Introduction

The story that you are about to read is an unedited transcript from five post-it pads that I wrote in July 2014. I couldn’t find anything more suitable for collecting these fragments of thoughts and conclusions than post-it notes. It made perfect sense. How could it easily be forgotten on a post-it note?

Before I started to write this essay, an idea came from Cecilie Hundevad Meng, which was to write a science-fiction novel. It’s an allegory over artistic practice, art market, art institutions, society, existence, energy, stupidity, safe zones and so on. To link the story from her sci-fi version, copying places, situations, people and parts of her text and weave the two texts together, make side stories, mash them, confront fiction with reality etc. But at the release of this text only one is still finished. It’s to be be continued…

First chapter is a resume of my education so far. You could also say that it is a resume of a life, mine or yours or a random person on the street. But sure it is exciting to take part of other peoples life story, right? Also there are some explanations about how I undergo my practice. Up to this date of course. Second chapter is perhaps my expectations after five years in an art institution and its context, perhaps fears and feelings that post-graduate students face outside the institutional shelter. And it goes on in the next chapter, but instead fears could be used to experience and walk between different zones. And by zones I mean of course a person’s integrity, limits, development (on any level), beliefs, perception of realities and so on… Fifth chapter was written after the third, I jumped one. It can be a dialogue for anyone to use and be set up anywhere they want. The violence is perhaps not necessary it can be exchanged with pillow fight or confetti. But in this text it is necessary. It is also a short summary of a recent period in my life during my two first years at the Academy, which consisted of 3 violent performances. The fourth chapter is like a loop and it was the last one I wrote. It connects with the ending of the story. And also it is an experience I once had in front of the mirror. For other people the first part of the chapter is a performance to be experienced on your own, like a recipe (the same we make in studio støk).

To make a meaning or to clarify certain parts of the story is that a passage from one point to another could be vague and mysterious. I have been collecting numerous pseudo scientific and meta-physical thoughts. Some parts are just plain old boring and without meaning, and after having read numerous texts I find the same feeling in me. Passing the feeling on. It is a filling for a conclusion. A post-protagonist, common person running towards a conclusion in a sidestory. And isn’t it fantastic to have someone else to go through the shit that passes through the mind? Correct my faults, nay, my errors, nay, what the fuck is happening in this text? A matter of fact is that my library of words and intelligent way of writing in English is under all critic from a grammatical or correct or whatever point of view. Have the de-skilling practice at the academy been so good that I couldn’t write anymore? Sure I didn’t get any A’s or B’s in English but seriously, is that ok? I don’t know and perhaps I don’t even care. There is wolfs howling at the gates and no one is feeding them. Just give them any victim and so the rest of us can go safely to the next shelter. In the errors and glitches there is more to find than just a need for correction. As Confucius said: “Everything has its beauty but not everyone sees it”. You will just have to sit back and enjoy, just skim through the parts you find boring. Enjoy.
1. **Train**

My limited resources put me on this train. I always think about trains when I feel anxiety, its a comfort. You know you go forward, but with the possibility of being late.

From my window I see the moon swiftly passing by before entering hyper-space-reality. It flashes through smog. Its very dense. My travel companion disappears. Tentacles and eyes flashes in rhythmic patterns. It colors the half empty coupe. They already go to sleep. Closed the incubator, going to sleep mode. Most people do actually, when something real happens.

The train hostess, aka titan tit, speaks through the internal speaker system for an order.

I order nothing with the reply:

- No thank you titty, its to misty. But can you bring an extra blanket?
- Of course, Im putting it through the delivery hatch asap.
- Thank you miss.
- Have a nice trip mister.
- Thank you.
- Brzzt.

The two already falling asleep looks mundane and they tend to get this grey shade over their faces, a transparent layer. One of them didnt even bother taking on clothes. So many cum shots on that misty glass screen. The lurkers always take the late train to get their sexual cravings realized. Thats why I never sleep in trains. My journey can seem sexual but it aint, its something else, deep perhaps.

I never thought about myself as a deep being, because being here is either deep or high, just two feet on the metal floor. The contact with your light shoes (with feet inside, plus socks) touching the floor.

In the time before scientists realized that the building stones of materia never touch each other. if they did, they never would be the same. But of course its impossible, two things going
together forms something new, two things together is a new. But in the incubator its still just one. For a time in my life I was thrilled about the thought of threesome. Everyone else also. But for most of the time it turned out different. It never turned to be anonymous.

Anonymous. Yes in this threesome we are anonymous. As in all orgies we morph into this new being. But in this compartment where everyone sleeps we imagine a one, but the reality is different. At least on this train. Travelling on this hyper space rail, hyper space acts on its own way. It took a while when I understood that. Some beings went into far space, others just go to the next station. If you ride with the train in high speed, you need to be on it until it stops.

Getting of can be painful in high speeds. Also it is hard to catch the next one. Maybe it never will come a new train. When I am getting of this train I have been on it for 5 years. When you travel this long you cant get off so close to the final destination. Its a good train. You can sleep, eat in the café, go and talk with the engine driver and of course with the awake passengers plus some other small things to waste your time with. 5 years is very long time if you sleep, but being present, time flies pretty quick. Seems like there is not enough time then. Especially when you work. A good working pattern is as following:

- 6 drinks
- a pack of smokes
- random masturbation (to get the tension at bay)
- regular sleep and a nap after a big lunch in the café
- intergalactic communication with family and friends

Most of us go to the final destination. A few people get off for a year and then continues. Its a tough travel but its worth it. I imagine its like being new born. Of course there is a change at least. How can you not change after 5 years? People think it is a waste of time but its an experience of knowledge that cant be learned anywhere else. On this train, knowledge is unique, something for the I (eye). Last year a woman created an alternative space in one of the
compartments and we had one hell of an experience. She created this island where everyone was free to be who ever they wanted to be. I was myself. Couldn’t think of anyone harder to be than me. Me in present time and space. Many people there fled from themselves, but being yourself and do what you want, think, act, experience the I and others without fears and restrictions can be most difficult. To undergo space and time in a limited area. Thats what life can be about. Sounds cliche but cliches are in most cases true.

“Size does matters”

The native humans on the planet earth (which we passed a couple of weeks ago) is a proof of that. One could say that is not true, maybe small is best, if there is no small big how can small be the best? That is why I love dichotomies. And the stuff in the slimey zone in between. But when I work on a text there is no gooey grey zone. Its B/W. You do what you have to do. Follow routines, do as you planned, otherwise you would jump off the train in hyper speed and never get back on track. That is my method.

The last solar system was seen 2 days ago. Now is just pitch black with bright stars and nebulae and rarely an asteroid viewed at close distant. Even in this hyper-space-reality the view from the window seems to be not moving. It is huge though. Like this trip. 5 years is a huge accomplishment in a lifetime, especially when you pass the thirties. They say that the childhood is the most important part in life, but if you dont do anything in life after that, then you miss th important life. Some on this train go back and forth their whole life. Not sure if they missed something or just like the comfort of this environment. Seems quite linear but our bodies restricts us to this linear space and time. Its going to be consumed in this linear circle of born, grow, decay and death, again and again and again… Circles are pretty good after all. A tune in the trains radio player says:

-Where are you?
And frankly I dont know.
The name of the train could be a guidance, but in space is no where. But that is of course somewhere, between 2 places with names but this is without a name. So how do you put label on what you can act, perform or create?

To this point Im a passenger. An individual passenger. Pale individual passenger. Short tempered pale individual passenger.

Some, like me, never puts themselves to sleep here. Always good to have someone to talk to. Why dont the magazines write about the practical and necessary things in this trains? 5 years is a long time, how do you make your laundry? What do I do in between all of the writing? Cut my toenails with the nano-bot of course, but I mean, after a while the coupe gets in unique atmosphere. Underpants under the table, small notes stuck on the wall about when the train hits various small rocks, alerts about piracy and copy cats (copy cats is the scum of space whom gets stuck on the trains side and suck ideas of the unaware passengers inside) and so on.

Or even exercising your body is a project in itself. Stomach gets more flobby and shaving your face is more random. The difference to these distances go by a boat instead is none. Its just a vehicle in the end. Most common is a ship. Rarely people take the plane or a car these days.

The most convenient is of course porting. 2 unique devices communicating and your material manifestation is displaced between them. Travels makes one think about the experience of being. Once a man was walking in his space suit just outside between the tracks. It was just a flash (as do tend to get stuck in a loop when the train passes) but his facial expression told me boredom. That is also a part of life. You tend to get bored of the living and life. The past and the present. The unpredictable linear circe future. It is tiresome. But I think that this person had a very boring way of moving. Even the suit looked fabricated. Plain. Empty. Without meaning.

When bored, do it even more boring maximize the experience. Take the boringness seriously!

A peculiar bug, a rather small one, found its way into the train and stood outside my door for four, only once. I couldnt dare myself to open the door and let it in. Just looked at it for hours through the door cam. I was thrilled by the thought to put my private male part in the delivery hatch, just to see if it would be different.
I don't like to elaborate in my writing and especially not in my thoughts. Usually I need an external input to continue in detail. Or I think the external needs more details to understand my thoughts.

But I have 2 good reasons not to elaborate on my own.

- get stuck in my own limited resources of words and their combinations
- it's pointless

It's a freedom anyway. The kind of self-consciousness is liberated by clarity, of oneself.

THE FUNCTION OF ONESELF. The function of this compartment is to hold living beings for an unspecified amount of time (at most 5 years). The rather cruel look of it is another thing.

Indifferent colors and good modesty. When you know what something is you can use it. Identify the universe and its inhabitants. All becomes much clearer and easier, RIGHT?! Yet another of these humans on the first year here had a pink private unknown part and fairly large knockers (alternative earth they apparently use them for some of attacking device).

Maternity is long gone there also. A small incident in a ranch bordello affair changed that structure forever. Not in a haste of course, as all events its very hard to push asteroids in motion, but the impact is gianormous. Anyway this Jackie or Jack ripped some locked human hookers limb by limb. The story continues with he had some kind of workshop in his front yard with kids on how to assemble humans in a fun way. But being on stabilizing medicine and come from a wage past, it is bound to create rumours. Once I was on medication as well. Double pills.

First out it started from super nova travelling. It's a kid thing but we all do stupid things in ones youth. Obviously it gave sleeping disorder. I couldn't stop sleeping, literary. They had to put me on automatic intravenously medicine kick in. Every morning this plaugey nano-bot kicked in. It is placed in the acupuncture point between your anus and three to five fingers width to the scrotum. All energy starts from there. Super important. Never to be your own boss. Something else inside you decides when to go up from sleep mode. It is okay to some point but at least gimme a break once in a while. The most annoying part was the uncontrollable scratching (due to a firmware update, this was removed in later versions) every uneven central galaxy time, but when shifting
into hyper space reality, this little demon went loco in this private area inside me. Not a constant itching and scratching but very random to the point that it always surprise you. For a couple of years.

You can imagine this when the extra galactical intermissions from a far away not-wanted-relative calls you (of which I have none but others seems to speak about this stereotype-cliche-family business). But it has a function of course, recognition in present time for everyday life. Easy living, easy going. Seems like there is a gathering in the food wagon now. Can hear more feets moving towards it. Not sure if I want to go there. Its where everyone meets and gossip and have drinks and inhale minerals and play around with words and flirts and play in the kids corner. Which is not a corner anymore, these moveable interior works out damn good. Everyone decides how it can look but only your perspective is the true one.

For your eyes only.
For you !
For you …

And in the end the newborn is the only topic nowadays in the cafe. No one can escape that. No new. no nothing. Researchers found out that the soul is only born into biological bodies, but old ones can stay in bio-bots for the duration of its life span and be transferred to a new when best before date is closing in. Gee, what hell of a market that is now. Galaxy (trademark) brand even want to let souls carry on into things. Going slow but it seems to be an interest from the public to be a bed.

Imma bed imma bed ! Come sleep on me ! I can sleep in my own cus imma bed ! Come sleep on me, no, wait. No reborn making in the old fashioned outdated way with that with that reproduction woman on this bed! How silly…

Oh well, I just go and have my round nutritions on my square serving plate with a dry bikini. Interesting to see how such a small space can exists in the huge wast room. The compartment in the space.
Outside the sliding carbon doors the walkway to the café is occasionally crowded with “one-stop- liners” (free riders goes in the spare wagon), leg breakers in new solar systems or just someone who like to stretch them legs once in a while. Going for refreshments or just chatting with bye-passers-brrzts…

-Last serving in 170 galactic quarters, bzzt.

Scheisse, need to shake a leg. The galactic minutes are unpredictable. For some reasons galaxy spins in a random phase but the Galactic Time Center Surveillance keeps a track of it and updates everything, through the “central system of midpoint galaxy”. All go through this central system and everything that doesn’t align with it falls out and get marginalized.

Far out in the margin.

If not being connected to this system one is left out on its own, to be outdated. FOREVER!

But time on the other hand is never outdated, its just there.

Only 5 wagons away now, I wish this train could be a little bit shorter. But it is what it is. A long, unpredictable train that doesn’t apply to any rules at all, except it owns and I’m glad for that.

Happy go lucky satisfied. But never goes to lucky is happy, only fools continues.

- Stand or sit sir?
- Doesn’t matter! I just want something to eat, quick!
- Hurry hurry!
- I understand, but everything is occupied, you just have to wait.
- Wait, yes. Ok go on.
- Can you take an order?
- Yes, what you want?
- Todays special without the normal stuff.
- Drink?
- A dry bikini, while I wait.
- I fix that for you.
Great, drinks before meal. The best kind of drinks. But I prefer to eat anyway, need to workout my abdominal parts. You cant squeeze liquids! Those running on liquids dont get far, only that far. Its a pretty good dry bikini in this cafe. It is served well in a gorgeous bouquet of pearl roses and other assorted flowers. But the depth of it is great. Depending on how far you go the more delicious it gets. They save it for the next time you want it. Just refilling it with more and more. It grows on you. But Im still not sure about the taste, maybe my time isnt right yet.

- your dinning table is unoccupied, follow me please, thank you.

Yes, panorama seat with a fair amount of distance to the kids corner.

- Hi you!

- Hello, I think I got in time this time.

- Well we´ll see …

- ...talk to you later.

Yes that we do. And that was a big lie. Never said anything fruitfull to that passenger ever but I suppose it had a purpose.

- Sticks or tools?

- it doesnt matter, just food now!

- Yes, but you cant eat food without food insertion equipment, sir?

- what the …

-FINAL DESTINATION IN 5 GALACTIC MINUTES!

2. Final destinations

A bright light blinded me as I tried to look through the open train door. Slowly my eyes adjusted to the brightness and my ears also. The deafening sound of many million voices uniformed into a big humming. Small subtle rhythm could I feel in my external sensors as the light became more familiar with the eyes receptors. Packed, moving almost nothing.

- How am I even able to walk out the door?!

 Everywhere! This solid of living couldn’t take one more person. Me that is.
Wherever my eyes landed there was this stolid solid mass. Even the horizon was flickering of movement. Strangely enough I saw no architecture. No buildings. No structure of civilization. It must been the wrong station. Im sure that I heard final destination. I never do wrong mistakes. So how could I have ended up here when I followed all the unwritten rules, listened to all structures, looked out for nepotisms, carelessly read all the guides and yet, this. Well I suppose that this train takes you where you need to go.

“WE GIVE YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO FULFILL YOURSELF !”

Remember the slogan so clearly, without the caps lock of course. Right out of a commercial for lost souls. But it’s true, the souls of the other get what they need. The souls, the damned, but also the lucky one’s. If you read the fine paragraphs in the ticket you would know what to get. You get what you pay/invest for/in. I invested a great deal of time to go on this trip with fellow companions and experiences. No matter where I do it, its still the same but the outcome differs. A childhood friend decided to travel the regular road by feet and ended up making nano-booties. Didn’t go to far, but a life time achievement can’t be measured in performances. I guess she was satisfied with the anti-mimesis way of life to not prove anything to the galaxy except for herself. The galactic central always needs it’s inhabitants to justify it self. Life is unjustified. Life didn’t need to justified, it started to flourish, without any proof or self-justification.

- Look at me ! Im life ! You need me !!!
- No/yes, I was there after you and I need you now, but I didnt until you came around.
- LIFE YOU STARTED US AND WHAT PROOF DO YOU NEED TO BE JUSTIFIED BY US !?
-STOP IMITATING US LIFE !

I dont know, I think it is too early for contemplation, alone, and stuck in this ocean of living beings.

How in the world am I supposed to get of the train?
- Sir, mister, you have to get off now. The train needs to go to the train depot and prepare for a journey back in time, thank you, please. Sir?

- Yes yes...how? I can't even displace my front most foot out in this?

- I'm sorry sir, we just got the agreement to get you here. And now you are ... We can of course book you on a return trip from where you started or to a destination in between. But nothing will remain the same. We don't do memories. Our affiliated company can help you with that. But of course it is painful and very stressful to your internal organs. In rare cases your abdominal liquids escapes through your pores and stresses your skin organ. A sweet solvent that smells of piss. People can't stop licking themselves in great likeness of themselves and a sore tongue needs to be treated with ointment from galactic central well being department...

Fuck that shit, I'm out of here and away from there. I'm about to justify my material manifestation in that mass of living.

- Fuck you train, I'm off!

- Nice to have you on our train, mister ...

Taking a step.

Fails.

Ok.

Squeeze my foot out in the mass.

Fails.

Taking of my socks and shoes and with my big toe drill myself in.

Success.

One toe inside but the rest in still on the second stair.

- Thank you mister, we close the doors now.

- No! Wait! I'm still 95% left undone on the steps.

- Nnschhziii ....

Oh my ...
Taking most of my effort to push myself harder and firmer for every quick-central galactic time second.

-Thank you for choosing Galactic travel train, was the last I heard when this humming of voices was the next to be my comfort.

No more train. Comfortable cushions. Nutritions in the cafe. Understandable conversations with passengers. No more sitting up late and see the novas collapse in a wonderful display of birth and death.

Im standing flesh to flesh to another fleshy being.

- Hello… ?
- … ?
- Where are you ?
- … here ? !
- Ok, present in a now I presume then …

- Please move your knee away from my digestion system. It is uncomfortable. And dont speak to me again, your choice of words and placement of them inside a question freaks me.

I am the avatar of a makarelle in a plutonium can with dead heads. No Im exaggerating now. My advantage seems to be height. Did I mention bigger is better? An average height of 15 central galactic length measuring standards is what is needed to see/get an overview in this.

From my perspective there is no escape from this. But in my head there is a gap of hope. I could be waiting here for the hope or start staring into the crowd of unwilling beings not-wanting-to-have-a-knee-in-the-food-area.

Its not moving
There is no light in the end of the event horizon. The sun moved to the other side of the planet now and there is no second sun. Small spotlights scattered around in the periphery that gives a hint of life, at least you can inhale to support your life. Gradually the buzz becomes more clear and it is possible to make distinctions out of this.

- Make a blaze !
- Move MOVE move MOVE
- fuceksr

I swear I will cut you. My fists grips limbs. My ears, hears, please. Feets, back, neck, hands, legs, parts of untellable forms. As far as I know, I dont give a shit If I want to get away from this. And I do. Moving limbs here is different. They separate and assembles again and again. I think left my left hand on another ones right axis of evil. My top part of leg gets abandoned on the lower part of the neighbouring amygdala. The point of all. Fun time plus depression. Im all in here.

Fun time minus depression plus the equality equals no time for fun, at all.
Let us just all be honest and contemplate and realize the notion of handicap. Yes you are handicapped, but don't realize it. You can't move, you can't go from you point of stance, you have flip flops, but live with concrete thoughts. If you want release, don't give me a cold hand. You only want to make crime in the name of central galaxy order, don't you won't get far. They only do their job. Getting paid, slapping maids.

I was never anonymous. No one was. Someone always saw you. I understood what's coming out of your mouths, but I can't apply to my head. I guess that is what you do when stuck in the masses. Your life becomes a life t-rap. No matter, t-rap or life, I'm still stuck with my knee in another person's digest system. But on the other hand I'm still standing inside my socks, in my shoes on the ground I have never seen. It feels stable.

Lukewarm. No stuff that bothers the foot. I'm very eager to make an intergalactic call now. Or receive one. Something needs to come soon. A guidance. Most head rushes are easy to distract with a drink or a good text.

A small creature taps on my leg, or at least I think it is small, can't really see it. A clear voice cuts through the numb buzz of voices:
- Hey, you looking for something?
- Yaa, shure, out of here!?
- No, problem, you have a payment method?

I drop my biscuits with bio-mechanics smashed inside the biscuit and what was left in my wallet.
- Mmmm gommf ngh, delicious biscuit... mmmfh. Wait for the call, ok?
- Shuure, whuteva ....

At this point I just wanted to get out of here. I really didn't wanna go on and on about this mass of flesh like place, where you are possible easy target for butchers.

One memory flashed inside me from the days youth. I shifted atmosphere screens on a moon to the infernal planet Jules. The first of the of course. The other one collided with Verne, the big uninhabitable gas bastard. All gas is murderous, as when taking on a journey and spend time with gas beings. While shifting screens a brief thought struck me but I couldn't grasp it what the
purpose/meaning of it was. The meaning or pre-determined future or even false past memories or possible to be later, is just pure fiction, an untold story until it becomes forgotten. In times. Like drinks wasted in toilet coming down from the wrong direction. Some like patterns and irregular rhythms, other like to find them in the opposite. I seem to find all in everything. So I'm the stranded demi-god, waiting for this invincible foot tall gnome for what ! ? Un-natural is more like un-structured and cataloged. Like my feet are slowly sinking into the ground. Is someone seeing this ?

- Hey, is this normal around here?
A small buzz rised but faded even faster.
- Quicksand ! Floating earth ! Save me or yourselves or all together.
-yummmssmmmss…
- Finally you removed your flesh from my digesting system, freak, was the last muttering as I was in a slowly steady movement sinking into the silent crowded desert and the event horizon collapsed underneath me.

3. Solid space

The annoying undescribable grey noise closed over my top head and the final light as well. Yes, this is beyond the event horizons. Yam. My body feels like comet-blast jam when passing down. No kernels or vague natural taste. Just smearing down. Dripping down an oasis fountain. I couldnt stop thinking about essence. The mellow sinking breaks in. Is this my dying of life ?
Im slowly coming to a halt as my mind spokeed to me:

- Are you the anti-mimesis ?
The supposed soil tightened on my skin. Am I only this being beyond time itself ?
The skin got punctured, zillions of needles thrusted through my pores. Dirty dirt mixed with inner skin level. Trembling in absolute stillness I opened my eyes.
Stupid.
Opened my jaws instead to let the underground shark inside, but only more soil choked me. I felt blind insects finding their way to my attempt of blocking their path. Small gnawings and remembering that my skin still existed. I couldn’t see, but feel that it was gnawing on my iris. If on the pupil I would teach the eye eaters one or two lessons.

The most inner me pleaded to be eaten while my soul still could be. Eyes eaten, skin penetrated by soil and now flesh is being digested. All while I was trying to scream numb for more descended. Is this the end of my mimesis?, reverbed in mind as life and being passed by.

What a relief! The two things went together side by side on different levels and I still didn’t get it. The bugs was inside my eye now, irritating my macula, the soil grinding at my bones. I felt nothing. Head spoke again:

- Yes, you are right, what you do have a substance and a potential right of being.

No Im sorry, whatever I’ve done it’s rightfully done. I am being and I am being eaten alive underground. To fool me of that will make me turn away from what you think is the mimesis. Im not so agile in mind as “my” insects now. Reaping the other parts of the brain and soon to discover the nutrients from deep inside.

This is me sinking into silent desert and this is all my knowledge, theories, practice, experience, information, sweat and tears.

My external sensors stopped functioning. I was thinking about love as a cultural phenomenon.

Internal functions snatched rapidly and all organs stopped.

Void.

Sub-chapter 3. Void

It is numb here.

- Hello?
The characters queued up inside in an errorless order with a big question mark.

Not even leaving tongue properly. As lips was moving more dirt entered.

- Oh big galactic force, what happens now ?

I dont want to end in this vast dirt land of not being able to fulfill my anti-mimesis. Just as I started it, whatever it was… Star systems had collapsed zillions of times, spirits been reborn and died again and again for silly amount of time.

- Did I really ask myself all this ?

What the fuck was I thinking about ?

Did my friend back at sub-Port 73 think the same thing ?

Sure the bottles run empty, inhalers stacked the table and the local working ants left us alone in conversations. Even the fudjen avoided coming to the glass table. Shouting, gorming, pissing in place, enough said it was one helluva commotion. The question came just right, there as now, but the answer was just as mis-understood as always.

- What the fuck...gimme a break, such banal questions. And I imploded into even great depths and shame as the waiter came with another round of spirits. Ants looking over their shoulders and my friend at another direction.

Something here is not right. And I still couldn´t figure it out. Such many clues of guidance and directions to take but there was no signs. The table should have been a sign though. Just a big sink hole filled with bottles, butts, despair and regrets.

It was not interesting enough !

- How long is a lifetime ?

- For fuck sake, can you shut up ?!

There was not enough bugs in my brain to make me stop contemplate over the characters lined up before the question marks. As most beings is searching for it´s home, I question marked myself if this was it. My body. Almost or already eaten up. One home. The decaying body needs another one. It´s dying from when birth starts. Pre-programmed, as the other bio-bots and
fictional life forms. Wonderful. Spirits parasiting, similar to that moon around sub-Port 73. Radiated in a coelin blue aura and gloomed out in an orgasm (Yes, I never reached that, yet).

Coelin blurry blue orgasm. How the contours started to fade, the hollow ice block implying a metaphor for life going into nirvana. You don’t see that to often when embarking on a journey inside a body made out of flesh and hunger. Craving for more flesh to end the hunger. The freezing point, moment of being alive. Fly me to the moon and further. The void is just a transportation space to the next area. My rebirth stick was caught in a line of words:

- What is the hardest part of being a man?
- To have to deal with women.

Bones, nothing but bones and indestructible ideas left. What could have been the question forever and I let it be so. But the digested body is left undone. How pity of time, of life, of circles, of whatever!

I have approximately 4 galactic minutes left. There is no retaliation. No escape. No no no no and no. I’m going to die in the void. Avoidance of everything until all that is physically demonstrated there is not a single conclusion left to hold on to. Retina is now filled with soil and bite marks. Crisp radiobuzz cuts through the shivering thoughts.

- Hallo?
- Is there anybody there?
- God damn this prank calls …

- If you call again, I will report this to the Intergalactic Personal Security and have you tracked down. Last surface contact. Stomach and lungs completely filled with dirt now. The pester walked in through my grand hall of veins now and transporting their feces out through the pores. It is not tickling. Organic mass dissolved through ground as my bones went further and further downwards. A supposedly cool current swept the remaining skin, flesh and organs away. Didn’t belong in that costume anyway.

I was standing inside my skull and fighting bugs with my nano-bot from the scrotum. The little rascal found a way up and have been in standby mode since my sleeping disorders was
normalized. Its a pricey companion for its size. And multifunctional as well. Not only does it keep you awake, its buzzing function supports against invading parasites. Defending my two eye sockets was the most crucial.

- Nnnzzt !
- Prrzzzz !
- Shrroeeech …. Issscchhh…

How dare you attack my holy garden of self-generating bio-machine of forming ideas, which will not get anything in return, except when feeded with alpha and omega, some soothing inhalers and rest from time to time, but thats it. Without it I couldnt live, function in my body. But body is gone now anyway. Swept away by the current some galactic minutes ago. Still I got the skull. My last and present home. If they take this I have nothing. The other bloody organs was not that necessary. Lungs for inhaling, heart for bloody love, stomach for nutritions, tongue for external communication plus taste, eyes for spotting potential breeding partners, asshole for being a jerk. But my skull is the most vital of all. Mind and soul essence is resting there together, now with a nano-bot. The attacking parasites are decreasing in numbers.

- Mzzaapp!
- For my kingdom !
- One zero zero one zero one zero one zero !

I guess my skull is cleansed now. Not a single fleshy tissue left. Nano-bot is zapping the last intruders out through my nostrils.

- VICTORIOUS !

But for what?

The nano-bot is strolling back in through the nostrils and goes back in sleep mode next to me. Skull, bones and harmony. Finally peace in skull.

What to do now? Wait here for eternity until archaeologists will find me. Can spend endless amount of time in mind and dig deeper than ever before. The archaeology of the mind.
Never though that that sentence will be used. Well there is lots of words and characters that could be used now, but it is just empty. A pouring sound can be heard downwards close to the hip bone. The hip bone is connected to the leg bone.
The leg bone is connected to the rib bone.
The rib bone is connected to the head bone.
The head bone is connected to the arm bone.
The arm bone is connected to the leg bone.
The leg bone is connected to the rib bone.
The rib bone is connected to the head bone.

Then the song ends as crystal clear water rises up in my skull. Pure water. Nothing but one oxygen and two hydrogens. But millions and zillions and quadricillions of it filling my mind.
I must have reached sub-soil water level, which means I’m still moving. All my connected bones now scatters slowly in any direction while I’m left alone in my skull together with a malfunctioning nano-bot. Three red light blinks in a wavy pattern until the it fades away. Alone then. For realz this time. What to do now. Floating to an endless bottom. I peeked out through one of my eye sockets and it was nothing but ultra marine. Transparent until the end of horizon, a dark endless solid space appeared. I couldn’t be more bored now. If there was a nose left, I pick it, if a belly button, poke it and make a “plopping” sound. And if pores left I would go on a pimple hunt.

There is no sign of life either. All though they say that without water it couldn’t be any life. With only water there is just water. It needs more ingredients. Like black beans or the cereals growing on the fields of Stormwind. (insert side story here).

Yes, the proof of life. Where was I … So if water is the almighty proof and core element for the galactic forces scientific research, then I think it must be something else added. Just the core element by itself is just that, it needs spices. The floating cities, in Copri for example, wouldn’t be buildings if it sank, it needs the exo-carbon skeleton. And it also serves as a nicely decorated facade. The construction only wants to mimic its constituents. Skullroom is just what it is. Its
own universe. Now floating in the void away from the above commotion. Maybe I could upgrade it to a bigger one with luxurious tapestry, big salon hall, walk in closet, maybe some kids room for the future, a grand “one-way-look-through-window” with ocean view. But whom I kidding, its gonna be a dump after a minimum of time anyway. But its not for sale at least!

This is not a showroom, this skullroom. If it is for sale then it is not my skull anymore and therefore nothing of me left in it.

A haunted skull is all that remains.

Oh what the hell, I might just sell it for the first bidder with discount, if I had any clones you could get 3 for the price of 1. Everything has its price, just need the right amount of galactic credits.

No one pays for art, they pay for war and sex. My mind is a civil war full of dirty thoughts most of the time and you are all invited to be excluded from yourselves.
4. Wrong turn

The room feels pretty shabby but tidy at the same time. Small streams of light from Rouge Outpost city streets cuts through the room. I’d never imagined I could reach this far. Not many do actually. Only a few selected beings comes here, due to the citizens suspicious mindset to the rest of the universe. How far away is a general thought? I dont know, I just want to get a proper sleep and stretch the muscles. The bed has this abnormous feeling of being “the-next-room slabbi-slash”. The bed side lamp has a very warm and pleasant effect to the room. The carpet is a wall-to-wall type, maybe a chyrix thick.

Ouch!

I stepped on an old nail. I pick it up and put it in my mouth for a short moment until it becomes soft and chewable. I grind it between my teeths. Layers of soft nail turns into a fine powder on the tounge. Take out the nail and pick my front teeth with it. Some meat tissue is left in the upper back row. Flip the nail back on the carpet.

Ouch.

I stepped on it again. I pick up the nail and put it inside my mouth. Left it there until it becomes soft. It already is. I grind layers of soft nail until it becomes like a fine powder on my lounge. Take the nail between my index and middle finger, picking my teeths. Nothing there anymore. I flip it in through to the small bathroom door, which holds a soft (but) bright white light paints the room. The nail lands under the sink. I walk in and observe the mirror reflection over the sink. Hmm, thats funny, I have a wound on the top of my head. It is clean and tidy. I pick up the comb and straighten my hair.

Ouch. Ouch. Ouch. The combs teeth gets stuck in the wound, it starts to bleed, not much, but still.

-Bzzt, Bzzt, Bzzt.
The time alarm went off. The hour of the wolf. Feel hunger. Notice a letter next to the door, dont think it was there just a moment ago when I turned in to the bathroom. When scratching my head in confusion, there is no wound anymore. Looking at the scratching finger there is a transparent oil. Grinding my thumb with the index finger the lukewarm oil scents of wood. Taking some steps over the main floor towards the bed and lean in to bed. Its one of them standardized beds, kind of hard but a very soft and clean blanket, long pillow, all dressed in white fabrics. Nono sheets. Long time ago stains was a reality, now a days the living is considered as stains on the sheets. My bodily functions has stopped functioning. Water is dripping from the facial faucet. I rip a small piece from the corner of the sheet and plug it into the nose. Damn nono sheets. I pick up a pen from the small desk on the right to the bed. The ink doesnt sticks to the sheet. The letters just float around and creates small indescribable islands. One of them says: “your neighbour MILF. hot tits.”

Miranda was a neighbour when I was a child. She smelled like a organic plant, perhaps like broccoli? It was only during a couple of days every 4-6 weeks, then it disappeared or slowly transformed into a dairy product kind of a smell. Maybe thats why my taste for broccoli and cheese pie is so strong. As a young adult I used to bake one of those pies and on the cooldown I penetrated my nose into it and slowly choking myself in the pie. I turn around and notice that the note at the door is under a pie. Go up from the bed and walk over there and pick up the cool pie. The note got stuck underneath and I bend my head to see what is says. Strange again. It’s gone. Stepping backwards until the bed bumps on to the hollow of the knees, falling gently back and lands with my rear first and my head seems to fall for 34 galactic hours until it softly strikes the sheets. I see the pie floating in the air between me and the ceiling. the note is there again and Im reaching out with my arms trying to grab it but I seem to be sinking the more I stretch out. I give up. Just letting my arms rest on the sheets. Feels very soft, almost like mud. Or is it organic tissue? I cant lay down anymore, I need to be done soon and get going. Im eager o find out if someone is waiting on the other side of the door. Putting on the rest of my clothes and fumble around for my ID-keys, credits and the little black cube. At a first glance it is pitch black
with no traces of marks or opening slots. At a second glance there is a narrow cavity in which I
can see a dim vivid light, but as if it was a milky sun. I rally cant stop looking at it. As if the dim
light was calling for me… I put it under my coat, into the inner chest pocket. Walk towards the
door and as Im about to turn the knob, another note appears at my feet. I look down on it and
blue liquid colors it from drips that pours steadily between my eyebrows. The note is floating in a
small puddle of transparent blue and sinks slowly after a short moment. Im kneeling down and
put my left hand in. It´s out of reach. Im looking down on it and can glimps a few letters:
“Dr. Benway”.
Where hav I heard that name before ? It seems familiar, like an old friend from a dream. While
Im lost in my memory and sitting there next to the door, something shakes the door in a frenzy.
The knob turns from side to side in a haste and I crawl to the bed with adrenaline and nitro
pumping around in my flesh !
-Who are you! I scream silently for my internal self. The shaking continues as my sight shifts
between the door and the bathroom. I move slowly towards the light in the bathroom, avoiding
the trembling door as much as possible. The bathroom light has started to flicker with a
stroboscopic effect to the rest of the room. The door slams and jumps when I raise myself in
front of the mirror. I see myself laughing at me. And my hands slowly starts to peel of the skin.
Im still laughing in hysteria, my eyes are following my every small reactions. Im opening my
mouth to scream in fear just to realize that fingers are fumbling out from the gap. I hear the door
opens but the trembling slamming goes on even faster in synchronization with the pulsating
light. Muffled footsteps moves towards the bathroom. My face is covered in exposed organic
tissue and the eyes are rolling like dices heading for a loss. The finger already crawled out and
arms are following after them. Everything moves in a steady mechanical phase when one arm
reach for me from the other room and Im about to leave this world, when another me crawls out
from my mouth, without my facial identity. My head twitches with posessive characteristics. I
scream now.
It goes black and silent. The hand from outside the room turns on the light.
-Hello, are you ready mister? Your train leaves in 10 galactic minutes and the transport service is waiting outside.

I look in the mirror turning my head from side to side, just to inspect that everything is normal.

-Sir? Are you ready?

-Yea, I just need to pack my stuff. I be right there.

-Okay, just hurry up please, its only 9,973658 galactic minutes left.

-Yes yes, just go, I be just behind you.

I continue to look in the mirror as I reach with my right hand down in the chest pocket fumbling for the cube. Its still there. But no cavity. Looking down in the pocket, it seems like the cube is buzzing and humming with joy. Splashing some water on my face and dry it quickly with the nearest towel, it smells of fluz-oil that is being used for intergalactic ship engines. As i button up my shirt and turn to my left to exit the room I see a horizontal text reflecting on the right side of my neck in the mirror:

“use more bath saltz/Dr. Benway”.

ID-key, credits, cube and pants on, Im out of here. I dont mind closing the door, just running as fast as this body allows me. The carpet in the hallway forms a hypnotic pattern under my feets as Im almost floating over it. Look like triangles in various shapes growing and shrinking in an infinite.

-Hey, watch out, coming through. Beings squeezes up against the walls when I pass them like a swift desert wind. In the foyer there is an old couple arguing with the receptionist. I can briefly over hear them:

“..there was a pie between my legs!”.

Im so hungry. Wish that pie was mine now. I better hurry. Out in the cold, out on the street, the vehicle waits for me.

-Sir! Hurry up, its only 6,3531 galactis minutes left.

I must have been running for a long time, from where to when ?Jump onto the backseat and the service-bot closes the door with a line:
- Good luck and have a nice trip!
- Thank you, I replied while the muted door closed before I finished the two words.
- You are going to?
- Train station, quick!
- Oki doki mister, tip me extra and I have you there in a jiffy.
I show a handful of credits and I can see the driver is smiling under his scarf.
- Bixol, mister!
- You are welcome, just get going!
- Aeoiu.

Rouge outpost is dark most of the time, the light from the sun only turns up briefly and pass fast. The planet dont rotate so fast as it is circling around the sun. The Blei industry actually meakes the planet, not rotating, just wobbling back and forth. This place is doomed. Glad to make it out of here. No children plays in the streets here. In fact, no children at makes it here. Only misfits and outcasts gather here. And none of them seems to match up for reproduction dialouge. Too bad. Wonder how the offspring would look like? Or even adapt to this back alley in this part of the galaxy. It is said it is built on the foundation of the oldest city in the galaxy. Cultures comes and goes I suppose. I vote for movement and change and keep the time and memory in the head when you have free time to contemplate. First culture ever existed here lived in harmony with its surroundings, a self contained system. But it did for so long that it stopped growing and developing, until a rescue pod from a crashing mining ship changed everything. They didnt even know that something or someone lived outside this planet. At first they were shocked and curious, but after that despair, fear and riots turned the utopic isolated island to a famine and suspicious kettle of bad soup. The legend goes on that the galactic energies was disturbed by the crash and that the sacred relic had to be moved. What a load of bug-fuck I tell you. Beings either fear or get curious for the new and in this case fear struck most the inhabitants. Now a days the indifferent faces looks another way when a stranger pass on the street. Just waiting for the moment to backstab you and take your organs to ship em back to the
wealthier planets closer to the galactic center. Monetary system has been around since the birth of this galaxy. The value the thing get things going. People shimmer in their minds when the object of their fantasy appears in front of them. And they want to collect it, gather it and keep as much as it is possible. I think some are afraid to run out of it. All I have is this clothes, ID-key, credits and a black cube, which I have not the singlest clue what to do with. would be best to just get rid of it. I will open the window, just throw it away. Yes. I reach for my cube and simultaneously starts to lower the window screen in the backseat. The driver looks nervously at me. When the black cube reflects the light outside my coat, the driver hit the breaks and I smash my head against the panel.

- you must keep it mister. It might fall into the wrong hands. And mark my words that your after life would be even worse than in this scum hole.

- ...aye… I dont want it, its just a burden to me, you take it!

- no no no… I couldnt. You see for Im not intended for such a thing. My purpose is just to make sure you get to the station on time and in time. We continue now and please, dont try to make anything irrational again.

- Do I even have any choice…

- Your looks outwits your I, mister.

- Just get me out of here.

- Oki doki mister.

The short trip continues hovering over the streets, while the planet wobbles slowly and leaving Rouge outpost in a shadow.

This flawless black cube seems to be of such an importance that my mind just want to be as far away as possible from it. But it sticks on to the body, always close to the heart. The cube is radiating a mild heat now almost as if it was hearing my thoughts. Is it purring now? Thats it. I cant live with this cube anymore.

- Hey! Driver, how much you wanna pay for it?

- NO NO!
- What no?! You can buy it from me, now, cheap!
- You don't understand, it is of no value for me. It's just a piece of black junk.
- What?! It is not! It's a special rock maybe even some sort of unknown jewel, a secret element. It is warm and sounds like a cat now, you can think of it as a pet.
- Don't get me wrong mister, I would like to have it, but it is not I who decides that, it is them who knows where it must be.
- For the love... I don't care for "them", this material is attached to me as if it was a part of me.
- Now you are telling a truth, without it you would stop to exist anymore. You see that black cube is you. I couldn't take care of you and you can not be without you...

I pick out the cube and examines it very closely. One milky white text rolls inside of it on a horizontal line:

"I love you", "I love you", "I love you", "I love you", "I love you".

My digesting system hurl up a pale white cascade of fluids in the backset, on the window screen, the inner ceiling, the driver seat, front window, the panel, my clothes, but not on the black cube.

- Mister, you ok?! What's going on? The smell is terrible that came out from your digesting system and is now all over the interior.
- Just take me to the train station...
- Piuuu, I open the windows but don't try any tricks, for example, throwing any objects outside the window.

I put the black cube back in the pocket. Close to my chest. If it was a little bit smaller it would fit into my pants instead.

- We are almost there mister, just around the corner now, you have plenty of time left. No rush at all.
- Oh well, thank you. I'm sorry for the leaking of my fluids.
- Don't worry about it, I'm insured, hahahaha!
- Hmm funny, I suppose.
It hovers up close to the station entrance and I flip some extra credits to the driver for the accident and the agreed speeding. I stroll in a steady phase to the platform. Not so hungry anymore. Not so sure about anything that is about me. For know I have a ticket and a train to catch. The hovering pads take me the last distance to the platform. It is one of them never cruisers Im going with. Not to shabby compartments and a pretty decent dining wagoon. As I am about to board, I see a silhouette 2 gates away. Is that me? The little cube starts to hum, purr and vibrate as to get my attention. An all the others as well.

- Psst, keep it down, you are making me akward in this crowded place.

When I look at my direction again, I am gone. Is I going on the same train ?

I move with swaying steps into the entrance along the corridor to the compartment. 555 C it says on the ticket. 554 A, 554 B, 554 C, 555 A, 555 B and there it is. Doors move somewhat muted and regular.

- Hello ? This seat taken ?

No answer. Seems like the beings here already gone into sleep mode long time ago.

- The train is departing, please take your seat and …

The internal speakers goes on with information about the train and journey as Im fingering on the black cube.

5. Highway motel.

Rumbling thunder and acid mixed rain burnt the ground and the remains of the outcast.
- Im not an outcast, I am included ! Im here and now together with you all and trying to do my best. Oh, excuse me, I dont try, I do.
I rolled my head from the left side of the ground to the right.
The arms and I cant seem to focus on the veins that struggles to pumps hectictly, it stretches and tightens the skin. Im pissing myself. Its cold and damp. But skin is burning. Left eye socket lids automatically widens away from each other. The batteries still works, but on low energy.
- Fzzzzt, fzzzzt, pssszt …
- Ouch! My instant reaction was a low moaning but sight focus seems to enhanced. 66% eye movement control for now. As with most of the most legs walking past me.

[MF]
- Leslie…? Leslie ! Omg, is that really you ?
  What are you doing down there ? What happened to you ?
  Shit, look at you ?
  Are you all right ?

I stopped rolling my head.
- Leslie ? Who is Leslie ?, rolled in my head.
I spit the mixed rain thats been pouring down my throat gently.

[MF]
-For the love of… what the hell you been doing?

[L]
-....Im not Leslie…

[MF]
- What ?

[L]
- Come closer midget and I bite your nose off…

[MF]
-Your still the same, I guess …

[L]
- Midget, who the f**k are you ? (coughs)

[MF]
-Geeeesesss Leslie, you must have been through a comet crash and back again.

[L]
-Stop calling me Leslie...

[MF]
-Here I help you up.

[L]
-Dont touch me.

[MF]
-Okay okay…
-But you cant lie around here 30% dressed down as a runaway sell out.

[L]
(coughs)
-Its nothing wrong with my veins, they suit me well, according the the battery level.
[MF]
-Jaa, with that facial hair you will get into more problem.

[L]
-I didn’t comment on your height of appearance …

-Why is it burning?

My skin is having a burning sensation in a/the wrong way.

[MF]
-The weather is no good. Stormwind is clouded these days. Just because the gaz giant is turning clockwise due to polar magnetic shift. Its no good or us here. Everyone is clapping their hands and stomping feet together with the androgynous and working-bots, but no one seems to see the signals. Galactic Centre re-running the program again. But the news station are as blind as they are muted, like flesh worms. They do it at the same time as the sun system flares electro bursts to cover the fall of the stocks. I heard other galaxies had the same problem, but its hard to confirm when the trans--galactic communication is monitored hard from both side. But again, it is hard to tell. Only the galactic centres has the ability to contact each other.

[L]
-You know that is just bug-shit. A properly tuned communication tower, at the right time, can download and send messages when the sun system planets are aligned in trine and inconjunct.

[MF]
-You know that is just a myth. And it takes eternal galactic minutes for systems to be in that position.

[L]
-THE GALACTIC CENTER ISNT TIME ! THEY lie about time and motion. Galactic motion centre delivers truths that is simple to handle for the masses.

[MF]
-Geees…you need to cool it.

A brief moment of silence.

[MF]
-Hey, Leslie, you remember that mountain we used to run down with plasma bombs and all ? Tearing it down all night and then in the morning we rebuild it like nothing happened.

[L]
(sighs)
-Im not Leslie…
- The galactic centre security came always too late and we all laughed from the other hill, got ourselves the last inhalers and walked home with second sun going up as time stopped. Nowadays you cant even slide a rock down that hill. They deformed it permanently with titan-concrete and that is just harsh. Only galactic construction corp. can cut through that. Everything is controlled these days.

[L]
- You are stuck in the past idiot, you ever tried mind re-shaping or memory re-build?! I cant see too much and you yapping about bullshit memories and do nothing about yourself and your whining.

[MF]
- Stop being an asshole. Be grateful someone stopped and saw you laying here, you piece of living shit! That kind of attitude got you here. No one else except me will remember that event and it dies with me.

- I dont know what happened. It was just there. No one could avoid it or think of it as sentimental actions, at that point. Just living in this here and now, it got you! You were there when it it was supposed to happened. All the people, beings, places, moments...just there.

- We could not been there if the time wasnt right. You were there when the trees bloomed and everyone walked down to the ceremony and supported it. Joined the collective movement that (almost) everyone participated in. It was now.

- How can you talk in this ridiculous way. I am still here and you also.

- You will regret this time.

The surroundings becomes more nervous and stressed.

[MF]
- You need to get up now. It’s shaking more and more. The mass is getting nervous. They have been on their nerves for a long time and this aint doing the situation better. We all want to get out from this place.

[L]
( coughs)

[MF]
- Please take my hand.

[L]
- Im willing to take it, but your smell stops me.

[MF]
- ...dont be rude Leslie.
[L]
- You are not making any progress… It hurts in my third toe from Hallux toe on left foot. Need some help with that.

[MF]
- You should check that with an astrologist. Here I help you up.

[L]
-Ouch! freakin fu...It hurts a lot!
Its less beings around now, sparse is the least I could say. Im having a hard time focusing, I need to check the battery, maybe find a service workshop.

[MF]
- Its hard to find out here…

[L]
- My eyes will start to twitch soon, if nothing is done about it in a couple of turns.
It would have been easier to lead a blind.

[MF]
- FUCK YOU LESLIE!

I was being hit by several heavy blows to head and torso, falled down in a puddle of bodily fluids and I guess I was fading away...

........

......

..
(coughs)
-Mmhff...what the...

-Time to wake up now ey? You are wasting my time Leslie, you follow my words now ok? Or I have to correct you again.

-Who said that? My vision is flickering heavily.

-Here, take my time.
I reached out in my hand in the blur and fading contours.

-On your feet again, now follow me closely and do as I say.

-(grunts)

-You see Leslie (or you dont actually), things has changed around here lately. Orions faction and its stability was overturned of underground fractions, due to weakening of creative energies. Im really sorry for hitting you, its side effect of this Orion issue.

-come closer, I cant hear you.

-What you say Leslie?
Leans closer with head to me.

-I SAID, COME CLOSER YOU PRICK, IM HUNGRY AND YOUR NOSE LOOKS DELICIOUS!
I snapped the nose of with a rapid bite and chewed on it very pleasantly.

-AAAAHAAAHHAAAAAAARAHH !!!!!

-Mmoomf, goomf...mmm. Hey, what you told me about creative energies? How you like this creative solution?
Im fumbling with my hands and fingers closer to the eyes of the other and squeezes and plucks them out.

-Hmm, going into silent mode now?

The grunts fades into silent agony while the newly blind one pukes blood in a downward direction.

-You see (or dont actually), violence can be quite creative as well, dont mix shit and telling me that your shitty behaviour is the lack of Orions weakening energies. Your eyes will make a nice pair. I maybe even will get some new insights. Haha ! Get new in-sights, with new eyes, GET IT !?

Blood pours steadily through the nose and eye sockets now.

-Here, hold this small bowl under your face. I will now demonstrate how to make us a delicious soup. It is most easy to make one. Main ingredient is liquid and everything else going in after that just enhances the taste of the liquid. If you dont fuck up and put some an assorted of diverse spices and chewable ingredients in it and make it horrific to the tongue experience. You understand ?

[MF]
-GIrrblflf…

Im striking with my right foot on the head. Body and bowl goes to the ground.

[L]
-Hmm, not much of an assistance. You had one simple task and failed that miserably.

[MF]
-...mmngff...fhorri...blease.

[L]
-I dont accept any excuses or lazy behaviour. As I said, to succeed with a good soup you need ingredients. As you cant see, you lost the main ingredient, liquid, from the bowl you just dropped. Do I even have to notify you, that the bowl is at an arms length away from you and that the liquids getting sucked into the soil?

[MF]
(coughs)

Gurgling sound from the nosehole.

[L]
-I see…not the obedient type… You have to follow the current power, if you dont, you will get punished. You have to be creative not being a slave under power structure. Look at my perfectly designed structured 30% carbon ligation and 70% bio-mass. Still enjoying the pleasures of flesh
and have the advantage of sustainable ideas. Encoded on before hand and never fades away. Ideas made in titanium. Secretly hidden in cells until death. You know my favourite ingredient in soups? I and eye’s.

[MF]
-huuiehrg..hab mörcy…

[L]
-To be creative is not something you can learn on a vacation or on one of those fancy institutes of the study of the unspecified knowledge. Not to be learned but to be experienced when you explore your own creativity. Not so different from exploring sexuality. Always be open, curious and be present in the now. It differs from beings and beings, depending on which temperament is included from birth or creation.

The burning rain stopped and I pick up the bowl and putting it under the unconscious head and waits a couple of galactic minutes until it is almost full. He grinds the nose and eye’s into the soup, stirs it with his chest pocket pen. Takes two, three moderate sips and contemplates about the taste. Its to salty. Gradually the batteries recharges more and more until fully charged. I poke the mass of organical flesh with the pen and writing some words in the neck.

Better get moving. Even though people care less around here, the galactic security forces will show up eventually. I wonder why he called me Leslie all the time? I must have a doppelganger, which isnt that unusually in this part of the galaxy. I should leave this place immediately, will have to walk to the nearest structure of civilization, by foot. Some asshole stole my shoes. Cant blame anyone for doing so, I was practically dead for a while.

As the two sun’s sets at the event of horizon, almost inconjunct with each other, a silhouette slowly walks towards the light. A motel sign can be seen in a far distance along with some voultures and stray dogs. The galactic never seems to show up. Probably they dont care about remote places anymore. In the foreground one can see a body lying lifeless. A stream of light shines on it and half covered by dirt, blood and pride. Under the cervical collar some characters queues up on a horizontal line:

“couldn’t use more bath saltz/Dr Benway aka Fredrik Fermelin”

The end.
After words

I have not found any guidelines for how to structure or perform an artistic practice. When I write or perform it is in the same manners as playing any professional role; a police, lawyer, doctor, carpenter, sales person, family member, partner and so on. I could be a very lazy carpenter in contrast to the hard working one or good cop / bad cop. In some cases, though, artists are being put under the label of the “fool” or the idiot. Supposedly, the artist is the one who always says stuff that usually are way to ridiculous in order to be taken seriously, stuff that are easily overlooked. Artists have a function in human societies.

To play the role of being an artist as an artist is necessary, whether you live in it or slide in and out of that role (not only one persona is present at times, but multiple to be used simultaneously and to be re-mixed).

I did not choose to become any of the above roles or some other role. I choose to become an artist. No one is born into that. It is something you have to deserve or achieve. And when this happens, you do it again and again. Whatever you decide to put in the artistic container you shake it well until nothing is left inside anymore and nothing else can go out. An empty box to fill with anything between anonymous spam mails and zero point 3 liters of coffee in a cup on an cup warmer plugged into the nearest USB-slot. Or is it just imitating assumed identities?

When I have to do something under pressure I get nervous, and instead of working on it, I go and pinch every pore that could have any potency of having any kind of blackhead (mostly on my arms, chest and nose). I have to force myself to make a change and stop doing that. The change is a struggle and the resistance is deep rooted. To actually make something out of the ideas that are coming out of my mind feels terrifying sometimes, since to make them real means a change both of the inner and outer worlds. As with art also, if there is no change, struggle or resistance there is no tension. The main struggle is to actually materialize an idea in a sluggish reality. That translation can be somewhat accepted in any given context, sooner or later. That’s why we made “Studio Støk” (me and Cecilie Hundvad Meng) to bypass the sluggishness and acceptance from any context. We served *kaffeschnaps* in a coffee thermos at an event as a piece of art, or fried 54kg French fries from Lidl and put it on a platform that we drove around the waters of Stockholm. Only when writing this paragraph I found at least 7 unknown blackheads on my underarms and when I connect the dots, the Orion constellation appears.

To get an idea is easy. To make translations of it is somehow trickier. And to make something interesting about it, at least I try to sacrifice my eye and go with the ego, to make it somewhat fascinating.

Ideas stay for a short period of time and have to be performed quickly. But of course other ideas stays longer or even for a lifetime. Ideas fade or tend to revive in different shapes, a wolf in sheep fur. Shared with other people it has to be more or less explained and it will expand beyond the I. It can become a collective idea, a “cloud” with seeds and a potentiality to be stored for a long time.

Every person’s add-ons to this idea make it grow and let more people take part of it. I would say internet is a good allegory of this, maybe the “Moore’s law” is applicable and linked to ideas and its fast development in the digital era.
Sometimes it materializes, sometimes its just get stuck on a post-it note and be forgotten on an external blank flat screen. I avoid most ideas to the extent that it would be a part of myself, even an idea that derives from me. The main reason of that is not to get stuck. I’m not not sure if I avoid being clear to myself or to the people in my surrounding. Defining an idea creates an image of interpretation that can help as an identifier, limited within its own context of course. Perhaps it is just a snake biting its own tail? Complete circle kind of a thing, obongoborgobongo. The more close you get to describe the definition that does not want to be explained, the more it gets dull and impotent.

The etymology of idea is derived from the Greek word, *idea* which means “form, pattern”, which stem from root of *idein*, “too see”. I believe it is no coincidence that most forms of art have been about the visual experience so far, also something for the masses in my opinion. For me the eyes is more of a tool to gather information and bring pleasure to the mind (pornhub) but also a tool to help me create objects for others to experience and get new ideas and gather more knowledge. For a while I was very intrigued but the idea of not ever making any objects at all, but it is much more convenient to do so. I got to live and support myself, a newly graduated artist in a mama-terial, mama-terial, mama-terial world.

Consider time and movement in an artistic practice, to move certain matter over period of time, either it is joyful or clumsy. All has its persistence. You move colors around on a 2D/3D material, you move stuff around for an exhibition and you are moved to different places in a space between other spaces. Earliest form of movement can be found in caves (up to this date) in Spain and France. Traces of movement at least. It is fundamental in our beings to have this movement. To move stuff around...

But lets say if we have a completely frozen planet, nothing moves, no atmosphere to create any wind, any organic matter is to slow to rub against each other or have any water in streams. It is motionless. But the planet itself is moving, in its own solar system, in a galaxy amongst other galaxies, which are moving apart from each other in a vast universe. I wont go any deeper into the existence of parallel universes moving along side this one… Let us zoom in instead on smaller and smaller things that rotate, vibrate, shake and bake together in an endless disco. Works both ways. If it moves, it lives? Movement of life and time is the limit. I have no more of this than any other. We are all in the same boat and we can only like it or not.

The time to contemplate, time to move, time to be, hours to waste, minutes for a rush, days to plan important meetings with spouse and colleagues or time for a text. And between all of this we move, either it is the eye, body or mind (not to mention the minor body twitches that happen involuntarily or deliberately).

When will all of the above happen? Now? Tomorrow? Yesterday? In another dimension? And why is this of such an importance?

Time has to be negotiated. With the self or other people. Negotiate with time over matter. Struggle to continue or to just sit back and enjoy the movement of your choice and placement. No struggle, no joy? Life is easy. But to be placed in a time where you have the opportunity to argue with yourself about if you should take a bike to the closest supermarket and shop rubber for other time consuming movements or criticize facebook or google going havoc on the personal integrity while self-ies are flooding the internet like a tsunami. Is it Nagelfar on top of that wave? Or you could spread a couple of kilos of French fries on top of a Volvo 740 -97 and
drive around for some hours and attract the local seagulls for a single experience in that backseat. To work in the presents is of the essences.

There is less need to create anything today when you can assemble some fantastic “made in China”-products into a piece. Combines never get old. Neither do the eye that observes them either. Just order from alibaba.com and the stuff is in your local post-office/supermarket are waiting for you. But the body gets tired and worn out. We must or must not do all the things that we missed in this life. Only a fool would try to accomplish everything in the world. Lets just stick to what is somewhat interesting and gives energy to continue.

I was quite eager to gather more knowledge when I started at the academy. Hmm, academy… (Google, Wikipedia, Greece, Plato, sanctuary, “Let no one ignorant of geometry enter”). An old friend past away while I was doing my exchange in Tsinghua University, Beijing. He was deeply dedicated in geometry and Plato’s academy. In the late part of my 4th year at the academy I got an assignment to do a patterned book cover and I with that I dived into the world of geometry. Angles, shapes, forms, 2D/3D, 4D↑, metaphysics, chemistry, astrology and so on. Why did Plato or perhaps one of his disciples write this sign and put it over the entrance to the original academy? Plato alumnus who came back was mostly politicians and various philosophers, but apparently with some knowledge in geometry, right? Taking a psychedelic trip seems to provoke the eyes to see flawless patterns. Some people get caught in the patterns and can see the structure of nature, humans, societies and the meaning of existence, just by observing around us all the magnificent patterns and that without any drugs. Seems like geometry is everywhere. Sailors’ knowledge about the stars and how to cross the Atlantic Ocean, long before Christopher Columbus, is telling me that there is knowledge just by observing bright dots in the sky and connecting them. It is something that you personally have to experience, observe and be in the present with. You could gather knowledge by looking at youtube on how to make a bottle rocket. With this in mind, I try to recognize what knowledge has been passed on to me through the years of Mejan. Did anything get stuck in my memory? What can it be used for? I learned that pain is hurtful but its possible to divert the feeling; bake pizza with a mixed group of savage beasts in a chalk quarry is inclusive, but radical inclusiveness is excluding; that an academy should be more of a travel agency if someone really wants to learn anything; that traditional Chinese characters had more meaning than we in the west know about and can be read throughout the long history of their existence (so that the knowledge could be more easily passed on from generation to generation). The first Chinese was written down (as far as we know) on turtle shells aka oracle bones. Turtle as a mythological animal is supporting the whole world on its back. It is carrier the world and all its wisdom on it. Maybe I should befriend one at my nearest zoo, instead of enjoying it as a soup?

Speaking of Chinese. 知 in Chinese is “to know” or “intellect”. The pictographic character shows an arrow coming out from the mouth and means “objects from mouth that are faster than an arrow. When obtaining knowledge and understanding, one communicates it. 知+识 is “knowledge”. 识 which comes after 知 has two characters combined as well, the first is a radical, meaning “talk”, and the second character is a “weapon”, meaning that such speech can be sharp. Contemplating over this on a 9 hours flight back to Stockholm made everything clear (for some hours) about the academy in Athens. Athena, the goddess of wisdom and war was pretty sharp with words. She was born out of Zeus head, after too much hammering and noise inside his head. Zeus decided to get help from Hephaestus, which in turn smashed Zeus head open
with his smith hammer. So the goddess of wisdom and strategic warfare was born out of the head, like a beautiful metaphor about ideas. A hammering idea needs to get out and be materialized and spread wisdom and defend against stupidity. All of the philosophers and politicians and thinkers and drunks in the suburbs of Athens at the academy were probably pretty sharp with their words coming out of their mouths. As of today in most educational institutions you get sharper.

The less you know the closer you will come to nirvana. It might just be an idiots rants but the fool might know the things the others just ignore. iCliché? There is a big fat cow in the middle of the street, lets kill it and throw it on the fire! The cow don’t mind just standing there. It ain’t no shame standing in the middle of the street minding your own business. Then the mob comes and the scene changes into a gruesome feast of diabolic feature. Sauces flows steadily in all directions while limbs getting ripped in the speed of someone pickpocketing you. Unnoticed you stand there in your bare bones, nothing but bones. A breeze from the west, south wind of ancient history, northern mellowness and the eastern (d)anger chills the marrow.

Rather than to correct my faults and errors, it is more intriguing to surpass them every time and exploit them in a less obvious way the next time. In computer games it is called glitches, programming faults, but sometimes there is also Easter eggs. A built in glitch or surprise. Very often hidden and hard to find, but when found it could be a message from the programmer, a reference to some other popular culture, game, movie, historical reference or an inside joke. The quest for a secret message, to head out on adventures. And perhaps there’s the possibility that it must be an adventure to discover the knowledge I find.

I gather knowledge just by being alert. Harvesting from the collective consciousness, and from experience, by communication and by observing through the senses in the present moment. Is it really interesting to know how it is gathered? After learning shuffle dancing from youtube, during a week boot camp in Hamburg Germany, we expanded our data base, and confirmed that a skill can be learned and used as any other artistic skills. Also, we experienced that the body is a tool with limitations. Or like a hooker that could be paid off with carbs and tea. Lets end here with a quote:

“I hear and I forget. I see and I remember. I do and I understand.” —Confucius