, the radiance not perceived by the eye of course while living, but the lack of it after death when flies gather. Look at your hand at least and will receive the image of a clad of some kind, energetic and transparent. It's not just imagination which you are aware of, but a feeling of certainty as far as this translucent cloud is concerned."

"Come over Feature, I've just lighted up the fire and I shall serve you the most memorable grill-steak you've ever eaten. By the way, have you heard the news on TV this morning?"

"No, mate...I haven't."

"Too bad. You've missed the opportunity of a lifetime...sorry, I'm overreacting a bit. I'm sure tonight it speaks again. But, back to the facts; what I'm trying to say here is that a marvelous and yet shitty thing happened. A talking monkey! Have you ever seen such a thing? A genuine talking monkey! It said that technology had overcome the laws of nature as they announced the release of a new airplane, a commercial one, a liner. What do you think of that? Is this right? I guess they should have said that technology got into harmony with nature and its laws.

In this way I would have seen and listened to a person talking, not to a monkey."

"I know WT, I know what you mean...I know you too well and every time I get to the conclusion that I know you too well, that I feel you so much under my skin and beyond the deepest and last frontier of my neural network I step into the realm, the gloomy, sour dark-grey realm of panic attacks. Do you remember that night when I was feeling so peaceful....wait...no...you can't remember because you left; you left and it was quiet, such a quiet and peaceful night....I recall lighting up a cigarillo staring to each and every piece of furniture, any given object from the room with such an indifference and yet glad to see them through the eyes of a silent and peaceful mind. Outside was pouring with rain, was raining in buckets, was raining with cats and dogs, was cleansing by sound...the sound that cleanses...not just that it was the right choice you leaving, it was a success...my success. People are generally used to a sensation like this when it comes to a split-up of a relationship, things like *you know it was the right choice that she left – you tell yourself although deep down you know this can't be right – and the most you can do is get up and draw the curtains to blind yourself*

*from the lights of the outside neon signs thinking that once again you sleep alone tonight..."*

"Nice...nice...good stuff, like a joint although I've never tried one."

"Shut up, I'm trying to weave thoughts here...I'm trying to give you the best ever canvas-like understanding. So, back to your airplane; let me clarify that stupid thing they said on TV, let me cleanse your mind. Such misunderstandings usually happen when people mistake the concepts belonging to the sensible world, knowledge with traits of the intellect that are nevertheless, in this case, ghostlike images of psychopathic thoughts, beliefs and wrong assumptions about themselves and the world around; the true nature of the world that surrounds us."

"Ok, ok...I know exactly what you mean, but let's not be such assholes; we shouldn't throw dirt on them; I already did. I have right now a better comparison: we should call their attitude, their belief the result of a substitution error."

"Yes, that's right. Great. Thanks mate. At least we know where they stand with respect to the Phenomenon Gate. The distance between

them and this Phenomenon Gate equals the distance between cavemen and our nowadays time. But with all this said and done, I just might mention a very precious observation made by Swift; don't ask me to say it by heart as I can't remember but at least I'll tell you the idea; it's something like that: *bad poetry is nothing but a cleansing of the mind by which many toxic ideas and thoughts are discarded in favour of the poet; is the same in the case of ambiguous reasoning."*

"It's more to this than Swift; I remember something else, I remember the reply given to Tycho Brahe by his carriage driver. Of course, allow me not to say it by heart but it sounds something like this: *Sir, you may be a well-educated man regarding the heavens, but here on Earth you are a lunatic.* He meant that the man was somehow leading himself astray through darkness or even his own darkness although I don't think so. I think it was just his own ipso jure. Universal in himself - the de facto voice in himself. I think that this is a good example of the case, the only case in which religion, metaphysics, sensible gnosis is dark."

"His own ipso jure. Universal in himself. The de facto voice in himself."

"Dark for carriage drivers and TV, said I to myself. Get fed up with yourself and you are finished, dear Weird."

"Allow me, dear teacher Feature..., please allow a recess in this enchanting dialogue: you are obviously offline! This is not the case of an episode in life, but a lifetime within a tiny episode. The whole span of living between birth and death is an elongated self – a state which can easily be mistaken with a long string of mindsets, of events and episodes. In fact we are talking here about a sort of birth which makes you alive amongst other characteristics proper to a dead man; just like a sea speckled with drops of forlorn isles. The true nature of death is the second most important meaning of this stretched self; is merely the event horizon not of a Black Hole, but Light Hole. In plain sight one beholds the highest zenith of wearing the inside out, that luminous and translucent clad wrongly presumed long lost."

"*Long lost* is the artifact of an impatient spirit. I remember so dearly about the say of Father Cleopa: patience, patience, patience...three times like the Holy Trinity and thousand times for us within the time period of a thought. Do you know what I think, Feature?"

"Tell me Weird Thing as I can hardly wait...I'm like a pole around which your right hemisphere is wreathed."

"You know it's just a matter of my thought until your next panic, so keep bullying me...but, like I said, do you know what I think? I think that patience is not actually a word of advice or something that has to be achieved, expected from someone or aimed at...it is our everyday existence; each day is a cell in the tissue of patience; each hour is the nucleus of the cell; each minute is the building block of the nucleus and finally each second is the huge gate to the realm of the infinitesimal."

"You are a beautiful mind, WT. I'm overconfident that you are not going to unleash panic; it's not your style and purpose. Your reasoning prodigious as it is and to a psychic level a kind of erotomania even if in this case I love to confuse it with hypersexuality or obsessive love between you and reasoning."

"Needless to say F, needless to say...good picture for an exhibition but I'm neither an exhibition nor a public place. So please spare me from such a remark. Remember that the best advocacy is that speech and that behaviour connected to the cosmic consciousness; that advocacy

acting like a router between Logos and Mankind. The rest is silence. Poisonous silence."

The entire organic substance of nature was there listening to them; no doubt about the scarlet curiosity of neighbors. Organic as they are, otherwise curiosity makes no sense; who would ever want or need to know something given that he or she knows everything?! All the branches, leaves, grass blades, trees and so on...were in fact ears, very long ears bent to the breaking point, leaning on WT and F. They wanted to hear. They wanted to know. They were innocent. It was an opportunity...a good one...a good business indeed. It is extremely simple to imagine and believe this because...look...who wouldn't get tired of being caught, encapsulated in a million and billion tiny pocket-like spaces, sealed to the point of unbreakability – and yet call it a home amidst infinite, ethereal and divine luminous, translucent entity (poor word, no doubt about it; couldn't find anything better in the pocket-like limitation).

Three times – patience; a thousand times – patience, but when you get the chance, when time comes, you go for it...one delves without

hesitation straight into the core of the idea anytime the opportunity for that idea, that kind of idea, that forever unmaterialized idea, kept in its pure state, arises. And practically you have it on your plate so very often. How? What was the Weird Thing trying to say? Without exception...what was the Feature trying to say? I'll tell you. It's simple. I know them so very well. Feature having WT wreathed around aches me in the left hemisphere and together we inhabit the right one. So...believe me....I know!

Not to worry, here it comes:

The elongated self rules out events; put it another way and you notice that the stretched self rules out days, hours and so on..., basically you find yourself in an instant right at the end of the presumed period of waiting time implied by the concept of patience. Further on, considering that the number of events equals the ratio between demoralization and will...I guess you're already aware of what you have to do; cultivate your will, grow it carefully, increase its strength!

Hence, the restless desire for non-limitation, for limitless consciousness and reasoning is satisfied. A better understanding brings upfront the



relation that connects predication, will, idea, substance and form. It's a matter of density. There is a level of density which allows transformation, which permits the passing through..., but there is also another level, a superior level, the highest level which absorbs without any hope of exit through the other side. As a definition: predication is the will function of density which transforms (or entirely absorbs) the idea into substance, respectively form.

"It's easy, isn't it, WT and F? As a summary of the concept one could say that the stronger the will is, the weaker limitations are!"

"You need me, Weird Thing."

"You need me too, Feature. By this means only, you can be yourself and I can be myself. Extant to extant; better or worse?! I would really like to know, but I don't...I would like to show you diagrams of thought...I would like to show you more..."

"It's not complicated, not complicated at all. I must say it is quite mind refreshing, but on the other hand I'm very glad that this entire transmission of musings has happened outside. An outside outing. I

know it sounds stupid or paradoxical, but with you I'm used to outings even being inside...or at least as far as my body is concerned. Right now, the beauty of being outside resides in the birds' thrills and chirpings. Do you know, in fact, what these chirpings mean or are? Come on WT...ok, ok, very well; you're again lost in yourself, in myself or in our sphere...no problemo, I'll tell you. So, the chirping of these birds means that the Cosmos, the universal energy (call it as you wish) appointed for us a psychotherapist. And it's for free! How about that, WT? Are you not bewildered?"

"No. I'm not. I've always expected such services, beyond hope...it has never been a matter of hope, but always a fact taken for granted. I recall Howe: *We should not expect something for nothing, but we all do and call it hope!* Nice say, but as far as the Universe is concerned he is wrong. When it only comes to people he is right. Nowadays, at the rush hour of anthropolatry we should start again, find a new way. We should start from somewhere or something; restart; to put it another way I admit that we all have to move on...I propose the following: the emotions springing and shining in and out of feelings are nevertheless veterans from those good old days of passion. The emotions that through time

endowed themselves with reasoning and will (these two great features of the spirit) survived to become veterans as they functioned by the law of spirit. Otherwise they would have been long dead! And this is true for everyone, everything whatever one thinks, says or does. A certain thinker who is universally accepted as a great one had once wrote his opinion, an opinion which was as much intuitive as it was deduced by his profound spirit. He agreed upon the fact that a well developed and grown up person is that person guided by mind and intellect; the next one led by imagination and passion is degenerated or will be soon."

To this, the ethereal content of the sphere inhabited by Weird Thing and Feature opened up widely the supposed eyes and replied:

"It's true...most of it, but yet incomplete! I'll get you both out of these entangled threads: the mind borrowed from the spirit the two characteristics – reasoning and will; the intellect is just a matter of saying, a way to designate the acting space of reasoning; as far as passion is concerned...if you find yourself before passion is advisable to cope with and survive."

"How about imagination?"

"Well dear...you see..., as long as the ideal brings the constructive labour into action and unleashes the creative energy, how could imagination be overheated in the same boiler where passion is being scalded?! Whatever you do is about imagination, reasoning and will. Every initiative or enterprise is nothing but spirit."

"How about your life Weird Thing? You've never told me about your life. I've never conceived it. Maybe that's the reason for panic attacks. Do tell me and I might get better, forever better, healed by knowing."

"F..., imagination, reasoning and will is not the stuff I'm entirely made of. So, my mind can't embrace the whole that I am. You don't have much of an idea about my life as I don't have much either. Sphere has, but the ethereal is quiet...so quiet sometimes...and yet I had in the past a glimpse of my existence; I was so glad because it was all clear at least from a single point of view: no trace of *mauvaise foie* ! That's really something, isn't it?"

"Wait, wait! I'm a bit lost on the way...how comes you had a glimpse?! A glimpse to what? Where?"

"A page. On a page from a sort of lifescroll. Like DaVinci's book of leaves."

"Come on, spare me..."

"If you want me to spare you, I'll keep my mouth shut and that's it. Your question was in vain. Or...I'll tell you. As you wish."

"Shoot!" says Feature.

...and yet the one from the sixth floor got caught in such a depression, anxiety and inner turmoil that seemingly the entire paradise offered him the rope strands of love to tightly fasten his guts and hang himself. He was fighting depression, anxiety and inner turmoil that were pouring out of this external offensive against the sense of being. He was down, he was mingled with the dust, one with the dust, no difference between him and earth, a state of mind which gave him the certainty that he was, that he still is. Time and time again finds himself in the poor position to demonstrate that the world is wrong. That the heat is down and the cold is up. That frost expands endlessly upwards to the skies.

He mumbled something on the way home..., walking beside him one could hear some words, words of clearly articulated blame towards having found by now a tedious life embraced at any given breast. Again and again embarked on a sailing vessel...adrift...destination: any shore...

...I know how to hate, believe me I do. I won't defy the loss of beauty building walls around odium nor shall I defy the loss of myself erecting walls around self-blame. I just can't say that a supernova is nothing more than a shooting star and the ruins are castles. Enough with this deafening light. Take your stars away from my sky, you've already said – I love you – I see you standing, going away from the bench. Gather up your scenery, fold it nicely until tomorrow although I'm afraid that tomorrow...again...you unfold it over the park and its benches. He had to cross over a railway. I say he had to cross over because in fact he didn't succeed.

"Don't stop, what happened next? What did you do?"

"I did what the text said I did, assuming that it's about me."

So, he had to cross over that railway, he did not succeed and fell between the rails. Lucky him that he still had some ascensional consciousness which proved to be very useful. Banging his head against the rails, it came out near him at a short distance but just enough to act like a ramp, avoided by the train which flew over his body. He had a dying wish but surely not in such circumstances. He then smiled, laid his head comfortably on the mild rail of iron watching, with the less violet-blue and swollen eye, the train flying away, biting hard at the air. At this very moment his mind started to unreel in phase with the wheels of that train without diverting his gaze from the calm, comfortably laid back horizon, more and more scarlet ready to put itself wholly on fire. In phase with the rotation of the wheels nevertheless in phase with himself and his personal awakening could read with an eye more than he could have ever read with a pile of eyes, with all the eyes in the world: *all the hatred you carry inside is your drawback before you, your weakness towards yourself; your transcendence beyond conventional time where you hurt yourself, wage a war against yourself. There is a chance to free yourself from hatred if you know exactly what you hate and especially if you are right to hate beyond any hatred making process, but straight into the*

*ideal jus strictum. Be sure about what you hate. Be sure you hate the things that must be hated. Otherwise you kill yourself. Why? Is there a reasoning for this? There is plenty of opportunity and reason to rebuild yourself! To rebuild the world, each and every person. Do you know what you hate? No, you don't exactly. You are not authentic, you are mauvaise foie, you hate out of your unbeing.*

"There was no other way for him to get up his broken body and run, was it?" asked Feature.

"No, there certainly wasn't."

He needed an impulse even if the one I've described earlier was a bit hard. A real spike into his being or my being indeed. Again he smiled, he was to some extent happy even if it was a painful finding. But he could read the disambiguation of this theory of hatred (at least a kind of) till the end and it gave him a great satisfaction. He even read the point! There is a lot hidden inside and written on a point...a period at the end of a text. All this happened an instant before the train flowed back as molten lava of branding iron. The train couldn't make it over the horizon...



He dived into a lake. On the way to the bottom he recalled that the past is just an obsession of the present and that the future is nothing else than the present's desire of being eternal. In this crystal-clear, limitless and bottomless lake he seemingly found a pebble engraved with the following text: the suicidal attempt of A (literally or figuratively) imposes that the suicidal act be carried out by B upon himself; B being the one who cast A into despair. A shouldn't cause his own death, but if he does...another pebble has the answer engraved: a man deserted from the battle field and goes back to the headquarters...

Suddenly a huge rock appears leaning on a tiny hair of his head, also having engraved the following: how on Earth could this man be a traitor?!

By chance and in a boat a man was fishing. He cut a wooden stick, refined it, fastened a hook to the thread he had tightened around his pants with and just sat there fishing and waiting. The other one just thinking. What else was he supposed to do while diving, sliding to the bottom of the lake?! He didn't know exactly how long it would take...a few moments, hours, years of his life...he had no idea what so ever.

Crystal-clear water...engraved pebbles...laid back with hands behind his head...was asking himself what could be eternal...

Initially, they said hello to each other and that was all.

The fisherman was waiting. An instant may be as long as one year, one year could be the span of a lifetime which needs only an instant to unfold. Just waiting and counting. Counting One and then back again...counting One. From nothing to everything one has to count just One...always, time and time again.

Waiting.

Like an accomplice on the other side of the wall, waiting for a runaway from the prison of unconsciousness.

Waiting. Counting One.

Like an accomplice on the other side of the wall, waiting for other fugitives from the prison of mind.

Fugitives from the pattern of the collective, psychotic mind.

Abridged, that was and still is his fate, his sense of being eternal.

The divine accomplice.

Waiting for the barren isles scattered across the ocean of consciousness to submerge. Waiting for the extinction of this barren Atlantis.

Listening prick-eared to every sigh, laughter and cry; self-rapture and self-damnation; hatred and fatuousness; love and devotedness; striving to initiate, maintain and reinitiate if necessary the balance in people – this being the only authentic prayer.

"I can validate myself now, WT! said Feature. You and these parts of your life you have always shared with me, possess enough power to validate me. I have now the necessary stuff I've expected for so long. The mandatory apriori form which validates the notion. The notion of myself."

A good theory is one which can be argued against, but on the other hand its own contradiction is also functional; split into two parts, one being the other's consent to be. An exception would probably be a

general, universal theory; after all this hyperthesis originates from duality as well; reality and hypercognition, a kind of telaesthesia that spreads far beyond the reach of these five senses. A sort of escape from the prison of these five senses.

Another pebble passes by, he salutes the hook which patiently goes up and down waiting, waiting for the answer he should give himself; engraved again on the pebble he reads about a journey, a church, a cross and electric current all gathered together as a great component of the modernism which should have taken more care of itself; laid back with his hands behind his head reads about the fake and the artificial that occurs when the materialization of a symbol is achieved from elements that never relate to each other, to the sphere which supposedly gave birth to it and keeps it alive.

Materialization which strictly for the sake of itself defies the symbol's trait of experimenting space not being influenced by the lapse of time. He recalls being told and assured of this fact by the cross and electric current. Otherwise is like covering a beam of light with a plastic scabbard and say: wow...it looks so good!!!

A grain of sand...don't ask yourself whether it was engraved. Yes, it was engraved even if it was so small; it was engraved as it was under the fisherman's boat. In a convulsive fit he rolled over out of the comfy state he was in and reads: open the gates of hell, please do...you will regret getting out of the water, roaming through the desert, worn out...flesh molten and blood poisoned by maggots. Open the gate! Be sly, speculate, use everyone and everything to your evil purpose; have faith in this new religion, this new kind of liberty. This liberty pouring out of your juicy rot-gut traditionally known as brain. The power of the damned only can give you such slyness...something the fisherman can not provide you with...This helplessness is the cry of God. As you pray in vain for the well-being of your ego...the answer from God never comes...He seems like an impostor before you...He tells you everytime: your prayers will be heard but now He's weak...He can't keep His promise, He can't grant you the wish.

All these will never end too soon. There won't be any total demise too soon. There won't be that soon as the false prophets want you to believe. As long as a single person still stands, that person possessing the virtues of God, all that you see, all that you are will continue to exist.

The more perplexed to the misery, violence and abomination you are, the greater the chances of your being that single person. As you sense somehow the divine.

"What a text...what a great grain of sand! said the man sliding through the crystal-clear water of the lake. And yet...the idea of me, the idea of myself, authentic, eternal, formless beauty...strange...I guess, I should think of myself inwards and less outwards. Universality is in me."

"Harmony in causality. Determinism following as a toxic vomit of this ego", said Feature.

"...", didn't say WT.

"I am Feature, I am your Feature, Weird Thing...and I should return straight into the idea, harmony, straight into the meek and apologetic power of contradiction. Jesus and Aleister. Interesting. Yes and No. Warm and Cold. Flesh and Reasoning. There must be something which cancels the duality. From unit to multitude and back. Your death. The return to Idea where true plus false equals eternal truth."

The only good thing that happens individually. You are an accepted individuality. The accepted ego.

Relaxing and comfy as it was, the one sliding to the bottom of the bottomless lake tries to change his natural appearance into the natural appearance of the water, into a water-like texture...into becoming transparent. He knew, he finally realized, that matter is just another state of consciousness and mass is nothing more than the braking of a colossal speed. The weaker matter becomes, the more consciousness reverts back to the optimal frame of reference. At this very moment he smiled together with the fisherman both synchronized on the frequency of humanity. Wanting, knowing and being able to are at a first glance three verbs. They explain each other, they stand up for each other even if there is not always an interdependency or agreement. What? How comes? What are the pebbles saying? They are saying nothing...they put themselves in your shoes biting their imaginary nails waiting, hoping that you will soon return to reality.

"Wait up...stop! says WT. Come on Sphere...get to the subject or lose me again and who knows how many thousands of years you'll have to wait for me! Yes, yes...I know; it's like understanding and accepting.

One cannot accept all that one can understand. As a conclusion, wanting means that you can have something while knowing means you can have everything. Right?"

The poor man or the happy man from the lake didn't ask himself any longer whether he was sliding downwards or upwards. Such questions are usually asked by the dwellers of Earth or by the people with earth in their soul, namely the enthusiasts of the five illusive senses and those staring at the cerebral screen naming the neuro-translated images their authentic life.

"...go on, Sphere! I really love this. Keep unreeling the film of my being, his being, our being together...I don't know...maybe I don't care as long as there is a meaning and...God!...a meaning there is!"

"Meanings from a decently suspicious mind, said Sphere. I guess I don't have to remind you about you being considered insane..."



"I know, I remember that conversation very well. But, you know...it was easy, I was not angry at all. As long as one doesn't establish correctly the interval...have it this way: the mathematical interval of a suspicious mind, I'm not surprised about the outcome. Along the negative axis one is sane just as he or she lacks suspicion. At the other extremity of the interval, along the positive axis he or she is insane – too much unreasonable suspicion. But I'm wondering: do they have the exact behavioural registers claimed by each domain? The negative, positive and the one in the middle...Do they have them in reasonable terms?"

"...", smiling.

Along this smooth, continuous path they were walking and getting inspired, a kind of *afflatus* resembling the one from *De Natura Deorum*, they had again the opportunity to be objective or at least the opportunity to get rid of the sexual product between thesis and antithesis...that relentless conflict of what we usually call synthesis. The forms of inner representation like intuition and perception were intelligibly framed. The thoughts of WT who was supposedly the one sliding to the bottom of the bottomless lake were acting within the framework of intuition and

perception; he even had his high hopes: to overtake them and move farther. His perception was no longer strictly related to sensation – the prison of these five senses; he had the right key by which he could access the enchanting realm of understanding, reasoning, counting just the right things even the weird things with the acuity of a talented accountant. The greatest wish came true: to get hold of all the elements a good system has: element – relation – function. These three elements allow the spirit to wander freely through the abstract plateau of the highest mountain just like the great mystics had wandered earlier.

"Isn't it too much? said F. I mean, the great mystics didn't have such a start like the one or like you or like us – don't know exactly – between the rails almost torn apart. On the other hand...why not..., fall first, awake after...it is something thou..."

"WT comes from Weird Thing not from Wise Trismegistul..., said WT smiling in fact hiding his state of being battered and confused by the texts that disclosed these things about him. Did you lie to me Sphere?"

...

"I've been expecting this. Do we understand each other or are you going to make me the richest man of Babylon?" said Sphere.

"Now you talk, but I'm glad, WT says; the ethereal is usually silent for long periods of time..."

...

"Weird Thing and Feature were told or was told (who knows exactly, please let me know as well) that the beginning was properly started off. The fact that space and time were approached in order to move step by step further to their derivatives such as emotions, passions all transformed, reshaped into concrete new ways to get along; refined essence from the furnace of an apriori existence. They or he alone has never forgotten about the main virtues such as will – the most expressive in its triumph...or the other choice leading astray deep into the black ground of demoralization. It is indeed a matter of choice!"

"What are the pebbles saying?" asked F.

"Do you really like those pebbles? replied WT. Please have one." WT produced a pebble out of his pocket, reminded F about the experiments in his lab...a mere demonstration, a highly amazing demonstration.

"There is nothing written!?" says F. Why? You have just started off very well, interesting and in a constructive manner; like I said, I felt like I was validated entirely, you know...the notion of myself..."

...smiles again..."Listen Feature, my Feature, now we have in front of us, I mean you have in front of you this challenge...the huge challenge of writing on the pebble. Every now and then each of us must pass a test. It's simple, it's all about writing on pebbles, throwing them into whatever you consider as being crystal-clear water, endless abyss as in there people might be diving, sliding; as there renewal might commence. Write! What would you write? It's up to you now. The Sphere might not always be talking. You might not always just read about your existence, you might have to write it...for others and for yourself. Isolate element – relation – function and write. Write about future as you might need to read again somewhere in time within the moments of your future's future.

Somebody else will be you, somebody else will be me. It is the best thing, the best weird thing (to some of them) you could do. Draw maps!"

Drawing maps. Is the best thing, the best weird thing (to some of them) you could do. Draw maps.

Draw maps of life. You may be wrong or you may be right; at least make sure you keep doing it.

"Are you kissing me now?!"

"Although you make me so nervous sometimes, yes I do. I'm kissing you, I'm trying to hold on to dear you – us – me (he who knows exactly, please let me know as well)"

"Apocrypha manner I guess and metaphorically say..."

"It's raining...where is Sphere?!"

"He's silent and not under an umbrella."

"Look! This is what I'm going to write on the pebble, says F. Let's split time and space, separate them from each other...this question comes up:

which one would continue to exist? This is what I think, WT...the first – time – being the measure of energy dynamics, put it another way and you get: flux of transformations. The other one is simply an authentic permission for all things to be and manifest. It allows for systemic interdependency and protects from time the things that cannot be touched by time and sometimes time goes harsh on them..."

"Right, you are right, says WT. Feelings will stay the same; epochs and even eons will seem like a day...because of space, at least out of what we can conceive by now. It's perfect for a first line on the pebble."

"Time represents the axis along which variation unfolds while space secures the network of coexistence regardless of something or someone being in-sight or out-of-sight" , explains Feature.

What is he supposed to do?! thinks Weird Thing to himself; a kind of transcendental analysis is indeed needed. One cannot just write about a simple addition like the one in a grocery store. It would be not worth diving, sliding to the bottom of the bottomless lake. It's not much, but it is something to make a good start...

As there is a relation between the events' unfolding speed and dimension of form. Unfortunately we still are a bit enslaved by form...emotions enslaved by form even the mature ones turned into feelings; feelings enslaved by form...

...unfortunately.

"Sphere! Hi there...great to hear you again. You talking makes me feel a bit impatient as it has to be a very serious situation."

"It is. Not that serious thou, but I have an announcement to make: Non-conformism must be fully understood. Otherwise out of too much sensibility you might be just one step away from multiplying hell. So, beware. But, in case you choose to be a conformist make sure you understood even better conformism. Don't take blindly the risk of multiplying hell, but make sure you don't become the hell itself."

...and all fell silent again. An unpoisonous silence.

This kind of silence is that silence which says a lot. It's almost too loud. Asked time and time again by Feature about his life, WT found himself in the situation to catch the waves by mental activity, a sort of

electromagnetic waves radiating from the sphere...its radius, the infinite number of rays pointing to the center. These holographic images proved to be very interesting disclosing actually the setup of a theatre. It was indeed as wonderful as it was weird. On the stage shining under or in the middle of a huge spotlight he saw a letter...it might have been a script as well, but it wasn't...it happened apparently before falling on the railway. The awakening usually casts upon the mind a veil of fog, but it doesn't take too long before it disappears; he would have never taken good use of this awakening if the past remained forever hidden. There is no such thing.

It's a paper from the hospital. The title with large fonts reads:

*Excerpt from the medical record of a sane man put under treatment by psychopaths*

Sole stuck to the corridor's floor, a corridor flooded in sunlight, colours, thousands of them mixed up by a very good taste, lots of happy flowers smiling from their pots, water pouring out like disgorged by the oversaturated earth;



Sole lifted up unstuck to the corridor's floor...just for a second or enough to see the tag of the fashion agency which produced it...a nice rotating fan offering a perfect sensation of refreshing ocean wind, the envy of any engineer contemplating the finish of those blades taking after divine geometry;

Sole stuck to the corridor's floor, unstuck for advertising the fashion agency and then stuck again on the mouth; getting nervous for having to advertise the fashion agency again...and after another second stuck on the nose; advertising – mouth – advertising – nose and *featuring also*...probably other neighbors...and *end*

"How did he do it? asked Feature. Come on Sphere...seems like a great story!"

"I don't want to know as I already do and want to forget, but he certainly left in his sleeve a few seconds of advertising the fashion agency and story while the body laid on the bed suffocated by crepitus and ragged cloths didn't even get to slightly touch the water poured out of the glass right in front of his mortal thirst."

This was his design.

His design of escaping.

By self-induced halving.

"..."

It all ended in a psychopathic way. The psychopaths drank and ate at his funeral, the feast of a happy-end, the happy-end of a fairy tale.

Somewhere in time before he fell between the iron rails.

He ran away, he ran really fast, faster than thousands of thoughts spinning inside his head. Thought of love, love he didn't understand, but used. At that time he didn't understand, but used...love...

Love of reasoning; he couldn't, but he tried...and then he could.

"Nice cycle, good adventure, says WT. Good adventure of mine in case it's my adventure."

"It reminds me of a poem I once wrote about a man whose eyes grew so large that other people mistook them for the sea; the sea shining and sparkling not because of its beauty, but because it swallowed the sun."

The sea.

"Where does the sea end?"

"It ends at my feet."

"Stupid...so stupid..., it ends where the sun ends."

"In your poem perhaps..."

"In my poem."

The sea.

...and its entire wardrobe consisted of breeze, foam, exotic creatures, stunning and charming colours. I know those mornings, evenings and nights of yours stretching, with such a relaxing pleasure, your flesh, bones and soul...notorious and mystique as it was, abstract to the point where minus or plus does not exist, meaning no good or evil,

but pure energy; like quantity in the mathematical modulus which you can keep on a shelf until you need it. Like this modulus is the unbearable pain from pleasure...you stretching on this table of torture fastening yourself tighter and tighter the rope around your body...stronger and stronger knots of rope...

...out of your mouth pouring fresh wishes to such extent that the sun puts on his tail coat for the eternal initial performance of the madrigal singing with affectionate and endearing voices: I love you.

Thought of love, love he didn't understand, but used. At that time he didn't understand, but used...love...

Love of reasoning; he couldn't, but he tried...and then he could.

"..."

"..." , inhaling profoundly.

Time and time again, overture, plenitude...la grande finale...

...da capo al fine, capo al fine, al fine, fine...

"I'm sure of it, says WT. Now I see, I know. The waves along the radius of the Sphere are so dense, the description of such sensual experience brought all back to me. I remember, I remember, I remember...I'm so happy now Feature! Dear both of you please let me go on with the story myself in my own words."

"..." , inhaling profoundly.

By a prior concealment with the moon, one night I cast a tiny glance into the eyes of the sun, eyes staring at the vocal scores: I love you when you love me, I love you when you don't love me; when you love me I strengthen my love to love you when you don't love me. Beyond awakening while diving, sliding to the bottom of the bottomless lake, in spite of these huge eyes swallowing the sun, there occurred another great achievement: you are not divine, but carrier of the divine for as long as you wish - truth rooted in freedom.

"I knew and this knowing saved me. I knew I could never be Creator of anything. The most I could wish for, was to discover and absorb. I knew by diving, sliding to the bottom of the bottomless lake", says Weird Thing.

"You don't have to be, nobody has to be. Just rejoice in finding this out",  
replied Feature.

"Otherwise, along the barren path, the barren sandy path where no more  
castles are to be erected, in vain is any attempt. Blown away are the grains  
of sand from your hands...blown away by one last breath..."

"It hurts, says Sphere. The exotic defined by grey and black really  
hurts...ashes in the eyes hurts...barren skin of hands hurts...dying senses  
and dead beyond the five senses...that hurts."

"Corpora as enchanting creatures...that hurts."

Hold your breath. Stop blowing away the sand from your hands. Build.

Otherwise, air to live or painful living. Dying? Yes. You're dying.

Astir at this finding, WT didn't want to talk anymore. Sphere continued: In  
fact, you didn't die; you didn't die beyond the five senses. Life equals  
imagination as imagination equals life. It might just as well be a script, the  
staging of a script from the vast resources of imagination or illusion. It

might be, but you are here awoken. So, it is the great episode of your life, the one and only continuous episode of yourself.

Believe me.

"Nothing comes up out of nowhere. There is no nowhere, said F a little confused. Did you have a childhood? It seems like you didn't, WT. Are there any pebbles left?"

"In my pockets? No...I'm not a thief of existence. I'm telling you exactly what I read while diving, sliding to the bottom of the bottomless lake; I'm telling exactly what I read in that text...you know...the one I should have spared you of...and...this is it."

"Believe me. There are many others in there" , whispered WT

"Without jumping to any conclusion, but I have this weird feeling that you've always been as you are; no childhood, no older age in the future. Are you in fact Sphere?"

"..." , inhaling profoundly.

"I get this strange feeling in my slumber...am I you? I am you..."

"..."

"You took me out of there, that night..."

That night.

Like those nights when all muscle fibres start boiling and roaring, disturbed and whirling electrical impulses along the nerves. Ember fire fed up by some never ending power, being in the same time a genuine spring of self-oblivion. Nobody dared to put it out, to make ends meet; how could I put myself against the divine will?! But,...maybe the divine would have thanked me if I had tried harder, if I'd had the slightest initiative...

Heavens must be taken by storm, escalated.

Affect.

That night.

Angels walking along the celestial paths carrying buckets full of dust and ashes, lower even lower walking along paths carved in clouds. Human entities with their mouths open wide...and purls of clouds heavy,



hard and dry...nausea by human circus...fanfare of sighs and cries...through this scenery of loss I saw the cathedral;

That cathedral.

The platform where I tested and refined the necessary ability for being a good die-caster; designer of forged metal poured into die-casts; molten; branding iron and lava.

Sharp anchors piercing the air accompanying the shrill shriek of horror. Air's agony. The cathedral gave an ultimatum to the Earth and earth. The Earth and earth obeyed in its whirling of hot guts and colossal spasm. During this first shock and quake of the cathedral the first traces of blood appeared; if there were at least two eyes on Earth (although I doubt there was at least one...I doubt mine...) they would have better washed themselves with molten lava than have inside this unimaginable misery...to this extent was the horror and agony in sight. And then again...it was for the second time the cathedral shouted out loud in rage, the second shock and quake when all human entities slid through the anchors...at the beginning their arms got ripped off then all internal organs dripping slowly in hot steams.

Hanging...and dripping...

Quake and lava, dust and fire, waves roaring, evaporating and taking shapes again like thousand of clown masks reaching in no time colossal heights. The heavy clouds of concrete pushed and pressed and squeezed and filled up even the infinitesimal space between two atoms.

Behold the universal tomb.

"How did you make it through such blocks of concrete? Just to save me...or save yourself?!"

"All that is, is beautiful because it is. Being is harmony, harmony of being beyond the five senses." Equilibrium.

"I am what I am (as I am) has a meaning, hasn't it?"

"Excuse the f – word, but I can't stand you right now...What the fuck are you saying there?! Meaning...you ask me whether it has a meaning?!"

"It has..." , inhaling profoundly.

It has. Like you do.

Like you do have and did have. Something resembling those frightening bouts of plenitude specific to Romanticism. Nailed to the cold and wet, rotten walls of the castle's dungeon in this plenitude of silence one could hear the frail rustling of escaping sand's grains through the holes made by these huge and rusty spikes. It was not just a sound of sand grains, but a reminder of other poor souls chained to these walls...of their sighs and lost hope.

Hopeless waiting for a death which never comes, death which ennobles the moment; even if the castle had turned upside down having its towers thrust deep into the ground, the grains of sand would fall incessantly...so in both direction is the same for them; there is no escape, but truly upwards. Upwards. Heavens must be taken by storm, escalated. There was no other way to free oneself.

Fastened tight to the chariot of war driven by this blackened and wild eternity. Their eternity or at least so it seemed.

"...and I was among them" , says Feature.

"Indeed you were."

"We were all wreathing the flesh tight around the bones, fastened with large knots of nerves; drank our blood with the mouth of soul wide open...and dry..."

"You were counting these drops of blood and finally and suddenly among drops of God, the chains broke down and knelt in the middle of the dungeon. Shouted to the others: are you all deaf, are you all numb, nailed souls in the darkness of your dungeon of mine...do you really have to fall only to fall again?! Free yourselves so you can all die and be alive beyond these five senses."

"Come on, throw that book away and follow me. I'll show you what I've just found. Get in the car quickly, I can hardly wait as I'm sure you will be so glad."

He drove downtown, it didn't take more than eleven minutes and arrived at the destination. He rented a new office. Of course nothing special, but what could the other one say...his partner hasn't yet awoken. This could be the reason for being so enthusiastic about a new office. The car exploded. Because of the blow as he wasn't too far away from the car, he died.

As a good partner went back home grabbed the book and kept reading.

"Feature, what do you think we should do with this one? You had your chance, do something! Please proceed."

"Yeah, I know, I've seen the paramedics from the ambulance taking him away. At the hospital they took him out of the plastic bag undressed him of his envelope-like paper clothing and put him on a wooden rafter, his hands pointing upwards along the head tied up to a nail. As far as his feet are concerned...they did the same at the other end of this wooden rafter. It wasn't getting dark nor were they looking at him with a flabbergasted expression on their faces. They simply tied him up on a wooden rafter without despising or bantering him. Two other rafters were mounted on each side fixed with sheet plates of iron each covering from one side to the other the body of this desired resonator. Then started pressing with their fingers, jumping with their feet on the body between these sheet plates of iron acting like the frets of a musical instrument. Jumping randomly, just jumping and pressing. Once in a while stood still prick-eared paying attention to the mouth of this stretched-on-the-wooden-rafter one. To their amazement they couldn't hear anything. Not

even a faint sound. Looking at each other bewildered they asked themselves: isn't flesh the spring of all beauty?! They were expecting music, delightful soundscapes, because they didn't know that not every yellow is a peel of banana.

It wasn't getting dark nor was the body resounding in seven different tones, the seven of God. They were not despising him nor could they find or count the other five semitones, the twelve of the apostles."

The roaring Sphere.

It was getting dark, the thickest darkness...and in order to find themselves they started singing. They couldn't see or feel bodies. They had to find themselves. They started singing.

Who could have ever thought of such a delightful concerto of voices?!

They managed to escape. Penetrated by the waves' flux along the radius they changed. Darkness and the roaring Sphere changed something inside. Yellow and brown could from now on be something else than a peel of banana too. The best houses are made of bricks, that's true. How about the best castles? They are made of ideas turned

into words turned into self awareness. The small pebbles are always endless in themselves. Stones enormous in size are perfect for building castles.

Make sure you define well the difference between a castle and a castle.

"Great! Are you pleased now WT? You surely are..., I did a good job, didn't I?"

"..., inhaling profoundly. We wouldn't be what we are if it wasn't for Sphere."

"By the way, I had never heard him roaring like this..."

"That's why is just your good friend and not entirely you...as you are not entirely him..."

Castles made of stones.

Make sure you define well the difference between a castle and a castle.

The fisherman laughed out loud. Feature and Weird Thing cracked a smile. They were not surprised at all seeing the fisherman so happy

making twists around the radius of Sphere. They were expecting this. Were not sure at first, but as WT was drawing nearer and nearer to the bottom of the bottomless lake, it all became clear. Now turning at will into the texture of the crystal-clear water, no doubt of his certainty. Besides, he got through so many mishaps getting Feature out. Gathering more of himself into himself. The odyssey doesn't allow for missing parts in this immensity.

Besides...

No doubt of his certainty. The mistress of mishaps kept a few at her breast. There are many desired resonators, a lot of wooden rafters, dungeons in castles made of stones and houses made of bricks; there are still lots of them languishing for a new office and so on...the mistress of mishaps doesn't want to talk.

"We'll make her talk! We could ruin her, make her disappear at this instant, but it's much better to persuade her. She has somebody, one pebble told me in a text...locked in that castle turned upside down with its towers thrust into the ground..."



"Somebody is locked inside the upside down castle. The odyssey doesn't allow for missing parts in this immensity. There is another one who must take a trip diving, sliding to the bottom of the bottomless lake...there is a parallel universe where everyone falls between the rails, the mild rails of iron and trains flowing back as molten lava..., they didn't make it over the horizon."

"There are many" , said Sphere..., inhaling profoundly.

"Like the one you left in the dungeon..." , said Feature.

"I didn't leave him. I would have never done such a thing. He left himself. Spoilt and corrupted as he was, simply couldn't get rid of his egoworks and design. Egoworks as etymology of bad politics; inverted platonic vision, an affair with himself in terms of optimized corruption and bribery."

"He left himself indeed."

"The one I took out..."

"That being me...go on..." , said F

"The one I took out was a bit interesting; on the way to awareness and here, kept repeating about his state, his former state when the relationship with God evolved best while drunk. He even wrote that...but with a pencil so he could – if needed – delete the sentence."

"Sure Thing, Weird. Have you ever asked me why? No, you have not."

"Because I know, I knew and I still know. People are too large in themselves to remain endlessly so. What you had, wasn't brain; it was a swindle box, a crate of tricks."

"We all learn from each other. Egoworks won't work as we are all trapped, pleasantly trapped in a semantic network. So, I must have learnt from somewhere, someone and further on I taught this. I guess...I hope I didn't..."

"See?! You have another reason to believe and delve into the discrete of matter where matter cannot act. It cannot act upon itself."

"The first gate into this state-of-the-art consciousness;"

Where matter cannot act. It cannot act upon itself.

"The beauty of consciousness. Consciousness still tolerates."

"...", inhaling profoundly.

"I'll tell you a little story. I heard it somewhere. The fact that I heard it and not some secret services makes it more important" , said Feature.

*"Hi there, how are you doing...I'm feeling lonely."*

*"Hi, I'm home. But, I want you to know that loneliness is the best reason to lean on, the most deceiving one, during times when you cannot see, observe, understand and accept the true motive of your unrest."*

*"I would like to have someone to love, to be loved and something to do with the greatest pleasure."*

*"Everyone wants this! See, you are not alone."*

*"Won't help me this!"*

*"As you will come to the conclusion that it helps, as you accept others and the true semantic network and get out of egoworks, like in a miracle the loneliness disappears."*

*"I'm eaten, devoured to the bone by ego; I know..."*

*"You and other seven billion people on Earth. Poor loneliness..."*

*Loneliness suffers more because of people than people do... because of loneliness.*

Sometimes, said Sphere, they just cannot understand, conceive the meaning beyond formalism of words. That's why it is stupid to sew a patch on a new piece of clothing as it is a real madness to try convincing other people that a patched piece of clothing is a new one. And...by the way...nobody means more than the next akin given that we all feed on the same mixture of water and dust.

So, you chose the same place for a nice picnic as I did. Or, were we in fact together? (he who knows, let me know) In the shade of a statue from the statuary society..."

*"Are you sleeping? I'm trying to write and nothing seems to take any shape."*

*"If I only knew what you are writing about...maybe you write about someone or something shapeless or liquid. I guess it's ok. Better go to sleep. Perhaps you should call it a day. That was it. It makes no sense to break open, to insist upon."*

Where matter cannot act. It cannot act upon itself.

After leaving the naivety behind, completing the circle and back again with the token of awakening stuck to the forehead, we know that truth doesn't come out from beliefs and other feelings, but doubts. The electromagnetic flux along the radii of the Sphere tells you that Feature and Weird Thing talk, write and make sure they keep talking just because they penetrate through things and are more than a simple neuronal memory. Quantum computers would dream to such processing power and hard disks. They walk where matter cannot act. Where matter cannot act upon itself. The unification with the great Sphere requires non-oblivion. One should be fully aware at the gates. Mockery towards others, addressing them ironically doesn't make you a great critic, writer,

artist or man of knowledge; no, you are just not aware of your own limitations and you're sad. Let's not say unaware or frustrated as we have to show some mercy.

"If we forgot about God every time He leaves us (a matter of common saying) would we know what we are striving to reach for?!", asked WT

"We wouldn't."

A mathematical formula is like a text...be it a poem, novel, essay, theater script and so on...the difference is so simple: abridged words. That's it.

Abridged words.

It's all about people and their behaviour, manifestation. Maybe it comes second after the primordial one or it is just a remembrance in the mind of the lost. We can't afford not to take notice.

We are too small not to make the difference.

These egoworks make us small beyond recognition. The mirror got broken, people lost their faces, forgot what they looked like and

recreated themselves. On the way, violently isolated the terms of the equation from words, equations from sentences, system of equations from phrases and texts. All the frames in which unknown values are well harmonized and offer the great pleasure of uncovering them.

"Sphere! says Feature, come over as I have a question. WT is working on some kind of formula and doesn't want to be disturbed. You know him...he can really be so moody sometimes...he irritates me now and then but I love him anyway. I do have to love myself, haven't I?! Otherwise, enslaved I would be like dead, wouldn't I?"

"F, F...I don't get it right perhaps, but make sure you use with great care this word - love - and especially if directed to yourself. Look around, into the world and notice it's not doing too well at all. It has failed or it's failing; now that you are somehow free although in a fragile state you should know how to extract a good reasoning out of the failure of the world's conventional reasoning. What am I saying here!!! ...a good reasoning...in fact the true reasoning. By the way, what's the question?"

"...", smiling, inhaling profoundly.

"Sphere....I'm still thinking of the one in the upside down castle, chained by the mistress of mishaps. How would you explain?"

"You are indeed in a fragile state. We all did it. We all explained and understood by now."

"I know, I know! Allow me yet to try to understand better, much, much better. The truth is, we don't know everything; let's not misevaluate ourselves. We are not gods and at least don't want to be or seem like or play the role of..."

There is a huge difference between I am and I Am.

"Remember what I said and how I said it. I said: I'm still thinking...pay attention to the word I used - thinking. So, I learnt from you that I should think with the heart and feel with my head. That's exactly what I did, I'm doing...thinking with the heart."

"..."

There is a huge difference between I am and I Am.

"...but we are getting closer and closer, aren't we Sphere?"



"...are..."

Sliding to the bottom of the bottomless lake, WT calculates.

"See, says Feature, we are getting closer and closer. Although we experience no distances, we've already conquered many of them - lost the time somewhere on the way; lost the space somewhere on the way maybe discarded at the same crossroads, we still have one more distance. The longest and shortest altogether. Love. The unique bridge between God and men. By the way, do you remember that we met Thalassios during our journey?"

"I do remember. It's you the one who seems to have forgotten that I have not always been the Sphere! As you have not always been my Feature."

Self-control...and love.

"Thalassios advised" , says F.

"Lose some, gain some...lose spaces, gain spaces, but this time in the heart. Spaces one could have never imagined."

Where matter cannot act.

"During the time of inverted platonic vision, the heart was beating and beating hard; very, very loud, before the great fall between the rails. Silent were only the thoughts inside the head. An upside down frame, maybe the source of the castle and power of this mistress of mishaps. Nowadays or nowapresent the seal is set, stuck strongly on the five senses."

With silence.

The dense unmatter of silence.

"...thoughts started screaming, they were under control. They wanted to get rid of their pain and ran into the heart. There they chilled, cooled off and changed; started enjoying the silence, real silence and true reasoning. The logical argumentation or opinion then follows. It is said by the Oracle at Delphi that knowing yourself, you will know the universe and its gods."

"Good, very good. I get a glimpse of your future example, the one you want to use in order to describe a bit the power of this dense unmatter of silence;"

The error.

"...not gods."

"We are not interested in knowing gods."

"The One once told me that I cannot be that weak as to possess pride. He then said that I should not practice this self abandonment, neither of the soul nor body, just in case I don't want to kill some more of Him."

It is the same error; to pray without knowing these aspects. But knowing all of this, you won't pray anymore to God. As you are already in God.

Many of the distances we conquered.

But we still have one more to go.

"The question. Yes, I remember; you wanted to ask me something Feature, says Sphere. Sorry, we got lost again in our speeches; good ones anyway, highly constructive I could say. What was the question?"

"There are actually two questions. How am I supposed to equate somehow the objective view at the world scientifically speaking with this kind of knowing, awakening, true reasoning considering that you mentioned about the true reasoning out of the world's conventional reasoning failure? This is on one hand...on the other...it's a bit complicated, maybe I should ask Weird Thing...I don't know..."

"..." , inhaling profoundly.

"What?"

Weird Thing is calculating something while sliding to the bottom of the bottomless lake. He met an alien down the way, started an interesting conversation; in fact we all have the same findings to make, we all try to uncover the same principles. We live in the same universe or multiverse or whatever...and aim to the same purpose, be it an alien or not.

The - on the other hand - question has reached him and starts consulting the pebbles. Feature is eager to find out things rooted deeper and deeper or farther before the great fall between the rails and anxiety.

"Feature, wait a bit 'till I finish this little part of the great transcendental dialectic and we talk. The alien has some business himself, some other transcendental developments on the roster and will go soon. Not far as we are already in the Far. His new project is called: Writing on the walls of Akasha. We talked about some new ideas of his, interesting thoughts of metaphysical experiences."

"Ok, take your time (so to speak) I'm waiting...everywhere."

"And, by the way...there are three questions" , says WT.

"Prone to everything, I thought..., said WT. Prone to everything 'till one day, a certain day came when I clearly observed the former mistake, that deep inside inducted self-betrayal. There were also sparks before the great fall between the rails, see...nothing comes out just like that, all of a sudden; a kind of scaffolding there really is, a backwards projection of the monument one is to become. Sparks I didn't want or wasn't able to take into account. They just happened. And they worked inside well I should say right now..., nowapresent. Looking back, following those projection lines I can say I knew that reality as it manifests is not the real truth."

The Super Megaphone...and it arises enlightened thoughts.

"...and not just a little bit is what I feel, says Feature; perhaps more than you can conceive; it is enchanting, joy, a few lines, stanzas..., you stimulate me, you enchant me..., bring me joy and victory..."

"Without being aware, the sparks carried with them, just like the pebbles did, the same message - some did, some others still have to do whatever they do endowed with the attributes of humanity; let's not get to the harsh conclusion that humanity doesn't belong to the people; that this is not their design, their heritage."

The Super Megaphone...why does it sound real but untrue?!

"So I thought at that time, whispered WT. I thought it was real and being real was enough. Being just real was enough, made me offer myself entirely to the autonomic system of nerves. I did so and got out in the street maybe day after day almost, stinking and speaking of strong distilled liquor or speaking and stinking of strong distilled liquor; needless to say about the clothing, the ragged clothing but not like that worn by the philosophers of antiquity...like that worn by a ruined man. In my

opinion, a clean and fresh suit was the one taken directly from the smoking chamber as if ready to be eaten in case the stomach pain got unbearable. This was my design, the design imagined by me; a kind of supposed imagination which would unleash a great power like an authentic art."

The Super Megaphone...and didn't know exactly what an authentic art is.

"..." ,inhaling profoundly.

...exhaling...WT...and I used to imagine even to feel that the pompous nonsense was expelled...that I managed to expel it; to expel the last apostle of standardization. Thought that there was no trace of passion left in my soul, I was feeling free for having killed the last tyrant. Near a trash bin I once found a book of math; it was seemingly a course about mathematical analysis; read some concepts while stretching my bones on a kerb, started to exercise some of them and then applied on me, on my self-induced belief. Still interested Feature? Sure you are judging by the way you look at me swallowing not just my words but my entire head. Anyway, I did apply them. The result was quite nice.

The Super Megaphone...and solving some proper integrals I reached the state of contemplation. Solving further, integrating contemplation I reached a state of joy.

Everyone was looking at me quite strange as if I was weird. I had indeed a weird smile on my face and I was calm, in a state of tranquility; That means I managed to integrate joy. By double integrating the tranquility I really got into a state of happiness and my face was nothing more than a huge, immense smile like never before. Was I wrong? I might have been. I used definite integrals...I saw the ghost of Schiller...Schelling making it through successfully; both shouting out loud about the feeling and the intellect as being one; sensibility just another name given to unity. Then I returned to myself, I closed the circle by integrating for one last time; I integrated knowledge. Bewildered, distressed and dismayed again I was.

Was I wrong? I might have been. I used definite integrals...

Wobbling farther down the streets, home again to replenish and wobble again the next day, bored to death by the surrounding routine which I got to see every day in the form of a tall statue right in the middle of the



largest roundabout of the city - the statue of routine - in front of which worshipers fell down under the weight of the heavy office on their shoulders, felt something on my chick! Like an itch. I remember scratching as if slapping because I really thought it was a bird dropping; It wasn't. It was in fact a kiss from Steinhardt as a sign of appreciation being so beautiful in this fresh clothing, newly taken out from the smoking chamber and stinking of distilled liquor. Maybe he knew I was wrong or wasn't. I didn't understand much; perhaps he had somewhere in time solved some integrals himself. Were they definite?! Were they not?! I do not have the slightest idea!

Kissed for the spiritual origins, tendencies. For being apparently beautiful.

Back home, sat at the table, took a pencil, tried to write something on a very white sheet of paper. It came to me...a mixture of reasoning and instinct. Were these two far apart? Are these two far apart? The pencil started moving, the eyes were not necessarily looking into the same direction with the fingers, but at the ceiling. At the spot of dampness caused by the leaking roof, an unaesthetic spot once repaired with some

lime powder. It looked like the thought I was trying to unfold - that mixture of reasoning and instinct; its definition - was it like the lime, sand and water on the ceiling?

I guess so. It was exactly like that spot of dampness in case it lacked feelings, sensibility, some love and ethics. The very next thing to do although I could have found something more pleasant and rational was to slam the chair against the wall and ran to the thought station - this is how I used to call the drawer - digging hard like into frozen ground and digging out an old letter. I expected some answers to the problem of reasoning and instinct. Sat down again, laid back comfortably and read. A good story, no doubt about that. Erotic beyond skin..., sexy as sex could be.

The Super Megaphone...after a series of (do not)s although she was watched, teased but her whim never ceased, he stopped following the desire; then something magical happened as she turned to him, told him to watch again, asked him to tease again... and he did; he teased and she incessantly ceased; don't be afraid, don't move as nobody sees us, she whispered...stay where you are, just let me look at you; this way I

can be sure that you are mine...seeing you, watching your every move; being too close I might not know it's really you...looking at you gives a sense of control, security, certainty; you should not come closer to me...not right now, wait please...you will, you will come closer, but not right now...please wait; no more he teased, but forever more she ceased...; by looking at you from afar I can feel on my skin your touch on your skin...your hands softly sliding up and down your body; she, whispering this, saying that he could not tease anymore as he was entirely squeezed by Lord Hypnos and his Princess...in front of him sunk in the armchair pulling away the silky bed sheets; in front of him deeply sunk in the armchair and past the second lips deep to the point where the red on the nails could not be seen anymore...forever lost in herself...; don't open your eyes, stop! be gentle with us and the lost red might not be that lost...as the jelly they carry might smoothen more your lips, skin and the hard swollen veins; connect to yourself...see inside yourself and forget about all your fears; adore and forget; now, with your energy unleashed, experience your true biting force; imagine violet...the deep and wild specks of violet on that violet silk...and bite; grip it hard, grip the swollen deep-violet veins on your might; your deepest secret in that

depth of hers... she's stretching...believe me...I see her, I've seen her before and I know it; your wish, yours is true; she's spreading wide...she's made herself comfortable and waiting...what are you waiting for?! the meadow of little, tiny, curly hair is now open wide for you to lick and taste the tastiest fresh drops of genuine female dew-like sweet and soothing candies of viscous thick and sticky caramel; hold the smell in, suck her all and dry her out.

The antithesis to the thesis above becomes harder, goes harsh on them; it won't waste its time trying to nicely project the intersection point of the two directions defined as reasoning and instinct. Jumps over the conformism and states that they both treated themselves orally, lived happily ever after each following his and her own principles of happiness and died. In a way, this case and the one trapped in the upside down castle are very alike. It is a highly defined equilibrium in a sense..., roughly said, an equilibrium exists even between the one in ascension and the others not in ascension. As simple as that. In fact, the cross is well balanced, horizontally speaking - the left side and the right side.

"WT...I'm satisfied, pleased with your answer, this kind of answer like a story, said F. Regarding your example, the cross and its horizontal meaning...I should add something: how about the vertical?"

...,smiling. the vertical is the problem solved. The solution by which we've reduced to zero all the distances except for one leading to the One. That's why we are still here, talking...making sure we keep talking. Keep talking and find the solution and never say again that we've never really understood religion, spirituality except for the fact that it seems like a good excuse to kill...and we never want to get to the point in which one cannot take a decision. Nobody is actually sentenced to anything. Let's suppose that everything is meaningless! As we are not condemned to meaninglessness and nothingness we should try to give a meaning; we think we give because of the egoworks, but in fact we find their meaning, the meaning of everything. There are no human gods nor human creators.

"Just in case we like victimization, I should say that everyone is condemned by him or herself" , says F. The good excuse to kill is not religion or the religion. Is the institutionalized religion.

Institutionalized religion on official documents.

It is nevertheless important for us to seek meaning...otherwise we should try at least to afford one.

Before he died went on a business trip. He overtook the enterprise after the car explosion in which his partner passed away. Couldn't take it or actually swallow anymore. Got tired of watching TV on the couch beside the one who once was the Princess and Lord Hypnos. One evening stood up, scratched his back a bit, blew a couple of farts just to compete with her, packed a few things and left. Following his and her own principles of happiness and died.

...because all is silent, peaceful and tranquil; because the riot was extinguished like the one of 1907 by the bourgeois mentality and imperium in his native country. Bourgeois was also the Sun and the gold on the sidewalks. It is a splendid autumn, an autumn to which an Oscar was awarded. An autumn for which God received the Nobel prize for beauty. Sitting on a bench amidst such a scenery is like drinking a cup of tea with a simple and suggestive tag: Abend Ruhe. A cup of tea which blinds illusion, tea which makes you beautiful...yes...you look so beautiful in this darkness light. A cup of tea which tells you and you tell yourself that the expression - I love you - may hide, cover and be consisted of

anything. Love cannot. A tea which is not able to disturb your existence with your life.

"Is this you? Is this you before the great fall between the rails? asked  
Feature

...smiling, Sphere...in and out of the Sphere.

"Yes to both. A straight yes to both of you. Sincerely yours,...stamped and signed

I."

"...and allow me another little yes, says Weird Thing. Allow me to get detached from me, the tall statue right in the middle of the largest roundabout of the city, the statue I once was during the inverted platonic vision."

So..like I said, he suddenly heard someone saying mummy, mummy. He finally saw her...an extraordinary mother who proved to be powerful enough to break his zipper. His strong zipper the only one ever able to cope with his might. It had iron teeth, but finally broke. He stood up keeping his gaze averted from her, from the contour smoothly describing the second lips. Ugly pants, but royal class...she sat down on the bench. He still kept his gaze averted but thinking loud and

louder, screaming in his head and wishing for the broken zipper to become at that very instant that very bench. It was however a silent, peaceful and tranquil autumn, like the silence falling upon his native country after the riot; that riot extinguished by the bourgeois mentality and imperium..., by the bourgeois breast and stood up setting off on a trip, on my trip, my business trip. He didn't want to look at her anymore; he wanted to go away never to look back.

Ugly pants, but royal class. Silent, peaceful and tranquil autumn.

Passes by a flower shop, then a book store; stops, thinks...starts again, thinks again and keeps walking. Why would he turn back with a flower in his hand?! Meaningless...for him. He was on a business trip. Traditionally no flowers allowed. ...and yet..., but this is not exactly what he wanted and she certainly left the park. Where did she go?! Could I have been that deaf given the fact that my sight was so sharp...sharper than the iron teeth of the zipper?...broken...Wait! She went to McDonald's; He could clearly hear her telling this to those naughty kids just to make them want to leave the park and go somewhere else. He knew it...he was more than sure about that. It was at that very moment when got a little closer to her just to see her face because this is what men and women normally do;



they look at each other, at each other's faces, they know each other by face not other parts of the body..., but wait!..., who am I lying to anyway?! Caught in a violent whirl of contradictory thoughts, he went straight home, past the flower shop and everything. Entered the hotel room, defying the space and landing right in the middle of the room, fingers on embracing the might from the base to the top of the tower.

Kinky movement. Show me original mix.

It all started the same, every time. Then her tiny fists hitting his chest. In those little hands every given tower seemed so large. She...banging her tiny fists against his thorax producing a reverberating effect all over the room. It was never too long until little threads of blood started flowing scarcely visible on his skin, but yet there...from the scratches she inflicted upon him with those long artificial red nails. She always liked to play this role. That of a princess, untouchable princess. She wanted, but she couldn't. The worst actress ever...and the

best drops of blood flowing down the curly hair of his chest straight to the floor breaking apart on the floor spreading wide insignificantly. She hated him. She hated him passionately. She hated him hot. She really wanted a role on Broadway. She wanted, but she couldn't. She hated him. She

hated him passionately as she sniffed that smell of her mother while swinging the cradle she was in years and years ago. God...she really wanted that role on Broadway... , she loved to hate him while pushing harder and harder with her chin, 2πR lips and flatland-like tongue. She wanted, but was never able to fake it right; she would end up falling backwards both laughing and starting all over again. There was nevertheless something she could fake right...the disgust while tasting him, that disgusting feeling she had remembering her of her mother's good night kiss. All of a sudden, defying gravity, the not yet coagulated little drops of blood from the scratches she inflicted upon him with those long artificial red nails, started flowing upwards, leaving the floor entering deep inside along the tiny, curly and firm hair of hers. It was more than smell, sensation; more than acting, faking, a role on Broadway, cradle, childhood, mother...it was getting serious...she would soon have to give birth to him.

"Is this you? Is this you before the great fall between the rails?" asked

Feature

...smiling, Sphere...in and out of the Sphere.

"Yes to both. A straight yes to both of you. Sincerely yours,...stamped and signed

I."

Setting off on a business trip. That kind of trip of that kind of man, tall statue in the middle of the largest roundabout of the city. Amidst the inverted platonic vision epoch.

One day he got introduced to Eva Coriollis, accountant at the night club. In the basement of the hotel there surely was a night club. There he met Betty Cocos, a waitress who usually swapped shifts with Mona Lupu in case she was out with a client. That evening, during that particular evening he felt such a weird and strong sensation and lust to go downstairs; heart pounding hard; he even thought, worried actually that the pounding of his heart would somehow disturb the rhythm of music and body dancing, kinking. He left a stressful day behind and a refresh was mandatory...and what a gorgeous autumn... besides...what a splendid astonishment meeting her again at the right time, or wrong time..., but exactly when he thought he would never see her again, at the right time or wrong ...just

when he thought that silence, peacefulness and tranquility came back into his life.

Into his existence disturbed by his life.

Whirling inside his head...thoughts, ideas of escaping and back to that moment of sweet imprisonment, that past present, present present and.....and future present or at least so he believed. He got lucky. It turned out to be a very beautiful present of the future. Kissed for the spiritual origins, tendencies. For being apparently beautiful.

And yet..., why did he have to go and put into order the misunderstanding regarding the payment for the room?! Why me in the manager's office?! said to himself. Had enough money even if he paid too much for the accommodation and even to reload the secret card for the next business trip. The explanation of an accountant gave him the chills and heard her like in a dream. Getting real dizzy started sinking deeper and deeper into the armchair; the day before with all the events in the park began to unreel really fast in all its detail like in a trance. It was bad and getting certainly worse.

Suddenly she stopped. Put her hands on the desk while his chest got lit up. It was burning. Looked instinctively to the floor just to see where he

would break into tiny little pieces, then she...she pushed herself against the desk, rubbed the pants, the ugly pants against the chair or the chair slid on the floor and stood up. The royal class which he considered long lost appeared in all the splendor, ugly pants, but royal class. The zipper, The iron teeth and The broken.

"Judging by the mundane pattern of being, both of you could get a glimpse of the one on the sixth floor somewhere in time before the great fall between the rails" , said Weird Thing

"Is this you? Is this you before the great fall between the rails?" asked Feature

...smiling, Sphere...in and out of the Sphere.

"Yes to both. A straight yes to both of you. Sincerely yours,...stamped and signed

I."

"Do you think or regarded me and us like being a mystery? We are not. Not at all. No one was born already ascended. There is no meaning in ascension if it wasn't for the great zero. The great zero I'm talking about doesn't go beyond birth. Of course, there is an entire universe beyond

zero. Even beyond fear and sex. A few things about our life you've already found out show the exact features of living within the frame of fear and sex. Our past life inside this frame after the great zero. That's why people have the tendency to project and impose dogmas as easy and with such a routine as they do branding. There is a certain beauty in a dogma, but strictly to the point in which the self-production of illusion doesn't jump over the edge; over the reasonable edge. On the other hand, that's why we have mystery...as people live a great deal of their life within the frame of fear and sex. In this regard the return to the beautiful is made almost impossible. Who are actually the protagonists on both sides? Those dealing with perceptible science and aesthetics only vs. the old poor lady with dirty feet praying to God."

"Back to Hermes Trismegistul...namely - as in Heaven so on Earth and more concise - as Above so Below. As simple as that; going back from where we come from. Circles, circles and more circles in everything. It's true that they tend to break or change shape; they tend to become ellipses and even lines. That's why there is will. Will acts like the crucified One, like His hands wide open to the left and to the right. He firmly holds the circle in its position. He'll never let it become an ellipse or even

worse...a line. Nothing is more important than will. It can perform miracles, won't let the whirl of events evolve wildly; events are certainly not to unfold as a killing or destruction spree. Remember the ratio which says that will equals demoralization divided by the number of events. On this account one will see himself in a control situation by being and keeping in touch with the Universe, its reasoning and great Consciousness. Given that you are the main protagonist who transforms the matter into form starting always from the idea, I would say - Idea...given that and the ratio it's easy to go back into the endless, ethereal realm of ontology whenever you want. Needless to remind you that predication is the will which transforms the idea into substance and form...in this regard one becomes the infinite of certainties, will never be blinded by that dark, gloomy hypothesis radiating out of its finite coffin."

"I did it! He's out!" , says Feature. Sphere verifying the calculus made by Weird Thing and the alien he encountered. They have a thesis, a good one I might say. In fact and in a way Sphere is verifying himself.

Did they approximate him good enough?! Did they not?! Does the extrapolation of himself into numbers resemble him?!

"Who's out?" asks WT

"The chained one inside the castle with upside down towers. The slave, the puppet of that shrew. I tamed her. I tamed the mistress of mishaps. I used some channeling...what you told us went straight into him. Like swallowing the Sun and all..."

Swallowing the Sun and all.

"It may not be much, but I'm glad however. I'm glad I managed to free him. It means I have enough strength to go back and forth - from idea to matter and back again whenever I wish."

"Wait, wait...don't get too excited! Too much energy can easily get stuck in itself growing denser and denser, solidifying and off you go...back to inverted platonic vision, statuary society beautifully erected in the middle of the largest roundabout of the city."

"May be, but at least he's free. I got him out, cut the chains of that horrible spell cast upon him...that filthy enticement. He's now a bit like Joan."

That filthy, indifferent, proud normality. Given that Steinhardt said it so well regarding the quasi-riot of Joan just because he didn't want to butcher the lamb as a sacrifice, how could I have a better opinion or



even state something more valuable?! I take my right to appeal for the approved doubt not the one colloquially expressed and say no. I cannot.

Sets back on the shelf the bottle of poison as it can wait long enough...that's why it is called poison because it won't get tainted; with the knife he does the same - it is inorganic so it is there in four years as well. Four years...it means a lot; even if nothing happens something has still happened; it will have happened nothing. This is something, isn't it?

Yes...it is and yet he stretches himself in bed, grabs a book, opens it talking to himself about his particular situation - he has been allowed to grow up - and starts reading to a part of himself. The lamb that has to grow up. He has been allowed to grow up. In case we consider the principles as being a ceremony, it means that Joan is an example of applied justice. That kind of justice which doesn't identify itself with any ceremony of obedience just because a so-called tradition says so...or maybe the case of an obedient ceremony...?! May be...(he who knows exactly let me know as well). However, he's not the one, he is not in. He is surely not into any ceremony and approved (on official documents) greed.

Steinhardt said it so well, expressed, described the relationship between Joan and his lamb...so well that I'm feeling entirely off the verbal track. I take my right to appeal for the approved doubt not the one colloquially expressed and say no. I cannot.

Joan is not prone to collective madness. That's why his madness, the sporadic bouts of madness he encounters sometimes don't last too long.

And yet in paradoxical blackouts after reluctance, hesitation and quasi-riot the lamb ends up on the wooden rafter with guts and organs in plain sight. This is not an anatomy exercise nor a sign of that future, delicious meal. No. It is pure inner turmoil.

It is pure nailing of the lamb on Holy-Ghost-Revealing wood. His inner turmoil suddenly disappears by practical experience of the truth. The nailing horizontally and vertically. On account of his reluctance and rejection to the so-called tradition finds himself drifting through the absolute abstract space; his Daath experience. His madness as opposed to the ceremony of obedience, to traditional delicious meal. The institutionalized religious traditional delicious meal. On official documents.

This short-term madness was in fact the apex of imagination. That fruitful side of imagination which connected Joan with the cosmic Krestos. His action, in a sense, put the village on fire. He understood for the first time a radical notion. The notion of INRI. He put the village on fire; entire institutions, ceremonies, centuries of mass manipulation. He put them all on fire. Mentally.

Ignis Natura Renovatur Integra.

In this way, he made sure he would never send packages of flesh to dust; that he managed to prove himself by not cooking the lamb, by not preparing that delicious meal as everybody in his village did. He just...by pure nailing...

...of the lamb on Holy-Ghost-Revealing wood. By nailing the lamb on the wood carved his stairway along the vertical. By this short-term madness he didn't have to demonstrate anything. Demonstrations are hard to make. Argumentation hurts until it leaves the mind. Being in Daath, he didn't have to perform anything of this kind. Adrift in the absolute abstract space he just followed the logic of interrogation.

Logic of interrogation. For those who ask, those who knock.

His madness set against the ceremony of obedience probably also an obedient ceremony, his personal debellatio against approved, on official documents, greed ...and starts reading to a part of himself. To the lamb that has to grow up. He has been allowed to grow up. He knows he will never yield, his actions are never to disclose an infamy of opposition as there is none. His opposition is true. Where matter cannot act. It cannot act upon itself. His riot is successful. Witnessed the success of his opposition. This has been his design and still is. There is no need to look somewhere else for the authenticity of the reader reading to that piece of self. Joan is not stupid. He is also aware that he might not always get successful; he might someday, somehow fail. Even with a failure ahead, the failure of his opposition, he won't return to normality; to that filthy, indifferent, proud normality; he might, after the crash, open the black-box of existentialism...by curiosity, just to start all over again; but...certainly ...he won't chase his lamb. He won't chase alongside the mob the crippled and chopped piece of self.

Joan is not prone to collective madness. He is not prone to any delicious meal.

"Faith never finds itself at ease, concludes Weird Thing. The chained one has never had faith. With Joan things are different. But, nevertheless a resemblance there is. The part which is indeed not alike defines itself through the number of I(s). The imprisoned got overwhelmed by a huge number of hostile I(s) fighting for supremacy. Like a wall they blinded him. The other one, Joan, was blinded by the immense power of faith. The immense power which one can find in faith in case one tries. Here is the equal sign in between...here is the part that's overwhelming and makes them alike. Makes them both human. People of the same species. This is the superior force that overpowers them, makes them faint...keeps them asleep."

"It used to..., it used to make them faint, keep them asleep" , says Feature.

"..." , inhaling profoundly.

It really doesn't matter anymore what they were, where or how they persisted by resisting the truth. Their strongholds got burnt down. They conquered distances, all of them except for one, to the One. To put it numerically, infinite frequency equals infinite energy and zero wavelength. They defeated light, they along with us went beyond light,

conquered distances hence being all over the place and yet in One infinite point-like spot.

Drawing maps. Is the best thing, the best weird thing (to some of them) you could do. Draw maps.

Draw maps of life. You may be wrong or you may be right; at least make sure you keep doing it.

Caught within the wild whirl of the inverted platonic vision, being that tall statue in the middle of the largest roundabout of the city, falling between iron rails - all comes out of fear not of an evil nature. Rooted inside humankind is the longing for ascension even if unconsciously present. No worries...you are just temporarily devoid of consciousness. It won't last forever; even if one wants it or not, the absolute abstract space awaits; distances will be conquered. Drawing maps or not drawing maps is just a matter of choice, but with or without your will, it happens. There is a story, as simple and powerful as it can be and it was said to a large number of people all gathered around him, around A. Boca, a highly enlightened person who also put tyrants to their knees, made tyrants bow before him on account of his simplicity and plainness of manner.

Huge strength of thought indeed. This little story describes a family on their trip to England. They just wanted to visit some antiquity shops selling real genuine exhibits of authentic art. The reason was simple: the 25th anniversary; twenty five years of marriage. They loved the art of pottery, the exhibits made of clay, ceramic and especially tea cups. They noticed a truly delightful cup and asked: Could we take a closer look at that cup? We've never seen a cup of such beauty! Of course their wish was granted, they held the tea cup in their hands when suddenly the enchanting cup started talking: You cannot understand! I had not been from the very beginning a tea cup, but a clod of red clay. My master dug me up, rolled me, shook me, molded me several times and I shouted out loud - Stop! Don't do that! I don't like it! Leave me alone, it hurts! My master just smiled at me and gently said - Not yet!

Then...oh yes...then I was set on a wheel and spun. I said to him: Stop it! Can't you understand?! I'm getting dizzy, I'm getting sick! But...my master nodded, smiled again nicely and said - Not yet! He rolled me, shook me, hit me, molded me and...and threw me into an oven. A scorching oven. I had never felt such heat before. I screamed out loud, hit the walls of the oven trying to knock it down...but no way...the flames

engulfed me. Help! Take me out, I shouted but my master just nodded, smiled and said gently - Not yet! Then I thought to myself that another minute was too long and I would not be able to cope with the treatment anymore. I would certainly die. All of a sudden the door opened. He took me out and put me on a shelf. I started cooling off. It feels so good! I said..., but after cooling off, took me again, brushed me and started painting me all over. The smell was horrible, I thought I was going to choke. Oh, please, stop it, stop it, not again! I shouted at him. He nodded and smiled. What was I told? Yes, you're right - Not yet! After that...can you imagine?! He put me back in the oven, but this time was worse than the first time; it was hotter and I really felt like I was going to suffocate. I begged him, I cried...I was convinced that this time it was the end and ready to give up. At that very instant, the door opened, took me out, put me on the shelf and waited...and waited...I was cooling off, it felt so good again. As you do now, I also asked myself: What is he up to? An hour later, he gave me a mirror and said - Look at you now! I did and got the impression that it wasn't me. I couldn't recognize myself: It can't be me! That's not me! I'm beautiful! He looked at me, smiled and gently told me that he knew I was hurting being dug up, rolled, hit, molded, burnt; he



knew it all the way, but there was no other way. If I had left you where you were, you would have dried out entirely, you would have perished, met your own demise. I know you got dizzy while spinning on the wheel, but if I had stopped, you would have turned into pieces...I know it was hot in the scorching oven, but I had to...if I had not put you in there, you would have cracked. I know the smell wasn't pleasant at all as I brushed and painted you, but otherwise, if I had stopped, you would have never hardened, you would have never shined. If I had not thrown you for the second time into the oven, you wouldn't have survived for too long as you wouldn't have been hardened enough. Now you are a finite product. Now you are exactly what I have always had in mind regarding you. Everyone might say he or she was born spiked on the horizontal laid directly on the ground facing the sky; that's true, if at least one opens the eyes. It might be that during the molding process is the vertical to be gained. For some of us happiness is an error. Some take delight out of this, some not. During the molding process is the vertical to be *gained*, but somewhere on the way, adrift in the absolute abstract space where visibility increases more and more hardening, shining along the last distance...the vertical along the last distance is to be *given*.



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*Oferim sprijin scriitorilor care nu îndrăznesc să se afirme!*



