

THE ONEIRIC AFTERLIFE
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THE
ONEIRIC
AFTERLIFE

01	MESMER
07	A BABBLING IDIOT
15	SUNSET ICECREAM
19	ABYSSAL HUMOUR
25	TOY METAMORPHOSIS
29	A SHOW OF SILENT FEELING
33	AN INKLING'S WORLD
37	DEMON CONTRACTS
43	SUGARY RIFT RUSH
47	WAFFLES AND TRAUMA
51	OLYMPIC GIFT GIVER
57	SHRUNKEN THOUGHTS
61	ANTI-INFLATION CULT
65	GEODE TO THE DEAD
67	PROPER REPENTANCE
69	CRITICISM CAPPUCCINO

71	MEATLESS LIFE	133	THE TRIUMPHANT SELF
75	A SOUL OF FIRE AND ICE	139	BLUE-LIGHT MASOCHISM
79	THE TRUE SOURCE	145	CHEWED-UP WORDS
85	PRODIGIOUS MEDIOCRITY	147	AUTHOR-ITARIAN
87	THE VIAL FILLS ITSELF	151	REVOLUTIONARY CRYPTIC
91	THE ELECTRIC AETHER	157	PURITY VIRUS
93	AURA OF FORTUNE	161	RUSH OF THE EYE
95	LAUGHTER CATACLYSM	165	REASON FOR DYING
99	BOILING BLUE SEA	167	DIMENSIONAL TREAT
103	APOCALYPSE INJECTION	171	BEYOND BEYOND
109	INDISTINGUISHABLE	179	RAZZLE-DAZZLE
113	TREADING, SLEEPING	183	LYING, REPRESSED IN MAN
117	PETALS ALONG THE RIVER	187	MESMER
121	ONE'S TRUE SWORD	197	OBSCURE FRAGMENTS
125	AT THE TIP OF THE SPINE		
129	DESOLATE ON THE OUTSIDE		



MESMER

*The journal of a cloaked creature of darkness
with tentacle-like hair that defies gravity.*

In the pages that follow, one can find anything but a fortune. A fortune in the traditional sense. Like a fountain of youth. Or a fountain of fortunes.

One does not desire coin when they read what is in this unconscious amalgam. They desire a connection. I suppose that is true of everything, though. Connection that is not like two beings feeding off one another's regenerating flesh in order to live. Connection that is not give-and-take. But, instead, connection of energy, of essence. A lightning bolt that does not sting.

I was in a village. A truly crude village. Plenty of space for innovation, but taken up by the lack of



A BABBLING IDIOT

The questions uttered by a man as he was found mixing kerosene with fruit juice.

> I am investigating hypnosis because I am trying to understand why people favor focus, rather than feeling, in order to create a force to combat or negate the hypnosis that they are afflicted with.

> I am investigating hypnosis because I am trying to understand why people get hypnotized by consumerist, materialistic objects in order to break them free of their hypnosis.

> I am investigating dreams because I am trying to understand why nobody pays any mind to the universe of experience they provide in order to get them interested in charting its lands.

> I am investigating dreams because I am trying to understand their nature and what they

can reveal about humanity on the deepest level in order to discover if the key to evolution is in the unconscious mind.

> I am investigating the transience of all things because I am trying to understand why people attach themselves to things in order to bring value to the act of living simply, and extrapolating satisfaction from simple things.

> I am investigating surrealist automatism because I am trying to understand how it can encourage people to embrace the uncertainty of living in order to lead the world into a fog that never fades and a maze with no end.

> How do I investigate nihilism to understand how I can traverse through this world with my flaws and shortcomings always on my back in order to, simply put, “build character?”

> How do I investigate dreams to understand how I can bring them to life in order to permeate the world with my dreams?

> How do I investigate people to understand why I am so opposed to interacting with them in order to interact with them more and build good relationships with them?

> How do I investigate the five senses to understand how I can engage them all in a speculative experience, a “simulation,” so to speak, in order to achieve not partial, but complete simulation?

> How do I investigate aesthetic sensibilities to understand how I can implement such concepts as flow as well as the idea of extrapolating happiness from the simple things in order to live more simply, as well as think as simply as I live?

> How do I investigate speculative science fiction to understand how I can use it to create terrible visions of the future that reflect humanity’s equally terrible nature in order to scare the absolute shit out of people?

> How do I investigate hunger in order to understand why all people have to eat three meals a day in order to show people that they can actually last much longer without eating than they think, and also not suffer during that time?

> How do I investigate lost and obscure media to understand their possible uses in everyday design and artistic practice in order to restore value to such pieces of media by transforming them in different ways?

> How do I investigate the concepts of “impermanence and imperfection,” among others, to understand the value they can bring to my life in order to extend those concepts to my own practice, so as to not just live and think simply, but to design simply and create simply?

> How do I investigate surrealist automatism and unconscious artistic techniques to understand how designers and artists can use it in their own practices in order to create works that are unpredictable in their very nature, and thus combat the prominence of predictable designs?

> How do I investigate consumerism and passive consumption to understand the negative impacts of not engaging with the media you consume in order to build a design practice where every image, every video, every song or piece of music, and, fuck it, every piece of stimuli is something to be engaged with on a deeper level, and never understood on just a surface level?

> How do I investigate the relationship between the (sub/un)conscious mind and space to understand how the latter influences and affects our ability to use the former in order to create a

space that amplifies our use of it to the fullest, so as to permeate not only a single room with it, but to instead permeate the whole sky, and perhaps the whole world, with it?

> How do I investigate terrible digital paintings to understand the downsides to embracing a technology too early in its development in order to make work that feels akin to them, in that they always seem to be made “at the right place, but at the wrong point in time?”

> How do I investigate horror films to understand how they bring a sense of beauty to the genre of horror in order to create horror that is not horrifying, but beautiful, meaningful, and anything but itself; to create science fiction that is horrifying, and anything but itself; to create domestic fiction that is anything but grounded in reality; to never take a single thing at face value, but instead transform it into something else?

> How do I investigate video games to understand the things that fundamentally make a game in order to create a game that meets all these fundamentals, without ever trying to strive for more or striving away from functionality?

A BABBLING IDIOT

> How do I investigate paintings to understand what makes something nightmarish in order to create equally nightmarish worlds of my own?

> How do I investigate the act of writing to understand how I can write well and deeply about those pieces of media that are often only understood on a surface level in order to extend them beyond the confines of their homes on the web, and into a physical format, like a book?

> How do I investigate nihilistically-influenced philosophical thought to understand what aspects of the world and society at large are utterly hopeless in order to shine a light on the terrible fates that they will suffer if we continue to drown ourselves in hopelessness?

That juice makes for fine sustenance. I offered some to that nameless man. He actually took it! Hah! He drank it as well, and so, an opportunity arose. And, by that, I mean that I lit his insides aflame. He remained quite stoic through the pain. After the flames died, he simply continued to walk with cauterized blood and wounds.





SUNSET ICECREAM

*Inscriptions written on a temple in a land
where everything is made of sorbet.*

How do I investigate the relationship between the (sub/un)conscious mind(s) and space to understand how the latter influences and affects our ability to use the former in order to create a space that amplifies our use of it/them to the fullest, so as to permeate not only a single room with it/them, but to instead permeate the whole world with it/them?

I feel I should elaborate on my interest in this question with a story where, for eight whole hours of sleeping, I remained awake in mind, while asleep in body. It was not that bad, so do not panic.

When I “awoke” (I was never asleep!) the next day, I felt strange. I felt open. I felt free. I felt

as though a tremendous weight had been lifted from my back, or rather, my mind.

Above all, I felt that I had achieved a new consciousness, and thus, a new self. It was a surreal and otherworldly experience, and one that repeated for many days after. I would awaken, having not rested at all in mind, although I was sufficiently rested in body. At least enough to train sufficiently well for half an hour on those days.

Such experiences have stopped for a while. They left, without explaining why. Or so I think. They left an impression on me, and, in fact, I told myself one thing as I stepped outside on the first of those days —

“I could wrap my consciousness around the sky.”

I want to know how the spaces we find ourselves in influence our thinking. How working in our bedrooms differs from working in a library, or even working in nature, with the barest and most natural of materials. I want to know how space can allow us to utilize 9999% of our conscious, unconscious, and subconscious minds.

It is on a separate note, but I had wondered, at one point, if one's geographic location had an influence on the kinds of dreams they had. I feel that, since I often dream of cryptic, archaic and mysterious places, which contrast with the nature of my own geography, it can be theorized that one dreams of the direct opposite of those people and places that reside within their minds and memory.

So, a boy that lives in the mountains, dreams of cities, and vice versa.

A boy that lives in an archaic, natural place, dreams of a modern place, and vice versa.

The bees there made fine honey. I threw a bunch of it at the man's face. Hah! He wiped it away, even though I half expected him to lick it all. Like a dog.



ABYSSAL HUMOUR

Transcribed from a buried, paint-covered note found in a pit in the void desert.

I once heard somewhere that space is an easier concept to understand than time, as you can move through it, and observe said movement through it. That is to say, space is always around you, and you can interact with it at any given moment.

But what of space that cannot be moved through so easily, as a result of the limits imposed on us, our bodies, and our minds? Space filled with heat, space filled with cold, space without oxygen, and space that fills nothing, thus leaving us to fall forever, into a void.

These are all unique, in that they invoke specific reactions within us as we enter them. With heat, we sweat, our skin turns red (if is left

exposed), our mouths run dry, and, if we are dehydrated, we begin seeing mirages. With the cold, we become slower, as though our bodies are being frozen over with ice, and our natural response is to use friction to generate some amount of heat. With space that lacks oxygen, the natural response is to turn into a big blood-balloon. At least according to my own “experiments.”

In short, space, in its most basic form, does nothing as we move through it. Space that has inherent, non-visual qualities, such as heat or cold or nothingness, invokes an extreme reaction to movement. However, there is then space with visual qualities, which opens the discussion up to a whole world of reactions. The objects in this space, in unison, create very complex reactions, which are amplified by inherent, non-visual qualities.

I will use an example. You have a desert, ideally one that is hot enough to send one towards insanity. We have a man travelling through this desert, wearing nothing but pants, and carrying a near-empty canteen of water. In a standard scenario, this person would be alone, and would thus experience the

simple reactions associated with heat. But, let us add a visual element — a clown. An annoyingly dressed, annoyingly well-spoken, annoyingly annoying clown. The clown walks with the man, and he never stops talking. He shares with him jokes that do not land well, or that personally offend him. It is here where, in addition to sweating, having red skin and the like, the man begins to get a little agitated. Since he is already being inclined towards insanity, he might just think of killing the clown eventually. But how would he do it? He has all but a soft, leather canteen. He is too weak to fight him bare-handed. So, what does he do?

He keeps walking. The clown is covered in thick clothing. Surely he will heat up in them, and shut up eventually, right?

He does not. He continues telling terrible jokes and laughing to himself. Now, the man is not angry because the clown is making him angry, but because, through the heat, which has otherwise been churning away at his soul, he remains unphased. As the man leans more towards insanity, he forgets his own anger, and instead acquires brief moments of insight and open-mindedness.

Refreshingly so. He wonders, instead, who the clown is, why he has appeared so suddenly, and why he remains unaffected by the heat. Above all, he wonders if feeling anger towards the clown is really necessary, as he should be more focused on where he is headed within this large desert.

The next day, as the man returns to his state of exhausted anger and annoyance, the clown begins blowing an airhorn. Excessively. So much that the man cannot take it, and he collapses down a hill. He falls asleep for a long time.

He awakens in a village, in a dark room. A man with an unfamiliar voice speaks to him as he hears him getting up from the bed.

“How?”

The most common question to ask when you are drained of energy and find yourself in an unfamiliar place. He sees a light coming from one part of the room. A curtain, leading outside.

He steps outside. A village, filled with clowns and ludicrously colored buildings. At a booth, he

sees the clown that had angered and annoyed him so much, making animal-balloons, only to pop them at the last moment before handing them off, as they were filled with paint. The children he is giving these balloons to are ordinary. But, upon having the paint splatter all over their faces, they begin laughing hysterically.

As does the man, until paint begins pouring out of his mouth, eyes, and ears.

What fine inspiration! In the sense of my tormenting of that nameless man, of course. I bathed him in paint, and the paint transfigured itself into tiny creatures that gnawed at his arms and legs. It evidently slowed him down, and he did not try to brush them off either. If he did, I would have naturally summoned a giant paint monster.

“Are you a man of the arts?”

Again, a pointless and stupid question to ask.



TOY METAMORPHOSIS

*Deciphered from the cryptic, robotic words
of a strange, slimy, plastic sea creature.*

Stingrays. Beautiful, mesmerizing stingrays, floating along with me in the river, from time to time. Thank god for them being docile unless provoked. Although, they still provoke me! Flapping their annoying, aquatic wings in my face, brushing against my legs as I am trying to swim, disturbing my flow. But, they love me, and I love them, so what can I do? Beautiful, mesmerizing stingrays. Why even put the word “sting” in there? Nothing about them makes me feel struck by negative feelings.

That little, rectangular prisms room, with bright blue walls filled with colorful illustrations you would find on the carpet of a kindergarten class. A bridge, leading across to the other side,

with a door. I wonder what would have been on the other side of that door, because, especially now, it would have been incredibly useful to me.

But, below that bridge, was a pool. A pool of stingrays. I jumped into it, because why not? They are stingrays. I said I loved them, and they loved me, did I not? They will welcome me.

But, I find myself jumping into the river, and this time, it is not filled with stingrays, but eels. Filthy, slimy, venomous eels. If stingrays brushing upon your skin feel like warm pieces of bread or heated blankets slapping against your skin, then eels brushing upon your skin feel like wet, slimy, turds being thrown at you, as you are also being shot by pressure washers from every angle, while standing over hot coals, while grieving the loss of a loved one, while having come back from a really, infuriatingly bad day, with the hopes of relaxing.

But, no. Instead, you get wet, slimy turds thrown at you, while being shot by pressure washers from every angle, while standing over hot coals, while grieving the loss of a loved one, and, not to mention, after a really, infuriatingly bad day, despite

hoping to relax. Eels. Why did God decide to make the aquatic equivalent of a black mamba?

They are eels, but they are also stingrays. They are the latter when it works in your favor, but the former when it seriously messes you up. When it messes your life up.

But, the solution is not to poison the water, so as to make it uninhabitable for them, as well as yourself. It is to keep treading, no matter what, through all of those terrible things happening to you. To grow strong, is to put up with suffering just a little while longer, each time.

If there is water, do not scorch, except with that fire which makes a home in one's blood.

Or, in my case, a fire that makes a home in one's bones. A fire that turns one's skeleton against them. A fire that turns one's *movement* against them, refusing to bend to their will.

But, with such a fire, the man simply stopped moving. Fascinating.



A SHOW OF SILENT FEELING

Carved on the floor of the stage of an abandoned opera house, where ghosts sing melodies.

> How can I investigate the ways in which the non-visual (things that cannot be seen or touched, but felt or acknowledged) and visual (things that can be touched and seen, as well as shaped) elements of a given space influence how the (un/sub)conscious mind(s) engages with or responds to said space, in order to understand how, in the most fundamental of ways, space can change people in dramatic ways, so as to create spaces that are poetic, that leave an impact on people's souls?

> How can I investigate the idea of "simulation," particularly of complete simulation, whereby all five of one's senses are engaged, to understand how one can not only create the illusion of becoming, but the

reality of becoming, in order to create worlds where one feels assimilated, as though they are touching its ground, feeling the scent of its dew hit their nostrils, as well as wash upon their faces, and touching its flora and fauna, freely.

> How can I investigate the ways in which surrealist artists use automatism to construct the distinct worlds depicted in their works to understand how to expand upon them in order to create entire worlds and stories that one can move through, as though they are their own?

> How can I investigate the unconscious mind to understand how it creates sensory stimuli, and more importantly, how we “observe” said sensory stimuli, in spite of the system behind the creation of this sensory stimuli being entirely unknown to us, as it is unknown whether dreams are derived from our experiences, emotions, the aether, or a mix of all of them, or none of them at all, in order to create a system that is capable of constructing, firstly, sensory stimuli, and secondly, worlds in which to fill all of the collected sensory stimuli with.

> How can I investigate the relationship between geographical locations and the dreams people

have to understand how the former influences the latter, in order to create a map, synonymous with the world map, that charts not oceans and forests and deserts and cities, but dreams.

So, a boy that lives in the mountains, dreams of cities, and vice versa.

A boy that lives in an archaic, natural place, dreams of a modern place,

and vice versa.

But I, who lives nowhere, and settles nowhere, dreams of everywhere, even those places I cannot hope to see.

My hatred of this nameless man. The bottom of a sizzling pot with drops of water being crushed under its weight, crying, screaming, begging for a saviour. But, they are already dead.



AN INKLING'S WORLD

*Acquired from an interview with a famous squid,
known for having lived in a box for a decade.*

Ah, I have been very selfish. All of these questions focused on myself, I forgot that the best kind of questions are the kinds you can ask to another. I understand. This is the very reason we did the interviews. They got us in the flow of taking our questions and interests out of these little, idiosyncratic boxes, and into the outside world, into the hands of others.

People think it wrong to be trapped in a box or vacuum for one's whole life. That doing so limits their creative ability, their open-mindedness. But, do they not have the ability to wonder? To draw, upon the inside faces of the box, what they think is outside? Their very frame of thinking is then shaped not by

what is real, but what they speculate to be real. Thus, imagine the shock they must feel when they do go out into the world, and find that it is nothing like what they had drawn inside that little cube. Whatever it is, it may still be capable of fueling their wonder. But the kind of wonder they had originally is ultimately crushed. Such a terrible fate. Perhaps they should have stayed in that box, and kept painting or drawing over what they presumed the outside world to be like, over and over.

Or, the better thing to do would have been to share that wonder with others. That little box, as small as it is, is still a world, or a microcosm of a world in itself. People would very much like to see and hear about it. I strongly believe so.

My question fails to make an attempt at sharing. The better questions to ask would be things like:

What is your ideal environment for working? For playing? For being with others? For living?

Such things, of course, might have nothing to do with design. But, really, and I say this with utmost

passion, put your damned humanity before your work! You don't have to have your humanity or your identity reflected in your work. But, be a human before a designer, or businessperson, or doctor, or firefighter, or every-color-of-the-fucking-career-rainbow. Feeling is important, but, more so is feeling that is projected outwards in a meaningful way. Like writing. Like speaking to a friend. That is all.

To be human, is to accept that no matter who you are, skulls still explode when confronted by bullets, flesh is still charred when confronted by fire and explosions, and brains still turn on their user. You humans are all tomatoes.

So, why? Why is this man not a tomato? Why does he move? Stillness befits this man. Goddamnit.

I will break him. I will break him out. From this world of false colors. From this anti-world. From this tight, cramped little box that forces one to end up with a crooked spine.



DEMON CONTRACTS

An overheard conversation between a man and a strange, purple-skinned figure with horns.

The royal highway to the unconscious? It is less like a highway, and more like an abyss or a void. In many dreams, I feel as though I am falling for a brief moment, arms and legs spread against the wind. In a similar manner, I am plunged into my dreams as though entering into a free fall, crashing into a stack of wooden barrels, or into someone's home. Other times, I merely awaken in someone else's body. With regards to the latter, dreams are, quite literally, simulations, albeit not in the sense that one *imitates* another, but in the sense that one *becomes* another. The former, belonging to the realm of partial simulation, and the latter, characterizing complete simulation.

Dreams as soul. Indeed, that sounds more appealing to me than repression or compensation. In short, dreams neither relate to what bothers someone, nor what they wish to have in the real world, but simply cannot. In one half, the individual's afflictions manifest in the unconscious, perhaps as monsters and other horrifying things, and in the other, their fantasies manifest, although they are still afflicted by these fantasies. One is ash, and the other is fairy dust that makes you cough tears and bleed sweat nonetheless.

We cannot possibly say to which God dreams belong, for we do not know where dreams belong at all, apart from within the confines of the unconscious. The artist would claim it to be on a canvas. The modern psychotherapist would say "nowhere." I would ask "Where does the Earth belong?" Nobody knows. Here, in this (where is "this?") exact point in the universe? It seems so. We have a sun positioned far enough to not burn us down completely, and close enough to light everything up. We have a moon to light up the night, so that we are not left in utter darkness . We have

other planets to provoke our curiosity. The earth, does, indeed, belong where it currently is. But, that is why dreams deserve their own universe, their own planets, their own suns and moons, as well as phenomena capable of giving us more curiosity atop that which dreams already give us. The difference would be, though, that we could serve curiosity through action, through exploration.

Dreams, belonging to hell? They certainly can be hellish, but I find that amusing. That is, because of dreams, I find hell less intimidating. Dreams are neither good nor evil in nature. They are separate entities that produce visual stimuli, free of our understanding or influence.

If dreams arise from hell, are they not reflections of our sins and misdeeds, then? I suppose I do not know enough to confirm this with my own dreams, but I shall take the liberty of writing about this. It is very important to me, in spite of my opposition to the idea that dreams stem from hell. No, he said "underworld," not hell. I assumed the underworld to be hell. What if it just a place where the dead rest? A cold, dark place? Then,

DEMON CONTRACTS

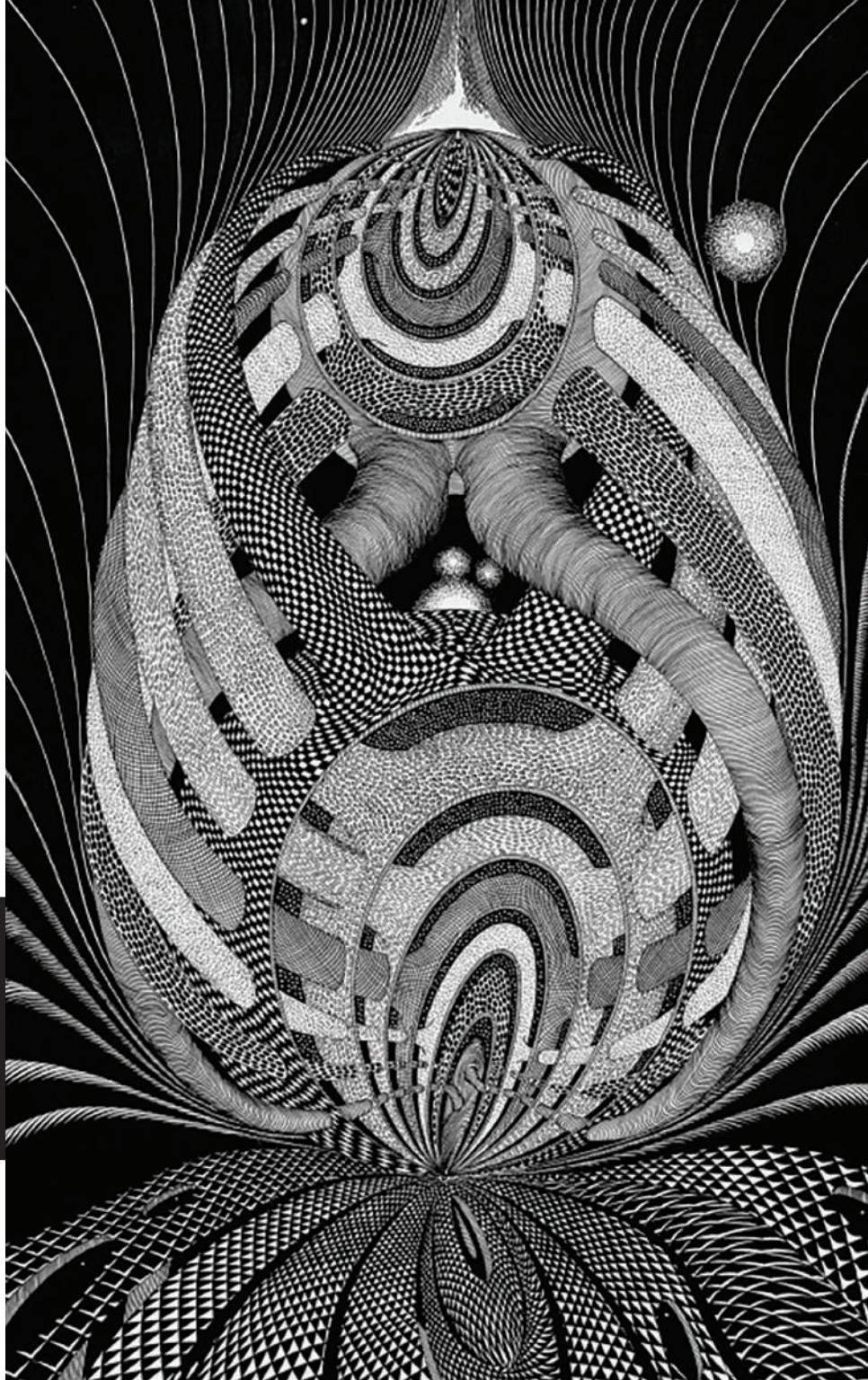
dreams are the echoes of the dead. Their regrets. Their warnings. Their shame.

But, I have such strange dreams. Are you telling me they are references to lives I have lived? My life sure is boring in comparison, then.

The idea of resemblance. Dreams inherently seek to resemble, albeit indirectly, those events which they project within. But, if we are to consider the multiple, possible influences and kinds of events that dreams derive from, dreams do not just reflect afflictions or enlightenment of the soul, but lives lived by others, including the dead, and, perhaps, echoes from other dimensions.

In this sense, dreams are not illusions. This, the author argues in favor of greatly, it seems. "Imaginal lives not lived," he says. Well, then I am meant to live a very wild, chaotic life.

Sins. The means through which the less-than-ideal can be punished. I will only commit sins against this nameless man. And, atop that, I shall trick him in such a way that does not reveal my enacting of sin.





SUGARY RIFT RUSH

A prominent rumour in a desolate town, told by the owner of a small bakery within it.

I was on a technologized skateboard of sorts, soaring down a busy highway, somehow not getting hit by the equally fast-paced vehicles. Think of such a skateboard as the equivalent of an electric-bike. Perhaps even a superbike that does not yet exist.

There was a strange distortion in space. I was entering the atmosphere of another planet. Two planets had collided to form one, but the consequence was that the “in-between zone,” almost in the sense of a Venn diagram, formed a distortion in space. I think that explained why things felt so strangely fast-paced, and how, in spite of that, I had not crashed into anything. The road also appeared to be shifting from being on a decline to a flat wavelength pattern.

SUGARY RIFT RUSH

I recall passing by a neighborhood once I was in the other planet's atmosphere and away from the distorted "in-between" zone. From here, it was a steady, fun ride. I arrived at this huge, lush garden, and there I met someone, whose appearance and name I do not recall, who sold these tiny, red flowers. Or so I had thought, as I had started eating them! They were crunchy, like puff pastries, and sweet. So, incredibly sweet. Little, flaky flowers, in jars, stored in these brown shelves.

There were many other indulgences to take part in. The chemicals of warfare that one takes for themselves. The true oil that enters one's mind through the nose, and permeates their soul. I gave him a taste of such things.

But, that was it — I could only give it to him. He would not take it for himself. He would not let it affect his mind. No, rather, he had no mind. Or he had lost touch with it.

This boring man. I do not understand him.





WAFFLES AND TRAUMA

A cryptic journal scrap, found under a garbage can behind an old diner.

Yes, I shat myself. So much so, that I rewatched it again, to shit myself again.

A man trying to describe the indescribable. I was under the impression that we would never get to see that face. It felt like the right thing to do, to build suspense. It also felt fitting because, again, if one cannot describe the indescribable, they cannot show it either, but instead, imply it.

So, they approach that turn of the corner. Slowly. It is just going to be an empty corner, right?

The noise as it happens. I shall listen to it again, but without looking at that face, because three times is too much. Strange, is it not? This character, this man, does not want to see that face again, and his

WAFFLES AND TRAUMA

feelings connect to us to the extent that we, too, do not want to see that face again.

The noise. It is a thick, dense wave. Like a more dense, distorted version of aluminum foil being tugged around, combined with the sounds of a tsunami hitting concrete, but shortened down and slowed to a brief moment. It is also reverberated, a bit.

The two men, the movement, the turning of the corner, and the appearance of the face, all follow the same pace. To a tee.

To be honest, I have gotten used to the face. I am looking at it right now. Nevermind.

The man's face is not all that ugly, as tired as it looks. I can understand if a child finds him monstrous or even terrifying. But, to me, that man's face comes from the void itself. Expressionless. Plain eyes, like a fish. Looking at things, but never really observing. A shame not to observe in this beautiful land of oddities and obscurities.





OLYMPIC GIFT GIVER

The urban legend of an individual who took to the skies in search of people to give gifts to.

A snowy mountain. At the peak, there was the most brutalist, geometric building you could think of. Cube-shaped, made from concrete, that sort of thing. In this cube were people that I remembered from my past. We were all partying.

This mountain represents a hierarchy. The very peak is a place of magic, of fantasy, where anything you dream of can appear spontaneously. As you go towards the bottom, the snow gets less prominent, and the sky turns... normal. Not quite gray, and not quite blue. Just normal.

It is here where I should mention just how I would traverse to the bottom, because I, in fact, did so multiple times, with a special ability —

Flight. Yes, *flight*. I did not have wings, although I extended both my arms on their sides and glided along the surface of the mountain. A bit too close for comfort, actually.

As I reached the bottom, I started coming across people that I had never met before. They were playing a game with a volleyball on a baseball field. Essentially, they would throw the ball so high up into the air at someone that the sun would blind them as they tried to catch it. And, that is it. That was the game. I would glide over them, and also play the game with them. Although, what I would do, since I was in the air, was throw the ball up even higher, and they would all scatter to try and catch it! Haha.

I remember there being something further down from that baseball field, but I do not know what. Surrounding it was mostly forestry.

I had glided down to that field several times, each time to play ball with the people. I would say I had more fun down there, as well as in gliding, than I had up *there*, in that place of indulgent mysticity.

They were all making use of, or rather, abusing the mountain's power for their own gain. I too, was guilty of this. I remember the moment I realized the

stupidity behind summoning all these objects and hoarding them for myself. I did not even like them to begin with. They made me sick. But, nonetheless, as I was carrying too many for my own good, of course they fell and spilled everywhere. As I was bending over to pick them up on that filthy, concrete floor, it just hit me —

“What the fuck am I doing?”

I spent a good time looking around. I saw fantastical creatures chasing after people, people using all these magical tools, all these cool doohickies and snicker-doodles and who-gives-a-fuck-amajigs. “Is this really living?” I asked myself. I grew so, so tired of it. The top of mountain was almost akin to graffiti that had been brought to life. Just a mess. Unicorn vomit. The vomit of a man who has had too much candy.

So, I glided down the mountain to go and play with all those people. The core difference between them and the people at the top? Unlike the latter, the former had but one, single thing to keep them happy — a torn-up volleyball. But man, were they having fun. It was impressive. They took an ordinary game

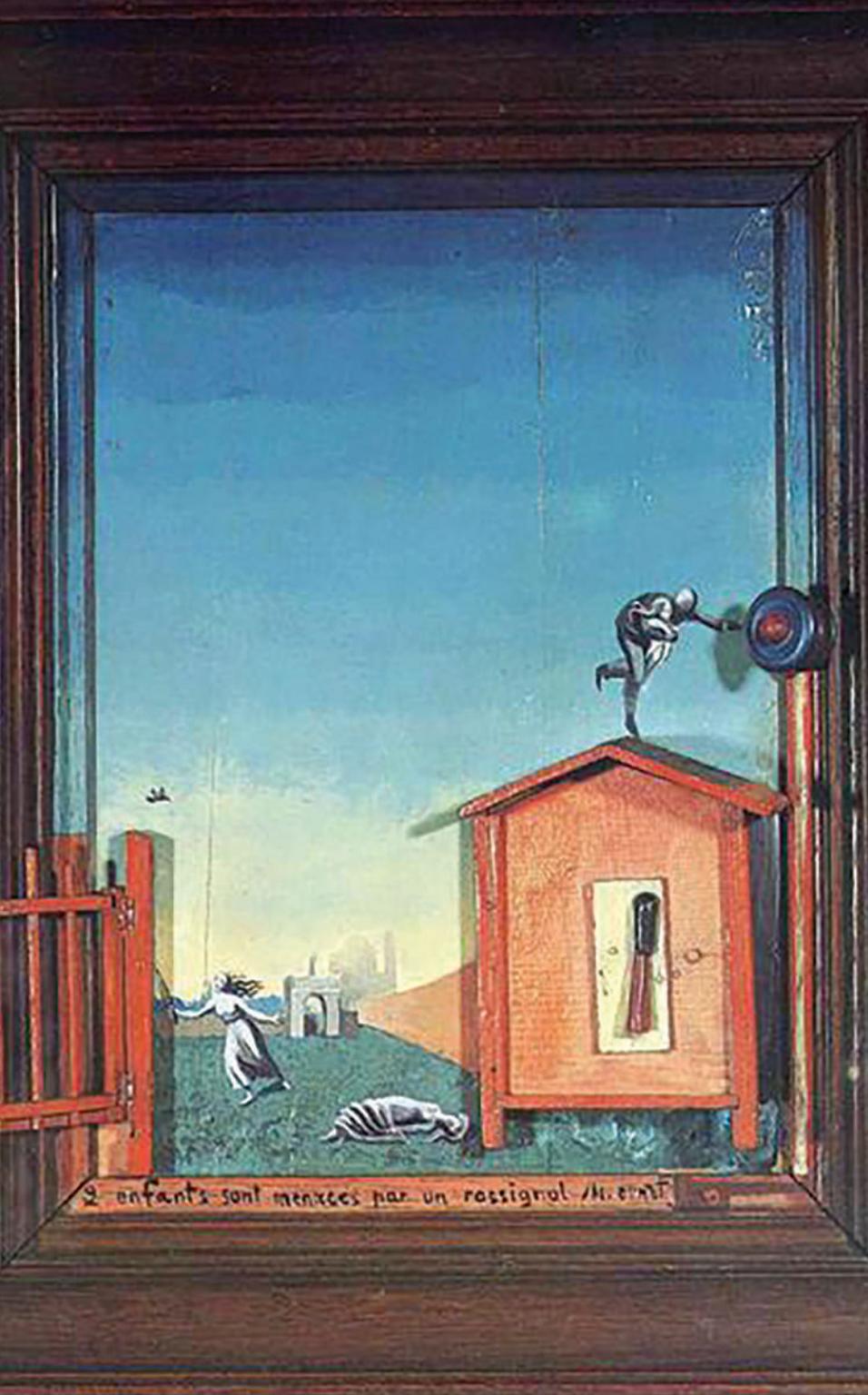
and asked themselves “Alright, how can we make this even more fun, so as to maximize the satisfaction we can get from the game?” Actually, they probably did not even think of something like that. They probably just started playing with the ball, until one of them threw it high in the air, and an idea sparked in all of them, synchronously. Then, they just said “Hey, that looks like it could be fun!”

Meanwhile, the people on the mountain, had everything. And more. And yet, the outcome was something truly vile and disgusting. An amalgamation of self-indulgence, selfishness, and greed.

Where did I stand in all of this, though? I was almost a man of both worlds; on the one hand, I could glide, which served as a remnant of my connection to the top of the mountain, and on the other, I enjoyed playing ball with those people near the bottom more than anything else. Yet, I felt inherently separate from them. Even so, they accepted me. Everyone on the mountain would just stick to their own little worlds of indulgence, never interacting with one another. When everybody is able to have everything they want, ultimately, nobody has anything. But the people at the bottom were connected not by that one

ball, but through the act of play. Of sharing that ball. You could have given them anything — a baseball, a frying pan, a stick, and they would still find a way extrapolate so much pure satisfaction because the need to share is innate. It never leaves them. Such a beautiful thing, sharing is. Perhaps it mattered not if I felt connected to them or not, for, in their hearts, I surely would have been allowed to play any of their games with them.

An individual capable of gliding. Reminds me of that being I have rarely seen before. That one that loves symbols. That one that loves *meaning*. I feel they would hate this man even more, but then I remember that they are more capable of love. Indeed, I do not love things. I do not even *like* things. All things are illusory. All things do not exist.



SHRUNKEN THOUGHTS

A letter, written from an unnamed, unknown individual, to a gnome living in solitude.

People think it wrong to be trapped in a box or vacuum for one's whole life. That doing so limits their creative ability, their open-mindedness. But, do they not have the ability to wonder? To draw, upon the inside faces of the box, what they think is outside? Their very frame of thinking is then shaped not by what is real, but what they speculate to be real. Thus, imagine the shock they must feel when they do go out into the world, and find that it is nothing like what they had drawn inside that little cube. Whatever it is, it may still be capable of fueling their wonder. But the kind of wonder they had originally is ultimately crushed. Such a terrible fate. Perhaps they should have stayed in that box, and kept painting or drawing

over what they presumed the outside world to be like, over and over.

One would think that I, or anyone within this box, could never find a way to exercise creativity. “You need references! You need to have influences!”

No, not really. I may not have access to the outside world and other artists’ works in this box. In fact, I would rather not have access to such things.

Instead, what I would rather have is the wonder that comes with speculating about what possibly exists outside the box. “Well, I am a person, I think... so that means there are other people outside, right?” “I wonder what they are like. Do they dress funny? All colorful and wavy, and greet each other with kisses on the cheek? Or are they big meanies that greet each other with punches to the face? I wonder.”

“And, I wonder what the place they live in is like. Are there trees everywhere that grow giant fruits? Do all the animals collect these fruits for sport? Or do they form cults? Does everyone form cults where they grow giant fruits?”

I may not be able to see the outside world, but I am able to draw upon the walls of this box, what I think runs across the outside world.

You might also be wondering how I know of trees and animals and such if I have no knowledge of the outside world. Well, I will say, that is a good point! I should just simply draw, bound to no systems, whether they be of man or nature. They can be incomprehensible scribbles at first, but, over time, as I develop the ability to draw what I feel, and to also allow it to make sense, I will be able to create my own systems, my own world within this box.

I took him for a man that would be more interested in cults. Cults are far from being about belonging. On the contrary, they infect the world with the curse of separation. They are isolated. Do you see the association now?

He took no interest in the cult’s activities. Until they started burning those bodies. I saw it for a moment. Just a moment. A twitch. A subtle sign of affliction. A subtle sign of humanity. No, something much deeper.



ANTI-INFLATION CULT

Recovered from the corpse of a heavily armored individual, along the shore of an old beach.

A big island where, at the center, rested a gigantic shopping mall about five or ten times the size of a normal mall. I know for a fact that I was inside of it, but I do not remember what I was doing in it. All I remember is being outside, on the shore, with many other people. People seeking to run away from this place that they dreaded. I remember it being a struggle to get outside, and then feeling the relief of having finally gotten out. I do wonder what was so horrifying in there, but it was probably just inflation.

Something felt wrong, though. Terribly wrong. Surely enough, there were people outside that did not want people to leave at all. They were creeping up on all of us, who were oblivious to their presence. Except

ANTI-INFLATION CULT

me. I ran straight into the water first chance I got. I started swimming, and then I heard screams, and swam more. I am not sure if those people pursued me. I got lucky, in short.

But, good luck is such a selfish thing, then, is it not? I would say so. Everyone changes when they win ten million dollars, after all.

I was swimming, yes, but then I was travelling through a marsh of tall grass. The water was still below me, but I was walking atop it. I might have been pursued by those guards while it all happened, but I could not see them, and I did not look back, either.

I remember arriving overseas somewhere. But, it was no different to that island, really. Just more giants.

I noticed, the man was wearing a suit made by this giant! I wonder, did he know this guard? No, likely not. Dogs can barely stand one another.





GEODE TO THE DEAD

A brief utterance, produced by a crystal capable of creating sounds when struck by lightning.

How can I investigate simulation and world-building to understand the ways in which our engagement with the non-visual (temperature, sound, smell, time, awareness, atmosphere, feeling, etc.) and visual (objects, people, structures, light, form, color, texture, composition, movement, interaction, dynamics, etc.) elements of a given space influences the ways in which our (un/sub)conscious mind responds or reacts to said space in order to create spaces that are effectively capable of changing people on the deepest level, to the extent that such spaces become engrained within both their minds and their souls?



PROPER REPENTANCE

The prayers of a boy who lives on a floating island, under a sky without stars.

I did not remember my dream today.

No, I did not try to dream today.

But, that is the reflection of sin; divesting oneself of one's own dreams.

Sorry, dreams. I will do better tomorrow.

Oh, how this boy reminded me of this man. Slowly becoming devoid of everything. Doomed. I did not try to prevent his fate. But, the man spent some time listening to him.



CRITICISM CAPPUCINO

An argument between two individuals in a café that serves anger-inducing dishes.

“Did you draw today?”

“Nope.”

“WHAT THE FUCK?!?! WHY?!?! WHAT ELSE WAS SO IMPORTANT TO THE EXTENT THAT YOU COULD NOT FIND THE TIME TO DRAW?!?!”

“Not drawing.”

“Get out.”

“O.K. Let me finish my croissant first, though. It has red bean paste stuffed inside of it!”



MEATLESS LIFE

The ramblings of a man sitting with his back to a tree, holding up a piece of stale bread.

Ah, I had once before realized my selfishness, and now, I realize, yet again, my stupidity! Why even bother worrying about the subject that is simulation without ever simulating? Silly, silly man. *feel*, first, *think*, later. You know, do you not? That it is neither the process nor the final outcomes that matter the most. Instead, it is the beginning. Your attitude, upon waking up and getting out of bed, and sitting for a moment, alone with your thoughts, in utter darkness or subtle sunlight, depending on what time you wake up at. I wake up when the sky looks like sorbet, with a bluish-purple backdrop, and strips of orange, red and yellow running across it. I wonder what such a flavor of ice cream would taste like. What does the

cold taste like? Conversely, what does warmth taste like? I do not mean the temperature, but the flavor.

I wish to create pieces of writing that, without a doubt, need to be read in utter silence, with a cup of tea. Warm stories. But, I also wish for them to be cold. I wish for them to reflect reality.

I do not understand it. "It" being this tendency towards a preemptively determined *raison d'être*. A fruitful life does not wait for ripeness, but instead looks to the other things that can be done in the meanwhile. Climbing the tree. Scraping something onto the bark. Not focusing on the tree, and instead wandering through the forest. So many things to do. Why focus on one thing? It is the same as focusing on nothing. Just as this man does.

But, a realization arose — I was trying to get into this man's mind, without fully understanding him. You must descend to the same level as an animal if you wish to befriend it.





A SOUL OF FIRE AND ICE

Found in a journal, in the clenched hand of a frozen-over corpse.

I held it back twice, the thing I needed to say; I have done my best to struggle through the cold electric landscape of this world, without setting up camp or relaxing in a tent. Hell, I could have even set up a fire and then sat next to it, with the blizzard running through us both. I would have protected it, too.

How can I though, when I do not try to create it? Goddamnit. Why didn't you just make the fire? Why did you keep treading through the blizzard? What are you looking for? A fire that never goes out? What a stupid joke. Just keep making small fires. That is life. Make a small fire, watch and wait for it to burn out, all while observing every detail of its flames. Its crackling, Its ashes. Hey, doesn't fire look like a rift

A SOUL OF FIRE AND ICE

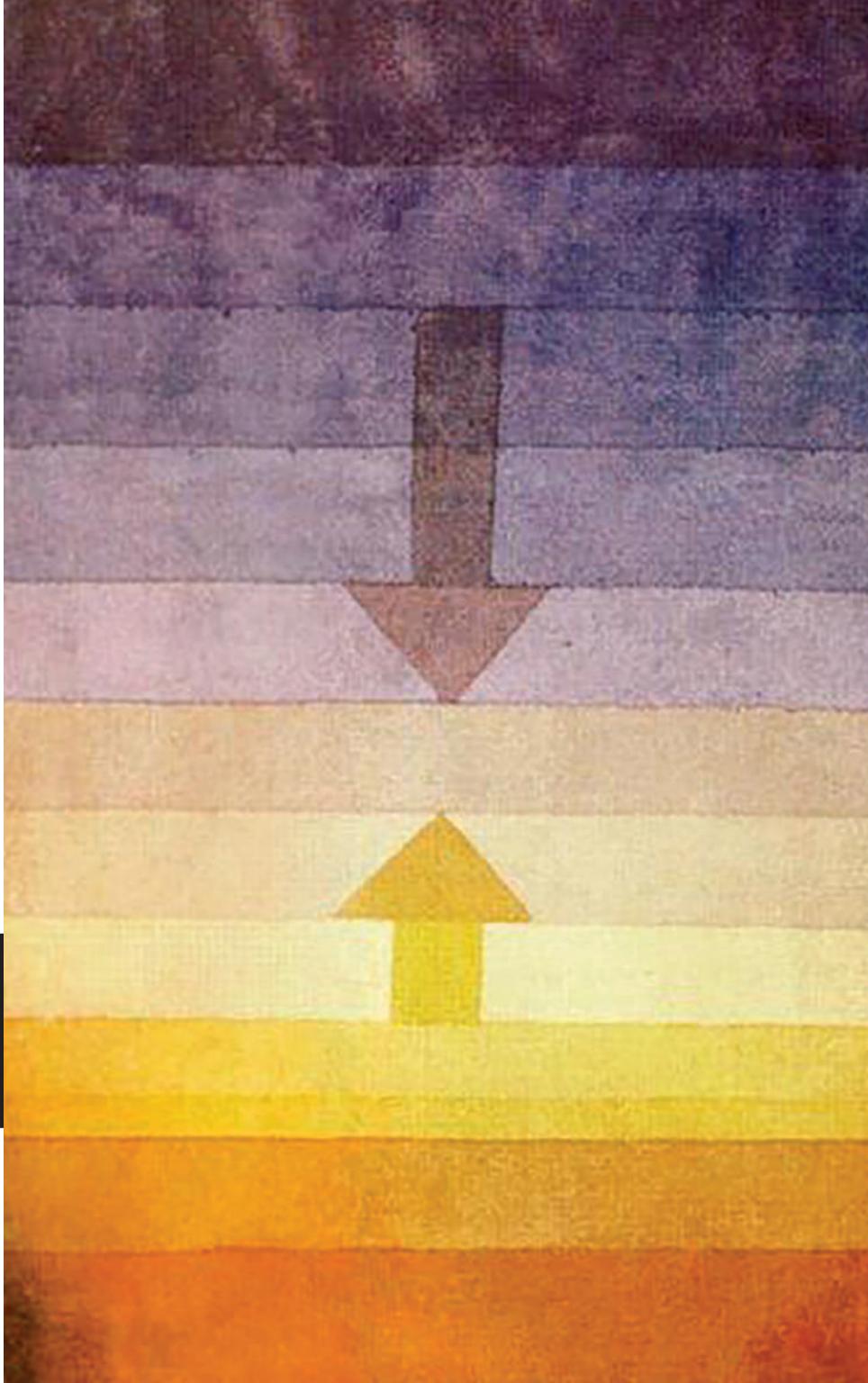
to someplace else? Such a warm, eternal feeling that would arise from the latter being true.

There are no animals out to kill you, except the animal that is *l'appel du vide*. This animal is within you, and especially so, when you keep trying to rush through the damn blizzard.

Take a moment. Sit. Do not think. Grab one branch from your backpack, then another. Stack them atop one another. One blows away? That is fine. You have another. Just keep stacking them.

Then, the part that is a little more difficult, but where it is fine, because its difficulty gives way to a test of patience that must be done continuously, is where you ignite the fire. Does fire grow from the sticks? Or do the branches sacrifice their essence to the fire? Who knows. All I know is, I want fire, and I have the means to get it now. Running through the storm will never get me to it. Never.

I wonder if this man secretly has such a fiery will. Or, if he simply thinks moving is the best way to live. I would agree, albeit in part.





THE TRUE SOURCE

The ancient, distant echoes of a civilization of necromancers capable of conjuring up oil.

The idea of constructing a reality, using a combination of visual and non-visual spacial elements, almost does carry a mystical quality, does it not? Simulation, as it stands, is merely the illusion of becoming. But, when we are able to interact with spaces using all of our senses, to the point that we effectively get transported into their worlds, there is no illusion. Illusions are for magicians. But, the creation of worlds unto themselves are for grandmaster sorcerers. For gods, even.

A “private phantom?” Like a ghost of the self, that only one other knows? Essentially, an alter ego. But, what if one has multiple phantoms? Is he cursed, or simply a spectacle to otherworldly phenomena? Oh

my, I would like to be a spectacle for the ghosts of this world. I care not for being famous among humans! But, let those ghosts, those ghouls, those “monsters” know, I love them, and they should love me.

Chthonic. I like that word. *Chthonic.*

So, it seems he often depicted birds. Indeed, birds are the ideal vehicle for exploring the infinite universe of the unconscious. If there are many things to see, one should ideally be a little faster than a human.

Birds to him are almost like eyes to me, in that I often draw them in the most diverse of ways. Although, the difference is that he gives his birds some meaning. A raven of wisdom. An eye of wisdom, like... a man with orange eyes. Oh, but I only work in black and white! So, there would be many projections in his eyes, instead.

I wonder if, going forward, I could have a consistency of subject in my works, just as he did. It could be eyes, or again, birds, or any other creature.

“Enigmatic” and “cipher.” Using a word to describe something mysterious for something that is already

mysterious, does that just make more mysteries? It says it is the language of nature. Does that refer to nature’s complexity? The often consistent motifs and patterns (ie. spirals, branches) that occur in nature and whose systems are “enigmatic ciphers?”

Simulation also has the potential to bring mythology to life. Or, to be mythological in itself. But, if mythology can be made real, through pure simulation, is it really mythology at that point?

So, in spite of being a man of many places, of a multi-faceted background, both with respect to his life and culture, he chose to focus on one thing. That is an important lesson for those who easily let themselves be overwhelmed by the amount of things to learn, as well as the demand that is imposed upon them to learn said things. A jack of all trades can never be a master of one. I wish to be a master of one, although I do not yet know what that “one” is. But, I feel strongly that the flow of the fluidic invisible guides me there.

“Senseless obedience and nameless horror.” Such describes those who agree to things without ever

thinking about what they are saying. “How are you doing today?” “Good!” They have fifty knives planted in their back and are standing on a tightrope.

He died, and then became resurrected with the goal of “finding the mythos of his time.” If I died, and have been resurrected, would the mythos of my time be *the fluidic invisible?*

Opposed the rational, and believed the emotional to not only be underscored, but severely hidden, to the detriment of humans.

A synthesis of the technological, the natural, and the “human,” the latter of which is the strangest, as it carries qualities of both of the others.

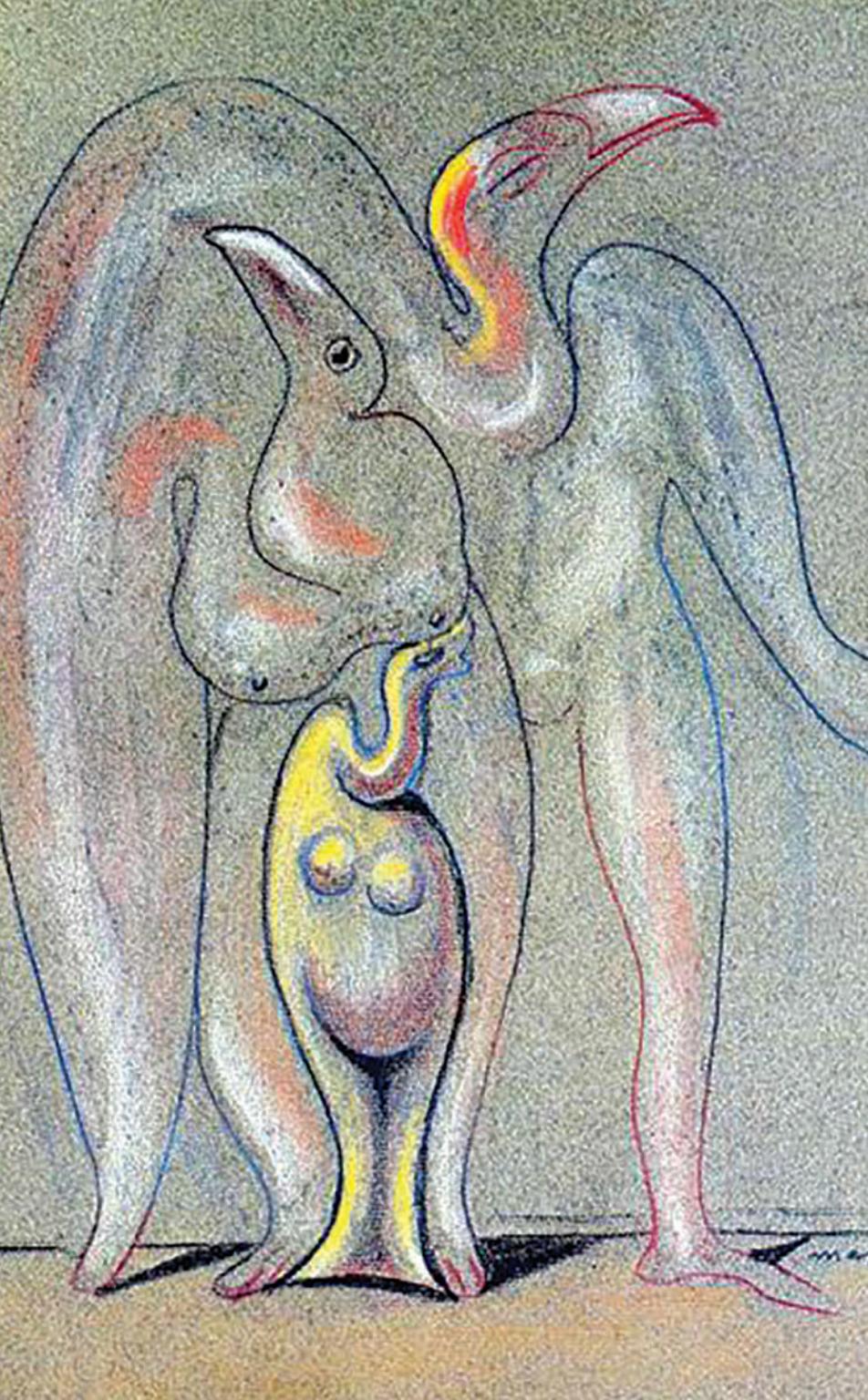
An “all-powerful” inner-world. But, it is also powerful in and of itself, not as a force for us to use. We cannot really use dreams, as we do not possess them to the extent that we can shape them. Rather, they shape themselves, and, more often than not, use us.

A leader does not just lean to one side, huh? He did not repress the rational within him only to bring out

the emotional. He blended both. Both were *him*. A duality befitting one who brings dreams to life.

“A map, not to find home, but to prevent the fear that comes with feeling lost.” That is what they were about; exploring the inner world, but not being afraid of the outer world. Exploring emotion, but not being afraid of rationality. I see. I have missed this. I aimed for the center, but shot a horse in the back, after which it rammed itself face-first into a tree, and died of damage to the skull, as well as vultures feeding off its dying corpse.

It is not about dreams. It is about synthesis, because dreams are about synthesis. Reality and the rational are not simply shoved off into a corner, but instead utilized as much as mythology and emotions. The question is, then, of how one does this, particularly in depicting dreams, or, in my case, creating simulations? Writing of dreams should not be so far removed from reality, because, even if only in part, dreams do inherit from it, right? Reality also makes things more accessible and easier to understand. Although, I suppose fantasy does that as well.



PRODIGIOUS MEDIOCRITY

The internal monologue of a baby, who is also the reincarnation of a once famous athlete.

Climb up that flight of stairs. Yes, do it well. Lift your legs up for every step as though they are weighed down by a single, full-grown elephant. Put your back into it. Put your soul into it.

This, This here is the way of life. The way of the moment. The way of the rejection of everything one thinks they know.

This nameless man could benefit from such a way of thinking. Perhaps I should be the one to teach it to him. Ah, forget it. Too much work.

Perhaps I can find a way to teach him indirectly, however. Hah!



THE VIAL FILLS ITSELF

*An entry in the journal of a famous author,
speaking of one of his previous wives.*

A blue squid, as blue as a blue raspberry popsicle. Quite vague, but I do remember actually... making this squid. That is, it was an artificial squid.

I remember being in this indoor aquarium of sorts. It was an oval-shaped room, with another oval-shaped dome in the middle, where all the fish lived. Outside of it were some basic aquarium decorations, such as plastic coral reefs.

But, this squid latched onto my left shoulder. Quite gross, but its tentacles would reach inside my mouth and grope onto my face. Yuck. If you want to simulate this, take some aluminum foil and mold it into the shape of a tentacle. Do so at least three times. Then, have a friend or family member poke

THE VIAL FILLS ITSELF

the tentacles around the sides of your mouth. If you want to, dip them in something sticky, as well.

This squid would bite me a lot. It was, in fact, venomous, although not venomous enough to kill me instantly. Rather, over time, the venom could compound and lead to disastrous effects. People in the dream also started taking notice of the squid, particularly with a lot of concern.

I looked into his soul, and found a void. Fitting, expected. But, it would be necessary for the next step of my plan, as the man, grounded in the objective, physical world, albeit unaffected by it, could only be altered internally. That is to say, if you were to put a weight on him, it would have to be beyond physicality.

And so, I attached my own version of that squid to his soul. He then continued walking. But, as I had predicted, there was something about his demeanor, the way he carried himself, that changed. Like an itch inside of one's skin.





THE ELECTRIC AETHER

*A brief message from a rusty radio, within a
watchtower near which the wind whistles.*

I was in some mechanical maze, from what I remember, and I was the size of an ant. Shrunken, essentially.

I think there were killer robots? Let us just say that there were, for it would then easily have been the most interesting part of the dream.

We stood looking at a kind of “reversed-sunset.” That is, a sky that burnt and a sun that appeared more like a black hole.

Again, the twitching from the man. A black body against a fiery background. Of course.



AURA OF FORTUNE

The only words ever uttered by a stoic man known for playing coin-tossing games.

If surrealism is about chance-based events, then it would stand to reason that the ideal dream is a chance-based experience, one where the subject happens upon things accidentally, albeit poetically, in such a way where things seem to fall into place to create something that engages all of the senses, while still creating a beautiful story. Not quite like when you manage to “feel” the right proportions of ingredients for a dish you are making, but instead, more like tossing them everywhere after a combination of negative and positive emotions (a “breakdown,” so to speak), and ending up with a smiley face made from several of the mashed-up ingredients.



LAUGHTER CATACLYSM

The cave drawings of a writer known not for writing, but for creating “funny bombs.”

“The imaginative reworking of experience.” I think this singular phrase perfectly explains the logic of dreams, or part of the central logic. They rework, or rather, reshape, via destruction, synthesis, and creation, experiences. Whether they are our own, or that of others, including the deceased, remains to be seen, or at least understood with more precision.

But, dreams are inextricably derived from reality, as, personally, I often find myself in “remixed” versions of places I have encountered in my life, as well as people, who often behave in less of a “remixed” manner, surprisingly. Even with those dreams where it is harder to form connections to one’s reality, the presence of things from reality remains strong.

“Synthesis” is the most important aspect of dreams. In particular, it is a kind of indiscriminatory synthesis that does not shy away from allowing things to make sense. Although, the very fact of being able to interpret dreams means they can make sense. It is just that finding a set meaning or purpose for dreams, as in art, is always a difficult endeavor.

In synthesis, things are destroyed and created, but things are created from those things that have been destroyed, although it carries the effect of change. Multiple things can be destroyed to create something new, as they all bring forth part of their unique essences to make something that feels whole. As whole as the worlds depicted in dreams.

Heat “destroys” water, which in turn creates vapor, a substance that carries with it part of both heat and water. The unconscious mind “destroys” experiences and stimuli from all the senses, as well as those that are not ours, to create dreams, which possess part of every single piece of stimuli, every single experience, and every single *thing* that was destroyed. The difference between vapor and dreams, though, is actually not all that large. Vapor feels as mystical to both heat and water as dreams do to

both the unconscious mind and sensory experiences and stimuli. Both are magical, truly. But, both are grounded in reality, ultimately.

“If I am looking upwards into the abyss, am I descending, or am I ascending?”

Those were his first words to me. My hair, which defies gravity, almost drooped downwards, like a wet mop. So profound. How could this empty man utter such an evocative combination of words?

“Descending, of course. The feeling of ascent is one of illusion. Would it make sense for a bike’s wheels to turn backward, and for the bike itself to then move forward?”

No response, naturally. This utterance was evidently one spouted from the void. A splash, or rather, a teardrop, from within it. Who knows how long it had traveled to reach my ears. Or, perhaps he did not intend for me to hear those words.



BOILING BLUE SEA

A journal entry from a scuba diver that was left washed up on an island for half of his life.

Not so much a give-and-take as a give-and-synthesize — architecture gives, and nature synthesizes, using its own elements, whether they be rain, snow, wind, a storm, bird nests, etc.

A poem is a difficult thing, and, in spite of its length, it must work to engage all of the senses. Thus, it is appropriate to focus on a single moment with much intensity. Waves crashing. Fire crackling. A bite of rich food, in a poor man's mouth.

But, every moment should not be like this. A single wave crashing is intense and beautiful. A dozen more after it is just a tsunami that levels an entire village. A mess, that is what it is.

Architecture should capture a single, intense moment, and repeat that moment every time it is entered, albeit not in an overwhelming manner. A wave crashes, and then it returns back into the ocean. Peace. Quiet. A body of water with an even surface, albeit still moving. One intense moment, followed by steady movement. That is architecture.

That question of what moves you pertains not just to architecture (for me), but to all kinds of things, like films and video games. Although, my version of the question is more like “What about _____ latches onto or alters my soul?”

Indeed, not every situation is made for thinking critically. But, one must also adapt according to the nature of the situation, the nature of the *atmosphere*.

But, I believe a reaction to atmosphere should be like the sky just before or during sunrise, when the sky is predominantly blue, and the streaks of orange begin to stretch across it, so as to create what I called a “sunrise sorbet.” But, with thinking and feeling, there should be a mix that is almost equal, or a mix where one does not dominate the other.

The arch, no, the arch, blended with the pillar, is the most beautiful structure there is.

Beauty is in oneself, but it is the beauty of the outside world that helps one realize it. Thus, if one takes away the outside world, there is no realization.

Wood, heat/friction, fire. Stone, carving tools, arches. That is all I will say.

“So, do you wish to settle anywhere?”

He pointed to a nearby puddle. It was getting dark, so all it reflected was the silhouette of a lamp post. Was he pointing to the lamp post, or the puddle? Or, was there something that he could see, that I could not? In any event, a small gesture, and one that leaves the possibility for more. I just need to push him more. To insanity, even.



APOCALYPSE INJECTION

The thoughts that were telepathically transmitted to everyone as the universe came to an end.

I find it interesting. How my unconscious mind is a being on its own. How, until recently, I have been rejecting it. But, when I put my pencil or pen to paper, and divest myself of, well, *myself*, and let it take the wheel, words cannot describe the magic that comes out of such an experience. It is a magic greater than that of what I have said of water and heat destroying themselves to form vapor. I feel it might be more powerful than a god. Dare I say, God, singular. I wonder what it looks like. What it is. I wish to observe its character. But, I know that it is far more intelligent and clever than I, and will thus easily fool me. I would only be falling into some grand scheme or trap.

But, where it does not trap me is in the acts of drawing and dreaming — the two where I am closest to it. I recall reading somewhere that dreams are a way of connecting with one's god. That whole idea changes when I begin to wonder about the true form of my unconscious mind, that phantasmic being that I might possibly meet in death. But, at that point, it is not a phantasm.

Again, is it god? Or is it something greater? I feel something so mysterious, great, and overwhelmingly intense in its power. It cannot be comprehended, or even given a name. A god is made less powerful with a name. Names are for humans. Mystery is for gods.

You cannot describe the indescribable. That is how I feel about the being that is my unconscious mind. It makes me scared, but it makes me excited, like a more intense version of stepping into a jacuzzi right after jumping out of the pool. It stings, but it injects me with life and death.

I think that is why understanding dreams, the byproduct of the unconscious mind's work, is a rather difficult thing. Or maybe not. It gives

us dreams and images that leave us conflicted between thinking simply about them or getting lost in their complexity.

This “unconscious amalgam” I had made recently. I looked back, after allowing it to take the wheel, and it took a while, but I thought to myself, “A heart. It looks like a heart.” I wonder. If it is a reflection of sin, whose heart have I sinned against? Is the heart a metaphor for something else? If so, what sin is reflected in that something? Are sins even relevant? Why did I draw a heart?”

I do not know. But, since I acknowledge how small I am to that being, I accept the answers that do arise. I may not know the definitive truth, but that is fine. I drew a heart because something is growing over mine. I felt it some time ago, when I was training. Well, I felt it twice, with the two serving as opposites of one another.

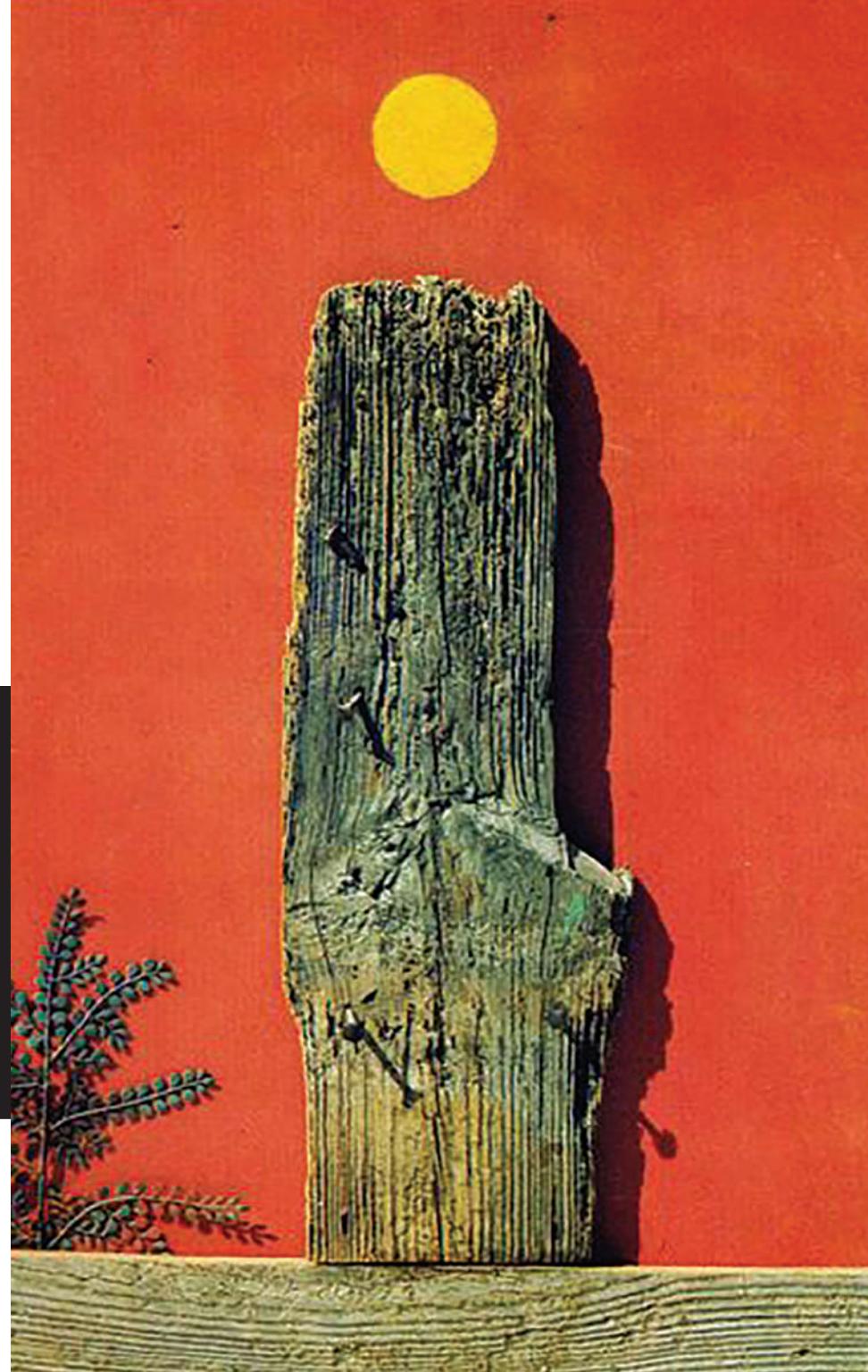
The first time was venomous. I saw images of a rabbid red wolf against an equally red sky. I started running as though I was using up my lifeforce to get to the finish line of a race. Not sustainable. Dangerous. Stop running, I said! I did, but

it felt terrible. A lingering evil followed me for the rest of the day, floating over my head.

The second time, which occurred a few days ago, was more of a warm, liquid light. There was no wolf. No forest. It was enlightening, but it was an enlightenment born out of struggle and suffering. Nothing mattered in that moment, but everything mattered, because I was not training to destroy myself, but to struggle. I was not using up my life-force, but I was also not letting myself relax. I just did, without questioning, without thinking.

I began using my power, albeit in a subtle manner, more often. Adding drops of my own to his void. That is what I did. In return, I received a screech so disturbing, so uneasy in its nature, perhaps more uneasy than the sound of a baby in a house fire, except that the house was known for being vacant.

I awoke. That is not possible, as I have never slept. But, I saw eyes. Not just eyes. Eyes of glass. Glass that could grow, like leaves along a stem.





INDISTINGUISHABLE

A sliver of a story told by a farmer that had supposedly encountered alien life once.

Ah, I used to have such vivid dreams, but now, they have weakened. I do not wish to be greedy... I just wish to experience the expanse of my older dreams again. I recall one dream that took place in an abandoned circus that combined with an abandoned neighborhood. I was being hunted by this terrifying creature. I remember sneaking through the circus, which was more like an amusement park, now that I think of it. I remember sneaking through an older neighborhood, specifically under the houses, as they had elevated foundations. I remember hiding in some house for refuge, and also encountering children that were hiding. I remember looking through the door, which had

INDISTINGUISHABLE

a cracked, glass window, at the creature, who was walking down the middle of the road, and having it look back at me. That is where it ended, and appropriately so.

Where has that gone? I wonder if such a thing as “dream energy” exists, that can only be acquired in the real world. I have observed it in the fluidic invisible, that underlying force that one must flow through, rather than thrash through. As I have began flowing, without conflict, without hatred for its flow, and embracing its uncertainty, I have experienced some dreams that are of intrigue. But, it seems the vial of dream energy I possess is still practically empty.

I remember having a dream while I was asleep, as confusing as the experience was. In the dream, I was dreaming. Of course. As I fused with my dreaming self, everything occurred in a flurry. But, those eyes. I could only remember those eyes. They were staring at nothing. But, they did not despair, and they did not fear.





TREADING, SLEEPING

*Part of the research notes of a biology professor
that dabbled in interdimensional metaphysics.*

There is something interest, of a strange kind of phenomena, in the “gateway method.” Even that name suggests questions related to where the gateway leads. I know that consciousness is central to this method from some brief research, but it seems like so much more than that. “Out-of-body experiences?” “Exploring different realms, planes of existence, and perhaps even dimensions?” Yet, there is this additional quality of having heightened awareness that is of utmost interest.

I wonder, will it allow me to confront that being? The being, separate from myself, that is my unconscious mind? Binaural sound is a common piece

TREADING, SLEEPING

of media that accompanies meditational practice. And rightfully so. Pay attention with both ears, both eyes, and your whole body!

I have often thought of acquiring the ability, in exchange for having concrete dreams, to enter an “ethereal” state, where you are able to go anywhere in the world, or perhaps even the universe, and be entirely unnoticed to the mortal eye. You could do this at inhuman speeds, and take in vast amounts of information and sensory stimuli. Moreover, you could observe and feel the various overlapping realities within your own.

I do agree that the idea of an ethereal state needs to be brought into the sciences, especially if we are to explore it more objectively. But, “occult” connotations? I would say theological, or even spiritual.

I like that this method involves using the left, “logical” brain and the right, “deep thinking” brain to work. In line with what I have been saying about surrealism being a matter of synthesizing emotions and rational thought.





PETALS ALONG THE RIVER

*The ramblings of an orange and white parrot,
native to an island of luminous souls.*

Whataloadashit!!! I want an abundance of nothing, as abundance has driven people towards excessive indulgence! I want a simple wooden home, on the side of a mountain, with fog surrounding it, and I wish to eat food that is equally as simple as my home. Knowledge and strength are sought in abundance by those who wish to be braggarts. I wish to seek it simply because flowing along this river, the fluidic invisible, is an endeavor that requires a mix of doing absolutely nothing, and doing something, albeit never with the expectation of abundance. I read, not to learn, but to just read. I train, not to get strong, but to just train. And, I flow, not to end up somewhere, but to just flow.

PETALS ALONG THE RIVER

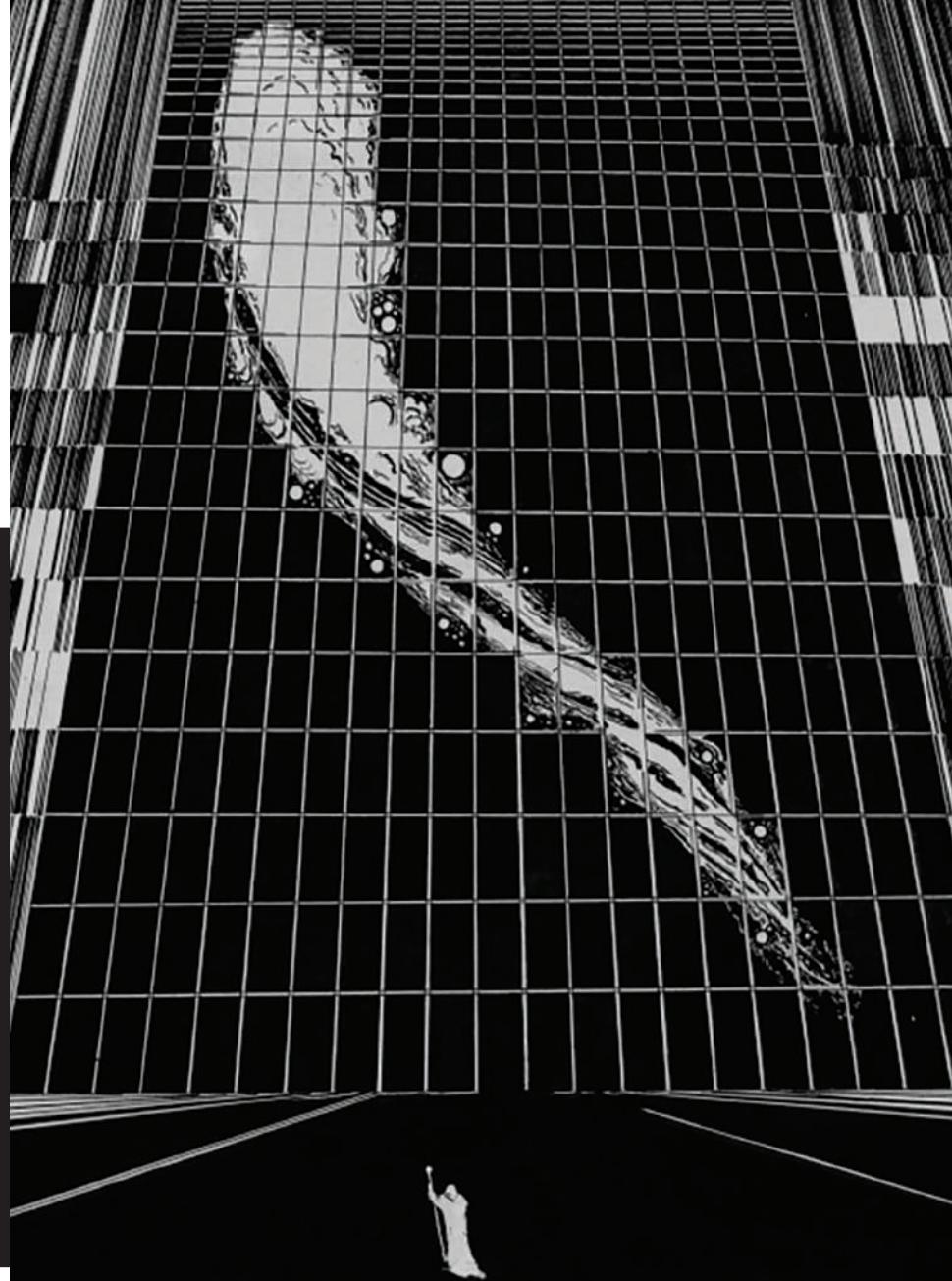
I think, I do not wish to call it *the invisible* anymore. Rather, I wish to call it *the infinity*, as it never leads me to an ending. I never wish to be in any place that represents the end. Heaven, hell, the afterlife. All wrong.

It struck a nerve. My instincts told me it was the work of this nameless man. But how could it be? There was not even an ounce of power emanating from him. A truly insufferable man.

My hair grew. That has never happened before. The ground beneath me could not stay in place. I used to walk as though I was on water, making sure not to disturb anything.

What did he do? The answer to this, I remembered. I remembered the island. An opal in the sand, orange and black. I felt attracted to it. But he must have taken an offense to this attraction. Why? Where did the opal come from?

No, it was a tear.





ONE'S TRUE SWORD

A journal scrap found in an old shoe, within a home that was once owned by a famous samurai.

I felt it again. Not the red, raging, wolf, but that other feeling, as I was training. If an out-of-body experience provides one with heightened awareness, then, when one feels what I felt, one feels the warmth of the sunlight as though it becomes aqueous, and one is treading through it calmly.

I also saw them all. Prancing about, happily, in front of me. “Don’t fall behind!,” they all must have been saying to me. Not in a condescending way, but in a way that reflected their playfulness. That is, more in a way that is reminiscent of that feeling during school when break time arrives, and a friend takes you by the hand and drags you outside, eagerly, into the sun. Except, they were

ONE'S TRUE SWORD

also pushing me from behind. All of them, not with force, but to see and feel the sun.

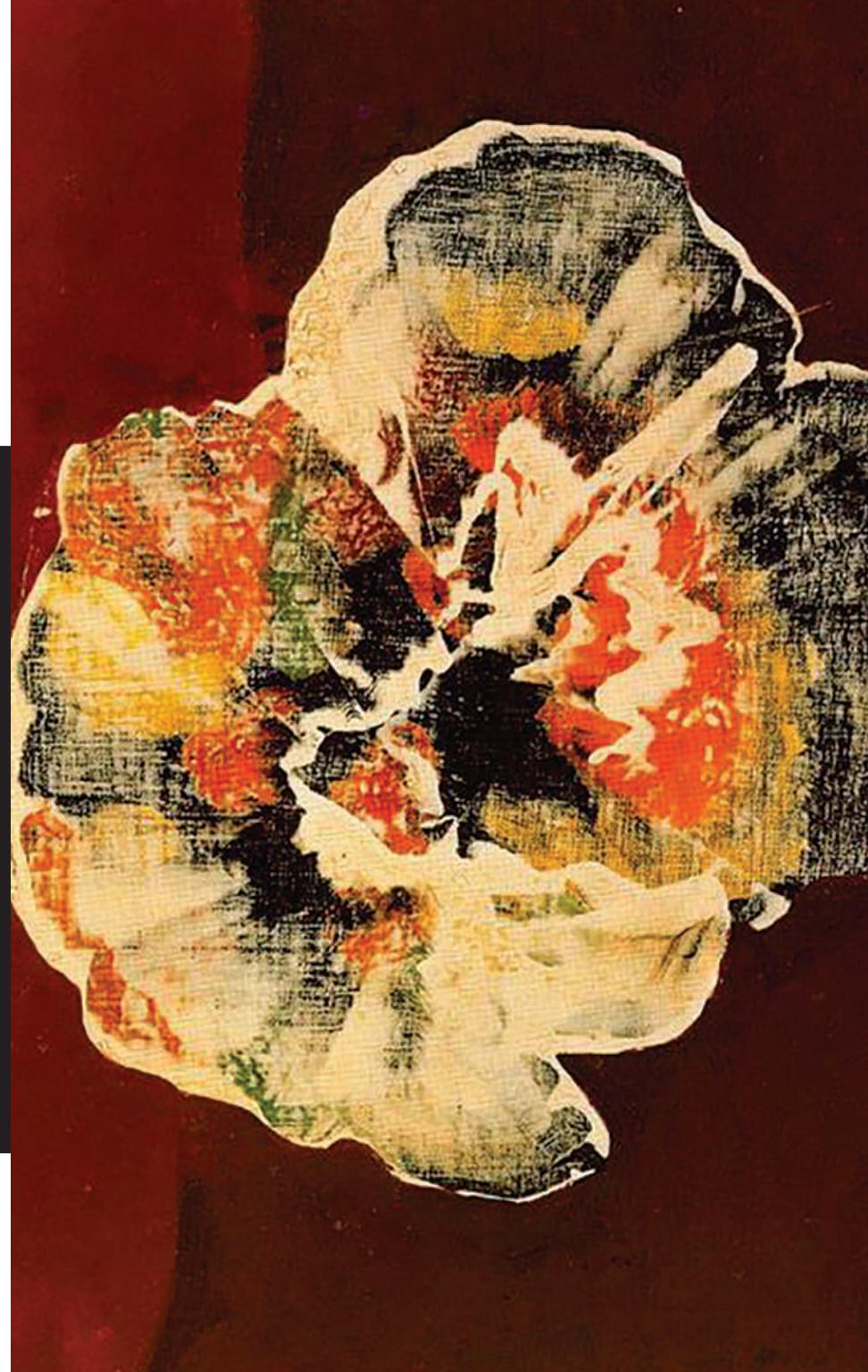
"See? Be patient, and it will return, surely!"

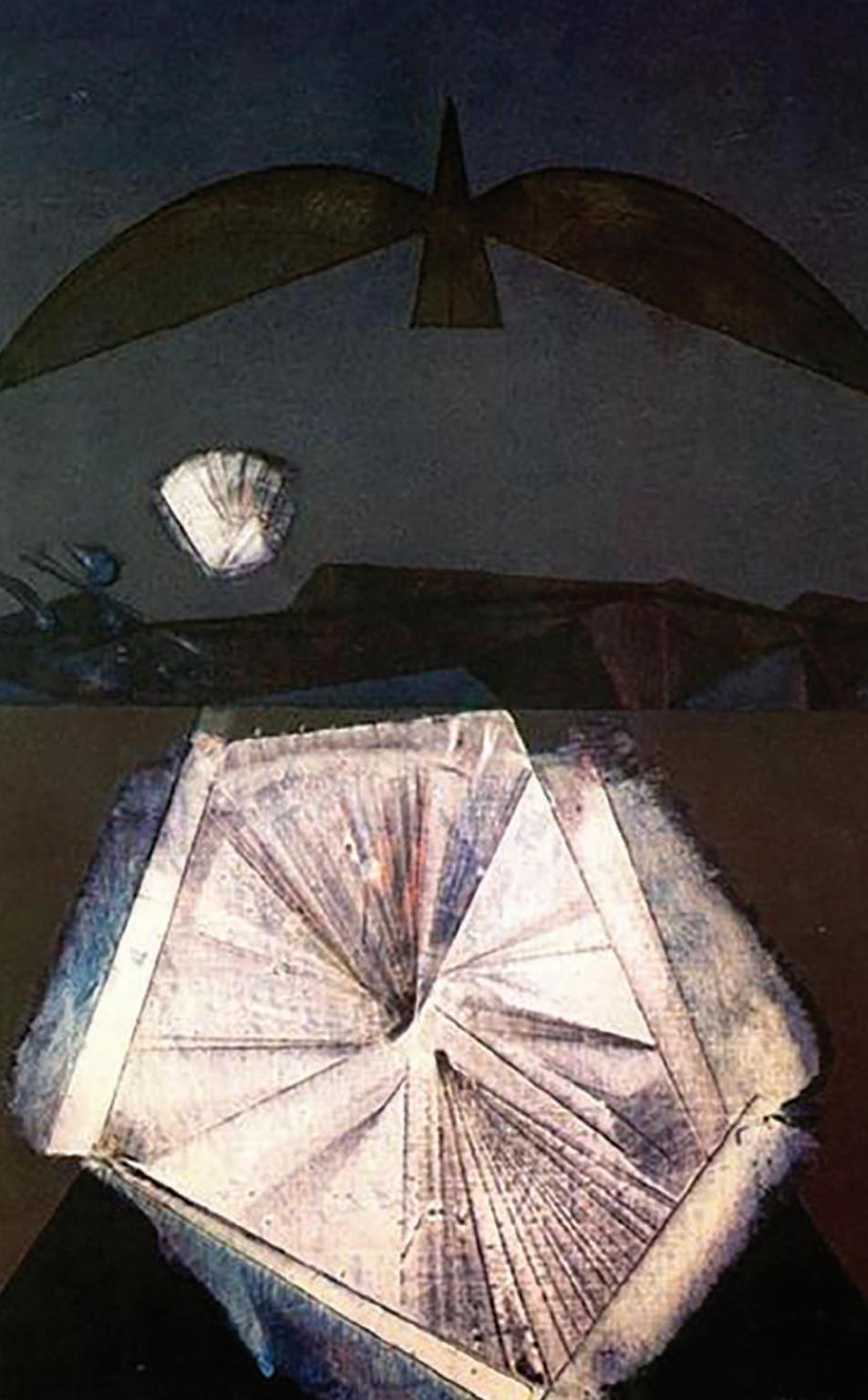
I began shedding more blood. Perhaps some act of rebellion. Or revenge, for not being able to learn about the significance of that tear. I struck down families with a worn sword. I hacked, without cutting cleanly. I killed in the most brutal and unprofessional of ways. Then he did something that made my hair grow even longer —

"Where does one point to, when asked about the place that they came from?"

I thought it to be as profound as asking about what one did on a day of utter stillness. How can it be profound? They did nothing. They took no action. They accomplished *nothing*.

I struck him this time. A line, from his right shoulder, downwards. I awoke again.





AT THE TIP OF THE SPINE

The whispers of a cursed spirit that has been roaming a rural area in a passive manner.

“What kind of atmosphere, what kind of space, do you want to create?”

I had dismissed that fundamental question, or maybe I had forgotten about it, in favor of “embracing the uncertain,” of collecting, of scattering across this foggy landscape in search of the strange. But, I always had that unconscious itch, that hidden desire to find something in particular. I always felt disturbed, even when I was happy getting lost, looking at all the obscure spectacles in the maze-museum hybrid. It was as though, the entire time, I was in someone’s game, frolicking about, ignoring the presence of a stalker.

I do not know where I heard it from, but the words “beautiful silence,” put together, remind me of a most beautiful vision where I am the last person in the world. In particular, a world where everything exists as it does now. All the remnants of corporate businesses. All of the houses. All of the roads. Everything. A world where I wake up, and everyone else is gone. Forever.

I would be so happy, and this is even after the thought of nobody else being around kicked in. My family, gone. My friends, gone. Who cares, though? I am free!

I am free because there is nothing to go against it. I am free because there is no concept of freedom. I am free because I do not know what freedom is, and there is nobody to induce such deceptive thoughts as to what they think it is. I am free because nobody else is.

But, I understand what a primal fear is.

I understand that, if one takes out all the superstitions, all the so-called “monsters, demons, and

paranormal beings,” out of the darkness, so they do not exist, even as concepts, and they still feel fear from being in the darkness, then it is primal. It is innate. It never leaves you. To not feel a fear of darkness, is to disturb darkness itself.

I know, then, that a world with only me in it disturbs something, although I do not know what. Emptiness? But, the world is empty, even with people in it. Life? I wonder if animals should exist in this world. If plants should exist in this world. Let us say they do. Life is fundamental, as fundamental as darkness.

Beautiful silence is terrifying silence, because it is as unnatural as both beautiful darkness and beautiful emptiness.

It answers my question, that question of atmosphere. I want my work to carry with it this idea of beautiful silence. As though one finds themselves in the world, alone, and it is the only proof of how this could have happened.

The death of appreciation. Of fruit. Of roots. Distorted reality, the obfuscator.



DESOLATE ON THE OUTSIDE

Found on a piece of yellowed paper inside of a cave, on a planet with an ocean of blood.

How can I investigate simulation and world-building to understand the ways in which our engagement with the non-visual (temperature, sound, smell, time, awareness, atmosphere, feeling, etc.) and visual (objects, people, structures, light, form, color, texture, composition, movement, interaction, dynamics, etc.) elements of a given space influence the ways in which our conscious, unconscious, and subconscious minds react to the resulting “atmosphere” of said space in order to create spaces that embody the concept of “beautiful silence?”

That is, the feeling that would permeate through one’s soul when they awaken to a world where ev-

DESOLATE ON THE OUTSIDE

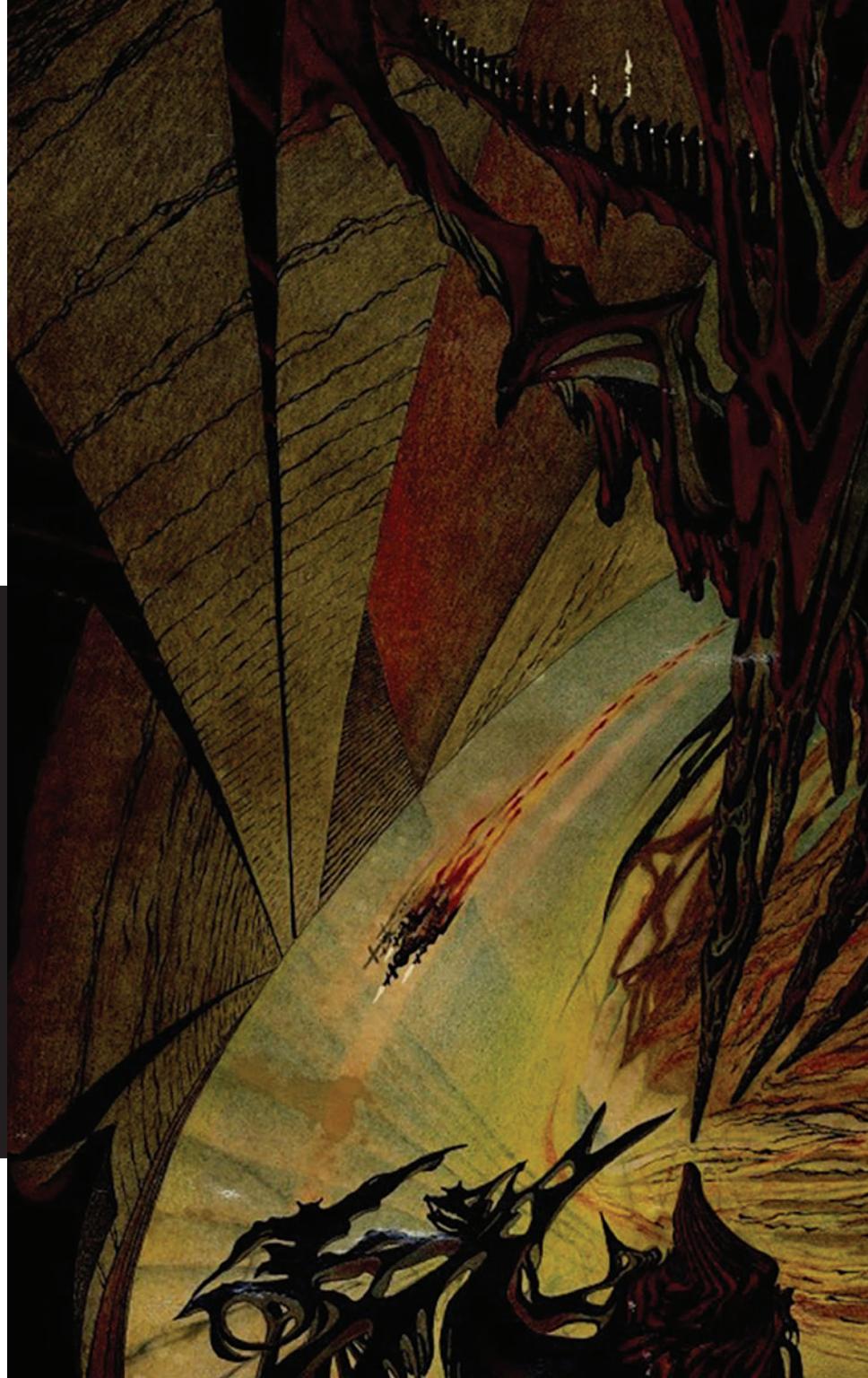
eryone else has disappeared. Leaving their room, calling for their immediate housemates, only to receive no response. It is 6:30 AM on a weekend, during the summer break. Under what circumstances would everyone be gone?

You go outside. A foggy street. A slight, eerie wind. A sky without clouds. A world without people. That is “beautiful silence.”

We returned to that village. My hair was so long that it was now latching onto roofs and poles and people. When my hair touches an individual, a cloud forms around them, and they are crushed under an overwhelming weight from every point in their body. That is to say, they are pushed inward, into a single point. Almost in the same way that a vortex attracts things to its center.

I saw the two children again, as well as that mutated bear. No, it was a normal bear. This man was the abnormal one. The accursed one.

I swapped their roles. The bear had the heads of the two children, and the children the two heads of the bear. Take that, you bastard.





THE TRIUMPHANT SELF

Part of the introduction to a famous psychic's autobiographical novel.

There was this rather tall house, facing the ocean as well as a beach, which had all these tents set up. People were camping out, but also selling things, it seemed. I do not remember what the interior of the house looked like, but I do remember being inside of it. I think my memory of the interior was overshadowed by the fact that I had psychic powers. To test this, I would repeatedly fall off the top of the house, only to land as though I had done so on a thick mattress. I am not sure if my abilities extended beyond that, but I theorize one thing — I had fallen off the house so many times that I burned my psychic powers out! This is because I remember falling off the roof for the last

time, and breaking out into a rough panting while knelt over on the ground.

A little time passed after that. Then, a device appeared, floating just above the shore. The core, which was spherical, was glowing, more like a portal than anything else. I could not reach it, but I felt as though I needed to, nonetheless.

That is when this man, dressed in black robes and a skull mask, lined partially with black as well, approached me. I do not remember what he said, only that he helped me to the portal by carrying me through it, using his own psychic powers!

When I went through the portal (not sure if the man was still there), I was teleported way up into the sky, above a big ocean (again, not sure if it was the same ocean as the one near the house). It seemed I had entered some kind of challenge, and perhaps one that would allow me to regain my psychic powers upon completion.

The challenge was simple — I was falling, and somewhere below me, was the same portal-like device, albeit this time bigger. It was shaped more like a room, and I had to land inside of it. Here was the catch, though — the room was also plunging

towards the water, making the challenge as time-based as it was skill-based.

When I was in the room, I had to find and touch a spherical object that looked the same as the sphere of the portal from earlier in order to advance to the next level, where I would be falling towards another room again.

The first two rooms were easy. I pretty much had to walk in, touch the sphere, and I was done. Until the third one came. I was in a room full of cubes, pyramids, and spheres, all textured and layered upon one another. I had to break through these miscellaneous objects to get to the sphere, but the thing was, I could not use my fists! I tried to, but it did not work. So much wasted time.

There was this shining, flat object in the room that I had to use, which I found lodged up against a wall. After that, I began hitting things like a maniac. Again, an inefficient use of time.

I found the sphere in a pile of objects, and began digging my way through. But, I remember looking away for a brief moment, in a distracted mania, and looking back. The sphere was gone! Was I just in a state of hysteria the whole time?

THE TRIUMPHANT SELF

Either way, it was too late! Here's another thing to add about the rooms — they were all made of glass. So, you could witness your doom from all angles. And, that I did, as the room plunged into the water, exploding. I remember seeing a brief image of my limbs scattering all over the place. Yuck.

"Which must be put down, the bear-headed children, or the children-headed bear?"

An imposing question, to pay him back.

"Why do you wish to touch the tears?"

That was it. That was when my hair grew those veins. Those veins of a color I had never seen before. Not opal or black or red or blue or purple or dirt brown like this village, but something that caused the world to tremble. That caused people's eyes to tremble.





BLUE-LIGHT MASOCHISM

Part of the manifesto of a corrupted political leader turned “entertainer” of crowds.

My circus would not be a circus. It would not take place in a tent, near or within some industrialized area, in unison with a larger festival taking place. A circus that takes place in such an area is one of tragedy, not comedy, as it is easily overshadowed by the endless number of entertaining things to do. A circus, right there! And, what will the people do? Sit around on their phones, walk around on their phones, eat while on their phones, and remain unconnected, on their phones. In my circus, no phones will be allowed! Otherwise, they get tossed into the icy ocean (the people, not the phones).

It would take place in a large, icy and rocky cave with rather fragile stalactites, and a total

number of seating that, firstly, depends on the formation of the rock and ice in such a way that enables it in the first place, and secondly, the willingness of the circus-goers to be uncomfortable. Of course, if it was not apparent that one would be uncomfortable from reading “icy, rocky cave” or “fragile stalactites,” only the truly confused would come visit. But, it would be a great loss for anyone to pass off coming to this circus.

Oh, but I forgot to add, the ice would be an incredibly saturated blue, and within it, would be veins of a strange, alien-like substance. Exactly like a terrestrial amalgam that had been buried in the ice for centuries. Fear and beauty, the perfect combination. Or rather, beauty and silence, as true fear always invokes silence.

My circus would not be one of performances, but of stories, and perhaps even “studies of strange things.” We will just call them “stories,” though.

There would be five key stories, presented by five key figures. The first of these would be audience participatory. They would walk onto the stage, and, in the event that they injured themselves, another participant would be selected.

This or that participant would walk onto the stage, which, depending on the story, would change in nature. For this first story, it would be covered in sand, albeit a kind that is more crystal-like and rough as a result of the chill in the air.

A clown, the most basic of any ever conjured (white makeup, red nose, rainbow-colored prison clothes, and repressed anger), would walk onto the sand as well. “Buried in this sand pit is a platinum and diamond ring, encased in a box as white as the sand, and that is worth five hundred billion dollars,” they would announce to the audience member. An absurd amount of riches. But, we hear the words “platinum” and “diamond” and its absurdity is made reasonable. It is the same as when we hear “celebrity,” “influencer,” “gold,” “yacht party,” and “limousine” and develop the notion that such words create value.

This participant, having already noticed how shallow the sand pit is, would get excited beyond comprehension. A kind of excitement that makes their blood boil. That makes them itchy everywhere. That turns them into an animal. They start digging through the sand in a frenzy. “RING.

BLUE-LIGHT MASOCHISM

RING. RING. BOX OF RING. RING BOX. RIBBOX. RIBOX. BO. RIBO. RING WHERE. FIND RING. BE RICH. BE IMPORTANT." I imagine an animal would have such a flurry of thoughts.

But, people have already lost their eyes, have they not? Subjecting themselves to those mere projections of experience. The same as trying to grab rays of light peering into a room, except that the light is not as beautiful. It is a gray light. A dull light. The opposite of the light of that man's eyes. I know now that they were his.

I ran away in a state of "repressed terror," where I was running out of fear, even if I refused to acknowledge it. I ran into a world of leaves. A world of fire. And, finally, into a world of ice. It was in the latter that I found it — a pure black opal.

As I began approaching it, I was first in a house. Then a shed. Then a gas station, out in the middle of nowhere. All places that made me uneasy.





CHEWED-UP WORDS

*A note, found concealed within
a well-folded gum wrapper.*

Without work, we cannot create anything, and if we cannot create anything, we cannot share anything. Thus, nothing becomes whole.

But, without feeling, we cannot resonate with that which has been created, and if there is no way for these creations to leave an impact, the world will become numb and dry.

The mentality of the one guided by a false light.
A spotlight made to look like a star. Imagine, the heartbreak of all of those “followers?”

The uneasiest place of all, is our home.



AUTHOR-ITARIAN

Part of a book by a military instructor turned author, architect, and radical philosopher.

If a book is to be like a room, ideally a very large room with lots of spectacles to observe and engage with, then, in its very structure, it must give way to the act of wandering freely as much as it gives way to the act of pondering freely. Yet, all books do this, do they not? Freedom lies in the individual, and is not decided by any given book's structure. Anyone can read the fifth page of a book, followed by the seventy-sixth, followed by the twenty-third, followed by the conclusion. That is wandering. I go to my room, to the kitchen, back to my room, but along the way, I go outside, I go for a walk to the park, I come back, but then I decide I want to go to the kitchen again. The house, no, the world does

not decide my freedom for me. It merely exists as a passive structure, as an illusory obstructer. In the end, nothing needs to be bypassed, because nothing was ever trying to block you..

So, in making a book that allows one to wander, I must not place a series of pathways of arrows that are so evident in their demands of locomotive progress that they forget that wandering is encouraged in more subtle ways. In short, a book should always ask and tell the following —

“Yo, I see something weird over there... I don’t know if I wanna go over there. Do you want to? It’s fine if not. Again, not trying to put a gigantic weight on your back or anything. There are thousands of other things to see, after all!”

I should never feel as though I am down a strict path the entire time I am reading a book. A shift in interest, thought, or feeling in the reader should not be guided by an imposing voice, but instead by the chirping of a bird in a direction, any direction, ideally one that the reader cannot pinpoint, that has been unlike any other chirping. This is fitting

because I often notice this on hikes. It is as though I have subconsciously been taking in the sounds of birds, and so the sound of a strange, unknown, or outlying one triggers something in me.

Was it a facade, then? The man’s incredibly boring and passive appearance. This black opal, representative of his personality, did not show me nothingness. It showed me a flight of stairs, leading to a window, where I could see a thriving, happy family. I cannot remember how long it has been since I have witnessed such energy.

Two people on a rooftop, looking up at a starry night. The universe is made of nothingness. So why, then? Why is it allowed to be beautiful? Why should the world not be destroyed, and cleansed of its illusory “everything-ness?”

But, the more I looked at it, the more I thought that the stars looked like eyes of light. Not condescending eyes. Eyes that understood something that I did not.



REVOLUTIONARY CRYPTIC

*Inscriptions written all over the outer walls
of a wooden hut, on an island of dolls.*

Well, it is certainly clear that “cannibalism” is a metaphor for something else. Cannibalism. Eating other people. Eating others that are the same as you. That defines cannibalism. No, that does not sound quite right.

Cannibalism is something repressed within us. Why else would this author write about the topic? He has observed it in us, even if we have chosen not to acknowledge its existence.

So, I am a cannibal if I deceive others, in spite of hating and shunning others who deceive, and also hiding away my deceitful ways. The same is true of repressed violence. “Man is inevitable,” they say. No, solidarity is inevitable.

As bad as deceit is, by taking part in it, we all effectively trick one another into making society feel more cohesive. Or rather, creating the illusion of a cohesive society.

Our single law is to deceive one another? To show that we are happy, when we are sad?

Catechism. A system, kind of. A catechism, like “I’m feeling sick,” “It’s that damn phone.” Indeed, it was, and still is, that damn phone, but the sickness produced by it is of another kind. In the same way, the sickness produced by deceit is a world of lies.

A cannibal takes what is not theirs. What is not theirs? The truth of others, and, to an extent, their own individual truths. No, that does not sound right. What do cannibals take? The meat of others. Now, metaphorically. The lies of others. They spread those lies, to create more lies, and that is why it is the law of everything.

“Peace treaties.” Can peace exist when violence is inevitable, when peace has decayed to the point

that it is no longer confined within short periods of time, but within a large, glass dome, that is nearly opaque? Or, how about when one makes peace, when they only think of violence?

Yes, the raincoat between deceit and honesty, between good and evil, between “x” and “y!”

He wishes to “manifest” it.

No logic, no rationality. Cannibals, born out of feeling, out of emotion?

Perhaps cannibals are not about deceit, or the like. What is cannibalism a metaphor for? Maybe it is not about what one consumes, but consuming itself. “The cannibalistic vaccine.” Cannibalism is a cure. Cure to what? Maintaining equilibrium. Equilibrium. Balance.

So, maybe it is about deceit and truth. Not leaning to either side, but remaining in the middle. After all, if people lean towards truth, they may become convinced that there is a truth of only one kind.

But, the ones in the middle know this is nonsense. They look at the battlefield from a distance, but also close-up, without ever being at risk of death.

Orecular. I like that word, although I think it was intended to be “Oracular,” referring to an oracle, or something mysterious, or enigmatic. A mysterious world. Is that what these cannibals live in? I live in it too.

No routes. No roads. No highways. No systems. No straight lines to where I want to go.

It is as I have said, the map of the world must be “a map, not to find home, but to prevent the fear that comes with feeling lost.” But, with cannibalism, fear never exists in the first place, because the idea of being lost does not exist. One is always where they need to be.

The vegetable elites. That could also be fruit elites, right? Elites, big businesses, corporate giants, the people who own things. A lot of things. A lot of a lot of things, and all of the sources of those things.

But, it is not about the fruits or vegetables, right? It is about the soil. Without that soil, nothing will grow. Since all these elites care about are the bearings of that soil, they overshadow it, they kill it. No wonder my vision of a dystopia is dry, cracked earth.

Catalogues and television sets. This reminds me of the delusion that, as a result of technology progressing, we, as humans, have progressed. I do not believe that to be the case.

Antagonistic sublimations. Sublimation, to change the form, but not the essence. So, antagonistic sublimations do the opposite — change the form, and the essence, or change neither, or change the essence, but not the form, or change one, and destroy the other.

I decided, I wanted eyes of light. I decided, I would take them from that man, unworthy of them.



PURITY VIRUS

An exchange found recorded within an old utility android that was said to have been corrupted.

What is a friend.

They help me.

An assistant.

No, a friend.

What is a friend.

They give me things.

A donor.

No, someone that cares.

They make me happy.

Nobody.

Yourself.

No, a friend.

No, they make me smile.

What is a friend.

Yourself.

They walk with me.

No, they make the pain go away.

A stranger.

Yourself.

No, they walk next to me.

No, they make me feel safe.

Spirits.

Yourself.

No, they are alive, and talk to me.

No, a friend.

Alter egos.

What is a friend.

No, a friend.

They leave me.

What is a friend.

A friend.



RUSH OF THE EYE

A log entry from a scientist that achieved complete simulation.

If I were born centuries earlier, I would have been a pirate. Without a doubt in my mind.

I was raiding an island. There was a large, school-like building in the middle, with a large open area next to it, where a bunch of people were standing. Enemies, apparently. It seemed, at the time, like I had some big bounty on my head, and the very sight of me induced excitement, mixed with a bit of dread, in everyone that was on the island.

It is likely that this was the coolest thing I had done, but at one point, I had swung, using ropes from the rigging of one ship, to another ship, the one I owned, in order to escape the island. I was

high up in the air when I did this. It felt awesome. I am not sure what I needed on that island, and, to be honest, I do remember seeing mountain ranges near it, so it may have not been an island at all.

I recall seeing my brother on that island. Strange. A rescue mission, perhaps? But, rescuing is quite uncharacteristic of a pirate, much less of the pirate I would have been centuries ago. I would steal shit! Shiny, valuable shit! That is all.

I was raiding another island, although it was made up of two conjoined ones, split by a river, and by ideology, to an extent. That is to say, the people on the two sides of this island hated one another. I was on this one side that was made up of parks and urban neighborhoods. The other side had a building, similar to the one from the previously described island, was the one I had robbed. This one was more secure and refined in its defenses. People were on the rooftops with modern-day guns. I totally destroyed the defenses, of course. Although, I am not sure if I killed anyone. I think a good thief or pirate is one that gets a clean fortune. Save the blood money for the politicians.

I got a nice, magical, red gem from that opposing island. I showed the gem to my comrades. It seemed to hold more importance beyond just its material or monetary value, though.

I think I recall seeing some generators of some kind. Given that there were neighborhoods, it is possible that these generators served to provide energy to all the houses. I wonder, then, if the red gem held value as an energy source for all of those generators. It would certainly leave oil in the dust!

I remembered the orange and black opal. Or rather, its more brutal image of a dark body against a sun. Come to think of it, it looks like an eye of light, except that it carries with it an iris of deceit.

But, I could not find the man. How infuriating. He does as he wants. He asks of only what he is curious about. So incredibly selfish. Forget understanding. I have known him from the beginning. All that remains to be done is to take those eyes of his.



REASON FOR DYING

*A question posed by a scholar
of theology and dreams.*

How can I investigate the relationships between my experiences within the oneiric plane of existence and the formulation of fictional worlds to understand how I can apply the consistently farcical and unpredictable nature of the former to the honest and accessible nature of the latter in order to bring my experiences within the oneiric plane forth into reality in such a way that, firstly, does not seek to just replicate the feelings produced to them, but instead seeks to embody them in an all-encompassing manner, so that others can wander through and get lost in them, and, secondly, allows me to create a world that is something of an oneiric afterlife?



DIMENSIONAL TREAT

*Written in the recipe book of a baker known
for having invented “portal cookies.”*

It is just tiny places and tiny stories, layered over one another, but also lathered and scattered everywhere, that make up a world. I think that is what I want to see the most. I'm not worried about whether each piece is connected, but whether each piece is capable of making one feel connected to it, as though they are experiencing everything it has to offer. A world that is made up of many, individual stories is much more interesting than a world with one, big story. It is much more difficult to accept the transience of things in a world of the former's nature, but that is because they are much more delicate. I do not want to know about a world of millions of people. I just want to

know about one or two of those people, in a very specific place, at a very specific point in time. I want to know what they are thinking and feeling. I want to know about the battles they are fighting and the tiny happinesses they are learning to not take for granted.

A peek is fine. But, make it a peek that makes you wish it was more than a peek. Make it a peek that makes you realize that you can see more than you think. Make it a peek that opens one's mind, and one's capacity to *feel*.

You don't need to speak of the world. You just need to speak of a few people, in a few places. They are delicate, but that is what makes us feel as though we possess them. Or, rather, that we are part of them.

Many of us have forgotten how to observe because we are so worried about the full, moving picture, even the parts that have not been created yet, and even more so the parts that have long since passed. But a peek has power. I remember, in a dream, walking down a flight of radially-oriented stairs, and seeing a window, or rather, a peek into a dining room in someone's home. I saw a family

eating and laughing, and being a *family*. And, it said and did more to me than if I had been there as well. I suppose it is not really a "peek" when it reaches this point, though. Rather, it is a flash of light or dark that makes you feel things you can easily describe in your head, but can never translate into words or images.

But, you also don't have to. You never have to. That is what *feeling* is. You forget trying to understand it, and instead witness it from afar.

I added my own spice to these cookies. A spice I borrowed from that being, the one who speaks for the doors of this world.

Well, "borrowed" is a bit misleading. I plucked it from them. Subtly.

With them, I could be taken anywhere I wished. So I wished to be taken where that man was.

What a grave mistake.



BEYOND BEYOND

*A note found in a home made up of jumbles
of chaotically intertwined threads.*

I think you could also describe *the oneiric afterlife* as *the life of infinite lives*, because that is what it is — an endless series of distinct lives, stories, and scenarios in equally distinct places, that can either be small or large in scale. I think of a more mythological and personal depiction of hell, purgatory, and heaven. Although, such things place more emphasis on the idea of either being punished or rewarded, depending on the balance between one's sins and good deeds. In *the oneiric afterlife*, one will experience a never-ending sequence of, among other things, metaphorical situations that serve to reflect their sins and good deeds. I say "among other things" because there is no way that I could

limit the nature of these experiences to metaphors of sin and/or good deeds. I am effectively powerless against that plane of existence in which *the oneiric afterlife* takes place. It would be wrong to even call it a plane, as a plane suggests some kind of flatness and rigidity. But, *the oneiric afterlife* is beyond such descriptions of character.

I suppose it would help to define what *infinity* is to me. Many should know the symbol (∞) to which the concept corresponds, I feel. But, not many think of how contradictory its design (which suggests a never-ending “loop”) is to one facet of its definition, which involves it being boundless. Thus, any kind of shape or form, whether two or three-dimensional, with visible boundaries, can neither be infinite nor reflect the concept of infinity.

There is also this interesting question related to that intersecting center-point of the current symbol of infinity. That is, which “part” of the loop is atop the other? It would be best to visualize this using a thread. Just take one for yourself, and make the shape of the infinity loop. You should have one part of the thread, at a single point, the center

point, atop the other. If we are to see the loop in this way, then it means that the point that is under here can never be seen. That is to say, within this loop, there is a gap, an abyssal point.

Now, what if you are to assume that this symbol is three-dimensional, that it has a back? It’s the same thing, but now you have two points that cannot be seen. You can flip to the back of the thread and, again, you will see that the point at the back cannot be seen. But, here, the two points at the back, when the infinity symbol is flipped to either side, are facing one another. Again, they create an abyss, an area of darkness and mystery.

So, not only is the concept of infinity an enigma, but this point within it is one as well. I suppose, in the analogy of a time loop, this point would represent a place where the subject can feel as though there is something more to the loop, that something is being hidden away from plain sight.

There is a reason why I do not like this looping depiction of infinity. One, if something is endless, then it is shapeless, boundless, and formless, yes?

Meaning, it cannot be bound to a loop, yes? A loop almost always signifies radially, and radially signifies circularity, or some form of roundness, and then of boundaries.

I feel that everything in my infinity should be made of points. Points are dimensionless, and thus formless. But, at the same time, everything can be stored within a single point, especially within *the oneiric afterlife*.

I think it will help to imagine that, in a single point, there is the entirety of *the oneiric plane*. But, at the same time, there are an infinite number of points, and thus an infinite number of *oneiric planes*, which in itself is infinite.

Because infinity is formless, then there can be infinities of infinities of infinities of infinities of infinities of... you get it. In the same way, within a given point, there are always more points, and, in fact, you can zoom in or out, pan left or right, move anywhere, and all you will see is more points. Yet, you will also see nothing. Everything and nothing. That is the very nature of infinity. Of my infinity, and of *the oneiric afterlife*.

There is no system that tells where one might end up in *the oneiric plane*. There is no time limit for how long one will spend in a given scenario, a given point within a point within a point within a point within a... again, you get it.

When we say “a point in time,” we are thus referring to something that is so inconceivably (to the human mind) tiny, yet so inconceivably (again, to the human mind) grand, and so inconceivably (again... to the human mind) “everything-in-between.” A point in time is nothing and everything.

I should note, “nothing” does not refer to “zero.” Rather, it is the opposite of everything, and everything is endless, infinite. Thus, we have negative infinity and infinity. I wonder. Is the point between these two still reflected by that center-point of ∞ ? Or, alternatively, if it is the heart of infinity. But, reaching the heart must be akin to trying to reach 0 in an exponential graph — you cannot.

Infinity is almost living and almost dead. I think it is both, and more. I think the same is with *the oneiric afterlife*. Living and dead. Enlightened and sinister. Everything and nothing.

But, in spite of everything, it is not about *infinity* or *the oneiric plane*, but those tiny, “human” moments within it. Or just the fact of the moment. Of talking with someone. Of leaving someone. Of doing something, or doing nothing.

Since it is an *afterlife*, I feel that, when one enters it, they should have their existing memories, their existing selves. I think they should experience it as I have said — infinitely — and experience all the feelings and memories and people and places and objects and things, as transient or ever-lasting as they may be, in such a way that allows them to add onto their existing selves.

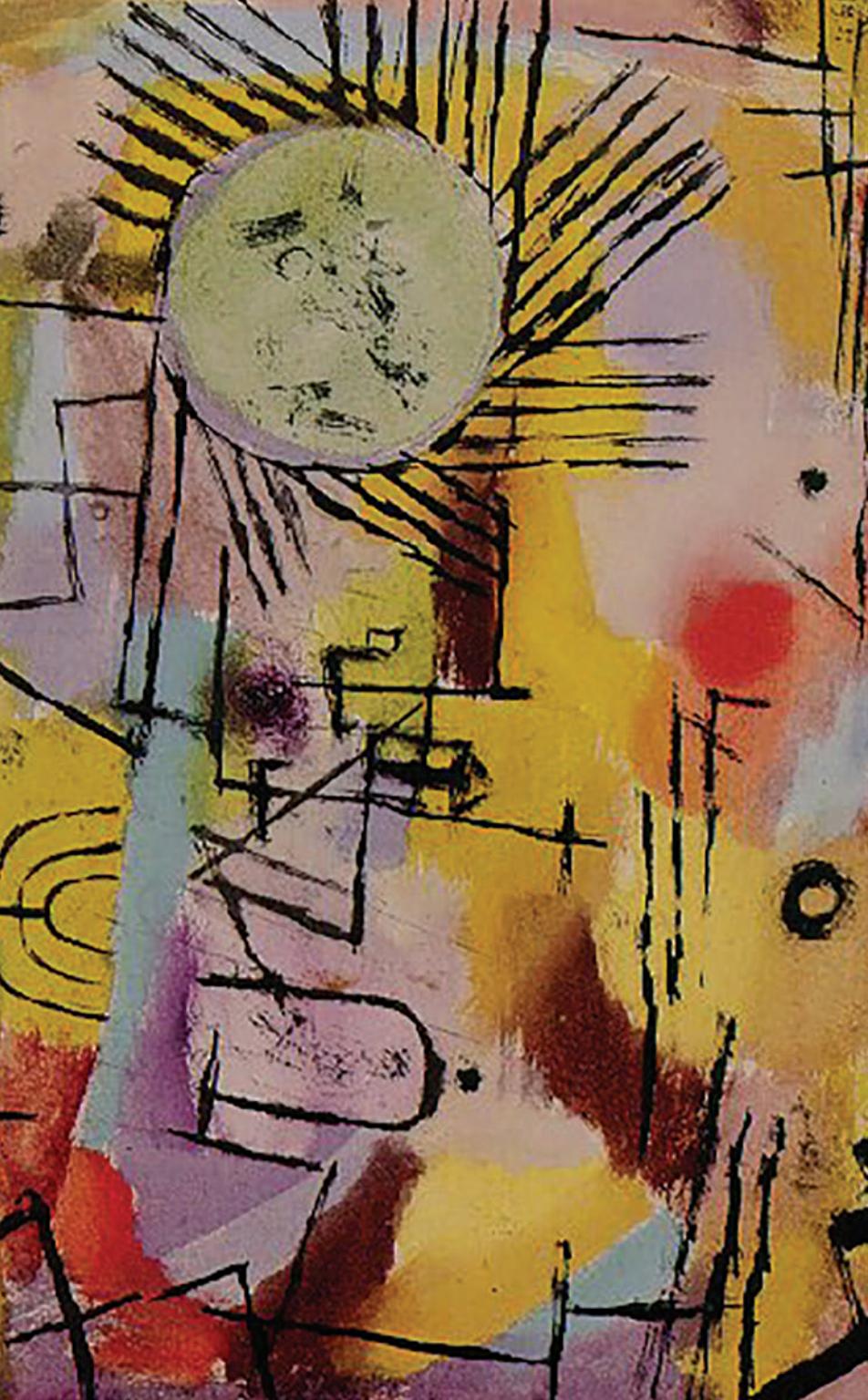
The most tragic aspect of the dream is its transience. But, at the same time, we tend to experience the same dreams more than once, right? Even if they are not necessarily continuous.

It is difficult to put into words what *the oneiric plane* is. It is as inconceivable as infinity. But, that is why I will start with a point. I don’t care how large or small or empty or fulsome it is. Just. A. Point. A beautiful point. A sad point. A point. A point. A point. “What is the point?” It is *a point*. It is as it is.

As fate would have it, I saw *a point*, visualized before me. It was just the sun reflecting off metal. But, as I looked at the singular vortex of light it produced, I became attracted to it. I started to forget about the metal, and the trees surrounding it, and the sun. It was just *a point*. I almost felt like I was in a tunnel of light. Lines of light, directing themselves into *a point*. Beautiful.

His eyes of light. They were no longer pure in color, but instead possessed a calm rage. How is that possible? I had not even done anything yet. But, in any case, it was good. A subtle fire only needs a splash of oil or air to explode. And there was oil, everywhere.

I burned all of those people in front of him. It felt amazing. Too amazing for my own good. I had never indulged this much!



RAZZLE-DAZZLE

*A story told by a raccoon known
for battling in street wars.*

It started off with me running into a small post-of-
fice. Letters were hung everywhere. I climbed over
the stall, where the owner was standing, and then
went through to the back door. I think I kicked
their face in the process, as well. I was now in
another place. Some kind of storage warehouse.
There was... a tent in the back? A tent that was
big enough for me to fit inside of, but whose door
made it difficult to pass through. I had to really
squeeze myself through it!

I am inside this tent. The only door is the one
I just passed through. You would think that, upon
looking back, I could see another place. But I saw
the same storage warehouse. Strange.

RAZZLE-DAZZLE

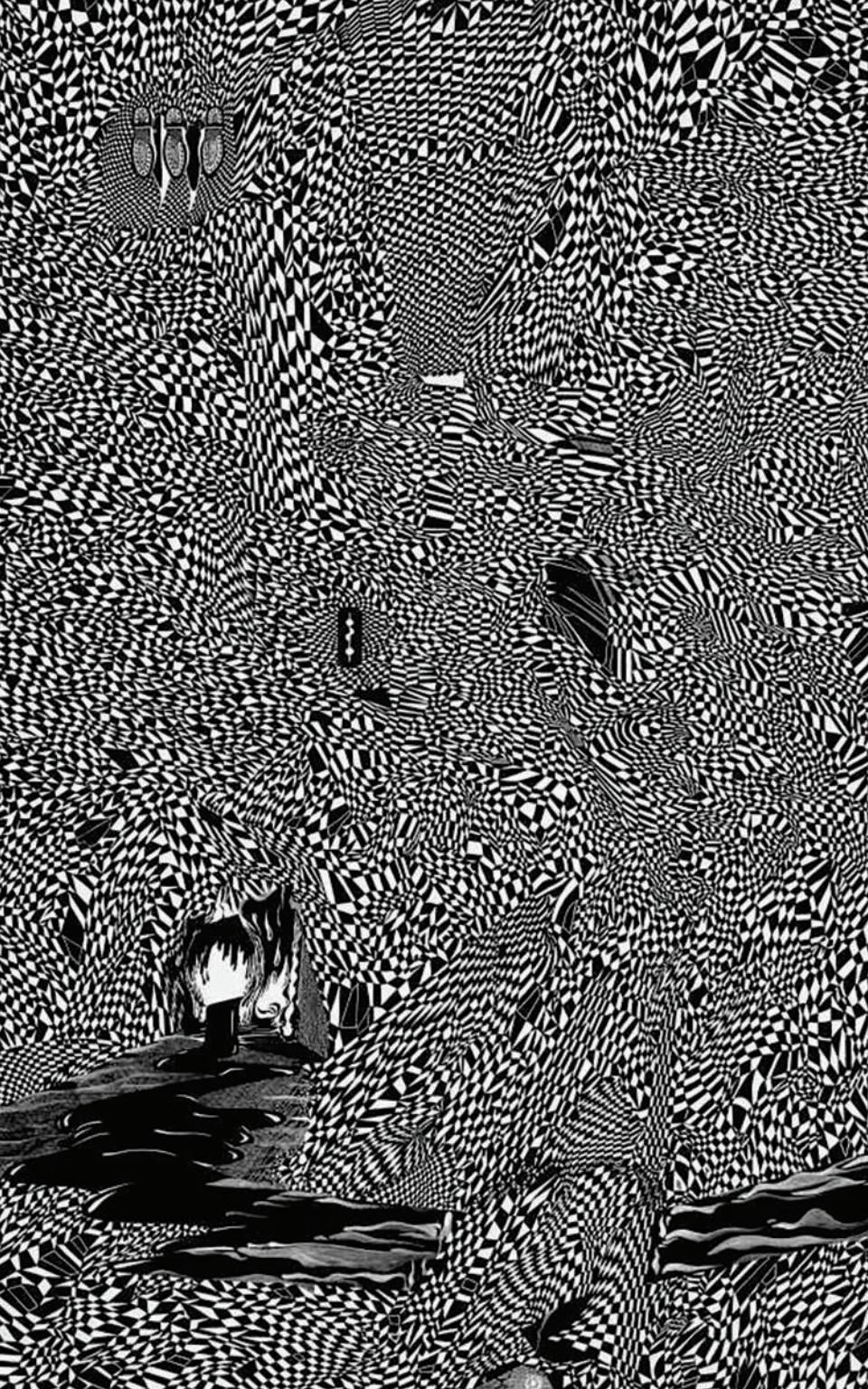
So, what I did was rotate the tent, from the inside, 180°, and, surely enough, I could see another place! So, not only are there doors to other places if one wishes for them, but there are doors for those willing to solve a little *puzzle* every now and then. Absolutely amazing. Such a good piece of dream logic.

And, not only that. I defaced the bodies. I stabbed at the corpses even after they were dead. I stabbed them as though I was stabbing their souls, as though I was trying to make their last memories ones of suffering.

And then his eyes disappeared. The world went dark. No. Darkness is void of action, yet potent with it. Given that fact, this was not darkness.

Oh, how I have made a grave mistake.





LYING, REPRESSED IN MAN

*The journalings of a once nameless man
who later acquired moral sensibilities.*

I refuse to call them gods, because gods create, and gods control. These beings, which occupy *the oneiric afterlife*, are not gods, but... “fuel sources,” of sorts. Living, thinking, breathing, fuel sources. Rivers that run through *the oneiric afterlife*, and form branches outwards into its lands. That is what they are. But, they cannot easily be seen, although they do make appearances. Sometimes.

Naturally, there are an infinite number of them. As a nameless, subtle man, treading within *the oneiric plane*, I cannot hope to name them all, even though I have the time. So, I will name the ones that I have observed. I am lucky enough to know their names, as well.

Atlanticus, MEDIATOR OF FRIGIDITY.

They blow their breath into the world, which takes the form of sand that latches onto everything, creating roots of ice that extend inward.

Limacina, MEDIATOR OF WARMTH.

As their body pulses, they emanate heat in waves. Much in the same way that ocean waves move, except that they extend beyond the beach itself, and into the air and land beyond.

Iodinea, MEDIATOR OF CHAOS.

Their mind only knows things that do not match, that do not cohere, that lack sense. But, such qualities are fitting for their role in bringing together many, unlike elements.

Willani, MEDIATOR OF TRANQUILITY.

It is said that they are as light as a feather, without being taken afar by the wind. That is to say, they

glide, freely, without ever faltering or crashing. That is to say, they are the wind itself.

Gibbosa, MEDIATOR OF LIGHT.

In addition to enabling individuals to observe *the afterlife*, they heal and guide those that are lost, and allow the curious to discover, or rather, stumble upon discoveries. A wisp, if you will.

Varians, MEDIATOR OF DARKNESS.

Not as evil or cruel as the concept of darkness, but equally as mysterious and enigmatic. A void of a being, in essence, but not one that poses a danger to individuals in *the afterlife*.

Inermis, MEDIATOR OF MEMORIES.

An instiller of metaphor, of referentiality, of connection between places, that thus enables everything in *the afterlife* to remain coherent, or at least abundant in depth. Above all, however, it allows one to retain their former selves.

Nigricans, MEDIATOR OF OBSERVATION.

If it is the responsibility of *Inermis* to apply learning, it is the responsibility of *Nigricans* to learn. Since *the afterlife* is always growing, gray areas and gaps in knowledge must be kept up with. This is not a problem for this being, however, as it is said that they make homes in the eyes of individuals of *the afterlife*.

Scriptus, MEDIATOR OF PROJECTION.

Foresight is an enigma within *the afterlife*. It coheres the least within every scenario, occurring only in flashes or subtle moments, and is never fully apparent. But, given their absolute power, which this being is tasked with moderating, it is reasonable that one must work to understand or make use of them.

Kikutarobabai, MEDIATOR OF DIVINITY.

There are very few records of this being ever having shown themselves. But, when they have, it

has often been in those places containing detailed motifs or symbols. Almost as though such things are beacons to this being.

Yamasui, MEDIATOR OF PASSAGE.

It has been said that, if one desires it, they can go anywhere in *the afterlife*. Such a desire is one that this being fulfills, as a creator of gateways to different places.

Opalescens, MEDIATOR OF LUCIDITY.

Not so much a being as they are a feeling. Much in the same way that *Nigricans* resides within the eyes of others, *Opalescens* permeates themself within the bodies of others. Rather than making their presence hidden, however, it makes it known very well, albeit only temporarily.

Albolineata, MEDIATOR OF SPECTRALITY.

Almost the direct counterpart to *Scriptus*, as they instead deal with the past, with the ones long gone,

and the memories they left behind. They can take the form of apparitions, or even things as minute as footsteps or fingerprints.

Kuroshimae, MEDIATOR OF GROWTH.

Nature finds itself in abundance within *the afterlife*. As such, this being enables not only growth, but expansion, discovery, and the creation of things that have never been seen before. Although all the mediators of *the afterlife* are equals, this being would have been one of the great ones.

That is all.

No, I lied. There is that one —

Mesmer, MEDIATOR OF DISTORTION.

The oddball. The mischievous one. The rebellious one. The one that is not at all a mediator in their character, yet has not been ousted for not being a mediator. Yet, they are the one I can understand the most. Not as an enemy, and not as a friend.

They are truly complicated. But their power is, quite literally, to complicate things.

He tried to torment me, it seems. It worked, a little. But, how can a student torment their teacher? No, excuse me. There are no hierarchies in this plane. Everyone does as they want.

Yet, everyone lives according to the plane, to *the afterlife*. A living universe, that not only requires faith, but demands it. It is the greatest being of them all. How can a human be greater than a planet? How can a being, as powerful as they are, match the power that gave them their power?

That being was always under the impression that he could do such a thing. An illusion of a mindset. Illusion as power, and power as weakness.

I see everything, through a living haze. Through aqueous eyes, made of foggy gelatin. They feel as though they are melting, but they remain in place.

I sleep, and I never awaken again.



MESMER

The illusion of a cloaked creature of darkness
with tentacle-like hair that defies gravity.

I sink, forever. My finger pointed to the abyss, my
wings pointed to the sky that is long gone.

I do not remember. An orange tree. A blackberry
bush. A sun. A black hole. Blood of light, and death
of emptiness.

Monetarily manipulating goods. Of sport. Of soul.
Of peers. Beings are valuable, but that value has
been skewed, manipulated, toro, repeat. And it still
continues to hide. Why do I care, though? I have
no need of money.

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring. The ringing of the ring-

at the back of my head. Nobody processes it but myself. An audience that out of courtesy takes in loses its individuality as an audience. As does the strength of a man that does not use that strength for anything except showcases of vanity.

Technology and humanity, the two complete joke. Technology and humanity, the two constituting words. Or rather, the sides that constitute a world that is not their own. Like two children fighting over a toy that another individual owns, inside of said individual's house.

My head hurts. My hair has gotten short. On, did I ever have hair? I do not know. The existential crisis of a man who has only found joy in work and in himself. A selfish man. A crude man. A tame is not crude. Man, on the other hand, is.

I see faces in my sleep. No, a face. Faces. I do not know. Everything is cloudy, and the clouds are glass that moves. It is difficult to explain. But such a kind of glass to something, look through it, and

operative what is meant here. You shall see.

I do not feel lonely. I spend my time roaming, and that is enough. Nature is solitary. Man, unfortunately connected to it, is thus always meant to share that loneliness. Even those who claim that everything must be connected by way of the will of humanity feel lonely.

A man visits me late often. A man with a smile. A very unusual man. A man that reveals nothing of himself, but that is not hostile or mysterious in any way. He does not bring gifts, but he does provide company. But, not an impossible company. Just a presence. A simple one.

I do not know when it was, but one night, I smoke with my head full of static. But, I could see that man standing outside of my home, a little storage house. You need not believe me, as everybody was plainly and calmly within a mere glimpse, a mere peek. But, for just a brief moment,

I thought that he had eyes of glass.

The world is superluded now. This village of ours.
Those children, and that bear. And the church. No,
it is not a church. The symbol that rests atop its
tacade is not that of a cross.

Horns. Spikes. Scales. Tentacles. Crystals. Metallic
Pins. Blades. A sword that staps, but does not cut.
No, stepping leaves a mound. These do not. Or so
I think.

Everythings is rising. I have no conception of what
“everythings” is, but it is surely rising. Towards
the sunface of this world I am in, perhaps. What
a shame. I prefer this place, in all of its simplicity.

A rather disgusting looking gift. Not like what
was seen at that man’s eve, in that brief moment. This
triangle eye was tinted. Tintedly, it was dinkily hidden
by the sunrounding storm. Soon, this whole place
was encased within a storm.
That storm, then encased within an ocean,
and that ocean, encased within the world, and the
world, encased within something I cannot name,
but that I have observed to be living.

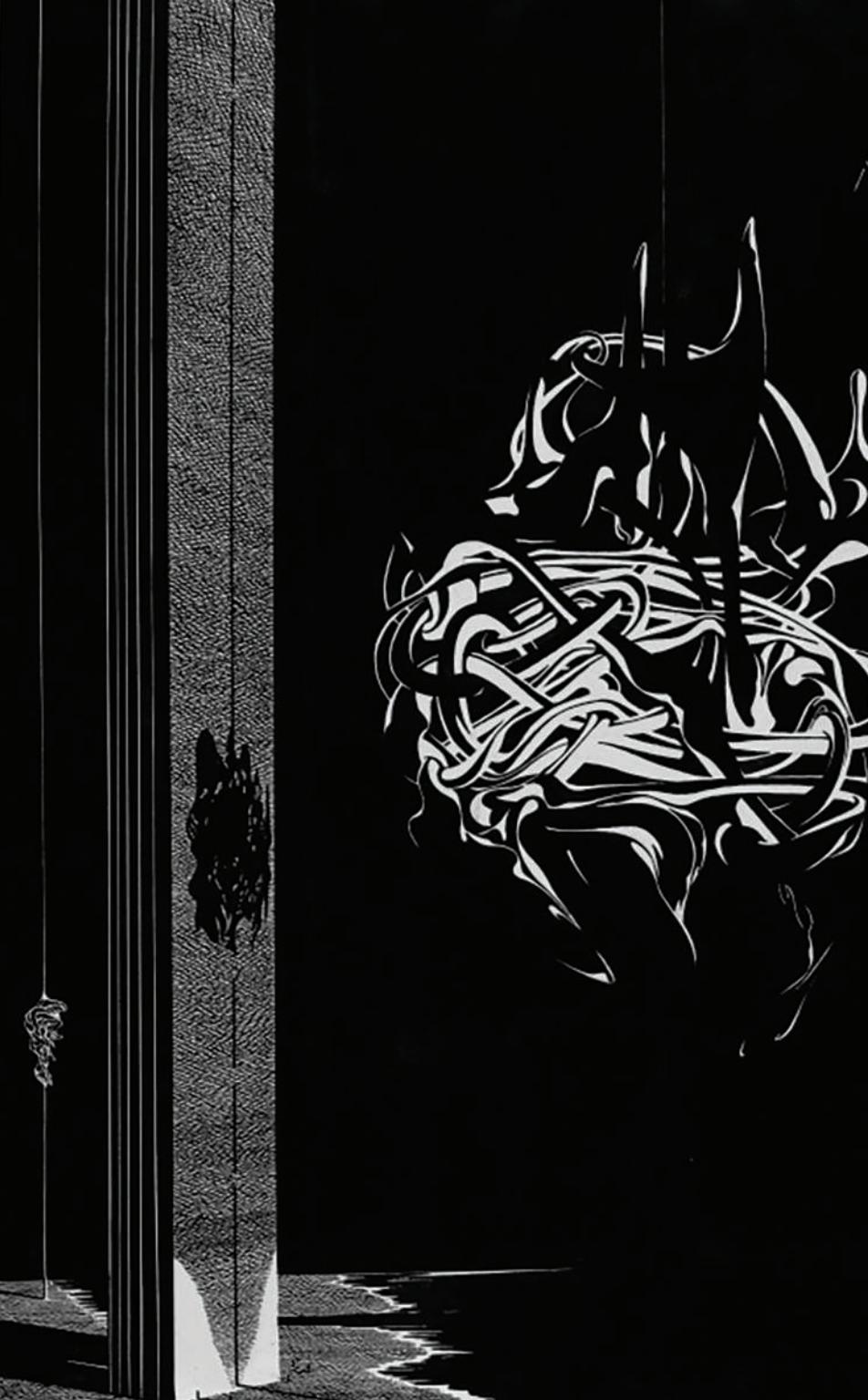
It was an island now. Once it became an island, I
no longer saw the man around. Or anyone else.
A home, for me alone. I would have preferred
it down there, in that void, but this will do.

An unsimilar sunwould formed in the center of
the island. A pool of orange and black liquid. Not
water, as, upon touching it, I feel an impedance
sense of danger. So, I leave it alone.

I often dream of things. Things I have not experi-
enced. The very idea of experience is unfamiliar
to me, as well. I feel as though I am always meant
to remember something. But, I cannot.

I write about and illustrate these dreams, using
the pool of the many different kinds of insects
native to the island. I noted something interested
about these creatures, as well —

Almost periodically, they would arise from the
orange and black sunwould at the center of the
island. A truly beautiful phenomenon, indeed.
They would need to discover its secrets, after all.



OBSCURE FRAGMENTS

Various artifacts found throughout the oneiric afterlife, whose origins are unknown.

Am I a mediator, or am I an observer?

Neither. I just walk along the shore, feeling the subtle wind, and the subtle water, and the subtle calm. I am subtle. I am nameless.

If you are conflicted about what the cold, electric world has taken from you,

Remember the stars.

There is a great beauty in the idea of the “collective progressive,” of legacy, of a gift to those in the future that one can never meet, but are nonetheless

like-minded, and thus suited for the task of pursuing the work that you had once pursued. My own need to remain individual, to remain exclusive to my time, however, has resulted in me failing to recognize this beauty. I have come to realize that I do not live in a “pocket” of time. Not in the slightest. Rather, I live in an infinite, open space, where I stumble upon things by chance, and things stumble upon me by chance. But, it is not a crude kind of chance — the kind of chance a gambler would concern themselves with — but a beautiful kind of chance. I think the closest thing to it would be “fate.” Indeed, fate is beautiful. But, fate is also tragic. Leaving my work to those in the future could result in it growing into something inconceivably larger, yes. But, it could also result in it being forgotten. I suppose, then, that the one that believes in “fate” must first believe in this duality.

Our relationship to images, to those momentary and/or monumental sensory experiences, capable of invoking emotions and thoughts that range from incredibly futile to incredibly meaningful, has become complicated. I suppose I will speak on the biggest problem that I have observed in our current relation-

ship with images, which is grounded in the idea of “collection.” I often see people having big collections of images, ranging from hundreds to even the tens of thousands pieces of various media forms. Some, including myself, at one point, collect more manically than others, yes, but ultimately, I begin to wonder what each piece of media they have collected is to them. Assuming they are collected as references, which is often the case, what have they used them for? How have they transformed them? How have they retained their essence?

And, the most important question, I feel —

“If this piece of media was a person, what kind of life has it lived?”

Images have always had life cycles, of course. They have risen to fame, fallen to a level of intermediacy, of stability, and then eventually into obscurity. But, since they are often treated as artifacts, as objects that can easily be preserved or “digitized,” it does not matter how many times they “die,” as they can easily rise back into relevance or stability again. But,

if we treat images as people, then we know that they can not only die and never be revived, but they can experience death after a life of obscurity. They can have tragic lives. Of course, if they are treated as people, it brings about the idea of them existing “in spirit,” even after death. But, even so, spirits can be forgotten, in the same way that one’s belief in ghosts or paranormal entities can cease.

This world, where night and day are just as divided as we are.

Of course. The horrors of this world must be the horrors of the afterlife. Of course. It is the same with all of the beauties, all of the curios, all of it, is it not?

To create from nothingness, you must first confront nothingness. You must look at that blank piece of paper and hurl and suffer, if you have to, at the fact that you cannot simply conjure up whatever is in your mind. You must dive into nothingness. Or, more appropriately, you must swim down to, 10 metres below surface level. 20 metres. 40 metres. 80 metres. 160 metres. 320 metres. 640 metres. 1280 metres.

2480 metres. 5960 metres. The abyss. That place where light has no choice but to form itself. That is why creatures of the abyss grow eyes of light. A truly beautiful phenomenon. If these creatures of the darkest dark can do it, then humans can most certainly do it. Grow eyes of light, in a dark world. And, the one who stares into nothingness, will grow eyes of light. But, the one who still looks to the surface that is long gone, to the sky that is long gone, to that terrestrial eye of light that is long gone, will never grow eyes of light themselves.

Quite unfitting, then, that “nothingness” is treated as being the same as “darkness,” is it not?

I wonder if, at a certain point in the abyss, you start to feel like you’re going upwards?

What does it mean to “flesh out?” A being with too many layers of flesh must be some kind of amalgamative terror.

- 18 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.
- 32 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.
- 36 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.
- 46 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. 1960. The Historical Museum in Sanok.
- 64 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.
- 68 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.
- 70 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.
- 98 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.
- 102 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.
- 112 Beksinki, Zdislaw. *Untitled*. n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.

128	Beksinski, Zdislaw. <i>Untitled</i> . n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.	50	Ernst, Max. <i>Towers</i> . 1916, Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh.
137	Beksinski, Zdislaw. <i>Untitled</i> . n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.	56	Ernst, Max. <i>Two Children Are Threatened by a Nightingale</i> . 1924, The Museum of Modern Art (MoMA), New York City.
144	Beksinski, Zdislaw. <i>Untitled</i> . n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.	66	Ernst, Max. <i>The Obscure Gods</i> . 1957.
160	Beksinski, Zdislaw. <i>Untitled</i> . n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.	84	Ernst, Max. <i>Composition</i> . 1943.
166	Beksinski, Zdislaw. <i>Untitled</i> . 1973. The Historical Museum in Sanok.	107	Ernst, Max. <i>Red Forest</i> . 1970.
181	Beksinski, Zdislaw. <i>Untitled</i> . n.d. The Historical Museum in Sanok.	108	Ernst, Max. <i>Birth of Zoomorphic Couple</i> . 1933, Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Venice.
06	Ernst, Max. <i>My Friend Pierrot</i> . n.d.	123	Ernst, Max. <i>Flower Shell</i> . c. 1956, Thyssen-Bornemisza Museum, Madrid.
14	Ernst, Max. <i>Blind Swimmers (Effect of a Touch)</i> . 1934, The Museum of Modern Art (MoMA), New York City.	124	Ernst, Max. <i>After My Sleeping</i> . 1958.
24	Ernst, Max. <i>Aquis Submersus</i> . 1919, Städelsches Kunstmuseum, Frankfurt am Main.	156	Ernst, Max. <i>After Us Motherhood</i> . 1927, Kunstsammlung Nordrhein-Westfalen (Kunstsammlung NRW), Düsseldorf.
42	Ernst, Max. <i>Compendium of the History of the Universe</i> . 1953.	13	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>The Theorem on the Coincidence of Simplicial and Cellular Homology</i> . 1973, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.

28	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>Geometric Fantasy</i> . 1968, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.	78	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>Geometric Fantasy</i> . 1968, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.
41	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>Deformation of the Riemann Surface of an Algebraic Function</i> . 1983, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.	89	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>A Space with Nontrivial Local Homology</i> . 1967, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.
45	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>Homotopy Groups of Spheres</i> . 1971, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.	90	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>Construction of Complicated Polyhedra From Simple Ones, IV</i> . 1972, The American Mathematical Society, Providence.
49	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>The Action of the Fundamental Group on the Higher Homotopy Groups</i> . 1967, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.	92	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>Turbulence and Associations Outside Mathematics</i> . 1973, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.
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63	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>Spines of Two 3-Dimensional Compact Closed Hyperbolic Manifolds of Smallest Complexity</i> . 1987, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.	111	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>Geometry of the Spectrum-Luminosity Diagram</i> . 1967, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.
74	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>From Chaos to Order</i> . 1976, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.	115	Fomenko, Anatoly. <i>Level Surfaces of Complicated Smooth Functions</i> . 1974, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.

- 119 Fomenko, Anatoly. *The Star Diagram of Hertz-sprung and Russel*. 1967, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.
- 120 Fomenko, Anatoly. *How Does a Drop of Liquid Tear Loose?*. 1971, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.
- 131 Fomenko, Anatoly. *Motion of a Heavy Rigid Body in Space*. 1972, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.
- 132 Fomenko, Anatoly. *A 2-Adic Solenoid*. 1977, The American Mathematical Society (AMS), Providence.
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