

**TEXT OF
II MARA**

Different chapters of the book

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17. To kill him, Lord, shoot Brahma's arrow

“The street was cold. Me, feeling bad.

Sometimes you need a drink.

For days I was haunted by a greenish turbulence that besets the brain, and I felt incapable of eluding it. I never thought that I would have to deal with such decrepitude. I feel myself beyond any scale of values, but still tangled in the human. Which values? Absolutely a human could have. Hence the bitterness of the conflict: to have exceeded every possible value and still be with all fours in the limitation. The inability to transcend the limited makes you think of any form of annihilation. Probably the deadly despair of many romantics given the impossibility to reach the intuited Infinitude, Death is easier to bear. Another.

One more, to see whether the next cards may be better.

Or might come voluptuous Nereids straddling their thighs for us and enchant us. My case was different. The opposite, to be exact: once transcended limitation, refuse to suffer the return to the limited nature of the human. To be miserable again after having experienced all the glories. To Lose the material possessions is a child's play compared to the huge task of compressing again a spirit that experienced limitlessness.

The immense is a point of no return.

Once you have become limitless, everything this world can offer will make you laugh. Power to domineer other humans? What interest could there be in dominating the limited? I don't need perishable dominions that can't accompany me into the eternity. Money? What for? To do what one wants to do? I already do what I want. Freedom doesn't depend on money. Who still values money is far from being free. *He did whatever he wanted*, will read the granite of your epitaph, Olivia always says. *And always will*, would add Nicole following my instructions. What is the wizened freedom that money can buy good for? And what, if one of these days I transmute an oak closet in a little heap of four million dollars in bills of one hundred? It wouldn't even be funny. What an achievement. Ridiculous. Not to mention sex. Drugs, please. Love, what love? Give

me all the love a human can feel, and I'll say to you: nothing, illusion, fantasy. Love what? A man? A woman? An animal? Everything? Of what love could we speak in the middle of this terrible limitation? I don't want to be good, or respectable, or comply with any law, or love to be loved, or control, or possess, or experiment, or be illusory, or be somebody. What's actually left? What would nurture you, at last? Be a patriot, pay taxes, a family, the sensorial, be an example, have common sense, work, possess a house, a car, go on holidays, have social security, subscribe pension funds, have good bank references, believe in God, think you're already good because you go to church, say Lord, Lord, buy Treasury bonds, be adorable, desired, lucky, have enviable health, be important, be an ecologist, question the ideological vanguard, question esthetics, be on television. Nothing of all this is of any interest. Suicide? Not either. I heard of the Door of the Seven Keys that opens up to Immortality. That there exists a water that when you drink it you'll have no more bitterness.

This is the turbulence that drives me mad in the eye of the hurricane. No value is value for me anymore.

I converted all the possible goals of the limited to something senseless. Maybe I went too far, that's true. Far or near, I don't seem to know how to return. From where I am, I see everybody busy in a horrible nothing, lost in some incomprehensible fiction. So fictitious, they not even try to find a sense. Where find something that could be really interesting? If somebody knows, please tell me. Search for the sense in the little things, say those in the know. Look for it yourselves, I go for the big. What try to find those that want to find God? The sense the autonomy of the Mind doesn't give them. Everything is the fault of the Enlightenment, they say in Rome. Dream Pilarín, they say in the Caribbean. Is God something to be claimed from the human? Yes, just to impose it in endless Religion wars. Will there be more war? Yes, as long as the idea of God exists. Is Evil an alternative? Evil is sweet. It convinces but it's not interesting either. It gives but takes away much more. Always. Look at the poor Faust how he ended. This is the turbulence that bothers me: nothing trivial, nothing despicable, nothing that could be solved. When you are on the edge of the cliff, the abyss roars and the wind blows fiercely. You hear moaning in the distance. You lose your fear because the lack of consciousness grows. You need to die. Disappear.

The squall took me to the Corn Exchange Bank of hundred years ago. At that time a Rococo, suitable for every rale. Ideal to redefine bad definitions, resistant to hurricanes that blow the mind with sins and everything. A good place for a drink. Al Paris and Philippe Daouphars cared to convert it into a splendid place for eating and having a drink. Cobalt blue of feigned tenderness on floors and ceiling, creamy Scottish butter white on the walls. A patient ceiling lined with Doric molds, gently sustained by elegant columns with Corinthian capitals. The bar zigzags with a generous length: a big serpent with a cast amber resin back those slumbers hearing nonsense every night. The central spine of blue phosphorescent optic fiber gives its charm an exciting futuristic touch. It needed a future, even though it were covered in science fiction blue. Music of the Stones to start with when deliriums struggle to become reality. Miles Davis as the darkness decides to give you the first kiss. *Wild Horses* just on walking in. A melancholic acoustic guitar presaging the Cavalry of the Valkyries made my spirit gallop in my chest with a solemnity that almost immobilized my neurons. The noise of the unavowable. The delight of not thinking. The pleasure of abandoning mediocrity and leaving the world.

–Like home– I said to myself as I entered.

An endless variety of bottles distributed like organ pipes in three tiers, all of them duplicated in bronze mirrors. Bottles and mirrors where a feminine energy keeps walking back and forth behind the bar, fed up bringing out the best of her at unearthly hours. She has dyed blond hair, undone in any way, carelessly: a woman that doesn't care whether anybody would like her. A tight crimson shirt makes intuit the little there is. Which barely would excite anybody. The pants below the waist show the navel and the curve of the belly. Just any pants. Navels always tell about things. They keep themselves far from any torment with impassive elegance.

–I'm at work, no, ah, yes, listen, last night I dreamt of you, no, nothing particular, you just were in the dream– she says absorbed on the mobile phone.

She talks distractedly bar up, bar down, half sincere, half theatre, sick and tired of not knowing who she is. I don't know, she gives the impression that she wouldn't react to anything anymore. That one day she shouted till losing her voice and nobody heard her. That she overreacted, in other words. She catalogues the client in no time, knowing very well how to approach him. And even better how

to keep distance. There's logic, many clients only have her. Temple, they call her. To me she reacts with caution. She respects me, she knows that something in me is far from normal, from what she usually sees in her nights. She perceives a very extensive ambiguity, no firm ground to step on, a not very fathomable nature, nothing of the boring concreteness she sees every day.

–Like all men. Nothing he could hide. How he talks, what he looks at, how he looks, what he imagines, how he undresses me. They are all the same, drooling for nothing, yearning for a tit. For tits— say those eyes of a girl betrayed by her father.

By men, therefore.

–Champagne with Vodka, please— I say to her.

..... *And continue*