

# Logical romanticism

Saturday, 27 March 2021

## Complex numbers

I haven't seen Roan for thirty six hours. I've been through stages of inanity to arrive at a reflection on an existence together. Which would be her point. "Not the easiest life, this one, together.". I imagine.

I only know of the significance of intent. The substance remains in kindergarten. "A proper mess", I said. "So special", she responded. Our magic, not so magic bed.

If that's a relationship, kindergarten is a meet market. However, by generosity of intent the substance is relational due to significance.

I fear that if I gave her everything, we would have nothing. That we would collapse into the world, into the oceans of a subjective bed. That the metaphysical partnership would not exist. That a subsistential metaphysics would be found.

Would be not found. Lost to sense and reason we would be.

Free electron drift is the physical representation of what electrical engineers call static electricity. Basically, anything less than a millivolt. If a circuit has a microvolt potential, it would be indistinguishable from nothing.

Like complex numbers, a relationship has the real physical part and the imaginary metaphysical part. The

physical part is evident, and the metaphysical part is lost to subsistence.

“To thine own self be true.”. The sweet soul of self that lives at the existential being is lost to the hyper-objectification and hyper-rationalization common to the daze of subsistence. The indulgence of comfort and convenience. The accomodation of inanity.

I lift myself up, out of those stages of missing to see my misunderstanding. To see my emotionalism. My romanticism. That parisian psychoticism I know as energetic romanticism.

I do adore the physical accomodation of the metaphysical relationship. And I do adore the metaphysical accomodation of the physical relationship.

It works. I keeps the mind out of bed, and the eyes in the head. In that magical, counterintuitive tantric practice that is experiential existentialism.

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# Experiential romanticism

Monday, 29 March 2021

## Conservation of sovereignty

It's been eighty-four hours since I last saw Roan. I feel certain that I would be remiss in not including her in my metaphysical process.

She rests within as the most ethereal partner-other, held secure and largely unknown. The spaces of her possibilities have been truncated by the necessity of my continuation. By convenience to my own self realization. I trust that her assertions are sensible within my metaphysical process.

That intersection has been crossed involuntarily. Love is “in” or “out”. Inclusive or exclusive. And she did seem to assert the former. According to my selfish interpretations of her expression.

The probable error seems rather incompatibility.

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# Experiential romanticism

Monday, 29 March 2021

## Conservation of self

It is necessary to conclude the affair. I cannot make as much matter of that thread of recognition as thin as silk. The confluence is not sensible, within.

Her assertions are not known. Her expressions bear threads of sense and significance in humanity. However, her obscurity betrays partnership or at least communication in fidelity to my self. It may be her intent to be recognized as self and same, but I am unable to claim the assertion.

It could be her intent to speak to the world of our self destruction. Our reckless disregard for our sustenance. Like Paltrow. And millions and billions of others.

I can't imagine that, either. Would that not be spoken? Is it not the intimacy of self that is found at the frontiers of body and emotion? The worlds upon worlds within?

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# Experiential romanticism

Wednesday, 31 March 2021

## Conservation of self

Julie is my wife. Not by any fact. By an imaginary interpretation of a cup of tea. Yesterday she made me an herbal tea, “Good for your lymphatic system”, and dosed it with many magical ingredients of imagination.

Ultimately it is an ego vacation. A vacated ego has an expansive metaphysical range, including the experience of physical and metaphysical actuality.

Perhaps by writing this, a step is taken that will make it true. And equally likely is the inverse.

This enlightenment is familiar to Buddhism.

The buddha is a person.

You are the buddha.

Your buddha-person is you  
with eyes wide open.

Without ego, the trauma of violence and habituation of language, you see me. I see you.

We readily habituate to the labors and pleasures only to miss the sights and sounds of this existence.

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# Experiential romanticism

Wednesday, 31 March 2021

## Conservation of self and same

I just saw Julie. As an actual fact. With two hands and two feet. She looked suspicious. And deposited my coffee with relativistic metaphysics.

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# Experiential romanticism

Friday, 2 April 2021

## Existential love

There are many objects and aspects intended of *heart*. The spiritual heart of the inner consciousness relates to *existential love* by sex.

The existential consciousness is unencumbered by depravities of habituation or violence. The love of the sexual bond in the existential consciousness is *existential love*.

It is a choice. That this definition of existential love should be sexual. It is a challenge. To overcome *sex-love* and *sex-sex* by *heart-love* to the exclusion of sex.

As much as that, to achieve the *heart-love* of existential love, requires enough work that sex becomes circumstantial. Relevant but tangential. And thereby virtually nonexistent.

This is the path into the tantric processes. Which is not a definitive statement, but a useful allusion. That path should be apparent from the comprehension of the perspective. The effort of sight is reasonably accessible. However, as usual, the effort of acquisition is perpetual.

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# Experiential romanticism

Monday, 5 April 2021

## Existential love

I had a dream last night that Kiesza was a flying tiger. That her intent was personal and romantic and flying through space and time like a very big cat. Like a tiger. Her world order was a cosmology. And it meant that she could fly.

When she came to me we met by landing on a stage. Her face was like Tove. And then we flew apart before her show. Each time a bit more messy. With swinging light bars, draping ropes, increasingly threatening or challenging my performance of her cosmology.

Not that that makes any sense. When I reflect on the scene wakefully I wonder why I would be on that stage. It does make wonderful sense as an amalgam, however, of so many stories and their entanglements.

Last night I saw Maggie. The sight of her was too brief. But she arrived in my world like another flying tiger.

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## **I want to see**

Love in trust, solidarity, reinforcement.

Sociality in health and wellbeing.

Intellectuality in spirit of society.

With two eyes that recognize love and fear at sight.

With balance to reject use and take.

And with stillness to reflect on what I encounter.

## **I can see her heart**

The radiance of love.

The veil of inanity.

Her society. Her mind. Her body.

The terms of being reduced to immediacy and convenience because the algebra of breath and blood is demanding.

# Experiential existentialism

Saturday, 10 April 2021

Language and culture have long adopted the inanity of insanity. The conceit is a device of delusion.

Our freedom from the veils of inanity is our perpetual acquisition of the discipline of fortitude.

Our recognition of the effort required of our fortitude.

Our recognition of the effect of our society.

Awareness.