

My Life in a Nutshell

Second Era

Wilkie Goldentongue

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Foreword

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Hello!

I hope you're still the way you have been before. The last months have been full of changes, and most weren't good, though there are few things that have not been sorted out in some way. This first post is just to give you an idea of what has happened; It's a Preface, and the real story will be continued in the next posts that are to come, less often, but still somehow regularly. . . I'm glad to see you're still with me, and I want to thank OliFre for his further work on this system that makes the presentation of my texts really unique. I hope you feel the same way. Still, no opinions in any way have arrived, but he who wants to be understood has to be patient. Now, I can't do a thing but continue, and if not for anybody out there, then at least for me myself.

1 Preface — Another beginning

Originally published: Tuesday 12th September 2006

Your first question may probably be: Why ‘Second Era’? What has happened of such importance?

Be told that loads of things have changed. Even if it’s not a really new chapter of life, it’s a new character and atmosphere that has developed in the world around me, influencing me and all the others around me. Though I feel that most things didn’t work out the right way, I’ll leave the final decision to you. . .

In the following few lines, I’ll try to regenerate the atmosphere that accompanied my writing for so long hours in the ‘First Era’. The real contents are to follow later on, so please be patient.

Few people have realized the way the world is working, and those who think they have haven’t. Only those who want to forget about all of it know what’s really going on. This is what you’ll find out in the ‘Second Era’ when accompanying Wilkie Goldentongue once more.

To give you an overview: His complete character had been changed by external suppression. The few people he trusted, and his so-called ‘*friends*’ had betrayed him in a way that now seemed to belong to their normal way. He wondered whether it was really he who had changed, but you can find out about that by yourself when this ‘Second Era’ starts growing. In the beginning, there will be a summary of the key events; Of course, you won’t miss any details.

One may want to ask Wilkie about O. and her boyfriend; they still seem to be a couple. Had Wilkie managed to forget about her? No, he hadn’t. Not until some days before that post, and then, he didn’t kill her memory by himself, as she was doing it by changing to a person he didn’t recognise anymore as the once beloved ‘O.'. It was a major

change, quite the same change that had taken hold of his surroundings.

Still, things are changing. In a way, he was in love with O.; but she didn't exist anymore. He wondered what would have happened if they had found themselves to be a couple earlier; how would he have reacted now? Would she have changed in the same way, was it her boyfriend's fault, or was destiny the cause of all that forces of destruction?

A cruel cold got hold of him, in a physical and psychical way, for he tried to replace the magic that had been lost around him. He was exhausted in a deadly way. Only few constants had remained, among them P. and some of her friends; He was now trying to address people he felt to be interested in cooperation, and the number of these had shrunk, approaching zero. Few of his old friends were among them.

But he knew he could be successful without them. Even if he was left alone, he had everything he'd need, as he knew more about life than most of them. But if this knowledge is something worth to own is a different question, as ignorance may be a very wise counselor. It was not only O. who had changed him. The world had changed, probably to change him in her turn. He had changed, too; But who can judge which change was more positive? It's your's to decide, and your's alone.

More information is to come soon, be prepared for shocking realities and truths you may already have experienced in some other way.

Life can be the achievement of wisdom —
or an expression of happiness.

Somebody ignorant showing happiness is happy;
somebody wise showing happiness is sad.

Only one who trusts the ignorant may find happiness;
but only one who trusts the wise may realize the truth.

— W.G.

Have you seen the star?
Now, it's gone.
It's not to return again.
Happiness is temporary,

and so is sorrow.

Only emotion is eternal,
and the change of it is the thing
we simply call life.

Can you see the flames?

The burning houses?

The fleeing creatures?

This is emotion, too.

Matter is an expression of thought,
and we are in the middle of it,
realizing less than a thing.

— W.G.

2 The Downfall of O.

Originally published: Wednesday 13th September 2006

Hi!

This time, we shall really go into it. Accompany me when regarding the most peculiar changes, and take your time to decide if anyone may be pleaded guilty or not.

Something turning my world: The downfall of O.

It had just taken place on the fifth of September 2006. The change was profound, and he had realized that it was final on the next evening.

What had happened? Of course, as he was still in love for his system to block her out had not been completely successful, he tried to be close to her most of the time. She must have noticed, of course, and the moments they were talking shrank to something close to nothing. This was her initiative again, for he had rarely started talking to her in the preceding months, leaving everything to her. This meant that her silence decided that he was not to talk to her.

Nevertheless, it was mostly him who broke the silence. Finally, he talked to her less than to a normal person around him, and the few words they exchanged in hours — if any words were spoken at all — were nothing compared to the sentences that could make their way between him and a friend.

But this was not the event that caused his further reaction; Maybe, it was just a sign that told him that something was to happen — *soon*. He was wondering whether this change was a result of her relationship with her boyfriend, and whether she had now decided that this one was final, but he gave up on this thought on that special evening, when he sat next to her (accidentally, as fate had placed him there).

He tried to communicate, and she reacted only with the necessary answers. When he said something that was not completely obvious (at least, not to her), she became ironic again. The irony he had once admired and loved. But this time, she was ironic about him.

And this meant that she was laughing about him, and some others joined in. The only sensible reaction he could think of was joining in, and he did so. Still, that was just the first step towards the key events. Often, something we regard as major change is based on small things, and only the sum of them may render something impossible or hopeless.

This time, if not every time, it was exactly like that. Minutes later, when she had been gone for some time and then returned, he realized that concerning the parts of her character that were profound and not so easily controlled were still the same. The food that was placed in front of her and him remained quite untouched on both the dishes, for both didn't like it, while the people around them ate most of it. What had changed with her or him that made them so different now? She had left the table, and the part of her that had cared for his friendship was gone.

This was what he realized now, and at the same time, he felt that he would be able to see her now in the way the others did. And then, she didn't look as perfect as she'd done before, at least concerning her character.

The only critical point he could recall was some moment when he'd talked to her and probably insulted her appearance a bit, but he was just joining her thoughts, for she was always insulting herself. This could not have been the result for her sudden change concerning their friendly relationship, certainly not, for she had not even reacted at that time.

As I've told you, this was only the first step. The next was an insult in front of nearly all the other people he knew and liked. An open, not completely justified insult.

She had made a kind of proposal that would exactly fit his own idea, and when he thought he could easily integrate it to present it publicly and please her, she insulted him indirectly and without real

justification.

Her eyes had changed then. The stars full of wisdom and understanding had been replaced by a glance of fury, accompanied by a look that seemed greedy and demanding. Was that the real O.?

She must've been more than a spectator of life, then. Though this insult had been officially adressed to everybody, it seemed to be made for him especially, as her eyes told him. Yes, he knew her, and probably, he knew her manners too well to misjudge her once more.

His blindness was now gone, accompanied by his once-so-strong love. Still, this wasn't final yet, for he tried to ignore all those things that had happened, giving her the second chance he'd never really had. The next evening, she grasped and dumped this one.

He found her talking to people that showed interest in her, but he had never ever thought them to be of her crowd, really, for he'd thought them to be part of her show of life. The expression in her face, her smile, and her eyes teached him to think differently: Though she didn't seem to love anyone of them, she was certainly showing them the same emotions she had showed him so long a time ago. This face could drive you nuts, and you would not be able to escape this magic easily. Now, he had penetrated the shield, and he would not be sucked in again.

The old O. was gone, and there was the new O., not being the person he had once loved. The person that had probably loved him a long time ago... But time was to pass, as it always did. And the next second, she and her new, betrayed friends were laughing with her about him. He felt that the childish smile and the laughing meant more than the others around her felt; It was not the innocent thing it seemed to be. She knew *exactly* what she was doing, right from the very beginning.

He felt dumped, though he'd never been lifted up by her for real. His next thought was the idea what would have happened if he had really *been* in a relationship with her; Would he have found out by now what she was doing? Was it just a temporary change, or was it final? Had she planned all of it? Was it her way to dump him without hurting herself nor him, for she didn't know he knew everything? Was

she finally just getting rid of him the way of talking to him less and less, and finally hurting him to make him feel better without her?

He was wondering if she really knew what she was doing. Maybe, it was fate, or destiny once more. But he knew he could not make out the plan, and if he could have found out, it would have been different. He was shuddering, for he was alone once more, realizing he had learnt and kept some things from O., P. and all the others. P., by the way, hadn't changed thus profoundly. But his best friend had, too.

It was as if friendship meant nothing in these days anymore, and he wondered whether this was not only the downfall of O., but of character itself. He felt he was changing, too, but still, he hoped he could control it. His heart was weeping, but this was normal in such a world. A lonely, isolating world in which one could only trust oneself, and not even this was true. The only positive emotion was hope; The hope you could trust somebody while you knew you couldn't. But life was the way to escape this reality. How did he react to this new loneliness?

He felt more than dumped by O.; In fact, he felt dumped by the world and all its inhabitants. Thus, he tried to change all of it for the better — He started working, getting his fingertips on quite everything out there. It was his way to deal with problems out there: He would try to change the world, securing his own existence. This meant he didn't have any spare time, but he felt that this was the right way as soon as the first people were impressed. Still, L.-B. was stealing time from him, getting on his nerves even worse, becoming more and more offensive. But he'd stand it.

When he got his nose into O.'s affairs (though only indirectly), she ignored what he did, and he decided to cooperate with other people around her, thus ignoring her ignorance. And he seemed successful, accepted by the now-changed world, punishing his best friend and O. by not telling them what he was really doing. In fact, this was not so big a change, but it made him feel better. Yesterday, the final sign proved him right: O. was outside the library, not very far away. Some small idea of destiny made her turn round to face him, and she was slowly raising one hand, as if to greet him; At the same time, she didn't

smile and stopped when she was half-way through. Before he could even try to answer, she was gone. It was as if she was fighting a normal reaction, denying her own self. . . If he had done something wrong, he didn't really know about it. He had only once been inconsistent with his normal character, and he had lost some of his cynicism she had been admiring, but that was all about it. Her change seemed to sudden to be any kind of long-term reaction.

Thus, he agreed with the idea that not only he, but she had changed, too. And with her, this was a profound change. His decision was final: He'd close the story about O. in the way it had been going on up to now. He was not that important anymore, and he'd probably be better off this way. Still, there was this feeling about the search for the reason of her changing. . .

But his best friend had changed, too. He knew the reason, at least part of it: His interest in a girl — or, in fact, in one of two girls while he could not really decide which one he loved — had changed him, for he tried to adjust his attitude. He lost himself to become part of the group of admirers. For me, this admiration had had its share of my life for some time to come. Though it's part of men's nature to admire, it may make you blind. You should never lose yourself and adapt to be like another creature.

He realized that he'd — in a way — done so by becoming like O.; His cynicism and simple reactions had become less as he was trying to become a more integral part of society. Maybe, that was the right way to go on, but who can tell?

Slowly, he realized, life was back to normal. Loneliness meant control, and control meant seclusion. Seclusion, finally, meant that you could be yourself below the profiling system. That was the point he was returning to, and he had learnt a lot.

No matter what destiny held in store for him: He'd face it. Even if that meant that there would be a time when O. would return, or at least her character would come back to him in her body or another person. Maybe, the things that make you be yourself are not fixed in place; Maybe, he was even in a happy relationship at the same time with another O. in another world. Maybe. . .

The dissonance of time
is what we call destiny;
If it gets hold of you,
which it must,
it will seize control.
The only way to escape
is playing by the rules
until the game is over;
Then, you may be granted another try.
— W.G.

Who defines the multitudinous character
of human beings?
Can thou control it?
Are there signs to forebode its development?
Is it really fixed to a single being,
or the sum of the multitudinousness
of individual particles
in an eternal stream
of consciousness?
Do these particles
make up our soul?
And do the seemingly random movements
of these parts of matterless energy
define the path of our change?
— W.G.

3 Controlled Destruction

Originally published: Thursday 14th September 2006

Hello once more!

Today, some things came for a surprise, at least, some — probably foolish — thoughts. You shall be able to find out for yourself when continuing reading. . .

Was the world suffering from controlled destruction?

This was another day, just in the middle of life. And the moment he decided to continue writing was caused by O. once more — probably for one of the last times. He had seen her that day, though he hadn't, for it certainly wasn't O. anymore. She had changed completely, as he had to realize right now.

Her colours were gone, and he could not really make out anything special about her anymore, as he could have done so easily some weeks before. In fact, he had already described her loss of expression in the last era, but it had never been as radical as this day. . .

He didn't recognise her for a few seconds when he saw her. She smiled more rarely, and her clothes — they were pretty similar to those of L.-B., and all of her natural beauty seemed gone for she had betrayed her own aura. Maybe, this was gone, too. . .

Right now, she looked like one of these girls that would stay at home for the rest of their lives to care for a husband — The same thing L.-B. seemed to want to do. Where had O.'s vividness gone? This was the moment when he began to think about controlled destruction. Such a sudden change could not simply happen by chance, and even fate could not make people act without any logic. Her nickname was shortened and she had lost individuality, lacking everything that had made her

so special once. This seemed not to be so temporary a thing. It really seemed as if his planned forgetting about her had caused something unnatural to happen; Still, he could not allow himself to believe that his thoughts had changed reality, but. . .

If one really thought about it, having the theory in mind that all our conscience was just a result of the reaction between an unknown sort of energy and our brains, and if these parts of energy were mobile, than it could be explained. O. was still out there, but she had been eradicated from the creature he had once loved; This meant that the change in character would result in a sort of physical change, too, for energy was matter and the other way round. But finally, this would mean that all of us could change the visible reality **and** all the people around us by controlling this energy. The idea itself seemed logical, but without any rational foundation.

Most things in modern sciences were like that, though. One could be right without being able to prove this to anybody else, and somebody else with a proof could be proved wrong. At least, this theory would explain all the things our sciences couldn't: Magic was something mankind had forgotten about. Was it really out there, just under our very noses?

He wondered where O. was gone, but this strange theory gave him hope that she was still somewhere out there. The things he'd copied from her had probably not only been copies, but the real things, then. . .

Could two become one by just being united in sympathy? The idea seemed wonderful, and it would explain so many things, while it would also give reason to hope, as energy was then conscience and matter, and energy could only be transformed, but never killed or destroyed.

The next step of his thoughts was the very beginning of the complete story: When he had first met O., had he just managed to remember her first words without knowing her because some invisible stream of particles formed by energy were mixing between them, feeling the longing for unity even before they knew each other? Was love then just the expression of this process, and the end of this exchange the end of individuality which must inevitably lead to breaking up? If so, then his idea could explain even more.

The entropy of the universe was rising steadily, and if the universe was a representation of 'his' energy, then the entropy of it must be found rising, too. Then, this meant that not only the complexity was growing, but also the instability. In a sudden burst of energy or in a small wave, the particles could be thrown around, and a character could change within seconds. The parallel changes all around him made him think so, while this theory could also be all rubbish. However, it was the only thing he had for O. was gone, and her presence — or at least her existence — had given him the feeling that there was somebody out there who was like him and would accept his strange being. She was the first person he'd really have allowed to open the shell. When she was gone, he had to find a substitute, and if not human, then it must be theoretical.

His vision was growing steadily. His best friend was still changing, and something he proposed him was not accepted; This had happened quite often before, but he had nearly always been able to get to the root of this denial. This time, he could not find it.

If we took the idea that we were defined by others for true, then one would absorb this strange energy of others. Those who were always thinking, trying to sort things out and at the same moment searching for ways to communicate with this strange flow of energy, would then be the people that realized their change and the changes of the others. These would be the ones that would try to control it, playing with something they would not even know.

Was this really true? O. could never have changed so quickly without something *very* special going on, and as far as he knew, there was no such thing. However, he had still been watching for signs, and they had approached him. The plate of the car behind the one he was driving showed a short, encrypted version of O.'s new, shortened nickname and the date of the 16th of September. He wondered what was to happen on this day, at the same time realizing that O.'s birthday was to arrive soon. Even if there was a kind of party, he'd never believe that she'd invite him.

What's for sure is that this month will be very interesting, and that we all shall know more about ourselves, life and everything else by

the end of it. While these thoughts were controlling his mind, he felt denied by the world for a knowledge he didn't even know about. With a smile, he recalled the scene in the 'Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy' when you get to know that the earth is a big kind of biologic computer to find the question with the answer "42". The controlled destruction of this planet that had been rendered useless long before was a kind of parallel description of his current ideas. Destiny would be out there, blocking the path to wisdom using many different ways of doing so. If something happened nearly every time, it was regarded a law of physics; But was this just another idea to stop our progress to the wisdom which would destroy ourselves? Was the basis of everything really so stable that we could predict it, and at the same time so instable we could never put the finger on it? Fate and destiny had done a good job confusing us human beings.

This leaves us with the question: Are we really more *advanced* than the people that built 'Stonehenge'? Did they know things we can't understand? But I'm getting off track. I was just going to say that most things we regard as normal and secure are certainly not this way. How can we regard ourselves as the masters of the earth when we don't know most of it? And how dare we decide what is to happen with *our* planet and ourselves?

It was just an idea, a seemingly senseless theory — the way most things began. The theory of strings had been found in an old book of mathematics by chance, and chances are that it's correct — chances are it isn't.

We should not simply regard the world as logical or based on logic, for we must know better: We can only explain something about ten percent of the universe using our logic. The rest is unknown, and it may be that somewhere out there — somewhere behind a star or what we take for a star — God is hiding and watching us. Or a stream of energy that makes our yet inexplicable conscience, or aliens, or another earth, parallel universes, copies of ourselves, people that know how the universe works; or, somewhere out there, there may be the O. he was searching for. The O. he had loved, the creature that had been gone so quickly. At least, in this universe and this time.

And time is the power that may show if any of these words contain any truth, and if somebody like O. may return in some way. For now, we can once more just wait and watch the things going on, discussing their causes and effects without understanding them.

If conscience be a ball of energy
and energy be matter
can we grasp the key to the world?
Would we even try to do it,
leaving our current lives behind
for something without aim,
just knowledge?
Would it be in vain?
— W.G.

A star was rising;
it's existence,
and even so more ours,
had been the result
of more than a dozen constants;
if only one was wrong,
all would be gone.
Who could predict it?
Can we call it 'chance'?
And finally:
Is it positive?
— W.G.

4 Strange Observations

Originally published: Monday 25th September 2006

Hello; a steadily changing hello!

Things had become even more complicated, but this was the way the world was developing itself all the time. If it would not work out in such a strange way, we should find not reason to live on. . .

Bound to make strange observations.

Really peculiar things had taken place; He would not be able to make out any reglarity except the single one that nothing could be predicted, really. And the more he tried to find the root of it, the further he was driven away and the more complicated things became. In a short: He was in the very midst of life.

Slowly was a word he'd rarely heard or used in the last days, and he would not use it in the days to come. His best friend had upset him in a way he couldn't tolerate, and he was close to choosing the way of complete seclusion, when his friend finally gave in the same moment he told him nobody else was to be dependent on him. In fact, most people asked him for loads of things, but he was happy to be able to help them; And his best friend had often been the same, though he was now searching for a more important way of controlling things.

And, he was looking for others to share this power.

But he was happy he knew his friend so well; Finally, he could change his mind. The hardships of doing so, however, made him think. The change that had been grabbing O.'s deepest emotions and her soul had also changed the others around him, afflicting his best friend's character, to. No doubt this meant he had to become absolutely

independent from everybody in any ways he was still dependent on them.

But he had also realized that some sort of change was going on with himself: Life was simply rushing by, but he felt even more like an observer now, standing there to watch. Often, he noticed more than others did, and maintained control of his mind to a further degree than them. One may wonder whether this is the right way to live, because it also means you're clutching yourself so strongly you may not easily get carried away by destiny and the ideas of others, but up to know, he had been right most times.

He knew this was to change.

The most puzzling observation included O., again; In fact, there were several things he'd now found out about her. Still, he was hoping to realize more of this strange transformation, and she was the subject that he knew pretty well before this wave had grasped the souls of the people around him.

Suddenly, he could understand all those out there that committed so many, cruel crimes: Taking a weapon and running through a school; Raping women; Or simply stealing something from the shop next door. They all had understood part of this process of change, but due to some lack in their character or in the way they were treated by those around them, they couldn't deal with it. Their souls missed *foundation*.

Strangely, with this sentence, such people had become normal to him; They were just part of the mess out there, the extreme counterpart of — What, really? What kind of perfect happiness was there? There must be something like that, but the media wouldn't tell us. It was just the kind of people that were ignored who gave the foundation for those who'd otherwise make themselves not to be ignored anymore.

Everything seemed so plain now; But O. was still — different. He had remembered something few people seemed to have thought about, maybe a result of the changing society resulting in individual seclusion: Her birthday.

As a result, she had invited him. He'd never have thought about it, and these few words ("Would you like to come?") hit him out of nothing. Maybe, there was still something orange inside her, but he

realized she simply turned around a quarter of the 360 degrees that make a circle so she didn't face him anymore. Another girl was talking to her, and he was bound to be silent, for she seemed not to show any interest in any way anymore.

The following hours, he still tucked in some of the information life was giving him: O. seemed sad, not really smiling anymore. G. and some others seemed to share this emotion. And, finally, she didn't notice the details of life anymore — In fact, the further time was expanding in the (positive?) direction, fewer people were able to see through the mesh that would make us completely ignorant. No greeting with a smile; This had only been visible the very moment he had pronounced the words 'Happy Birthday!'. No waving at him while passing by; Not even turning her eyes, watching out for *anybody* being next to her.

She had really chosen the way of seclusion; He wondered how that would work out. But as he was invited, he seemed to be among the fifteen or so she still remembered. Maybe even less, he wouldn't know. But he was not to be as happy as the last year he had been with her; She was not the O. he had known, anymore. However, he was interested in the way he had changed. The way everybody had changed.

If he'd realize the foundation of this past, present and future change, he'd finally understand life and himself. But was he allowed to do so, and did he really want to find out? His mind was making up things; The last time, he had written about magic. Magic being still alive. At least, in the minds of some people. Was this change only to be controlled by magic? He was to find out, facing himself with several ancient ideas concerning the way to change the things and happenings around you. Though he didn't really believe it would work out (which was probably the right way to think of things as such), he'd continue trying. All those coincidences must have some reason.

Can you recall a moment when you knew something perfectly well before it happened? Even if it was not possible for this to be a *deja-vu*, because you already knew it would happen before it really did? We all know those moments, and if we don't, we've just missed them. This may be magic.

The second when you say the same thing the person next to you says, as synchronous as the people who have really studied this do when they translate movies; The moment when you know the *exact* words one may pronounce the next second, or probably, the moment when you simply feel that you see things so plainly and forget about this vision that had been so clear not a minute before.

Is this the magic of our lives? How come we have lost control of this apparent connection between us humans and the universe? How come we don't even know about it, though there are many examples that could make us realize? Don't we want things to happen we cannot explain so easily?

No, we don't want such things to happen. We don't want the time to pass when O. had been so close; We want to go back to the time when her soul was still orange, *I* want to feel her sitting next to me, talking and smiling, our eyes meeting, sinking into our souls. But she seems gone, seems to have passed away, lost her magic in a blink of an eye.

If nothing may be eternal, why does this word exist? Is it just the ideal we long to hold, an image to wake our sorrows? How dare we judge the world when we don't even know who we are and which power dominates ourselves?

He began organizing things, sorting some of the mess out, creating a new kind of mess, somehow. Nay, we cannot understand ourselves, because we don't want to lose the impression that we are products of magic, having killed everything that may have been magic in the world. It's like the idea of fairies dying when you do not believe in them; If we don't believe in the magic of our very own souls, we shall die, too. And if not so easily, our souls will be the subject to this killing idea.

Being our own death-machinery, we shall try to take a step back and watch, all of us. But we must not forget to look inside ourselves, too. I'll continue to watch and search for explanations, even if they seem too fantastic and impossible. Try this for yourself, for I'll once more take a short break now — probably. But the birthday-party may be the trigger of more events, for there may be O., G., o.'s best friend, and Y. — probably. Let's lean back and see.

A man was standing there.
In the rain, wet all through.
Watching.
Contemplating.
Counting the raindrops hitting the road
next to him;
They knew more about these drops
than about their very selves;
So he was bound to stay there,
destined to get a cold,
because he was willing to *know*.
But he knew he'd never find out
more about himself
than about the tiny drops of water
hitting the road
next to him.
— W.G.

Let life be a bottle of wine:
Somewhere inside, there would be
the answer;
But if you drink the wine,
you will be too drunk to understand.
But you must do so
or continue sharing
the common ignorance
of man.
— W.G.

5 Final Proof

Originally published: Saturday 14th October 2006

Hi!

This time, loads of things had happened. Things that could prove my theory, and development of the same. OliFre is helping me to build it into the current scheme of theories so it might be accepted by the scientific world though it sounds really improbable. And, in addition to that, he is building himself a new homepage; If he succeeds in the next months, he may also move my page there. Still, you will be able to access it by using the normal links. Be patient!

Finding the final proof. . .

He had found it. The Final Proof, on that special evening. Y. had not been there, but that was not the major speciality.

O.'s friend wasn't there, and he wouldn't return. Why had this happened? Of course, it could only happen because this was the moment when he had least believed in their separation. For him, this was the Final Proof; In addition to that thinking, she had also been so distant towards him he could not believe it. G. had shared part of this inexplicable distance, but he suddenly knew the reasons for all of it. He could not only see through people's minds, but also through the mind of the world, and this vision seemed to become clearer every minute.

This night, even, he had dreamt of her. Dreamt of the old, long-gone times when the two of them were in the same bus; But her behaviour had changed, and she was nearly as distant as she was now in reality. He had approached her and talked to her in this dream, not the other

way round; And finally, she'd blocked the place next to her so he could only sit down behind O. He wasn't sure whether silence followed, as his memory of this dream ceased to give him more information at this point; A misty cloud was in his mind, fogging O.'s existence — and his own. In reality, she had become a bit more friendly, probably having dealt with her loss now; but she wasn't really *caring* for him the way she had done before.

He decided to ignore all these revived feelings, leaving her alone so as to free the way for the decision of fate; Then, if things seemed inevitable, he could consciously follow that path, whether it meant unity — or separation.

Something else had really troubled him some days before, something he'd never experienced, not even in films or books; Something he had always feared to happen without knowing what it really was. One morning, L.-B. had approached him right after the lesson and said 'We must talk.' The sentence everybody said when there was trouble lying ahead — and there was. Trouble for his already tortured soul. He had already noticed that L.-B. suddenly seemed to ignore him, and the phone calls had stopped; Since that moment when he'd most offensively ignored her in the library. He'd felt her mind *break*, but P., sitting next to him, seemed not to realize, being absorbed by something else.

Without saying a word of goodbye, L.-B. suddenly stood up and was gone; He had pretended to be absorbed by something else, too. Several days later, he'd talked to P. about L.-B.'s sudden ignorance and expressed his happiness about it, but he felt that something was going on. P. didn't, and remarked that L.-B. was probably thinking *them* to be a couple now; She smiled saying so, and he knew she was joking, but he decided to accept this explanation for there was no other for the moment.

That Friday, one week before Friday the thirteenth, he was given the explanation. L.-B. was with him, telling him she had the feeling he was in some way ignorant towards her. Her eyes were glistening, and he knew there was a terrible sadness in there. No, not a terrible sadness — these eyes seemed hurt and rejected. He knew this would happen some day, but he'd never promised ANYTHING to her.

He was silent. She was talking.

Nervously moving her head from here to there, she told him that this feeling was giving her a hard time — then, when some students both of them knew passed by, she was smiling, and only a sensitive person could see what was going on — but there was nobody around here who could sense such a profiling system, with the exception of him. Such a system was inside everybody, and she had just activated it, very likely without realizing it. He knew what was going on, and she continued talking when they were ‘alone’ once more.

He sensed a single tear escaping her right eye and hitting the ground, but she ignored that, trying to hide that feelings, escaping his look. He decided he was to say something — quickly. ‘I would not have noticed’, was the best he could think of. That meant that from her point of view, the ignorance could be tracked down to his unconsciousness; And that was the very place where it came from, for he didn’t love her.

So, concerning the cause of it, he hadn’t even lied. The first time that sentence ran over his lips, she didn’t even notice. This was something he couldn’t understand, for he’d always thought that love made you the most attentive person concerning the beloved. He’d noticed that ignorance with her more than once, and in a way, he was mirroring it back. It had made him realize that this love of her’s was some kind of childish fondness, and no love at all.

His and her English professor passed by, touching her shoulder and wishing her a happy day and nice holidays — Her profiling system was activated once more, she smiled and thanked her. Even this professor didn’t notice a thing, and he had the terrible vision in his mind of her realizing that L.-B. was — crying, though she did so silently. What would L.-B. have said, and how would the professor have reacted?

In another line of time, this may have happened, but he was happy he was right here, and his awareness of the high probability of the normally sensitive professor to notice that fact had probably made him continue his life in this timeline.

As the professor was gone, he’d repeated his sentence, and this time, she’d noticed it. But she had not understood. He wondered whether love was not only blinding, but also deafening — But normally, this

was a result of the raised attentiveness towards the beloved, and thus should — though it would affect all senses — not affect the intercourse with the beloved.

He repeated his sentence, a magical third time. She seemed to understand, and while his face remained unmoved, she became more silent, keeping herself together even stronger and then trying a weak smile. Maybe, her hand was even taking away the tears, but he wasn't aware of that right now. Why had P. already gone ahead instead of waiting? Because she wanted to reserve a place in the library for him. To do him a favour.

And there it was, that 'favour'. She asked him 'So, can we now be — friends again?' That childish sentence. No, this certainly wasn't real love. It was childish fondness, but it hurt her nevertheless.

He accepted her offer, and she asked him whether she was allowed to phone him once more in the holidays. Before, she'd admitted her fear of phoning him — A fear he could not really understand *without* taking her strong feelings for him into account, even if that were only feelings of fondness.

They went down to the library together, she sat down some eight metres away from him, as he took his seat next to P. She would approach him once more that day, to wish him some nice weeks of holiday and repeat her (threat?) to phone him. He couldn't tell P. right now about that. Not while L.-B. was sitting only some metres away, and not without having thought about all that for some time. He'd tell her later, maybe, probably by sending her this extract of his story — his life.

When he thought about all that had happened up to now, the only person that could come to know more about him than P. was O., and she didn't show any real interest in gaining such knowledge. But there were still most things left to himself and those that read his stories.

He wondered what was to happen if he printed this story one day and sent it to O.; He was decided to do so in some years, though he was pretty sure she wouldn't even read it. She was not the 'big reader', and especially wouldn't finish such long stories.

His best friend had come a bit closer to him now, from his own point

of view — But he couldn't ignore the changes that had taken hold of him, and others were also mentioning it — if he wasn't there. He hadn't given her such a big amount of presents this year; Last year, she had received some books, but he was sure she hadn't even read them. O. was not the 'big reader', though he'd thought so when he'd two years ago tried to read one book along with her, and finished another one she was reading (without finishing it) for ages. He was still wondering why she had allowed him to tell her the end of that story.

Maybe, she wanted to get rid of that memories, of these connections between them, for this was the time when she was together with her now-gone boyfriend. We should now try to lean back, enjoying some rest from work by working, for we can'd do anything else. More is to come, but be patient!

Love is a wave
 blinding your senses
 towards the world —
 only to make them more attentive
 towards the beloved.
 — W.G.

Let me paint a contrast —
 go far, far away
 and see it's all the same:
 Each difference shrinks away
 to nothing
 in the distance.
 — W.G.

6 Requiescat in Pace

Originally published: Thursday 26th October 2006

Hello!

A shocked, terrified and crazy hello. Things had happened that nearly were beyond my understanding, but I know this is to be. Things that turn O.'s life into a tragedy — from my point of view, though this might be accompanied by temporary or even long-term-happiness for her. However, this was the last, final and inevitable proof that the person he had taken to be O. wasn't this person anymore. She had — finally — gone, if she'd ever been there.

A distorted image is all we can grasp when looking at somebody else — and it is often far too late that we realize that the plain image is not the same at all. We shall start now sharpening our view to see the image that has been hidden behind the fog of love for so long.

Raise the curtain, and let the plays begin! The tombstone of O.: Requiescat in Pace.

R.I.P. — The last thing we see
of a human being;
and whenever that might be —
in spite of our seeing
before this tragic loss
of something once so living
we must feel more distant
from that person —
beloved or not,

human or God,
matter or emotion,
as hate or devotion;
Your mind being ported
to an image even more distorted,
or clearer to extent unknown;
The seeds of memory
finally sown.

The person once called O. with love had gone, being replaced by one of the empty shells we see walking everywhere around us. *They* do not look, *they* can not see, *they* can neither hear nor witness anything their senses reveal to them. *They* are controlled by something they can never control.

They are lost.

And *they* can not be rescued — not in time, because they shall refuse such rescue.

Maybe, he was one of *them*, too — but he felt he wasn't. What he didn't know was whether O. had always been like *them* somewhere inside — He wondered whether his mind had only imagined her to see what seemed hidden for *them*. The tiny details, the wonderful sensations of single moments whose existence others wouldn't even realize.

May this be the movement of the particles making water when your finger penetrates its surface — the way a leaf takes in the wind — the sound the ocean makes when caressing the sand of the beach, or the seemingly simple way of members of the human race to unconsciously control their tone of speech, the thousands of movements of the muscles in their faces or the movements of their eyes.

Now, he had lost quite all of the blindness the existence of O. had made him accept. A blindness of senses everybody would accept if to be given the O. of his life, but not having to accept it was the privilege of those who had really been given the O. of their lives.

However, things were different now. It was not that O. had physically gone, rapt away by some explicable or impossible decision of fate —

No, physically, she was still out there, under his very nose. What had been rapt away was the bond that had once unified the person herself and his idea of O.

You have already learned that she was alone again, and knowing about the accompanying change upon her character that seemed to be temporary, you may assume what had happened if been told that she was the old way again — but ignoring him even more, being blind for the sensations of sensual perception.

We must go back in time more than half a year to understand about the cause of this sudden blindness, impersonating Y. and having a look at her boyfriend in these months.

At some time around January, Y. had been together with a boy, and though I don't really remember whether I've given you a more detailed description of this person already, we shall do this now. He changed girlfriends very quickly, a relationship just lasting some months; Y. must in some way have been fascinated by that boy who appeared to be interested in history and science, though he was mostly learning things automatically rather than really understanding them. Ignoring the fact that Y. seemed to change boyfriends quite quickly, too, this boy was in some ways proud of such relationships, while Y. was really searching for something, it seemed. He couldn't offer her this something.

For that reason, it was her decision to quit that relationship once and for all, and though our protagonist had somehow felt that this was to happen, he had remained silent. Today, Y. was over some boyfriends more, while she seemed to be alone now again, keeping up a friendly attitude towards him all the time. Her friendship to G. seemed to have splintered long ago as it had been too close, and her singular and best friend at school seemed to be another girl she was with most of the time.

His eyes searched the trees outside the library for a movement, but everything was keeping still. People around him made muted sounds, and all the world seemed to stand still while he was writing, hammering at the keyboard in front of him, remembering what had happened so long ago. This boy had also gone over several girlfriends, or rather they had overcome him, I guess.

Back to the close present: L.-B. had phoned him on the 24th of October, and even once before since that tragical scene some weeks ago. He realized he couldn't fight her growing fondness, but had to accept it, ignoring it as best as he could so as to stop any possible progress, yet without hammering her soul. She'd have to be faced with an ignorant, not-so-intelligent and sensible boy to learn he wasn't hers at all.

P. was now sitting next to him, reading in a book, and just some minutes before, she had refused to read the chapter he had prepared for her. As she didn't know about the contents and had given reason for it — she didn't want to start with anything else if she wasn't forced to while reading another book — he accepted her point of view. Destiny had chosen this universo to work out this way — or his mind had, or whoever was in charge of controlling one's flow of fate.

The world had been normal until that very moment at the end of L.-B.'s call — or, in fact, it was just becoming normal and had been spinning all around just before. Who could judge this? The last days, he had been recovering slowly from a shock that had gripped his complete body. Now, equipped with information as you are, bursting for the explanation, we shall start with the report. The report how the tombstone was set up, and the description of the person who chose the letters engraved in the cold, hard stone. A merciless report of a final farewell.

He had just answered some mathematical problems to L.-B. on the phone, when he realized she was finished and now frantically searching for more topics to talk about. She wanted to share everything with him, while he couldn't help but listen quietly all these times, just breaking his silence with the sound of air blowed through his nose now and then to express a laugh he didn't really feel.

This time, that laugh would stick in his soul. L.-B. mentioned the boy whose character has just been described, commenting on his peculiar, offensive and well-known way of changing girlfriends. He wondered how L.-B. suddenly came to give her opinion on that boy, but lovers may do strange things, and he didn't dare ask her for that would probably lengthen the one-directional conversation that was so

hard to endure, and the more he wished for its end, the longer it would become.

However, this time, she had good reason to talk about that boy, though she didn't know a thing about the effect this would have on him. Not the glimpse of it. It took him nearly a second to understand the name of that boy's new girlfriend, for his mind seemed repulsively, unwilling to accept such a thing to come true. It was impossible, unnatural, against all order that had been maintained in that world of cruel chaos — till now.

And for seconds, minutes, hours, a night and a day he'd just believe it half-heartedly; It could not be true, he had to have been mistaken. The name L.-B. pronounced — so he thought — the name of *O.*, and she added that she had just realized when these two people came to university again, after that tragic holidays. The next thing he did was breathe out, so as not to irritate L.-B. by laughing once more at the sharp edges of the shattered glass of life's mirror.

He felt the perfect actor, and the ultimate, ignorant and blind sheep that had just watched and imagined things that had never been true. And the very next day, Wednesday that is, he saw *O.* suddenly entering the same area he was standing in, and she said the following words: 'Where have they all gone?'

Destiny's last words, as if chosen from a play. If she'd ever been *O.*, then this was her decision to tread a path without return, being alone and without hope, accompanied by devil's companions. However, there had still been a half-hearted reaction in his heart, a combined feeling of happiness and sorrow. It vanished soon when her new boyfriend appeared behind her.

He could watch the two of them from a distance of some three or four metres, and he saw them stand close to each other, maybe not even having noticed his presence, for he had set up an aura of invisibility by looking as boring as one could. This was something he mostly did as the born hermit, and even *P.* had to surrender to this magic talent or burden, however it might be called.

Their hands met. The moment of truth, as he'd still doubted truth and reality up to this moment. He had *not* misunderstood L.-B., the

messenger not knowing the meaning of the information she transported over the line for sheer ignorance concerning the few words her beloved person had uttered in her presence. She had underestimated the importance of the spoken or written word.

And he had underestimated O.'s shallowness.

His love had always been based on the feeling that there was something deep inside that girl — maybe there was, but she had betrayed this magic right now. For one second on this terrible Thursday, the subdued magic gave him a last sign: Having ignored him up to now, she had now retreated into the 'safe haven' of love to that boy, and could take a look at him.

She didn't see he saw what was going on, and as she finally realized, her eyes moved away. For less than a second, she stared at him in the auditorium. This was the thing his trained senses had waited for, and he perceived emotions that made him think that she tried to understand his thinking. Probably, she wondered whether he was happy this way, and what she should have done or left undone in the past.

Earlier that day, there had been a small struggle, but he had already cut the bond that had once been so strong. Her new boyfriend asked him for some information, and she was trotting behind, trying to find that information, too. Not a fraction of the friendship that had once linked him and that girl was to be seen in her movements, her eyes or her soul. Everything was subject to a terrible sort of containment.

He remained invisible, reflecting the total ignorance she offered him. At the same time, he was helping the girl that was present when the first denial took place, the girl that still was in a perfectly stable relationship, with some maths stuff, and one of P.'s friends with some piece of information technology. Or had all this happened later on? He was tired, and his memory would not be able to help him out.

No, he remembered things well now: That girl had already started with asking him or was just planning to do so, while he had been in the midst of helping P.'s friend until that boy took the computer to do some 'few seconds research'.

He found what he was searching for, but it seemed to be sheer luck.

Even O. had not believed that this could be true, but it was. Fate just crashed the computer, but the information was still displayed. The girl he had been helping with maths joined in a short discussion about some biological topic, and the boy was resisting on some opinion O. refused to accept.

It was a matter of taste and belief. A fundamental thing.

The other girl kept out of it, and O. simply finished arguing, though he felt she didn't like to do so. She had certainly searched the presence of this guy to gain a feeling of safety, for he was very tall and *appeared* to be intelligent, as you have read before. And all of a sudden, he knew why the boy was changing girlfriends so quickly: He was a temporary station on a path of development, offering the illusion of safety and shelter.

Nevertheless, O.'s not knowing about it made him realize her lack of sensual perception, her denial of her own magic powers, her worshipping the power of ignorance.

That Friday, the last thing he had done before he had to run to the bus was trying to explain something to P. and her friend, but they seemed to get it wrong and a small struggle between him and P. was interrupted by the bus' arriving — He experienced the feeling of having run away, but he could do nothing about it. The part of him that felt guilty and insatisfied with his leaving in the middle of fighting a war he would have won was in constant conflict with the part that knew he should secure some distance from P., for he felt he'd probably come to close. Thus, he wondered whether he should contact her that weekend to explain things or wait until these two days had passed — very likely, he should choose the latter.

With O., there had been signs, of course. *Many* signs of unbelievable clarity, and it was just now that he understood; the suddenly orange coloured wall at university, an impossible thing to happen by chance, and all those numbers. . .

Just this Friday, he had chosen some numbers he'd use for calculation and seconds later, the professor gave them the constant they should use. The number he had chosen before was 343, and it was valid for a temperature of 20 °C. One may notice the coincidence of '2' being a

number closely linked to O. and ‘343’ being the number he’d seen just above him on the ceiling in that tragic night of the past, lying awake, his thoughts rushing somewhere around O.

All that had lost importance now. The bond was broken, all love gone with the wind.

The hermit was alone once more in the middle of the crowd, sensing the presence of other beings that could not recognize neither him nor the existence of fate and its signs.

O. — orange — a word that may have developed out of ‘or’, the word for gold or golden — was not a thing more than an imagined reality, the letters engraved on its tombstone describing what had happened in an imaginative, searching and attracted mind that had been lost for long.

Now, the hermit had to secure his independence, finding refuge in continuous, but not repetitive work and thought. Retreat to see — become invisible to know — and know to realize that knowledge may never be the solution for the problems of mankind.

But it was path that could be chosen.

Slowly, he was treading along this path, searching for the next empty page that would be filled — eagerly, it might be hiding some hundred metres apart, but he could also stumble upon it every minute. Watch him, and please don’t forget to come back so we can have a look at that page together!

Betrayal
can be ignorance,
invisibility,
lying,
hiding,
stealing —
or simply
plain love.
— W.G.

Can you see the ball
the children use to play?

If you can,
is your seeing sharp enough
to make out their happy faces
and all the smiles jumping around
at this place that had been a graveyard
some hundred years before?

What about your watching
the wrinkled face of a grandma,
standing there,
watching,
smiling,
crying,
for the first person she had ever learned
to love
may be found below the feet of these children?

Her love is still alive,
vividly on a strive
to join the man who'd betrayed
her being just most openly delayed —
A wave of lost emotion,
long gone devotion,
nights of staring
at the flaring
of her fire.
He'd been a liar,
but he had not possessed her love.

If love be a dove,
she had caught it with a glove,
and he had lost what she had gained:
The love she'd attained
had been given to her without
the knowledge of this lout,
and he shall never realize
the bigness and the size
of what had happened —
for she would withdraw,
not bound by any law,
leaving him alone in crowds
of ignorant and lonely louts;
She had received the biggest gift,
and he had lost a chance so swift.
— W.G.

7 Unipolar Depression?

Originally published: Wednesday 15th November 2006

Hi!

I was just caught in a process of endless work, not only for university, but also concerning the eternal turn of the wheels of my mind. Recapitulating what had been, and what was to come, and endless tragedy seemed to manifest itself, nevertheless giving an outlook that might be far more beautiful. Nothing was to be seen yet — and who but chance could tell the truth?

Final fade of forlorn remembrance?

Fancy pictures
having flown through a mind —
leaving traces, scars
signs that forever remind of lost wars;
Why do we aim to win?
Scars teach us more than a sin,
and the power achieved by their healing
is the strongest weapon of peace.

Today, the most extreme feeling ever had approached him: He was in an exam, and not completely sure whether O. — the person he'd thought to be O. — would also be there. Some weeks ago he would have known for sure, but now, the first pieces of information were fading.

It was after some time that he found her, and the thought that shot through his mind when seeing her made his heart stumble — he

had not only forgotten her, this was more than that. He was in the position he had wanted to be in before: Hating or at least scorning her character, regarding the once beloved with despise.

And that was the position he was in right now: As he had seen her that day, some feeling was growing inside his mind. And a word was there, a subconscious idea he could neither deny nor pronounce. When he looked at her, it seemed there was too much skin and her former vividness seemed to have transformed into selfish enjoyment: And the boyfriend fit totally with that image, only that he didn't hide this character of his — at least, when with boys.

It was no tragic loss anymore, as he had gained so much more than he had lost. Even if the time he had been contemplating may have been the outcome of a unipolar depression, he had realized that most things we call "mental diseases" are in fact ways of the beautiful and often misunderstood machine we call a brain to deal with the problems we cannot accept so easily. However, the question still remains whether happiness may be the result of knowledge or ignorance — or, whether we'll finally realize that it is the same.

L.-B. was still there, stealing his time in more and more oppressive ways. But this was not the only thing grabbing his mind — He had finally decided to take the chance to learn the thing that had long ago made him realize that there was a big difference between G. and O.: Dancing. According to the daughter of the teacher, he seemed to be talented — Just to remind you: G. had been a natural dancer, while O. had just done as she had been taught. One could see that when looking at these two, and it had made him think that in O. there was more sense, while G. was sensibility.

With O., he had been proven wrong, but with G., he seemed to have been right — She was still smiling at him for a greeting, and though she lacked a certain degree of attention (as most people did), there was still a more subtle attraction emanating from her than from O. His having been crazy about her had certainly not been based on fantasy only. But this had gone, and all there was to remain was an aura of friendship. Most interestingly, she had used the word aura that day while talking to him. Yes, some signs were still out there, and he

couldn't help but wait for something to happen.

However, one thought was eternally hunting through his mind — one single idea, one virtual thing he couldn't follow but could not forget — What if he changed his view on reality, imagining the real O. being with him, invisible to the others, but as vivid and perfect to his senses as he had always thought her to be?

No, he couldn't do it — Even if he would succeed in betraying his senses, he would not be able to face that decision to give up his perspective upon reality. Nobody could live with an image for a long time, even if that was to be perfect.

But he had found another way, a way that would take a long time, but may be worth all that energy he'd have to invest. He could construct a virtual image of her, a picture seemingly alive, but nevertheless being perfectly virtual. The process of making that image would help him deal with all that had gone by, but he'd need time he didn't have. He'd have to crack this nutshell open himself, but only for him — he'd have to find the core of it.

And so he sat there, looking around, working, thinking, typing. Typing the words that he felt.

It was a mindless race his thoughts were taking part in. Up and down, to and fro, swimming without control or visible aim; yet, he was able to realize that there was an aim he couldn't see. He had to wait, looking forward to an unknown destiny, facing hard times or something completely different — the story of life would continue. The rush of endless chaos wouldn't stop in a minute — the final countdown would (hopefully?) take a little longer. We shall see what comes next, if something is to come at all — new pages are waiting, and time is still rare.

A rainbow
 is a sign of red love,
 of orange expectance,
 of yellow vividness,
 of green hope,
 of blue wisdom

and of violet depth.

May it also be
as red as blood,
as orange as betrayal,
as yellow as a burning sun,
as green as a poisonous frog,
as blue as cold and suffocating water
and as violet as a reign of terror.

Yes, a rainbow may be all of it.
A rainbow is the bridge of life,
and as its symbol, it must contain
all the facets of life
there are.
— W.G.

A stone broke out of the wall —
with a loud ‘bang’ it hit the ground,
and finally, there was a hole
in front of him.
A hole to pass through,
a path to continue.
But the stone was gone,
never to return;
Should one wait and contemplate
or continue to tread the path of wisdom?
— W.G.

8 The Bottle of Chaos

Originally published: Sunday 23rd December 2007

Hello all of you out there,

Many changes have gone through me. I cannot withstand to pass my experiences on to you, for I have betrayed my mind so often it has ceased to follow me completely. Maybe I have to share so as to receive my lost conscience back. I will start with a poem I had begun to built out of long-lost words more than a yeat ago: It fitted back then, it shall also fit now.

All that we see
whether be or not to be
whether to you or up to me
is interpreted by our lonely wits;
cut up in tiny bits,
patches glued together;
some just out of leather,
or tiny, fluffy balls of wool;
Somebody sitting on a stool
keeps always watching,
his feelings touching
the depth of our souls
in burning emotion
waking long-lost devotion
leaving us with our notion
to cross ourselves
ending up on the shelves;
read by the witty,

but understood by the mad;
the crazy and distorted pictures
lost in everlasting mixtures;
and clear is mixed and mixed is clear,
black and white are to be grey,
and only the crazy one may see
what is to be.

The title of the post that should have contained this poem was 'Madhouse Inhabited'. It should have dealt with the dance of life catching us in its magnetic maelstrom, and the truth of this world that can only be found in mad eyes. Mad eyes that are judged to be mad while we're looking through our own. . . Madness is still with me, and I cannot help to give it up — as we are always accompanied by our death only to be alive, madness' company keeps us sane. Right now, I feel like I'm much closer to madness than to sanity. But you shan't be left with these confused words without explanation. Your first question will most certainly be: Why has there been such a long break? So much empty room? My life has not been empty. Well, it has. As I now look back, I have learnt how to deal with something completely different — I have for the first time of my life worked in a real team. And it had made me happy, though it had drained me. But before we can have some deeper insight into the more and less recent happenings, you shall be confided my thoughts on the 24th of March at two am, in the middle of the night, thoughts I had written down and just now found the time and power to continue. . . Now, it is time for you to learn about reality. This night, at about two pm, on the 24th of March, the second era had ended. This was definitely the time when I had slowly begun to realize that a joyful — because painful — time of my life had come to an abrupt ending. While writing down these words, I'm lying in my bed and my eyes are slowly

filling with tears, tears of sorrow, tears of final knowledge of a former alien world. I had thought that I had known a lot about this place we live in, but I had not — now, my character and my innermost soul had been overturned. But before I finally continue writing the story, I have to express the pain the months without laying down a word had given me — once, I had even started, done a poem and found a title — ‘Madhouse inhabited’ — but this was all small now, and a span of time that had been only a few days had been stretched out to years. We will now be able to follow a way from confusion through aggression and an inexplicable extent of work to minutes of blissful, now finally mostly absolute farewell. This is what I have to tell, and finally it’s ‘me’, not ‘him’, who tells a story of gaining a new life, a life of self-confidence and insight into emotional, abyssal graveyards. After this second era, that might be finished after just a few chapters, impressed by remembrance and newly gained inspiration, a short third era is to follow, concluded with a longer fourth era. What might happen after that, I dare not tell — the plan of my life is yet to clear up to the beginning of the first era, so that I must fear (or hope) it will not be fulfilled. But let’s finish this introduction here now and start to drink in the detail of mental pictures, of memories, concluded by a dance of farewell with O., the two of us being alone on the dancefloor. . .

Let’s start with this drink!

First of all, his best friend had found himself a girlfriend — L.-B. Then, around Christmas time, P. had ceased not to be been in a relationship. As if this wasn’t enough, very important exams were waiting to be taken — by all of them. And in addition to that, there were many things that had to be prepared for — the final farewell. They would all take part in that.

This is the moment to tell you, the reader, that I have lied — in

one point, that had not been so important for the story up to now, but that will explain what ‘the final farewell’ is all about. This lie was a lie of concealment, but most people had found out who he was, nevertheless. Still, people like O. and G. stayed unknown, though his best friend had his assumptions. The problem was that he knew about B. — he had told him — and about L.-B., of course. But taking into account he still did not seem to know who R. was, he wondered how far he had really followed his story. But even if nobody would read it — it was his story, his emotions, his life in a nutshell. My life in a nutshell. And just right now, when he was searching for a good position in his bed to continue writing, he looked at the clock: It was close to 3:43 am. First, let’s tell you about the lie: I have not attended university yet. It took all place at school, with teachers, courses, pupils and all that. It’s 3:43 now, the time when he had first felt that there was some kind of fate linking him and O.

Things have changed now, you will learn soon. But first, let’s continue with the sudden reign of chaos — tomorrow. This night, the outline for the chapters to come will be made, no more — then, I shall sleep and finish this chapter before the sun goes down again.

And that was the moment when my notes from that night ended. Ended to be concealed for a long, long time, but still they are as vivid in my mind when I read them as if they had just been written down by myself. By the self I had once been, by the self I want to be again. . .

I have found this document with some further notes and keywords I had left with it, and I want to tell you all the other things that had moved the swirling ingredients of my bottle of mind that evening of the final farewell. That most important, most wonderful evening in my life up to now. . .

Though my mind is currently fading, losing it’s once owned clarity, I will try to regain it to remember my brightest memories in all their brilliance. Maybe, this will be the path to healing my painful, unseen disease. . .

The ‘Final Farewell’ shall be the main topic of the next chapter, and it shall mark a change of my existence. Now, I will tell you about the persons that have influenced me up to then and are still influencing me

now — underestimated beings, more powerful in their subtle actions than I had ever expected them to be.

To prepare you for what is to come, I shall tell you that I am German, but English feels even closer than my mothertongue, though I have learnt it at school. English seems to be the language of my former existence before I was even born, and it's anchored far deeper in the twitched paths of my mind than anything else.

At the moment, I am studying physics, and that said, I have no lie left that I have not told you about. From now on, you are much closer to me than my closest friends. The bottle of chaos has been opened — let the plays begin!

It was January, and all my friends and me were on the way to attend the most important exams of their lives up to this point. All were in a rush, time was more valuable than ever, and his best friend found himself a girlfriend. Even worse: A really complicated girlfriend, L.-B. Now, his best friend would more than once contact him via phone or internet and talk to him about L.-B.'s newest inventions to make him feel bad. The problem was, that it felt more than clear to both of us that L.-B. seemed to be after me, in fact. She had seemed so all the time, and she let him feel it. His best friend, however, stayed loyal to both of them and did anything to please her until he had denied himself. That was the point when I told him to stop, but he didn't listen. He went on. He changed more and more, some other friends planned to go and rescue him in a childish manner, but it was all in vain. His former self had been buried by the power of a forcing feeling and he could not escape it, nor could anybody rescue him without risk to destroy his soul. With his best friend self-imprisoned under the rule of a dictator, I had to turn to others — and to myself.

The most important tests of our lives passed faster than we could ever have believed, and though I felt I had performed badly, I had best results. And I was tired to the death, and this state would last — in fact, I'm still tired today. Tired so strongly I cannot even concentrate enough to keep my thoughts in a straight line for minutes. I hope you will understand and try not to notice my bad and far-too-simple English and my chaotic style of writing. My thoughts had been enclosed in a

bottle of chaos for over a year now, and the bottle has just exploded as my brain has ceased to obey me, leaving me searching for words.

But we are still in the past, in the time that followed the tests. The weeks that should have been full of recreation and sleep, but had been invaded by new ideas that took over the what should have been the boredom of recreation. This was the time when I had silently given myself into the hands of an exhausting fate.

It was in these months when I learned that one of P.'s best friends had become lesbian — she had always been very friendly and still was, but her new girlfriend was far too old for her and had an impact on her friendship to P. They had been very close friends, she had living only a few houses apart and they had met regularly. Now, P. was left in a lost state, and I was lost with her. As lost as I had always been, and still was.

I had had long phone talks with P. then, and we are still best friends, though time has physically seperated us for more than half a year with the exception of very few occasions. But I am again not sticking to the past. Back then, we could be together and wonder about the solutions to infathomable mysteries of the surrounding society. But we had never really talked about O. or anything that really closely adressed me. There was some privacy I would never give up to anybody except this collection of words here.

B. had also be of concern in this time, when she had started to ignore me after I had talked to her a lot via the internet. She had felt harassed, I learnt later on. The thingy she had blocked in the past was blocked again, for a long time now, and when it was unblocked again weeks later, everything I had commented there — all of my comments I had put in so much thinking — had been deleted.

A wild fury came over me. I controlled myself and asked for explanations. She had "cleaned up" and deleted all things that had not been so important. Why does one delete comments? She claimed it was by chance that some of my comments had been victims of this mass-murder. I explained to her that she had deleted all my comments. And she accused me of knowing too well what I had written.

This was the moment when I started to believe that I might not

have overestimated her. But maybe she really was some kind of artist you could not deal with. An artist that could not control her own rage sometimes, offering destruction to free herself again. And I had never really been free, not since my childhood.

R., B.'s best friend, had also affronted me, and though she had made her small attack a bit less aggressive before it was published, I still felt uneasy about it. Nobody knew about my queasy feeling about it, but friends with similar thoughts passed this feeling on to R., and the message must have made it's way through B.'s family to finally reach R. You will learn more about this in the story of the 'Final Farewell'.

But now, we shall stick to a type of chronological order. I will try to concentrate as much as possible, though I'm currently sitting at a train station, waiting for a ride to work before I may finally come home. The first train has already passed, I was too slow — but maybe, fate will grant me another chance.

But I promised you to stick to the story of a past that is more present now than ever. Dancing was the art that began to fascinate me more and more, and I began to watch some of the dance shows that flooded the country and took records of all dancing films I could get. It was to be my escape from the reality that was yet to come.

That time, between the most important exams of our lives and the final farewell, I must have been happy without realizing it to the full extent of happiness' glory. My thoughts about what could have been and what would be were subdued, and warm feelings of friendship with everybody were flooding me so strongly I didn't realize I was losing myself. My character was buried deeper and deeper, and I used more and more excuses to be like the others wanted me to be. The profiling system was perfect now, and it had left me presenting myself more shallow than I had ever wanted to be. Happiness is always accompanied by a voluntary or involuntary loss of depth. Now, I can see things more clearly, but you shall see for yourself what has really happened.

I was more and more retreating into chatting with people via the internet, watching TV, interpreting complicated films (which made me feel better because it granted allowed my to feel a bit more individual

again, in the end) and not reading anymore. It was this not reading that might have sealed my loss of depth, my character's breakdown I'm feeling now much more than ever.

It was the aftermath of love. Denial and resignation. I couldn't help to tread the path so many psychologists have observed watching us, though I knew about it — maybe, because I knew about it. Things we know about belong to the facts our minds forget about most easily. This train station with its dark clouds and loud trains is clearing my thoughts up, giving them a brightness I have missed for over a year now, steady rain washing the mud old, once shiny polish leaves when you put on more and more of it without washing it off once upon a time.

Finally, O. had been a symbol of happiness. And my questions about shallowness or depth, happiness or depression, finally made sense. . .

L.-B. was more important in these days, or maybe just far more active. Now, she was my best friend's girlfriend and she gave both of us a hard time. I tried to keep out of it, but when my best friend told me about all her small difficulties I had been forced to learn about in the last years, I decided to try to change her. It was some time after they had come together, that I actively contacted her and tried to make her think about her own being. She didn't change her position in any way. And finally, after weeks of ups and downs, I had to give up when her mother, a teacher, accompanied her on the line and handed her the words she was to speak. I had been close, and she must have felt, for she did not see any way out anymore. . .

So the only way out of her self-made imprisonment was to throw me out of her mind. And she simply told me, with a few words. This was not my way to give up, I kept talking to her, and she had to react, making things even more complicated — for her. Soon after I had finally started to ignore her, too, she addressed me again and asked me whether I wanted us to stay friends. I told her that everything was fine, that I had never wished to make her feel uncomfortable — and that we could certainly stay friends (though, in fact, I had never felt really friends with her, despite — and because — everything she had done). This state was to last some weeks, and finally, she told me that

'I could phone her some Sunday as I had done in the good old days'.

No, you're right, I'd never ever phoned her. Maybe once in those 9 years to ask for a homework when I had been ill — but that had been it. She had always be the moving part in her self-invented machine, and she had moved driven by a force unknown to me.

All these ups and downs were, to my distress, not helpful to change her in any way. She would stay as she had always been, and I cannot wonder anymore where my best friend's former character has gone today. But I do not want to talk about L.-B. anymore — certainly, she also had a small role to play on that occasion that accompanied the evening of the final farwell, but there is much more to come. Just this very night, I have learned much more about myself and how my life might be than in the last weeks.

But for now, we are still stuck in the past and awaiting the final farewell. These weeks preceding that most important event had left me searching for closer friendships and new social groups. I had found my destiny in a small group of people who also liked my favourite book and talked to them on the internet, but soon, the lack of time took that happiness from me. Nevertheless, I learned that there are many people out there, more than I had ever expected.

Humans like to misinterpret things by applying their own perspective, and I certainly had.

For now, I shall call this chapter finished. The Final Farewell will be an event full of complex communication, lost emotions and new people that had been underestimated up to then — people, that are to play more than a small role in my life.

I hope you are still with me and look forward to our recatching the present, a time that is even more chaotic, now also including my work as student, accompanied by social interference.

A love be hidden in a chest,
 laid there to unwillingly rest,
 by one disobeying its truth —
 lonely and helpless this love be divined,
 not ever be found by the hiding mind;

an angel known to our soul may find
what we have laid down
in a moment of frown.
— W.G.

Endless fear is creeping up,
grabbing my soul, eating me up,
leaving my heart banging alone,
forever shaking in similar tone.
— W.G.

9 Final Farewell

Originally published: Monday 17th December 2007

Hello out there,

you must know that this chapter was planned to be one of the most important ones. However, time has postponed my writing for so long that most of the further details have been lost. While I am now talking to people you are still to learn to know, I try to remember what has been, and how I came to be the person I am right now. It was this special evening that made my heart twitch, that changed my whole sight on the world. But we shall begin right now, you shall see what had happened of such utter importance.

Dance of freedom: Final Farewell.

It was an evening most of them had looked forward to. For me, it also was an event I had been waiting for — but at the same time, I had feared this moment as the last thing they all would share. After that evening, he knew, their lives would start to change directions, diverge in the different ways the particles of an explosion take.

I would not sit near to O., but to Y. and P. — together with our families, we all were placed on the higher level in the big hall that took all of them. O. and G. were both placed below with their families, while G. was even standing in front of them all, talking on stage, greeting them and announcing the first scenes to be shown. All in all, the scenes on stage were not so interesting — of far more interest was what would happen in front of it, on the dancefloor. But for now, we are still sitting on the balcony, with my parents, Y. and P. close to me. P.'s best friend was there, too, and when the music began to play, I

started to take some pictures. P., sitting in front of me, was blinded more than once for I was using a big flash to take in more details.

This was the slow way the evening started, and soon, all of them began to eat something, only smalltalk connecting their lives right now. Once, when I went up the stairs after talking to some of my friends down there, I was intercepted by R. She began to address him in a way he had never seen about her — she was ashamed. She had said something about him she didn't mean, I had already told you that she had learnt about that from B. And now, she was apologizing herself. I was reacting quite easily, telling her it was not of such importance, and finally, she was smiling. The brother of one of his friends was passing them by and told me that he would not have made it that easy. But I had, that evening was going to be one of the last times we met, her descending the stairs and me ascending them to reach the balcony again.

This was how the more interesting part of the evening began. When I went down again, the dancing began. First, the dance with L.-B. was to be endured — to be truthful, she was dancing like a stick. My best friend knew that, but he didn't flinch, he just watched. It seemed to be all she wanted, and we danced once more, me without emotion, until the evening began. I danced through all the friends I've had — except P., she didn't want to dance, so it was her best friend's turn.

The most time, I danced with a girl you still do not know. She was very intelligent, nice and a good friend of P.'s, and it was very difficult to find a colour to account for her multilateral personality. There was something black and grey inside her, but also some hidden colours. . . she was very interesting, and we will call her N. so as not to confuse her with other colours.

I liked her, we understood each other, and we had become friends. Whenever she had a technical problem, I would help her. But this evening, her boyfriend became jealous of me — the first time in my life, I was regarded as somebody who could be — dangerous. Somebody who was attractive. Finally, he would force her to leave with him when the evening was nearly finished.

But yet, something of much more importance was to happen. Some-

thing, that would make the world turn faster for a moment, only to lead it to a sudden halt forever after, maybe. A few seconds with closed eyes and open mind. . .

It was all about dancing. Dancing with the **one**. I was standing in front of the dancefloor, watching a dance show done by G., O. and some others I knew. They had all been to the same dancing school I was attending now.

It must have been this evening that O. was close to being single again. The details were and are still out of reach, but she seemed happy, and nevertheless, there was something going on inside her. And it was just a few minutes later when I shily asked her for the next dance. She did not seem surprised, maybe because I had repeated this wish some time before — she must have known this was to come, but she had never reacted. Now, she had to.

Hands met, smiles shone, the music took our minds to form a last unity just for a few moments. It would not last for long, but long enough to *feel*.

It was easy, and she was flying — my hope for a camera to take us in seemed to be frustrated — I was not there to take them, and my father who would eventually have taken one was still up there. We were alone, and the moment filled my mind. It was a simple dance, all I could do, but nevertheless, there was fun and happiness accompanying the situation. And sorrow.

She was a bit reserved, her feelings seemed piecewise simulated, but still, there was a subtle glow emanating from her face and her smile. It was as it had always been. . .

However, the dance was gone very fast and the music was too happy for the moment. I might have danced with a glaring puppet of a fairy's world in the midst of reality. After that, we stood next to each other for a while and watched the scenery, and she appeared to ignore my looks that asked for another dance. She seemed to postpone it to another time that might never come. That should never come?

Then, her boyfriend took her away, a few minutes later. Happiness without proximity, eagerly awaiting something in silence, quick departure. Left deranged.

Silence in the middle of the crowd. Silence ever after.

This was the final farewell, the short goodbye that had to come once upon a time. And it was fast, and somehow — satisfying. Suddenly gone, last emotion conserved. Rotating on, dancing with the others to integrate this last emotion, to understand.

Hands meeting and parting, emotions departing. Happiness that had been simulated was now felt, and when all of them were on the stage together, singing along the last song unified, dancing, memories passing by. That had been before the final farewell, which had been the final cut, the opening of a new life.

Right now, I am sitting in the meeting place of my old school, the place where I had been supposed to meet my best friend. I had come too late, he was already gone, and memories passed me by. The right mood...

Remembering what had been. Rotating flashbacks. Just seen the people who had taught me to dance. Seconds of eternity, longer than anything ever been. You can name a function that produces all real numbers by just using those between one and two. By just using the smallest interval you can imagine. The limits of imagination had expanded that moment of the final farewell to eternal infinity. Never fading, just differently struck by sun's rays, shoven aside or not thought of. Neverfading memories are the most valuable things we have. We should keep and part them, as infinity can never be lessened.

Living into another world. This place was so different that it might have been a parallel universe. Time, the unidirectional dimension, parting them. Right now, only books can travel through the ocean of time and memories. Movies try and sometimes succeed, but they can not hold what humans can feel. Not even books can. Not even humans can. . . Watching birds, eating an angel cake. Dreaming. Seconds away from getting lost.

As quickly as the world had been overturned, the memory had been conserved for the evening, for the life. I stayed calm until I was home, and I will never forget the following night that brought me back to writing again. You need time to understand, and will to go on. This moment, I had both.

The interesting feeling of eternity shrinking and growing, shrinking so small it might last forever inside your mind, and then growing so big you see it can not be held. Tired you are by turning worlds, having been thrown by the tossing waves of life's watery stream; thy eyes closing without a word, thy mind racing even faster.

And then, there was just sleep and silence. No more sounds, only silent dreaming, without a word. The most important moment of my life up to now had passed — she had gone. Have I ever seen her since? Once, twice, thrice, maybe even more often I have seen her from some distance — that is, I have never seen her again.

Would I want to see her again? Disturb a memory still partly kept untouched, uninfluenced by the pain we lay upon ourselves when love becomes reality? There was a longing for somebody, but it was indefinite again. And the memory was most precious.

Much more memories were to come, last moments, goodbyes — but the first one was always the most influential. An era had ended with a swirling dance, another one would surely come.

Memories running,
 trotting around,
 making a stomping,
 teargrinding sound.
 Feelings, emotions,
 terribly bound,
 Long-lost devotions
 hitting the ground.
 — W.G.

Merry-go-round,
 wheels and their sound,
 behind paths of the living,
 ghosts show all their giving,
 memories undone,
 new emotion won.
 Round and round and roundaboutly,

life is turning, turning loudly.
An eye's blink may make smiles so stern,
a year's sake may make hearts go burn.
Happiness is took so fast,
happy be who neither know
nor realize what is to come,
living life in boredom.
— W.G.

10 Months of Passage

Originally published: Tuesday 18th March 2008

Hello my friends,

you have just witnessed some of the moments most valuable to me. They are now forlorn in the stream of time, only linked to my memory and these words. Letters forming a symbolic link to what has been. . .

However, we shall now rush on a bit, for the things that have happened in the next months have only drained me somewhat and changed my lifestyle a bit in the direction it was already drifting to. The following chapters will be part of a new section, somehow, forming the thing between the cut we just experienced and university. Filling, but doing even more. . .

Join me on the drowsy voyage: Months of passage.

These months would start quickly, end even faster and without notice they would come to a sudden halt. Daily custom would develop, and drowsiness was to become a normal state of mind.

There were times when time was just trickling, soaking what had been active, turning work into a trotting activity. Things just seem so easy in the beginning, until one starts to adapt — in a couple of days, the small details begin to grow and eat up the creative ideas that once flooded your mind.

Standing, listening and keeping up the conversation, though knowing that much work was to be done — I was doing civil service. It meant, there was much to learn, many minutes to wait and listen, understand and adapt. Some changes took place, initiative was becoming more

realistic, but at the same time grew simpler. Capped by outer rules, by the past and what had been. Change was faster than it would generally be inside the world of bureaucracy, but still somehow too slow for such a young fellow. Generations were parted by their subjective view on time, and one of the greatest problems in human life was the wish to live in the time of another generation. A destructible attempt. . .

However, there were many upsides to this time. I had come to know an older person that was working with me — and she emanated a shimmer of the orange I had thought to be forlorn. And working with her day after day showed me the small little details that would have made the possible past I had been longing for an impossible dream.

It was gone, gone for good. But nevertheless, happy memories and dreams would stay and accompany me for the rest of my life — reality was just one of the dreams there was, special only because it left us all with the equalities and inequalities democracy was asking for. The dream that was most free of all of them. . .

But we shall not think right now, though these months were full of thinking. Few minutes to write, but all the time, the whisper of thoughts was knocking on my mind like a breeze of that hot summer. It was a time in another world, completely submerged in the pool of social relationships and human development — being with children, playing, understanding who you are, have been and might be. Amongst them were those that searched to display themselves, to impress and struggle just to destroy the equality in this world to make it match their other dreams, to make it lose its speciality, to make it more common and controllable — and those who defended this world and made friends with it and the other creatures living there, not fighting but protecting them to help themselves. Caring for the "greater good", the silent word that is running through community and never classified as what it is — struggling to make this world a special place — that was their duty, our duty, and they accepted it before the others even realized.

The interesting thing was the time: How early each one chose his or her role, the place to stay and grow. Few would leave the route they had begun to follow, for fate takes the earliest part in human education and it was straightaway. What we felt, we made feel, what

we learned, we would make learn — mirrors we were, and it was our duty to take care of each other.

That was what I learned in these months — and I learned to know more and more about people. How they could take things seriously or not, how influence of others grabbed their hearts, how satisfaction was dependent on opinions and actions that were not their own.

For me, a whole new life was introduced: Children were there to look after, work to be done, a schedule to stick to. And time was passing really fast after the first few days had gone by, and a wheel showing dates was turning so quickly I could not even read the numbers — which meant, they were even closer to my mind because I needed them.

There were many people who could teach me things about human beings I had never heard of, and others that just did their work. Some talked, some thought and others just looked and listened. And I was there to analyze, to learn — and adapt. And this adaptation was the path to the drowsiness I had to learn to endure, a state of mind that would be hard to lose later on, but somehow, the knowledge that was offered was worth it. And it was a deep knowledge, something that went into the mind and would be useful later on. It was one of the things I had been missing for long — the ability to *see* people, proximity to other creatures faster than ever. Quickly adapting to understand and use the right words. . .

It was hours of talking, and sometimes, things were quite complicated. Always fumbling for a key in your pocket you would miss weeks after the last day you had been there — closing and locking each door behind you, collecting money and joining bureaucratic structures, and finally phoning hundreds of people, talking to answering machines, wondering who would hear your voice in a foreign house.

Feeling the feeling of children calling your name, asking to help them to construct something imaginary that was reality to them. Who does not long to have the imagination of a child?

The most stunning memory I have is that of a small girl telling me about her mother and finally asking me were mine was. She certainly was thinking about it, though she was younger than four years old.

I was soon helpful to everybody there, cleaning the rooms, offering

them to carry something heavy or repairing several things. And finally, time was always cutting close, reorganization was taking place and I was in the middle of all this. Nevertheless, most things stayed static — and thus, one of the most important things about me I have learned was, that being in a static environment is a loss of flexibility, creativity and productivity for me. Some will see this as a logic consequence, but it isn't — just think about the number of people working according to a regular schedule, and though they are always doing things a bit differently, this finally is static. A world of sleeping creativity. . .

Would it ever be woken? And more important: Should it be woken?

I am listening to recommended and loved music, creativity transported by saved data, conserved as books are, but completely different. Waiting for happiness. . .

The past had been full of ups and downs, but one thing had always been there — learning. Analyzingly, observingly, distantly and sometimes closely achieving wisdom. It had been almost perfect, and I would not want to miss a single one of the ups — and especially none of the downs — there had been. I am still trying to touch the flame of wisdom, burning my hands — liking the burns as signs of what had been. Please stay with me and watch this candle's hopefully eternal flame burn. . .

As steady as the rain,
we ask if we are sane —
and before we find the answer,
we're just down the lane —
the yard of graves is waiting,
no time left for newly dating.
Death dated us, we can't deny,
he makes an offer one can never defy.
What has been? Static asking,
continuous working, gasping
when things are gone —
you won't get it done,
don't ask how,

life is now.
— W.G.

A laugh from down there,
two eyes looking up, four, more,
a happiness to barely bear,
slowly opening a forlorn door.
Childrens eyes,
truthful lies,
mirroring wisdom
without disguise.
Happy embrace,
smiley face,
and clearest warmth was there,
the only thing we want to bear.
— W.G.

11 Dreams resist time

Originally published: Monday 27th July 2009

Hello everybody out there,

you have waited long, very long, and many things have happened since the last time I talked to you. So many things, yet so short a time in my memory. . .

It had been about friendship, giving up so many times on too many things and finally about working at a speed completely not comparable to what I have described the last time. I am still to confused what exactly is the essence of these months, what will stay with me and what will be washed away by time quite soon. However, what really made me write again happened tonight, in the other world that's always close to us, in a *dream*. Memories undeleted: Dreams resist time.

It is now the time when there should be some moments without any sorrows, without any work — the holidays. The past months had been full of learning, sometimes not very rewarding. Not a second had been really off-duty, as duty was self-imposed and always around. . .

Studying had become a constant flow of learning, in the evening talking to others, taking part in their lives, and giving oneself up totally. My feelings were lost, only to return when watching a film that was so full of emotions I could not help but cry and feel again. And some people I had learnt to know at university became so close friends that they nearly understood me, that is, the *current* me living in that moment of time. They had given me strength to carry on, to not lose the daily fight against the heartless machinery trying to force

us to continue our studies. In the last weeks, however, there was only silence, silent friendship and silence inside me. . .

In the last days, however, I really felt there was no friend such close anymore. I escaped in another world, a world of movies that are more easily understood, an adventure game that did not take too much concentration, and I just let my mind fly free, my thoughts running the paths they wanted to take. And finally, they chose a path that made me continue writing here, a path of memories, which still seem to be among the most valuable things I possess, as nothing ever got so close again as O. once did. . .

She had not been in my active thoughts for very long a time, not even that Saturday, when I met my comrades from school on a birthday party. Of course, neither G., nor O., nor anybody else with such a name was there — however, there were people I liked a lot, too, and they made me realize that it was now time not to study, but to do something completely different, to get some time off. And my mind did exactly that tonight, it got back to the past, presenting eternal memories and dreams that I ought to have had, but never made.

At some time around morning, my dreams focussed on some kind of party, and all the people from the past seem to have been there. However, they were not clearly distinguishable, but two other persons were — with two elegant umbrellas (or had it been two hats?), they arrived at the party, and as I seemed to have been my old self, I just waved at them and made some place those two could talk to the others.

Of course, it was G. and O. who had arrived. But then, the dream went differently, not that close anymore to the reality I had lived through so many times. O. commented a bit louder so as if to address everybody, that nobody had greeted them in any way, and the schemes I had thought the two of them wanted to talk to appeared to vanish, joining the fog of the things around us I did not focus on, though I still remember it was a environment somewhat colourful, free and open, featuring some kind of elegance, wisdom, eternity and loneliness at the same time, while not seeming inappropriate for a party.

Quickly, I turned back to her, told her I had greeted her by waving at them, and smiled. Now, I realize that this must have been more

brave than most things I had done before, though it was — in fact — not very special. However, it would show I wanted to please her, and that was something I had never really been able to express before in her presence. In this dream, she reacted realistically, a bit unhappy and hurt, but nevertheless hiding a warming smile in her face.

A few seconds later after I had looked into her eyes, everything vanished into the void of dreams, and then, the two of us were alone together, closer, and talking softer. I cannot remember the exact words, but I embraced her, and she realized it was O., and embraced her as strong as I could, not wanting to let her go again. And that was the moment when we would have to kiss, and though I can't remember the kiss itself, I remember that it was to come. . .

All of a sudden in this unpredictable dream, I felt I definitively had to go somewhere, I did not know why, where and how long, I think it must have been as simple as going to the closet, wherever my self in this dream thought this moment was appropriate.

The next thing I remember was being with somebody completely different, but somehow *known*, meeting under similar circumstances, and just before the kiss should take place, I felt that something was not right, and even heard O. calling, and then the dream slowly broke off, though I think I made my way back to O. . . .

How am I supposed to feel about this? Was this other person the picture of O. in another time, was the first person O. at all? The dream left me confused, and it was followed by a less emotional, but also confusing dream, in which I had to flee from a robber out of some flat with a wife that was suddenly with me.

Peculiarly, I remembered all those dreams quite clearly when I woke up, and I never had such dreams before, I can't even recall really having dreamt about O. or a girl at all, and not in such detail. Maybe, something inside me is still searching for her, or for her memory, or for a way to travel back in time — would I really want that? Almost certainly, this would destroy the *me* I am now, and I would not be sure what it would be replaced with. Another me in another universe might have already had all that experience, but still, I think the different paths are somehow equalized. I have not been close to her, but have

taken one of the most beautiful (though also painful) memories, and another self might have been close to her and not known a life without her, maybe not feeling how valuable that life with her is, and even another self might have broken up already without understanding anything.

If all those are somehow equivalent ways, why not accept mine? Why do we always have to grasp the impossible?

I just remembered another part of the dream, there was music, some kind of a band was playing a song about a deadly angel, which was sounding quite happy. Fragments all over my mind, and no complete picture forming itself. Let me close my eyes for a second.

The scenery was back, but no more details can be made out, only silence. Why had *she* come back? Am I still in love, and if, with her or with the phantom of her's that is the perfect picture of the person I will once fall in love with, the picture prepared for eternity?

Maybe, the other one was G. — no, it can't be, she looked different. What I recall is that the feelings toward 'the other one' were not that strong. Was it a symbol for everybody else? A symbol made up to escape a predetermined fate? Am I just a runaway from a destined path, lying to myself? Maybe I am — but I am not powerful enough to do anything about it. Though I do not think O. is my final destiny, my dreams seem to think so — but do they only because they can only see the past?

Nobody appears to be reading this, I even told some close friends about it, but they do not seem quite close enough. . . My eyes are becoming wet, I do not know what to do next. Maybe, just see how others are dealing with their lives to ultimately deal with my own. . . Please be with me and help me understand what my life is about. . .

Captured in a dream,
 eternity's stream,
 long forlorn,
 of wishes born?
 Not a second to lose,
 it's dealing a bruise,

and then there is time
to remember this rhyme:
Who is it calling?
And why am I falling...
— W.G.

Eyes wide open but nothing to see;
she's not out there, but inside of me.
Am I kissing a quantum mirage
inside that painted entourage?
Another reality captured in dreams.
Do I remember? Oh yes, it seems,
Slowly approaching and stepping back,
due to my special disgusting lack
of courage, to just walk up there and say
I'll love you, come whatever there may.
— W.G.