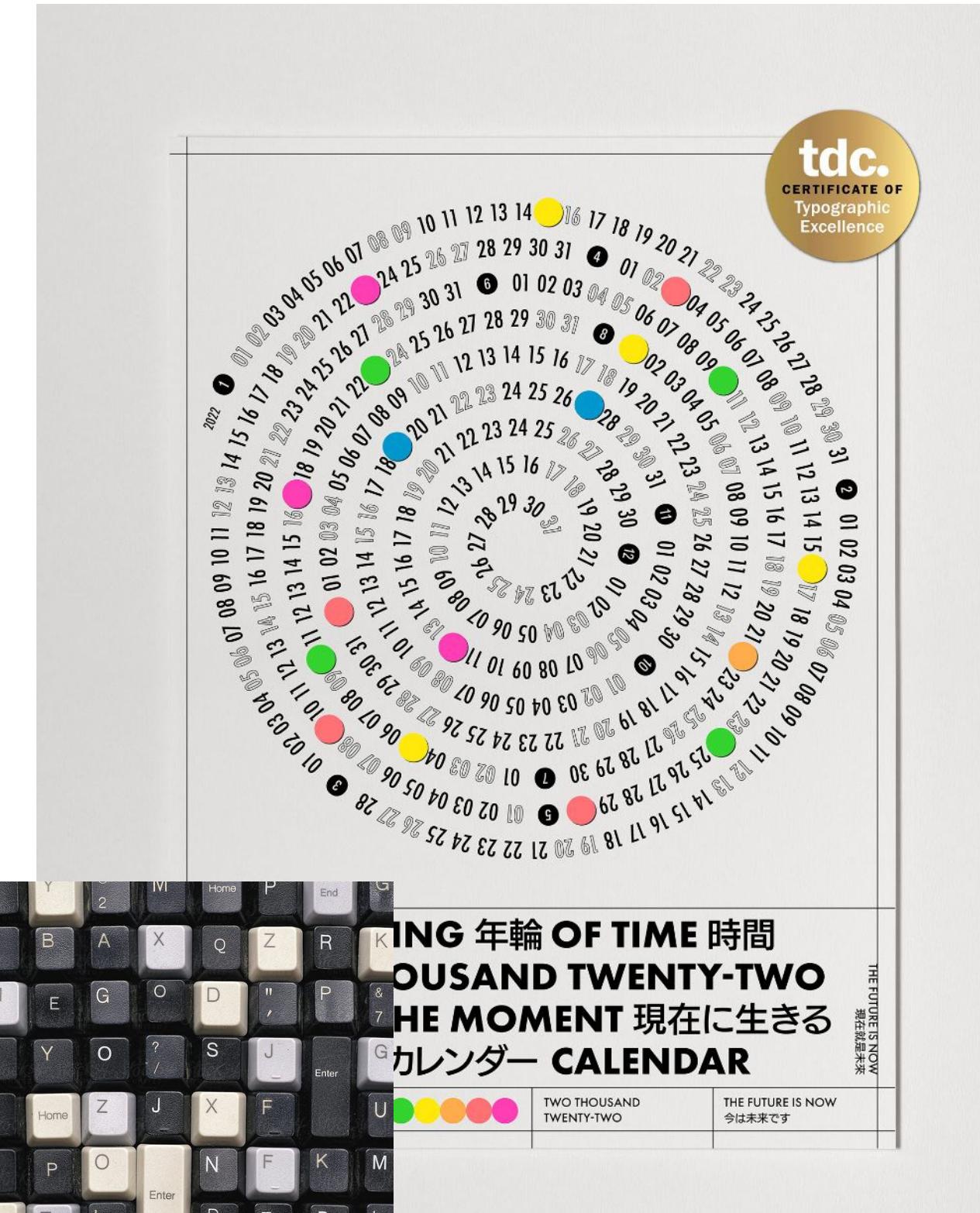
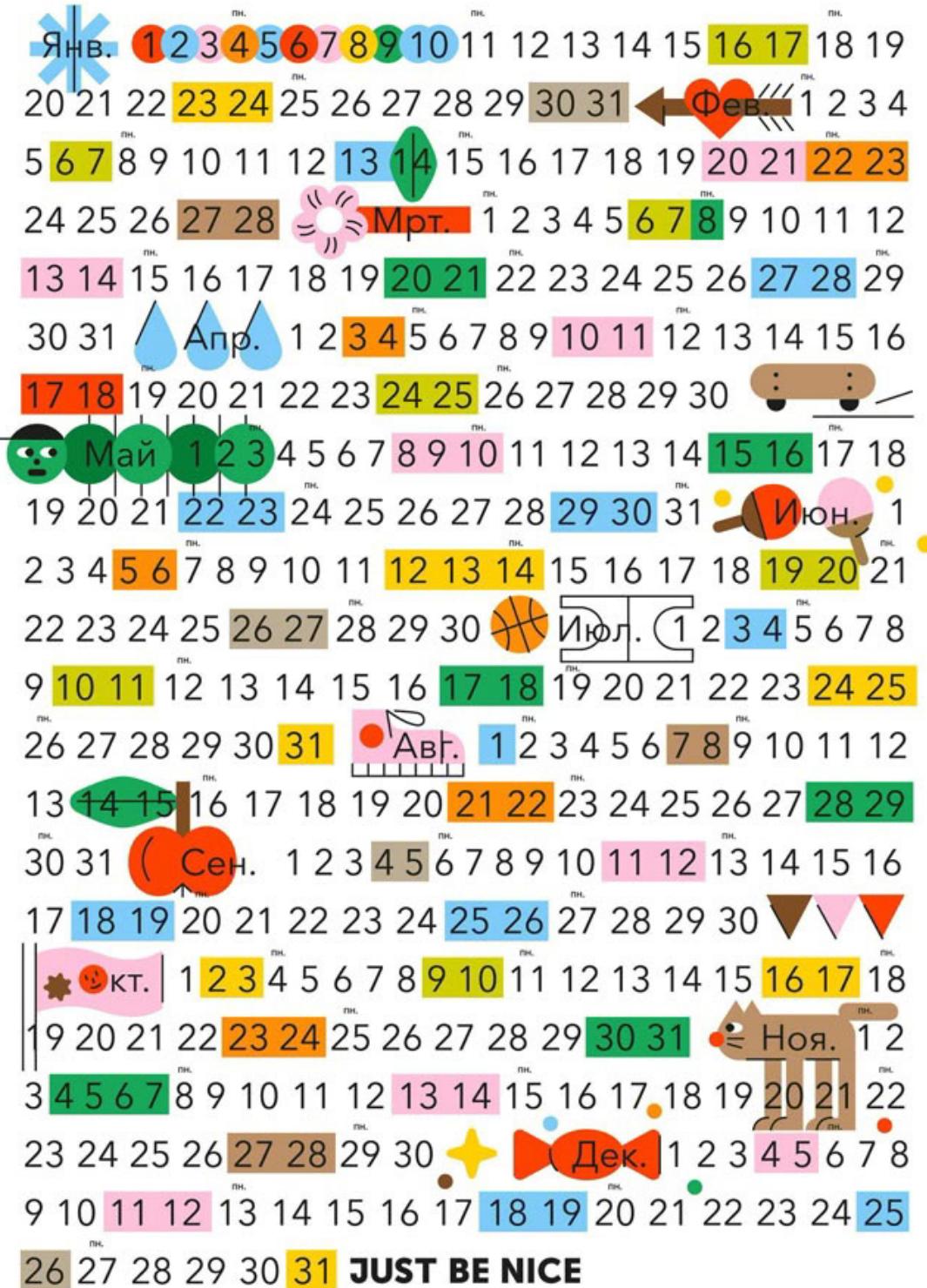


from solid to soft
or soft to solid
if we are forced to go
From solid to soft
or soft to solid
if we are forced to go
on soft to solid
or soft to solid
if we are forced to go
anyway we stay
one day or another
what does it matter
the silence
the hand
the warm
warm
the evening
the hand
the warm
warm
it does
it does
it does
it does
evening

THE WARM WARM EVENING
BY JULIKA HARTZ

... and I hung up the phone. Immediately I recollected the voice that had spoken in German. It was that of Captain Richard Madden. Madden, in Viktor Runeberg's office, meant the end of all our work and - though this seemed a secondary matter, or should have seemed so to me - of our lives also. His being there meant that Runeberg had been arrested or murdered. 1 Before the sun set on this same day, I ran the same risk. Madden was implacable. Rather, to be more accurate, he was obliged to be implacable. An Irishman in the service of England, a man suspected of equivocal feelings if not of actual treachery, how could he fail to ~~Welcome~~ and seize upon this extraordinary piece of luck: ~~the discovery~~ capture and perhaps the deaths of two agents of Imperial Germany? I went up to my bedroom. Absurd though the gesture was, I closed and locked the door. I threw myself down on my narrow iron bed, and waited on my back. The never changing rooftops filled the window, and the hazy six o'clock sun hung in the sky. It seemed incredible that this day, a day without warnings or omens, might be that of my implacable death. In despite of my dead father, in despite of having been a child in one of the symmetrical gardens of Hai Feng, was I to die now? Then I reflected that all things happen, happen to one, precisely now. Century follows century, and things happen only in the present. There are countless men in the air, on land and at sea, and all that really happens happens to me . . . The almost unbearable memory of Madden's long horseface put an end to these wandering thoughts.

In the midst of my hatred and terror (now that it no longer matters to me to speak of terror, now that I have outwitted Richard Madden, now that my neck hankers for the hangman's noose), I knew that the fast-moving and doubtless happy soldier did not suspect that I possessed the Secret - the name of the exact site of the new British artillery park on the Ancre. A bird streaked across the misty sky and, absently, I turned it into an airplane and then that airplane into many in



Inspired by Garden of Forking Paths, “He believed in an infinite series of times, in a dizzyly growing, ever spreading network of diverging, converging and parallel times”

Something being infinite and dizzy is books and reading for me. It does feel like time does not pass when reading so, borrowing that experience, this concept is on literally words and paragraphs. Words would pop up on timed action and clicking on it would lead to another page related to the reading and the concepts.

