

TEXT OF
III ALFRED

Different chapters of the book

INDEX

1. All believe dead the only one alive	11
2. Something in diabolic esthetics freezes the blood	42
3. Many are afraid of kisses	74
4. When the trumpets play, what about us?	84
5. The secret will be revealed in the Registan	106
6. What is sense, after all?	133
7. You don't love because you haven't a single drop of love	143
8. A bad thing these dead still messing around	152
9. Eventually all ties loosen	176
10. Fears end when you discover Love	204
11. We remember the Infinite because we yearn for it	222
12. Is it true, or just a hallucination?	251
13. We are an absolute zero in the flow of the future	268
14. True Kings rule the invisible	287
15. We became Princes of the Darkness	316

13. We are an absolute zero in the flow of the future

Theodora has been knowing for days that something is in the

air and feels happy. She loves novelty, days are becoming boring because people don't want to die. The novelty is that Mara decided to affirm herself definitively in an unknown state of existence, but necessary for the story to continue making sense.

—Mara analyzes, relates, and concludes, and then acts in consequence with the conclusion— says Louise to herself recently transformed without knowing it.

Mara is tremendous, she quickly finishes every fiction. She hardly ever tolerates incongruence. Which doesn't say she would live in the reality. It says that she is not a woman that would accept any fiction. Or vulgarities. She adopts decisions many would find ludicrous, but that seem logical to her: forget about additional intelligences by means of biotechnological implants, for instance. She now has one foot in the Matter and the other foot in the Immaterial: she is obliged to lead a double life. A circumstance, however, smiles Theodora, that in no manner will affect her sense of honesty: her lack of scruples compensates largely for any sense of honesty she might have.

A double life that Mara justifies as an imposition of Destiny but adopts deliberately to fuel her hunger for power: from now on she will even have power over her superiors. Power that makes any authority coming from the human level a child's play. The ego is powerful till a certain point: its extraordinary limitation impedes it to participate in the exceptional. The illusion of being powerful is a characteristic of the material ambit.

Of the human condition.

Mara's friends would never change sex for chocolate, women that laugh at the cheating capacity of men. For several days she delights herself excited with the refined irony of subjecting herself to an insignificant power compared to her own. Obey like a college-girl and stoically bear its impertinences. Yes, sir. Whatever you say, sir. However, only on a superficial level. The other day, when lieutenant Factor recriminated her to be losing her temper in the issue of the John Hancock, she gladly would have pinched her buttocks and say: shut up, you, bitch from Colorado, here I command. In the final analysis it was true.

—Lieutenant Factor has a miserable butt that wouldn't even excite men— says Mara to herself every time she looks at it as by routine.

Having pulled too many guns, Mara observes women's butts

with the same insolence as if it were a man's.

–The Power has a life of its own and finally engulfs you: it doesn't recognize ethics or reasons. It finishes making you one with it— says Mara.

–Power gives enormous pleasure, Mara. The most refined pleasure of all: it concentrates all the other pleasures on itself. The eroticism of the Power, as some romantics say— concludes Theodora.

Mara's heart explodes by only thinking of it. She prolongs the sensation rolling on her bed, conscious of the impudent impact on a Theodora that observes delighted. A power Mara still perceives as abstract, but that becomes more concrete every time she stops the Time, penetrates in the etheric world, and exercises at her discretion all the power she wants.

–We are convinced that we decide everything, and we are an absolute zero in the flow of the future— says Mara to herself alien to the moment.

Seeing her inflamed by the enormity of the power, raving in front of an already yearning Theodora, many would think that Mara stops the time and penetrates in the astral world motivated by the indescribable pleasure of executing a power without restrictions. But nothing matters.

–Neither matters who decides, nor who executes. Everything seems important, but nothing is— says Theodora to herself moistened by the scene. Permeated by that ecstasy, Mara can't help recalling it again.

She flies towards an established future whose cause she not even knows it has to happen because it was decided regardless of the reason why.

She flies, and she doesn't fly alone. More than of black tulle now one should speak of tooled leathers and shiny carvings that give evidence of having won innumerable battles. Victories that remain impregnated in the sword as part of its shine. A generous cape floats on her steps under the impulse of nobody knows what sort of winds. The waving of capes softens all determination. It is the only that seems to fluctuate with certain arbitrariness in that obstinate flight towards a single purpose. Facts Mara has little to decide on: it is an event determined on beforehand where she is obliged to participate.

Invisible veil of an immensity that dilates, pressed by the sharp obstinacy of who wants to penetrate the transparent curtain that

blocks her way. An event that hasn't yet occurred awaits her. The horizon transforms into a conic surface whose luminous vertex gives access to another dimension. A luminous world of a penetrant metallic saffron that should dazzle but enraptures: the intensity of the light is friendly and enriching, it promises unshakable loyalties. A golden mantle covers everything you see: perfectly defined volumes arise like enchanted ancestral imperia on an endless plain. Cylinders, cubes, and parallelepipeds organized in an awesome diversity in the most absolute silence. Among all the volumes, one shines with the singular refulgence of the unique, with a singularity that clearly stands out for its pulchritudinous magnificence.

A royal transparent structure full of lights and glimmer, in whose shine appear signs and symbols speaking of the meaning of its existence. Its nature, who built it, the used means, the original intention, who live there, its origins, how it was acquired, its utility, what existed in that place millions of years ago, what there is in the subsoil, and the waters that evaporated from that soil leaving very fine particles of salt. How this constitutive pluralism affects the whole and determines that it is time for it to disappear. Information of all the causes revealed in the etheric ambit without needing any reflection. It's there to be seen, simply. The only really important of that object is that it reached its end. An inexorable fact whose cause not even Mara knows or could predict even if she would want to.

She opens her mouth, she breaths and her teeth like needles become incandescent. She expires a thick jet of orange light that penetrates deep inside that crystalline structure and makes it phosphorescent. In that precise instant it starts to disintegrate like sand of the desert blown away by the wind at dawn. An innocent fact in its simplicity. Living grains of a resigned blackness on the way to its destiny. Particles of a dispersed yesterday whirling in dreamy acrobatics that have something ghostly. Minuscule fragments of a memory full of emotions that once had consistence and was touchable.

..... *And continue*