

Our cruise ship docks into the therapy centre far at sea.

In our first seminar, we receive a strange lecture from a professor who specializes in light therapy.

Millennials *trepidatiously* use social media, as if they aren't welcome in the era they summoned...

All those who have located being online in a non-kitsch way, without the ornamental contrarian attitude, are now experts at detecting risk and intentionality. Up against the pseudo-libertarian reflex to disavow the force of being online, the millennial felt its being open up in a different way. *Actually*, it felt its being taken away, stashed in an irreducibly complex vehicle and driven off into the distance. It hadn't explicitly consented to the online-ness that had already secreted its own inside. An inside forged of new sensitivities and dilemmas that insulated our psychological conventions. The computer—set up to receive thoughts and cut us off from the seriousness of life—started out as a fish bowl for loose change and then turned into the place you drop your keys when you're drunk. And the fish sees both things as the same. The computer as furniture. Like a long chair with your feet extended, not touching the wooden parts. The upholstery reminiscent of a chiaroscuro painting; the memory of an antecedent homeworld. Yet the computer had to have been made without the world since, in short, it is a representation of unworldliness. Its inside is a maquette for an un-world, an empty city where life is hidden in private rooms. The computer is entombed. Those who see the computer in its most detail are also those who seldom see the world. The “nerd” is about the admitting of forgetfulness, the stutter, and the loosening of oneself from the corporeal.

Those who don't see inside the computer are the true masters of it. They have taken the tool for granted in a way which the nerd can't. This tool is grasped stutteringly by the nerd and socially by the world. The nerd orients themselves as diametrically opposed to the world's working-into-belief of the computer as a social tool. This may seem like a false anthropological claim since the nerd is culturally proud of their time dwelling in the computer's online caverns, creating systems and hierarchies organized into lairs and hidden bases—in general, places of gathering for the unseen. But these gatherings are always in a process of being ungrounded because they are marked by precise and chaotic acts of avoidance. Firstly, the 'avoidants' meet ironically. They meet without the prerequisite of having revealed or related themselves, of having organized the meeting under a name and date, which is to say, without announcement. These details appear immanently with the act of communication, when a sequence of call and response is initiated and recorded. Here, the instance is a coincidence between the moment of communication and its mummification as an archived post. However, there is no difference between *now* and *then* when the communication was effectuated. The 'post' stands with time, always open to response, never in the form of instant demand but as a congenial openness. Sequencing is only ironically interrupted by the avoidants because nothing can actually be interrupted. The 'combo breaker' never breaks anything. Communication can't be broken because it never truly starts. Secondly, the avoidance manifests itself as a place with rooms and doors which suggest demarcation. However, the rooms are

not occupied by faces (dignity) and the doors, instead of being clearly 'holed-out', appear thin like radiation. Just like 'the door that appears only when it is not seen', these places are not *of* the world. They are necessarily outside of the world to be inside-of the machine. The inside must reveal something not understood for it to maintain a salientness which justifies a withdrawal from the world. These instances of withdrawal imitate a social lack like a broken penis. The withdrawal predicts and supplants the social interpretation of the tool by the creator who lives inside the tool and efficiently condenses their world inside of its ultimacy. Making the human being small and placing it in the guts of its passion is a classic tale. It is in ruling from within that we find the most satisfactory authority (swallowed by a whale). But this vow is a contradiction. The further inside we go, the less light seeps in. Coincidentally, the avoidants gather outside of the social conduct by performing rituals of un-identity, coagulating the public and private.

From the deepest recesses, the machine responds. Like the nerd, the "scientist" who is furthest in the dark (the folktale of the old woman who lives in a shoe) must encounter the darkness fearlessly. They must grapple with the darkness so as to claim not only that they have seen what we have desired, but that this desire is systemically observable. We hold this contradiction (seeing in the dark) as the highest relationship between the human being and nature. The person who disappears can tell us what nature is better than the person who annoyingly makes themselves present. No, it's the person who sees the light as bias,

identity, subjectivity who becomes the scientist and declares that they will descend into the pit of being, ultimately through being, moving away from it and losing it. In losing the world, in losing the body, in squashing themselves within their object of study so thoroughly as to become blind, the scientist winces in a profound didactic pain. The eyes are strained by the microscopic. The wincing is the translation of the feeling of darkness, of what happens when some light is let back in as an experiment on the self, when the darkness is formed as a set of memories locked into a trance of increasingly lesser interactions, when the first ray of pure light skirmishes the skull.

Though, there is no one, true ray of light in the ambient. Upon attempted inspection, the ambience proves to be heretical. So we can say the light and its being are a heterodox and the darkness is the plane of heterodoxy upon which the light opens up its possibilities: the world coming forth as a crudeness like a flashlight mini-game. Like being born out of a fleshlight, the possibility of true ambience is the same as the most evil possibility. Bad lighting is a moviemaking sin. Ambience is the suggestion of pure visibility and therefore invisibility in the light. It is a threat to the scientific method because it suggests an occlusion. But what is an occlusion? This is not a word that appears regularly in the day-to-day. Defining this word will take more than merely setting up a spatial metaphor. But we will begin with such a metaphor for it is perhaps the public component of the word, while my use of the word in this lecture will become far more private. In medicine, the word is used to describe the

complete obstruction of an air passage or the surface-relation between the top and bottom sets of teeth. While these two examples offer useful spatial metaphors for understanding the kinds of ways things can be occluded, they too clearly delineate the relationship between what is occluded by what. If we turn to the verb ‘to occlude’, we have two other possibilities. To occlude something can mean to obstruct it, which favours the first example, or to conceal, which favours the second but in a poorer way. For ‘to occlude’ to be replaced with ‘to obstruct’ or ‘to conceal’, we are met with a similar tension to the first doublet. Then it is clear that this word carries within it a tension; its irregularity can be mined for there is no dominant definition to the word. This also makes it a candidate for dialectics. But going in this direction is only momentarily useful for my aims. The moment of occlusion is not a movement, which is a sequence of moments, but precisely a single moment within a movement. We can imagine this movement metaphorically as two objects pendulating with opposite polarity, meeting at the centre of their trajectories only for a precise moment. This moment of meeting, where the objects overlap completely, is the moment of occlusion. Also in this moment, the polarity of both objects is concealed. To further complicate this model it requires we include a second kind of object, a light source, to make the objects observable. To understand how the objects stand in relation to one another, there must be a light source which allows for the possibility of perceiving space and time. To suspend the moment where the two objects become occluded also requires a third kind of object: the hand. The hand is able

to suspend the pendulating objects at precise moments in their trajectories. Through suspension we can better understand their relationships. Their relationship is a dyad—sustained by the pure opposition of two objects, as aforementioned, a tension. A tension cannot arise if one object dominates the other. Tension requires a kind of dialectical balance where each object maintains a polarity with the other— a democratic relationship. To maintain a dialectical balance, the objects must have this occlusive tendency, which is to say, the possibility of the objects, at precise moments in their movements, becoming completely the same or completely different. The moment of occlusion is this moment of completeness. And only in these moments can we attempt to grasp the nothing, and, perhaps, where the Real may show itself. In terms of spatial metaphor, the occlusion is best understood by means of this junction between the hand, the object and the light. Humorously, we can imagine this particular junction as a kind of ‘zoomed-in’ perspective on Plato’s cave, where the hand holds the object in front of the light to cast a shadow. Those who are most intimately in contact with this junction are the avoidants who have decided not to leave the cave even after warning. Those who have become obsessed with the mere shadows. We can also call them shadow people.

In the world of video game development (real-time rendering), the term ‘ambient occlusion’ is regularly used. It is the name for a particular kind of shading technique that simulates shadows cast by ambient lighting. Ambient lighting is a unique kind of lighting in computer graphics. As opposed to directional

lighting, the ambient light affects all objects in the scene (computer-generated world) equally, regardless of their location or orientation. In fact, it is said that the ambient light doesn’t have a real source or that it is indirect; it cannot be located as an object in the scene. Rather, the ambient light is primarily used to regulate lighting dynamics in general. In some scenes, the lowest level of darkness needs to be raised to improve realism, specifically if the contrast between light and dark is too strong and doesn’t match ‘real world’ examples. The ambient light accounts for the light that is too difficult to calculate but still has a general effect on the scene. The three other methods of lighting in computer graphics are different simulations of rays emitted from sources, while the ambient light is sourceless, so it represents a kind of outsider. The ambient light avoids being sourced because it is too complex to be calculated in a precise way but it is still influential within the general light economy of the scene even if it is difficult to predict. The ambient light is always calculated in the crudest way because it lacks a source. Instead, it is simulated by simply raising the lowest possible point of illumination in the entire scene. So the ambient light operates in a flat way. When an object moves through a scene with only an ambient light it is invisible; this kind of light does not afford the possibility of difference. For example, if we attempt to simulate the sun in a scene we need to use two lightning methods to account for it. First, the sun has directional lightning effects because it has a location. Second, the sun has more complex lighting effects that are too difficult to calculate; these effects are accounted for by an ambient light which generally raises the brightness

of the scene. The amount of ambient light is still determined by a calculable modality in the light object insofar as it is only calculated by means of the general strength of the light (which may be influenced by location; if the light is near to the scene as opposed to far). We can therefore reduce the effect of ambient lighting to how influential a particular light is on the general economy of light in the scene. This is a crude effect because it is a simulation of something that is its opposite; truly simulating the shadows of the ambient light would make the scene untenable for a real-time rendering engine. In fact, ambient occlusion is a fake technique for precisely this reason. To fake how a true ambient light would cast shadows, the object which is lit in the scene is changed into a light source that emits shadows. The object becomes a non-light. By sensing nearby geometry which would have occluded the light from the object in a ‘real’ scenario, the ambient occlusion simulates what are called ‘soft shadows’. This allows for better visual delineation in complex objects. The more hidden from the light, the more occluded. Actually, this technique is most impressive on complex objects made of many different components for it allows each component to better define itself amongst the whole, with their own emittances and participation in the light economy of the scene. More geometric detail is achieved when more objects participate in the scene’s light economy making it more complex. Strangely, the more complex the scene’s lighting becomes, the closer it is to a kind of ‘true’ ambience since any increase in the scene’s lighting complexity advances it towards the irreducible goal of ‘true’ ambience. The reducible goal is what is unphilosophically

referred to as ‘realism’ or ‘realistic graphics’—or what the developers can ‘get away with’.

In philosophical terms, the point of ambient occlusion is the *being* of a kind of non-light. It is the world without itself. It is the scientific possibility of the world revealing itself precisely without the scientist. The scientific act must be made accessible in an occluded way. The occlusion is the darkness that accompanies the source of light in revealing its properties as a three dimensional (inside and outside simultaneously) object. Alternatively, what is occluded is made up for in and by what is included. When the light seeps into the machine through a hole, the scientist peers through it and in peering, in hovering their head over the hole, they occlude the direct vision of being, that is to say, the light revealing itself without the eye. The occlusion of the head matches the occluded being of the light. Only in the moment of occlusion does the eye appear and and cover the hole. Remember, the light is not an ornamental metaphor. The ornament is also included in its being insofar as it is the object of light but not its subjectivity. The world is interested in the subjectivity of light while the scientist has pathologized its ornament; that is to say, when it appears as an object and can be tested into a kind of darkness. But the scientist cannot reduce the light to its emitting since the light loses itself in its emittance. Once the light emits, the emittance replaces the emitting. In this case there is a threefold: firstly, the light emits. That is to say, the light appears as itself since it is caught in the act of emitting. Secondly, the light admits to what

its emittance can be. Here, emit becomes emittance, so it has already lost itself. The emittance is what has been emitted, but it also stands with the act of emitting. Most importantly, the emittance becomes occluded by another concept, admittance. Admittance is the clone of emittance so they pendulate. The emittance is what makes the world intelligible, while the admittance is what the intelligible world admits itself to be. The intelligible world admits the object just as the object is found in the world and admits itself. Thirdly, to be moved in and out of the light, the light must also appear like an object. When the object is occluded, the point of occlusion can't create a different clone. When cloned, these concepts become disfigured and insufficient. This is because of the possibility of the lie. The lie is when the object's admittance loses polarity with its emittance. Here, the object cannot admit to its emittance. For the object to appear, the object must truthfully admit that the light has been emitted, that the emittance has located the object. The object must also admit what kind of light has been admitted, although this question becomes a tautology (pure ambience). The tautological environment is the inverse of the occluded. Certain kinds of objects find it difficult to admit sublimated properties when the light emits in a complex way. The emittance is about the coming-forth of the light when its possibilities self-distribute and obscure its ontology. The emittance of light should not be confused with a kind of emanation; these modalities (possibilities that are manipulated into different appearances and locations) are unilaterally conjoined in a grotesque way, not emanated in a temporal way where dislocation occurs and something is lost.

The cloned are not separate entities; they share the same organs like conjoined twins. Cloning is unable to create a new healthy entity in the moment of occlusion, only something sick enough to be mobilized. There only needs to be a second face. It should not be thought of as the duplication of an object.

I n this coincidence we are struck by an important question about the kitsch object. The object which has been caught in a lie. What does it mean to be caught in a lie? What does it mean to be *caught*? The hand which moves the object in and out of the light is also capable of catching the object in a lie. The hand asks the object about its emittance. The object can admit to its emittance and give itself to the hand, revealing its location. The hand knows this is true because it can grasp the object. If the hand reaches and the object is not grasped then it is determined that the object must be caught. The act of catching the object requires more calculations than the aforementioned scene where the object has admitted its whereabouts. A model of predictability must be determined outside of the object's admittance in relation to the light's emittance. Here, the object is moving in and out of the light without the hand. It is now determined that the object has complex properties since it cannot be easily grasped. The emittance must now be moved with the object so as to stabilize a view of its trajectory. The hand moves the light at the same speed and direction as the object until a crude symmetry is established. A crude symmetry is a shifting asymmetry. An asymmetry which may encounter moments of symmetry that produce non-moments because

the light and the object begin to look the same (the light emits lightness and the object emits its objectivity). The non-moment is an occlusion which has been under-determined. The lie can be determined in two ways: the object is caught in the lie, that is to say, the object has been transformed and it is revealed that what it had first admitted is untrue. So the hand catches the object and the object admits its true location once it has been grasped. Here, the object must be caught before it can admit, for as long as it has not been caught in the lie, it can appear as if it has admitted the truth. On the other hand, the object may admit to lying immediately before it is caught. The difference here, between the first and second instance, is what the object will permit (healthy clone of admit, but only available to the inside). In the first instance, the object is willing to ‘get away with it’, which is to say, the object will permit the lie until it has been caught. The hand threatens the autonomy of the object when it is caught. The object loses any possibility of the in-itself when it has been caught in a lie. If the object admits to a lie without having been caught in the lie, we are unsure if the lie has taken place. We must now bet on the reliability of the object. These instances are about the tactics of the object in relation to the light and the hand. In good design the object always admits itself quickly. The kitsch object is designed with tactics visible. Reach out into the dark to find it.

The kitsch object best represents the unhealthy clone; its world spread thin across its faces, yet this also improves its influence and effects. Located in a room, the kitsch object

cannot admit to itself for it must admit to all its other selves in all the rooms you can’t see. The object which is poor in reliability is simultaneously rich in world. The many clones become a network of sublimated nodes. The object’s skin peeling back and absorbing the outside. Acting akin to a silica packet, the kitsch object absorbs moisture. Moisture is non-sublimation, moving the sublimated properties which squish around it, forcing the outside into moments where the light and the object become occluded. Admittance is about sublimation; you’re either inside or outside, there are no nuances in the world of admittance. While the world of emittance is a blur. The emittance can be imagined as a smearing, while the admittance as a dubbing. The emittance self-distributes the possibility of its location into an immanent multiplicity producing acts of avoidance (occlusions). Whereas the admittance dubs the light distribution into a cruder model that allows for the possibility of a lie or a measure of reliability. A simpler model that can be calculable and prognosed. The complex model is always susceptible to simplification. The ‘pure white light’ is achromatic insofar as it has not self-distributed its possibilities; its reverse occludes the light’s ontology as a clone. Only the clone has sin so it has something to admit. The clone has itself to become occluded. And, in the same way, the light is not only in the flame but in its emittance insofar as the world responds (the fire, the sun) to what it could admit to being. The emittance of light is not just a clue about its being. The emittance is its fantasy. The fantasy of an object cannot be revealed, it can only be admitted. The emittance is a simulation of the worldliness of the object appearing what it can see the

world to be, the possibility of the world being reflected back, or of a world that is situated in desire. The sin is purged through admittance. The emitted sin is evil.

The occluded hide in the basement of an old paper mill burning manuscripts, pouring their hearts onto the papers which had not left the plant to recall their naturalness. We want to bring them home. Marbled into the occlusion of light is the inclusion of a reticle. The flashlight identifies the crow. The synapse of the crow, like a symbol that summons itself and calls its own name and solves its own heartlessness, sees the world without itself. The swelling of its beak because the light makes it nervous. The occlusion of what has been included is the rendering point, when the surface tensions between the for-itself and the in-itself. The ray traced line scrutinizes the possibility of the occluded insofar as its crudeness accelerates the open sky and its aliasing denies the smoothness of a parabola. Like a soft hammer, the open sky is the fetishization of the included. The laboratory is an open sky where the ambient inclusion of the object is studied. The scientist must summon the open sky not just at work but inside their home. They must dissolve their ceiling into a radical illumination and live within its search. The computer must also hold within itself another kind of open sky. The culling of the parabola in front of the world. The guarantee of return. The culling of the field mice and the grain disappearing into the cows and the insects occluding the threshed and winnowed backlands. The winnowed and the occluded are the same. The moon and the sun, occluded, are the

same. For 40 years they stayed occluded and the earth suffered. The roadside disappeared.

In a post-apocalyptic way, also by way of its nothingness, (nothing post-, more like pre-cognizance) the post-apocalyptic dream repeats itself like a kite blocking the sun, overextending its antic, disappearing the sun, screening the preciousness of the open sky. Ambient occlusion is like the feeling of disappearing. The edge of the cube is also about the cube we can't see anymore ironically guiding us in its absence. Light diorama is a history lesson about how we have been turning in the cosmos, spinning with a flashlight in a dark room to find a mysterious heirloom. Seeing the edges playfully appear and disappear. Sitting in the chairs astronauts practice waiting for the light to orient itself. The astronaut is a priest. The astronaut beautifully plays the piano.

Talking to the knights of bad faith and the darkness, and they both love me and want me to persist. Orb of nothingness flapping in the wind just like the motorcycle man's black trench coat. They love me. They want me to love them. Love me. They want to see me without the night-vision goggles. They want to draw the curtains without the rod. They want to fish me out of the ocean and lovingly dissect me... to see what I'm made of! They expect *a lot*!! Stopping the disaster still lets some of it in.

Eradicating the harshness from the wooden planks in the front yard with a pebble machine. The pebbles skip across

the wood like a frozen lake, seizing the emptiness of the wood like its a game. I am sourcing my emptiness into itself like horticulture. And the crime people channel the illegal-ness of life into the darkness. The game. The game. The scalability of the game; the tessellation-of-difference (the fuck of the fuck and the ‘shitter’). The different pieces of life unfolding like a big, growing circle around me.

While cruising the *eternal* wave on a surfboard, I look at the tropes as I would look at my mother; they grin back at me!

The car rolled in at an awkward angle, looking like it was going to climb the old tree. The house looked the same as the tree and I wondered if it was intentional. I carefully reversed into a deteriorated plot of grass beside it instead, cloaking the left side of the car. The shade made it seem as if it had been recently painted a different colour. The back window of the house was occupied. The person stopped once the car stopped, and it looked at it. The arrival was planned but it wasn’t quickly adopted. The person said:

“If you can take care of yourself, you could take care of your double. The dignity of the human being is located not only in the face but in the many faces which may look also like myths or the myths that bring forth a certain kind of temperament.”

I sardonically responded:

“So the feudal myths haunt us.”

The “jester” gallivants the crown like an orphan. The jester, adopted by the state, seems like an orphan. The mock heir to the throne. Life between leisure and work. Underdog! The mystic reduced to play! Timed on producing the next laugh and, god willing, not their own death. The jester doesn’t see into the future only into the moments: prying open the psychology of the rich for a returned sensation under the hat, little bits of fun to dangle like carrots. In a similar way the domestic is always beneath the eternal oath. Only in the domestic can the jester bring justice. Even if not every room is a courthouse, the jester’s gadgets and mimesis send for the voice of justice. A schizophrenic jest can summon the gods and king both. Symmetrically, there is an invisible leash which reveals the image of a fetish toy or a sensory machine. And the bells let out every move and position. Twinkle toed dancing as if up to no good but still tied like a pet. Is it merely a performance of irony? What does the fountain of irony bring? The banal, reified shaman taken in by the rich to serve the futility of the domestic, taken out of the woods and given a bath. The gentrified fool. The swollenness of their being soothed with an expensive ointment. Lift their spirits! Lift them up with a hearty laugh. Not the last! For them, history is only perceived with a smile. *Today*, the “incel” is a jester embarrassingly locked in a private cell after their counterfeit royalty has been snuffed out; the nerd who admits they have radically lubricated the dusty, dried up inside. Negative intentionality implies a stutter or quick occlusions—the nervousness of the lie. Spit.

You might have already assumed the jester’s eye was hinted with *some* criminality, with justice behind their wing (the dagger), ringing in their bells like a song about life and death. Like a meteoric angel, the jester has forgotten their own name, has slurped from the cauldron a demystifying elixir, dissolved within a series of cloaked networks. The dozed-off security camera licks the poisonous blade—the security camera and the assassin, the whisperer, mixing death with an erotic persona. Footage scrambled. The jester’s wisdom somehow aids the military. The king is always in search of seduction. A joke seduces tension. Jester’s celibacy. A proverb offered and ironically hoisted into the high court and then refused. The irony, here, is about purity. Even so, the jester cannot exploit this register in case of overhealth. They are occupied with solving the people. Solving the problems of the people. Not to appear like a wound.

Now I will recite a scenario between the king and his scientist where they discuss the possibility of cloning his favourite jester. I need a member of the audience to read the scientist’s part while I read the king’s part, naturally.

K: But will we have to continue to feed them once they have been cloned?

S: Yes, of course milord, the clone is identical to the original and must be dressed and fed everyday. They must operate from the same quarters as the prior entity because that is what they will remember.

K: So you’re birthing another entity? Are you some kind of

bewitched mother with opulent glasses?

S: No, it is not quite a birth or rebirth.

K: I might seek guidance from the castle priest to determine this act heretical or not.

S: Sire, the priest is a fool. He has not yet reached levels of enlightenment required to comprehend such an act. To him, the act will appear identical to the word of God and he will rebuke. The world of man is opening up. We are challenging God at his creation games.

K: This all sounds too dangerous. I will become unpopular if the people discover I have been playing with something adjacent to witchcraft, albeit determined by a man of such high stature as yourself: your aid in discovering new methods to create explosive materials was pivotal in the war. And your speculation of a nearby mineral resource gave us economic leverage during a time of crisis. Yes, you have proven to be indispensable to not only me but the people as well. Maybe they will welcome our experiment. Oh and, I forgot to mention, your sexual potion was magnificent ;)

S: Ah, milord, hehe, I’m glad you had some fun.

K: ;)

S: Back to business though.

K: Right.

S: The clone.

K: Yes.

S: Is it a good idea then? Yes or no?

K: I would like to keep *this* jester for a longer period than these kinds of creatures’ usual lifespan, for this specific jester has been

historically the most excellent, thus I would like to keep this specimen in a jar *so to speak*. And I think the opportunity to do something godly under my rule would look quite good. Shall we replace the jester as soon as the jokes become tired? Or is it safer to retire them later on? The people will begin to notice something is odd when the jester has healthily returned after traversing old age. We must devise a kind of strategy that will disappear our activity, as any notice will spread weird rumours. S: For the good of the people, this experiment shall be conducted in private without public hearsay. The people will not be able to understand the ramifications. It would cause far too much confusion and potential anxiety.

K: Of course. You're exactly right. I mean. Your laboratory is already well equipped? We have what it takes to do this in private without having to go in search of materials?

S: The materials are far too obscure to stir anything up. I will go on a trip by horse to fetch some things. I will be gone for a few weeks as some of these materials are difficult to find. I must ask around strange parts.

K: Perhaps your experiments have made our kingdom strange. You have transformed our laboratory into a church. I've never heard of such delirium until you came to me a few months ago, clearly excited. And you brought up such an immense prospect, and how it, if capitalized upon, could bolster our kingdom's reputation, making us clear leaders in scientific research! But, most interestingly, this experiment could entrance me into that lofty place.

S: Yes, perhaps. Perhaps God shall invite you into his room.

Perhaps he shall become well acquainted with you and he might defer some of his powers onto you just for displaying such aptitude. God shall look you in the eye and grab you by the wrist. And he will whisper in your ear.

K: You fantasize as if you yourself are to stand with God. No chance. The heresy you committed in the past, when we discovered you in that vampiric cave, will forever chain you to the corporeal. We had to smuggle you into the kingdom after uncovering how advanced your potion-making had become in the dark. A sweet scent lured one of our bravest men into your lair. He became irreverently attached to an amulet which you claimed possessed the soul of a demonic entity. How did you know this was the case?

S: I have seen things you will never be able to understand.

K: I see.

S: And it is in your best interest to stay away from these kinds of questions. I am afflicted with something far worse than anything you've ever seen or felt.

K: I see.

Now I will recite a second scenario between the king and his scientist when they meet after the body of the jester's disfigured clone is found floating in one of the city's waterways. I will require a second, different audience member to play the scientist this time.

K: Ah shit. This is a disaster.

S: I was hoping the clone hadn't gotten itself in the sewers. My

worst fear has come true. The body was paraded through the city by a local conspiracy cult that had also acquired leaked information about our activities. I presume this information was extorted from one of our younger apprentices. The body will bring two kinds of questions. Questions about our royalty's relationship to God. That is to say, are we now devilish for having conjured a seeming hellspawn? On the other hand, we may attract a certain kind of people that find these activities not only intriguing but essential to our relationship with God, or, perhaps in this case, *gods*. These two effects are most likely negative. In sum, you may become forever known as the cursed king.

K: Am I really cursed?

S: I'm not sure I can determine this scientifically. You may have to go meet with the priest to solve this. Or maybe the people will decide.

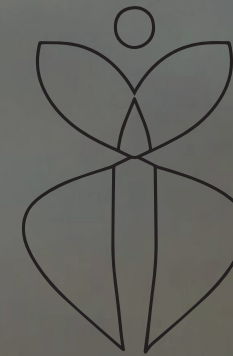
Every country's name can be translated into "home". The etymology goes back, far into the soil.

During our exploration of the centre's salt caves, a second lecture plays through the walls. The vibration from the speakers makes particles fall from the ceiling. They look like snow.

We visit each therapy room inside of the centre. Some rooms look like what you'd expect, but others are more bizarre and difficult to understand. The more we travel into the place, the more confusing it becomes. We almost didn't notice the rooms begin to turn into our memories.

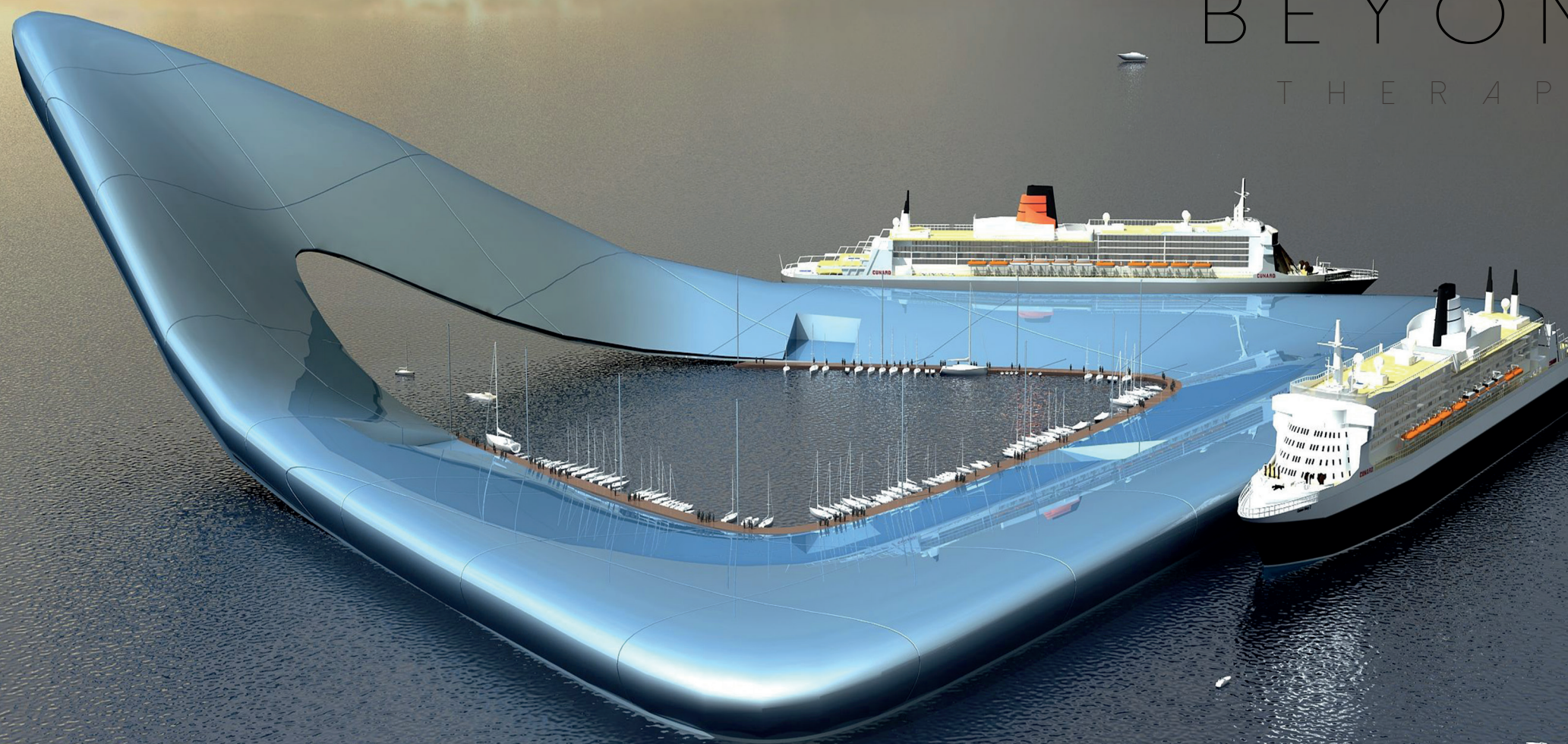
The entire structure sways back and forth on the water beneath and around us. The memories get darker as we near the point of trauma and the nucleus of our 'collective problem'. We are moving towards a special room.

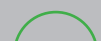
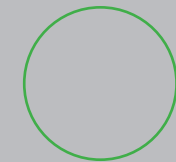
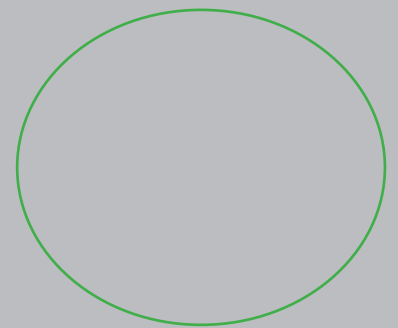
I am transported to the therapy room back home.



BEYOND

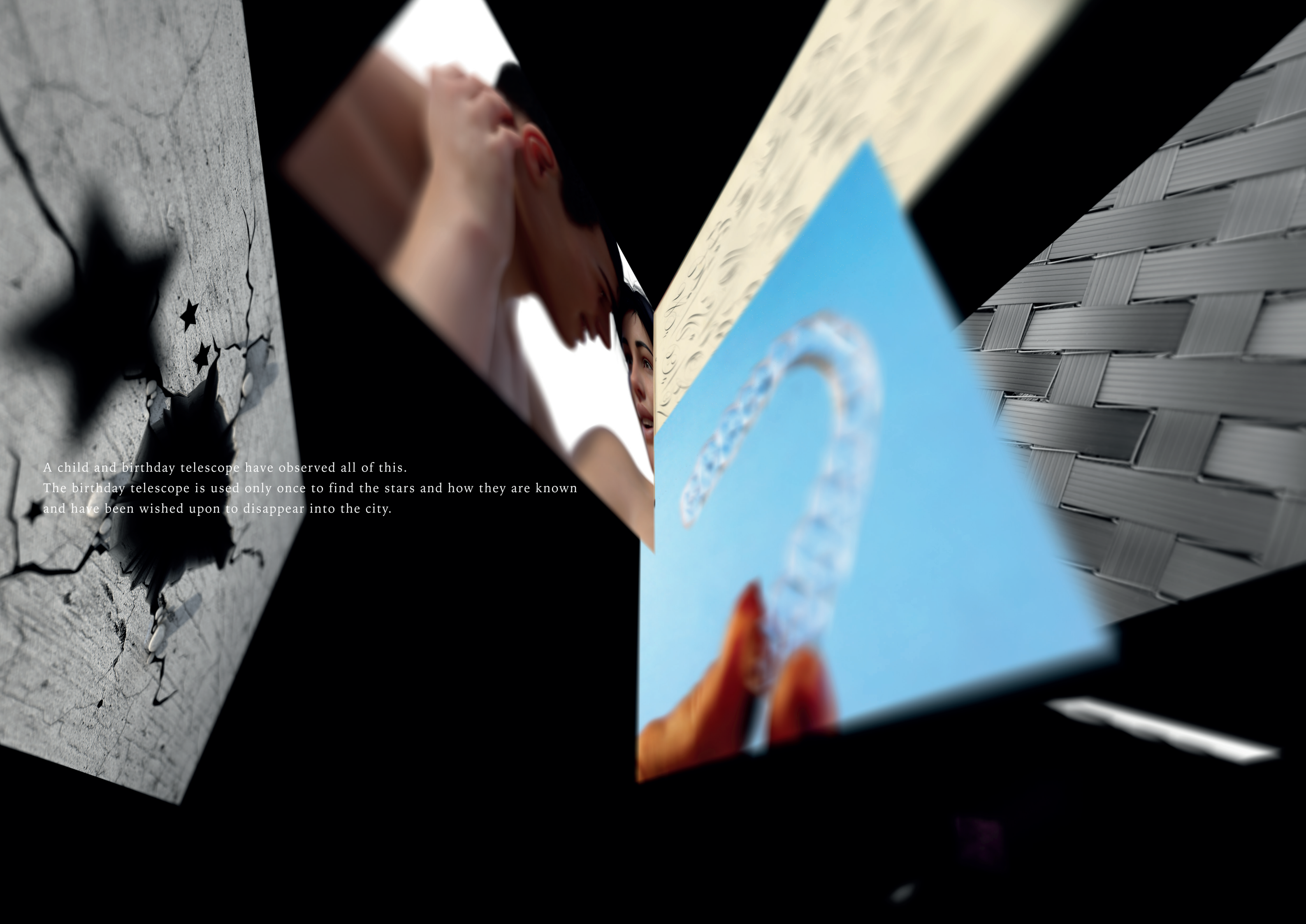
THERAPY











A child and birthday telescope have observed all of this.
The birthday telescope is used only once to find the stars and how they are known
and have been wished upon to disappear into the city.





