

BEYOND

–You’ve all been invited here because you answered the paradise question correctly. In this seminar, you are not allowed to make notes. If you can’t remember something on the first hearing, then it’s really not worth remembering.

>>We pose the fundamental question: does the universe allow itself to be known? More particularly, partial knowledge of the universe makes it appear that a complete understanding might be imminent. But that is not the question. That assumes the consequent. Is there something in the constitution of the universe that works against the act of knowing. We live in a network of cause and effect that would seem to be the very architecture of a known universe. Since there are pockets of the universe which resist our probing, this only makes the question more pressing. Even our project in all its positivity may be doomed to failure,’

>>Nothing. That is the state of the inert universe. And ideal of the thought experiment or the actual condition of matter. Any attempt at structure is disrupted. Any continuity of effect is interrupted. Any consistency of occurrence is broken.

>>The universe cannot know itself since it exists in a form to countermand any conditions of knowing. If knowledge requires some template for being to impress its form, the universe attacks any shaping of a recognizable form. The universe is silent. Even a hypothetical observer could not place himself at a vantage point to observe such displacement. The displacing itself is displaced. Nothing emerges to allow for the tracking of observation.

>>In its full expanse, the universe allows for no impediment that might record a stray movement in space. Without such a give and take, space cannot assert itself. The universe remains in its unaffected state.

>>There is neither a progression through a space nor a record of such a forward motion. Any perceptible shift is met with the imperceptible dislocation. Nothing rises to the surface of notice.

>>In describing this void, we attempt to resurrect some particle that would measure the breadth of our navigation. Such is an imposition that has no place in the universe. This is an expanse without expanse so there is no room for our view. Even if such a depiction might seem like an ideal, it may be the very nature of the unknown universe. Any hope of exploration may be just as futile as our attempt to pierce the veil of this uncharted past.

>>Just contemplating this negation overshadows our scientific project. We are left with our ignorance. The universe does not allow itself to be known.

>>How can that be possible? There must be some intersection which engenders further intersection. And this entanglement is enough for us to establish knowledge. But there is no tangle to become further entangled. There is nothing cohesive in the universe.

>>All attempts to slow this resistance to structure are met with further resistance. The universe cannot cohere. That would imply a force of attraction. Even without such a force, there appears a suggestion that the random paths might catch each other. And in this catching, there would be a tendency to further hold on to some bit of the universe. The universe would find a trace of itself. Such a trace, however incompatible a vision of the whole, would make its registry in a locality. From this tendency, further grooving of these surfaces would impel movement towards this maw.

>>Again, these entanglements cannot hold. The universe abhors such structure. As observers, we are so appalled at the prospects of nullity that we force our vision into the actual state of the universe. There can be no vision. The universe will not undergo a structuring. It is not.

>>The observer's outrage might seem a sufficient condition to ground a knowledge of the universe. It leaps back against its unknowing. This is only willful thinking. The universe does not admit to subjective manipulation.

>>It would be a grave error to ascribe a psychological character to any configuration of the universe. The very act of observation assumes such disquiet. And in this hesitancy, the subject imposes all his psychological baggage on the form of the universe. With such a requirement, he can then devise a host of related structures to gratify his own hope for recognition in this vacancy. All his science is only so much of an imposition.

>>The universe cannot be seen. Even if some partial configuration was allowed to collect, it could never extend itself to be perceived. Despite the protests of the excluded observer, the universe does not allow itself to be known. What is known has little to do with the actual conditions of the universe and everything to do with the feelings of rejection on the part of the observer. The universe is a celebration of its ability to keep out unwanted guests. Haha!

>>The universe has a sense of humor.

>>All this resistance to knowledge would almost suggest a pre-knowing. As if the universe was prepared for just such a visit. And it chose to keep out the intruders. There is no uncanniness that can later be interpreted by the attendant observer. The universe is not unknown, waiting to be known.

>>The universe does not allow itself to be known. This was our initial condition. And the universe has left us in a state of ignorance. Moreover, this ignorance cannot be registered as a psychological state. Any attempt to account for the observer's feeling of rejection only serve as another attempt for him to insert himself in the equation. The universe does not allow for ignorance of the ignorance.

>>The universe cannot be known. All probes pushing their way into the nether world vanish in the weight of this nothingness. There is not even a trace of their whereabouts. You cannot enter in the void. The universe casts out the infidels. It cannot be known.

>>Besides its impenetrability, we have already encountered the fundamental formlessness of the universe. It is space outside of space. It cannot be entered; it does not allow for any sedimentation. It is without.

>>Not only is there not enough of an accumulation to allow for further delineating, but even if there were such an accretion would only dissipate on closer inspection.

>>The universe cannot be seen since there is nothing to see. Any circumscribing only introduces matter where it does not inhere. The scientific project runs aground. Its overconfidence causes it to tamper with the data. This is not a mathematical problem. It is not a logical problem. Cosmology cannot impress its method.

>>The universe will not avail itself of any kind of design. To suggest that there is structure is to force the misgivings of self into a shapeless realm.

>>The madness is complete. The observer has attempted to deposit all his follies in the realm of the unknown. But his presumption has been exposed just for what it is. Man seeks his

imprint in the farthest reaches of the universe. But a silent monolith resists his pleas. The universe closes off the possibilities of knowledge.

>>Since we have established an answer to our question, is the search done. Can we take our game pieces and go home. Or has such questioning only availed us of a deeper secret? And we embrace the encounter.

>>If only our meager wishes could open up the universe with some reply!

>>We have uncovered a clearer foundation for the question of visibility. This is not inquiry with regards to how light can reflect off a surface. It goes to the more fundamental question of whether there is even a contour to permit such a registry. Does light even admit of structure to allow its own determination.

>>In talking about light, our reference points are the surfaces that it intersects. We have already dealt with the problem of intersection. The universe does n

>>For the universe to engage its disruption, chaos needs to engender an image itself. It is just such a monitor that permits the chaotic to indulge a systematic application of its method. Without such a system, the random gesture would only manifest a collective intent. Only a series of related displacements could prevent the imposition of an intersecting network.

>>The interruption gains its momentum by short-circuiting an orderliness that is the result of continuous over-bearing of successive imprints. The universe exists to break up the very image that it generates. The observer is condemned to the state of partial knowledge since any configuration that seeks to represent a picture of the universe is itself the chaotic force that contradicts the integrity of that picture.

>>As no image of the universe can completely depict its totality, the universe cannot countenance a prime mover. Any unitary movement is itself partial. Even a fully-informed creator only brings partial knowledge to his project. And the very image that inspires his benefaction is the thing that will bring down his empire.

>>As the universe is running down, it guarantees the construction of a chemical edifice. The pattern of chemical bonds match the resistance of the universe to representation. Do these combinatorial chains serve as the prime mover of the architecture of the universe? What is then recorded in the tensions of these conjugations. The tightly wound forms depict the universe in recession where all its explosive power becomes bound in tension-filled connections. If liberated from these chains, the unbound universe would detonate the totality of its eruptive force.

>>How is organic life possible when the conditions of the universe appear to preclude the perpetuation of any image of the universe itself? The chemist would prefer to advance his own answer: organic material includes a record of previous states of that matter. Organic life, thus, asserts itself in a contradictory fashion to the described conditions of the universe. But the chemist's answer is not satisfactory. He avoids the question of genesis by assuming what is present in organic matter has a priority in articulating the conditions of the universe. He is unable to account for the emergence of organic compositions from the inchoate substratum. His understanding of organic chemistry appears to assume the prior establishment of organic life. Or he assumes a chemical construct that has no foundation in the actual conditions of the universe. On these terms inorganic chemistry would seem to imply a local coalescing of sufficient complexity to register some element of the previous states of matter. It would appear that a burr would somehow retard the very impulses of matter that return to its chaotic form.

>>This treatise is not meant to be a quarrel with the chemist about scientific method. There is a very clear derivation of organic constructs from their inorganic origins. Such is the accounting for the development of the carbon atom. Our question is not scientific; it is philosophical. And the chemist's speculation raises question about matter in general.

>>Any impediment that directs the flow of inorganic matter would appear to be sufficient cause to establish some kind of record of that flow. Any further inorganic flows would respond to such an interruption.

>>Organic material is hardly a mystery. Instead, the real puzzle is how the universe could even permit any consistency with regards to structure. To put it another way, the chemical composition of the universe would appear to resist the tendency to break down that structure.

>>Can the universe retard its propensity to dissolution? These contrary forms converge and then break apart. There is no solidity and no cessation to the volatility. Already these intersections imply a structure. If these movements are traced in the intersection, the only way to undo this intersection would require a further record of this initial tracing.

>>Can the intersection provide context for further intersection? Does matter offer the cohesion for energy flows. Observation suggests perturbations to these flows. But the flows retain no record of such perturbations. Even the velocities exhibit no deceleration due to these supposed contacts.

>>These intersections supposedly set the stage for a further network of connections. And if there was some adhesion of matter, then such a coincidence would set the basis for a more extensive structure, a building block. Rather than assume a place in the larger frame, the structure acts as a shift, an alteration in the energetic impulse.

>>There is almost an anarchistic quality in this shift. Although it has a consistency, it operates to hinder any further formation. As programmatic, matter acts to short circuit the creation of any continue creation. In a sense, this assertion of matter reproduces exactly the same kind of disruption that characterizes the universe. So a portion of the universe acts in conflict with the universe as a whole. But this is how the universe makes itself known, by its partial configuration.

>>The universe extends itself as this series of contradictions. In its disruptive form there is no general vantage point that encompasses the totality of movement. The universe resists generality. It engages these independent suspensions.

>>Granted that the inorganic form ends up sanctioning a host of structural cohesion. But such an architecture only makes sense in relation to the emergence of life.

>>The universe does not permit the emergence of the organic. But it is the very form that permits the universe to become known. The organic speaks the record of its past states. It does not imply a knowledge of such a record. But the records engenders further records. The complexity of the inorganic explodes to create a more extensive complexity. On these terms, even the inorganic appears to contain the record of its previous states.

>>What is the quality of the life-force that relates the organic to its place in the universe? To call it a life force implies that the organic somehow alters the inorganic. Instead, the organic actualizes the traces that are already inherent in the inorganic. A valley that is traced by the movement of water over centuries is the evident tracing of the inorganic. The valley is just such a record of its previous state, the water flow over time. But the inorganic does not

record the two states as connected in its structure. The organic invites the intersection of the present and past moment in a single structure. Time gains an explosive character. It is both inside and outside of itself.

>>In the organic realm, an analogy can be made to a cut on the surface of the skin. Like the valley, the cut takes the shape of the cutting agent, a knife for example. But the organic works to surround the cut and resist its influence on the organism. The healing process reestablishes the biological program as the skin repairs itself. The closed nature of the biological system resists the influence of the outside force and erases the trace of its incursion.

>>The imposition of the organic program works contrary to the external inorganic forces. Thus, the organism incorporates the tracking of the inorganic into the determination of the closed system. The inorganic is limited by the strictures of the organic program. Any inorganic disturbance requires some response by the organism to maintain its schedule.

>>Does the assertiveness of the organic invite some kind of comprehensive description? Evidently the biological program works to generalize the conditions of the organism's environment. In this way, the system anticipates possible disturbances to the biology.

>>Psychology appears limited by the character of the biological system. However, psychology re-engages the disruptive character of the inorganic. There is a renewed dynamic of space. Psychology permits the self to map space outside of the biological system. Thus the biological system can represent spaces that are non-contiguous with the organism.

>>For the moment, we'll call such spaces imaginary. These imaginary spaces bear an almost direct mapping from the known proximities of the biological system. In a sense, the biological space is turned inside out to incorporate the discontinuous into a single panorama. If these spaces are to act in heterogeneous fashion, there needs to be some barrier that prevents their inclusion in a single view.

>>Psychology, if it is to have an independence from biology, needs to base its methodology on an accounting for these barriers. At first impression, these barriers owe their nature to the interactive quality of social interaction. Psychology constitutes the self outside of itself in social commerce.

>>No wonder the self appears as a stranger!

>>Psychology is only able to account for this situation with a set of normative stipulations. The barrier that separates the self from his fellows is colonized by the imposition of psychological norms. From that imposition, there appears to be a continuity that accommodates for the individual selves in the circumscribed community. The scientific project even includes a biological element in its description.

>>At first, the picture is a little confusing. We have the cross-purposes of psychology and biology. But the normative model regulates any possible contradiction. Demands of school, work, and family are balanced with the health of the individual. With the maturation of the biological subject, the obligations of community are impressed on the psyche. In this manner, the psychological and biological necessities are accorded. Homeostatic regulation in the biological system accord with models of satisfaction in the psychological realm. Pleasure can be described as the ability of the self to realize the expected goals for his station in life. He graduates from college, he gets married, and he buys a house. All these benchmarks of success in the community afford the self with a level of satisfaction.

>>Although the expectations of the community seem entirely rigid, any significant variation risks engendering psychological ill and with it an attendant stream of physical ailments. The normative self has been well-trained. Any deviance will be punished internally. Given such strict programming, it is a wonder that any changes can be entertained.

>>In a sense, these psychological norms risk neutralizing the very impulse that first propelled the organic system. The contradiction between biology and psychology seems severe. Since psychology has already accorded the self to a specific social arrangement, it is nearly impossible to break the conditioning. Even variations are only a further imprint of the same mold.

>>If the described community can be enhanced to resolve the inherent contradiction between the psychological model and the biology, then the system can easily adapt to

>>Politics provides the opportunity structurally to render the challenges to the psychological order. Where interruption is already a character of the universe, politics resists social programming. Where the biological system senses its internal distress, it seeks relief outside of its known environment. This is not the same thing as seeking a visionary resolution to the contradictions of the self. The entity can barely account for any detail outside of its familiar surroundings. But the known world only inhibits further development of the organism. So the full nature of this conflict bifurcates the integrity of the system.

>>As the biological organism confronts its internal division, it comes to a clearer picture of its own identity. In this manner, the identity permits the entity to recognize those elements that sustain the biological program. By pushing itself outside of its comfortable surrounding, the subject embraces the disruptive side of his nature.

>>The subject sees himself as the agent of history. It is through him that the great social forces of the age find their realization. His recognition of the decisive moment propels his action. Nothing can stand in his way. And he is quite certain that he has been blessed with a sense of destiny. Without such a mandate, his blustering would seem quite grotesque. But he is a voice that must be heard. And everything that he does reverberates with a sense of purpose. It is no use arguing with him about his intent. His motivation comes from without. He simply accedes to fate.

>>If he is true to his calling, he does not impose his will. He simply inserts himself at the right point in the current and lets himself get carried along. Once he can feel the rush of time, he works to consolidate that feeling. He is submerged in the tide. For those who are not so aware, they view his resolve with suspicion. His gestures seem forced. His determination forced. But he cannot let up. He is committed to the majesty of the event. He is a witness of the pomp.

>>His confidence is an affront to the uninformed. He is always pushing them to join his resistance. He sees nothing but the movement. They observe his solitary ranting and wonder what is the fuss. He wants to be patient. But urgency compels him to harangue his opposition. The more that they mock his freakish behavior, the more that he is convinced of his vocation. To give up would be more than tragic. This is not just about him. He is sacrificing himself to the greatness of the instant.

>>He has already broken from the contradiction. He cannot permit a less substantial influence distress him. He is not obdurate; he just can't give ground.

>>While he is going about his business, others view him as an interference. He can't let things be. More importantly he feels the need to involve himself in the lives of others. He considers it normal to keep tabs on the comings and goings of friends. He becomes overly conscientious about his observation. Others are taken aback by what can only be seen as voyeuristic. From his point of view, he is only defending his interests. He wants to know what people are thinking about him. By paying such close attention, he believes that he can change their opinions of him.

>>His belief is so strong, that no one can rid herself of his pretense. Even if his concern is unwanted, he will not disappear. Since he believes that his mission is metaphysically based, it would be a grievous offense for him to abandon his charge. Even protestations to the contrary are further justification for him.

>>While the evidence remains on his side, he needs to impress his plan. He cultivates nerves of steel so that no one can throw him off the chosen path. Since he is enlightened, he cannot yield to the unreasonable. And if others cannot see the truth, he cannot allow their blindness to hinder him. He will do what they cannot. If they cannot help themselves, then he will help them in spite of their lack of appreciation. Time will sort it all out.

>>He is their blessing in disguise. He cannot entertain error. Nothing is wrong. He is right! He needs to break the law to save the law. He may not appear to be moral. But he is moved by a sense of primary justice. He has tapped the well of virtue. He ministers to the fallen. The weak. Those given to their appetites. So be it!

>>The prophet has to put up with rejection. This is not about the self. It is about the idea. And he cannot waste his gift. He is part of something greater than the self. Eventually, it will all fall into place. The greater system will emerge. And he will be proven right. If he is a little confuse, it is not a weakness. It is his strength.

>>When the subject confronts his finitude, he recoils against the devastation of self. Such is the horror that shakes him to his foundation. But even in that recognition, his realization just recedes from view. And he wallows in the endlessness of his nights. He pretends that his minor failure are a sign his time is creeping getting out his view. Or he convinces himself that a stomach pain is cancerous to convince himself that he is on the verge of that great confrontation. But the grim reaper hardly makes his place at his dinner table. So a greater understanding seems to convince him of his invincibility. Even as he lulled himself into this security there are these explosive moments that still shake him to his core.

>>What would it be like to actually confront finitude? He has plans. And he is convinced that any interruption of his agenda is a sign that his time is again at hand. The poor sot. Is there no relief from his existential horror? Or is it simply his self-centeredness that continues to trouble him?

>>The busy soul has no time to worry about such trivial matters. He will not stop for death. If he is fortunate, his haste will make him too uncertain a target for death to stop for him. He refuses to slow down a bit.

>>To add insult to injury, he tosses all sorts of obstacles in his way to prove his invincibility. As he overcomes each challenge, he reassures himself that nothing can slow his path.

>>For all his industry, he cannot escape his most elemental of fears. His desolate

condition makes him shudder with fear. He is a traveler in this narrow tunnel, and his enemy awaits him at the end.

>>He freezes. He cannot move.

>>You randomly turn down a dimly lit street. You are hurtling towards a resolution. This is the dramatic moment that you have been seeking. Your body is burning all over. You are floating in your fear. Even in the darkness, you are flush with the light.

>>As your head spins, you try to keep your composure. You are gripped by the ghoulis effects. There is no respite as everything rests on a belief that things are so extreme that it can't possibly be this desperate. You smile amidst the absurdity. You never thought that you would this close to a real threat to your person. It has been all academic up to this point. But you wanted to take a risk, a little walk on the wild side. What is so real is entirely a figment of the imagination. And it takes only a second to snuff you out of existence. So you are balancing between this overdose of reality and your insubstantial taste of the transcendental.

>>Time to move on!

>>The assassin is delayed in his mission. His menace hangs in the air. If you even hesitate for a moment, he will have you number. But you hope to peer into his nightmare just for the scintilla of a reflection of yourself.

>>If you make it through this, they'll only find your fingerprints all over his handiwork. Such is the brink of your own disaster. You gain confidence by admitting you part in the coming apocalypse. You cherish your enemies list with the twisted sentiment that you can actualize each entry.

>>You're not the aggressive type. But you have a reputation to protect. And you have your marching orders. You can stare down your fellows and imagine that you are the center of the known world. You are doing everything that you can to make up for the surrounding mediocrity. You have turned the corner. Once a victim, you are now ready to pursued your prey. You have adopted the hunter's spirit.

>>Your teeth are sharpened. You are ready for the kill.

>>You guilt is not sufficient to absolve you. You only want to submerge further in your abomination. You are a man of your deeds, not just your emotions. You have overcome the killer because you are the killer.

>>When you stop at the sign, you look in the rearview mirror. He is waiting there for you. Speed up before he has a chance to reach you.

>>It's the stuff of a dime-store crime novel. You're just looking for a story that you can call your own. And now one has been thrown in your lap.

>>When he is not immediately gripped by the throes of death, he reassures himself that he has been successful at evading his pursuer. Such a victory reassures him that his own efforts might liberate him permanently from this existential threat. And he becomes immersed in a pursuit of his own. His path is abetted by the most intense stimulation. His own passions offer him a clue how to sustain his freedom.

>>It is ironic that his supposed liberation from his mortality is framed in a new subjugation. This has been his strategy all along. And it has finally assumed it full nature. He has pushed way beyond his more primitive desires. He sees his appetites as the indication of a deeper connection in the universe. As the intrigue is heightened, he is more committed to an

authentic encounter with his savior.

>>She can hardly recognize the extremes on his part. She is taken by her own illusion. Hardly as ambitious. But equally involving. She doesn't pretend that she can overturn the cosmos. But her fate turns in a world that is more reassuring about her final reward. On this basis, she might appear even more cooperative to his ends. However, she is trying to turn his view towards the same terminal point.

>>She is proof against his metaphysics. She notes the subjective ends to which he has submitted. He continues to believe that he has discovered a portal, and she is his gate keeper. So she offers her guidance. And he follows her compass. All the while, she keeps him at a distance. This makes his quest more perilous.

>>A critical review of this situation does not diminish her efforts. On the contrary, there are serious questions about his commitment. And she appears to expose these weaknesses. He does not admit to these failings. He relies on his own belief to gamble even more on his initial perceptions.

>>If he engaged her in a conversation on this matter, she would ridicule his search. After all, it is only his personal adaptation of a more traditional quest. For his part, he recognizes how he has pushed beyond the constraints of convention. He takes her example as the shining path in this direction. >>Since he has focused his course, her actual participation is only secondary to her inclusion in his fiction. He takes the first step into the unknown and relies on his acute observation skills to confirm his own achievements.

>>Assuming that she is finally overcome by his appeals, she surrenders to his passion. In this triumph, she is his temple. And he worships amidst the delights that she offers. There is no longer any cunning in the seduction. That does not diminish the overwhelming character of his excitement. He embraces a contact which transports him way beyond his initial fears.

>>Her hesitation becomes a burden for him. He accuses her of standing in the way of his more expansive vision. Her gestures seem weighed down by earth's gravity. He is ready to take to the heavens. He wonders why she has not obliged his ascent.

>>He has cornered himself with his demands. He can't ask more from her. But he has built such expectations into their contact. She is his death-vision. And he blames her since she cannot take him to the other side.

>>She does all that she can to escape him with her life. He does not mean her any harm. But his disappointment is potent enough to put her in a permanent trance. She avoids his gaze. He does not give up. If he has invested so much of himself, he truly believes his fundamental assessment.

>>His reaction borders on the comic. He has not been successful in ordering his passion. He believes that the ultimate satisfaction lies on some other path. He has evaded death only to plunge head first in a further confrontation.

>>He is now convinced that his passions provide only one form of stimulation. If he pushes his body to the edge, he will finally discover the revelation that he seeks. His nights are haunted by his obsessive hunger. And he uses his days to recover the depredations of his search. He is a fiend. He admits to his as much.

>>If he doesn't sleep, then his fatigue can elicit even more intense states of arousal. His extraordinary journey begins. His aspirations go way beyond the physical. He finds his

gratification in entertainment. He is not drawn to the adrenalin rush; his challenge is more jarring. His head spinning due to the sense disorientation, he pushes forward until he can accommodate himself to a clearer vision. He can barely catch his breath. He doesn't allow himself to let up. He simply takes his respite as the launching pad for a greater contest. As he extends the himself, the body is only an excuse. Each shock to the system invites a succeeding interruption. Even as the biological order seems to fray, the tremors only invigorate the self. There is a perverse unity in these internal storms.

>>The subject enters a friendly debate with himself. He uses the energy of this confrontation to bring him closer to his object of desire. This is the fiction that overtakes him. And as he becomes immersed in the fiction, he discovers the new basis for his triumph. His imagination serves him well in capturing his object of desire. He only needs to dwell on this image to bring him closer to satisfaction. He is aware of the conditions of the universe that challenge his resolution. Any image serves as the basis to disturb a representation of the whole. He learns to find delight in partial transcendence. He recognizes that immersing himself in the chaotic, he is embracing a deeper unity. So his imaginary picture only invigorates him more.

>>What he fears the most is the resultant narrative. His conversant is ready to unburden herself of years of heartache. And as she sketches his pursuer, he recognizes his own portrait. Can he really gain strength from this intimacy? In relating her story, the interlocutor has yielded all the mysteries of the universe to techniques of recitation. He feels that he has gained the upper hand.

>>His dreams have taken over his everyday. Is this the hallmark of psychosis. It might be if he was not so afraid of his own power. He remains divided in his observation of himself. He wants to complete the fantasy. But he always fails when it becomes a matter of language. His silence does not absolve his frustration. Although his look is not all that menacing, this does not stop him from keeping tabs on the object of his infatuation. And in this view, he appears quite dangerous. Is there nothing to break his repetition. He is like the solitary particle floating through a non-responsive universe. >>

>>The perfumes of the night only entice him more. He is the perfect witness of all the transgressions of the dark. But his own offenses are so grave that his own paralysis is hardly a defense. He turns this inadequacy into his badge of honor. He is searching for a greater reward so he holds off on the immediacy of gratification. But he peers out with such a frightful gaze that he is able to halt even the most hardy creature in her full stride.

>>His story is now one with the LAW. And the inculcation that follows his invitation is worse than severe. He is the sleep walker who has been released by his instructor. And his maker is somewhat displeased by the result. But he is glad that his method is now enforced by an external force so that no longer has to respond for his own errors in judgement.

>>Other dreamers have been attracted by the same message. They are more vulnerable to the risks. He is telling the story. They have simply come along for the ride

>>The most brilliant of these performances owes her skill to the charms of the cinema. And she is simply waiting for the adaptation of her tale to the screen. For the time being, she makes all her gestures bigger than life. This leaves no doubt with regards to her intention. So she invites everyone along for the ride. And he is the evangelist for her new church.

>>If she cannot meet the requirements, there are others who are more committed to the

catechism. They can all adapt their own questions to the challenges that await.

>>To awaken from the nightmare is finally to admit his guilt. How can he quit while he is ahead. But he needs to cash in his chips while this currency is still in force. If he waits, it is because he believes that he has garnered more lasting assets.

>>He is ready for the final showdown. And it won't come to him, then he will make the pilgrimage to the mountain. Prostrate to the new belief, he more than ready to accept its regimen. He just wants to belong, at least for the time being. He recognizes that there are risks. But he has seen others go down for less return. And what is he actually sacrificing?

>>He is walking through a narrow tunnel on the way to a train. She is closing in on him. She is going in the opposite direction. She has trouble keeping himself erect. He wants to help. He really has nowhere important to go. But this is not really happening. This is all part of his dream.

>>He has been called. But he is not listening. He is waiting for a greater calling.

-Why is she even walking in this direction? Why doesn't she call me by my name?

>>>>She does exactly what he wants. She calls him to her side. He realizes that this could be both the beginning and end of his life. He wants to push beyond the dreamworld.

>>>>Tomorrow, he will forge on beyond these weaknesses.

-There is a man outside who is being beaten.

-What do you want me to do about it. I'm waiting for my drink.

-I didn't realize that!