

## THE ECSTATIC

“This is the only thing that I want. This is the only thing that is right for me.”

*The world offered me a path to physical ecstasy. And its ecstasy seemed to imply the paradise. A paradisiacal state would develop from the perpetual nature of this physical high. Nevertheless, euphoria could not encompass all the variations of the universe. Even if someone else participated in the search, she could not guarantee the connection to a state of enlightenment. Everything would be based upon universal nature of the physical enthusiasm, but the universe would present itself in a multifaceted form that expressed other kinds of connections. The shared understanding was insufficient at capturing all those facets. The self would feel incapable in the encounter with these greater forces. The physical ecstasy would only root the individual in the world. No state of human excitement could encompass this greater phenomenon without a more provocative theory.*

*This physical ecstasy provided a sense of lasting stimulation. The body became rooted in activity, and this activity was based on insight. The body was seized by this experience. In a sense, this connected to self to others. And that expressive feeling made the blood flow. This connection came even more intense. The individual vibrated in this expanse. That additional feeling could be enhanced through interactions with others. Once this pursuit started, it seemed to have no end. That only created greater challenges for the self.*

*In one sense, the individual was seeking a greater expression of these internal states. In another, there was the potential that other applications would result in the same expensive feeling. The self was pulled in these directions. That only created a greater commitment to the physical realm. Did physical sensations demand a theoretical awareness? But the theory expressed itself as its physical impulse. For the time being, this impulse seemed to be the only thing that motivated his self. The blood would rush through the body. It would add to this feeling of force. The individual would get pulled along by this current. The self drowned in the moment. That realization made it seem as if there was nothing else in the world. The soul was committed to that same excitement. This was the triumph of pleasure.*

*The self believed that it was possible to communicate these states to others. This could be the basis of a whole practice. People would be drawn together with the idea of advancing these paradisaical states. Nothing else mattered.*

*Were there enough words to express this feeling? The individual was immersed in an empire of the senses. Each stimulation provoked another. That process seemed endless. And the self wanted more and more and more. The individual could proceed to the threshold of total degradation. There was a sense that nothing else existed but this physical explosion. The self became consumed in the moment. Any aspiration for something else was totally blocked by this feeling. This accentuated it the discomfort of the soul.*

*On the one hand a person was moved by the extremes of this feeling. On the other, there didn't seem to be enough acknowledgment of this process. The self moved closer to an everlasting arrangements. At the same time there was this massive hollow because nothing could satisfy that long. That only made the craving for something more intense. His self was slammed against this wall. The force was immense. The initial sensation was uplifting. But*

*this uplifting this elevation was selling subsided and the physical realm. There was a promise. And that promise itself was exciting. And the feeling continued to build. But there was nothing else. This created an artistic question.*

*How could the artist embody his physical awareness? The Canvas could represent this sense of explosiveness. The artist could describe this impulsive feeling. Nevertheless, something more was needed. How could the individual communicate a scientific perspective about the universe. This was all about feelings. But the artwork seemed to betray a sense of alienation. The self try to hold on to this insight. But there was a contrary experience That prevented A lasting encounter. These canvases were full of splotches of paint. They were administered with theory. And they represented that intensity which world for me within.*

*It continued to flow. It was climactic in nature. There seem to be no limit to the size. But the art like the fundamental connection to human experience. It's supported the validity of one kind of human activity. Everything was exaggeration. What could that mean to human perception? The vision promised something. And the promise accompanied the quest for this immense euphoria. But that euphoria exceeded the initial perception. And the artist was unable to link that realization to anything else in the world. That meant that all that mattered was a similar feeling of euphoria. It was a disease without a cure.*

*At the same time, the self was driven by the sensation. That feeling was ongoing. The individual got pulled along by the stimulation. Each particular event built upon what followed. This was wondrous. This was amazing. Nevertheless, the self didn't understand where to take this experience. It seemed out of the realm of the individual. This pointed to something else. And that other thing remained elusive. What if somebody else was the source of these feelings. She could help to move along the process. Her being would be totally engaged by the same experience. The stimulation would become more and more intense. There would be a gasping for breath.*

*The self felt as if there was nothing else. The empire of the senses was triumphant. Even with such an invitation, there still seem to be some thing wrong. The questions were not answered. The secrets remained hidden. The mystery was confirmed. There was nothing but the body. There was nothing but pleasure. There was nothing but provocation. There was no mathematics. There was no science. These hidden impulses seem to be the foundation of human experience. The self was driven by these forces. Nevertheless, all these experiences were an able to encompass other kinds of human activity. The intensity of the feeling seemed to strip away the role of human interest. Interpersonal communication was based on one thing. How could this euphoria be prolonged?*

*At first, this might seem like fun. People could joke about this experience. They could find different ways to keep the excitement going. Later on, more was required. The individual was progressing to another state of being. In this effort, state needed to be prolonged. Sure the self became cut off from the world. The same experience could result for the whole group. Everyone shared the same delusion. But there was so much confirmation of that feeling that it became impossible to interrogate it from the outside. More than ever, this seemed like the foundation for belief. Faith could flow from this awareness. Once a person encountered the*

*high, why would you want do anything else? If this was taught others, they would be equally drawn by these influences. That power will become greater and greater. How is it possible to explain this to anyone else,? An explanation wasn't necessary. The newcomers only had to follow along the same path.*

*There would be a period of skepticism. The self would wonder about the importance of such activities. This would lead to a cynical response. It would be better to be practical than to lose oneself in this nonsense. But the nonsense was the only thing that gave a meaning to human experience. If people could sure this excitement together, it really meant it really didn't matter if there was any other form of enlightenment. The individual felt like a seer. This vision with everything. It would seize the body. The soul will be captivated. Even the heart could get pulled along.*

*If people shared this feeling, they would believe that there was something else. Time and time again, that's some thing else was an exaggeration of the initial insight. That stimulation pointed something immediate inexperience. Instead the self pursued another direction. That encounter was secret. Even if there was no accompanying belief structure. It seem to be the only thing that mattered. If others got pulled along by the feeling, then there must be some thing that they shared,. In this realization was universal. This was the objective truth. The sun shone in the individual.*

*One thousand suns burst forth and warmed the individual the self. A warm and rushing current seized the mind. The self surrendered. This unlocked these transcendent states of existence. The paradise made a promise, and it delivered in the physical realm. The individual was broken by this intensity.*

*"What did you want from me? What could you give me? How can I prolong that experience? Every glance, every touch, every thought, every embrace Dash everything went in the same direction. Did you feel it? Are you pulled along by this feeling? Is it everything for you? Nothing else matters. You want it now. You want it forever. You do everything that you can to keep it quiet. That is why you try to laugh about what is going on if you're not involved, you pretend that it's not such a big deal. But it's the only big deal in your life. And when it ceases you, you want nothing else. Are we seized together but I same feeling? We are drawn to that sensual appeal? How can we construct our world. to continue that same sense of stimulation"*

*"Indeed, that seems to be the artistic question. We look at art to see that inspiration. And that inspiration drives us. We feel that poor. Do you feel it? Is there anything that I can do that can help you all. Our bodies melt together. Our souls feel the same urge. We try to draw out that feeling from each other. We believe that we can overcome any obstacle. The cure seems allusive. That is all that we want. We are only healed by this wonder. We have immersed ourselves in this ocean of pleasure."*

*"Why should we believe this feeling? Why is it our new face faith. You want more and more and more. I want more and more and more. We are one more. What are the words to say? They tell us to give in. They say that our surrender is the only path to a greater feeling. Why should we worry about anything else? Why should we even bother. We believe that we have seen another mode of existence. But when we have to do the fashion in the world and just this way. What does it seem so resistant?"*

*These scenes of pleasure were to be explosive in nature. Each burst would be temporary. This would require further re-enactments. The ecstatic nature would imply the paradise. They would speak of the everlasting. But it was all temporary. And that temporary character made the individual more attached to the experience. Each acknowledgment made the self want more. And that rush of feeling would continue. The individual would get caught up in the moment.*

*The motivation would be to increase the level of this excitement. The self would seek new forms of gratification. If the provocation remained just beyond the level of observation, the individual would always feel that there was more. The key was to keep this threshold at the same level of intensity. The event would end before a greater stimulation occurred. The individual would feel dissatisfied in the short term. But that would create an ongoing allegiance to the experience. And these scenes would continue.*

*This philosophy affirmed the importance of the enactments. Anything else was delusion. The self was letting personal good will detract from the utter brutality of the pleasure.*

*“Where does this come from?”*

*“You are having fun. Don’t ask too many questions.”*

*“I feel like some kind of lab animal.”*

*“You want more and more and more.”*

*“You are extending the realm of belief.”*

*“I am doing what I can to surpass myself.”*

*“Some people give to work with that same intensity.*

*“I whisper in your ear. I want to exhaust you. I want to drain you of your desire. Then I want to begin again. I want this pleasure to be endless.”*

*“Where does any of this come from? We have only started, and we want more and more and more and more.”*

*“There does not seem to be enough resources in the human body. But that stimulation is everything. The scenes are important. You lead me on. You get me riled up. I am so preoccupied by the feeling. I want nothing else.”*

*“Only sensual stimulation can offer the body what it needs.”*

*“The empire of the senses.”*

*“What do you see?”*

*“What do you want the world to give you?”*

*“You feel blessed. You are pulled along by this scene. You rest and start again.”*

*“I FEEL LIKE A FUCKING LAB ANIMAL.”*

*“I want to read a book.”*

*“That is so massive. We can match our levels of ecstasy. We can merge into each other.”*

*“You value the description more than the experience.”*

*“That is the basis for artistic expression.”*

*“More splashes of paint on canvas.”*

*“There is a meaning.”*

*“It all oozes. It explodes. It runs everywhere. There is no clarity of form.”*

*“Have fun! I can give you fun all the time.”*

*“Is there a science? Is there a clearer direction to help you realize your vision.”*

*"We will have to clean it up."*

*"Give me everything that I deserve."*

*"I cannot stop. I do not want to."*

*"Where is this headed? Where am I going?"*

*"I want to feel it over and over again."*

*"We merge together."*

*"The feeling becomes more intense."*

*"Come to me."*

*"I need to make this happen."*

*"I am lost in the moment."*

*"Do you have what I need?"*

*"We are all party monsters."*

*"Why do you need words? Why do you need art?"*

*"I want new recruits. I want excuses to do what I do."*

*"It will become more wondrous."*

*"I want to participate."*

*The process moved towards something that was not pleasure.*

*"What do you like to do? Eat. Drink. Feel the excitement."*

*"One state could substitute for another."*

*"You are not that provocative."*

*"WHERE IS THE CARING?"*

*"Do not weigh me down with silly ideas."*

*"THIS IS MY BOOK. THIS IS MY IDEA."*

*"This does not reach the level of a literary awareness. It is a raw expression of sensuality. There is not sense of wonder."*

*"I am fading."*

*"Why do we keep doing this over and over again."*

*"WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR ME."*

*"You come alive."*

*"Do you realize that you are in the presence of a constant stream of bull shit?"*

*"I like what I hear."*

*"What can you offer me in private?"*

*"What have they taken from you?"*

*"I need the theory."*

*"STUFF THIS IN SOMEWHERE."*

*"There are these gaps in human consciousness that you cannot fill."*

*"This is a silly fight."*

*"What is the basis for seeing?"*

*"What do you see?"*

*"How can you speak of paradise as separate from the body?"*

*"It is all about the body. Have you not been listening? I am describing the provocative nature of human touch."*

*"Stimulate me!"*

*"Tickle me!"*

*"Give me enlightenment."*

**“SHUT UP.”**

*“Is this a poem?”*

*“I want you to taste this.”*

*“What is it?”*

*“Ambrosia.”*

*“I do not need any more stimulation.”*

*“I am going through the motions.”*

*“That is the only way to do it.”*

*“Now, it makes sense.”*

*“Go lower.”*

*“I am being weighed down by my desire.”*

*“I would not do it any other way.”*

*“You give me what I want.”*

*“I cannot get in your head.”*

*“Everything seems like perfume.”*

*“Then the real you comes out.”*

**“ALL OF YOU EXIST IN THIS OTHER SPACE. I AM NOT EVEN THERE.”**

**The body made it big. It made possible constant stimulation.**

**“When I do not feel it, I long for it. Everything moves in the same direction.”**

**“THE UNIVERSE DOES NOT MOVE IN THAT DIRECTION.”**

**“THESE ARE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF ART!”**

**“SPLOTCH AND SPILL!”**

*“This is too much thinking for me.”*

*“You need to be filled with pleasure.”*

*“You hate your work. You hate your life.”*

*“There is that moment of intensity.”*

*“Do you see what I have here?”*

*“This is complete denial of denial.”*

**“THE DENIAL OF THE DENIAL.”**

*“This is NOT going to do it for me.”*

*The body raised so many questions. But it offered few answers. It exaggerated the role of pleasure. It helped elevate commitments to constant stimulation. I did it did not provide enough clarity to sort through various images of the world. There was always this promise of something greater. But it did not offer a clear path to this growth. I wanted to learn. I wanted someone to teach me. You seem to be no foundation for this understanding. I was caught in the empire of the senses.*

*What did that mean? Everyone around me wanted to fulfill that longing. And I rode that high with them. When the scene ended, I was ready to get out. I was ready to cast off all these influences. I was ready to declare my complete independence. I was moved back-and-forth by these feelings. I felt crushed. I did not suffer. I do not feel pain. I was numb. I was searching for a critical answer. This was all that seem to matter. Did someone know?*

*Someone could answer the questions that I needed answered? In a sense, this was absurd. I needed to abandon the commitment to the body. I need to embrace another way of saying. What was the source of my need? How could I overcoming the negative influences?*

*How could I achieve growth? There were all these factors that seem to diminish my power. If I gave in, I would only feel the more intense estrangement from my existence. Would it take me to this place? I felt limited. At the same time, this desire was intense. I wanted to satisfaction. I want to obliterate everything else but this surge. I was becoming like these party guys. I was using my art as an excuse.*

*What happened to the science? When it happened to a clear a way of seeing things? I was in my way? What was the solution? It didn't need to be that difficult. I could find clarity. I could resolve on an answer. I was not supposed to be helpless. I was supposed to be triumphant. It was a relying too much on my own insight? When I try to link up with other people, I only got caught in the same pursuit. It was just an exaggeration of individual experiences. Is nothing coherent thinking all this together. I needed to take a breath. I need to figure out the origins.*

*This wasn't just a creator problem. It originated in our physical nature. In this nature to shape in social interaction. In a sense, that nature could be adapted to unusual situation. And I recognize those challenges. I built upon that understanding. I just send a deeper and deeper into that world. And that only made my realization more tense. I was living off of excessive stimulation. It wasn't so much of an adrenaline rush; it was am awareness. Nevertheless, it became difficult to express that awareness in the moment. Feeling only became more intense. And I created an ideology to enhance it. In someways, if it came more difficult to express to others. At the same time, I felt a more profound connection to some people. And this motivation came more intense more extreme. And since I was lost in these influences.*

*I felt that I was tossed back-and-forth in these currents. I wanted nothing but this. I lived for nothing with else. But I lacked language to sufficiently explains to people around me. Instead, I was drawn to the sense of domination. If I felt overwhelmed by the experience. I wanted others to feel the same thing. What was the basis for communicating this knowledge? I wasn't into pain. I didn't want to make their lives worse. But there was something appealing to my own submission to this idea. And I believed that this could become something universal. It's only invigorated bye-bye the body. If others felt this way, oh well I'm good all well and good. That inspired for further commitment to this regimen. Power flows through me. There is no limit to this feeling. I needed more words. I needed better gestures. I needed transcendence.*

*I realized that the body was full of the explosive energy. That wasn't in doubt. Nevertheless I had questions about the aftermath. How could I handle that? How could I work through my sense of extreme fatigue. This was supposed to establish a deeper connection with another person. Instead I wanted to escape. Why couldn't someone else provide me with clarity. What caused the steeper rift?*

*I wanted to push forward. I wanted to find a source of deeper motivation. That way the law would not be as extended extensive. Instead, I only felt myself submerge deeper. And that sensation needed a deeper commitment. But I didn't want to ask anyone else to assist me. I was stuck in suspense. It's nothing available. I became lost in the moment. This reinforced ation I was trying to work it out. I was trying not to give in. But everything around me in one direction. And I felt as if I was slipping beneath the way.*

*Evidently, I wasn't the only one. I felt this, and I want to share it with others. I wanted*

*an explanation. But it kept feeling outside my grasp. I couldn't get any closer to an understanding I didn't want to seem desperate. But my isolation was so stark. I couldn't get over it. I wanted you to understand what I had. I wanted to share it. I wanted to build upon this connection with you. I wanted it to be creative. From this creativity, I could extend a deeper awareness. I could explore this paradise together. Its knowledge reinforced the idea that they were a deeper understanding all together.*

*My body connected me to an infallible understanding. Nothing could detract me from that infinite awareness. I had made the body to create an alternative connection to the universe.*

*How could I describe the universe? What did I miss? I needed a clue. The universe could describe all the states of the body.*

*Where was this headed? The universe could describe all possible destinations. The body made me feel like more than myself. I was a developing self.*

*Where was this connection manifested? I liked the body!!! I considered alternate means of entry. I was clicking. I had a memory alteration. Where had I been before? I needed to protect myself. This was all good crazy! The meeting between the self and the universe was established. For these purposes, the technology needed to be bigger than the sum of all its parts. They found the technology. I needed to find a clear resolution.*

*There was going to be a reward. The body felt good. The wave got into my brain! I needed to have the means to make it back.*

*The body needed multiple forms of correction. How could that possibly work?*

*It was marked in a particular part of the body. I could know it but not say it. We were designed to fail. We needed to work more quickly.*