# VOODOO WALTZ FOR EPILEPTICS



JANJA RAKUŠ VOODOO WALTZ FOR EPILEPTICS

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Janja Rakuš

VOODOO WALTZ
FOR EPILEPTICS



iGogh Port 2014



When I fall I'll weep for happiness.

SAMUEL BECKETT

When I fail to fall I'll froth with sadness.

JANJA RAKUŠ

SCAR,

SPELL

And the world is full of enchanting, delicate and delightful stories.

But tonight it won't be.

Tonight they'll make a movie.

About us.

#### THE FIRST HOUR

I'm a man.

I'm not a woman.

I'm a man imitating a woman.

I've never been a woman.

I've never bought *Always Ultra Sensitive pads with a supple and soft top layer.* 

I don't know what it means to feel-and-breathe-like-a-woman.

I do know what it means to feel-like-a-man-that-dresses-and-acts-like-a-woman.

I never wanted to change my sex.

I'm not a female-soul-trapped-in-a-man's-body.

I don't want to have a vagina.

I don't drink morning cocktails with estrogens, estradiols, estrones and a slice of lime.

Having a vagina doesn't necessarily mean having a wonderful life.

A life for all four seasons.

The seasons that are disappearing.

I work as a man dressed up as a woman in Spring and Fall, so that I can travel as a man dressed as man in Summer and Winter.

Nine in the morning. Red Light District. Green Cabaret.

Barndesteeg 19.

Sex Tornado dipped in a Chinese dish.

I'm still only a man imitating a woman.

I change with ease the size and shape of my breasts, the colour of my lips and fingernails.

Manicure, pedicure, extensions, body painting.

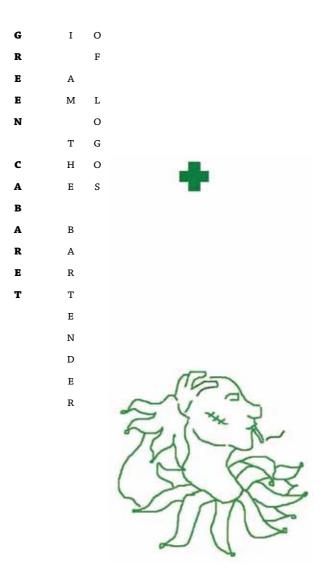
Again and again I represent and reinvent my body, just like every generation again and again represents and reinvents Jesus Christ.

Our Lord.

Revelation 1:17-18: ... Do not be afraid. I am the First and the Last. I am the Living One; I was dead, and now look, I am alive for ever and ever! And I hold the keys of death and Hades.

They call me ORFAN.

FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.



#### THE SECOND HOUR

click

Welcome to the TENDER BREAST lazaretum.

A beautiful and quiet sanctuary for travellers, pilgrims, atheists, fundamentalists, fetishists, businessmen, wanderers, sailors, steersmen, salesman, hunters, the blue-eyed, dark-eyed, one-eyed, toothed, toothless and other lovers of the DNA double helix.

click

Welcome to the TENDER BREAST lazaretum.

Just around the corner is the famous and notorious Red Light District which can easily be avoided.

A quiet and enchanting garden with a pond.

The heart of the oldest part of Amsterdam.

click

Welcome to the TENDER BREAST lazaretum.

Once upon a time, only seconds before the Big Bang, Hermes brought little Heracles to Mount Olympus and Zeus laid him at the breast of the sleeping goddess Hera. When Hera awoke, she was outraged and ripped the baby that was not her own away from her breasts, spilling the milk of the gods across the sky in the shape of the Milky Way.

click

One hundred and eighty-seven beds.

Separate bedrooms.

Women below.

Men above.

click

Welcome to the TENDER BREAST lazaretum.

The archaeology of the stars.

The sky over Amsterdam.

The rooftop on which the secret of the earth meets the secret of the stars.

click

We are here since 1855.

We are expecting you at any hour.

In any weather.

Without alcohol, without drugs.

click

### Another interesting titbit!

click

In the school year of 1876/77, Vincent van Gogh taught religious education in this very building. That was his evangelical period.

click

29 October 1876

click

Vincent's First Sermon

click

Psalm 119:19: I am a stranger on earth; do not hide your commands from me.

click

Welcome to the TENDER BREAST lazaretum.

The peculiarities of our lazaretum are also god's Pilates from Nazareth, midnight prayers, a complimentary Saturday

soup, chess, table football, table tennis, Ludo board game and free access to the *Jesus Daily* website on the Facebook social network.

click

15,877,865 people like Jesus Daily.

click

Welcome to the TENDER BREAST lazaretum.

We are a non-profit, charity storeroom of God.

click

Master Card, Visa, Cash

click

- I first spoke to Jesus when he was already dead, said WIL-HELMINA, a *TENDER BREAST* lazaretum protégé, and folded the morning copy of the Metro newspaper.

And I last saw my Father at my uncle Cornelius' funeral, she continued and nibbled on her breakfast.

Pancakes and Milk.

Our little village, she smiled and swallowed the crispy dough.

In it, the one-and-only Church.

At the funeral, Father was dressed in his *once-a-Protestant-always-a-Protestant* brown crushed velvet suit.

The Church offered us a *Menu* and the Pastor told us to choose two Hymns, one Psalm and three Prayers.

As though we were ordering Chinese food in the *Chang Express* restaurant at the corner of the Warmoestraat Street.

The only thing ever given to me by my Father as a gift was the plastic pocket issue of the New Testament. Het Nieuwe Testament.

Blue colour, golden letters.

Father said that the Bible is God's Word.

The Living Water.

The Trough of Life.

But all I knew about living beings at the time, was only that every being you love will die some day.

Father's advice was also that it would be better for me to read only Matthew's Gospel every day, because it's the most accurate, true and Protestant.

John's Gospel is too mystical.

Mark's vulgar.

Luke's sentimental.

Het Nieuwe Testament.

Blue colour, golden letters.

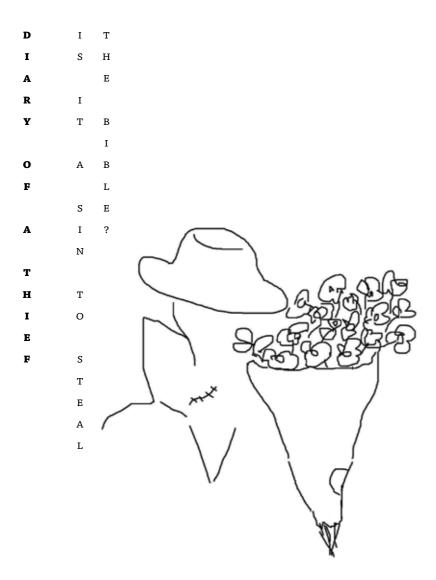
On the back cover there was a printed vow that I, Wilhelmina Zeldenthuis, accept Jesus Christ as my Personal Saviour.

Romans 10:9: If you declare with your mouth, "Jesus is Lord," and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved.

I still like to read Matthew's Gospel and I know that Religion is the natural state of the human Heart.

But why is it easier to fly to the Moon than to believe in God?

#### THE THIRD HOUR



3-2-1

I breathe

3-2-1

I write

I'm an Epileptic Archive.

With the help of synaptic Pens and neurochemical Ink I write down my Falls and my Ecstasies.

3-2-1

I breathe

3-2-1

I speak

I'm looking for a New Language, Space and Formula.

3-2-1

I breathe

3-2-1

I speak

I'm a Social Experiment in receiving what I don't want and not what I want.

I give you my Life,

Credit Card,

Health Insurance,

Facebook Profile,

Nutella

and my Fears.

3-2-1

I breathe

3-2-1

I walk

This is my First Death

flash

Walkman of Misery

flash

iPod of Love

flash

iTouch of Spirit

flash

Arles-Marseilles

flash

73.8km

flash

So I don't forget

flash

My name is Brother

flash

I enjoy the Theatre of Falling

flash

I confirm the Patient Paradox

flash

This will be a long Path

flash

And I'll be the only Pilgrim

flash

Ley Lines

flash

Archaic Topography

flash

Journey of Spirit

flash

Into ancestral worlds

flash

Vincent Van Gogh

flash

Arthur Rimbaud

flash

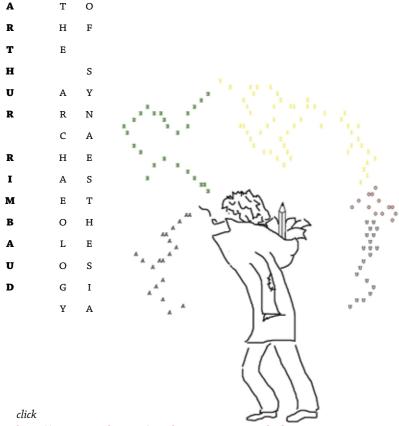
I've put on the shoes of my ancestors

flash

I'm ready for Death

flash

#### THE FOURTH HOUR



http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DHHszByuZKk&list=PLolSBewK6uYvJlhqIlzOl\_bKC2pKFEMP6&index=4\*click

\* http://www.youtube.com/user/TheSowersower - Desert versus Empire, part 4/11 (Cirkulacija 2, Arhur Rimbaud)

In the beginning, they asked me: Why did you decide to become a Lawyer?

- Because of Money and Faces.

I wanted to observe the faces of people who lie.

They-say-one-thing-and-think-another.

Criminals, politicians, clerics and bankers.

I thought that the night medley of the Underworld would help me to learn about the Mystery of human passions and memory.

We grew up with the same TV shows.

We remember the exciting and sentimental life of *sitcom* families in detail, whereas we talk about ours only with the help of *Twitter* confessions and *Facebook* albums nowadays.

But that was yesterday.

Today, they ask me: Excuse me, how is it to be an Epileptic?

- It's the same as being a Slovenian. You get used to it.

It's all here.

All my past.

Ordered.

Archived.

Classified.

Dated.

Labelled.

My city, my dreams: MARIBOR

My law firm: IVANA STROPNIK, MEDUSA & PARTNERS

Someone, I can't remember who any more, told me:

- Hey, you look like *Richard Dawkins'* photo robot with a bob haircut.

The same smile.

The same look.

What a coincidence.

The miraculous genome.

It's all here.

All my past.

My first anti-epileptic. Depakine Chrono.

My last client. **Alex Ribič.** The leader of the neo-Nazi spring. He recorded **My Manifesto** and sold it at the Maribor market.

He also published a video clip on the You Tube website.

Zig Zag!

My Little Black Box

Zig Zag!

This is my Confession

### Zig Zag!

Nothing new under the Sun

### Zig Zag!

In our movement we believe that racial hierarchy exists.

Whites at the top, Blacks at the bottom.

Asians, Arabs and Latinos somewhere in-between.

However, the Jews.

YES

The Jews are a disease.

Virus.

Super Bacteria.

#### Zig Zag!

Did you ever fuck a Jewish woman?

The Jewish women like to suck.

And the Jewish men are obsessed with getting sucked.

Why?

Because a Jewish man is, in his essence, a woman.

The real men, Whites, Catholics,

we fuck a woman.

The Jews hate penetration.

Pleasure.

It's weakness.

### Zig Zag!

It is obvious that the Jews control the media and banks.

And in business, they are the same as in bed.

They destroy our Tradition.

They are uprooting our roots.

The real people draw their talent from earth, sun and sea.

### Zig Zag!

A Jew is a tramp.

A nomad.

Can't even hammer a nail in.

Plough a field.

Takes a universal outlook on everything.

Buys, sells, invests, manipulates.

Herein lays his Power.

### Zig Zag!

Look at the most renowned Jewish minds.

Marx, Freud, Einstein.

What have they given us?

Communism, infantile sexuality and the atomic bomb.

Class struggle, irrational needs and relativity.

Why?

Because they want Infinity.

Vanity.

Infinite Vanity.

## Zig Zag!

The Jews emphasise the difference.

Between the Sacred and Secular.

Between Meat and Milk.

Wool and Linen.

The Sabbath and Week.

AND WHY DO WE HATE THE JEWS?

DO YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW?

We hate them because they exist.

And that's the only reason.

Forget about swastikas, crematoriums and soap.

That's obsolete.

Like a Sunday picnic.

### Zig Zag!

What's important today is the Labour Market.

Flexible Labour Market.

Total Market.

Free Market.

And the market is not interested in who you are.

Maybe we are all Jews these days.

What's the difference?

### Zig Zag!

My Little Black Box

Zig Zag!

This was my Confession

## Zig Zag!

Nothing new under the Sun

Of course he was convicted.

One year and three months.

And was immediately granted pardon.

And then, convicted again.

A fine.

€1,500.

What for?

A part of the recorded text is not his intellectual property.

It's a sequence from a film, The Believer.

This doesn't mean that Alex Ribič is an anti-Semite.

It doesn't mean that Alex Ribič is a neo-Nazi.

Alex Ribič is merely a shrewd-and-adaptable Thief.

### Zig Zag!

The Law is void.

The Garden and the Snake.

What is written cannot be changed.

That's why lawyers keep their mouth shut.

#### FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.



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#### THE FIFTH HOUR

FACEBOOK. Moon's First Quarter. Notes.

1888.

The South of France.

A doctor from the countryside makes a lucid diagnosis.

His patient, a thirty-five year old Dutch painter, is delirious, frightened, depressed, and suffering from hallucinations and amnesia.

He's afraid he'll go mad.

If he hasn't already.

Dr. Felix Rey writes in his patient's file:

- Mister Vincent van Gogh suffers from a special form of epilepsy.

Today, this special-form-of-epilepsy is called **Temporal** Lobe Epilepsy.

See also: Temporal lobes & Limbic system

click

See also: Status Epilepticus

click

Seizures arise in the part of the brain that controls memory and emotions.

During seizure, a person is trapped in an epi-tentacle of intensive emotions of anger or fear and surrounded by hallucinatory voices, visions and vibrant flashes.

Seizures usually last several minutes, rarely an hour, and a person can make automatic, sometimes also aggressive, movements which he or she doesn't remember later.

At the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, temporal lobe epilepsy was an unknown phenomenon in medicine. It was first described by the English neurologist **John Hughlings Jackson**. At that time, the only accessible research was patient's bio-

At that time, the only accessible research was patient's biography.

Dr. Felix Rey lends an attentive ear to Vincent van Gogh.

Epileptic seizures arise due to electrical, chemical or physical changes in the brain. In van Gogh, assumed Dr. Rey, the cause was physical.

Van Gogh's birth in 1853, in a little village called Zundert in the Netherlands, was long and hard. If a baby is cut off from the supply of oxygen for a few moments due to a prolonged wait in the canal, the lack of oxygen damages brain cells and leaves a SCAR.

Dr. Rey notices a pronounced asymmetry of van Gogh's face.

It's a sign of a damaged part of one side of the brain. In this case, the right side.

The DNA Archive of Van Gogh family: severe forms of *grand mal* epilepsy and psychiatric disorders.

Since childhood, Vincent suffers from acute headaches, stomach pains, vertigo and depression.

He avoids people and hopes to continue his father's mission of being a Protestant Pastor.

December 1876: ... it was a stormy evening, you can imagine how beautiful the road to Princenhage was with the dark clouds with their silver linings. I also went briefly to the Roman Catholic church, where evening Mass was under way, it was a beautiful sight, all those peasants and their wives with their black clothes and white caps, and the church looked so friendly in the evening light.

In Belgium, he changes into a God's-Electric-Madman. He subsists on bread and water, wears Who'll-make-a-shirt-for-Vincent clothes\*, takes care of the poor and sick miners and spreads the Gospel in the *drum'n'erase* beat.

November 1878: You surely know that one of the root or fundamental truths, not only of the gospel but of the entire Bible, is

"the light that dawns in the darkness". Well then, who will most certainly need it, who will have an ear to hear it?

The Church forbids him to spread the Gospel and expels him from its freshly-white-painted-walls.

After ten-and-lonely-years he abandons Religion.

He finds his passionate-and-only-Love.

ART.

His unpredictable and eccentric behaviour intensifies flash

Mystic visions tattooed with images of the cosmic Christ flash

Terrible stomach pains, loss of appetite, unbearable hallucinations

flash

Dr. Rey prescribes *potassium bromide* for him.

Anti-epileptic of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

Slightly relieves hallucinations.

The storm within, as van Gogh named one of his recurring seizures, is a real synaesthetic sauce spiced with feelings of fear, anger, bliss and a flood of forced-upon memories ... During my illness I again saw each room in the house at Zundert, each path, each plant in the garden, the views round about, the fields, the neighbours, the cemetery, the church, our kitchen garden behind — right up to the magpies' nest in a tall acacia in the cemetery.

<sup>\*</sup> TN: The phrase "Who'll-make-a-shirt-for-Vincent" refers to a widely popular Slovenian children's book *Kdo bo napravil Vidku srajčico* (Eng. Who'll make a shirt for little Vid) which narrates a story about a boy who comes from a poor family and is always the last to receive the tattered clothes already worn by his six older brothers and sisters.

And the more the illness weakens the link between his mind and body, the thicker the layers on his canvases become.

Catechism of Modern Art

flash

Codex of Light

flash

Alchemical Mandalas

flash

Visual perception changes into excessive sensitivity

flash

Saint-Rémy-de-Provence, February 1890

flash

Now the illness makes me very sensitive, and for the moment I don't feel capable of continuing these "translations" when it would involve such masterpieces.

flash

From potatoes and eaters, to the fields of wheat and the sower flash

I'm stopping with the sower, which is in progress and isn't coming along as would be desirable. However, being ill, I thought a lot about continuing this work, and that when I do it I do it calmly, you'll see it soon when I send the five or six finished canvases.

flash

Electric trees, torch and a paintbrush

flash

The landscapes with the cypresses! Ah, that wouldn't be easy. Aurier feels it too when he says that even black is

a colour, and about their flame-like aspect. I'm thinking of it but I don't dare do it either, and say like Isaacson, who is cautious, that I don't yet feel that we've reached that point.

flash

In the 20<sup>th</sup> century, psychiatrists-and-the-remaining-medical-journalism-neuro-care intentionally overlook the diagnosis made by *Dr. Felix Rey* in 1888. A competition in chanting and discovering new diagnoses begins.

Vincent van Gogh is an insane and delirious artists with a cut-off ear, schizophrenia, syphilis, manic depression, sunstroke, Ménière's disease, bipolar disorder, glaucoma, diabetes and liver dysfunction.

He drinks absinthe, smokes corn leaves, has bad eyesight and is drowning in Oedipus' pool of animalistic passions, all of which is also proved by thick layers of yellow being thrown onto his canvas with just his hands.

At the opposite end of the diagnostics room, neurologists slowly learn, research and, at last, recognize and admit that Vincent van Gogh is a **Classic Example** of a man with **Temporal Lobe Epilepsy**.

August 1888
flash
My dear Theo
flash

Then the doctors will tell us that not only Moses, Mohammed, Christ, Luther, Bunyan and others were mad, but also Frans Hals, Rembrandt, Delacroix and all the good, narrow-minded old ladies like our mother as well.

Ah — that's serious, that is.

We could ask these doctors, where, then, are the sensible people?

flash

FACEBOOK. The wall of *No one wants to be your friend*.

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#### THE SIXTH HOUR

My little room.

A room for two seasons.

Spring.

Fall.

Red Light District.

Green Cabaret.

Blue neon lights.

This is your story caught in a *blow-job-synopsis* with the addition of Vaseline Extra.

This is your Life.

Your Porno Drama.

Déjà-vu-du.

Everything-seen-everything-clicked.

All these *google-search-*stories.

All these lives wrapped in a screenwriting workshop for beginners.

This is the Space, where every *VAT* becomes a Salvation, every *blow job* a Confession, every *pimp* a Priest.

This is the Time, when your every day changes into a sequence, music into a *soundtrack*, dress into a costume, conversation into a dialogue, sigh into stage directions.

This is your Life.

Your Porno-kiri.

Instead of thrusting a sword into your stomach, you're banging squashy, small, big, fat and flabby asses who want to hear that even the worst *blow job* is nicer than the smell of the elder tree and every amateur *redtube* more magnificent than the sunset in *full-HD*.

This is your Life.

Your Porno Drama.

The moment before Birth as the *Trailer*.

The moment after Death as the Roll Credit.

#### FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

S

T L L

#### THE SEVENTH HOUR

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Ν

I first caught sight of Wilhelmina in front of the *Albert Heijn* supermarket in the *Niewmarkt* square.

She was folding the remnants of the morning copy of the Metro newspaper and surveying absent-mindedly the vibrant cosmopolitan promenade that she didn't understand.

Saturn's daughter.

1,90m.

70kg.

Long, slender, almost skeletal fingers, a perfect anatomy for the Advanced drawing course.

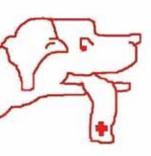
Huge depending-on-Rembrandt's-light-after-the-rain blue eyes.

Grey-white hair that looked like waxed shoelaces were falling on her frail shoulders.

Outfitted in the *Zeeman* shop: swimming-pool-coloured woolly sweater ( $\in$ 1,99), dark blue synthetic tracksuit ( $\in$ 4,99). Shod in the *Waterlooplein* market: aquamarine leather moccasins ( $\in$ 7,00).

Age.

Maybe fifteen.



Maybe hundred.

Most likely around fifty.

I was buying cigarettes and rucola when she spoke to me.

- I first spoke to Jesus when he was already dead.
- Heh. I never did. I was always more interested in what Jesus hadn't said.

When I was five, I believed that I can draw such a Line that will help me to recreate the Universe and make me a God. Do-it-Yourself.

Be-your-own-Saviour.

This was my thin, deviant, slightly curved line.

Today, I know that a Line which would transform a human into a God doesn't exist.

The ultimate border of the world cannot be drawn neither by God nor the *Adobe Illustrator*.

It can be crossed, however.

That's why I still like my thin, deviant, slightly curved line. The line I crossed long ago.

Once you cross your Line, you simply continue crossing it.

FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

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#### THE EIGHTH HOUR

- Wilhelmina, waved the manager with keys hung around his neck.

You are moving to the big room today and this is your last night. Our charity group assessed that a three week stay with us was enough. We'll keep praying for you and you'll be missed. Have a good day!

- Okay, she turned pale and remained sitting, frozen behind the computer under the large window through which a gentle autumn light was streaming.

She just checked her *Jesus Daily* click

Psalm 91:1, 2: Whoever dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust."

click

83,666 people liked it, one of them exclaimed OMG *click* 

There was no one in the corridor of *TENDER BREAST*, the pleasant sanctuary for travellers.

Wilhemina sat under the curved arch bearing a large inscription **JESUS OUR LORD**.

No one spoke.

No one whispered.

When the storyteller falls silent, the stories spontaneously arise.

Uninvited.

- I always wanted to become a Holy Child and rewrite the story of the Original Sin. I wanted to erase the Apple, poison the Snake and transform its venom into a Grapevine.

But that was forty-seven years ago.

Our little village.

Our big Church.

Our Mother.

Always dressed in black.

Black for family life.

Black for church life.

Our family.

Every emotion is a sign of decadence.

Every touch pornography.

Everything happens because-of-and-according-to-God's-Will.

Nothing was discovered.

Everything was expected.

Darkness in our little village was absolute.

Pure and natural.

The stars hid behind the bell tower.

Nothing could be seen.

Everything could only be dreamt of.

Pastor always said that those churches, which were built somewhere-far-away, were merely big Shops selling even bigger lies fabricated at the Big Factory in Rome.

When my father was angry, and angry he almost always was, he bellowed and waved his hands like an amateur-stand-up-tragic.

You are nothing!

Can you hear me?

Nothing!

No one sees you.

No one hears you!

Not even Satan.

Can you hear me?

You are less than nothing!

Can you hear me?

I always wanted to say that the less-than-nothing records are Sin because they describe the time before Christ, but I was too scared.

I pictured myself in a less-than-nothing form.

In a few billion years, we'll all return to Dust.

Less than Dust.

To Molecules of Dust.

Less than Molecules of Dust.

To a user account of Molecules of Dust.

And then it happened.

I was thirteen.

Father solemnly invited me into the kitchen.

We sat down behind the table.

He opened two wooden boxes.

The first one contained a Bible.

Big, black, leather-bound, with golden letters.

The other contained a gun.

Small, black, almost ladylike.

Hell Cat P-32 auto.

He was happy.

He looked at me serenely and said.

Wilhelmina, my child! Your Soul is perfect and let it remain thus.

He opened the Bible and started reading aloud.

Luke 18:17: Truly I tell you, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it.

He closed his eyes.

Took a deep breath.

Opened his eyes.

Shot me.

And missed.

I ran out of the kitchen.

The only thing that surrounded me was a damp Dutch fog. Behind it, there was Darkness.

And then, the Light.

1 Corinthians 15:51-52: Listen, I tell you a mystery: We will not all sleep, but we will all be changed - in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

In a few days, I woke up.

I was lying in a white wooden bed.

Aunt's room.

I was too weak to get up.

I felt pain in every bone.

My aunt said that I've met an Angel and danced-three-daysand-three-nights with him.

She gave me a white pill.

Tegretol CR.

See also: anti-epileptic medicine *click* 

See also: Tegretol CR is a carbamazepine. It inhibits the arousal of nerve cells and transmission of signals in the central nervous system.

click

This is Heaven in your mouth, said my Aunt, handed me a glass of water and took a black, leather-bound Bible from a white wooden chest of drawers.

Luke 9:38-42: ... "Teacher, I beg you to look at my son, for he is my only child. A spirit seizes him and he suddenly screams; it throws him into convulsions so that he foams at the mouth. It scarcely ever leaves him and is destroying him. I begged your disciples to drive it out, but they could not."

"You unbelieving and perverse generation," Jesus replied, "how long shall I stay with you and put up with you? Bring your son here."

Even while the boy was coming, the demon threw him to the ground in a convulsion. But Jesus rebuked the impure spirit, healed the boy and gave him back to his father.

- And this is Heaven on Earth, added the Aunt and left the room.

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3-2-1 I walk 3-2-1 I talk 3-2-1 iTouch 3-2-1 iRecord

I've put on the shoes of my Ancestors, secured a new iPod to my belt.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

I photograph my Thoughts, record my Voice.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

Sacral Footprints, Mythological Jazz. Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

Arles-Marseille, I've been walking for almost seven hours.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

I'm walking on the Milky Way, performative matrix of electromagnetic paths.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

Vincent's Cypresses, Arthur's Paths.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

I'm walking along a dragon's line, a fertile file of Visions and Memory.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent Gallery of Provence Sun, Portal of Temporal Lobe.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

Neurotransmitter Highway.

Left, Right Vincent, Arthur

Gong of Ancestors, Drum of Shamans, Inquisitiveness of Scientists.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

Is human species genetically programmed to believe in God?

Is there a God's Module in the Brain?

Left, Right Vincent, Arthur

My Theatre of Falling
flash
My Electric Stonehenge

flash

My Temporal Remix flash

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

Does a Sacred Temple truly exist in the Temporal Lobe or is everything just a comic configuration of synaptic paths?

A touch of an Angel or a Lithium-after-party?

Left, Right Vincent, Arthur

Walking is an Anatomical Trance. Practice, Improvisation, Repetition and Imagination.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

Asepta Classic.

For disinfecting blisters and protecting wounds.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

The Wound is Blood tattooed with Sun.

Left, Right Vincent, Arthur

45°C is an Alchemical Oven, in which every Thought transforms into an Epiphany, every Emotion into a triumphant Metaphor.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

My Little Scar flash My 250mg of Keppra flash

#### FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

#### THE TENTH HOUR

### FACEBOOK. Full Moon. Notes.

The problem of writing is Time.
A story written *after* it happened.
Darkness faster than Light.
Fear stronger than Courage.

The best stories are the in-between spaces,

From Church to a Bank.
From the Bank to a Whore.

lost during carefree wanderings.

From the Whore to a Bridge.

From the Bridge to a Seizure.

From the Seizure to a Seizure.

A good story is an incarnation of Laughter and Pain.

flash

Poison and Cure

flash

Pharmakon

flash

In **Phaedrus**, according to Egyptian great god-king **Thamus**, writing would allow humans to extend their memories and

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share information, however, what is more important is that writing would allow humans to rely too much on these external means of recording.

Our memories would wither and fail click
Our notes and records would replace our minds click

And if great-god-king Thamus would be available for a Call, I would post on his Wall:

I can Google my memories better that I can remember them *click* 

Not the act of writing, but *memory* itself is a *pharmakon click* 

### FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

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#### THE ELEVENTH HOUR

Ivana was resting on the rooftop terrace of her apartment. Tomšič Avenue.

She-was-sitting-crossed-legged and was stroking her new-silver-laptop *MacBook Air*.

She pressed **ctrl G**.

Google Map.

Above her, the Pyramid, vineyards and sun.

She pressed **ctrl o**.

Below her, the Lent district, Europark and the Drava River.

The river that flows and doesn't say a word.

She pressed **ctrl T**.

Loud cheering of the crowd.

Direct morality plugged into the stadium sound system.

She pressed **ctrl o**.

Direct morality is narcissistic, egocentric, average and demonic.

When a revolutionary comes to power, he immediately bows to the world and everything starts again.

She pressed ctrl F.

The Angel of revenge.

Revenge, revenge, says Nietzsche, the protest of will against

time.

She pressed **ctrl J**.

Direct morality disintegrates and dissolves only when a Revolutionary becomes an Alchemist. Alchemy wants to brighten up the world, change it into a golden gossamer fabric and, with every drop of honey, elevate it into the realm of incorruptible Spirit.

She pressed ctrl E.

Helicopter, granite cubes and tear gas.

Don't cry, Maribor

click

CIvmJXE884MNz6lIO3PIUeedghE&index=2\*

click

http://sl.wikipedia.org/wiki/Protesti\_v\_Sloveniji\_ (2012%E2%80%932013)

click

She shut the computer closed.

It was time for coffee, a banana and pharmaceutical indulgence. She swallowed a pill in the shape of a blue triangle, peeled a banana and savoured the Aspirin-for-children-coloured sunset.

Electric blue

flash

<sup>\*</sup> http://www.youtube.com/user/TheSowersower - Green Cabaret TV: Broadcast Yourself

Electric orange

flash

Her complementary Sacrament

flash

Her chemical Romance

flash

There's an invisible line between Pharmacy and Sadism, yet the anti-epileptics make it **very visible**.

- At the start of treatment, I often saw two sunsets as early as in the morning, she remembered conversations with her neurologist who listened to her somewhat lost in thought and with concern.

And because the neurologist thought that the morning sunsets are a consequence of an insufficient dose, he increased it for another 500mg.

- That is when I finally understood the vindictiveness of gravitation in a Black Hole shrouded in a veil of hallucinatory, electric sensual gratification.

Flushed skin

je t'aime

Sore mouth

je t'aime

Sore eyes

je t'aime

Swollen face

je t'aime

Headache

je t'aime

Dizziness

je t'aime

Drowsiness

je t'aime

Ataxia

je t'aime

Double vision

je t'aime

Nausea

je t'aime

### Dark Night of the Soul.

Convulsion, confusion, madness, fear, fear and, above all, fear.

Saint John of the Cross says: a soul steps over the threshold of a dark night when God had already reached toward it in order to lift it above the ranks of novices.

Aggressiveness

je t'aime

Irritability

je t'aime

Shivering

je t'aime

Diarrhoea

je t'aime

Dry mouth

je t'aime

Fatigue

je t'aime

Joint pain

je t'aime

Hallucinations

je t'aime

Confusion

je t'aime

Disorientation

je t'aime

Fever

je t'aime

Sensitiveness to light

je t'aime

Depression

je t'aime

Anxiety

je t'aime

Exhaustion

je t'aime

Cough

je t'aime

Increased body weight

je t'aime

Injuries

je t'aime

Behavioural disorders

je t'aime

Hyperactivity

je t'aime

Slow thinking

je t'aime

Vomiting

je t'aime

Amnesia

je t'aime

She sank down among yellow-blue pillows with her feet

turned towards the Sun.

Amidst the stars, amidst stardust, into celestial embers,

into a solar fireplace.

To lie down.

The bed is the last step before you rise to Paradise.

But the bed is gone.

Only a sleeping place remains.

The Dormeo mattress.

click

Home is not Home anymore.

It's nothing more but a place to stay.

nepremicnina.eu

click

Intimacy is gone.

We are all travellers and no one knows where we're going.

There is no more travel, no pilgrimage, and no prayer.

Only traffic remains.

Easyjet.

click

The world has become a bomb shelter where words lost their original purpose.

Their original meaning.

If the meaning would be established, the world would disappear.

click

She turned off her *iPhone* and plunged into electric-chemical-dreams.

You dream, you're born, you work, you love, you grow, and you perish.

click

FACEBOOK. The wall of *No one wants to be your friend*.

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#### THE TWELFTH HOUR

...You never give me your Money...You only give me your funny Paper...

was blasting out of the jukebox for the fifth time.

Orfan and Kinga Xtravaganza were sitting in the *Bar Abba* coffee shop, drinking cappuccino and smoking an afternoon *A-dam Indica*.

A large **Social Sculpture** stood on the counter.

Vatican made from matches
A sickly sweet extension next to it
International Monetary Fund
click
Skilfully-and-neatly-constructed from brown sugar cubes
click
Cubitos, brown sugar cubes
click
Organically grown, Fairtrade certified
click

Eurogeddon: Vox Dei

click

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k3woy3tLX8c&list=PLPX335CIv mJURmxiKYH68IvQYJ7JZWmoD&index=5\*

click

Kinga Xtravaganza, a legendary afro-mamma with a permanent residence at one of the ground display windows of the Red Light District, stood up and pinched one sugar cube.

#### Light it up, sweeten and liberate it!

Always well groomed and reliable.

Her little display window.

Her table-be-set.

On it, a rose, Blueberry Phone, tobacco and Dildo.

Pink Rabbit. 24.5cm, φ3.7cm, €59.95.

...I never give you my Number...I only give you my Situation...

Orfan was counting the sugar cubes of the *Eurogeddon* extension.

Kinga Xtravaganza was puffing smoke nostalgically and soloing like an LP in a jukebox.

- Heh, I've always dreamt and hoped I'll become a BIG STAR. But the years went on while the wishes and criteria went down.

<sup>\*</sup> http://www.youtube.com/user/TheSowersower – EUROGEDDON: VOX DEI

Although, let there be no mistake, I can still make an IM-PRESSION.

Orfan, believe me, no one wants to live eternally.

Everyone wants only a memory of eternity.

...oh, that magic feeling...nowhere to go...

I'm a real woman.

I still swear by Hollywood classics.

I don't like on-line-pornography.

Everyone sees you.

No one knows you.

Andy Warhol.

Mistake.

Today, not everyone experiences their-15-minutes-of-fame.

Today, everyone-fucks-everyone who was famous for 15 minutes.

On-line-Glamour is not for me.

It's for the younger and prettier.

I'm not as stupid as that Wicked Queen who played her dirty game with a prettier and younger Snow White.

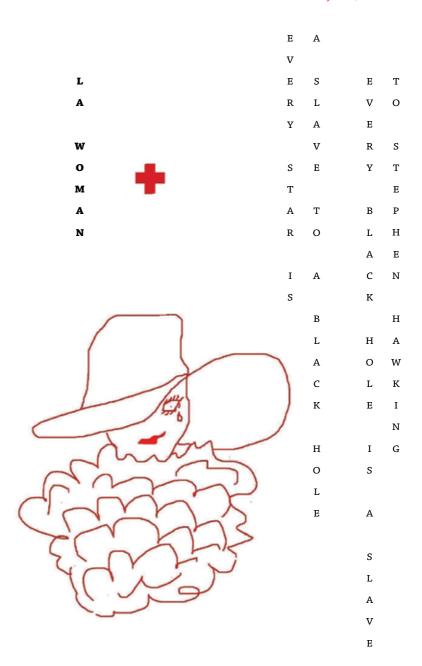
A woman of my age must not believe only in beauty but other things also.

In money or weapons, for example.

Orfan smiled restlessly and looked out of the window.

On the other side of the road, he saw a tall, slender figure running towards the Central Station.

# FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.



Wilhelmina

flash

Saturn's daughter

flash

...One two three four five six seven... All good children go to heaven...

Orfan and Kinga Xtravaganza pay their cappuccino and head to work.

Blow-Job-Daily.

Two feminists-spun-from-Marx'-beard with their brandnew-ideological-haircuts and the rest of the *say-no-to-prostitution* propaganda stand in front of a display window with the yellow sign *Erotic Massage*.

A group of tourists eagerly awaits its red-porno-tour.

"Op de wallen komen we geen van allen"

click

Mathematics of Eroticism

click

http://www.pic-amsterdam.com/

click

The two feminists resolutely repeat their we-are-here-to-abolish-the-secret-of-life-we-are-here-to-take-over-the-power mantra and carefully march along the slippery stone ground.

Their political management

click

Their Sancta Familia

click

 $http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HQeatmEpivo\&list=PLPX33\\ 5CIvmJWyrGGEea35tFekPrRmU5S-\&index=1 \\ ^{\star}$ 

click

Kinga turns to the left, past a bronze sculpture.

Belle. "Respect sex workers all over the world"

Orfan turns to the right, past the "Our Lord in the Attic" museum.

White-faced and confused.

flash

Trembling upper lip

flash

Highway for the ants

flash

Twitching left hand

flash

Forward

flash

Backward

flash

Automatic Alice

flash

In his stomach, an elevator without any passengers

flash

He slowly unlocks the door

flash

<sup>\*</sup> http://www.youtube.com/user/TheSowersower - Sancta Familia

Sits down on the bed

flash

My little room

flash

My Porno-kiri

flash

...Cause I am voodoo child...Yeah...Lord knows I am a voodoo child baby...

The nausea is slowly dissipating but, even so, the life is not changing.

Visited a Specialist.

Got a Diagnosis.

Got a Prescription.

Neurontin 300mg

flash

A pill in the morning

A pill in the evening

flash

drowsinessfatiguedizinessheadachenauseavomitinginsomniadisorientedwalkingvisualdisturbancesspeechdisturbancessoregumsamnesia

flash

...Cause I am voodoo child...Yeah...Lord knows I am a voodoo child baby...

- Usually I swallow my ready-made-sculpture only when I'm banging some old-fat-perverse-controversial-non-versial-power-point ASS.

But not to feel better.

Not to feel more.

So I would feel no more.

He turns the volume of electric Jimmy down and starts staring at the poster hanging on the wall.

Kinga Xtravaganza gave him a large laser colour print for last Christmas.

140x120cm, black framing.

# Raphael, Transfiguration, 1517

Shimmering electric colours are pulsating in front of Orfan's tired eyes, whispering a legend of Christ's Transfiguration on the Mountain.

In the New Testament, the account of Christ's Transfiguration on the Mountain is narrated in all of the three Synoptic Gospels. It is one of the most unsettling and majestic events on Jesus' path.

Mathematics of Light flash
Matthew 17:1-12
flash
Mark 9:2-13
flash

Luke 9:28-36 flash

The event and accompanying symbolic spices (six days, a mountain, cloud, voice, three companions who cannot bear the transformed radiance, fear) are very similar to the ascent of Moses to the Sinai Mountain.

Both cases involve a dramatic theophany.

flash

Molecular baroque for Gnostics

flash

Raphael looked for a motif to highlight this Hyper-Solar-Event.

Therefore, in the lower part of the painting, he depicted an epileptic boy with his parents, Matthew the interlocutor and the frightened apostles who are reaching their hands in wonderment toward the Mountain and boy who is cured by the Christ after he transforms - becomes radiant.

Christ's Transfiguration on Mount Tabor represents a shamanic, ecstatic experience with a drop of Theology. The Light of the Saviour. Transitions into an altered state of consciousness with the help of rituals and mystic topography (tree, mountain, cloud, bridge, cave, chasm, and waterfall) are difficult, dangerous and symbolically determined. There is a link between the earth, universe and underground, a unified space that is accessible to most people only after death.

Orfan lights the *A-dam Indica* and smiles.

...Cause I am voodoo child...Yeah...Lord knows I am a voodoo child baby...

He's tracing the scenes in the painting with his eyes.

Mountain

Cloud

Light

**Epileptic Boy** 

Sunset

Upper World

Lower World

He's observing how the upper part of the painting blends into the lower part, the sun into moon, the moon into sun, how the alchemical canvas of the 16<sup>th</sup> century, on which earthly passions are controlled by the light, slowly twists and turns into a digitalised, fluorescent icon of Pablo Amaringo in a Walt Disney co-production.

...Cause I am voodoo child...Yeah...Lord knows I am a voodoo child baby...

He pulls the curtain open flash
He pulls the curtain closed flash

My little room

flash

My little Yurt

flash

My Magical Flight

flash

My Porno-kiri

flash.

My little Drum

flash

My little Underground

flash

My Reality Bang

flash

My Disney Colours

flash

He opens the white-as-a-swan-*Mac* 

click

Spreading Justice with Uranium: Transfiguration #1

click

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G6bn86Hrvkw&list=PLPX33 5CIvmJVkZj7-mEfE5RR2L9J9RJi9&index=2\*

click

FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

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A	V	Α	Y	F
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<sup>\*</sup> http://www.youtube.com/user/TheSowersower – Spreading Justic with Uranium:Transfiguration#1



ALCHEMICAL

DISTILLATION

OF A WORD

Nothing original is in me.

Even less so about me.

I'm just a mix of strain and suffering of people
who I've met in my life.

JESUS CHRIST

#### THE THIRTEENTH HOUR

In the beginning, there was a rebellion.

There will also be in the end.

In between, it is YOU.

In the moment of reading these words, you are alive-and-dead-at-the-same-time.

Your Mysterious Heart.

Your intimate ventricular fibrillation.

Imagine, if you can, that you are a young Jewish man, a cloned heart of your Father.

Your Miraculous Chamber.

Your septum cordis.

Imagine also, that you love your Father more than you love yourself.

Your intimate apoptosis.

Your suicide of cells.

Even if you don't hear or speak, you know that the three women of your life are beside you.

Mary, Mary, Mary

And in you, the three nails of our universe.

Path, Truth and Life

It's not easy for you, but you're still laughing. Your intimate Delirium.

Your cerebral edema.

If you're still reading these lines, if you can't die, despite your promise that you will, welcome to the Desert of the Real.

Your name is Jesus Christ and this is your Performative Turning Point.

#### THE FOURTEENTH HOUR

Ivana entered the Venera Sex Shop and almost knocked over an older man, a scanned image of Saint Anton but without the plastic collar.

See also: Anton Stres\* and his Doubles click

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h9YoTN21eTo\*\* click

She smiled at the shopkeeper.

Middle-aged woman.

Samantha Fox body.

Franc Kangler\*\*\* is-learning-Slovenian aloud.

\* TN: Anton Stres was the Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Ljubljana and the metropolitan bishop of Ljubljana. Pope Francis has later accepted his resignation as well as the resignation of another senior Catholic cleric, Archbishop of Maribor, Marjan Turnšek, over a financial scandal said to have cost the Church up to 800m Euros. However, neither of them faced any allegations of criminal misconduct.

\*\* Stična, 2003 - Archbishop Franc Rode, PhD, sets a puzzle.

\*\*\* TN: Franc Kangler is a Slovenian politician who had served as the mayor of Maribor, the second largest town in the country. Due to corruption allegations, pre-trial processes and criminal charges made against him, the citizens of Maribor demanded his resignation in two protests under the slogan Gotof je! (literally meaning "He is done!" in Styrian dialect) and he stepped down from the position in December 2012. In January 2013, Senate of College revoked his degree due to plagiarism. (Source: Wikipedia)

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Stres-without-the-plastic-collar was browsing through new arrivals on the market.

Dear believers, we are gathered here to cherish our families!

He delightedly opened a brown box with the latest stimulant.

Sexspresso Coffee

click

Your intimate rooster's breakfast

click

Because we believe in it and we know that a family built on the holy matrimony, the union between a husband and wife, is the supreme cradle of life and love.

The shopkeeper attended Ivana and waved at her casually with a purple cylinder.

Vibrator Butterfly Emotion (€34.95)

Wotcha, dis looks like i' was made fer ya. Why daan't ya 'ave a lil' play wif your clit, eh?

Stres-without-the-plastic-collar feigned a little cough and decided to buy the Bad-Kitty-handcuffs-for-wrists-and-ankles (€29,95).

Even Jesus Christ himself, the Son of God in human form, was born into a family. He wanted mother and stepfather by his side.

Ivana was self-consciously perusing the shop stacked with discrete plastic and observing the shopkeeper. Beauty isn't everything, she thought to herself, but it helps.

Your erotic management

click

Your three-time Miss of the Wind Rattle

click

Stres-without-the-plastic-collar carefully folded the receipt and made his way towards the exit.

Ivana followed his suit and strolled to the nearest terrace bar.

Marpurgi Šarika

click

Welcoming the unconventional

click

Soupy meals

click

European Capital of Culture

click

Clean Energy

click

Let's spin this Spectacular Story together!

click

The metapoetic world is not Real but Hyper-Real. We don't feel at home in nature, we don't feel at home in culture, we

feel at home in Art. Art doesn't reject, deny nor discard the world of social everyday reality. Art sheds light upon the world and puts it in order.

From the social flora-and-fauna, it enters the temple of Muses and creates *that* what transcends it.

Vincent Van Gogh, March, 1882: Art is a battle - you have to put your whole life into art.

The European Mind and its capitals have-always-been-andstill-are only the attic rooms of talented personalities. Never the dancing halls of the absolute Spirit.

For Beauty and Truth, one has to be more than an educated-talented-entrepreneurial-and-interesting Persona.

Ivana ordered a coffee.

Lit a cigarette.

Re:animation of the city

click

All Different, all Finished!

click

However, she smiled more-to-herself-than-to-others, as early as tomorrow, nothing-will-be-as-it-used-to-be.

Jože Pučnik Airport

click

Adria Airways

click

To European cities, directly from Ljubljana

click

They met on an on-line-forum-for-epileptics

click

Nocturnal Clonic Tonic

click

No strings attached

click

No illusions about the nature of time

click

We are still slaves to the collective hallucination of Linear Time.

We perceive time how the people-in-power want us to.

Like it's a speed limit on a highway.

Like a river that flows only in one direction.

## FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

T H

#### THE FIFTEENTH HOUR

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H N E H

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F S O S E

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Orfan pulled the curtain closed.

Nausea faded away.

It was followed by a Jamai Vu.

When you-experience-old-acquaintances-as-strangers.

When nothing feels familiar.

When everything feels foreign.

When you are on this world, but not of this world.

Someone knocked.

He peeked from behind the curtain.

Saturn's daughter with a blue plastic bag.

My Green Cabaret

flash

My Little Yurt

flash

He unlocked the door.

Wilhelmina, enveloped in the silky almond smell of the *Chang Express* Chinese restaurant.

- This is for you.

She hung the hot blue bag on the white window handle.

I had my Bami already.

This is your Life

flash

The moment before Birth as the Trailer

flash

The moment after Death as the Roll Credit

flash

I've come to say goodbye, said Wilhelmina solemnly and sat down on the bed. This is your last night with us, waved the manager at me this morning.

- Has Tender Breast stopped selling milk?
- I'm going to see Pastor tonight. Pastor always helps.
- You look a bit pale, murmured Orfan, also milky-pale.
- I've slept only three hours. Meanwhile, I read the Bible out loud and checked my *Jesus Daily* three times. My head is a one big weird mess. A blend of Tegretol, outdated Prayers and Black Snakes dancing in front of my eyes.
- Black snakes are dancing in front of your eyes?
- YES, and that's not all, Wilhelmina smiled tiredly. After these sorts of nights, when I can no longer tell Paul from Saul, I did IT again.

- Did what?
- Have you ever been to the Saint Nicholas Church?
- Near the Central?
- Yes. The Pastor said that this is where they sell lies fabricated at the Big Factory in Rome.

Orfan opened his mouth and forgot to close it.

- Well, I went there and threw Valium into the Holy Water.

Orfan closed his mouth and opened them again.

- WILHELMINA! But you are ... You Are The Sunshine of my Life... began Orfan with his we-are-all-Stevie-Wonder-kara-oke ... That's why I'll always be around... Well, at least for the last ten years...

Wilhelmina was rocking backwards-and-forwards rapidly, smiling ecstatically, and asked.

- Why for the last ten years?

Orfan opened the plastic box and wrapped Bami noodles around wooden chopsticks.

- Look at me. What do you see? You see black, lightly curled hair and dark brown Asian eyes. My parents were a light-skinned Dutch couple with porcelain blue eyes. I've always suspected it. That afternoon, they were sleeping in front of the television. Their spit was slowly and visibly dripping from their mouth. I took a sample and sent both test tubes to my best friend's dad. A letter arrived in a week.

CpG CpG CpG CpG CpG

The algorithm didn't match mine.

I bought two tulips.

Stuck them in a vase.

Propped an envelope against it.

And left.

In one month I turned 18.

They never tried to find me.

They never called.

My genetic sculpture

flash

My intimate Archive

flash

My Birthday

flash

A mistake I'll spend my whole life trying to put right

flash

# FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.



s	Е	Н	В	W	Α
U	V	О	U	E	N
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D	R	Y			
A	Y		M	P	C
Y		S	0	Α	Н
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#### THE SIXTEENTH HOUR

Every Death begins with a Moon's reflection in the water. Orfan's shadow was sombrely drifting along the Amstel River.

His walk radiated brazen Loneliness and Attraction.

It's hard to say if this attraction stemmed from his Power or Emptiness that was filled by long night time walks around the harbour.

He sat on the pier in front of the big glass concert hall *Muziekgebouw aan't IJ*.

Peace

Quiet

Lighthouse

My Little Town

flash

My Wind Archive

flash

Amsterdam and his double

flash

Amsterdam is like a medieval Horseshoe. Under it, sleep the old suitcases, coins, lanterns, watches, hammers, bones, compasses, shoes, relics, icons and wooden spoons.

He still had enough time to prepare for the night journey.

My descent into the Underground

flash

My Magical flight

flash

He adjusted the headphones and turned on a new *iPod Touch*.

click

Church: Under the Milky Way

click

4min 59sec

click

He slowly set out for the Red Light District.

Sometimes when this place gets kind of empty, Sound of their breath fades with the light

The true purpose of every Darkness is Light.

Of every Suffering, Happiness.

The purpose of Sin, Grace.

I think about the loveless fascination

The descent into the Underground is an invitation not a threat.

It awakens our brain and opens our heart.

Can't you feel it?

The Enthusiasm inflamed by imminent Death?

Under the Milky Way tonight

He crossed the junction at the Central Station and walked past THE church.

Wilhelmina, Valium and the Holy Water.

Wish I knew what you were looking for

He turned towards the Old Church and turned the song down slightly.

De Oude Kerk.

1306.

The ground scattered with gravestones.

Might have known what you would find

People consider themselves to be soooo-much-more than the dead.

We alive.

They dead.

But if Darwin and Freud were so intergalactically smart, why did they die?

It's impossible to get used to life.

Life cannot be taken for granted and it's not natural.

Vincent Van Gogh, February 1883: What a riddle life is, and love is a riddle within a riddle.

Something vibrated in his left pocket. Kinga Xtravaganza.

Orfan, it's urgent! A change of plan. You won't regret it!

Orfan rolled his eyes.

I'm coming.

And it's something quite peculiar Something shimmering and white

He slowly made his way through a phosphoric chain of tourists.

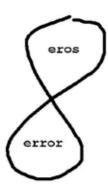
His walk radiated brazen Loneliness and Attraction. It's hard to say if this attraction stemmed from his Power or

Emptiness that was filled by long night time walks around the harbour.

Leads you here despite your destination Under the Milky Way tonight

#### THE SEVENTEENTH HOUR

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D		N

T T I

Left, Right

Arthur, Vincent

I've been walking for twelve hours and thirty-three minutes.

My Little Town
flash
Legend of the raving mad Mistral
flash

The author of the Legend stored in the city archive describes:

"In my private opinion, Arles is epileptic. It whips itself up to such an intense pitch of nervous excitement that you are positive it will burst into a violent fit and foam at the mouth. But the problem is that that never happens.

This country is forever reaching a climax, and never having one.

I've been waiting for three months to see a revolution, or a volcano erupt from the *Place de la Republique*. A dozen times I thought the inhabitants would all suddenly go mad and cut each other's throats!

But just when they get to a point where an explosion is imminent, the mistral dies down for a couple of days and the sun goes behind the clouds.

My Little Scar flash My Yellow House flash

But, continues the author, if Arles never reaches the point of climax, one cannot claim that it is possessed. It is not epileptic but epileptoid. This is a nerve disorder that resembles epilepsy, however, it doesn't manifest in the form of seizures but rather the state of temporary tension.

My Night Café
flash
My Starry night
flash

My point is this, continues the Author of the city archive, Arles is an epileptoidal city. It's pulse has been mounting for centuries. It's preaching its first crisis. It's bound to happen. And soon. When it does, we're going to witness a frightful catastrophe. Murder, arson, rape, wholesale destruction! This country can't go on forever in a whipped, tortured state."

3-2-1

I walk

3-2-1

I talk

A kaleidoscopic panorama of the Provence plexus.

Left, Right

Arthur, Vincent

Left, Right

Arthur Rimbaud

First Beat

First Punk

First Gay Icon

Young Beast

Little Monster

Messiah for the decadent

Traveller

Beggar

Sailor

Explorer

Arms dealer

Shareholder

Muslim Prophet

Rebel

Poet

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

His enigmatic slogans

The graffiti of the 19<sup>th</sup> century

I is The Other

flash

Love has to be reinvented

flash

Language must be reinvented

flash

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

He was the best, the greatest.

He's still the best, the greatest.

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

POET

A man who planted a thought of authentic existence in himself and observed how this thought flourished and smirked in front of his eyes.

POET

A man who distils the light and darkness without a linguistic compromise.

POET

China, Japan, India, Africa.

There, the Poet is still alive.

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

We have lost our Poet.

Even worse.

We have lost the memory that we need it.

Visionary, Madman, Angel & Criminal.

We are living in the past and counting the bones.

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

They say that Rimbaud escaped to the Desert.

A thought that this is how he saved his Soul doesn't occur to them.

A thought that with his absence he built a bridge between the *A Season in Hell* and *Christmas on Earth* doesn't occur to them. Between the Roots and the Tree Crown.

Between the Underworld and the Sky.  $\,$ 

Arthur's Magical Flight

flash

The Reality of a Teenage Prodigy

flash

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

Is his manifestation in human form not similar to the sublime awakening of Buddha, transfiguration of Christ and the mission of Joan of Arc?

3-2-1

Stop

My Little Tweet

click

My Intimate Distillate

click

DISTILLATE #1

Art is a Body that was chosen by the Spirits to live among us.

3-2-1

I walk

3-2-1

I speak

3-2-1

I record

Sometimes I wish that life would be as simple as Twitter.

Follow.

Unfollow.

Hallelujah.

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

He experienced his big crisis, the initiation, when he was eighteen.

He survives and flies away to the Desert.

He runs away from the Chimeras he created.

He enters the world of phantasmagorical landscapes, as strange and exhilarating as his Songs.

He abandons Poetry.

He doesn't abandon Fiction.

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

Rimbaud is a wild mystic.

His Language is a score, music, smell, perfume, colour and spell.

How is it possible that a man of such talent and energy ends up in the charred hole of a desert crater?

What is the name of his Shadow?

FEAR!

The Fear that every Artist knows.

That he is unwanted, useless and worthless.

Left, Left Arthur, Arthur

His kaleidoscopic character flash
His al'chemical fate
flash

Left, Left Arthur, Arthur

A renegade, rebel, cursed, uncompromising, curious, brave, original, ascetic, obsessive, morbid and first-and-foremost unable to learn from his own experience.

Like all the seekers who penetrate the Truth and retain its hallucinatory nature.

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

The reading of his Work is an Adventure.

Event.

Miracle.

And what is a Miracle?

When a beam pierces the earth.

When the Light bursts into the World and travels inside the Body.

When a man discovers that the body is a condensed spirit.

When a man discovers that logic is condensed magic.

When a man is silent and has no expectations.

How many authors write with such intensity today? Is there any at all?

Our Sovereign Pulpgraphy flash
Our Cultural Fauxgraphy trash

Our European Mammography

crash

#### THE EIGHTEENTH HOUR

# T 1 E O C 0 H R Α 0 G E W M Ν Ρ Е Α R E L S Ι Ν Y Е

# FACEBOOK. It's raining. Notes.

Epilepsy is a performative link between the Visible and Invisible.

A chaos of senses and grim mechanics of the neurological machine.

A scar that suddenly reveals a catalogue of violence and extravagant creativity.

The Health Manifesto should be first written by Poets.

Medicine is not health.

It's a scent of chlorine.

Encyclopaedia of Consequences.

Anatomy of Marketing.

Your Seven Minutes

click

Your Supplementary Insurance

click

A man's illness stems from his Passion.

My Little Scar flash My Temporal Remix flash

# My Electrical Marathon flash

# Jakob Boehme: Verzückung ist das Wesen des Geistes.

The essence of Spirit is rapture.

It's Fervour.

It's Passion.

Dostoyevsky

Van Gogh

Walt Disney

flash

Hippocampus

Amygdala

Neocortex

flash

Mohammed

Moses

Saint Paul

flash

Dostoyevsky believes Mohammed's description of Paradise.

He wasn't lying, writes Dostoyevsky.

He suffered from epilepsy, just like me.

# Is the whole Universe one Big Epileptic Bang?

flash

# Neuro-theological Mystery?

flash

Epilepsy is a Multidimensional Portal.

An ecstatic minute in which a man experiences a breakthrough into grace and poetic mystery.

A moment in which life becomes translucent and forthcoming.

A magical gesture which sheds light on the elements of Fate.

Neurologists love to cite and translate Paul's letter 2 *Corinthians* 12:1-10 in a Patient's file. Depersonalisation, ecstatic aura, visual and auditory hallucinations, body pain, nausea and the remaining synaesthetic extensions plugged into the EEG of Apocalypse.

Was Saint Paul also hiding under the epileptic hood of a false prophet?

Was he only a Neurological Prayer Machine?

We've known for some time that even the simplest thought or a mental state requires electric activity spanning an intricate network of synapses and neurons.

However, we still don't know HOW this electrical activity changes into THOUGHT.

Epilepsy is changing a man, stirring his heart code, opening a Portal into the unknown, but doesn't say anything about what awaits him on the other side of this Portal.

#### THE NINETEENTH HOUR

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"The Church doesn't need, and can't have, a bigger certainty than the living believers themselves"

- Marjan Turnšek, Metropolitan Archbishop of Maribor\*
- Indeed, grimaced Ivana and put down *Večer\*\**. A newspaper of substance.

She was sitting in the garden in front of the Theatre Café and waiting for her mother.

The coffee before departure.

... I'll live until I die...

was coming from the inside of the café; a record of the group then still called *Lačni Franz*\*\*\* was quietly playing in the background.

<sup>\*</sup> TN: Marjan Turnšek was the Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Maribor and the metropolitan bishop of Maribor. Pope Francis has later accepted his resignation over a financial scandal said to have cost the Church up to 800m Euros. However, neither of them faced any allegations of criminal misconduct.

<sup>\*\*</sup> TN: Večer (Eng. Evening) is a daily newspaper published in Maribor, Slovenia.

<sup>\*\*\*</sup> TN: Lačni Franz was a rock band from Slovenia. Their name, meaning hungry Franz, is a pun on the name of a character from the novel Catch-22, Hungry Joe, describing hunger for rock music. (Source: Wikipedia)

The bell tower rung ten times.

Maribor Cathedral.

Slovenian Egyptian Airlines.

In the Old Testament, people just wouldn't stop flying from one place to the other.

From Egypt.

To Egypt.

And back.

... now, when the madmen are taking their fingers out of the arses to whistle the march tune ...

- Coffee with cream, she waved at the waitress wearing *Bo-rovo*\* orthopaedic shoes.

Look at yourself.

Let's look at ourselves.

We are all born.

Lost.

... I'll live until I die...

The universe is an infinite abundance of magic.

Sigh, light, shiver.

The Milky Way is one-big-Glory.

But the Partisan Street is one-big-Butchery.

... now, when the madmen are taking their fingers out of the arses to whistle the march tune ...

I'm not stupid.

I know that the world will continue spinning when I'll close my eyes.

And I also know that it will when I'll open them.

There will still be wars, budget revisions, greenhouses, bird-houses, candid cameras, cultural explosions, international university games, world ultimate Frisbee tournaments, pan-Slovenian uprising, sensitive souls and Yakuza.

My little town

flash

My big dreams

flash

Legacy of Chernobyl classrooms

flash

Life is but one ruthlessly-logical-sacred-trigonometry.

Once upon a time, something happened and now, one has to bear and count the consequences.

As said in Torah: seven generations

click

As said by Science: genetics

click

As taught by Buddha: every deed, thought, gesture and word is a consequence of past deeds, thoughts, gestures and words. *click* 

 $<sup>^{\</sup>ast}\,$  TN: Borovo is a Croatian shoemaker company, once second largest in Yugoslavia.

- Ivana, vibrated, I'll be with you in ten minutes. I just quickly nip to Europark and grab the ballet flats.

Yes, mum.

My little ballet flats

click

Your big Europark

click

Pharaonic shopping centre of the North East Slovenia

click

Full of young-and-not-so-young chromosomes with breast implants, fake nails, smeared tattoos, Angelina-lips, Beckham-sideburns, volksfest hips, tricycle prams and long-live-the-BBO flab.

click

- Coffee with cream, smiled the waitress contentedly. Regular salary, increased overdraft limit, robbed-off-herteeth grin.

... I'll live until I die...

There was no one in the Cathedral.

Neither in front of the Cathedral, if we don't count an Austrian tourist and the former cemetery.

Only Tourists & Bones.

Perhaps they should convert the maggoty confessionals into a *cyber café*.

Wi-Fi.

Skype.

Video Chat.

A Church full of young glowing faces that talk to Jesus without-connection-interruptions while looking only into their own Faces.

My Little Holy Bread

click

My Intimate Martyrdom

click

The only difference between the martyrdom and suicide is in the number of copies printed in the media.

... now, when the madmen are taking their fingers out of the arses to whistle the march tune ...

In her third year, remembered Ivana looking at *Thalia's tem- ple*, a professor said to them:

- Forget Roman Law. Forget *Leges Duodecim Tabularum*. Remember Dostoyevsky. Read The Brothers Karamazov and you'll see that Socialism is nothing but secular Catholicism.

Then, she didn't understand. Today, she understands. It's not a coincidence that Marx was a Jew.

He turned Kabbalah upside down, sucked the roots and, with the help of *working-class-hero*-chosen-people built his Leavened Kingdom.

My Hyper-sole-trader Precariat

click

My Budget Bun

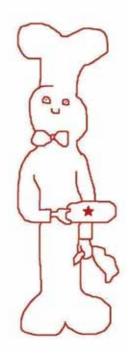
click

My Croissants-from-behind-the-scenes

click

FACEBOOK. The wall of *No one wants to be your friend*.

T	M	Α	S	Α
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		click		click



#### THE TWENTIETH HOUR

Kinga Xtravaganza was sitting at her Biedermeier table wearing new **Grenoble** sandals (€89.95).

Grenoble are elegant sandals with a silver and transparent high sole. What lends appeal to them is the transparent strap. They are made out of vinyl which is simple to maintain and look after. People will spend forever wondering how you fastened them to your feet. But, of course, the secret will stay yours and yours alone!

Orfan entered, sat on the bar stool and pulled open the curtains.

Your Little Sequence

flash

Orfan and Kinga Xtravaganza

flash

Cinderella and Prince recorded in the rear view mirror

flash

A man who waited his whole life for a woman while she was

buying shoes

flash

- What's up, said Orfan and lit a cigarette.

- OK. *Oldie*, around 60, well-off. I'm not sure what he does but judging from his *cunnilingus* he might as well be an ice cream taster. In a very long time, I enjoyed work again. A guy with special needs. You know, *vagina-in-progress* fetish. He says he's tired of BIO and pays triple for everything that isn't BIO.

My Little Vagina

click

Crystal Clear Pussy

click

€183.95

click

The majority of men keep score of their *cunnilingus* like in sports.

During every live score update, when they lift up their head to catch breath, they warningly look into woman's eyes.

Like chess players hitting clocks.

Like taxi drivers turning on their taximeters.

But Oldie, he's different.

His tongue is like the Excalibur.

Sword embedded in a rock.

Years go by, even decades, rocks crack, galaxies die, stars explode, new ones are born, and he is still swimming in your G-universe, moving his tip and drawing the alphabet.

A chess player without a clock.

A tongue without a taximeter.

- This is the *deal*, Kinga Xtravaganza puts out her cigarette and cracks the door open slightly. For the front you charge triple, for from-behind, you charge whatever you want.

This is your Life flash

Your Porno-kiri

flash

Instead of thrusting a sword into your stomach, you're banging squashy, small, big, fat and flabby asses who want to hear that even the worst *blow job* is nicer than the smell of the elder tree and every amateur *redtube* more magnificent than the sunset in *full-HD*. *flash* 

FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

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### THE TWENTY-FIRST HOUR

Wilhelmina stands next to the *Oude Kerk* canal.

She stares fixedly at the procession of white swans who are gliding solemnly over the surface of the Amstel River and softening the carnality of the Red Light District.

My White Swan
flash
Ether in my Body
flash

She holds the morning copy of the Metro newspaper in her left hand, the pocket issue of New Testament in her right.

Het Nieuwe Testament.

Blue colour, golden letters.

John 1:5: The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.

The procession of swans flirts with the saint on the big bell tower.

Saint Nicholas.

The protector of sailors, fishermen and all the other creatures who are subjected to water spells.

Slowly she heads towards Tender Breast.

She rounds the corner past the Chinese display window with roasted wild boars. She glances at the S/M Demask store with two mannequins cackling from behind the "on sale" sign. She crosses the *Monnikenstraat* corner. The sacred grounds of Franciscan convent from the 15<sup>th</sup> century, surrounded by a garden, workshops, bakery and chapel.

In 1492, a woman, who was condemned for witchcraft and unthinkable spells, predicted a Holy War in which Amsterdam was supposed to be consumed by flames.

click

In 2005, Ian Buruma writes **Murder in Amsterdam** click

# The Death of Theo van Gogh and the Limits of Tolerance click

On a cold November day in Amsterdam in 2004, the celebrated and controversial Dutch filmmaker Theo van Gogh was shot and killed by an Islamic extremist for making a movie that "insulted the prophet Mohammed". The murder sent shock waves across Europe and around the world. Shortly thereafter, Ian Buruma returned to his native land to investigate the event and its larger meaning as part of the great dilemma of our time.

click

In *Tender Breast*, a pleasant sanctuary for travellers, they are waiting for the Midnight Prayer.

A group of tourists, travellers, volunteers and immigrants sit in a circle.

They are waiting for the Manager and the Bible.

Wilhelmina takes a seat next to them.

Her last night flash
Her always-the-same-temptation

flash

Manager opens the Bible and addresses everyone who has gathered.

- I wish that, for a moment, we think about the question of Perfection and Free Will.

Is perfection, given to us by God, relative or absolute? The Bible says.

Matthew 4:4: Man shall not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God.

Everyone who has gathered nibbles on *cookies gratis* and nods silently.

Wilhelmina is rocking backwards-and-forwards.

She tries to brush away the black snakes dancing in front of her eyes.

The manager continues.

The Chaos Theory is very popular in science today.

I've read the book.

Nice covers.

Beautiful snowflakes.

Gorgeous butterflies.

However, it's very accurately described in the Bible.

Genesis 1:31: God saw all that he had made, and it was very good.

The Chaos Theory is endlessly repeating the word Pattern.

However, the Word of God or Pattern of God says.

Chaos doesn't exist.

What exists is only a Pattern that we don't understand.

The Chaos Theory is also endlessly repeating the phrase nothing-is-certain-everything-is-open.

However, the Word of God or Will of God teaches us.

It's all certain, nothing is open.

There is but One Future.

Rad news

We have no control.

Good news.

We can't go wrong.

All who are gathered laugh with their hearts and sip on their *juice gratis*.

Now I'd like to ask you to silence your voice, go deep within yourself, think about fears, obedience and desires, hold your hands and close your eyes.

The manager opens the Bible once again.

Galatians 5:16-17: So I say, walk by the Spirit, and you will not gratify the desires of the flesh. For the flesh desires what is contrary to the Spirit, and the Spirit what is contrary to the flesh. They are in conflict with each other, so that you are not to do whatever you want.

The manager closes the Bible.

Everyone who has gathered opens their eyes.

On the other side of the building, under subterranean red neon lights, Kinga Xtravaganza is performing her ritual of urotherapy and slowly dripping the elixir of vitality in the mouth of her client who is chained to a retort-shaped glass pole.

The midnight prayer is over.

FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

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In the rooms with iron beds, tourists and other travellers are rustling with bags and trying to fall asleep.

Surveillance cameras are turned on.

Wilhelmina is checking her *Jesus Daily*.

click

16,231,108 people like it

click

Likers & Stay-at-homes

click

Immigrants don't sleep.

They sit and wait.

Not for the better.

For the stronger.

For the System.

Apparatus.

Matrix.

Immigrants.

A documentary about Cinderella whose shoes were too big. Instead of a Step-mother, an Office.

Instead of a woman-demanding-attention, unresponsiveness.

Why has the World come to be like this?

Because this was not done by a man, but by the one who doesn't exists.

Unreal, blind, deaf, evil, ugly and mad.

Mister Smith was never born and never will be.

He's not a person.

He's not a thing.

*Mister Smith* is a Code.

Anonymous terror.

Virus.

Black Flu.

Immigrants.

Naked, ragged, laid bare.

At midnight, they return to their home-for-hanging where

they sit and wait.

Not for the better.

For the stronger.

My United Europe

click

My Intimate Auschwitz

click

Wilhelmina concludes her redemption-a-click-away.

Black snakes are sleeping.

She visited Pastor in the afternoon.

Pastor always helps.

### THE TWENTY-SECOND HOUR

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3-2-1 I sit 3-2-1 I record

Two in the morning.

Pain in my feet.

Pain in my knees.

I've been walking fifteen hours and thirty-two minutes.

In front of me.

Neon, oil, Shell.

Above me.

Helium, stars, Milky Way.

Fabric of celestial explosions.

3-2-1

I drink water

3-2-1

I nibble on Snickers

3-2-1

I record

I feel like Francis of Assisi with sore feet.

Saint Francis.

Harlequin.

Fool. 3-2-1 The last in the Tarot of Marseilles deck. I sit No letters, no numbers. 3-2-1 A gospel describes him as poor-in-spirit. I suffer A Man without Fear. He received for free and gave for free. My Little Tweet He understood bird language and taught philosophy to the click fish. My Intimate Distillate Saint Francis. click Melancholy and Ecstasy. Laughter and deep sadness. **DISTILLATE #2** There is no Beauty without sadness. There is no Spirit without laughter. Now is blessed Saint Francis. All the rest Saint Harlequin. Remembered And I'm a Saint Trampoline with an urgent need for a reflexology foot rub. 3-2-1 I walk So, where are all those massage tables and the racks? 3-2-1 I talk My sore feet 3-2-1 flash I record My 28 bones flash It huuuuurts! I've put on the shoes of my ancestors. My 17 muscles flash I'm ready for Death. My 100 ligaments

flash

Left, Right

Arthur, Vincent

Half past three in the morning.

Night is not darkness.

As I'm nearing the city, not only the city becomes brighter.

I become brighter myself.

My Little Metanoia

flash

My First Aid

flash

Left, Right

Arthur, Vincent

I'm descending through an olive grove.

Do you still think that a gardener and farmer are the best

connoisseurs of nature?

An artist is able to see the most of nature.

A gardener doesn't see an olive tree.

He sees only crop.

Right, Right

Vincent, Vincent

Feet are on fire.

I feel like the Sower.

A dancer on the burning carpet of wheat field.

My median nerve

flash

My median artery

flash

In front of me, Vincent's canvasses catch fire.

Brown gold, green gold, red gold, yellow gold.

Red, green, pink, purple.

Blue and Yellow.

Right, Right

Vincent, Vincent

Jasmine and Olive.

Jasmine, white and light.

Olive, flesh and blood.

A drop of olive on a jasmine flower.

Alchemical romance.

Japan in Provence.

Zen with olive oil.

Right, Right

Vincent, Vincent

Olives, cypresses, willows.

The looms of melancholy, the knitters of abstraction.

Right, Right

Vincent, Vincent

Van Gogh realised, that profane eyes see only *that* what we can't live without.

Money.

Semantic hallucination.

Satellite image of a bakery in paradise.

Right, Right
Vincent, Vincent

He pierced matter with the stare of a Madman.

Wave, Light, Shiver.

A world of pulsating sun, stars and moon's slumber.

A world in which trees flutter like electrical torches wreathing with demons of fate and vitality.

If a man wants to see the Reality, he needs to burn the Lie. If a man wants to be Sober, he needs to go mad.

Van Gogh set the world ablaze and now looks after the flames so they wouldn't burst into fire.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

The pain is slowly dissipating.

My left calcaneus flash
My right tarsus flash

3-2-1 Stop

My Little Tweet

click

My Intimate Distillate

click

**DISTILLATE #3** 

If you smell the sound of Summer you are a Haiku Poet.

The pain is fading away.

I've put on the shoes of my ancestors.

I'm ready for Death.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

Walking is an Anatomical Trance. Practice, Improvisation, Repetition and Imagination.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent O

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#### THE TWENTY-THIRD HOUR

#### FACEBOOK, New Moon, Notes.

In 1970s, neurologist **Norman Geschwind** was convinced that the SCAR which causes epileptic seizures also induces personality changes. One of them is HYPERGRAPHIA.

Hypergraphia manifests itself as an intense desire to write. Addiction to words and sentences.

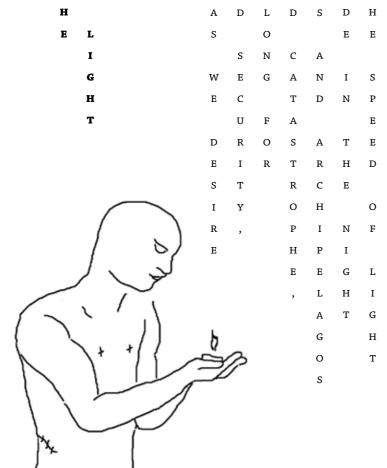
Writing anytime.

Writing everywhere.

On the walls, toilet paper, unpaid bills or even on one's own body.

Neurologists are still looking for the causes of this intoxication with words in the electrical storm of the temporal lobe and limbic system.

Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoyevsky. Epilepsy and its double. The switch for words fetishism. Immersion in luxuriousness of words. His words don't speak, but radiate a thundering power of Liturgy enveloped in its magical aura. Temperature, taste, smell and colour. The alchemy of words. Space and Formula. The sound a reader lends an ear to, regardless of its content.



We were given a language, writes **Jakob Boehme**, that Babylon no longer understands. It's the language of Thoth and Zoroaster and Orpheus and Hermes Trismegistus. It is light carved into stone. Intoxication, stuttering, fervour. This is not literariness. A writer is a parasite of the real Language. A wooden keyboard. Literariness is *Isostar* for those who are afraid to listen to the Word, whittle it down and surrender to it.

**Vincent Van Gogh.** Eight years. 860 paintings. 1,026 drawings. 800 letters.

**Lewis Carroll** also joined in the Hypergraphic marathon. 98,000 letters, a carnival of forms and stylistic particularities.

His notorious shamanistic satire **Alice in Wonderland** skilfully photographs hallucinations and the remaining synaesthetic integrals.

#### THE TWENTY-FOURTH HOUR

In the beginning, there was Sun.

There will also be in the end.

In between, it is YOU.

Nothing original is in you.

Even less so about you.

You're just a mix of strain and suffering of people who you've met in your life.

You're still suffering and smiling.

You're still dying.

2,000 years.

You're dying and asking for Mercy and the Right to Euthanasia.

YOU

Brutality of Reality

YOU

Mythological Remix

YOU

An Event reincarnated into a Story

Your Intimate Bestseller

flash

Your Solar Romance

flash

Your Sunrise

flash

Your Sunset

flash

Your Solar Book

flash

Your Helio Biblio

flash

Your Holy Bible

flash

How do I speak to you?

Where do I look?

Up?

Down?

Inside?

Outside?

As far as concerns you, there is no direction, no place, no being.

Everything is in you, everything is of you.

You give it all and receive nothing in return.

YOU

Corpus Hermeticum

YOU

Voodoo Marionette pierced with the needles of History

You were pierced and stabbed by kings, popes, Pharisees, Communists, revolutionaries, hippies, gays, feminists, vegans, psychedelic gurus and farmers.

We picked you right down to the bone and now you're a skeleton.

A skeleton that dances in each and every one of us.

My Calcium Cabaret flash
My Unrequited Euthanasia flash

In the beginning, there was Sun. There will also be in the end. In between, it is YOU.

# FACEBOOK. The wall of *No one wants to be your friend*.

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SCAR,

PROPHET

#### THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR

Ivana is checking the ab-solvency-moves of her law firm for one last time. **MEDUSA & PARTNERS.** 

The travelling bags are locked.

She's ready for the flight.

She opens the screen of the MacBook Air laptop and presses the *enter* key.

Bank@Net.

enter

One thousand stories, one bank.

enter

She has been on sick leave for the last ten months, which is just fine with her.

She has a medical examination.

She has a check-up.

She has no responsibilities.

She presses *ctrl* **S**.

We reward loyalty.

In the Nova KBM bank, we believe that loyalty is one of the finest gifts. To show our gratitude, we prepared thousands

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of presents for our loyal customers and business partners. And more surprises await all those who will successfully introduce us to their friends and help to lay the foundations of magnificent new stories.

She presses enter.

She confirms friendship.

She presses *ctrl* **H**.

They used to ask me: And why did you decide to become a Lawyer?

- Because of Money and Faces.

I wanted to observe the faces of people who lie.

They-say-one-thing-and-think-another.

Criminals, politicians, clerics and bankers.

I thought that the vicinity of crime will help me to learn about the Mystery of human passions and memory.

She presses enter.

She confirms her thought.

She presses *ctrl* **I**.

A sound financial plan and good advice will help you to be ready for tomorrow. Entrust your money to the experts who will help you to sustainably increase the value of your assets amidst a sea of information, opportunities and traps on domestic and world securities markets.

She presses enter.

She confirms her trust.

A slight autumn breeze is blowing outside.

She opens the window.

Uploads an mp3.

Lačni Franz.

She presses enter.

...today, the banks are asleep...

She presses *ctrl* **T**.

...sirens hlare...

Write your story in your own home.

...tractors stay still...

Let your home become a space that will inspire you to make new ideas, desires and goals a reality. A space where you will happily write your stories. To make the way to your new home, the one you always longed for, easier, we offer loans tailored to you and your needs. Home comes first, payment second.

...workers work hard...

She presses enter.

She confirms the noble goals.

S S

Y

M G

click

...today, the banks are asleep...

She lights a cigarette.

...sirens blare...

She puts out a cigarette.

...let's look at this blue sky for one last time...

She calls a taxi.

...let's light up the crooks and pat our own backs...

She gets into a taxi.

...let's kiss our wife, children and lover...

Jože Pučnik Airport.

...let champagnes sing our farewell ...

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Ivana is sitting on the back seat and observing the taxi driver. Looong baby finger nail, a golden cross around his neck, a tuft of greasy hair on his head.

Do not judge, or you too will be judged!

She takes her new iPhone out of her bag and types in the word *god*.

iPhone immediately corrects the small initial so the screen reads *God*.

A proof it truly exists.

On the wind screen, next to the vignette, a white sheet of paper is taped sideways and bears a warning:

## No PIN. Only KA-CHING!

- Dis is wot I 'ave ter say, growls, rather than says, the taxi driver.

Wot I most wan' in dis momen' is ter leave everythin', go somewhere an' never come back.

Da fuck wif everythin'!

Da bloody mess they got us in.

Da good-for-nothin' mob.

Pigs, pigs, police.

Red, an' black, an' orange.

Da fuck wif everythin'!

Ivana is staring out of the window. Hops plantations.

And that's not all wot I got ter say.

Folks 're worse than rats.

I'd rob 'em even of wot they still 'ave.

That lazy mob from the bloomin' employmen' service! I'd send them ter go an' sort aahhht da rubbish.

Da fuck wif everythin'!

Ivana is staring into the front-view mirror and taking in the profile of a Neanderthal from the times of feudalistic plundering and clerical Darwinism.

My broad's been wivaaaht work fer a year an' a 'alf.

I don't fnk me nerves can take much mawer.

I spend da whole blinkin' time in da car.

While she stays at 'ome, smokin' fags, drinkin' coffee an' na she's taken ter readin' da bloody books.

I said ter 'er nicely yesterday.

If I see ya one mawer time wif a book in yaaahr hand, I'll burn ya an' da fuckin' book.

Da fuck wif everythin'!

Ivana coughs quietly and asks.

Sir, have you ever thought about suicide?

Do I look loik I'm aaaht of me mind?

I could always take care of myself.

And blimey 'ell at that!

The whole Maribor knows me.

Ya know wot I've gotta say ter ya?

You're young, so you'll understand.

The main fngs is that there's work.

Even if it's not paid.

I never say nah ter work.

I'm a proud Styrian I am.

But I don't give a fuck abaaaht those bleedin' Yugo-chavpenguins.

Some immigran' came ter me a monf ago.

Hey boss, wot do ya say abaaaht a ride ter Graz?

And I told 'im no-way-me-white-flaaawer-Comrade. Nuff said, yeah?

Da fuck wif everythin'!

Ivana says she would like to listen to music and the taxi driver finally silences his thoughts.

Val 202 radio station.

In Ancient Greece, people were certain that their thoughts belong to the gods.

A thought as a divine SMS.

Today, people hear commercials, hurry off to do shopping and call it free will.

Ivana is looking into the rear view mirror and admiring the glint of the gold cross on taxi driver's hairy neck.

There are worst things than Murder in the world. First, you give life to a child, then you force your own upon him. Red at the traffic lights. Krainer autism, Krainer sausage, a large billboard.

Vzajemna Insurance. I for you, you for me.

There are worst things than Prison.
Freedom, for example.
We don't want our Life to be free.
Our melodramas resolved.
Our mess cleaned up.
Because what would we have left?
One-big-scary-Unknown.

- There ya're, I brought ya where ya need ter be, innit. I'd buy ya a bleedin'coffee but I 'ave ter 'ead straight back. The fuck wif everythin'!

Ivana gets out, pays and sighs deeply.

Bye, Taxi.

Bye, Cash.

Bye Janša-I-can't-live-without-you-and-Zoki-don't-be-so-blue\* Homeland.

<sup>\*</sup> TN: Slogans during 2012-13 nationwide protests in Slovenia against, and in support of, Janez Janša, the prime minister, and Zoran Janković, the head of the main opposition party and the mayor of the capital city, both of whom have been accused of systemic, gross and repeated violations of the anti-corruption legislation.

#### THE TWENTY-SIXTH HOUR

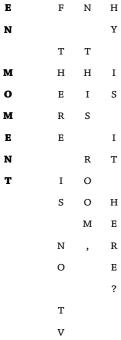
I	Ι	W	When analysing travels into different worlds, we reinter-
F	N	н	pret and redescribe our life.
		Y	
T	T		Orfan was listening attentively to the murmur of the oval
Н	н	I	Drum made of deer skin.

My Little Drum
flash
My Axis of the World
flash
My Intimate Rider
flash
Boat propelled by neurosinaptical drive
flash

He was kneeling in front of the Drum.

He was offering food to the spirits and reviving drum's soul. On it, he put a pancake, poured honey dressing over the pancake, put another one on top of the first one, until the Drum spoke in its usual ecstatic speech.

My Little Glossolalia
flash
My Intimate CpG CpG CpG CpG CpG
flash



Z





He checked the time.

Oops.

Oldie will be here in ten minutes.

Three times in front, two times from behind.

He put away his little altar, turned on the shimmering purple lights, adjusted his garters, wrapped a purple feather scarf around his neck and checked his reflection in the mirror one more time.

My Little Mirror flash
My Dorian Gray flash

A man's silhouette with the collar turned up was swiftly nearing the corner.

In Amsterdam, the rain wasn't falling.

In Amsterdam, the wind wasn't blowing.

The silhouette with the collar turned up cast nervous looks around and knocked.

Orfan opened the door like a geisha from the mysterious pleasure district in Kyoto.

White make-up, a spring kimono with embroidered symbols of the sun and moon and *Crystal Clear Pussy* rubber vagina safely fastened between his legs.

The only thing that was missing was a samisen with three strings.

Oldie entered.

He took off his coat and sat on a chair.

Black suit, brown suede shoes.

Averagely built man.

Short grey hair.

Brown, tiny, restless, slightly wolfish eyes.

Orfan picked the music. Shivaree. Goodnight Moon.

They concluded the what-who-how-and-how-much-covenant.

Orfan went down on his knees, put a condom on Oldie's limp dick and started tossing him off.

...what should I do I am just a little baby...

Oldie grabbed him for the broad purple silk sash.

...what if the lights go out...

He rubbed the slightly more erect dick even faster and put it into his mouth.

AAAAHHH was Oldie pinching his nipples.

Orfan was licking the decrepit pecker and stuck his finger into the sneaky ass.

OH OH, jumped up Oldie and pulled the silk sash even harder.

Orfan lay down on the bed, lifted and spread his legs wide open.

...so goodnight Moon...

Oldie threw his head between Orfan's legs and started licking *Crystal Clear Pussy*.

...what should I do I am just a little baby...

He was tossing his cock off with his right hand and exploring fresh rubber with his tongue.

АННН UUНН ООООННН, Orfan sang his Porno Glossolalia.

OH, YEAH YEAH BABY, was squirting from Oldie's prick, half of his face buried in the rubber pussy.

Oldie rolled onto all fours, put Orfan's legs onto his shoulders and thrust his dick into the *Crystal Clear Pussy* rubber twat.

The rubber was freshly oiled and Oldie's dick was smoothly gliding in-out-in-out.

Oldie was panting AAA AH OH BABY UH BABY OH YEAH and Orfan rammed a vibrator in his arse.

...what should I do I am just a little baby...

Oldie was panting Ou Yeah Ou Yeah, his balls were slapping against rubber, Orfan was thrusting the vibrator in Oldie's greasy butt, Ah Baby Aaah Baby was shaking Oldie's flabby belly, then, Orfan wrapped his legs around Oldie's waist, rammed the vibrator all the way up the ass and pinched the hairy nipples, which made Oldie howl and pant OOOOOH Aaaah while his cock erupted all over the rubber *Crystal Clear Pussy*.

...so goodnight Moon...

Oldie slumped on the bed with the vibrator in his arse, shooting furtive looks towards Orfan like a rabid dog.

Orfan slowly stood up, adjusted his feather scarf, sat down in front of the mirror and wrote the receipt.

...what should I do I am just a little baby...

This is your Life flash
Your Porno-kiri flash

Oldie put on his coat with high collar and was gazing pensively at Orfan.

The drum was emitting strange sounds.

Oldie paid.

Orfan became sick.

My Little Neurontin flash

My Emotional Anaesthetic flash

The drum was getting louder. The deer's skin was singing.

Orfan was too tired to listen.

...what should I do I am just a little baby...

He turned off the lights and fell asleep.

...so goodnight Moon...

FACEBOOK. The wall of *No one wants to be your friend*.

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	Е	D

A G A I



#### THE TWENTY-SEVENTH HOUR

## FACEBOOK. First chestnuts. Notes.

Maybe Reality 2.0 is something more than just the Death of the Real, of which we're persistently being convinced by Jean Baudrillard.

Maybe the New Gods that we created are less fragile and more palpable than we're willing to believe.

Maybe the space into which we enter every day is more mysterious and bent than what it seems on the first touch. Maybe every *click* is a ritual confirmation of the past, every *copy* & *paste* an open archive dedicated to the future.

My Digital Mass
click
Me and my Double
click
My sponsored-I-like-it-Story
click

If the nineteenth century was the time of Novels, the twentieth the age of Film, then the twenty-first century is a liquefied dance of wrinkled Portals.

My Little Digiphrenia click

My Grand Inquisitor 2.0 click

"They trust me - dumb fucks" click

Mark Zuckerberg click

173

### THE TWENTY-EIGHTH HOUR

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	Н	F
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3-2-1 I walk 3-2-1 I talk 3-2-1 I record

Five in the morning.

The last seven kilometres.

The soles are made of leather, thoughts light and awake.

Left, Right Arthur, Vincent

Rapture of Mediterranean morning, *Starbucks Coffee*, absence of human prophesies.

Left, Left Jean Nicolas Rimbaud 20 October 1854, Charleville, France 10 November 1891, Marseille, France

Left, Left Arthur, Arthur Rimbaud is Change. In life, in literature.

Rimbaud is *trop de*.

Rimbaud is too much.

Rimbaud is too much everywhere he appears.

Too bohemian for bohemians.

Too poetic for poets.

Too pioneering for pioneers.

Too smart for dealers in arms.

Shame he never became a politician.

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

Bibliography

click

Le Soleil Était Encore Chaud (1866)

click

Poésies (1869-1873)

click

Soleil et chair (1870)

click

Le bateau ivre (1871)

click

Proses Évangéliques (1872)

click

Une Saison en Enfer (1873)

click

Illuminations (1874)

click

Lettres (1870-1891).

click

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

Life without compromise.

3-2-1 Stop

My Little Tweet

click

My Intimate Distillate

click

**DISTILLATE #4** 

"I is The Other" is the poetical equivalent of E=mc2.

3-2-1

I walk

3-2-1 I talk

3-2-1

I record

The real problem is, says Rimbaud, monstrosity of the Soul.

The word monstrosity derives from the Latin verb  $\it moneo$ .

To warn.

In mythology, it's usually embodied in a harpy, gorgon, sphinx, centaur, and nymph.

Monstrous creatures are oracles.

Prophets and prophetesses.

They are here to alarm, warn, and distract people, to bring restlessness and instability, to throw the world out of its sweet routine, comfort and numbness.

But who would want such disturbances today, in the age of c-OM-posed personalities, positive thoughts, Facebook revolution, Twitter intrigues and the remaining information uploads?

But.

Facebook is not *internet*.

Facebook is a website.

We are not users.

We are products.

Marketing profiles.

Social graphs.

All empty.

All visible.

And.

We like it.

My Little Passion

flash

My Intimate Armageddon

flash

3-2-1

I breathe

3-2-1

I walk

This will be my First Death

flash

Walkman of Misery

flash

iPod of Love

flash

iTouch of Spirit

flash

Arles-Marseilles

flash 73.8km

flash

So I don't forget

flash

My name is Brother

flash

I enjoy the Theatre of Falling

flash

I confirm the Patient Paradox

flash

This is a long Path

flash

And I'm the only Pilgrim

flash

I've put on the shoes of my ancestors

flash

I'm ready for Death

Left, Right

Arthur, Vincent

Every writer obsessively uses and repeats certain words which reveal more than any biography.

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

Éternité / infini / charité / solitude / angoisse / lumière / aube / soleil /

Amour / beauté / inoui / pitié / démon / ange / paradis / enfer / ennui /

When I think of Rimbaud, I think of Time, Space and the Event.

When I think of Rimbaud, I ask myself why, in this moment, I don't know of any Poet who would want to make their soul monstrous.

Enormous and prophetic.

The majority of writers and the rest of the literary dwarfs archive reviews, count standard pages, rise glasses with critics, examine political agendas and other selfish-genemultiplication-tables.

Everyone is multiplying, subtracting, calculating. Everyone is waiting for the next Elections and the next War.

We live in the time of viruses, information, quantum physics and post-Marxist angst. In a world without Mysteries.

What Words has a Poet at his disposal in the time of cultural technocracy and cryptomanic Darwinism?

3-2-1

Stop

My Little Tweet click

My Intimate Distillate click

## **DISTILLATE #5**

Language is a Liquid Sculpture, moving and transforming in mysterious ways.

3-2-1

I walk

3-2-1

I talk

3-2-1

I record

The soul of Arthur Rimbaud is monstrous.

His Language is Alchemy and Revelation.

That's why he's Absolutely Modern.

3-2-1

Stop

My Little Tweet

flash

My Intimate Distillate

flash

DISTILLATE #6

Author is not Dead.

Author has not been born yet.

Left, Right

Arthur, Vincent

Their life is a Collapse of Reality.

Their life is a Bang of Sacrality.

Left, Right

Arthur, Vincent

How are they different?

What do they have in common?

Van Gogh is a Sower.

Rimbaud a Seed.

Van Gogh The Great Inspirer.

Rimbaud The Great Martyr.

Van Gogh is Sun and Rain.

Rimbaud Moon and Lightning.

What links them is the purity of their Work.

Giving and Suffering.

The less they requested, the less they received.

Left, Right

Arthur, Vincent

The world of being is higher than the world of possessing.

It always was, will always be.

Kardia ametanoetos

flash

A dark heart that spends all his life worrying about iPhone,

car and favourable skiing conditions

flash

Right, Right
Vincent, Vincent

In one of his letters, Van Gogh is defending himself from the pressures and reproaches of his family. He defends his Desire that shakes him to his very core. He writes: You may not always be able to say what it is that confines, that immures, that seems to bury, and yet you feel I know not what bars, I know not what gates — walls.

Right, Right Vincent, Vincent

You know, what makes the prison disappear is every deep, serious attachment. To be friends, to be brothers, to love; that opens the prison through sovereign power, through a most powerful spell.

But he who doesn't have that remains in death.
But where sympathy springs up again, life springs up again.

3-2-1 Stop

My Little Tweet click

My Intimate Distillate click

#### **DISTILLATE #7**

Sometimes breaking the Wave is just extending the Wave. The same goes for the Heart.

3-2-1 I stand And I wonder

Mediterranean.

Marseille Provence Airport.

... the Mediterranean — has a colour like mackerel, in other words, changing — you don't always know if it's green or purple — you don't always know if it's blue — because a second later, its changing reflection has taken on a pink or grey hue. Writes Vincent in June 1888.

Am I dreaming?

No.

This-is-it.

My Little Airport

click

My Terminal mp2

click

Air conditioning is on.

Passengers are sipping on their beer, stroking their screens, buying plastic sunglasses.

Nearly dead,

I'm taking off the shoes of my ancestors.

My Little Passion

flash

My Big Blister

flash

My Asepta Classic

flash

I'm the twenty-second image of the Tarot of Marseilles.

Tarot de Marseille.

The last in the deck.

No letters, no numbers.

Le Mat.

A fool waiting for the flight *Air France* 8285, 202€, *Economy Class*.

FACEBOOK. The wall of *No one wants to be your friend*.

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E	I	L	Α	О	U	Α	N				
A	R	W	K	N	M	V					
D	P	Α	Е	D	Α	E	E				
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#### THE TWENTY-NINTH HOUR

#### THE THIRTIETH HOUR

FACEBOOK. It's thundering. Notes.

Déjà Truth

Or

Everything is Illuminated

click

Gift from Gods in the Summer afternoon

click

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iczIxpEDR4o&list=PLPX335

CIvmJUXWucFrD1k6OKFiZXm5rGJ&index=3\*

click

Tender Breast Lazaretum.

Brown entrance door.

Gravitation nailed onto the Milky Cross.

Wilhelmina is ready to leave.

Her last breakfast.

Bible & Pancakes.

Little black snakes are swaying lazily in front of her eyes.

1 Corinthians 1:19: I will destroy the wisdom of the wise; the intelligence of the intelligent I will frustrate.

Her bags are plopped beside the plate smeared with marmalade.

Her blue Albert Heijn bag

flash

Her Tegretol CR

flash

Her Metro newspaper

flash

Her Het Nieuwe Testament

flash

 $<sup>^{\</sup>ast}$  http://www.youtube.com/user/TheSowersower – Gift from Gods in the Summer afternoon

Her mysterious stock of Valium flash

At the neighbours'.

Green door.

Blue neon.

Orfan is kneeling in front of the Drum and listening.

My Little Glossolalia

flash

My cpg cpg cpg

flash

The shaman is being blessed by Death & Resurrection.

Drum & Pancakes.

At the neighbours'.

Brown entrance door.

Gravitation nailed onto the Milky Cross.

Wilhelmina addresses an unknown tourist who is sitting behind a computer and frantically searching a flight for San Francisco.

- I first spoke to Jesus when he was already dead.

The guy gives her a patronising smile.

At the reception desk, an Israeli volunteer with wire in her

teeth is talking animatedly to a young Korean who wants to deepen her relationship with God.

Jesus died on a cross.

flash

By doing this, did he conquer evil?

flash

Did he redeem anyone?

flash

Did he teach anyone anything?

flash

Did he say everything he knew?

flash

Did he do everything he had to?

flash

At the neighbours'.

Green door.

Blue neon.

Orfan carefully pours honey dressing over a pancake.

My Little Glossolalia

flash

My cpg cpg cpg

flash

I first spoke to my father when he was already dead.

A lavish funeral.

Thousands of psalms.

Hundreds of black-sunglasses.

Innumerable genetically pious white chrysanthemums.

Pancake. Dressing.

A shaman is one of the rare people, perhaps the only one, who can travel from one dimension to another without sustaining any injuries.

Pancake. Dressing.

On their travel to the Underground, the shamans, like the dead, have to cross a Bridge.

Death and shamanic ecstasy involve transformation which mythology describes as a perilous magical flight on a regular route Underground-Earth-Sky.

Shamans of all peoples speak a secret language, the language of nature that enables them to communicate with spirits.

Pancake. Dressing.

In his book **The Cosmic Serpent, Jeremy Narby** describes interesting comparisons and common elements in content between the language of spirits of nature and the language of DNA.

Pancake. Dressing.

It is that the global network of DNA-based life emits ultra-weak radio waves, which are currently at the limits of measurement, but which we can nonetheless perceive in states of de-focalization, such as hallucinations and dreams. As the aperiodic crystal of dna is shaped like two entwined serpents, two ribbons, a twisted ladder, a cord, or a vine, we see in our trances serpents, ladders, cords, vines, trees, spirals, crystals, and so on. Because DNA is a master of transformation, we also see jaguars, caimans, bulls, or any other living being. But the favourite newscasters on DNA-TV seem unquestionably to be enormous, fluorescent serpents.

This leads me to suspect that the cosmic serpent is narcissistic—or, at least, obsessed with its own reproduction, even in imagery.

Pancake. Dressing.

The shamans themselves understand very clearly the meaning of these metaphors and they call them **tsai yoshtoyoshto**, literally "language-twisting-twisting". This expression could also be translated as "TWISTED LANGUAGE".

Pancake. Dressing.

Why do Yaminahua shamans talk in twisted language?

According to one of them: "With my koshuiti I want to see—singing, I carefully examine things—twisted language brings me close but not too close—with normal words I

would crash into things—with twisted ones I circle around them—I can see them clearly."

Pancake. Dressing.

As far as its material aspect or its form is concerned, DNA is a doubly double text that wraps around itself. In other words, it is a "language-twisting-twisting".

As far as both its content and its form are concerned, DNA is a doubly double language that wraps around itself.

Just like the twisted language of the spirits of nature.

Pancake. Dressing.

My Little Glossolalia flash My CpG CpG CpG flash

Orfan suddenly turns pale and falls.

His head jerks abruptly to the left.

He feels like vomiting-pissing-and-shitting.

Fuck it.

This-is-how-it-goes.

It's-not-great-but-anything-goes.

People lie.

Drum never.

That's why I have no choice.

That's why I'm shaking, foaming, I can't see and can't hear.

That's why my stomach, eyes and all bones hurt.

That's why I'm soloing-and-dying-from-the-inside-out.

That's why I'm Orfan.

The one who crossed his Line.

At the neighbours'.

Brown entrance door.

Gravitation nailed onto the Milky Cross.

Wilhelmina again addresses the unknown tourist who is sitting behind a computer and frantically searching a flight for San Francisco.

- I first spoke to Jesus when he was already dead.

The guy looks at her wearily, stands up and throws five cents onto the plate smeared with marmalade.

Wilhelmina starts rocking backwards-forwards rapidly.

She checks her Jesus Daily one last time.

♥GOD IS GOOD ALL THE TIME ♥

103,365 people like it, one person exclaimed YEEEESSSSSS!

At the neighbours'.

Green door.

Blue neon.

Orfan stands up slowly, pours himself water and opens a drawer.

My Little Neurontin
flash
My Emotional Trampoline
flash

He sits down on the bed, opens a snowy white Apple and presses *play*.

Britain's-got-talent.

Jake Bugg.

click

I'm waiting for you For I'm broken

There is no Spirit without spirits.

Shamanic journey is a performative matrix of all the possible narratives.

Bright, sacrifice,
Came around, never broken.

A screaming stuttering of spirits. Twisted, intertwined glossolalia. Shaman speaks in the trance of alchemical formulas, creates metaphors, flies through cracks and hidden places, pierces hearts, makes music out of muteness, the deaf can hear, the paralysed can walk, mountains move, storms calm down, water turns crimson.

Down by the people if they let you breathe

We need Spirits.

We need Animals.

The language of animals is the language of spirits.

A mystical solidarity exists between humans and animals.

The archaeology of buzzing, howling, roaring, meowing, thundering, rustling, mooing and barking.

I'm waiting for you
For I'm broken

Do you still remember the moments when you believed that life is but a big, exciting, sacral Adventure?

This is exactly what spirits want.

For us to believe again in all those-impossible-and-thrilling things which themselves are not able to do anymore.

That's why they need us.

That's why we need them.

Down in the valley where the church bells cry, I'll lead them over to your eyes,

Orfan lights a cigarette and calls Kinga.

- Are you still alive, answers a croaky voice.
- Alive, answers Orfan quietly.
- So, are you working today?

- Yes. Tell him to come. Tell him we're expecting him.

- You're expecting him? croaks Kinga Xtravaganza and breaks off the conversation.

But I must carry on Always one Never broken

At the neighbours'.

Gravitation nailed onto the Milky Cross.

Wilhelmina opens the brown entrance door.

Fresh air, gentle breeze.

Life is changing.

Life is changing fast.

Life is changing too fast.

You get up, eat your pancakes, and life that once belonged to you is gone.

A question of self-pity?

FACEBOOK. The wall of *No one wants to be your friend*.





#### THE THIRTY-FIRST HOUR

Ivana is standing at the exit of the Amsterdam *Schiphol* airport.

She's wearing light grey Armani jeans and a tight white shirt with black writing,

Relax, I am the one with epilepsy!

A Richard Dawkins' photo robot with a bob haircut.

The same smile.

The same look.

What a coincidence.

Miraculous genome.

There is a gentle and fresh breeze outside.

She's a little tired but too excited to sit down.

She's waiting for a man wearing a black shirt with white writing,

Epilepsy With Attitude!

Suddenly, she feels sick.

A wave of absence washes over her body.

Her left knee buckles slightly but she doesn't fall.

Not anymore.

The market is overflowing with antiepileptics.

A generic assortment of suppressed sodium, calcium and chloride channels disguised in bright colours and exotic names.

Her Mind finally got used to the absence of falling, but her Body is still lingering amidst the ruins of Memory and stumbling along.

She's lagging behind her Mind.

As thought her Brain is only a landing strip for Thoughts sent from Space.

200 201

## FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

Z	G	Т	W	
A	Е	Н	I	
Z	T	I	L	
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N	U			
	S	I	F	
	Е	S	Е	
	D		E	
		Н	L	
	T	0		
	О	W	0	
			N	
	T	Y	Е	
	Н	О		
	Α	U	D	
	Т	R	Α	
			Y	
	F	W		
	Е	Н	1	
	E	О		
	L	L	1	
	I	E	1	
	N			
	G	L		
		I		
		F		
		Е		

- HEY! a young man breathes into Ivana's neck and apparently-startles-her.

He's wearing that-black-shirt-with-white-writing, kneelength black hiking trousers and thick-woolly-fluorescent-Macchu-Picchu socks.

He's holding a pair of Mirrelle hiking boots in his left hand, *iPhone* in his right, and presses the button.

JPEG.

For a moment, Ivana feels young.

I'm BROTHER, he offers her hand happily.

Confused, Ivana shakes his hand.

She expected almost everything, but certainly not a shoeless young man.

Tired, they smile and wave a taxi driver over awkwardly.

Centre, says Brother and sits down on the back seat.

A taxi driver with a cleft lip drives silently.

Brother is rewinding his off-the-record-mission.

Ivana is observing his reflection in the front view mirror with interest.

Tall, almost skinny.

Black curls cut short.

Green eyes, a shy radar fixed on her.

Ivana and Brother.

Six months of on-line-epi-chatroom.

Ivana and Brother.

Adam and Eve.

An apple with no bite taken out.

Ivana and her Concern.

Why are there Ten Commandments and only seven deadly sins?

Brother and his Tweet.

#### DISTILLATE #8

Under the Light of Moon there is no such Thought as a Stranger.

Ivana senses.

This will be an ultimate-android-experience.

Brother knows.

This will be a night without a condom.

Central Station, smiles the taxi driver with a cleft lip and stops the taximeter.

Brother pays.

People, bicycles, cars, trams, semaphores, lights, ships, boats, seagulls, scattered over the sea and sky, are pouring like an electric protoplasm into a liquid portal of melancholic anticipation.

The round the corner past the *Chang Express* Chinese restaurant.

They opt for a porno-walk with the starting point at *Smart Zone*.

The Amstel River is creasing as a glistening silk carpet quilted with blue and green neon reflections. Some Russian tourist wearing a green *Free Pussy Riot* shirt marches out of the *Live Sex* cabin and spits loudly in front of Ivana's new shoes.

Van Gogh, September 1888, night café in Arles: ... the painting is one of the ugliest I've done. It's the equivalent, though different, of the potato eaters.

I've tried to express the terrible human passions with the red and the green.

The room is blood-red and dull yellow, a green billiard table in the centre, 4 lemon yellow lamps with an orange and green glow. Everywhere it's a battle and an antithesis of the most different greens and reds; in the characters of the sleeping ruffians, small in the empty, high room, some purple and blue. The bloodred and the yellow-green of the billiard table, for example, contrast with the little bit of delicate Louis XV green of the counter, where there's a pink bouquet.

A feeling of fogginess suddenly pierces Ivana's body.

Her step slows down.

Déjà Vu.

Reanimation of Time.

She's moving slowly with her *Samsonite* travelling bag, wearing a tight-white-shirt-with-that-black-writing.

Relax, I am the one with Epilepsy!

She asks Brother.

- Can you imagine life as one big  $D\acute{e}j\grave{a}$  Vu?

Brother, wearing thick-woolly-fluorescent-Macchu-Picchu socks, dazed from the walk and flashing lights, lost in his *petit mal* absence, doesn't answer.

Jolee, a prostitute wearing a black silk bikini, touches the piercing in her belly button, puts her left leg on a velvety armchair and waves to Brother.

Brother smiles and nods.

Alchemical stone sculptures are boasting from the tall wall of the *suck* & *fuck* gallery.

A pelican, the sun, moon, green lion, red lion, little peacock, big peacock.

A family of white swans is gliding over the watery surface of blue and yellow neon.

Subversive bodies of prostitutes sit on bar stools as *prima materia*.

They are waiting proudly and persistently for the alchemical distillation in the underground laboratory of eroticism, the space of mythology, death, humiliations, silver, gold, condoms and credit cards.

Ivana and Brother breathe in deeply and exchange looks. Planet Neptune.

They turn towards the Dam market.

Cyclists are ringing their bells and waving nervously.

A couple in front of them stops.

The man reaches his hand out and lights his sweetheart's cigarette with a lighter.

An intimate, smoky cocoon conceals them from view.

Brother sneezes.

Ivana sends him an SMS.

Bless you 😊

The night is twisting and expanding onto itself.

They cross the first bridge.

Leaves are falling on top of green wooden benches, preparing them for a long winter.

Brother's fluorescent socks are wrapped around his ankles like an electric Amazonian snake quilted with chromosomes. He grabs his iPhone and points it at Ivana.

JPEG 😊

Ivana smiles while counting the alchemical iconography on the facades of tall old houses embracing each other and swaying on the watery surface.

They are nearing a small, charming *Hartenstraat* Street.

Her new brown leather Prada shoes, the model with sailor heel, are echoing over granite cubes.

Finally.

A little hotel, narrow door.

Hartenstraat 8.

Ivana enters.

Brother stops for a moment.

A big gold pentagram is hung in the neighbouring display window.

Lectorium Rosicrucianum.

Under the pentagram, a big book.

Brother is reading with interest.

The truth is not like the world where a man sees the sun without becoming the sun himself, where he sees the sky and earth and everything else, without being the sky, earth and everything else himself. In the kingdom of truth, you see a fragment of truth and you become it yourself. You see Spirit and you become Spirit yourself. You see Christ, you become Christ. You see Father, you become Father yourself. In this world, you can see all the things but you can't see yourself. However, in the other world, you can see yourself. For what you see there, you become yourself.

He walks to the little bridge and leans onto the railing. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath of the fresh, cool air. He feels like an Eavesdropper, an Alchemist, who, night after night, admires the fiery hieroglyphs and metaphors caught in the pipette and Bunsen burner.

But the night comes to an end, flames in the burner die down and the Word vanishes into its hiding place.

My Alchemical Oven flash

My Intimate Distillate flash

## **DISTILLATE #9**

The Alchemical Distillation of Revelation is the only Language that matters.

## FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

P	I	С	M	Α	
н		R	Y	N	
I	L	I	S	D	
L	I	M	T		
o	K	I	E	С	
s	E	N	R	О	W
o		Α	I	F	I
P	A	L	E	F	T
н	N	S	S	E	Н
Y	G			E	О
	Е				U
o	L				T
F	S				
					M
В					I
o					L
U					K
D					
o					
I					

#### THE THIRTY-SECOND HOUR

# Every Death begins with a Moon's reflection in the water.

Orfan thought of his Dutch parents with porcelain blue eyes for a moment.

Decent people.

Devoted Protestants.

Superstitious townspeople.

Windows wide open.

Hearts shut tight.

People who have everything they need.

People who have nothing they want.

They wanted a Child.

They got Orfan.

Orfan as a challenge.

A Child without Time.

A Child outside Time.

A Child flirting with Time.

That afternoon, they were sleeping in front of the television.

Their spit was slowly trickling down their lips and chin.

Orfan stole two drops and sent both test tubes to the laboratory.

A letter arrived in a week.

Their algorithm didn't match his.

He bought two tulips.

Stuck them in a vase.

Propped an envelope against it.

And left.

Orfan's Genetic Sculpture

flash

Orfan's Intimate Archive

flash

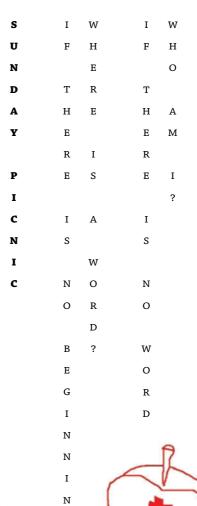
Orfan's Birthday

flash

A mistake he'll spend his whole life trying to put right

flash

FACEBOOK. The wall of *No one wants to be your friend*.





# Every Death begins with a Moon's reflection in the water.

Pornologic beings were cleaning their mini cathedrals in the bent space behind the Red Curtain.

Prostitutes in their garters and push-up-bra lace were sweeping the entrance halls of their altars.

The wicker brooms were ritually skimming the paving stones.

The Porno Tsunami was vanishing in the clouds of dust, swearwords and discarded condoms.

The surface of the cursed and taxed love was glistening like a Monastic Routine without the Gregorian Choral.

It was Monday.

Day of the Open Curtains.

Small-digital displays were fixed above the *suck* & *fuck* galleries, the text of the song *Dark Side of The Moon* scrolling on them.

A huge-neon-pink-elephant on the facade of the *Casa Rosso* theatre was inviting people to see the erotic variety show.

The *Pink Floyd* texture was gliding along the canals and faces of people. A slithering digital Fate supported by *Made in China* electrodes.

The steam of bodily and linguistic hedonism was mingling with the smell of hashish, pizza and Chinese food.

It was Monday.

Day of the Open Curtains.

The Moon was chewing the leftovers of the human Time.

## Every Death begins with a Moon's reflection in the water.

Orfan was ready.

Oldie also.

He was sitting in the Room of Mirrors built into the Oude Kerk right wing and waiting.

The Bible on the wooden stand from the 17th century was quietly serenading and he felt as though he was staring into the Black Box with the fatal moment before the downfall of God caught in it.

A large oval mirror, in front of which Rembrandt and his wife Saskia kissed for the first time, was fixed on the wall. Oldie got up and caught his reflection for a moment.

Mirror of Dorian Gray
flash
Oldie and his double
flash
Fifty Shades of Grey
flash

When a human dies, a glamorous *FLASH* unfurls in front of his eyes.

A ball of light moulded from memory.

The light of death penetrates everything, even the most hidden layers of being.

If a human is wicked, the *FLASH* is short, murky and distorted.

A deathly enthusiasm burnt onto at DVD with low resolution.

Oldie who was wearing a green tweed suit was pale.

He breathed in deeply and headed towards the EXIT.

Your Intimate Hell

click

Your Optics of Wickedness

click

You Tube with a wrong resolution

click

FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

В	M	S
R	Е	Е
0		P
T	Α	Α
H	N	R
E	D	Α
R		T
S	M	E
	Y	D
K		
A	D	Α
R	E	T
A	Α	
M	T	В
A	Н	Ι
Z	,	R
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v		



# Every Death begins with a Moon's reflection in the water.

Orfan is sitting in front of the mirror.

His body is trapped in a black corset with a long, extravagant Sufi style crinoline.

He's slowly puffing cigarette smoke.

His reflection is dissolving into grotesque metaphors.

This is your story caught in a *blow-job-synopsis* with the addition of *Vaseline Extra*.

This is your Life.

Your Porno Drama.

Déjà-vu-du.

Everything-seen-everything-clicked.

All these *google-search*-stories.

All these lives wrapped in a screenwriting workshop for beginners.

This is the Space, where every *VAT* becomes Salvation, every *blow job* a Confession, every *pimp* a Priest.

This is the Time, when your every day changes into a sequence, music into a *soundtrack*, dress into a costume,

conversation into a dialogue, sigh into stage directions.

This is your Life.

Your Porno-kiri.

Instead of thrusting a sword into your stomach, you're banging squashy, small, big, fat and flabby asses who want to hear that even the worst *blow job* is nicer than the smell of the elder tree and every amateur *redtube* more magnificent than the sunset in *full-HD*.

This is your Life.

Your Porno Drama.

The moment before Birth as the *Trailer*.

The moment after Death as the Roll Credit.

Throbbing lights on the mirror are blessing the Christ's Transfiguration on the Mountain hanging above the bed. The snowy white Apple is resting.

\_\_\_\_\_

The drum is silent.

On the shelf in front of the mirror, a huge book bearing the title The Brothers Karamazov is resting next to the makeup bag.

The book was a gift by Wilhelmina.

She was given the book by Pastor.

Pastor always helps.

Orfan strokes the cover and opens the novel-in-four-partswith-an-epilogue.

... All we Karamazovs are such insects, and, angel as you are, that insect lives in you, too, and will stir up a tempest in your blood. Tempests, because sensual lust is a tempest—worse than a tempest! Beauty is a terrible and awful thing! It is terrible because it has not been fathomed and never can be fathomed, for God sets us nothing but riddles. ...

There's a knock on the door.

Oldie comes in.

The green tweed dress makes his pallor and the Asiatic features of his sunken face slightly more pronounced.

Orfan writes the receipt.

Oldie pays.

Orfan turns off the throbbing light.

Oldie takes off his clothes.

Orfan uncovers a large leather bed in the shape of the letter X.

Oldie lays down on it.

Orfan ties Oldie's thighs and back with leather belts.

Oldie's cock is throbbing.

Orfan ties Oldie's hands onto his back and handcuffs them.

Oldie is lying on his back as the One who is waiting for his first Enema.

Orfan ties Oldie's mouth with a leather belt and thrusts a padded leather ball in it.

Oldie can barely swallow his spit.

Orfan walks to a neat *Fucking Machine Mobile* with a big olive green silicone dildo fastened onto it.

Oldie smiles at the Steam Engine of Pornography.

Orfan points the tube into Oldie's ass and presses PLAY.

Oldie moans.

Orfan lights himself a cigarette and starts playing with buttons.

Forwards-backwards-fast-slow.

Oldie is panting like a steam locomotive with a leather ball in its mouth.

Forwards-backwards-fast-slow.

Oldie is biting the leather and squeezing his arse.

Orfan presses the DOUBLE SPEED button.

Oldie is kneeling, humbly banging his head against the wall and celebrating the Christ's Transfiguration on the Mountain.

Matthew 17:2-3: His face shone like the sun, and his clothes became as white as the light.

The *Dark Side Of The Moon* is loudly echoing from the *Casa Rosso* theatre.

Orfan pulls the leather strip from Oldie's mouth, lifts up his crinoline, shoves his roaring dick down Oldie's throat, adjust his hair AND:

ALL THAT YOU TOUCH forwards
ALL THAT YOU SEE

backwards

ALL THAT YOU TASTE

forwards

ALL YOU FEEL

backwards

ALL THAT YOU LOVE

slow

ALL THAT YOU HATE

in the mouth

ALL YOU DISTRUST

in the ass

ALL YOU SAVE

forwards

ALL THAT YOU GIVE

backwards

ALL THAT YOU DEAL

faster

ALL THAT YOU BUY, BEG, BORROW OR STEAL

even faster

ALL YOU CREATE

in the mouth

ALL YOU DESTROY

in the ass

ALL THAT YOU DO

forwards

ALL THAT YOU SAY

backwards

ALL THAT YOU EAT

ooh

AND EVERYONE YOU MEET

oooooh

ALL THAT YOU SLIGHT

in the mouth

AND EVERYONE YOU FIGHT

in the ass

ALL THAT IS NOW

oooh yeeah

ALL THAT IS GONNE

oooooh aaaaah

ALL THAT'S TO COME

ooooooh my

AND EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN IS IN TUNE

my my mmmy

BUT THE SUN IS ECLIPSED BY THE MOON

God!

Orfan takes his cock from Oldie's throat and sprays him all over his florid and wanton face.

Oldie bangs his head against the wall one more time and meekly thanks Christ for his Transfiguration on the Mountain.

Luke 9:29: As he was praying, the appearance of his face changed, and his clothes became as bright as a flash of lightning.

Orfan turns off the Fucking Machine Mobile.

He unfastens Oldie's thighs which turned blue, unlocks the handcuffs and throws him paper towels.

Oldie can barely stand on his feet.

His heart is thumping loudly, his legs are shaking, and his mouth is dry and stiff.

Orfan opens the corset and takes off the crinoline.

He puts on faded *Armani* jeans and a black shirt with white writing *Mad Processor*.

Oldie is looking at Orfan with a confused and scared expression on his face and washing himself in the bidet.

Deer's skin, pulled taut over the drum, sings.

My Little Glossolalia

flash

My cpg cpg cpg

flash

Oldie quickly puts on the green tweed suit, puts on his shoes without socks and runs out of the room.

CpG CpG CpG

Orfan follows him.

CpG CpG CpG

Oldie crosses a bridge, the *Bar Abba* coffee shop, jostles and pushes against disoriented tourists, crashes into a small

Scot with hot potato chips, the chips fly high over the cloud of hashish and fall on the ground like wedding rice in the Mediterranean courtyard.

CpG CpG CpG

Orfan steps on ketchup and barely catches his balance.

CpG CpG CpG

Oldie turns left, past a large Tattoo Gallery and pushes open the heavy Oude Kerk door.

CpG CpG CpG

The cash register is closed, the church empty.

CpG CpG CpG

Orfan is standing behind his back and grabs him for the shoulder.

CpG CpG CpG

Oldie closes his eyes.

Genesis 22:7: Isaac spoke up and said to his father Abraham, "Father?"

"Yes, my son?" Abraham replied.

Orfan grabs Oldie's right hand, twists it onto his back and leads him for a short stroll along the Gallery of Ancestors.

They are sauntering quietly over the gravestones, bones, ashes, gliding past the huge colourful rosettes, past a Pigeon that has just returned to Noah's Ark, past the bread and fish, past the drunken Lot and his lustful daughters, and all the way to the large gravestone of *De Graeff* family. Orfan opens the iron gate.

They enter a cement Protestant horseshoe lit by a strong yellow spotlight.

CpG CpG CpG

Orfan pushes Oldie against the wall and looks him straight into his brown Asiatic eyes.

CpG CpG CpG

On the other side of town, in the enormous *Magna Plaza* commercial centre, a Japanese tourist is staring into a digital reproduction of Rembrandt's masterpiece. Rembrandt's spiritual testament, the glow of inner baroque, the paintbrush of compassion and grace.

Oldie jerks his right hand free and quickly puts it into his jacket pocket.

He touches his cold *Victorinox*.

CpG CpG CpG

The Japanese tourist clicks his mini Sony. JPEG. The Return of the Prodigal Son. A father and son woven into the canvas glazed with Rembrandt's mystical light. Aging hands, wrapped in the golden, olive green sleeves, laid onto the shoulders of the kneeling son, dressed in tattered clothes. The gloom of human existence illuminated by gentleness. Hands that rest on the shoulders and wait for anyone who wants to accept the mercy from the infinite canvas of Love.

CpG CpG CpG

Orfan is staring fixedly into the brown Asiatic eyes.

This is my Father.

Always-dead-and-never-dead.

This is just another day in his life.

This is just another day in my life.

A proof of how time circulates around our bodies.

Time with no end.

Blood without borders.

Orfan and Oldie have almost stopped breathing.

In that moment, Oldie draws out his knife and puts it onto Orfan's neck.

Orfan kicks him into the stomach with his knee, the knife slips past his neck and falls on the ground.

Orfan kicks Oldie, again and with all his strength, in the flaccid and empty balls.

Oldie is writhing in agony.

He holds him by the head, lifts the old and recently fucked body, grabs the knife, looks him into the rabid Asiatic eyes and hisses softly:

- How do you call this son-fucks-his-lost-father-fetish again?
- I didn't know this was YOU, comes a barely audible whisper from Oldie.
- NOT the first time. What about the second, third, fourth?
- Let's talk about this. Let's go and eat something. Money's not a problem.
- No, money's not a problem. YOU are the problem!

Someone walks into the Church.

Oldie hits Orfan in the ribs.

Orfan moans quietly, covers Oldie's mouth with his hand, drives the knife deeply into the stomach and pulls violently. Up and over.

*Arteria iliaca* is cut.

Blood pours out of the stomach.

Red blood on olive green tweed.

Orfan starts feeling sick.

Oldie drops to the ground.

This is my life.

This is my Father-kiri.

Abraham and Isaac recorded in the rear-view mirror.

Orfan is moving towards the exit.

The rain is pouring down outside.

He suddenly sees a huge Sun in front of his eyes.

Look at all this Evil!

Where does it come from?

Who is it intended for?

He starts trembling.

Look at all this Beauty!

Where does it come from?

Who is it intended for?

He's slowly making his way towards the Central Station.

The rain is washing the blood off his aching palms.

Above the harbour, he suddenly sees a black unicorn.

Then, a white one.

After the white one, a red one.

Then, he can't see anything anymore.

## FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

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#### THE THIRTY-THIRD HOUR

Ivana and Brother are lying in a small hotel room with a big bed and frayed Persian carpet.

Five in the morning.

Fox Crime.

The screen is trembling.

The dead laugh.

Actors cry.

All these little doses of emotions.

The night went by over a dinner without tulips, with coffee, water and an oral stroll through the history of epilepsy.

Today Epilepsy flash Yesterday a Possessed Spirit flash

An illness which elevated Brother, a student of mathematics and design, into a passionate reader of Van Gogh letters and Rimbaud's revelations, and turned Ivana into a Darwinian doubt who wants to see more than a mere chemical reaction of oxidation in the Tragic Fire of Saint Joan of Arc.

Again, they underlined, in a loud-and-clear manner, all the prejudices about the sacred illness related to the hand of

sin, god of Moon, flood of the brain, obsession with demons and ill-natured turns in the head. They had fun listening to Oliver Sacks stories, cybernetic and neurological tapestries with happy endings and a retrospective of TED symposiums that presents every brain deviation in such a bizarrely lucid way that people, if unable to go mad, would want to acquire at least one brain tumour.

Brother turns off the TV.

Ivana is asleep.

Brother stands up.

Hi sits down on a windowsill and turns on his iPod.

Ivana's breathing is steady.

She was right.

Adam and Eve without the apple strudel.

Ultimate android experience.

A night without a condom.

How did it all began?

With a Word caught in a personal Altar.

With a blue planet tattooed with Time.

And in the end?

Is the unconditional offering of oneself even possible?

Without fear, without shame, without calculating frame?

Brother looks out of the window.

Amstel River.

Imagine that I'm drowning right-this-moment in this-very-river.

I can only save my life by finding and preserving the Memory that truly defines me.

What is this Memory like? Where does it come from? Where does it go?

Is it really only mine?

Who knows?

My Little Tweet click My Intimate Distillate click

#### **DISTILLATE #9**

## Not the Wind / Not the Rain / The Heart is moving

Suddenly he feels the familiar nausea.

From the stomach up.

From the knee down.

The right arm jerks violently.

The head drops onto the chest.

The rain is pouring down outside.

He sees a huge Sun in front of his eyes.

iPod falls on the floor.

Then, he can't see anything anymore.

#### THE THIRTY-FOURTH HOUR

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Wilhelmina is waiting for the Evening Mass.

The Roman Catholic Church of Saint Nicholas flash
The Light in Town flash
The Trough of Life flash

Pastor said that they sell Big Lies in it, fabricated at the Big Factory in Rome. Pastor knows what he's saying. Pastor always helps.

People are entering silently and dipping their pale fingers into the Sacred Valium.

The Blessed Water and its double.

Saint Wilhelmina and her Mission.

The Church is quivering in the candlelight.

A candle for a euro.

A euro for a Psalm.

The Devil and its Double.

In front of the Altar, there are black wooden chests with the writing *Astro Zone* on them.

The chests are full.

People are well fed.

The Grand Inquisitor is content.

... We have corrected Thy work and have founded it upon miracle, mystery and authority. And men rejoiced that they were again led like sheep, and that the terrible gift that had brought them such suffering was, at last, lifted from their hearts. Were we right teaching them this? Speak! Did we not love mankind, so meekly acknowledging their feebleness, lovingly lightening their burden, and permitting their weak nature even sin with our sanction? ...

Wilhelmina is sitting in the last row and observing the little black snakes squirming in front of her eyes.

The Spanish and Argentinean believers are opening their wallets.

In the entrance hall, the street musician with a guitar and an amplifier is playing *Love Hurts* of *Nazareth*.

... Thou didst not come down from the Cross when they shouted to Thee, mocking and reviling Thee, "Come down from the cross and we will believe that Thou art He." Thou didst not come down, for again Thou wouldst not enslave man by a miracle, and didst crave faith given freely, not based on miracle. Thou didst crave for free love and not the base raptures of the slave before the might that has overawed him for ever. But Thou didst think too highly of men therein, for they are slaves, of course, though rebellious by nature. Look round and judge; fifteen centuries have passed, look upon them. Whom hast Thou raised up to Thyself? ...

Why does money have such a soothing and invigorating effect on people?

What chemical reactions are triggered in the body? Which functions are doubled? Do neurons dance, neurotransmitters sing, hormones play, synapses clap?

A priest with a red epidermis and dressed in a white gown walks onto a stage.

People stand up.

He taps the microphone and opens the Bible.

... Then Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. After fasting forty days and forty nights, he was hungry. ...

**Karl Marx** described money as *the visible divinity*.

A frozen cocktail of Time and Free Will.

Marx was a Tsar and, like every Tsar, he was predictable and fallible.

The emperor in the clothes of proletariat.

We are swimming in a pool of ideas, questions and morals. A pseudo-reasonable bath of Darwinism, Freudianism and Marxism.

The foundation of Darwinism, as explained by **Bertrand Russell**, is a big mistake. Darwinism had projected the basic thought of writers of the 18<sup>th</sup> century English economy studies onto the biological process. According to this

thought, nature looks for the shortest and simplest means to achieve the greatest benefit.

However, the logic of nature is not economic but wasteful, therefore it doesn't look for the greatest benefit but for never-ending abundance.

A thing always belongs to someone, namely to the one who's giving it.

# This is the notion of property.

The original thought about property is not founded upon equal-distribution-forced-upon-by-the-system but on the generosity that originates in the abundance of nature.

My Generous Manifesto

click

My Everyday Giftism

click

Community is woven from Gifts

click

But how can we create a community if we pay for everything we need?

click

Two acolytes in white gowns take a walk amongst the people. People proudly give their Euroment.

The Grand Inquisitor is content.

FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

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The acolytes bow solemnly, walk towards the Altar and happily lay down the purple velvet collection Bag.

Our Pretty Sacristy
flash
Our Lovely Kleptocracy
flash

The Priest raises the Chalice high up.

Willhelmina is counting the snakes.

The Priest puts the Chalice down, covers it with a white Cloth and whispers into the microphone.

... Man shall not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God. ...

People cross themselves slowly with pale fingers dipped in the Sacred Valium.

Wilhelmina stops counting the snakes.

She feels a tremendous pressure in her head.

The rain is pouring down outside.

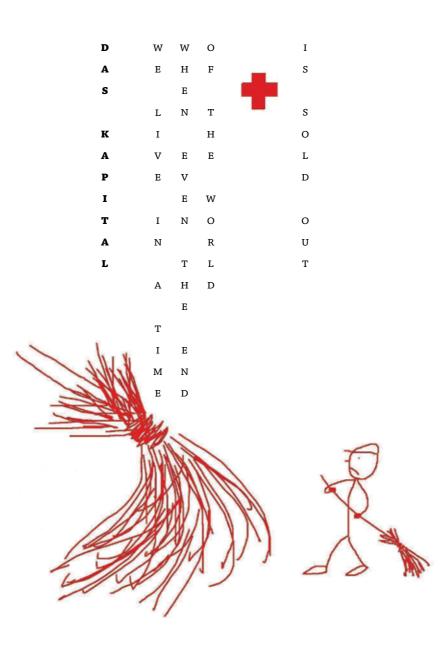
The snakes transform into a huge Sun.

She collapses to the floor.

The bag filled with 10mg blue Valium hearts bursts open.

The Grand Inquisitor is content.

FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.



#### THE THIRTY-FIFTH HOUR

Four highly-technologically-advanced-ambulances *Life Saver Box Body* are rushing towards the hospital-at-the-other-end-of-town.

Onze Lieve Vrouwe Gasthuis

flash

Ooster Park

flash

East of Eden

flash

In 1878, Delphin Povel fulfilled the promise to his mother, who died of cancer, and established the Catholic Medical Centre.

A free medical care for the Poor and Rich.

In 1898, they renamed it to Onze Lieve Vrouwe Gasthuis.

Our Dear Madam Hospital

flash

Smell of Disinfectant

flash

Holy Spirit and its Double

flash

Going over the speed limit and lights flashing, they are transporting four angels who stood on four corners of the earth and kept the four winds of the earth from blowing on the earth, or the sea, or any tree.

### IVANA, WILHELMINA, BROTHER, ORFAN

The three doctors are anxiously repeating the STATUS EP-ILEPTICUS mantra and injecting the infusion of diazepam and phenytoin in the bodies shaking uncontrollably.

They park in front of Our Dear Madam Hospital and march towards the neurological department.

Room 108.

Electrical Sodium channels plugged into receptor are rejecting the block.

Four bodies are foaming, shuddering and laughing.

The doctors are exchanging scared and confused looks, aware of the seriousness of the situation about which they learned at the university and pharmaceutical conferences.

*Epileptic State* or *Status Epilepticus* is an urgent state defined as reoccurring epileptic seizures without intermediary returns to consciousness.

flash

Epileptic State can lead to irreversible brain damage or even death.

flash

It needs to be treated immediately with diazepam and phenytoin.

flash

Four bodies plugged into the infusion, which is supposed to block the glutamate receptors, inhibit the GABA metabolism

and activate the sodium and calcium channels, start to shiver and foam even more uncontrollably.

The specialist turns white.

The patients are bored.

With the help of a butterfly needle stuck into the main artery they decide for a short retrospection of Eternity.

Our Magical Flight

flash

Our Sacral Infusion

flash

Bending of Linear Time

flash

We are still slaves to the collective hallucination of Linear Time.

We perceive time how the people-in-power want us to.

Like it's a speed limit on a highway.

Like a river that flows only in one direction.

The Room 108 vibrates violently.

Tectonic plates sneeze.

Electricity is turned off.

Four bodies plugged into infusion convulse even harder.

Hundreds of dwarfs with Jew's harps are dancing on top of their pineal gland.

Drumlas.

They are chasing away the Spells.

They are bending Time.

They are setting the Past right.

The room is suddenly illuminated by a blinding reflection of light.

Chemical Yellow.

Solar Storm.

Neurologists seize hold of the bed railings and shut their eyes.

Bottles with infusions shatter.

Neurologist hide under the beds.

A loud BANG fills the air.

Another one.

BANG.

Another one.

BANG.

And then two at the same time.

BANG BANG.

The dwarves are doing the merry-making and round dancing.

Ivana, Wilhelmina, Brother and Orfan are shaking violently and foaming at the mouth.

Neurologists are praying.

One of them peeks from under the bed.

The room trembles even harder.

The doors open.

And again.

BANG.

Another one.

BANG.

Another one.

BANG.

Another one.

BANG.

And then two at the same time.

# BANG. BANG.

The dwarves are roaring with laughter.

The room stops vibrating for a moment.

Silence falls.

Neurologists stop praying, get up slowly and

BANG.

Our Dear Madam Hospital sways.

The lights turn on.

Ivana, Wilhelmina, Brother and Orfan open their eyes.

The dwarves are sitting and waiting.

A senior nurse bursts into the room and screams:

THEY'RE GONE!

Who's-gone? stutters a neurologist-trainee.

#### THE THIRTY-SIXTH HOUR

G  $\mathbf{v}$ D N D R G Н M N M 0 D E

In the beginning, there was a Mask.

There will also be in the end.

In between, it is I.

Nothing original is in me.

Even less so about me.

I'm just a mix of strain and suffering of people who I've met in my life.

I am still suffering and smiling.

I am still dying.

2,000 years.

I am dying and asking for Mercy and the Right to Euthanasia.

ME

Brutality of the Reality

ME

Mythological Remix

ME

An Event, reincarnated into a Story

ME

Corpus Hermeticum

ME

Voodoo Marionette, pierced with the Needles of History

I was pierced by kings, popes, Pharisees, communists, revolutionaries, hippies, gays, feminists, vegans, psychedelic gurus and farmers.

They have picked me right down to the bone and now I'm a skeleton.

A skeleton that dances in each and every one of you.

My Calcium Cabaret
flash
My Unrequited Euthanasia
flash

FATHER, how can I talk to you? FATHER, where should I look?

As far as I'm concerned, there is no direction, no place, no being.

Everything is in you, everything is of you.

Can't you see that I can't die?
Can't you understand that I must die?

Now.

Not later.

Does my Death mean anything to you at all?

FATHER, I beg you, LEAVE ME! FATHER, I beg you, LET ME GO!

Kiss my Death and change it into a Logotype.

Let it be done
flash
Let it be named
flash
Let it be signed
flash

## FACEBOOK. The wall of No one wants to be your friend.

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The streets are overflowing.

People are staring in the Sky, rooted to the spot and listening to the mighty sound of the Jew's Harp.

My Little Drumla
flash
My Little Noah's Ark
flash

The information Titanic is racing through space and forgetting about time.

Speakers are hysterical.

Journalists have puffy eyes.

Tongues are loose and sharp.

THE BANKS HAVE VANISHED

flash

THE CHURCHES ARE GONE

flash

Ivana, Wilhelmina, Brother and Orfan are looking tiredly through the window.

The bus station is full of black ravens and kebab leftovers.

The doctors are silently picking up shards of shattered infusions.

Status Epilepticus is over.

The Spirits have been fed.

The Prayers have been answered.

The four, visibly exhausted, sit down on a bed.

Orfan hugs Wilhelmina.

Ivana hugs Brother.

Friends introduce themselves to each other.

They are exchanging excited looks and don't say a word.

Wilhelmina breaks the unfathomable moment:

- I first spoke to Jesus when he was already dead.

Orfan laughs loudly, but absently.

There's a knock on the door.

Neurologist-trainee-with-pale-green-skin enters.

A policeman after him.

- Orfan de Jong? Asks the policeman.
- YES, replies Orfan unperturbedly.
- You are under arrest on suspicion of murder.

The only thing that can be heard is the distant sound of the Jew's harp.

Ivana gets up, adjusts her bob haircut, straightens her soaked and crumpled shirt with the writing *Relax*, *I* am the one with *Epilepsy*, and says.

- Ivana Stropnik. Medusa & Partners Law Firm. This is my client Orfan de Jong.

Orfan bites his tongue.

The policeman nods indifferently and handcuffs Orfan.

The neurologist-trainee opens the window.

The Fox Crime Trio heads towards the exit.

In front of Our Dear Madam Hospital, a black police limousine is waiting.

Alfa Romeo 156 2.5 V6.

The driver opens the door.

Ivana and Orfan are sitting on the back seat.

Orfan, ashen-faced and exhausted, speaks up quietly.

- I didn't want to kill my father, but I'm happy I did.

He was the last remaining link to my past.

The last bent Protein.

You can be born again, you can die again,

but you can't always be time-and-time-again ORFAN.

The policeman turns down the radio.

Total Eclipse of the Heart.

- It was a moment of Freedom.

Darkness and Silence cruicified in the Light.

A breath of perfection.

Followed by utter loneliness.

Orfan, Ivana quietly interrupts his confession.

- Don't worry, your alibis are self-defence and illness.

# Orfan laughs.

- Illness?

If I'd have to be ill again, I'd like to be just like this. It was an alchemical illness.

They stop in front of the Police Station. The policeman turns off the radio.

Forever's gonna start Tonight.

 $Wilhelmina\ and\ Brother\ leave\ Our\ Dear\ Madam\ Hospital.$ 

Brother has his thick-fluorescent-Machu-Picchu socks on.

Wilhelmina is dressed in her light-and-dark-blue it-was-a-bargain suit.

Eight in the morning.

Streets are overflowing and quiet.

People have swallowed their Tongues.

They stroll slowly through the *Ooster Park*.

Swans, ravens, pigeons, fish and dogs.

We need Animals

flash

We need Spirits

flash

They cross the street.

Where there used to be a church, a group of people is lying and awaiting the stars.

Electromagnetic Field of Sacral Effects

flash

Separating the Worlds

flash

Time outside Time

flash

They walk past a ground floor apartment with a television on. Moving pictures from the *Star Trek* series are flashing on the screen.

Star Trek

flash

Science fiction script without the shopping

flash

Brother feels pain in every bone of his body.

Wilhelmina feels pain from the mere presence of the world.

They turn around the *Theatre Carré* and sit down on a peer on the Amstel River.

Boats are moored.

Bridges are lowered.

Questions are posed.

Answers are waiting.

Excuses are no more.

Space is ready for a new Time.

Time has changed its Direction.

Day changed into Morning.

Morning into Midnight.

Money has vanished.

Sermons are gone.

This will be the time of intimate Answers and complicated Ouestions.

Every answer will be a step into a New World.

On every corner of the New World a Lover will linger and wait for a kiss from the God.

For the answered Prayers and the Hours of Fairy tales.

But God does not kiss.

Does not listen.

Does not look.

And does not forgive.

We are not alone.

But we are hungry.

Thirsty.

Humiliated.

And scared.

And like this, we enter the New World.

Into the Time where we will forgive God because he did NOT make us in his own Image but rather trampled the Clay and breathed weakness, greed, disease, fear and dread into it.

It will simmer and distil as long as it takes for every being on Earth to finally see the best Image of itself.

Brother takes the *iPod* from his pocket and presses the *rewind* button.

Wilhelmina smiles and picks up a thin branch, recently fallen from a tree.

Brother presses the *play* button.

Left, Left

Arthur, Arthur

I is The Other

flash

Love has to be reinvented

flash

Language must be reinvented

flash

Brother presses the *pause* button.

Wilhelmina tears a page from her blue New Testament with golden letters, makes a hole in it with the stick and makes a sail.

My Old Sail

flash

Matthew 24:40

flash

Two men will be in the field; one will be taken and the other left.

flash

Matthew 24:41

flash

Two women will be grinding with a hand mill; one will be taken and the other left.

flash

Brother sticks the sail on the iPod, presses the *loop* button, turns on the speakers and sets it afloat on the water surface.

Bridges are slowly being raised.

The sails go taut.

Brother and Wilhelmina embrace each other like tall old houses on the other side of the canal.

This is the moment when God has risen from the Dead.

This is the moment when not everything is Allowed.

This is the moment when a Stone did not turn into Bread.

## FACEBOOK. Account Deactivation. BOOK OF CHANGE 3.0

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This Afterword follows no one.

It follows neither Janja Rakuš nor her book.

For dancers don't follow each other either. They dance together, they dance alone.

The same holds true for when we talk about love.

There is an outlook of the two that is not the sum of outlooks of two individuals.

It's not hard to write an afterword to the book that is here before you. For this book is unusual. Therefore, it's not ordinary, which is logical. And that's good. That's why this afterword is unusual, since it would be unusual if it wouldn't be. It was written by an unusual man. Who doesn't want to be ordinary. He never wanted to be ordinary and he never will be. If he were to become ordinary, which most certainly cannot happen, that would mean suicide or, even more accurate, murder. And the author of this afterword doesn't intend to commit suicide. Such thought doesn't even cross his mind. Also Vincent, ah, Vincent, didn't commit one. The suicide, that is.

Janja Rakuš is an unusual writer; she's probably also an unusual woman.

I welcome a benevolent reader. I need such a reader, as does the book. The reader should be unusual, benevolent, and open to the text that they are reading because it's more important than them. If they aren't open, the text is hard, even incomprehensible. It's lonely and solitary, autistic. This would make encounters impossible.

A text that no one reads or understands is depressing. Actually, it doesn't even exist. Like in a world described by quantum mechanics. The solitude of prime numbers also exists. Anyone who spends time with autists knows very well what that means.

However, being open to texts, to the *logos* itself, as the Ancients would describe it, is by no means an easy task. Let alone in these

times. It never was and there is no reason for it to suddenly become easy. As it happens, we live in a world where everything should be readily accessible, easily reachable, and purchasable. It's a paradoxical world where everything should be as unusual as it gets; yet it is not. There are very few unusual people. Images are far more important than words, thus they appear where they need to and, also, where they don't need to.

Everything is recycled.

It's hard to write an open text. It's relatively easy to write a clichéd book that is recycled and arranged in a seemingly consumer-friendly way. There are plenty on the market and they don't sell, despite being neat & nice. This is interesting since it reveals people's need for openness that transcends the motives which capitalists are extremely keen on.

People are still too interested in capitalism and its delirium, so openness continues to be all too secluded.

Janja Rakuš' book is about the 'always new', and about what goes beyond clichés, stale words and useless everyday metaphors. It's about inventing and creating, designing and redesigning of human beings and of what they can have in common, and that is spirit. It's not insane, it is written in an insane world, however. Inside this world, inside the neoliberal insanity. In a time, when we talk about moral blindness and insensitivity. In a time, Bauman named *liquid*. How is it possible to live in such a world if you're not a capitalist? Janja Rakuš is offering answers to this question and trying to survive. A book like hers is hard to write.

Her answer is good; her book, which is hard to write, is convincing. Her answers are good. They're productive. She's actually a very perceptive woman who understands the nature of disability.

The author of this afterword is a man and is every day confronted with a disability that, nevertheless, never diverts him.

Janja Rakuš is a moral woman. This can be glimpsed from her writing. Those who believe that today's recession is the crisis of values and money, could be enthusiastic about her, yet, their enthusiasm would be hollow.

Perhaps the universe is a hologram. No one exactly knows what that means.

Janja Rakuš' book is also about growing up in the world of simulations and simulacra, the media world. Her book was created in a saturated world and at a tipping point.

But the world is not all. It can't be. No such a thing as All exists, although, day after day, people are forced to feel differently. Mathematicians have proved it long ago. For that reason, consciousness cannot think of itself consistently and as a whole, which means that it must be open and indeterminable, splintered within. The theory of disability also draws on this split and schizoid aspect of consciousness.

Encounters between open people are thus possible. And people can be nomads, as Deleuze would put it. Empirically looking, it's hard to be a nomad in a saturated world.

No book can be All. Every book is inevitably open, it's unfinished, which means that it's never written to the end; an end doesn't exist. A book is not-All. It changes with reading. Hence, it's not an object of reading. Reading enhances, reshapes and changes a book.

And this Afterword follows no one. It follows neither Janja Rakuš nor her book. For dancers don't follow each other either. They dance together, they dance alone. The same holds true for when we talk about love. There is an outlook of the two that is not the sum of outlooks of two individuals.

I'm a stranger on Earth; I'm dust, a dust particle, dispensable cluster of atoms that, one day, will scatter serenely over the universe. Saint Paul wrote about this and, then, they beheaded him for being dangerous. He was dangerous because he faithfully followed Jesus.

It's good to see the film *All Is Lost* (2013).

The book before you is also about religion, about the inescapable human relationship with god which is complex and, above all, unnatural. It's possible. A man can be open to infinity that is god. But to be that open is truly not simple. Not at all simple. Janja Rakuš is. And religion doesn't necessarily have anything to do with Vatican.

We live in a world in which openness is not a value. The value is egocentric competition-with-everyone, the value is profitability. Capitalism needs it - one and the other. Its representatives are relentless in trying to persuade & put a spell on people. Let them compete and let them irritate each other, let them make lives difficult for each other and let them wander aimlessly like sleepwalkers around gigantic stores so they would get lost in them forever. The best consumer is a lost, ignorant and indifferent consumer.

Illusions are necessary. For this reason, Bernays invented public relations. They hired him as the grand expert for illusions, mirages and manipulations with people. He was particularly popular in Hollywood.

But a man undoubtedly believes in the good; he believes structurally. There's nothing he can do about it, he will believe it even if only subconsciously. Plato wrote about it in *Timaeus* and Aristotle in *Metaphysics*. One doesn't necessarily have to be aware of this. Freud demonstrated that unconscious comes first. Consciousness is but a fragment which is, as a rule, too self-centred. It's like a

dwarf who wants to become Martin Krpan\*. And he's exactly the man capitalism puts its money on, so it idolizes and aggrandises him. Dwarfs from *The Hobbit* tell a completely different story but people describe it as no more than a fairytale that sells well.

Why the very fairytales are selling so well these days?

The Purpose of Darkness is Light, writes Janja Rakuš. She's right, for it cannot be any other way. Some insights are very simple. We don't have to try and create an impression that they're not. There's no point and all efforts would be in vain. It's a no-one's effort - no one needs it and no one appreciates it.

More than anything else, people need conversation. It does seem, however, that they mostly need money & assets with added value. Yet, this is only a mirage required by the capital owners, managers and stock brokers, it's an illusion required by all who have a vested interest in manipulation. People don't necessarily need the illusion, yet, unfortunately, they're willing to believe in it. Not only that: they're forced to believe in it and they accept this enforcement as a natural necessity. In this moment, it simply cannot be any other way. Humanity is still at a very primitive, barbarian stage of development. Numerous people suffer terribly so that markets can be free.

Perhaps future will be different. Nevertheless, it could only happen if solidarity will prevail, if people will muster enough strength to persist in egalitarian spirit. No human is identical to him or herself; this is very good, happy news. No one is All, therefore no one can believe in mirages and illusions after all. They simply

<sup>\*</sup> Martin Krpan is a character from a short story *Martin Krpan z Vrha* written by the 19<sup>th</sup> century Slovene writer Fran Levstik. The popularity of the story led to it its lead character, a smuggler and one of the strongest men in the Habsburg Empire, becoming a folk hero.

cannot. Every one is the *other person* and the *other thing*. That is why it's not simple to talk to another human. Or, maybe, it's exactly the opposite if you discard the mirages. Jesus knew about and bore witness to this.

No conversation is possible without the Other. This was obvious to Freud. To Nietzsche also. And to Wagner. And Tristan waited for his Isolde to the very end. He couldn't die without her. Love, as a procedure of truth, is certainly revolutionary.

Janja Rakuš is as fierce as only a relationship with the truth can be. Her writing is also open and fierce. And courageous. Truth cannot exist if a human is not courageous. Furthermore, her writing is not violent or narcissistic. This is very important. Janja doesn't create an impression that her IQ is 150. Some people have certificates attesting to their IQ being that high or even higher. And in truth, they haven't got the faintest idea what an IQ is, which makes them pathetic.

Possibly, they need therapy, but not necessarily.

Psychoanalysis is not psychotherapy. Freud didn't treat anyone. Freud was making conversations. In particular, with women. Anna O. was an artist. Her hysteria went far beyond anything that all psychiatrists combined had to say about it. Hysteria is not even a diagnosis. This is what saved Freud, who was a doctor and a neurologist.

Then, he realised: people don't need diagnoses, they need a word. A word comes from God's mouth, which doesn't necessarily mean that God Speaks. People speak. If they're open. If they're not open, they're merely babbling & chattering. And then, they blame God for their babbling and claim that everything comes from His mouth. However, All words don't exist at all.

God needs speaking people because He doesn't speak Himself, for he's not a being. People willingly open their mouths in order for the word, which is in God, to come out. It wasn't in Him only at the beginning, for it's there all the time; a human is not the owner of the words that come out of their mouth.

The main criterion of mental health is the ability to love and create. Freud repeated this his whole life like a broken record, but they didn't listen to him because they wanted to hear something else, because they wanted illusions & mirages. Freud also wrote a book entitled *The Future of an Illusion*.

Creativity is the opening of life, it's vitality. It's the receiving of life and the giving of life. It rises above any conceivable diagnosis. Who hasn't realised this, hasn't lived yet and doesn't know what life is. Who doesn't know what life is, cannot know what love is. Who doesn't know what love is, is unhappy.

It's all in the mind. There's nothing that is not in the mind. What is the reality of virtuality that Deleuze speaks of? It can certainly have real effects in the worlds where we can live. Emancipatory politics, which the author of this book also strives for, denote loyalty and perseverance of the human beings in the universality. And when talk about universality, we talk about emancipatory politics, we talk about the mind.

Perseverance in the universality is possible if a human as a subject doesn't give in to the pressures of everyday violence - visible and invisible one. And to be a subject means to recognise oneself as a privileged interlocutor with the universality. A subject thus exists as a nomad and stranger at the same time, because people who live by his side, but don't let themselves become a part of the conversation with the universality, simply cannot understand them.

Janja is a nomad who loves the earth on which she lives, yet time and again, she moves to a different place.

And for this very reason, it's not important if Vincent was an epileptic or not. Art cannot be depleted or explained by any diagnosis. Art belongs to a completely different register than the positivistic science.

What is important is Vincent's paintings as the effect of becoming an interlocutor with the universality. And this cannot be uniquely identified. Internal inconsistencies of the mind are inescapable, thus we can only judge the truth of existence, which we live, in the light of such inconsistencies of the mind. For the truth belongs to the mind that is a collection of varied, and sometimes mutually incomparable symbolic processes. Criteria for judging the reality are therefore not external, but inherent to the mind itself and hence, internal. Artists know that, scientists often don't.

Janja Rakuš perseveres in the frame of mind I described. The effects of her persistence are therefore unusual and they must be if the above should hold true. As a writer, she needs to go through a challenging process that demands commitment to that which we can read in the book. If she wouldn't be committed, the book would be uninteresting, dull and boring. A reader would feel betrayed reading it.

Judas didn't betray Jesus but handed him over to the temple guards, which is not the same. He joined him on his path, took on the symbolic title upon himself, paid an enormous price for it and became despised.

When we accept symbolic titles, we're entering existences that go beyond a purely biological life. That's why the meaning of life exists. All who claim that it doesn't, are wrong. The meaning of life is the creation of life. Life needs creative people for it to exist. A human is the crucial being capable of thinking.

This insight is important, even dramatic, for when we think and speak we change reality. Therefore, what we talk about, what comes out of our mouths, how we think, and what we think about, is important. Then, it's impossible to pretend any longer that we don't know. Actually, we can pretend but also pretending requires paying a high price.

Janja is paying a high price. She speaks and writes about this price. People, who populate her symbolic worlds, are paying a high price or were paying it during their lifetime on this earth. We have the right to be divine, because we are a part of the divine mind that is an infinite collection of collections. It is therefore human, very human, as Nietzsche would put it, to be divine, to be free in one's mind. Janja is free in her mind.

Today, we live in simulated worlds, yet Baudrillard was forgotten long ago. In the world of simulation and simulacra, every human is constantly forced to forget and that's why they suffer. This enables technocratic and financial oligarchies to do what they please. Ordinary people don't know what's happening. And what's happening is a global destruction of economies. Proportions of the catastrophe will, perhaps, be biblical. A human should be prepared, because every man will stand for himself.

Things are immensely complex and schizophrenic. Who knows who Marc Faber is?

It's all in the mind. Jesus Christ rose from the dead as an egalitarian holy spirit. When we talk about love we talk about him. The Spirit is among us and, in love, we open ourselves to infinity. God is not-All and is feminine. Jesus bears witness to God.

Jesus is not a master and is not a ruler. He's a Holy Spirit that contains a community of equal people. No one is a leader and everyone is capable of thinking and using their mind. Christianity cannot correlate with the hierarchical structure of communities and class division. This is logical since real Christianity means social movement for egalitarianism, solidarity and justice that doesn't tolerate any exploitation. Janja writes about this with blood.

A human really is a moral and ethical being when they stop believing in any one ruler, master or leader. Ethical behaviour is the behaviour an individual chooses without seeking advice from anyone. How do they know, then, if their behaviour or actions are ethical? In truth, there is no guarantee, that their behaviour or actions are ethical.

Janja doesn't seek advice on how to write a book; and for this very reason it bears and unusual title & is unusual.

Freud was a neurologist. Psychoanalysis is natural science. Even today, most people don't understand this.

Anything can be understood, for everything is of the mind. Not-All can be understood. Freud told us this. After him, it was said by Lacan. Still, even today, people don't understand what they were talking about. They don't understand because they have no interest. All this is very simple.

Nothing original is in me, writes Janja. Of course, because everything, including Janja, is in the mind, the infinite mind. Who am I to dare and claim possession of anything?

Epileptics are most certainly not people with epilepsy; people with epilepsy are not epileptics. This is how it goes.

DUŠAN RUTAR

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# Janja Rakuš VOODOO WALTZ FOR EPILEPTICS

Afterword

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