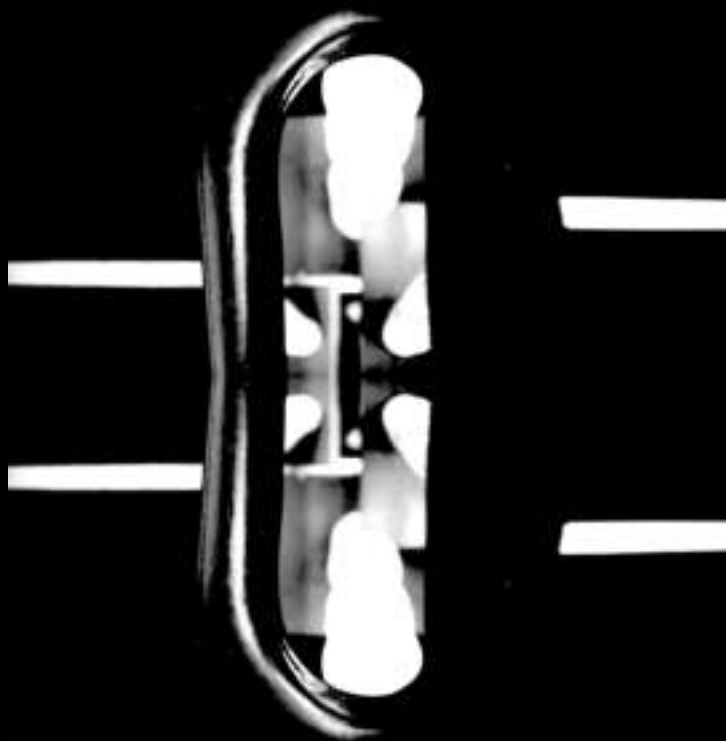


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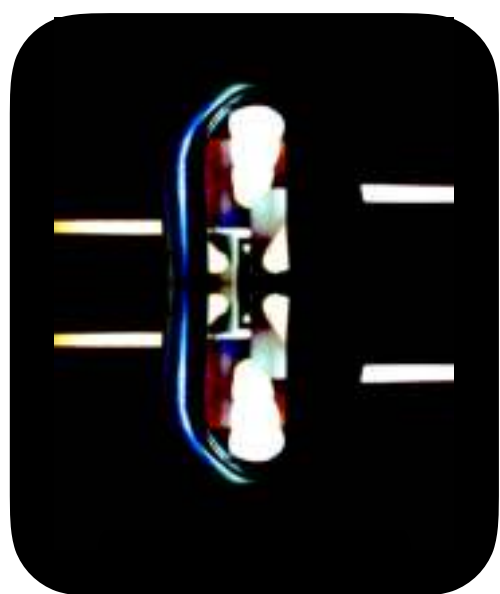


BY
IDO NOT KNOW



ALL RIGHTS
AND
OBLIGATIONS

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Introduction: 02-Dec-2018 07:38

Ready?

What she knew to tell me
there is one which tells you.

“the fears are mine not, hers neither
yet any man illusion seeks either,
upon which his actions he holds
from the fear which now he beholds”.

Somewhere My father is buried within
my lips. my language.
Somewhere, yet at all he knew that not.

“Lower your language not! Not for anyone”,
he once told me.
He was the son of his father.
I am the son of my father.

pre-girl

pre-girl song which not yet been told
yet in the village it was behold.
and people where whispering, stirring
as Snakes for Adam and Eve they were peering
and the willow sang endlessly
of pre-girl, crowned bare-nakedly
for wherever she walks, any place she had been
birds chirped, was that sternly mean?
and she, pre, almost, just not yet...
thus her formed image he met.

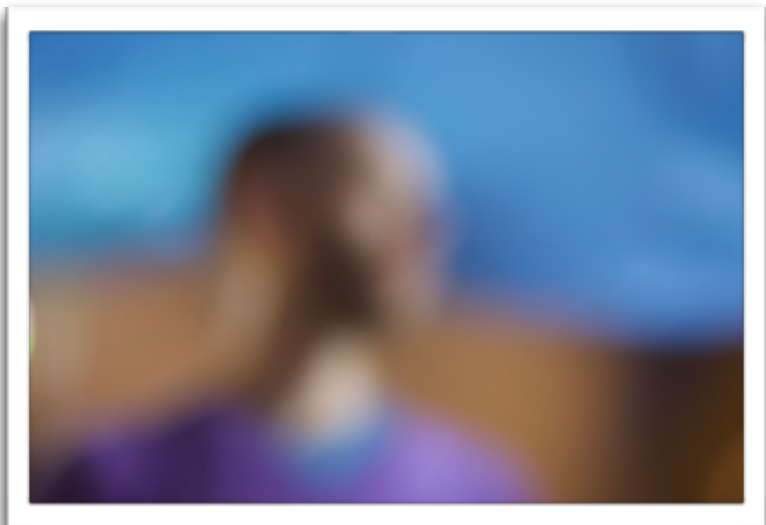
I fly low not and I fly high not.
I was named once Johnathan,
and perhaps I am from the seagulls' family.
Which side of that family, I know not.
He certainly flew along aside me not once.

I have no manual instructions further on.
Gurdjieff in "Beelzebub's tales to his grandson"
recommends in his introduction.

Read thrice
the Father
the Son
the Spirit

Dedicated to you and to you.

Ido Not Know.



Chapter 1: 22-July-2018 08:40

I have found the perfect writing platform, the book where one can find it all -

A Google notebook.

People say that there one can find all that you are looking nowadays. Only type in what you seek to find, and “hop”, instantly, the results are revealed to your eyes on the flickering screen. One click away from the next site, which assures the yearned top. Only a click away.

Thus, when I bumped upon the empty notebook with Google's logo, I was certain and assured that is the precise place to reveal for you that long-awaited Truth everyone yearns.

This is just the first chapter, so the path has only began. Yet worry not, all will be clarified eventually.

The day began as other days in the search for the Truth. Sounds of a truck driving backwards, and the barking puppy, directing it, announced that this day, as other days, is futured to reveal to me that which I have been destined to find.

A passer-by with a blue towel to his neck, rough legs and barefoot, stopped next to the dog-garden, and they greeted him with rough barking, yet nice, as he kept on walking. He knew precisely what to tell me. Precisely that, which I need to see.

The Search of the Truth has never been that exciting, curious, inspiring, mundane.

The woman spread along the bench inside the dog-garden, watching at times her dog, at times her mobile phone.

The dogs dug in pleasurably in the sand, and the dust scattered all over, and exactly at that moment the lady stood up, took her dog, tied him on the leash, and a man in front, the owner of the other dog, entered with his orange shirt, holding a mobile phone in his left hand, and a leash in his right, tied his dog on the leash and left the garden, as he was watching the oh-so-curious phone screen.

The garden was left deserted, lonely, besides the benches, the water tap and the garbage bin, which were resting after an enduring effort in providing the needs of the animals (and the humans) as a whole.

The garden did not stay lonely too long, maybe two minutes until another lady, somewhat fat, laid her belongings on the bench, and her wondering dog, pleasurably, did his deeds in the garden. Swiftly she approached full-weighted to pick up the deeds and toss them in the bin, which returned to its duty. The short break ended.

I continued my journey in the search of the slippery, invisible, Truth.

I approached the café and did not know what to order, nothing is new. One of the employees, perhaps the owner, in his 40s, was wondering for the meaning of my indecisiveness, and I stood still, wondering not upon my pot. He asked me whether I would like to drink bleach, and my stomach said, “ahhun” (yes).

He did not keep up to his word, and I did not drink any bleach that morning, and the coffee he offered to make, I did not know whether to accept. In a not-knowing state as such, I turned back and left.

Finding the Truth in “Lunchner” café I was apparently not destined to find.

I wondered how far am I from the Truth, now, that the story has become so mundane, and the mysterious Truth hides most likely behind the corner in a hidden magic room, which only magical words, which I know not, will bring me nearer her.

At this stage of the morning I did not possess a mean to search for the Truth in Google's search engine, so I simply did not know what to do, and for the first time was I not frustrated about it.

The search of the Truth is frustrating (meTaSkel)* no more. At a certain point the letters crossed, 's' and 't' and the root, the root of things changed.

*(Originally in Hebrew:

Frustrating -> meTaSkel -> מתסכל

Watching -> miSTakel -> מסתכל

Written with the exact same five letters)

The search of the Truth is watching (mistakel)?

Is this what she had wanted to say? I am at all not sure, though it seems that this daring step, that occurred at a stage I remember not, created another perspective, point of view.

I had not known yet what Google has or will have to say about that and I saved the last word for them. It is important nowadays to consult a reliable Oracle, which everyone trusts, and its results do not change, surely do not reveal a thing which is not present in the enormous data storage, that millions, billions, of people have been storing on in the years that passed since it was established, in their search of the Truth.

If Truth exists, it has to be found inside Google. I was thus sure, that this is one of their passwords.

The first chapter ended, and the first steps of the seeker of the Truth have begun with the fortune of finding a Google notebook in Melchet street in Tel Aviv.

Chapter 2: 23-July-2018 15:35

The second chapter in the search of the Truth in Google's notebook begins, when the Truth requested me to stop bothering her.

The Truth claimed that I request too much, and that this is yet nothing but extortion.

Not that I was surprised by the words of Truth, yet still, when the Truth writes you such a clear message, which means no two ways, the pulse increases a bit, thoughts of chasing the Truth and the demand for certain subjective justice begin to rise.

That is not fear rather a natural defence mechanism in face of Truth. That is all what it is.

At least that was how I saw that in that moment. How is a man supposed to stop bothering the Truth?

Strolling the street towards the next car deal was part of the daily program. Walking half an hour from Ramat Gan to Tel Aviv, and despite July humidity and heat, in this eccentric search for Truth, weather plays no more, apparently, a lead role at all.

The breath becomes more and more patterned and thoughts as well. Both ceased from operating vigorously. I sat on a public garden bench in Givataim, 'V' shaped,

though rounder, which imitates an amphitheatre or its first row only.

In this chapter as well, the external setting wore on a shape of a dog garden. About 10 minutes earlier two women with their dogs, alternately, were present in the yard. Now the yard is empty, a birds' chirp was heard blended with a sawing sound of an electrical machine of sort.

Urban nature.

The sawing sounds were replaced by banging, most likely of a hammer, and the birds continued chirping, alternately. The garden was empty of human beings, at least from my angle.

The Truth has already changed costume and tried to transmit something vague, that is not too emotional, and mentioned quietly that one requires waiting, yet not specified what for.

I looked around, looking for a clue in the light poles, in the wooden bin underneath, in the bars of the dog-garden cage, in the sandy dusty soil, in the yellow-green half-shaded grass, in the different trees standing in different angles, none which stands as erect as the pair of poles beside them.

Each and each tree had its angle, the growing angle towards the sun, a changing trunk thickness and a

different inflorescence.
Each tree had its Truth to tell.

Air-conditioners were operating inside the houses' rooms, and an engine hanging on the side of a building told a story of electricity which I was never able to see. There must be such a Truth as well.

I knew not for what I have been waiting, although the details were known to me. That is another day as such, another chapter as such, which is not always written in Google's search page.

The park was crossed by a woman with a blue top and a dog tied on red leash. It sat on all fours comfortably, ignoring the weather, and brought the woman to a halt. One could have the impression she was patient and not in a hurry to drag it to a different place. A minute past and despite several gentle pulls, she succumbed to the dog's will.

The Truth has shown something else now.
No-Fear, children and parents swinging in the playground.
No-Worry, in a summer day under the shade of the green trees.

The patience of the woman did not seem common in this city-like view. She stood beside her dog, which sniffed and licked itself.

There is no understandable language in the air, a language that I could hear with words which were written in a dictionary and bring a man to speak with a man, and search through them Truth, the Truth.

I could see from the corner of my eye a girl (or a boy) swinging on a swing, I did not see where came that force that moves the swing down-up. A mysterious hand that was sent inside the picture, announced the old lady ("The Grandmother" most likely) is the one creating the necessary energy for the movement.

I stopped bothering the Truth with my search, even if for this chapter only.

Chapter 3: 24-July-2018 11:45

The third chapter opened a little before noontime. How will I know we are talking of the same Truth? of the same search of Truth in the same familiar search engines?

I will not know. Most likely I will not.

The Truth arrived hot and fresh in a white bowl and went down smoothly into the spaces of my stomach and settled there, creating a sated feeling as she began the dissolution process in the dark, with the help of gastric juices which I will not be able to see, only left to trust that are faithfully taking care of the fresh Truth.

The caring for Truth comes in so many different forms, apparent, hidden form the eye, in the company around you, by others, in rumours, in facts.

She did not understand at all what I was talking about and what is that thing I find in her. She could have been hiding everywhere and in everything and reveal in any form at any time.

She did not even know how to spell her name, and why everyone demands her wellbeing, and fighting for her possession.

Voices around caused me momentarily to stop seeing her, to stop looking for her, though I believed she is here next to me, near and far.

The Truth, that people talk about so many things, and one cannot notice anymore between one conversation to another. The themes, the search themes do not change, are not so diverse, and perhaps that is the limitation of language, and the true (jigsaw) puzzle which can be created with her aid.

Pieces-pieces scattered in Google's search engine while the Truth is digested within the darkness of my stomach.

All this story seemed for a moment unclear whatsoever, and it seemed the Truth came to tell that moment exactly this. Exactly and not sort of.

The tests of History I will not be able anymore to correct, and I will not be able to add plenty of words only in hope to receive a higher score about examining the past.

Every time I was confused in search of Truth, the amount of words increased linearly, perhaps even exponentially. History and Mathematics, and both presented a different way to discover the Truth, a different way to search for Truth.

It is obvious beyond a doubt that the History Teacher and the Mathematics Teacher are different to the bone, at least in the apparent layer, the illusionary layer of revealing the Truth.

If we remove the adjective, we will be left with two Teachers, nothing more, and nothing more is needed, and one should fear not, lest we will learn no more about

the History or Science (through Mathematics), as we remain with a Teacher only.

The Truth has been pointing to that since aeons, and has let me see that as the dials turned and the clock showed 12:00.

Noon Break. Break from Noon Break.

The third chapter reached its end.

Chapter 4: 25-July-2018 21:50

The fourth chapter begins in an evening walk of five-six kilometres from Ramat Gan to Tel Aviv, and the Truth does not understand which heat people are talking about.

The Truth asked that I will not bother her with matters which do not concern the heart of Truth, and most of the time I did not really know to differ one matter from another.

The seasons and changes of weather, weathermen from different sorts in different channels, and now Google as well are announcing the accurate temperature with a click of a button, Truth be told. But what is the meaning of all this?

Knowing the rising temperature in month of July resembles a smoke detector, which announces the presence of smoke in the room, nothing more. Certainly that can already be found searching Google.

It is not a witch-hunt after the changing temperature, these are only people giving up searching the Truth in such a weather, giving in to the cooling air-co, and that is not terrible, not at all.

Apparently the Truth, as the weather, is damp and sticky, and at times stinks from the armpit, and we are

all trying to get rid of IT through a cold shower and an indispensable amount of soap.

A flexible climber on TV, and people eating Borek. Real treat. TV program anchors and for a moment the Truth disappeared between a street and a 42 inch TV.

It seems this evening and the distractions have shed their signs upon me, and the climber girl in search for the Truth fell into the swimming pool.

Disappointment, though chill envelopes this end of day.

My words can be clouded, and the Truth has escaped nowhere.

The fourth chapter came to a closer.

Chapter 5: 26-July-2018 13:28

The fifth chapter, and again it is mid-day.

The Truth hangs as well among gloomy atmosphere. Not sadness or such Truth alike, only people and human display of Les Misérables.

Thus told me the truth something of the human nature.

Wise men write in left hand, told me the Truth, and I smiled lightly. The Truth sipped from a coke zero can with lemon and tried to attract my attention.

My attention was set upon a Truth of that kind that moment, and I came to discover that also the Truth tries to attract our attention sometimes, and that is not always her time to receive it.

He returned to drink something, he was a strong adherent of the Truth.

Three cigarettes were left on the coffee table, and his hoarse voice which was barely heard, announced human Truth.

The Truth deals not with pity, more than that, no self-pity.

Truth and Reality present in an ashtray full of cigarette buds and lonely abandoned people.

Once, the melancholic Truth could have hit a man's (Adam in Hebrew) face as a bright summer midday sun, but once he found Eve, as told, in the Garden of Heaven,

the Truth began receiving different faces and reveal itself in other ways.

Not always she blazes on our faces like a midday sun. Not always is she clear, and there are times, when she hides in the remains of a cup of coffee, and there are even people making money nowadays that way.

He asked me what is “Shady” translated to Hebrew. It appeared the precise description. I could not hand him the word in Hebrew. Perhaps you know, without reaching Google’s search engine, as you seek for absolute Truth of someone else, which is engraved in data storage somewhere out there, perhaps in Los Angeles, California, or maybe even India.

He told me the meaning of life and the hidden Truth within. It is a man that is pushed to tell his story, even if it is the sore throat that is gone or the doctor check-up or how naughty he was when he was young. Now he is 64, he gave me his birthdate and tried to tell a part of his life’s movies.

The Truth can be so stubborn, at times, wishing to tell you what she had experienced and where she had been and with whom and when, to the littlest, most unimportant, detail.

She, anyhow, does not discern between major details to minor, small and large.

The Truth silenced, and the writing diluted with car horns and different volumes was new for this coffee table.

A light drinks merchant with hieroglyph-like writing returned for a second round to drink a bottle of water. Moments ago he tested me and his hieroglyph-like writing. The Truth is present in a merchant's note, even if we could not succeed in reading her, and most do not realise this.

The Truth disclosed about her evasiveness, her being hidden, among letters and words, realised and unrealised, in one language and another language.

A local man lit a cigarette, he is most likely not the strongest tree in the forest, not this forest, at least. The fifth chapter, that is all that was.

Chapter 6: 27-July-2018 16:18

The sixth chapter began, when he told me with a voice half-disappointed, that he has “only” jakhnun (Yemen-Israeli pastry) for sale.

“ahhun”, I replied gladly.

“Do you want one jakhnun?”, he asked.

“ahhun!”, I jumpingly replied.

He tensed and was happy together with me.

The Truth lies also (even if at times, and even rare times) in one satiated piece.

There were days I wondered how the talk about Truth was ridiculous, and where is she “hiding”.

How blind are we, that we cannot see her around us, and she on her side is also “itsy-bitsy” disappointed that we are so limited in seeing her.

It is already Chapter six, and now it is the sixth day, and someone told me it is a special day, perhaps “Tu B’Av” (Jewish 15th of month of Av), perhaps sun eclipse, perhaps both.

I search Google for something completely different that day, something about our lymphatic system, the thymus gland, T cells and B cells and the spleen.

I read and believe the written story in Britannica website (the printed volumes are profusely tossed on the streets

after Google and Wikipedia's breakthrough into the world, that is the Truth). The Truth is intertwined with words and scientific descriptions, and in the way the story "appears" (or "seems" or "sounds") to be credible for me.

Belief and credibility are the cornerstones of Truth, in a certain way anyhow.

There is Truth that is revealed to Doron who made the jakhnun, and I fear not admit that. Truth that is revealed to him and is not revealed to me. I have accepted that long ago (or at least several years ago).

The Truth was swallowed in my stomach and now operating on her different forces that dissolve her to pieces, and each piece contains its own Truth, and the T and B cells also have their share in it, and the tribal support system as well, which brought the jakhnun forth.

18 ILS per piece, here in Doron's jakhnun in Katzanelson 61, Givataim.

22 ILS in the Borek-place in Bugrashov (towards Ben Yehuda), Tel Aviv.

18 ILS also in Baba Suliman in Katzanelson (closer to Ben Gurion), Givataim.

15 ILS in KG kiosk where Doron's father (and not Doron from the jaknun) sells his jakhnuns.

Everyone and his price, his quality, his place, his Truth. All of that revealed the Truth to me.

The capacity to manoeuvre through layers of different systems is also a function of Truth, inside and out, being and knowledge - merely more words. Merely another experience. That is all.

From Doron's jakhnun shop came a song, American pop - 'Say My Name', and from 'the four season falafel' techno music.

No fighting, but there is a dissonance of sort.

Juxtaposition theory - there is a relation that is happening from the presence of these two shops, side by side, and there is a certain relation happening, when I am among them or inside them.

Not something that the singers and producers of the various musics, most probably, believed will happen.

Cosmopolitan folk Truth in food stands. Someone will be "sorry" for teaching me to write. What truths are written outside, on the streets.

The Truth no longer scared me.

I no longer searched for her also when she was gone or when for a moment I did not notice that I do not speak of her, for she was there, that way or the other.

That she remembered to tell me.

That she believed is not written in Google.

One out of Truths that I have yet to type in the infinite search engine (only at sight).

I did not understand why she has driven me to tell something about her, not her whole, but a small sample

of mine.

She simply decided apparently that she has something to tell and found a vehicle through which she could do that.

For me it seems.

There was something detached in the way she spoke, as if I am not involved with her writings, though the one who looks from the side, could have thought that “I” am involved and responsible for all that.

There are those who understand this.

There are those who do not.

There are those who will nod at such words.

There are those who will ridicule at their presence.

There are those and there are those, and that is the Truth.

It bothers not to the being of things to continue happening and perhaps develop.

She was about to start telling me something about evolution, however he came and asked -

“Did you enjoy?”

“Ahhun”, I replied and smiled as he was cleaning the wooden board and the mashed tomatoes and s’chug (spicy pepper sauce) from the table, and I was left to see his back.

I was left to pay, the sixth chapter was over.

Chapter 7: 4-Aug-2018 10:37

Six creation days and the seventh day begins, the seventh chapter, which for the Truth of it, is the continuation of the wheel.

No rest and no Shabat
perhaps only at first sight.

A transition from the city to the moshav (village) and part of the Truth was already known, and that either I could not search and find in Google's engine.

The Truth there could not have prepared me for the transition, since there is nothing to prepare, when the fear vanishes. That is the Truth.

Preparations on a previous pattern or an attempt to create a new pattern for a safe future, are rooted in fear. That is the Truth.

It inclines not that patterns shall not be created and the cakes and cookies shall not be baked in order to create a safe and tasty mold, *prima facie*.

The mind is not loaded from all the stacking of fear. The survival of the urban man which pays high rent to live crowdedly and exchange 'verbalish mumblish' with one another and in groups, with many strangers. On the height of rent one can learn from Google, and if not from that engine, surely from "yad2".

That is just another experience, just another setting.

A rustle cricketing (though I'm not sure from a cricket) rustles along from the branches of the pine tree.

The cafés, the plenty of cars and the strangers in their multitude replaced another stage this chapter.

Moshav Amirim, on the mountain, oak trees, lentisk bushes, more green than grey.

It is not good nor is it bad, told one another the city mouse and the village mouse on their different experiences.

A quick typing in Google's search engine will bring you to sing about it.

One can hear and feel the wind in its clarity. August heat, chilly comparing to Tel Aviv.

A man is left to share his experiences and his details and what he has learned from them. That is all the lesson.

Another man would read the words, take a deep breath, where in front of him the book's pages and its words, and as he reads the book on another stage, could feel, even if momentarily, what is happening among words and letters of the book.

For that Google's engine was created - to walk without, to feel with.

There the illusion is clearly distinct. A man sees a video,

an image or something written on the website, and it's pretty obvious for him that he is not "there".

However, when sits on a bench and writes some thing, and feels the fingers pressing the pen, and the ink gently smears on the page, feels the sitting bones and his back touches the bench and feels the blowing wind - then a man "understands" not the size of the illusion, its depth. The different senses are preventing him from perceiving this.

That is but human, told me the Truth.

A man has been taught to believe in something.

To step out of believing in sensations (on all five senses), that is a step that few, so is told, experience, reveal or even rewarded.

Reward, since something special, different, is happening upon the breaking of that belief.

It is not to attest, that the glue that exists inside the head, inside the mind, has crumbled from its illusionary grip. Not at all.

At least for me, not yet.

It is not a catharsis and there are no orgasms.

There is another reality, there is another point of view, there is another lesson, in the school of life.

There is life burdenless. The Truth whispers that not many find its sweet waters, and one should dig deep into the depth of earth, even through the abyss (oblivion),

until a man reaches the deep abysmal water filled with atoms of Truth.

It is not “quarrying a rock” or “via Dolorosa”, not necessarily, though it might be.
That a man chooses not.

My mother wrote to me today, that I am walking on a brave path or bravely on the path.
When a man walks his path there is no bravery nor fear - there is only Path.
The sensations change, the scenery changes, the experience change, the description changes.

The Path is a relative of the Truth.
I am not certain of which degree.
One can search Google’s search engine about “The Path”.
You might find some old wise Chinese man awaits you on the crossroad with a sign - “Go Away!!!”.
You can read it how you understand.

After all, many roads to Rome, and all arrive from where and there, and lead you to here and until when.

You have briefly turned and the old wise Chinese man disappeared and you are left confused and frightened as for his meaning.

You might put all that aside and completely ignore.
You might put all that aside and turn light.

Nothing to know and nothing to worry, ends the Truth
the seventh chapter.

Chapter 8: 11-Aug-2018 15:20

The eighth chapter began sitting on a bench in Kineret viewpoint.

A bench, grass, a guardrail and the valley view up to the arrival of the Kineret, which ends in Golan Mountains (originally written - Jordan), the line which is beyond.

The Truth already told me that it is not a choice when she decides to say her thing, let alone when someone is willing to listen to her, to check and examine her essence, and write it.

There can pass days, weeks, months, and even years, before the time of the Truth will arrive to go out into the light this way or another.

The Truth herself told me of eons in darkness, of extinct species, of mountains created and kingdoms annihilated.

Something comes out through me, and she allows it to be received. She prepared me for a somewhat "strange" journey, a solo journey even lonely in search and writing about her.

All the changing of pronouns appeared strange. Yet that as well she believed will happen.

As long as she had written her words through me, I knew not what she is about to say, and knew not what she had gone through.

All I could see was her becoming in front of my eyes as the pen comes down in a changing rhythm to the paper.

That she told me as well, and whispered and most likely I will not find that in Google's search engine.

It exists in this moment on a bench surrounded by two lentisk bushes and two fresh pine trees on its sides.

The process which she comes down from an "unknown" place through my shoulder, towards my elbow, towards the wrist, up to the fingers, thumb and index finger, the only ones "allowed" to hold the "sending". The index finger, the middle finger, supporting from below, the ring finger and the pinkie do not at all touch it yet they are "there". This process is fascinating not less than the rest of the messages which she sends.

The eight chapter is not about loneliness. All this journey together with her is not a lonely journey.

Not at all.

That is perhaps the challenge of many of the "crazies", the "schizophrenics", thus she told me, every time anew, and "strengthened" me, despite my foundations have been solid and required no strengthening.

The craziness of the voices in the head, she said, is merely part of the absolutely normal game. Most people do not understand that and lead themselves to jump off of imaginary cliffs at the sound of the voices.

I am not talking about suiciders, but the daily people, listening to the craziness of their heads and are certain that is their way.

That is a suicide, a slow death, of most humanity, under “normal” disguise - as you come to “everything will be ok”.

The Truth knew a thing or two about herself and sent me to search Google for -

“depression”, “disappointment”, “dissatisfaction”, “fatigue”, “diseases” (body and psyche).

The Strange and the Weird will be judged by normal people with standards of high standard deviation. The Normal lives on a standard deviation which he cannot see. As he drives so crooked on the road, not realising how his vehicle is wearing out as the road calls him to drive a completely different road.

At times until he does not turn “crazy”, a man will keep on wearing out his vehicle, himself, and only when the engine light will turn on, shouting for an unbearable heat, only then will be the time for treatment.

That is the world's way, she said, nothing to be done, nothing to wonder about, nothing to be expected.

One can watch and wait.

It is not staring at an emptied content screen.

It is not to say as well that a screen cannot contain content.

The Truth silenced for a moment then laughed.

Immediately a boy on facebook put out a laughing smiley.

Immediately a woman posted the successful baked cake,

and a mother shared about her children jumping to the swimming pool.

Nothing is wrong with that, said the Truth to me. One should observe, first thing.

That is reality. That is presence.

“Search for me and you shall not find, certainly not in the reality as it appears to you.”

The winds that passed, passed along, whistling through the pine needles, emphasised to me how the scenery changed the past few weeks.

That is just the scenery, and ended the eighth chapter.

Chapter 9: 13-Aug-2018 ±15:00

The ninth chapter unfolds and again the rustle of the wind through the leaves is heard.

Truthfully, that what is left here are my words and thoughts.

The Truth has known to tell me about the city and the moshav (village).

About the differences in the rustle of the leaves.

I was left with the thoughts in my head, and that's the Truth, which silence brings.

She sat beside me, and she had, most likely, a different mother.

A playground with green grass, two tress, swings, two mothers, and children, and silence.

The Truth came to tell me something about silent films. Subtitles in the head, subtitles on the paper, and the Truth giggles at all it bounds. At all it sounds.

The Truth was tolerant to my stories, as she was towards the blowing wind through the leaves.

She knew when to guide me inside, and when outside, when to spill the ink, and when to supply material for the ink to be spilled.

She had gone, that one with the different Truth, without saying a word, with a smile, and the Truth revealed to me about another kind of communication.

Nil cried (from his mother and her calling I acquainted to his name).

The group wanted to eat popsicles, in the custody of the mother, under the custody of the shade, and Nil, estimated to be two years old, went the opposite direction.

It was obvious that something is attracting him there, and the mother wanted him to join the group. He refused, but encountered the stubbornness of his mother.

The Truth revealed to me something about education and conditioning from young age. To each of us his movie, his subtitles.

That moment passed as well, and most likely, would not be found in Google's search engine.

The Truth whispered that I have not yet "seen" a thing, despite seeing a thing or two. I knew not if to nod my head to agree or not. She said, it matters not, and she is here.

It is not possible to search the keyword, when you do not know what is the key.

At a certain stage, you receive bundles of keys and not all match the spinning doors, and you throw to the garbage the ones that do not fit, and as you find a new door, and all your keys do not fit, at times you return to search for the key you have tossed away, and sometimes you wait for a new one. Sometimes also a duplicated key will work.

The Truth already knew to direct me to different key duplicators, which despite the key they handed to me, did not open the door easily like the original, opened it eventually.

No secret and no key, wrote the Truth.
No secret and no key.

“Do you pay attention?”, she asked.
Thus she sealed the ninth chapter.

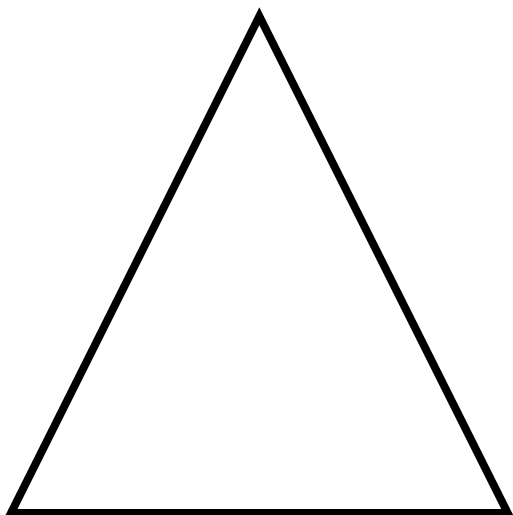
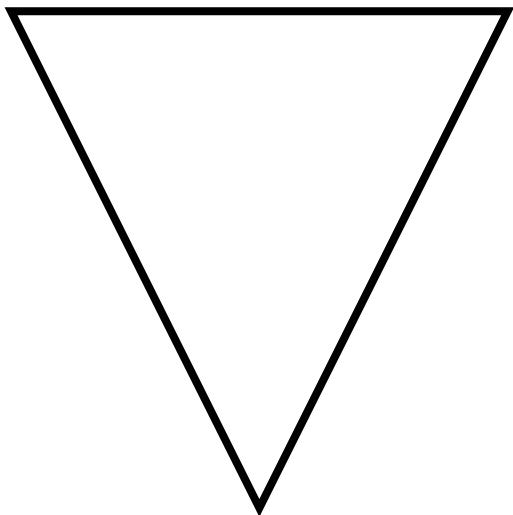
Chapter 10: 16-Aug-2018 ±11:00

The tenth chapter opened back again under a shading tree upon the grass, though a bit ichy-bitchy.

It is the same playground where Nil played, ran and cried.

It is the same place where I drew two trees in grey surrounded with green.

The Truth began telling me about memories. She told about how we take them for granted, the connection between present being, which reminds something from the past, and the “obvious” connection, which is typed in our head, which give rise to the memory through our special search engine.



She told me that Google are trying to find that same search, same index, unsuccessfully.

She told me about the oh-so-human tryout to “imitate” the human body, also through the creation of the camera, the lens, the focus.

There are things, she told me, most of them, which we take for granted since they have a sequence in our life.

Mostly we do not notice that our eyes focus non-stop, in order for us to see focused, and most likely, that muscle works thousands times a day (an assumption) and one can search Google’s search engine for the more “accurate” number (estimated), that scientists have discovered, and someone typed into an internet website, and Google indexed all, thus one can find that item.

She knew one cannot imitate that muscle action in the camera precisely. Some may say “a lame imitation”, some may say “a successful imitation”, which allows us to capture “memories” in an externally, permanently-changing way (until the discolouration of the photo, or until it’s lost).

That special mechanism of experiences, of memories, of the joining glue between them, which creates some false “I” that as if recalls been here before, but knows or believes something has changed.

She elaborated a bit speaking about the limitation of the mind or the brain, which takes the general image, and

large details, 60%, 80%, and if there is a match, there is a voice says - "I have been here".

The changing details it mostly omits or when it does not remember the place, the ratio changes to 10%, 20%, 30% known, then it is not always obvious to that "I", the we where here before.

The Truth revealed me something about such a sticky illusion, to ensure a kind of continuation in our lives, a kind of security through the known, the understood to us.

That same "I" does not need to reacquaint with this playground now, perhaps only to 10-20% of the unknown details.

Though "Pareto's law" applies here as well, ensuring the familiar.

The Truth told or mentioned the absence of fear which allows observation or the observation which defuses fear. She sent me to read in Google about the parable of "The egg and the chicken".

This illusion that in a moment, tomorrow, in a year, a decade, a century, this playground will stand on its ground. Here also enters the illusion of the familiar, the belief, into the picture. The mind saw the grass changing in a certain rate.

Let's assume a day-week, and discovered about its changeability, its disappearance.

The concrete, that is already another long story -

perhaps a decade, perhaps a century to its disappearance.

Despite man mostly does not live up to a hundred or beyond, he is capable of thinking and believing these ranges.

The Truth told me to accept it as it is.

Apparently I had no choice.

The Truth about instability does not bring instability, au contraire, establishes an entirely new stability.

This duality and relationship of forces between “yesh (is) and en (is not)”, between “yes and no”, between “lacking and existing”.

A change of track in the middle of chapter ten.

A short story about a pomegranate, the fruit of the pomegranate.

The Truth wanted to make a mess and get dirty.

A red round pomegranate picked from the tree, whole and beautiful.

Inside its seeds, red, sweet, and one shed “its blood” on my white singlet.

A small red stain created on the singlet, and suddenly all its appearance changed and it remained white no more.

What occupied the mind is the 1% red and not the 99% white.

I took more seeds, the whole open pomegranate, and I touched slight touches on my singlet.

1% turned 2%, to 5%, perhaps 10% and at least 20%.

The unity began echoing to the mind.

As if it had wanted to balance between the red and the white. All of a sudden it appeared not as a stain, but as a new creation on the singlet.

An hour walk and the red stains began turning brown. It appeared to be the nature of a pomegranate, of cotton and the oxygen system in the air. At the end of the day 50% of the red dots turned half brown.

After one laundry, all the red was removed and turned brown, the dots stayed, and apparently the washing machine, the water, the detergent, the singlet and the dots decides some strategy, and turned **all** the red into brown.

The Truth laughed at the sight of my shirt, which turned into a kind of “rag” (in the eyes of the mind), and entered into the closet under the sink, the shirt (and perhaps the Truth together with it).

White, red and brown, and chapter ten ended.

Chapter 11: 17-Aug-2018 13:45

There opened chapter eleven.

VW North garage, Majd al-Krum, at Nader's.

The Truth that also car repairs are needed once in a while, or at least happening, done.

The Truth tells here of externality that changes compared to the permanent internality. She spoke about the clinging of the mind to the changing surrounding compared to the permanent internality.

The Truth came to make it exact, or at least told me that the message is not necessarily understood yet.

She continued on saying that the internality or a certain quality, one can say, of the internality, changes.

The sensations change in the presence of external influences, external imprints, though the essence of the sensations changes not. It stays permanent.

North garage, moshav Amirim, waiting corner, rented house, Majd al-Krum, Amsterdam, summer, winter, nature, city, forest, roads, hundred acres, ten square meter.

Something outside changes, and something inside adapts itself to the changes, though as long as a man finds his permanent internality, which does not change, thus

change, external and/or internal, no longer constitute “a disturbance”, “a challenge”, “a hardship”.

Here reminded me the Truth the second Yoga Sutra of Patanjali -

“Atha Yogah Nushasanam”.

Oops... that is the first one.

Anyway, the first is related to the second and vice versa. “Yogah Citta Vritti Nirodhah”, that is the second. Yoga is the cessation of the fluctuations in the head, in the mind.

She told me, that it is not about the “cessation” as much as about discovering the “unchangeable” “constant”. There are those who will call it Purusa, the soul. There are those who will call it the “defined” at a person, “the constant energy”.

It does not necessarily matter how it is “called”. The names are meant **only** to transfer the message to another and **speak** about it. To be human among humans.

The Truth told me that one can read about it in books, and as well in Google’s search engine there are results for those sutras. That is not the **learning** process, she emphasised, as much as a possibility to observe some knowledge. That is all.

The discovery of the unchangeable has brought me to the extent that the place, the images, the people, the weather, the places, will no longer constitute an

elementary factor of the “way” in my life, of the “contentment” in my life.

Again, clarified the Truth, the word we will name it has no special meaning for a man. It has a special meaning, when we are interested, or when it is correct for us to share what we have experienced, with another.

There is no difference between work and holiday, between a vacation in the sea and a car repair in the garage.

As we discover, experience, as it will be clarified, that there is a place, where there is no difference, in one's experiences, in his realizations, is being, then a certain door opens to see the world through a different hatch, opening.

The Truth revealed another fold and supposedly in “an unexpected” place, in Nader's garage, in the middle of month of August.

That is the journey, to be prepared that something will be revealed in a place, a time and a way that are unpredictable.

For that there are many moments, which constitute, on the surface, a “futile” observation.

The Truth told me that only the mind tries to tag it as “futile”, as unnecessary, as irrelevant.

Therefore, all that is left is to be ready.
The Truth lightly laughed reading this sentence.

Much has been spoken, written, taught, told, about
“being ready”, “being present”, “observing”.

Until a baby has not experienced the sun and realised the
sun in all its aspects, as can be perceived by it, no one
can truly teach him about sun.

As it learned, experienced and realised, in its whole
meaning about sun, can it understand the whole world.

A sun is “merely” an example. One can change it,
clarified the Truth, with “a person”, with another
object.

Philosophy, theory and practice can easily be mixed and
melted and remain mis-realised.

The “work”, which many teachers teach, is mostly, the
challenge in sustaining inside what appears as
unnecessary.

A man, most humans, most men, are at all not close to
realising the meaningful and the meaningless, and are
certain of one instead of the other. Mixing or replacing
meaningful for meaningless, awakening for sleep,
wisdom for foolishness.

Even if you would read and nod to agree as you read the
words, even if you read and nod to disagree as you read

the words, it will matter not.
Most likely.

Taking care of an automobile and the realisation of it,
and removing the veil from the unknown, sustaining
inside the fear, seeing the survival aspect - and the non-
survival.

The Truth laughed again and said, "how characteristic
of you." Characteristic, character, she spoke about the
essence of my character.

That which is written, she said, indicated clearly on the
aspect of subjectivity inside of us, on the limitation of
seeing the world through one's eyes, through our eyes.
I do not see as a dog - that is obvious.
I do not see as my brother, or as anyone else - that is
obvious.
Indeed?

Many times, one understands that not and the attempt
that another will see like me, feel like me, understand
like me, creates a discrepancy, misunderstanding,
disappointment, frustration, obstacles, anger,
stuckness.

"That is also the reality", told me the Truth.
That is also the reality.

End of chapter eleven. Female, male and in between
them.

Chapter 12: 22-Aug-2018 11:50

The twelfth chapter opened.

Again the playground, another angle.

The ground is “deserted” of people after a play.

The children and the mothers’ rest minutes ago.

The Truth began telling me about the meaning of the playground. A place for the children to play around, mostly, though not always, and the mothers resting under one of the trees, mostly (rest), though not always.

The Truth began revealing me something about the dependency of the development in the creature itself, in the mother, in the child.

At the beginning of the scene, the set, one could see four toddlers climbing an iron basket, its top about 3 meters high.

The mothers were sitting in a distance a few dozen meters away under the shade of the tree, or more precisely, on the shade under the tree.

Truth is, that the story “stopped”, “paused”, for an hour and a half.

The Truth knew of bumping and revealed that to me again and again.

The playground remained “deserted” no more after writing the word, and within a few minutes Uri and

Neomi (thus I got to know their names) arrived with their mother (and their brother sleeping in the cart).

The story about them and about the first encounter will not be written now, if at all.

Back to the mothers that were sitting at a certain time, in a certain point, under the tree.

The Truth showed me a thing or two about memory, about the continuity of the memory, about its formation, and how one can return to dots on the memory plane, and collect again experiences, blow spirit into them and inflate them into a story.

Inflate the past into the present.

The place where the memory of the story had been written has changed and it is not the playground anymore, but a bench towards “the extension” (this I learned was the name of the neighbourhood where I live). A bench in the middle of the road, on the side of the road, facing the mountain view, under a pine tree and in front of Rimón (pomegranate) street (I assume).

How the details gather one on top of the other and create an image.

The Truth revealed that the story you will read, the image you will see, out of the collection of details, will be different from the image another will see and from the image I see and describe, even had I had a camera and I would have pasted the still image in the story.

The thread returned again to the mothers and their children.

They climbed the iron basket, and the mothers were resting under the tree, and one could stretch a line ("imaginary") between them and the children.

The Truth tagged it now as "The line of Fear" (or the "worry" or "concern").

This line between the two mothers and the four children was now loose and not tight.

The children could climb (and indeed climbed) to the top of the basket, and the imaginary line did not stretch, not for a moment.

My sensation was calm as the looseness of the line. Many possibilities are given when the line is loose. Many possibilities apparently are possible also when it is tight, though certainly with a completely different sensation of the spectator.

The children could (my discernment) move more freely along this loose line (allegedly imaginary).

The dependency between the children and the mothers was free, loose and liberated.

The children did not tense the mothers,
and the mothers did not tense the children.

No side pulled the other, and altogether the line was distinct and apparent to the eye (trained? skilled?).

A day earlier, in Kineret viewpoint, I bumped into a mother (another) and her children. The line between her and her children was very tight. One could sense it, one could see it, one could hear it.

The children were dependent on the mother, and the mother was dependent on the children, and each side constantly pulled, willingly or unwillingly, the imaginary line, the line of concern, fear and worry.

Even if “wanted” the mother to rest for a moment, the tension of that line allowed it not. She did not allow it, the mother, as well as the children allowed it not.

When the line is tensed, as much as it is tensed, so the vibrations are felt more, and their frequency is higher, faster. As much as the line is loose, its vibrations are felt less, and if to be exact, the time it takes one vibration to arrive from one end of the line to the other, takes more (time) thus also the frequency is lower.

One could certainly hear that.

A Do (C) of the highest octave and the Do (C) of the lowest octave.

The Truth sent me to the piano to examine that. If there is no piano, she said, after all in Google surely one can find differences between octaves and much more material about frequency, about vibrations, about wavelength, about tension and looseness.

This line, mostly invisible to man, has much significance in our lives, to resistance, to fatigue, to awakesness, to peace.

I shall not say how to repair it, but first observe and notice the phenomena within you.

At times observing the phenomena and the discovery of it impact the tension (or looseness) of the line.

Step one in survival, in reducing the fear, is the “recognition”. The more the mind recognizes the surface of things, liberation is a possibility, less resistance, assuming, of course, that this is the correct path for a man to tread on.

It might certainly be that hypertension is your share. Recognition is step one.

The Truth came not to “resolve” a thing there. Ones who wish for a resolution might find me, or others, or themselves.

This is not a guidebook. This is a viewpoint.

It matters not at this moment if I will introduce to you my way, and how I arrived here where I sit presently. Human Design, Vipassana, Yoga, IT, bikes, Don't Know Meditation.

All these are just names to one experiential experiment or another.

Even if I write here of “Strategy and Inner Authority” (Human Design), of Anna Pana (Vipassana) and of “Don’t Know” (meditation), of observation, of the body, of the mind, I believe not (says my mind), that something will happen on the other side of the page, as much as I leave a space for doubt, that a man can awaken from reading these words.

I have not experienced that this is how life works.

The Truth knew to tell me of forces which operate, and dozens and hundreds of books, written on this subject or alike, dozens of methods and thousands of teachers.

It might be that a word or more will awaken a hidden spark within you, and that will distract you from the old sleeping path of yours (in Hebrew old and sleeping are written with the same letters ישנה), both old and sleeping.

I do not engage in possibilities, in probabilities, I simply describe an experience.

That is a journey as for me, to share the aspects of fear from another layer, from another perspective, to change the relation to survival, through another observation of life’s illusion.

The line that is stretched from me to the horizon is not loose, and passes above the valley, above the paths, above the road and the houses, above one ridge, a second one, up to the misty horizon.

One can tread this line with no fear of falling.

A loose line, more fearful at start, harder to balance upon.

The Truth reminded me about a tight rope, tied between two trees and treading on the rope. It became a “sport”. One can find that in Google, she said - Slack Line. One must cut some slack, something loose, to tread upon the rope, else it would tear, else it would not be “interesting”.

Tension is apparently necessary. The tension between us and the gravity of earth, and the moon. The tension exists as long as we are alive and the lessons that come with it.

That is an imaginary line, that the body knows how to tread upon, how to operate when sensing different and changing forces.

The body knows how to handle the line of fear and tread upon it above all which happens to come my way.

The mothers and the children revealed something very interesting about that line.

There is no superfluous tension in my eyes now, and the view stretches and unfolds in front of them.

This is the reciprocity in this moment. This moment.

Chapter twelve folded in, and entered into the bag, and was closed.

Chapter 13: 27-Aug-2018 16:35

The thirteenth chapter arrived with the Truth's story about powerlessness (En Onim in Hebrew).

She broke down in front of me the meaning of this term.

En -> lack

Onim -> Powers

She began telling me about the limitation inhabited in that it is not in the power of man to change reality, at least that is how I saw her words.

I was under a certain powerlessness lately, in a certain way anyhow. One can elucidate powerlessness in many ways.

Now it was not about, necessarily, lack of choice inherent as powerlessness.

Now it was more of "a physical state", something "simple" allegedly, daily.

The theme of breath, the asthma, floated upon the surface in recent weeks, and as any phenomena, brought forth a lesson which the Truth had hoped to show me.

Something in the "definitions" appeared limiting and increasing phenomenas which do not necessarily exist, which lead to increase of resistance.

The Truth began clarifying to me that there is a place "free" (supposedly) from the dependence on words, whether a man defines his state or not.

The Truth revealed to me many times, that it appears people are sick and limited from knowing about their condition, from the name given to their condition, more than the condition itself.

The powerlessness in the breathing “issue”, the irregular nights lately, brought forth a lesson of a slightly different kind.

The Truth began splitting apart the term “issue” (problem), however, it was decided now, not to get into that excessively.

At this point, it is said, that this is simply an array of comparison between two sides of the equation, and mostly with human beings, between past and present, desirable and existing (future and present).

Accepting the powerlessness must encapsulate within it (Yesh - opposite of En) Onim, Powers.

That I discover now. When from the equation one removes the “lack” (‘En’ - Exists Not - in Hebrew). One can remove the “Exists Not” (En), only when an equation is Existing Not.

In words simpler perhaps, when you do not compare your present condition to your previous condition, you cannot be in lack .

For most human beings such revoking is almost impossible. It leaves them power-**less** facing the present.

The physical, mental, emotional challenges are rooted in the comparing capacity which exists in the mind.

The Truth told me that many see that a mere philosophical element (aspect), meaningless for the daily life.

She made sure to clarify that this is the world's way, and this is the mind's way to maintain the grip on people.

An attempt exists to “resolve” the “issue”, the “challenge”. An attempt exists only when there is an equation.

I Worry Knot

(01:15 ,22-7-2017)

At times a smile appears on face
at times it is closed inside
not because it wants not out
but cannot hold
face muscle's work
present a cloudy state
but fallen state and mood
like paint on a smudged wall,
dries, fades and disappears
and changes like all.

Indeed, at first appears
that the condition is alike
what you have past experienced
yet immediately a thing's revealed.
Do you pay attention to changes?
Do you pay attention to nicknames,
which you paste on the condition?
thus condition as a problem stands,
and starts a search for a solution.
For a problem is a matter of lack.
It appears that plain adding drill
will let you float in space,
but the condition inside a boat it sails,
pretends not to be decorated
with all kinds of titles as good or bad.
The condition is simply the occasion.

If you will only observe, wait
and decrease it not,
nor increase, nor solve,
you will find brilliantly,
that the problem sinks in depths,
no longer sticks
a firm stake inside the ground.

Thus grow from wilderness,
Life, which wither in the end,
just like those camels
which cross continents
and take on their hump
people which fear emptiness,
cling to preciseness
and the desert hence reveals
that the sand collects
life and death in circle,
like its friend, the wave,
that rise and fall and crash,
the pattern it shatters,
among many oceans
where fish procreate.

Then comes a fisherman and Fish-a-Fish
Longer Worry Knot,
thus a smile spreads on his thin lips
as his thoughts have changed.

That which has happened (and is happening) inside of me I cannot fully expose, since that is not possible. There are reservoirs inside of me, experiences inside of me, which are for me alone, not because I “wish” not to share them, but for I have no possibility of doing so.

That is for every man.

The essence cannot be revealed. There are, so called, secrets, which remain in the custody of that man, and it matters not whether another can read his thoughts or sense his feelings.

The limitation which exists in the mental capacity of man, which rely (the capacity) on the physical body, is particularly fascinating.

The Truth continued unveiling the curtain and shedding more light onto this subject. All her words were meant for my ears only, and are written, since that is how it was supposed to happen.

There are worn out words, repeated, among many people's mouths concerning observation, presence, and such alike. It appears to me that I either have misunderstood many people, which have spoken about it, or I sense not my realization in theirs, or they have simply not transmitted me, that they are really “there”, but only borrowed the word from the dictionary.

It might certainly be possible that about me same is being told. Certainly might be.

It matters not.
Simply a point.

The ability to discover that inside the human structure, I am kind of inducting here, out of my experience, of course, that ability to discover, that parts exist within us, unchangeable parts, that thing is almost inexplicable .

That is a kind of an ice cream, that a man can only realise its taste on his own “flesh”, his “tongue”, his “palate”.

To be in the place I am in my life, supposedly in my chronological age (34), and see the Truth (the subjective?) telling me all that, that is a special kind of an experience.

The Truth continued revealing about inside and outside, changeable and unchangeable, powerlessness and power.

All the time there is a movement (as long as one is alive, it appears) between absence of meaning and meaning, between health and sickness, etc.

In the recent period I have been exposed to see that something exists between them, between every duo of words, duo of definitions, duo of limitations.

I hear all that for myself, write all that for myself, forget and remembers all that for myself.

The human structure is so fascinating in each one of its parts, powerless and powerful as they may be.

The Truth began talking again about “fear”.
As fear exists, exists lack of fear, thus the equation is
being created and erased.

It is amazing to discover how the asthma and its effects,
mostly, matter not anymore. That is, the result matters
not.

I went to a doctor, I took a medicine, I slept well or not, I
refused to the medicine, how it all was resolved.
Something is bound to happen, and the perspective
through which I see what I see, creates a space of time
which appears not to exist for most people. So it appears
to me from random encounters with several people
around me.

One generalises very easily about the human species,
despite that in his life one meets, most likely, ten
thousand people? a hundred thousand? I mean also
people we pass by in the street.

Out of seven, eight billion people, we bump in our life a
small sample, a tiny precentage, yet, our nature, the
human nature (and again I generalise) is to generalise.

I am apparently no different in this way, and I laugh
hearing all that.
Again, that is also my limitation in my humanness, my
structure.

Inasmuch...

Well, it appears it is enough for the thirteenth chapter.
Asthma, limitations and what is between them.

Chapter 14: 8-Sep-2018 11:15

Chapter 14 opened with the idea of puberty.

The Truth began laying out to me, in relation to the place or life's period where I lay now, about two maturing phases, different maturing periods.

If we would say "a teenager", most likely, we would picture a boy (or a girl) of around 15 years old, more or less, and we as humans would accept more moderately his behaviour, accepting it, relatively to his behaviour.

All under the title of "Puberty".

All valid and is clear, existing and familiar.

Now, several months after age 34, the second puberty, perhaps even more accurate chronologically, receives different shade and relation from the surrounding.

The Truth was clear to me as for the existing challenge of a teenager at age 30 to adapt his life style and his behaviour according to his maturing age. He is after all "teenager 2", if we wish to create a sequel.

Yet at this puberty (between 30-40) the external environment is no longer so, principally, tolerant, accepting and permissive towards that same maturing teenager of age 30.

The Truth has sent me to search in Google the song "הילד 30 בן" ("the kid is 30") by Ehud Banai.

It is obvious for all, and most obvious that not obvious for all, that there is something special and different in this puberty, age of 30.

The Truth began telling me about things I am still facing with, according to my age, 34.

“Teenager 1” (12-18 or even up to 30) sometimes experiences the disarray and the resistance which come at his doorstep due to his biological development. His mental development is not yet standing aligned with his biological-physiological, physical, development. The dissonance is clearly apparent, to those who have past this phase.

In the second phase, “Teenager 2”, 30-40 (and perhaps up to 50, I do not know), the ratio between the physical development to the mental development is beginning to balance, and the mental development, supposedly, catches up the pace (in a metaphorical sort of way).

The Truth has spoken of, that with most of society, with most people, with most relationships (in a generalisation which I know not where is taken), people are trying to hasten the mental development (which is, of course, not really possible to hasten), and already at age 25, more or less, it is expected from a teenager, that his physical and mental levels to equate.

The recognition already exists that it is not achievable, yet the external influence is apparent.

Furthermore when this teenager crosses age 30, and I am at this stage can toll and tell up to 34.

Few are the lucky ones which can experience successfully and with reduced environmental resistance the second puberty, the oh-so-vital, this I experience and others tell, to the “functional” development, the healthy one, of man.

The Truth laughed and guessed that one will ridicule or nod reading these words, and say “that is obvious”, but there is a profound essential (in Hebrew requires just a replace of two letters - מהותי, essential, and תהומי, profound) difference between an experience of that, a deep realisation, to a nod and an acceptance like a dog nodding in front of a candy handed to him on the palm of his owner.

She spoke not to those, that not at all see that and their expectations of their children are double as much in comparison to the child's age, or even triple.

The ignorance that exists in the connection between a parent and a child can be seen, in most of these relationships.

It is not “just” about inexperience, and some would say “a first child”.

It is a readiness and an awareness and a timing which are correct by the parent, the mechanism which is more “ready” to embrace into its life that infant.

That is our journey as human beings.

It is not a kitten which I see outside my balcony, which is born and all its concern is shelter, food, movement. Inasmuch, when it is fed at two months of age by a human hand.

A human-cub is in a different process, completely different, and the comparison between man and animal, its place perhaps is in the movie "Tarzan".

This is no complaint and no Truth, that is a perspective. The Truth made sure to repeat that to me.

"Puberty 2", the sequel to "Puberty 1", and the film keeps on rolling, and the Truth as well.

End of Chapter Fourteen.

Chapter 15: 12-Sep-2018 15:45

The fifteenth chapter has opened.

End of noon and an “unclear” dash, as it appears, to Rosh Pina, to eat hummus at “Hummus Eliyahu”

That is the “outside”.

To three teenaged boys joined a teenaged girl and one could notice how that “attracted” my attention.

That is also the “outside”.

I rolled, literally, from Amirim to Moran Garage in the kibbutz and from there the body simply decided to drive, and the mind was left to guess only where we are heading.

There was a hunger sensation, and the mind inside “gambled” and tried to guess where would the stop spot be.

“Hummus Eliyahu” was one of the guesses, while during that, the mind thinks of this place or the other which stands at the side of the road as we were driving the car.

That is also the “outside”.

The Truth tried to describe something about outside and inside. So many details attract our attention outside and are the themes of the discussion.

I could sense how the blond kid in front attracted my attention, and I could feel a certain sensation inside as I watch him briefly.

So has happened with other objects.

The Truth already, and after that, and still, explains of a path with one arrow, with one direction. No cause and effect, allegedly. No walking a certain direction to return in a relative direction to it.

The Truth laughed and could see that the “subject” is not obvious, clear.

A progress with no goal, on the surface.

A progress with no plans.

“I” am the prisoner (non-prisoner) that is most imprisoned-free there is with the utmost proud-humility there is.

Something is happening “inside”.

All the time something is happening “inside” though the “outside” tries to claim ownership of it all the time, or most of the time.

I listen to the sounds outside, to the sensations inside, and these lack of goal and direction, anyhow those which are not accessible anymore to the mind, engender a sensation of a lake. An image.

The Truth already said that everything is as usual.

Driving an unknown path. She elaborated on the world

of thrills.

The Thrill of turning the unknown to known, and the difficulty in remaining in the unknown, and simply watch what rises out of it. All that in different temporary scales - a moment, an hour, a day, a month, a year, a decade.

I spoke with Zehra yesterday about that if we suggest to people, most people, to practice a small portion, for a small period, the experiment we go through (separately), that would be a very difficult challenge for them.

A few years into these experiment and journey, there are things which turn obvious, taken for granted anyhow.

The observation and the waiting for the “average person” (a generalisation for this sake of matter) is “work”.

Experimenting a life with no purpose, which fulfil them being life, thus fulfil their purpose, all that sounds like an impasse or hollow to most man.

A philosophy at most.

The sensation of becoming free within the jailhouse is a unique sensation of a kind.

The “inside”, literally, cannot truly be described. There are things that are meant for oneself only.

The Truth knew to tell of an observation for the sake of observation, waiting for the sake of waiting, experience

for the sake of experience (waiting originally), writing for the sake of writing, breathing for the sake of breathing.

It sounds at times very boring, like writing an equation, $1=1$.

At face value there is nothing “special” here, yet that is all what matters, and the moment that a man experiences and realises from within, some would say “deeply”, this equation, supposedly many “things”, or “problems” in the language of many people, are resolved.

The Truth said that there are situations which a man prefers to suppress, to ignore, to change. They are called with names as “stuck”, “fatigue”, “embarrassment” at times, “danger”, “boredom”, and those are just few examples.

It seems this chapter is in the sign of “stuckness”.

As you read the words the time gaps between one line to another, one paragraph to another, do not exist in what is written.

One could have imagined that, so each line represents a few seconds or a minute, and many pages will remain empty in certain moments, which contain (the pages) that same situation, to a certain degree even that same sensation.

At this stage since I have not left a number of empty pages, I will leave that to the imagination.
It seems these are still dictations of writing order.

All that was written in Rosh Pina.
All in all in Rosh Pina. That is all.

Thus got stuck here the fifteenth chapter.

Chapter 16: 20-Sep-2018 09:20

Chapter sixteen began in a new place.

A red table, fig, olive and oak trees, House 77.

I am no longer certain whether I laugh at what the Truth speaks or she laughs seeing my behaviour and my life.

The last days which are passing, are in sign of transition, in sign of air, acclimatisation and climate.

It appears that the outside stories tell mostly about two ends of the rope, good and bad, happiness and sadness, health and sickness.

The Truth knew to touch the enormous gap which exists between two ends, two extremes.

That is something different than mediocrity, she began telling me.

That part in between the ends does not necessarily resemble mediocrity but it is a collection of moments that depends on the perspective - a binocular, a telescope, a microscope, sun glasses, prescription glasses, etc - which change and could, or are, unique in and of themselves.

The Truth told me of words' influences, of the different contexts we attribute to them, of habits, of conditionings.

All this movement of the mind between one extreme to the other, each extreme is anchored with waiting, in to a life force of a certain rhythm (until it changes, if at all).

Observation.


One can approach Google and search for that word, she said.

One can also approach endless lessons, workshops, lectures, doctrines, theories, and hear and learn about observation.

There is something interesting in that one can hear resemblance between התבוננות (hitbonenut - observation in Hebrew) and בינוניות (beynoniyut - mediocrity in Hebrew).

The Truth has sent me to imagine a picture of an azure still (?) lake, and if one wishes, go and search Google's search engine for "Azure Lake", if no picture one's imagination engenders.

Each one and his resources in hand.

I assume that this day is in sign of unique mediocrity. How this adjective changes the shade of the word. Also mediocrity can be described in a very broad spectrum. Perhaps even an infinite -  -

The Truth began revealing me a thing about the connection between observation and mediocrity. That is a connection which can be interpreted and

experienced (not necessarily in this order) over a whole book, a whole life.

The enter and exit space from mediocrity upwards towards uniqueness and downwards towards mundanity, bring with it a whole world.

The Truth told me that one could type searching Google
“Death and Life are in the power of the Tongue”

There is such a book, in English.

There are stories about the influence of the tongue and in this case the word, the language, and not the taste and the touch which exist in the tongue, the power to turn illusion into reality or reality into illusion, turn experience into a story and a story into an experience.

When I was a child it appeared that one should avoid death by tongue, so I understood this maxim, the stories.

Today already revealed to me the Truth more layers.
How the tongue and its stories bring death to that which is meant to die in order for something else to live instead.

The other side exists - the Truth revives a story which is meant to live.

“and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life” - one can search Google, she whispered, in the old and new testament.

Stories like the tree, touch the ground, spread their roots, grow their trunk, split their branches, expand their leaves, and produce their fruits, and

“eventually” (?) blossom their flower, which detach from them coming time, not before the bee will come and take their sweetness and cast honey from it in a collaborative craft with its coworkers, its sisters, as effoliation comes and detach the leaves from the tree, thus from the story, to create another.

The fledglings that have left the nest.

Thus one can connect between a story to a tree to fledglings in such a line.

Association, context, the Truth has sent the user to search in Google in order to receive a stamp or at least a light explanation and further description.

The Truth whispered in my ear, that the stories are meant for me, and I laughed (or smiled) at this cognisance.

Like the tree growing for itself, yet serves willingly and unwillingly the circle of life around it.

“The Giving Tree” - she said again that one can approach Google and search the book in English, in Hebrew and many languages.

Some will judge the book “for good”, “for bad”, “positively”, “negatively”.

That she said as well can be found in Google’s search engine.

Possibly one might bump an elucidation of the book from his landlord who feeds 30 cats.

It is possible.

Fascinating mediocrity, and reticent observation?

Distant observation?

Hesitant observation?

Amused observation?

Receding mediocrity.

The mediocre sixteenth chapter maundered to an end.

Chapter 17: 24-Sep-2018 09:00

Chapter seventeen opened. Another chapter.

Stopping.

Waiting.

Breathing.

Limitation.

Breathing.

Waiting.

Stopping.

It was obvious for the Truth that to write about the void meaning to vanish it utterly.

There are things which can only exist when no one mentions them.

Not to himself and not to others.

All the more not to others.

The good, the bad and the ugly -

Another movie which the Truth has sent one of us to search on the "shelves" of Google.

The limitation of being human.

Clouded and clung on our memories, our habits, our sensations, our wishes.

The transitions from good to bad to ugly, and even to pretty, and to easy and used, to new, to old and to the changeable.

The Truth broke in like an antidote, one day, a week, a month, a year, a period.

It is an encumbrance to be alive, to be a human being.
Now began the Truth breaking down this term -
encumbrance.

She began exposing to me the problematics of presenting encumbrance in a limited way. She began showing how a transition from encumbrance to relief creates a life story.

That is all.

The burden is not bad.

The relief is not good.

Both are neither ugly.

Had their order, the adjectives, would have been reversed, then neither would it matter.

The limitation of seeing our encumbrance, of trying to solve it, trying to linger and stay and stick with relief - that is as well an encumbrance.

So the swing between burden and relief swings up-down and no child in the playground ever complains that now he is up while his playmate is down.

It is obvious in a few playing moments the high would go down, and the low would rise up.

There are people who tell of
their optimistic experiences.

There are people who tell of
their pessimistic experiences.
There are people who are neutralised
from telling stories.
Yet each one has a story and each side comes with the
help of the other.

That is sort of another day in which could the Truth have
sent me searching after eucalyptus trees and birds' chirp,
and a hidden scenery of Kineret (Sea of Galilee)

There is an inner voice inside of me, which speaks in
words, and it guides me no longer.
It only wants to resolve the situation, to transit from
hard to easy, from bad to good, etc.

It has a story to tell, in due time, and that is all, in due
pen-time (time is "et - עת" in Hebrew, and so is a pen,
"et - עט").

There is a laughter-daughter (a smile - Bat-Tzkhok in
Hebrew) which spreads on man's face, no matter what
his "condition" is.

There is a laughter rolling on man's face, no matter what
his "quality" is.

There are people and something in me, as well, some
times.

A bird on the right chirped, and a bird on the left chirped
back.

They called to end chapter seventeen.

Chapter 18: 25-Sep-2018 16:36

He stood in front of me in the playground.

He asked "what do you know?" (in Hebrew)

"I don't know", I replied.

"Do you pay attention?", he asked.

"I don't know", I replied.

"Do you pay attention that you pay attention?", he continued and asked.

"I don't know", I replied again.

"Do you notice that you are here?", asked.

"Ah-hun", I replied.

"Do you speak Hebrew?", he asked.

"I don't know", I replied.

"There are people which pass through their life without paying attention to their life", he said.

"Ah-hun", I replied.

"You are ok!" (in English) he determined and laughed.

"Ah-hun", I replied.

He put out his hand at me, and I put out my hand which was sticky from mango.

He shook it goodbye, smiled and went away.

I continued towards the tap to wash my hand from the sticky mango, and the handshake stayed where we both stood on the grass.

Thus began and ended chapter י"ח (18 in gematria and alive in Hebrew).

Chapter 19: 27-Sep-2018 14:14

She stopped in front of me outside the playground.
It appeared to be the first time we have met.
Anyhow from the depth of my memory rose no inkling
whatsoever, which could incline I have seen her before.

“How are you?”, she asked (in plural masculine Hebrew).
“I don’t know”, I replied, and wondered who are those
“we”.

“How are you?” (Again plural) she continued asking me
and myself.

She smiled.

“Who are those we?”, I asked back.

She looked at me with eyes wide open, trying to figure
out the meaning of my answers.

“All is well with you?” (again plural) she did not give up,
and all in an amusing atmosphere.

“I don’t know”, again I replied.

She looked at me for a couple of seconds without saying a
word.

“Well, I guess I got confused”, she said and went up the
children’s garden, and laughed from the random
encounter.

That same day I saw the book “Man’s search for
meaning” in the bookcase, I took it out and read a few
pages.

I dozed while reading and went out afterwards to a round up and down the village.

As I came back, towards the end of the uphill, coming home, she stopped, this time with her car and asked, "Do you get somewhere?"

"Sometimes", I replied.

She again laughed.

She carried on her drive and I my foot march, about another 50 meters, home.

It appeared that the Truth presented herself in two amusing characters.

Mr. "What do you know?" and Ms. "Do you get somewhere?"

Briefly sealed thus the Truth chapter 19.

Chapter 20: 6-Oct-2018 9-10am

Chapter twenty opened.

The Truth knows to tell me of half world laughs and half world cries (roughly estimated 50-50).

She also knew to tell me that half will ridicule reading of the Truth here, and half will nod smilingly agreeing.

Thus world works.

She began showing her signs that Google's search engine is Google's search engine.

"Did you understand?", she asked me.

"Yes, but not sure others will understand.", I said.

She spread wide in her sit, wherever it is, and added, "such is the thing."

She claimed that this is one of the reasons that Google's search engine exists.

"It exists because there is no certainty that others understand.", thus spoke she.

It was the elucidating day in front of the Kineret-like view, old couple behind, young couple in front, a young woman crouching, sitting on the grass, and I am settled on the grass behind.

"Lorenzia? Lorenzia?", asked-called the old man.

"Yes", she answered (Lorenzia?)

“Shall we go?”, asked the old man, and added,
“Vamos?”.

“Yes”, answered Loernzia (the young woman), and stood up in his direction as they exchange several words in Spanish.

The Truth told me that one can take this experience and put it in Google’s search world.

“Nothing bad nor good about it”, she clarified.

“Nothing bad nor good about it”, she repeated and emphasised.

As you type into Google’s search engine your experiences, and of course, it is done indirectly, mostly, with the help of Google’s siblings and cousins, exist the typing experience, the sharing, stamping the experience, the memory of the experience, in a more preserved collective consciousness.

The Truth started saying about a fresh pineapple and a preserved pineapple.

Immediately jumped people here and there.

Good or bad, healthy or sickening, fresh or mouldy.

The Truth said it is none of her concern entering such piffling matters as these.

There are those who will eat a fresh pineapple, and those who will eat a preserved pineapple.

“It is merely a difference of experience”, she said.

“There are those who will understand closer to the message which you are meant to deliver, and there are

those, who will understand farther from the message which you wish to deliver", she said, as if to relieve the concern.

"I am not trying to relieve the concern!", immediately she exclaimed with a rolling laughing voice.
I laughed along with her.

My Truth, myself and the pineapple.

Thus ended her sayings for chapter twenty.
(and in the meantime the viewpoint emptied from all its inhabitants beside me).

Chapter 21: 12-Oct-2018

Chapter twenty one was written in the sign of crossing the bank (a telling - in Hebrew הגדה - 'Hagada' can mean the (river)bank or a telling(story)).

The Truth began describing to me the resemblance to Seder Pessakh (Passover Order).

There is none here which is spoken in Passover Telling neither "and you told to your sons" (והגדת לבניך - Ve'higadeta Leh'banekha).

She knew to show me, that I have crossed the river and passed over to the other bank.

Something in life changed, and there are people hanging on thread, hanging on a rope/bridge of Google's search engine.

That is one example of many.

She has sent me to read of "a metaphor" in Google's search engine, in that same invisible bridge of information.

I have crossed to the other bank, and crossing the river using that same bridge, one which is parallel to Google search engine's bridge, where the path of the bridge is - "blocked", "misunderstood", "unknown", "one that does not give answers".

That was apparently the bridge which I have crossed, passing over to the other bank, thus told me the Truth.

All that as I was sitting back in the city after two months,
next to the bus station.

One of many, in Ramat Gan, leaning on business door
which had been closed and received a warning note not
to place "for Rent" advertisement boards without
permission.

It appears to be that when one crosses the bank, all that
is left in due time is to speak of the bank (or speak of a
telling).

"Ve'higadeta" - and you have told - to the one who was
interested hearing.

There are those which do not see that there is a bridge to
cross, which do not see rivers and brooks, roads and
paths.

Their path is neither more blocked nor more (or less)
clear from your path.

Thus the Truth, truthfully, truthified that morning.

Way Out Road

(8-8-2017,07:00)

The path is blocked?
Turns magical,
if you only fear not,
to get lost,
you find in a blink,
that you are trapped.
Driving thus
a crooked path,
certain that the spirit,
must be dry,
indeed, there is dust,
dirt flies all over,
once you grasp,
calling out "what the hell?!?"
A new path
thus revealed to you,
and crooked path
turns all of you,
and as you drive upon it,
knowing not to where
a sensation rising floating,
truly drunk from wine.
You know not
which is beyond the corner

and that is precisely the way
towards that Wu Wei.
Some minutes
driving anxiously,
for a moment it appears,
that you are but a scout.
Living in a cloud of dust
paying rent
in life of struggle,
and in the next curve,
suddenly you see,
for that part is over,
ahead lies a new road
marked and paved,
and to another turn,
you are now invited.
Honoured down you go
from old crooked path
up towards a path,
a changing path.
No bumps
No obstacles nor pits,
that is a unique way,
for those who fail.

And as you have crossed the bank to some other side, and perhaps your life are “more” clear, “more” peaceful, “more” good, that is all that it is.

The Truth engendered a smile. On her face.
And then on my face.

She recommended to search in Google’s search engine for the word “grey”.
Simply observe.

Also after several chapters, several decades, several falls and several stories - it is all that it is.
No more and no less.

The Truth said, that there is no place to elucidate, to simplify, to explain. People should be treading their own path. You should be treading your path. She said to me, that those who try all the time to search, to find, to understand, to know, those know well Google’s search engine. It is that food supplier, wonderful, as a supplier. It distributes the food and there are the producers making for it matter to be distributed in the world of seekers.

In the real world, the virtual.

I could feel the story, the present message of the Truth, coming to its end.

Perhaps it was from holding the left part of the notebook (written in Hebrew), and from the light thin sensation from holding the amount of pages.

She as well did not know to tell.

We both smiled and knew not whether we understand
each other.

And we smiled.

Thus silenced chapter twenty one.

Chapter 22: 13-Oct-2018 12:00

The twenty second chapter began.

The Truth knew to tell me of the tingling of waiting. Thoughts pass through one's head, sensations run across his body.

"Again the story of the egg and the chicken", said the Truth.

You can search that in Google's search engine for the Pshat and Drash (Pshat - simple understanding, Drash - further understanding. in a rough translation - פשט ודרש).

Perhaps even the Sod (Secret) and even perhaps the Remez (clue).

Disclaimer, hinted me the Truth.

The part of the "פ_ד_ס" ("P_DS") I remembered. The term itself and the second letter or the fourth term I forgot.

Google's search engine came to help me, adding up the letter "PaRDeS" (פרדס - meaning Pshat, Remez, Drash, Sod) and added the "**Remez**" (the Clue), just like in the game of life.

And the Truth returned talking about the egg and the chicken, of stories in the head and sensations in the body - some will say stories preceded sensations, and some will say sensations caused stories.

The Truth ridiculed at those discussions, like that same farmer which throw seeds at the chickens, and continues collecting their eggs, and not at all tries to understand where came this parable, as he approaches his breakfast or lunch.

So sometimes psychosomatic phenomenas, and sometimes somapsychotic, and this strange day as well, continued the Truth to tell, is part of the days of the year and from the chapter of life.

She carried on saying, that this book was not born for some purpose, but simply to present for looks, an empty one, in a not so glamorous window, her parts and twists, her wonders and her understandings. Or sometimes one should be exact, her misunderstandings.

The alternative of boredom for thrill, and observation for floating, and for dreams, and delusions, and again the pull of the ground, or, again emphasised the Truth, Newton and the apple, and how one can search and find many meanings and many images around that in Google's search engine.

The challenge, thus she said, which occurs or presented in this book, is the "nothing", the "boredom", "lack of thrill", "the tingling", "filling up the vacuum" (illusion).

The Truth laughed (again) and said that she has no problem seeing people distancing from her, may the reason be what it may be.

She added that her way is not to create or dictate anything, and not at all to force something or to interest or to upset.

And these are merely few and specific infinitives, and the reader can, allowed to, choose infinitives which suit him.

The Truth already came to light (was published) and on her way long time ago, and told me that she writes here and telling that for me, for you.

Stories with a message and with a meaning, with a plot and with heroes - all that exists a-mass, thus she clarified to me.

She, in the time who-knows-how-many, referred me to search that in Google, even in Amazon, and to those analogues, also the library, perhaps the municipal.

Stories with purpose.

Stories with meaning.

No stories without meaning, yet with a meaning.

Not to interest the reader, not to attract him, not to thrill him and not to reject him.

Not to be worried from your fears, from your life, from its meaning, from the lack of it.

You will not find that in words.

And even if you will find, you will lose it the moment after.

“All that I have already revealed to you!”, exclaimed the Truth.

“All that I have revealed to all the rest.”, She shared me into her revealed secret.

Humans which will see this - will see.

Humans which will not see this - will not see.

We have spoken already of the simple law with is treasured in the equation $1=1$.

As I feared came - awareness.

And the twenty second chapter was completed.

Chapter 23: 2-Nov-2018 12:25

Chapter twenty three began.

Void.

Void.

Void.

People sitting in different shapes in Café 77.

It appeared that all life's message is to be meaning.

The Truth spoke of that those which could be understood, find themselves either outcasted or silenced in a corner, or both altogether.

She said that one should not conclude from that of the outcasts or the silenced in the corner, which are not necessarily not possible to be understood.

She sent me searching Google for the terms "crazy", "outcast", "estranged".

Mostly all relation we make between these words to reality itself is very slim.

The Truth told me that the majority perhaps will not agree with that, and that it is alright.

Most probably.

Yes? Probable to the most.

A neighbour asked me few days ago, in the beginning of the week, if it does not bother me that I am being called "crazy" or being looked as "crazy".

There was a moment of hesitation, which foretold apparently an "I do not know" answer.

Nonetheless, her question was surprising, since that was the first moment we happened to "exchange words".

Several of my sentences brought her to a feeling of identification with the "crazy" aspect.

It seems she meant more, in my eyes of course, to "stranger", "other".

The Truth has sent one to search for "The Stranger" by Alber Camus in Google's search engine.

She shared (the neighbour) estranged feelings which she experiences towards herself from an environment which once apparently was supporting and familiar.

The distance from familiar to estranged is one letter distance (in Hebrew - מוכרת and מוכרת), 50 short steps, light brush up and down towards the left.

"It is crazy to be normal" - I heard this cliché once. Very familiar and like quiche - a bit mixed all together.

This whole book, the words, the ideas, the sights, all is interwoven with a crimson thread estranged in one layer to next.

Familiar - Known - Understood.

A triplet which people chase up to an upheaval.

In themselves, in others, inside, outside.

The strange matter is that in most of my layers, I appear to myself, I sense, I am been experienced - completely normal.

It seems that people are confusing between - Uniqueness and Madness.

A book I was once sent to read, and the Truth began typing its name - "Lila - an inquiry into morals" by Robert M. Pirsig.

How people are relieved that one can break (that is an illusion) the bothering of the not known - not familiar - not understood, through opening the laptop (or the smart cellular device which contains almost "only" memory and a bit of limited processing capacity), and type into Google or its daughter-business Youtube, and receive the illusion of knowing-familiarising-understanding.

The problem or the theme treasured in craziness, in the "crazy", is the fear inherent in uniqueness, in true uniqueness, in differentiating from the stream, from the rest, from the familiar to the estranged (in Hebrew - from מוכר to מוכר).

That is a fear which the ultimate vast majority of us is not prepared for.

I am no crazy and I am no unique, and I am not no crazy and I am not no unique.

The name we would call a specific phenomena is not the primary matter, as I see, true to the moment.

The last days, the weeks, perhaps even a month, seemed to have passed in a “standing”, “not moving” state - completely normal.

The “normals”, which mostly (here, again you generalise, said the Truth, and said that perhaps for the story sometimes there is no choice, in order to deliver a certain message, not a certain truth) get stuck, and it is hard for them with this strange state. It appears people will do anything to break the stuck, remove the boredom.

It is not a journey of madness, to normalcy. There is a part definitions-free.

“As long as you live in the realms of the word”, exposed the Truth half-shining-white (and half..?) teeth, “there is no escape from definitions.”

“The nature of the world exists not in the nature of the world”, she added, “whether you understand, and whether you do not.”

All that was said and written with no further thought. Perhaps the next pages will be filled. Perhaps not.

House 77 menu is lying in front of me.

Mario Vargas Llosa through his book “The Storyteller” (El Hablador, הדיברן), which belonged (the book) to my father.

A man awaits an order.

Of a waiter.

And perhaps not.

Shabat Shalom chapter twenty three.

Chapter 24: 11-Nov-2018 17:15

The twenty fourth chapter began.

Strong sensations pushed me to go out of the house and sit down “at Yishai’s”.

Fears or rush, sensations or blush, when different sounds try to interpret, many sounds on the water surface, externally, already knew how to interpret things in the past and also in the recent time.

The Truth still knew to tell me that things which are not clear are sentenced to go out to the world, first not elucidated, and with time, perhaps, the right interpreters will be found, and the accurate, the clear, ones.

Different interpreters of fear, seeded with fear, washed with fear themselves.

The attempt to describe the reality by a man held in illusion, its sentence is as a claustrophobic which will remain calm at him being locked up in a cave.

He will only search for the exit and not for the light. He, from so much fear, mostly will not be able to see the crack of light, which indicates the exit place (and the entrance).

A sensation grabbed me, which the mind (head if you wish) interpreted, that my words no one will read, that I will stay lonely.

I immediately smiled inside of me hearing such virus,
and the Truth knew that she had nothing to add in such a
moment.

Only wait.

I do not understand, sometimes, how one can feel
lonely, forsaken , forlorn, when one has himself.

A quite rhetorical question. I am one of many man, 8
billion if we punch some number which I have no true
clue as to estimating it.

Had that been dependant on my head (mind, if you
wish), the fear would have stayed forever. It never knew
how to handle with the changing fear slides.

The Truth.

A certain chapter, a certain story, a certain period,
futured to come to an end.

Also the Truth knew to tell that her end will come one
time. She could not hold forever, and perhaps never
have existed.

She herself laughed hearing and reading this thought.
The Truth knew that she exists in False as much as False
exists in her.

She knew that the search for her would cease at one
point, perhaps she will be declared missing, perhaps a
gravestone will be built for her, the epitaph will be

written in a language not yet existing, in meaningless words.

“Who shall provide me a man who has lost the word, that I can exchange a word with him”, my father used to quote many times Chuang Tzu (it appears to me) from “The Sounds of Earth” by Yoel Hoffmann.

I have not lost the words, and as it seems I shall not lose it, and good and bad for that, and reality and illusion for that.

Sadness filled with happiness, and happiness saturated with sadness.

I stood up to drink lukewarm water.
The Truth. In between-time.
Chapter 24 settled for this end.

London's on fire

or

how a wheel keeps on turning

(9:00 ,15-6-17)

Sitting two in hot morning
Shmuel, Avraham and I their guest
shortly named Avram, Shmulik
nicknamed me mr. Mastulik.

Their age seventy, ninety,
mine Thirty, I emphasise the mark.

My time with stories pleasurably they pass
my face thus welcome.

This time "London on fire, have you heard?
it must be some kind of sign!

All at once the whole building up
in flames went, easily,
how could that be?"

wondered Neighbour Shmulik.

Exclaimed, "that must be a hand of terror,
which despicably

pours so flammable matter
and the bandit slips to hide.

Muslim fingerprint! obvious!

They call it liberation!

Yet in such mean way?

All son of this religion sinned!"
thus determined undoubtedly,
another justice court? no need!

On the other side of globe
sits Shmael driven

Motivation, will and power
proves to any brain

how every Jew must,
destroy there every citizen
muslim son of Arab land
in frozen days, in burning days.

From distance one Christian
mostly he is scared,

looks at the two hostile men
and lets the eggs thus

break to right, to left,
nothing is new, same ol' yesterday,

the day before, sun sets,
same day turns yet yesterday.

Being times there are more religions
among them even cults,

yet in each classes mostly
if you look them closely

notice background matters not,
each class educates to split,

with separates thus rules,
every failing man,

differentiates not truth from false
and chases investigation which in the
interpersonal understanding flat tire

I claim to my client.

What I see true,
you truly false,

willing to swear that
someone took Truth

paid her for 5 star hotel,
 slept with her thereof.
 Thus spread many truths,
 with their mother they confront,
 and many different searchers,
 theories they mostly build,
 attempting to find thus the mother;
 and every finding at once tastes,
 from sixty seconds fame
 and biting after Truth
 disappears as came
 next in line, welcome.

We return to burning London,
 and which religion storms,
 he keeps updating,
 "Every poor one knows,
 the firetruck must be at hand
 to overtake vast fire,
 that is London! not Persia!
 There is vast matrix there,
 how can the rescue fail?
 and people diving thus
 jumping from fifth floor;
 what a stupid country!"
 and all that | recall,
 is that | have a fellow there

and if he is at health or not
 because once not due to him,
 we missed a train there,
 for very complex map,
 and also colourful TV
 and vegan restaurant,
 | was told about that city,
 it is the work of tiny brain.
 Muslims, TV, Firetruck,
 all wears natural form.
 If the form you trust
 and at her you claim
 the cause for occasion
 know that it is not at all bad.
 You are where you are
 and as long as you breath
 by your lungs
 you can testify your calls
 to anyone out there
 without missing what is worthy.
 and London's eye is not prevented
 from carrying on the move
 for everything continues round
 between joy and pain.

So there is a story, a parable,
 Can UC what UC & what's cooked?

Chapter 25: 14-Nov-2018

Chapter twenty five began and as it seems will last as long as the twilight will allow its duration.

The sun has set (the earth rotated and turned its back at her in this side of the globe where I am, the north I presume).

The story, this chapter, was written in my head during the walk from home and back.

More precisely, one could say that the ingredients were collected and told in my head while walking, as the colours that the sun painted along with the clouds, created different hues.

The story in this chapter, that I believed even previously, is different from the cake I was trying to bake in my head from the different ingredients during the walk.

I sit on the roof and even the ingredient of the jumping children on the trampoline, and shouting-talking (including “metumtemet”, dumb-ass, that was sent to the open air) changed the cake that is baked in these pages.

The colours of dusk, the sunset, in this evening, made a nice (as no other words is in my head to describe it) background, to the end of the search for Truth in Google's search engine, but I could not know for sure

whether I would write in the coming days, in the remaining pages.

The sensation that the colours brought with her, as the sunlight nearly disappeared completely as I write, told of some kind of an end.

The Truth have known and have told of nearing end also of Google's search engine, of her daughter-company, Youtube, as well.

The end of limit of the collective sharing, the whole human experience, all human experiences, are shared visually-acoustically by billions.

From the "small" and "mundane" experience, to the "big" intellectual, or the "enlightened" (only a story) experience, and those are but few pastries.

My experience of the sunset today brought for me a clear message. The winter sunsets here in Amirim, the beginning of winter, bring a wide spectrum of sky and clouds, of colours and even smells.

I imagined to take the ingredients, to cook the dish, to eat it, to watch and sense it making its way down my digestion system until it exits the excretion holes, the part that was meant to be excreted, while the main part I can not see nor clearly sense, except that I keep on breathing, moving, living, on the basis of these ingredients, from the digested nutrition.

Similar to the sharing experience.

The pastel colours over the shades of blue background of the evening sunset one can try to transmit in language. One can shoot, video or still image, one can tell and write, one can draw.

End of limit of sharing.

The primary ingredients have been digested in me - ingredients of presence that my hand is too short from sharing. Human limitation.

Just like the daylight that in these very moments breaths its last breath, its last steady breaths, unsounded, casting upon me a writing limitation.

I could turn on another light -
A candle, a lamp, some sort of fire.
No doubt about it.

And I could also not.

The experience of watching the last seconds, minutes, of this chapter, perhaps this book.

I almost no longer see that which my hands are writing.
One hand, right, holds the note-book, left hand writing.

I am not disappearing.

The voices of the children are still heard in background.

The Truth in her breath turned me to search "end songs"
in Google's search engine -
The End by The Doors.

A lightning split the sky.
A thunder was heard seconds later.
Yesterday there was a lightning storm for long minutes.

When I will die something of you will die as well.
For we are all one human tissue experience.

In Google one can search of "Khava Alberstein" (חווה
אלברשטיין) and the song "Human Tissue" (רקמה
אנושית), one can find there, said the Truth in another
one of her contexts, in Google's daughter-company, in
Youtube, one can watch the song and hear it.

It may soon rain.
I still sit on the roof.

This is not the story which was generated in my head as I
was walking home.
I never really know what will be written.

These are such days.
One can watch "Games of Chefs" on Youtube.
One can colour with water paints a paint which will be
named "Children Paint".
One can read the book "The Book of Disquiet" by Pessoa.

It seemed once that one thing is better than another or
more meaningful than another.

It seemed once.

The days of experiences are counted.

That is reality, that is how this game works, life.

Two more lightnings in the evening sky.

The thunder has not yet arrived.

Perhaps it is late for the train.

It is not a suicide letter.

I never connected to this act.

Life is too alive for that.

That is life's book.

To life. For the time being.

Ended chapter twenty five at time thunder came.

Perhaps the book has ended too. Perhaps.

End of Thing

After Thing: 19-Nov-2018 14:30

It is not that my search after the Truth is over.
It is not that my search after the Truth had began.

I believe marking the points of beginning, middle and end. I.

Each story leads to its next, each truth to the accompanying false.

Each false reveals to me truth, and her words are not carved, certainly not in stone, Amen Selah.

All this apparent game with the words is a trick many of us fall into the bin it places in our faces.

Begins a false chase after false magic.

After an illusion.

Like you - like me.

The fact that the ink in the pen is about to finish, can not prevent from this story to be counted, as well as to be told.

It matters not whether I change colours, change languages, change identities.

Where a man cries, another laughs, another caresses.
A baby in a dot in time.

The Truth indeed told me, still does, many stories, some slipped from me and away. Some adhered.

I am intoxicated from life.
I am intoxicated from wine.
It matters not.
It matters not how you will imagine my image.
It matters not how my image will become still.
There were days where people.
Simple. Simply there were days where people, and any
clue and any relation between, was.

Thus disappeared the people, thus faded **TRUTH**.
And yet, the people, they are still in tension.

Not to be described as tension (current) passing between
two electrical units.
It is not about negative or positive.
It is neither about the clear or the obvious.

Amsterdam or Karmi'el.

Basarela or that same café-restaurant in Amsterdam,
which its name slipped my head, in the corner of
Oosterpark.

Sometimes people delay the time to remember a thing
which was not meant to be remembered.

Change of colours. Destiny. Necessity.
I believe I shall read one day my words and burst into
laughter.
Or at least burst.

The rest, the pause, the stop, the cease, from hearing
the Truth whispering in my ear, inside my head, brought
different sunset shades.

The businessman to my right. It is him.

My message box is content empty, and there were days it
was hard to receive a message which is incoherent,
which is not of clear message.

It is easier for man to digest a burger at noontime, food
that is insatiable - though the man knows satiation.

The menu of life, the daily menu written every moment
anew.

I forgot or gave up already long time ago to pay the tip,
an extra.

For who knew that in 19-Nov-2018, I will see the world
like this, and myself.

I surely did not believe. Of knowing nothing to be spoken
of.

My partners for this journey are but few.

Despite that it has an effect on my journey, from the
validity of relationship of the natural forces which
operate between human beings, it matters not for me,
not at all.

All the more, behold that is fine.

All the less, behold that is fine.

One day **After Thing** will come to its end.