

Armonia Haosului

Harmony within Chaos

Andrei Oghină

Cuvinte înainte	4
Introduction	4
Gânduri	5
Întrebările	5
Echilibrul	6
Granițele	8
Puzzle	8
Drivers	9
Scurtcircuite impersonale	10
Viața ca un backtracking	11
The death of Generation X	12
Petrecerea dureaza cinci ani	13
Commonplace redundancies	14
Muzica de pe la noi	15
Bucureștii	16
Blazon și stimă	17
The last morning after	18
The red fire truck	19
Hey you	20
Emo but true	21
Sofisme	22
You, me, the chimps and a Happy New Year!	23
An apple a day keeps us away	24
The doors	25
Stupid accidents	27
Small talk	28
Dating rabbits	30
Life junkies	31
Sweet graceful fall	33
Chaos wiki: love - common misinterpretations	35
Hardcore twist	37
Habits of destruction, habits of joy and string: A sterile exercise of wider views	38
Day #3	39
Protocols	40
Bigmouth strikes again	42
Peer-to-peer mutants	43
Death adaptor	44
Fine tuning	45
Seven random don'ts	46
The family	47
Scale	48
Parasites	49
Why write?	50
Aruncătura de băț	52
Poezii	53
Poezia a murit	53

Flirtul defunct	53
Carne și oase	53
Alchimia autosugestiei	54
Încălzirea locală	54
Instigare la transhumanță	55
Copilul bătrân	55
17	56
Drama bătrânului tiran	57
Impotența rațiunii	58
Mute	59
Fiica nopții	59
Voiai să fii aviator	60
Moralistul	60
Critica rațiunii pure	60
The 80's	60
The Sea of Glue	61
The acrobats	61
Good habits	61
Soul lahars	62
Silent disco	62
Jungle child	63
Singleton	64
The missing link	64
The ambient tent	65
Watermelon gum	65
The callers	66
Naturally	66
The ungirl	67
Withdrawal symptoms	68
Roundtables	68
The simple truth	69
Just another troubled kid	69
Double jeopardy	70
The morning after	70
Water rebirth	70
Soul mechanics	71
Walking ears	71
Sister ships	72
Virgin suicides	72
Neurohardware	73
Black rabbits	74
Inner bankers	75
A little more	75
Couldn't care less	76
Masochism refractar	77

Cuvinte înainte

Aceste gânduri și poezii, publicate pe două bloguri anonime între 2007 și 2009, sunt o parte din tinerețea mea pe care nici prietenii apropiați nu au cunoscut-o. După vreo șapte ani, în 2015, mi-am amintit de ele și m-am gândit să le culeg, să le pun împreună și să mi le asum.

Fac asta din dorința de documentare a unor amintiri, ca atunci când faci ordine în fotografii și le organizezi în albume. Citindu-le acum, peste timp, unele texte mi se par naive, pretențioase sau simpliste. Dar sunt și rânduri unde mă regăsesc în continuare, așa îmbătrânit cum sunt, iar pe unele poate le-aș scrie și acum.

Amestecam limbile pentru că voiam să poată citi mai multă lume și îmi plăcea engleza, pe care în felul ăsta o și exersam, dar uneori preferam să scriu în română.

Introduction

These thoughts and poems, published between 2007 and 2009 on two anonymous blogs, are a part of my younger self that even my closest friends didn't know about. About seven years after I stopped posting, in 2015, I remembered about these blogs and decided to put all the posts together and acknowledge them.

I'm doing this for the sake of documenting my memories, just like when you're arranging photos into albums. Reading them after many years, I find some of the texts to be naive, pretentious or simplistic. But there are parts that I still relate with, despite being older, and some I would maybe write again today.

I was mixing languages because I wanted to have a wider audience, I liked English and this way I was practicing it, but sometimes I just preferred to write in Romanian.

09.01.2016

Gânduri

Întrebările

Întrebările existențiale rămân fără răspuns, dar se uzează. De la o anumită vârstă încolo, devine oarecum penibil să ți le mai pui. Auzul lor provoacă un zâmbet de superioritate în colțul gurii... acum ne ocupăm cu lucruri mai serioase. Avem griji, responsabilități, preocupări pragmatice înfipite cu dârzenie în concretul cotidian. Asta nu înseamnă, bineînțeles, că am fi găsit un răspuns la ele. Ba chiar, subiectul ăsta devine un pic deranjant. Cel mai probabil nu avem timp de așa ceva.

Resemnarea și capitularea sunt văzute ca un semn de evoluție firească, de maturizare. Este poate un mecanism născut din instinctul de supraviețuire: până la urmă, sunt lucruri care trebuie îndeplinite pentru ca specia să își continue existența și să își îmbunătățească condițiile de viață. Pe de altă parte, spiritul practic ne face să nu perseverăm în preocupări care nu par a avea o finalitate. Și părem că începem să știm despre ce e viața. Ne autosugestionăm că așa ar fi. Iar puterea autosugestiei se știe că nu trebuie subestimată.

Joi, 04.10.2007

Echilibrul

Să presupunem că avem un sistem ce se află în echilibru. Pentru a ieși din această stare este nevoie de o forță nouă care să intervină în sistem. Dacă te apleci în față până cazii, forță generată de mușchii tăi, cu ajutorul căreia te-ai aplecat, te-a făcut să îți pierzi echilibrul.

La ce este bun echilibrul?

Cu toții simțim cumva că echilibrul este un lucru bun. Dacă un turn este prea înclinat, se prăbușește. Dacă te dezechilibrezi în timp ce traversezi un podet îngust, cazii și îți rupi piciorul. Mașinile sunt proiectate să fie cât mai stabile pe șosea. Oamenii echilibrați se observă că suferă mai puțin decât cei ce fac excese. Multe sfaturi au o legătură cu păstrarea echilibrului, a cumpătării, a căii de mijloc.

De ce?

Din nou o întrebare simplă și poate stupidă: de ce este bine să fii echilibrat? De ce cei mai în vârstă îi sfătuiesc pe cei mai tineri să fie astfel? Sigur, răspunsul este într-un fel evident: se constată empiric că cei ce nu sunt echilibrați ajung să sufere, se întâmplă ceva rău cu ei. "Uite cum a ajuns X". De la prea mult băut, prea mult fumat, prea multă muncă, prea multă distracție. Excesele, ca sursă a dezechilibrului, pot fi variate, dar consecințele sunt de cele mai multe ori negative. Dar de ce se întâmplă asta? Sunt niște întrebări care pe mine, în naivitatea și curiozitatea mea, mă fascinează. Și încerc să construiesc un răspuns.

Neputință

Echilibrul este o stare din care se pseudo-iese. Nimic nu poate părăsi echilibrul de tot. Poți să cazii, să te rostogolești, însă până la urmă tot te oprești, reluându-ți starea de echilibru. Și cu cât căzătură a fost mai violentă, cu cât ai căzut mai de sus și te-ai rostogolit mai mult, cu atât te va durea mai tare la sfârșit. Dacă momentul în care te dezechilibrezi sau clipele pe care le petreci în aer nu sunt dureroase, atunci momentul inevitabil al redobândirii echilibrului poate fi. Desigur, starea asta redobândită nu este mereu la fel de evidentă precum cea de dinaintea căderii. Dacă vedem un acrobat pe sârmă, cu toții vom admira echilibrul în care se află. Dacă acesta cade jos, nimeni nu se va mai gândi că el se află, din nou, în echilibru. Însă acolo jos, cu oasele rupte, acrobatul este într-o stare de echilibru mai stabilă decât cea inițială. Concluzia ar fi că este bine să fim echilibrați pentru că altfel riscăm o redobândire violentă a unui echilibru pe care nimeni oricum nu îl va mai sesiza.

Să fim deci echilibrați?

Ne-ar fi mai bine, dar ce înseamnă să fim echilibrați? O constatare simplă ar fi tendința de a deveni astfel odată cu înaintarea în vârstă. Atracția față de excese se transformă cu timpul într-o respingere a acestora, într-o retragere într-o lume cu repere cunoscute și scăderea până la dispariție a apetitului pentru experimentare în afara lor.

Conflictul

Pentru mulți tineri echilibrul înseamnă monotonie, lipsa experimentării și a exceselor, ce duce la o viață poate lipsită de multe neplăceri, însă neinteresantă. O blazare, o capitulare, un semn de înfrângere. De partea cealaltă, se susține (de multe ori pe un ton superior) că o atitudine echilibrată este un semn de maturizare, de înțelepciune. Există însă Jocul.

Jocul

Un corp asupra căruia nu acționează nicio forță este în echilibru. Însă aceeași stare poate fi atinsă și prin acțiunea unor forțe ce se anulează reciproc. Ba chiar, aceste forțe pot fi nedeterminat de multe și nedeterminat de mari: atâta vreme cât ele se anulează reciproc, corpul este în echilibru. Însă pe măsură ce forțele devin mai multe și mai mari, este din ce în ce mai greu de menținut starea prin generarea unor forțe care să le anuleze. O singură greșeală poate face ca întreg corpul să se dezechilibreze brusc și violent. Cu cât forțele sunt mai mari, cu atât jocul devine mai riscant. Dar atâta vreme cât este jucat bine, poate oferi satisfacție.

Intuirea propriilor limite în evaluarea forței rezultante și atingerea acesteia poate duce doar la o mică ieșire din echilibru. Iar odată cu aceasta, se obține și o creștere a limitei. Încet încet, ne putem juca cu forțe mai multe, mai mari, mai rapid variabile în timp. Desigur, acest joc este obositor și nu este pentru oricine. Mulți renunță înainte de a începe. Însă el reprezintă calea prin care putem trăi, experimenta și exagera, păstrându-ne în același timp starea de echilibru.

Vineri, 05.10.2007

Granițele

Dimensiunea infimezimală a unor granițe mă sperie. Granițe între senzații atât de diferite, între concepte atât de diferite. Separate de un pai. Fără grăniceri, fără control al pașaportului, fără indicatoare. Spațiu comunitar. Și treci fără să îți dai seama dintr-o parte în cealaltă. Trebuie în permanență să simți aceste muchii ce șerpuiesc de fiecare dată altfel, să le intuiești prezența atunci când te apropii de ele. Iar dacă ar fi doar atât, ar fi bine. Granițele însă, deși nu își fac simțită prezența în mod direct, se camufleză ca fiind zone de maxim interes în cadrul teritoriului unde te situezi. Te atrag înspre ele. Fata morgana: te apropii, le atingi și gata. Ai trecut. Ești în alt ținut, în alt teritoriu, altă lume, cu alte legi. Iar dacă vrei să te întorci, previzibil, comportamentul lor se inversează. Nu te mai atrag, ci te resping. Pentru că granițele se hrănesc din dorința noastră de a le traversa.

Sâmbătă, 06.10.2007

Puzzle

Un puzzle de 1000 de piese este așezat pe masă în fața ta. După câteva zile de trudă ai ajuns la ultima piesă. Eziți. Tentația de a-ți încununa efortul este mare. Iei ultima piesă în mâna și te uiți la locul ei din cadrul puzzle-ului. Să pui piesă acolo și se pare cel mai firesc lucru din lume. Ar fi de neconceput să lași tocmai acum puzzle-ul neterminat. Nu te grăbești, încerci să savuzeri această mișcare. Îndrepti piesă spre locul ei. Și totuși, ce-ar fi să nu o pui? Să o lași pur și simplu deoparte? Ai putea să faci asta? De ce ai face-o? Doar te-ai hotărât să faci acest puzzle și acum gata, ai reușit. Este evident că te descurci să pui și ultima piesă. Deci ce rost mai are? Nu asta era scopul, să vezi că reușești și eventual cât timp îți ia să termini? Scopul a fost atins. Poți să consideri fără nicio problemă că ai terminat. Și totuși, trebuie neapărat să pui și ultima piesă, să vezi puzzle-ul complet. De ce? Ei, așa...

Friday, 26.10.2007

Drivers

What drives you, my friends? What drives you, besides chasing little pleasures, instinct and routine? What am I missing? Passion? That I can understand, but very few have real passion for something, and even fewer a long-lasting one. So what is it? Why are you so determined? What are you hoping to achieve? You want a house, a car, a pool, is that it? Professional satisfaction? Pride? Is it pride? Tell me.

I know, I know. You're simply enjoying it. You enjoy going out with your friends. You enjoy spending time with your girlfriend or boyfriend, you enjoy, maybe not always, but you enjoy what you're doing at school or at work. And there are a lot of things to enjoy. So many, that even with the most hedonistic lifestyle you'll probably explore just a small fraction of what's out there. And then, there is the peace. The peace with yourself, the peace with who you are and what you are doing. You are enjoying that too.

Of course, you know about the bad things in life. You have your problems, your sad moments. You have your tragedies. But you get over them. Sometimes it's hard, but you hope you will always manage to get over them. Because you enjoy life, as simple as that. But are you truly enjoying it enough? Or what drives you is just chasing little pleasures, your survival instinct and your routines?

Thursday, 15.11.2007

Scurtcircuite impersonale

Sunt precum un fulger și pot apărea oricând. Nu e necesară o predispoziție sau o stare anume. Singura condiție este să fii treaz și să te gândești la ceva. Nu e vorba de vreun moment meditativ sau contemplativ. Să zicem că te gândești la vreo treaba, la ce vei face în ziua respectivă, cu cine trebuie să te vezi, ce trebuie să cumperi, orice.

Cum te gândești tu așa, nu mai dai atenție faptului că tu ești cel care se gândește. Ți se pare că sunt un fel de gânduri impersonale. Obiectul este cel care contează iar subiectul rămâne undeva așa, mai în spate. Și te depărtezi, și te depărtezi. Tot felul de idei, mici raționamente și concluzii. Părerii, impresii. Despre ceva ce pare a fi interesant, despre ceva ce pare a fi plictisitor, despre cineva cu care nu ești de acord, despre cineva care crezi că are dreptate.

Și apoi apare scurtcircuitul. Realizezi, îți amintești, într-un mod foarte abrupt, că tu ești cel ce are acele gânduri. Tu, în carne și oase. Nu “pare a fi interesant”, ci “MIE mi se pare a fi interesant”. Da, da, tu. Or is it just me?

Duminică, 18.11.2007

Viața ca un backtracking

Multe probleme se pot rezolva printr-o metodă brutală, dar sigură: prin încercări. Se explorează spațiul problemei până fie se găsește o soluție, fie se ajunge într-o fundătură. În cel de-al doilea caz, se face un pas înapoi și se încearcă următoarea posibilitate. Dacă problema are soluție, sigur va fi găsită prin această metodă. Este o metodă sigură, simplă și se numește backtracking.

Cu toții aplicăm această metodă zilnic. Fie că avem un dispozitiv nou și îi explorăm metodic meniul ca să găsim o funcție anume, fie că jucăm șah și încercăm să simulăm cum va decurge jocul dacă facem anumite mutări, fie că încercăm să ieșim dintr-o clădire pe care nu o cunoaștem. De cele mai multe ori nici nu ne dăm seama, este una dintre metodele cele mai intuitive cu care lucrează și învață mintea noastră.

Pe lângă aplicațiile ei de zi cu zi, folosim fără să știm această metodă și pe termen mai îndelungat. Încercăm diverse posibilități, diverse configurații în viețile noastre, tot încercând să ne apropiem de o soluție, fie ea și parțială. Atunci când soluția pare de neatins în configurația curentă, facem o schimbare. Încercăm o altă configurație și continuăm să înaintăm. Ne mai oprim, ne mai întoarcem, mai avansăm.

Și totuși, cu cât variantele sunt mai multe, cu cât numărul acțiunilor ce pot fi întreprinse crește, cu cât spațiul problemei este mai mare, cu atât dezavantajul acestei metode devine mai evident: este foarte, foarte costisitoare. Din punct de vedere al complexității, mai prost de atât nu se poate: complexitatea backtracking-ului este exponențială. Cu fiecare decizie în plus, timpul de rezolvare se dublează.

Ce bine ar fi, sau măcar interesant de încercat, să putem simula un backtracking la scara vieții. Să putem vedea în câteva secunde unde am ajunge peste 10, 20 de ani, dacă alegem să facem acțiunea X acum. Și, pe baza acestei viziuni, să întreprindem acțiunea sau nu. Știu, implicațiile unei astfel de posibilități sunt greu de imaginat și cel mai probabil viața nu ar mai fi așa cum o știm noi acum. Probabil o să spuneți că ar fi mult mai neinteresantă. Și totuși, câteodată ar fi atât de bine să putem face asta.

Marti, 20.11.2007

The death of Generation X

Clothes, music, slang, jokes, brands, hats, shoes, stores, clubs: you name it. They all get old and die along with the generation that embraced them. A few survive a little longer and even fewer have a long lasting impact: but they all eventually fade away.

The clothes that you now consider to be cool will seem ridiculous in a few decades. The hairstyles you now think are hot will be considered to be retro, at best. The shoes you wear will look like vintage curiosities, the clubs you go to will only appear in some old photos. The music you listen to is getting old and boring. From raw, fresh, brand new underground music it becomes mainstream "good quality" music and then... old music (maybe the next generation will still appreciate some of it). Your devices will end up in a dusty old museum. The way you dance. The way you eat. The way you live. Your kind of parties. Your kind of movies. Your favorite seaside resort. Your accessories. You.

Wednesday, 21.11.2007

Petrecerea dureaza cinci ani

Polivalența este o calitate dragă mie. Dar uneori poate fi o pacoste. Pe de o parte să îți vezi de școală, teme și proiecte, poate să ai vreo pasiune ciudată, precum matematica, fizica, informatica sau chimia. Să fii olimpic, să excelezi la ceva, să ai o pasiune reală (nu "călătoriile") și capacitatea, plăcerea și determinarea de a o urma. Să fii responsabil, să fii de încredere, să discuți despre mecanică cuantică la o limonadă de după-amiază, să ai asigurare, să ai un job bun, să fii un bun profesionist. Să fii un fiu bun, să fii o fiică bună, să fii un bun frate, să fii o soră bună. Să fii serios, cu gânduri și preocupări serioase. Să fii așa nu din cauza unor constrângeri exterioare ci pentru că este în natura ta.

Pe de altă parte, să fii un dubios, cu anturaj îndoielnic, care face lucruri ciudate la ore târzii, în locuri suspecte. Să ajungi la petreceri underground în case părăsite. Să dormi pe plajă cu punkiștii, să râzi isteric, să faci prostii, să fii incoerent, să se ia poliția de tine. Să te trezești zilnic la 2 după-masă. Să faci toate astea nu din cauza unor constrângeri exterioare, nu din cauza anturajului, ci pentru că așa ești tu construit.

Să ieși azi în oraș cu 20 de prieteni și să te simți sufletul petrecerii iar mâine să te plimbi singur într-un parc. Să studiezi antropologia dimineață iar după-amiază să te duci la mall. Să îți pui întrebări existențiale și să studiezi în ce măsură fizica poate răspunde la unele dintre ele, ca mai apoi să pierzi o ora gândindu-te cu ce să te îmbraci. Să asculți Chilian și Massive Attack, NOFX și Mozart, Zebre și Kid Loco, Cocorosie și Metallica. Să fii romantic, să te îndrăgostești, să iubești platonice, să trăiești sentimente nobile și pure, ca mai târziu să ai chef doar să ți-o tragi cu cineva.

Cam asta despre polivalență. Oamenii polivalenți par mai interesanți. Polivalența are în ea un soi de destupare a minții, capacitatea de a fi mai obiectiv și mai analitic, de a avea mai puține prejudecăți și mai multe idei. Dar polivalența poate cauza suferință. Atâtea laturi ale personalității tale, unele foarte diferite, unele opuse, coexistând. Se nasc conflicte între ele și indiferent care latură câștigă, tu suferi. Desigur, suferi într-un mod elegant și subtil. Dar asta este mai puțin relevant pentru tine. Și până la urmă se duce și polivalența. Latura mai puternică câștigă, în cel mai bun caz latura responsabilă. Și rămâi o umbră a ceea ce ai fost. Un personaj simpatic, mai ales atunci când povestește despre trecut.

Duminică, 25.11.2007

Commonplace redundancies

We are sound addicts and social animals. We listen to music, we listen to our friends complaining or telling funny stories, we listen to our teachers during class, we listen to airport announcements. Every single second while we are awake, we listen. And quite often, we speak. We like to communicate, to share our thoughts and views, to debate. To make people laugh. We argue and we yell. We laugh and we cry and in both cases we create sound waves that propagate through the air and produce that familiar vibration. We listen to the city and even in the most remote places, the night has its own sound. Hearing is essential and deaf people are living a tragedy.

But sometimes we get a little tired of all that. We would like to "enjoy the silence" (a song title, kind of ironic, isn't it?). We turn off the music, we turn off the TV, we close the windows, we turn off the air conditioning, computer, or whatever makes sounds. And we find out someone has prepared a little surprise for us. We cannot reach silence. Our thoughts are still playing. We may or may not be hearing voices, but nevertheless our thoughts have a pretty similar effect. It's hard to rest in a noisy environment, but it's even harder to rest while having noisy thoughts. And what do we do then? We put on some music.

Sunday, 02.12.2007

Muzica de pe la noi

Muzica românească. Ce formații avem? Ce "hituri" avem? Și poate cel mai important, va genera mișcarea underground de azi un mainstream decent mâine? Pentru a nu da un caracter prea general discuției mă voi limita la a vorbi despre zona mai rockisă a muzicii românești. Asta înseamnă, știți voi, chitări, tobe, bass, poate un synth, voce și mult haos, deci rock, goth, punk, ska, alternativ, hardcore, progressive, emo, heavy metal, trash și lista poate continua, dar nu avem noi formații nici pentru astea.

Avem în primul rând aici puțină istorie: Iris, Cargo, Phoenix, așa, ca "milestones". Evident, mai sunt și alții. Ăștia ar fi Rolling Stones-ii noștri, cu bune și rele. Unii încă mai cânta și stârnesc în continuare ceva haos pe la concerte, deși deja e mai multă nostalgie printre fani decât chef de pogo. Mulțumiți de ei? Eu zic că da. Să nu uităm și de comunism când ne gândim la asta. Eu zic că s-au descurcat.

Dar să vedem cine urmează. OCS: TNB, skate, copilul rebel, foarte simpatic. Două beri goale pentru una plină, cine se combină. Apoi E.M.I.L., inițial ska ca apoi să se cam dea și ei pe pop-punk. Au cultivat, dar aici aș face o mică paranteză. Poate că asta ar fi o problemă... muzica are cumva nevoie de un mesaj, de o cauză. În comunism se făceau aluzii la regim, acum se fac aluzii la verde de exemplu, însă e o chestie mult mai puțin puternică, nu e așa mare lucru să sugerezi ceva legat de fumat. Când lumea este liberă, este mai greu să găsești o cauză comună de revoltă.

PCC, Chester, Coma, Crize, SS3, deja ne apropiem de prezent. Ioana, Flo și alte fete care încep să devină mai emo și mai "whateva". Toate bune și frumoase, mai un concert în Suburbia, mai un concert în Expirat, mai un concert în B. Cam puține melodii noi însă. ZOB iarăși merită menționați și mai sunt, mai sunt, dar e târziu.

Asta e tot? Ok, mai sunt Cerbii din Carpați, Vio Band, și alții, dar totuși, parcă lipsește ceva: un sound care să rămână pe creier, un vers mai interesant. Mi-e dor de un vers așa... să îți vină să îl scrii pe bancă. Majoritatea sunt simple și cam depășite. Sunt melodii bune, dar cam împrăștiate, câte 2-3 la o formație, și nu prea apar unele noi. Cine o să reziste încă 5 ani? Deși asta e oarecum trist, că o formație e considerată mai bună odată cu trecerea timpului și cu creșterea numărului de melodii, chiar dacă de la un moment dat poate nu mai sunt tocmai de valoare.

Miercuri, 05.12.2007

Bucureștii

Bucureștiul de noapte, cu lumini, râsete, suspine și non-stop-uri. Bucureștiul de dimineață, cu tramvaie și autobuze pline, fețe adormite și hoți anoști de buzunare. Bucureștiul de hotel de lux, încojurat de băieți spicuiți și fete aranjate. Bucureștiul de club de fițe, cu tocuri și șampanie fină, Bucureștiul de Ferentari, cu sărăcie, mizerie și cuțite.

Bucureștiul de centru. Bucureștiul de "9 to 5", cu același drum zilnic, cumpărături în drum spre casă, masă și apoi somn. Bucureștiul de taximetrist de noapte. Bucureștiul de dealer, cunoscător al firilor căzute și al apartamentelor în care se decade, Bucureștiul de angrosist, pentru care ziua este grea dar trece dacă se târguiește calumea. Bucureștiul de copywriter electronic, cu gesturi gay și anturaj funky. Bucureștiul de mafiot ieftin, cu cicatrici și spelunci de noapte dubioase, Bucureștiul de punkist, cu bătăi ocazionale și câteva locuri de pierdut vremea, Bucureștiul de cocalar, cu mașini bengoase și bunăciuni.

Bucureștiul de sportiv care stă toată ziua la sala și se antrenează. Bucureștiul de clubber, ce se trezește îmbâcsit, face un dus și-așteaptă venirea nopții. Bucureștiul de doctor cu saloane albe și suferințe de dimineață până seară. Bucureștiul de om bolnav, plimbat prin aceste saloane. Bucureștiul de hedonist cu bani. Bucureștiul de pensionar, cu o piață, o poștă și o farmacie. Bucureștiul de prostituată, cu aceleași cămăruțe ale plăcerii, Bucureștiul de polițist, plin de infractori și bețivi. Bucureștiul scârbit, Bucureștiul naiv, Bucureștiul optimist. Bucureștiul jucătorului de șah, pierdut în lumea închiderilor. Bucureștiul tău.

Acest oraș, indiferent cum se cheamă el, în care trăiești, este alcătuit din mai multe orașe ce coexistă în același spațiu fizic. Unele din aceste orașe îți sunt familiare. Cu unele te mai intersectezi ocazional. Altele ai dori să le cunoști însă nu ai acces la ele. De altele ai auzit, însă te temi, sau poate îți repugnă. De multe însă nici nu ai habar că există.

Joi, 06.12.2007

Blazon și stimă

Însemnele echipei. Însemnele haitei tale, însemnele regilor. Coroana și sceptrul. Emblema. Numele formației. Ori mai subtil poate? Label-ul agreat. Inscripția. Asocierea de cuvinte potrivită. Asocierea de culori și accesorii. Moda. Costumul. Căștile. Mașina. Oja. Expresia. Personalitatea ta.

Este firesc. Avem afinități, avem înclinații. Lucrurile, oamenii, grupurile și activitățile care sunt ok, care ne plac, cu care ne place să ne asociem, cu care ne potrivim mai bine. Și punem pasiune, ajungem să fim convinși. Pentru că există această dorință de apartenență, de atașament. Trebuie să avem repere, să ne raportăm la ceva.

Sunt lucruri de bun simț. Bun simț în sensul de "common sense". Și până la urmă, o bătălie a bunurilor simțuri. Unele mai bune decât altele. Un întreg sistem social ce interconectează grupări. Caste. Partide sociale, conglomerate umane. Galaxii.

Și sunt cei din zona centrală a galaxiilor. Determinații, monovalenții. Personaje puternice, dârze și hotărâte. Și fiecare steluța de genul ăsta este convinsă până în măduva oaselor de superioritatea galaxiei din care face parte.

În zona periferică sunt cochetii. Cei care cochetează cu ideea. Pot fi de asemenea și foști monovalenți cărora li s-a mai dus din intensitate. Există și varianta să se fi născut acolo și să nu fi avut curiozitatea sau pornirea de a încerca și altceva.

Stele libere? Se spune că ar fi un mit. Iar dacă ar exista vreuna, de obicei se formează o mică galaxie în jurul ei, devenind un monovalent. Dar stele libere, care să observe cerul fără patos? Stele calme și fără pasiuni, stele și reci și calde? Ori vrem să avem stele libere, capabile de pasiuni și îndârjire? Nu e cam mult? Ce să le motiveze? Ce să le stârnească pasiune? Lupta unor galaxii îndepărtate? Nu prea pare a fi suficient. Contemplarea egocentrică, singuratică și cu o oarecare doză de superioritate?

Ar mai fi stelele plimbărețe. Stelele care au trecut prin mai multe galaxii. Stelele cu un trecut zbuciumat, ce au participat la nașteri și destrămări de galaxii. Stele uneori obosite dar înțelepte cumva. Stele ce însă s-au răcit odată cu trecerea timpului. S-au deformat și acum sunt un fel de relicve.

Miercuri, 12.12.2007

The last morning after

It's late. The bouncers are telling them the club closes in 10 minutes. The lights are starting to be turned on. Eventually, the music stops. It's over. The remaining people inside are rushing to the wardrobe.

They go outside. The morning light is dim but still unpleasant, and it's cold. There are totally different people on the street than a few hours earlier. A garbage truck passes by. They have changed. They talk less and walk faster. The silence is cruel and every single one of them dreams of the warm bed at home. The dirty smell of nicotine buried deep inside the fabric of their clothes is the last thing on their minds. They just want to sleep. The first phase of a hangover may be setting in, and they are pretty hungry. Another garbage truck passes by. And now, they have to wait.

They see a couple of taxis on the other side of the street and head towards them. They have done this hundreds of times and it all seems the same. But now it's winter and a thin layer of ice is covering parts of the street. One of them slips. The others stop and try to help him get up. For a fraction of a second they see it coming, but it is too late. The violent brake is heard only for a moment, and then, the impact sound.

They are all lying on the cold street. Some of them are bleeding or have open fractures. A few still have the power to scream, but for most of them the pain is too strong. Soon enough, the silence is back. One of them looks at his leg and sees a bone coming out of his favorite jeans. He passes out.

They have just entered a totally different world. A world of surgeries and long recoveries. A world of pain and suffering, a world of tears and broken smiles. A nightmare some may call it, but it's just a face of reality. And it all began in a fraction of a second on a cold winter morning.

Keep a wide perspective on things.

Saturday, 15.12.2007

The red fire truck

We always associate the things around us with their specific image, an image defined by shape, color, texture and size. This is how we recognize people and objects. We see them every day and we draw the conclusion that this is the way they are. In our minds, we can't imagine a fire truck without thinking "red".

But what is this "red"? We all know, if we think about it scientifically, but it's pretty hard otherwise to comprehend that "red" is just a convention. "Red" is an electromagnetic radiation with a wavelength of 700 nanometers. The paint covering the fire truck has the property of absorbing all other radiations from the visible electromagnetic spectrum while reflecting this 700 nm wavelength. And so we see it red. This is secondary school physics, but still it's quite amazing how we are so convinced of the absolute value of the property of color. In fact, it's just the way that our mind happens to perceive radiation with this particular wavelength.

If we take the fire truck and isolate it from any light source, it's actually invisible. Not red, not blue, it's just not there anymore. We need light to see it. We need a certain radiation source to hit the poor fire truck and reflect in our eyes so they can transmit some electrical pulses to our brain to see it like that. To see it red.

But what is light? It is a wave and a particle in the same time, physics tells us. That's even harder to comprehend, and we rarely think about it that way. When we say "light", we think about the sun or a light bulb. We don't think about the microscopic elementary particle called photon or about electromagnetic waves.

And so, we don't realize how different things could have been. We think of color as an absolute property of matter, but things could have seem very different if the human visible spectrum would be just slightly shifted. And what we can see is just a tiny segment in the entire electromagnetic spectrum, covering just a few hundreds of nanometers of wavelength. So when you hear "fire truck" next time, try to think "700" instead of "red", would you? That would be too much of a stretch for our brains, and that's just one example of our narrow-mindedness.

Tuesday, 18.12.2007

Hey you

Stop dreaming. Start learning and working, go to a good college. Become somebody. Work for a good company, earn lots of money. Buy lots of things. Be active. Socialize. Laugh naturally at bad jokes. Say bad jokes. Build a routine. Dress properly for the occasion. Have a firm handshake. Keep a schedule. Manage your resources properly. Stop wasting time. Focus on success. Punish failure. Entertain yourself on Saturday night, then go to the mall on Sunday and watch the latest movie. Drink a few beers, but be sure to be fresh and ready for work on Monday morning. Always smile. Think positive. Work harder, push your limits to achieve your goals. Keep away from people that aren't like you, they are a bad influence. Criticize bad behavior. Have moral standards. Impose your moral standards. Think only about things that directly concern you. Take calculated risks. Be a role model. Be yourself.

This is what life is all about. We all give up dreaming sooner or later. The alternative is pretty dark. Don't struggle anymore. Give in. Besides, this generation has nothing left to fight for. So sit back and enjoy your freedom. Don't take it for granted. We can do anything we want now, and still we chose to do pretty similar things. We are busy little bees. Your life is short and you're fighting a non-existent war. Be reasonable.

Thursday, 20.12.2007

Emo but true

This is more like running. Running with her eyes shut, running with earplugs. Always feeling good about her past. As if, when the present becomes past, it changes. And it changes her. She's running backwards.

It's hard for her to turn around. She knows all too well about her chance of survival if she keeps doing it, but this is the way she is constructed. This is how she thinks. She is blaming her internal structure. From her point of view, it's just another lose-lose situation. Some may say she's a pessimist or maybe that she's got it all wrong, but she has good intentions. It's not about fashion, she doesn't care about trends. She is not enjoying it and would do almost anything to stop thinking. At least for a day.

Sometimes she realizes how shallow her problems are in comparison to others. She is pretty healthy and that is something. She has a place to sleep, food, and maybe some people that really care about her. She knows all these and that she should be more grateful and stop running, but she just can't. And the guilt builds up. It adds up on top of everything else. And she knows things could have been so much better, if only she would have been slightly different.

She is addicted to illusions. She knows it, she knows that her dreams are illusions and still she is addicted to them. And this doesn't make any sense to her. She is angry on herself, angrier than she could ever be on someone else.

She sometimes tries to think about it as gathering life experience that might be useful someday. But that day doesn't feel plausible. She just can't imagine it and that's bringing her close to desperation. Because, up until now, she always had something to wish for. She always had some kind of desire, some kind of hope. But now she doesn't know what she wants anymore. She can think of things that could make her happy in some ways but destroy her at the same time. There are, after all, incompatible systems, equations having no solutions. That's how she feels right now, and words just aren't helping her anymore.

Sunday, 23.12.2007

Sofisme

Până la urmă, trecutul. Dușmanul este acolo unde ne așteptăm mai puțin, în unul din cele mai dragi locuri ale noastre: propriile amintiri. Cu cât ne distram mai mult, cu cât ne-am simțim mai bine, cu atât apasă mai greu. Și devin din ce în ce mai roz. Chiar crezi că era așa de bine? Chiar crezi că, atunci și acolo, erai pe atât de lipsit de griji pe cât îți imaginezi tu acum? Nici vorbă. Dar avem noi tendința bolnăvicioasă de a avea această impresie. Avem tendința de a compara în mod eronat problemele de atunci cu cele de acum folosind aceeași măsură. Nu crezi? E ca și cum un bolnav de cancer ți-ar spune că tu nu ai nicio grijă. Da, problemele tale pălesc pe lângă ale lui, însă nu poți să gândești așa. Acum poate să pară amuzant și înduioșător când îți amintești cum ai plâns când ți s-a stricat o jucărie când erai mic, însă la momentul respectiv, tu plângeai. Emoția era aceeași ca și acum când se întâmplă să plângi.

Într-adevăr, atunci îți trecea mult mai repede o supărare. Însă tu nu conștientizai asta, nu puteai să gândești atunci așa, să apreciezi că îți trece mai repede o supărare. Așa cum acum nu reușești să fii foarte bucuros tot timpul că nu ești pe moarte. Așa cum, deși înțelegi acest raționament, nu reușești să îi dai curs. Totuși, ești convins că atunci era mult mai bine. Pentru că așa îți amintești, însă amintirile se schimbă cu timpul. Rămân mereu părțile frumoase, cum crezi că ajung să își amintească cu nostalgie unii de profesori care i-au chinuit în școală? "Era sever, dar ce bine mi-a prins". Rămân doar urmările pozitive pentru că suferința din trecut de multe ori nu mai este relevantă. Suferința este percepută că fiind asociată prezentului, pentru că în prezent o simțim.

Memoria nu are rost să rețină suferința vie, ci ca pe o informație. Știm că sufeream când s-a stricat jucăria, însă cum nu mai simțim acum același lucru, devine ceva amuzant și copilăresc. Iar tot acest trecut este filtrat și se adună toate lucrurile plăcute. Și atunci, cum privim în spate, cum vedem în special lucruri frumoase. Dacă întoarcem capul înainte, vedem nesiguranță și potențială suferință vie. Ca atare, ne construim viitorul pe baza acestei percepții. Și ajungem ca într-adevăr să ne distrăm mai puțin, să râdem mai puțin, să ne bucurăm mai puțin, să facem mai puține lucruri interesante și să suferim mai mult.

Joi, 27.12.2007

You, me, the chimps and a Happy New Year!

Sometimes I realize I'm walking on thin ice with my blogging. Sometimes I think playing safe would have been so much better. Maybe I should write only about my everyday experiences. Maybe I should've shared with you only the mainstream me, the part of me that I usually share with people. Telling you more about my friends, about the parties I go to, my nights out, my funny stories, my traveling experiences, my work, my programming projects or just random observations. Maybe I should have talked about politics or sports.

There is a very thin line between expressing a thought, an idea or a concept regarding human nature and being lame. I am aware of that. But then again, we should be aware that the line may be even thinner between humans and animals, as we humans share some 98% of genes with our nearest relative, the chimpanzee. So let us be animals 98% of the time. Let us play, laugh, get sad, bored, gather food, socialize, mate, compete, fight, think only about our well-being 98% of the time. It's the natural thing to do. I'm doing it. I just don't blog during this 98% of my time.

But how do you explore your remaining 2%? The 2% that separates you from our relatives, the chimpanzees? By going to school? By having a job? By talking? You think this is what the 2% are all about? Better learning abilities, better food gathering techniques, better communication skills? 2% for a better chimp? Maybe.

I wish you a great year. I wish you to think from different perspectives, to challenge patterns. I wish you everything you are wishing yourself. I wish you to be able to explore the amazing world we live in. I wish you good health, love, great fun and wisdom. Happy New Year!

Monday, 31.12.2007

An apple a day keeps us away

Don't give up hope. Seize the day. Don't be afraid. Don't let life slip through your fingers by living in the past or in the future. Live simply. Free your mind, give more, expect less. Ten rules for success. Ten rules for happiness. Do you want more? I have more. Order your priorities, focus on substance, empower yourself, don't be pessimistic, develop yourself by self-discipline. And there is more. So much more. Thousands of books, wise people with extensive life experience giving advice, suggesting good life practices and philosophies to follow in order to achieve some kind of happiness. The result? Barely any. We keep struggling with the same issues and make the same mistakes, over and over again, generation after generation. Although it's not always fair to call an action a mistake after it happened.

I'm not trying to discredit all these ideas. Some of them are in fact very good and effective, if taken in consideration. But this is the tricky part. Advice makes most sense for those who, through their own life experience, are starting to develop the same beliefs. And that's the key right there, it's all about our own experiences. We can use some ideas as guidelines, but recipes seem to work only around the kitchen.

And then, despite that "there are no stupid questions, but there are a lot of inquisitive idiots", I ask myself, why? Why are we so stubborn, so reluctant to trust and learn from other people's experiences, given the amazing capability of humans to communicate? Why can't this sharing lead to at least a modest decrease in mistakes, from one generation to the next one? It's healthy to realise we are sometimes just too stupid and self-absorbed to listen, but I think there is more to it.

All these ideas can only be defined in the context of certain previous life experiences, otherwise they have little or no meaning. Even if we trust a particular advice, we cannot understand it unless we get a sense of how it feels to not follow it. Our learning mechanisms are strongly empirical, and so we don't fear a certain action or restrain from it, especially if it is a pleasurable one, unless we feel some kind of pain. Until then, it's just another forbidden tree for us, and it seems we have a habit of eating apples from such trees. Why can't we just eat oranges? We can, but we choose apples. We don't know how they taste, but the simple possibility that they may taste better is enough for us, despite all warnings. And that's what we are all about.

Thursday, 21.02.2008

The doors

There is a room. A simple room, with a floor and a ceiling. You know it way too well by now. Every little corner, every piece of furniture, every light switch. You like the room, after all, you're the one who arranged it the way it is. But still, you'd like to do a few other small changes, to move some objects around, to paint the walls in a different color, maybe redecorate. You are always seeking some kind of change, some kind of improvement. And that's a good thing, you'll say. Putting a second coffee table right here next to the sofa would be so useful and make the room feel more cozy. After a couple of years, throwing the coffee table to the garbage would seem an even greater idea.

After exploring and improving the room again and again, you start wondering if maybe it is time to change the room itself. You need a new project. A new room may be hard to find, but if you do, it could be perfect. Or maybe it will need just a few small adjustments to be perfect. So you start looking for an exit. You're not rushing, because you feel kind of comfy. You find your eyes wondering on the walls from time to time, looking for a forgotten door, probably covered in many layers of paint. And soon enough you are thrilled to find out that the room has plenty of doors. Actually, the walls themselves are made of doors, just waiting to be discovered by you. In the same time you are a little scared, not knowing or not remembering what will happen if you try to open one of these doors. Some of them are big massive doors with inscriptions describing the room that they lead to; others are small and fragile, giving you no clue about what may be on the other side. You start realizing that you don't have the time to try them all, so what should you do? What if you pick a door that leads to a small dirty room and you get stuck there, not being able to find the way back? Maybe you have already done this a couple of times in the past, maybe this is the way you found the room you are sitting in right now.

You start walking around in circles in the middle of the room. You were thinking about buying a new fluffy blanket, hoping you'd sleep better, but now you don't know anymore. And all you can see right now are all these doors waiting to be opened all around you. They are starting to become bothering, so you decide to cover them with a new layer of paint, but for some reason, the new paint won't stick. It just falls down leaving the doors more visible than ever. You close your eyes, but you realize you won't be able to keep them close forever. You try to be rational about it. What can it be so wonderful behind one of these doors, why put in all the effort to

try to open them, why take any chances? You already know that all that you'll find is another room and the best case scenario is that you'll like it, start redecorating it after a while and then inevitably... So why?

"I don't need the doors", you say. You'll take them down one by one, cover them with bricks or just set them on fire, right? The doors are pointless, none of them gets you out of the house. All the rooms are pretty much the same anyway. Or maybe there is that special door that you heard about, called the entrance door. But do you really want to spend all your time searching for that door, and for what? For going out, in the cold? Maybe it's raining outside, do you know what rain is? Oh, you think you do? You have no clue. But after a while, you get to learn.

There is a room. A simple room, with a floor but with no ceiling. You don't know if it's the same room, but the doors are gone now, you've covered them in thick layers of brick. And when it rains, you just cover yourself with an old blanket and turn off the lights. You look at the sky and you smile. Good night.

Thursday, 28.02.2008

Stupid accidents

The Associated Press reports: *Austrian skier Matthias Lanzinger will have his lower left leg amputated due to complications after breaking his shin bones at a crash in Sunday's World Cup super-G in Norway. The double fracture severely damaged blood vessels which hampered blood circulation in the leg of the 27-year-old.*

Just another stupid accident, right? This one puts a 27-year-old skier in the situation of waking up from a medical-induced coma and feeling a part of him missing. It's something truly irreversible. He cannot hope to get his leg back someday. He cannot fight for it, he can't do anything about it. He just has to live like this for the rest of his life. And while he will struggle for years to come, how much time do we spend thinking about his tragedy? One minute, maybe two? It's a sad story, but we have our own problems. After all, we don't even know the guy. And while we'll be drinking beers with friends tonight, telling jokes and laughing, he will be staring at the ceiling from his hospital bed and crying. But that's just how things are, I suppose.

There are probably thousands of accidents happening worldwide each day, tragedies that change in a split second a person's life. We can't do anything about it and thinking of it won't help either. All we can do is be grateful it didn't happen to us or someone close to us and carry on with our lives.

I was 13 years old and just learning to ski, but I was almost in a straight line down the slope. Now I would be terrified to go down at that speed, but back then I wasn't afraid, although I was falling all the time. One day, on a certain part of the Predeal slope, I fell once more. As I was snowballing down, waiting for my body to come to a halt, I suddenly felt my right foot being twisted. Like in Lanzinger's case, one of the bindings didn't release the ski. During accidents time goes slower, and you actually get to analyze what you are going through. The twisting lasted a fraction of a second. The pain lasted about five minutes. The rescuers came and took me to the hospital, where doctors found a double fracture and put my leg in a cast for about a month and a half. I was very lucky the bones didn't move and I didn't need surgery.

There were many times in which I was "lucky", and so have you. Matthias Lanzinger wasn't "lucky" this time, though. But there are other ways of looking at things.

Wednesday, 05.03.2008

Small talk

It is late so she finally decides to go to sleep. After preparing the bed and turning the lights off, she lies down on her side and partially covers herself with a blanket. Random thoughts start going through her head, mostly about the day that just passed. A specific detail stands out from the rest, something that didn't seem all that important when it happened. But now she finds it a little peculiar. "Why did that happen, why did I react that way? It was pretty stupid of me to give that answer, I could have given a much better one." But that thought doesn't last long, and the cloud of short random thoughts reappears. They are like bubbles from a glass of sparkling water, small and many, hard to follow all at once. She has the tendency to watch a particular bubble, from the moment it forms, throughout its short existence as it rises to the surface, until it disappears when reaching the air above the glass. Sometimes she grows tired of all those bubbles and she would just want to have some still water instead. But the bubbles are always there, bubbling even stronger when she wants them to go away. What about tomorrow? There are certainly things to be done the next day. She thinks about the timeline of the day that starts in a few hours, and then her thoughts slip far away in the past. She thinks about a certain childhood memory and smiles a little.

But she knows there's no way to escape thinking about the thought. The one that keeps bouncing back every time she tries to get rid of it, the one that never gives her peace, that makes her feel weak and afraid. It is always there, just waiting for the right time to emerge, and although she already considered every possible angle, every possible aspect related to it, this whole process keeps repeating itself, again and again, making her sick of it. "What more do you want from me? Haven't I gave you enough of my time? Aren't you satisfied of how miserable I feel when I think of you?" She realizes that she's talking with one of her own thoughts and doesn't quite know if she was thinking out loud or not. She can't remember, although it just happened. She turns on the other side and moves a little to find a cool spot in the sheets, puts her hand underneath her pillow and closes her eyes.

Then, something outrageous. Killing someone, where would she hide the body? Robbing a bank, how would she do it? Then, a hard shift brings her to think about life in general. She gets a sense about how small she is and how insignificant her problems really are. "But they are significant to me!" she thinks. "It's true though, I should be more relaxed, less self aware. Why do I care so much about what other

people think? It's not worth it, and I tend to act sillier when I do that. I am a pretty happy girl after all, I have many things to enjoy." A few moments of peace, then the troubling thought comes back:

- You again? What do you want, you haven't got enough tonight?!
- But I just wanted to say good night!
- Yeah, sure... Very funny...

Saturday, 08.03.2008

Dating rabbits

Yes, that's right, dating rabbits. But I'm not talking about rabbits in general, don't be naive. It's not like any rabbit would do, it has to be a special rabbit, a funny, educated, good-looking, wicked kind of rabbit with a bad-ass personality. It must be a rabbit that never gets you bored, that always knows how to cheer you up when you need it the most, always being there with its tricks that never fail in making you smile. I know what you think, how can you date a rabbit? They are small, covered in white or grey fur, with some pretty long ears and a cute but not-so-smart-looking face. They don't talk, they don't think too much and they are not able to procreate with humans either! You can eat a rabbit, you can play with a rabbit, but how on earth will you date one? Well, let me explain.

First of all, rabbits are cool. They seem preoccupied only with food and silly activities, but they could be intelligent creatures that just chose to live a different lifestyle, that's all. Secondly, they have a pretty high libido. If you don't find a rabbit sexually attractive then there's most certainly something wrong with you. Finding it disgusting to have intercourse with a rabbit is just a proof of your narrow mindedness and fear. Open your mind and look around you, the world is changing, and dating only humans of the opposite sex is just a product of your resistance to this change. It's time for you to try something new, and deep inside, you know it. Old values must fall in the name of progress, otherwise you'll be just another sellout that silently waits for the end to come. I know it can be hard, but you must overcome your frustrations and fears in order to evolve. You don't like rabbits? You can always go out with a dog, but that's already kind of old. Dogs are fine, but rabbits are up-and-coming, entertaining, self-confident and empowering. Rabbits rule! Go get one!

Monday, 10.03.2008

Life junkies

We've all heard that "the best things in life are free". From the foggy beginning of known history to the present day, there are countless examples of rich, powerful and famous people living sad lives or dying miserable. There are many cases of such apparently successful people on the edge of despair, sometimes committing suicide for reasons that are often hard to comprehend. But we don't even have to be aware of all these sad stories, it is enough to think about our own lives to realize that our happiest moments weren't caused by money, power or fame, but by something else.

So we envy the young. We envy them for not knowing what life is all about, as if we would have any idea. We start whining about what our own lives have become, complaining about how all our struggling has led us nowhere and all our desperate gathering of happiness ingredients has proven futile. We see how we start paying more and more money for vacations, clothes and accessories while we enjoy them less and less. When we are young, we can go to the seaside with almost empty pockets and have a great time. As we get old, we're tempted by expensive resorts, craving for at least a small fraction of the same sensation of happiness.

Why is this all happening? One way of answering this question is looking at the common ingredients of happiness as drugs. We develop tolerance, we start to need more of the same pleasurable activity to get to the same sensation, and when this is not enough anymore, we want better quality and improved versions of the same thing too. And as we grow old, we become experienced junkies that no longer consume a drug for pleasure, but for the sole purpose of surviving, of getting by. We envy the young for the sensation they get from their first highs, but in the same time we pity them for what awaits them ahead. And eventually we get sick and tired of almost everything, and we die. It is like an extended version of a heroin addict's life, where we replace heroin with other things, like our jobs, friends, lovers, sexual activity, the sports we practice, the movies we watch, our vacations and all the things that keep us going. These are all of course better than heroin, because they induce pleasure naturally, don't easily lead to abuse and instead can build up satisfaction over time, but the pleasure and tolerance mechanism is quite similar.

I think we can all be inspired from the life of drug addicts. The ones who escaped their addictions are the ones who had the power to change, to fight and defeat the withdrawal symptoms, to start over, to try something new. Maybe it's all about

trading one addiction for another, but a new addiction brings along new sensations, new feelings, the stronger ones from the beginning. It's hard to do this once, let alone doing it over and over again for a lifetime, so eventually we will stick to a set of drugs of choice for the rest of our lives, consider that this is the way life should be lived, and pass these "good ways" to our children. So be sure to choose them wisely.

Thursday, 20.03.2008

Sweet graceful fall

This was the one thing that she had been expecting the least, a nightmare that she'd never dreamed of before it actually happened. She isn't a weak person that tends to cry every time something bad comes in her life, but this time it is all so different. It was a strike of pure anger, a faith revenge with causes that she is just starting to see, but deep inside, she kind of knows what started it. All the sensations that she was laughing about and attributed to weak people having a low self esteem are now pouring down in countless waves all around her. She starts to ask herself questions that she had never thought she would ask, being too lame and too common among the people that she subconsciously despised. And this gets her in a state of hating herself, which, according to her own beliefs, is a state of the weak, but this does nothing more than to amplify it and accelerate her drowning.

All of the sudden, everything looks different, feels different and sounds different too. It is like she has entered another dimension, a parallel universe, in which all the things that were so friendly and familiar to her now seem distant, cold and empty. While she has the intellectual capacity to analyze this situation rationally, to realize that this is a common human experience and that there are causes, chemical imbalances, possible psychological explanations, things to be done in order to overcome this state, all these have absolutely no value to her. She feels like a pilot that, despite having the ability to get her plane out of an uncontrolled dive, simply cannot move, and moreover, she inexplicably doesn't want to move either.

In situations like these, she thinks, there should be something to wish for, something to cling to, some kind of desire, some type of hope. But the things that she desires are fighting a constant battle between themselves, a battle that is constantly fuelled with her own energy, with her own life. And so she realizes that this cannot last forever, given the fact that there is a limited quantity of fuel involved in this process. The fire will burn out eventually, but does she really want this to happen? Isn't she, subconsciously, giving extra air to this fire in order to keep it alive? This would be considered a form of masochism, and she never thought of herself as enjoying to inflict pain upon herself. Maybe there is something more to it.

Things tend to balance themselves. We can see this everyday and it is, after all, a matter of probabilities. When it rains, an approximately equal amount of water pours on every square meter of land. So this is a cleaning process. The fire hurts, but

in the same time, it is the best disinfectant. So maybe she was in need of such a clean-up. A harsh painful cleanup that she started without even knowing it. This is her dream. She doesn't see the light, but then again, she wasn't seeing the dark before the fall either. Ironically, this gives her hope. The fire itself, the sweet graceful fall. Wicked things, humans.

Sunday, 23.03.2008

Chaos wiki: love - common misinterpretations

Scare away the butterflies. Strip away the mating instincts, the attachment and the plans. Remove any bloodline connections, any parental protective reflexes, child gratefulness feelings and inter-sibling effects. Ignore the nesting instinct and the biological clock; take off all the guilt, all the habits and small pleasures. Now comes the most difficult part: take off all the selfishness that wraps around your so-called love. No more thinking about the good times spent together, times in which YOU (and probably not only you, but that matters less, doesn't it?) were having fun. No more thinking about all the things that YOU were enjoying or that YOU were dreaming of enjoying. Is there anything left in there? Well, if so, perform this one last thing: forget about yourself entirely. Can you do that?

We like to talk about and to think we are capable of "unconditional love". What is that? It's kind of self-explanatory, we just have to get rid of all the conditions. It is when you do something good to someone that you don't know, not when you help somebody that you share the same bed with; because sharing the bed becomes a condition. It is when you help a person, regardless of their gender, looks or way of thinking, without expecting anything in return, not even a "thank you", not when you buy a gift for a close relative, a friend or a lover; because all these relations become conditions. It is when you feel deeply sorry for someone else's tragedy or when you feel truly happy for someone else's joy without having any connection whatsoever with that person; because a connection would be a condition.

We like to bathe in our own hypocrisy. We like to play with words, and there are several huge industries that gain benefits from this game. There's nothing wrong with attraction, gratitude, respect or admiration; on the contrary, these are all noble emotions defining our relationships. As for the butterflies, they are my favorites. But we just can't help ourselves to push it a little bit further. We call it unconditional love, a love that in most cases shares the most trivial preconditions, being shared with a subject of opposite gender and similar age. And we write poems, we play songs, we find ourselves just day-dreaming with that stupid smile on our face. That's wonderful, I enjoy doing that as much as you do, don't get me wrong.

Sometimes we come to think we've grown wiser. We now "know" the difference between "loving" and "being in love". After the butterflies are long gone and we have spent enough time with someone, we think we are starting to understand. Because

many shallow things that might have influenced our feelings are part of the past. And still, we all have heard stories of dogs refusing to eat and slowly dying after their masters perished. Although we find that heartbreaking, we don't call it love, but attachment.

Giving ourselves away to someone else is a wonderful thing, but it's the next best thing after giving us away without expecting anything in return. Then again, I know only one person in history that had the strength to do that, and it was no human strength, I'm telling you.

Tuesday, 25.03.2008

Hardcore twist

You never learn, you weak pathetic human being, always whining, always complaining, always sad and blue. How many times do I have to push you into the crowd? How many times do I have to listen to all your nonsense and explain you that all your thoughts won't get you anywhere? I'll tell you again and again until it will eventually break through your messed-up frustrated self-absorbed mind that you have to be **HARDCORE**. Boys don't dig this behavior, or at least the kind of boys you want to meet. I mean, sure, some of them may be interested in messing around with you for a while, but they will get bored eventually if you continue to put on this "hold me in your arms forever" kind of look.

You have to be cold, you have to be indifferent. Friendly but indifferent. And this is not something that you can fake. Why are you so obsessed about other people's opinions? Get a hold of yourself, girl. You don't have reasons to be happy? Well, then fuck reasons. You'll be old and ugly, a walking mummy spending her last years desperately trying to postpone the inevitable. And all this will happen sooner than you think. Stop staring at yourself in the mirror. It isn't about looks, it's all about **ATTITUDE**. It is about the way you walk, the way you talk, the way you drink your beer. Boys want to conquer something that seems hard to conquer; they need a challenge, not a hopeless paranoid kid like you. And I'm not telling you to be hateful. You just have to learn to be a badass without being bad, that's all.

Are you hurting and suffering? Well, guess what, everyone is. I hate to bring this to you, but there's nothing special about your problems. Millions of people experience the same emotions as you do. It's all about how you handle these emotions. That is what can make you different. Because different is what you are aiming for, isn't it?

Hate me all you want, I don't mind. You need redemption? Well, redeem yourself. Then wipe those pathetic heartbreaking silent tears away and be hardcore. You'll thank me one day.

Sunday, 30.03.2008

Habits of destruction, habits of joy and string: A sterile exercise of wider views

"Alcohol. Cigarettes. Drugs. Stuff that is bad for you. So stop doing it. Period." We all have tiny drawers in our minds where we have buried statements such as this one, carefully categorized and easily retrievable upon request. But addictions go far beyond their commonly accepted forms, although most of us don't want to think too much about it. Denial prevents us from realizing that, even if we're (probably) not heroin addicts, we have some addictions of our own.

First off, there are the substances. Caffeine, nicotine, alcohol, THC, cocaine, heroin, amphetamines, benzodiazepines and so on. Some legal, some illegal, some on the borderline of prescription drugs. But the legal status of these substances is subjective. And they are just the tip of the iceberg, catalysts for the most obvious and easily noticeable forms of addiction. Then, there are the activities: gambling is probably the most widely recognized one. But can work, or cheating become an addiction? Or can a human being become addicted to another human being? How do we define an addiction after all and where do we draw the line?

Wikipedia defines it as "a recurring compulsion by an individual to engage in some specific activity, despite harmful consequences to the individual's health, mental state or social life". However, this definition omits to designate an observer for these consequences and tends to leave the first tobacco smokers out of it, because people were unaware of the "harmful consequences". It also implicitly requires a consciousness factor: the individual need to continue to engage in such activities, despite knowing there are harmful consequences. It turns out defining addiction might prove to be harder than I would have thought.

Maybe it is about consciousness after all. Pleasure and pain are things that succeed each other and coping with them requires some form of foundation. Chasing pleasure is an addiction in itself, the same way coping with pain is. Maybe it's not about a specific chemical compound. Or maybe it's all chemistry. We find ourselves enjoying a certain activity that may prove itself addictive, or not. And if it is, it may be a good addiction after all. It can be socially accepted or despised. It can bring us fame and fortune or it can bring us suffering and death.

Friday, 04.04.2008

Day #3

The same knocks on the door, the same voices. "Is there anybody home? Hello. Hello!", always followed by an indistinguishable exchange of words that made it obvious there are at least two guys standing there, on the other side of my door.

I feel kind of safe though. I'm pretty sure they won't tear down my door any time soon, although this situation makes me pretty nervous, and I can't help myself from staring in that particular direction. Why are they coming back? What do they want? Can't they see that nobody's answering? Maybe I'm on vacation, maybe I've moved out. I just get this weird feeling that they somehow know for sure that I'm just laying here, a couple of meters away from them, not making a sound.

And then, after a few minutes that seem like hours, they finally leave. Hearing them walking away gets me out of the state of fear that paralyzed me since I first heard their steps on the staircase. Now I'm just very tired. So tired that I can't move to make myself comfortable. I just know I'll fall back to sleep in this exact position and that there is nothing I can do to prevent that. And, to be honest, I don't want to prevent it, I want to enjoy these moments before falling asleep, especially since I know they won't come back sooner than tomorrow.

Enjoy: De Phazz - Steps Ahead

Tuesday, 08.04.2008

Protocols

Billy likes Jenny.

Dark skies seem heavier and older. It looks like thunders follow lightning strikes like vengeful cold blooded warriors.

Billy would like to talk to Jenny.

The white dove has become a symbol of peace. Its bright clean appearance, the freedom it suggests when flying peacefully in the open space, combine to form a strong image destined to soften even the coldest hearts.

But Billy doesn't know what to tell her.

"You'd better leave right away!" she said, trying to seem strong and confident. But her eyes have sold her for a tear.

Jenny finds Billy "ok".

We are all believers in physical immortality. If you wouldn't have thought that you are immortal, why on Earth would you shave?

But not "ok" enough to try to talk with him.

Twisting a couple of hot wires creates a sort of electrical cage. Such an enclosure blocks out external static electrical fields.

Billy can talk naturally with other girls.

The sound, the familiar sound of his car leaving the parkway echoes in her mind, although it seems an eternity has passed since he stepped out the door.

But with Jenny, he sounds so fake and lame.

"It's the stress", he thinks. "I just have to relax. But the same stress keeps me going. Without it I would be meaningless to myself and to others." It is for these spirals that we have to watch out every single second of our lives.

Billy thinks he won't be able to perform properly.

You have to be prepared. Despite you knowing this, you never are. It is like you are doing it on purpose, just to annoy me. At least for once, try to prepare yourself! Because it will come, you know it will come, why do you just stand there, not taking the minimum precautions?

But then again, he knows he will never get that far with her.

It's cheap. With a couple of bucks you can buy almost anything in there. From happiness to rubber gloves. It's a little bit far out the city but it's worth the extra time spent on the way.

Jenny has sex with Matt, who doesn't find Jenny all that attractive.

Our farm has lots of animals. Some of them are common, others are very rare. But you can find almost anything you set your mind to in here. Give it a try, think "horse with rabbit nose and spider legs". See? Right there, coming out their eggs.

Billy has been Jenny. Jenny has been Billy.

Enjoy: Enigma - Return to innocence

Tuesday, 15.04.2008

Bigmouth strikes again

Proud and weak, that's what you are.

Your music, your hair, your clothes, your time, your education, your job, your money, your taste, your thoughts, your life. Always about you and your concerns, problems, dreams, desires and aspirations. But while you are having this self-obsession, did you wonder if you have actually ever thought about yourself? About what you really are?

That's bullshit, why on Earth should you? It's not like something you are required to perform, and, if, with a minimum of intuition, you can easily guess that it leads absolutely nowhere useful, why even try? Well, because sometimes you just have to.

It's like when you watch television and someone stands between you and the TV. You can try changing your position, but eventually you get annoyed and confront your funny friend, telling him to get out of your view. But what if your friend isn't really your friend? And what if he doesn't want to move and seems powerful enough to beat the shit out of you?

I show you multimillionaires committing suicide. I show you diseases, I show you accidents, I show you rises and falls, I show you the old, I show you death. I show you your death. I am your reality-check.

Do you need a reality-check? Obviously not. It's just that I'm mean, proud and weak. And *amazing*. Just like you.

Enjoy: The Smiths: Bigmouth Strikes Again

Friday, 18.04.2008

Peer-to-peer mutants

Rivers of words, rivers of thoughts. Each and every single one of them having its own flavor, its own importance, its own meaning.

We swim in this huge pool of information, sharing some of our own with the rest of the world. Another part of it we do share, but only with a certain group of people, because some sort of common background notions are needed in order to understand it or to find it something of interest. There is also the part we do not share at all, whether because we choose not to, we don't know how to share it, we don't consider it being interesting enough, we don't have somebody to share it with or it's just something too personal to be shared, like a taste, a childhood memory or a smell. But these are all obvious things.

We establish some kind of protocol, then we improve and optimize it and then, well, we consider it has become too good. The information interchange is done in a much too predictable manner, and we tend to get bored by predictability. We choose another peer and rewrite the protocols from scratch, painstakingly searching solutions for problems we have already solved in the past. But the problems are slightly different, past solutions don't apply, and we hate that, and we love that.

In the end, we are all mutants, so we have to keep mutating in order to stay alive.

Wednesday, 23.04.2008

Death adaptor

You haven't heard about it yet? It is the latest gadget, a small black box with a single on/off button on its side. It's very simple to use. Turn it on and it will immediately start to work. What does it do? Well, like its self-explanatory name describes, it adapts you to death, as simple as that. It pulls you from your state of denial and makes you feel comfortable with the fact that everything you see, everything you touch, everything you create, everything you have and everything you love will perish, just like you will.

If it hurts a little bit in the beginning, don't worry, that's perfectly normal. Actually, most people turn it off after a couple of seconds on their first attempt, feeling hurt, scared and confused. It shakes a bit your system of values and that can be quite disturbing, to say the least. But if you manage to use it on regular basis, it can help you maintain a kind of sanity that many of us normally perceive as madness.

Buy it now for only 9.99\$, and, as a limited special offer, you'll get a free copy of yourself to try out new clothes, hairstyles and personalities!

Enjoy: Streetlights (Autechre - Eutow)

Tuesday, 13.05.2008

Fine tuning

There is a very fine balance concerning the amount of attention needed in order to keep him or her satisfied.

Do it too much, and you will get her to the point where she will no longer consider receiving your attention a pleasurable thing and gaining your attention will no longer be perceived as a challenge. She will get tired of it, and eventually, what was once something enjoyable, will become a burden, pushing down her shoulders and making her sick of it.

Do it too little, and you will make him suffer. Constantly craving for it and always feeling neglected, ignored or unappreciated, you will make his life miserable and you will inflict a constant pain upon one of the few people that actually cares about you. Moreover, you will feed yourself with him, building up your own self confidence on his lack of it and unconsciously building yourself a dependency on this kind of thriving.

There is a very small deviation admitted to this balance, and once its limit has been reached, abnormal relationships develop, that lead to suffering and pain. Consider now that this balance has to be established both ways, and you'll start understanding why people are listening to all those cheesy love songs so damn often.

Enjoy: Massive Attack - Dissolved Girl

Tuesday, 20.05.2008

Seven random don'ts

Don't be a hater. Hate won't do you any good, it will only consume you in a useless way.

Don't be proud. If you achieve something valuable, be humble, because there are always a lot of external factors contributing to any success. And if you think that in your case there aren't, think again. Very few things, if any, are indeed yours to be proud of.

Don't be a smartass. Human logic has its limitations. Even if you are smart, that is primary due to your genes, which you were born with. Don't waste your intelligence by trying to prove it all the time. Do something good and useful with it instead.

Don't be afraid. Easily said than done, I know. But the saying goes that old people tend to experience more regret for things they haven't done in their lives than for things they have done. When your life will be close to its end, you will see how meaningless all these reasons for which you are now afraid really are. But then, it will be too late.

Don't be judgmental. It is very hard, if not impossible, to truly put yourself in someone else's shoes in order to understand their actions.

Don't be shallow. Don't be too profound either. Just keep an open mind and try to look at things from different angles before making an opinion.

Don't be hopeless. Because hope, well, that's all that you've got.

Enjoy: Gentleman - Serenity

Tuesday, 03.06.2008

The family

Susan Denise Atkins (born May 7, 1948) is a convicted American murderer who remains in prison in the State of California for her participation, along with Charles Manson and other members of the so-called "Manson family", in a series of murders, often called the "Manson murders".

Discovery Channel's "Most Evil" series featured tonight the story of Charles Manson and his so-called "Family". One of America's most famous criminals, Manson never actually killed anybody. Instead, he allegedly brainwashed the members of his group in order to perform the murders for him.

Justice of course, in its stiff manner, solved the problem by convicting all the direct participants in the murders plus Manson to prison. But this case raised a lot of questions, one of the most troubling being, to which extent someone can be brainwashed to the point of performing such gruesome murders. The first thing that comes to people's minds is usually that this could never happen to them. Sure, in this case the subjects were two dozens of young hippies that we can always blame for being weak and naive. But what about Hitler or Stalin, that turned thousands of people into hateful monsters?

Manipulation. Convincing other people by using their own weaknesses, their own fears. People are never satisfied and are always looking for something to blame their dissatisfaction on. Given the right circumstances, all the hatred of a mass of people can be concentrated in one singular spot, and the result can be devastating, a powerful, destructive action towards the chosen target.

Then, there is the peer pressure. Often underestimated as well, but Asch conformity experiments reveals a "tendency to conformity in our society so strong that... people are willing to call white black." Just a couple of hundred years ago, slavery was considered a normal thing. Now we all think of it as something monstrous. But why am I talking about Manson, the nazis and the communists, and slavery? Just look how similar people's lives are, how similar we dress and how we tend to have the same recreational activities, and you will get a glimpse of the power of peer pressure.

Susan Atkins has been sentenced to death in 1971, when she was 23. Her sentence was commuted to life in prison later on and she has been imprisoned ever since.

Enjoy: Paul McCartney - Helter Skelter

Thursday, 12.06.2008

Scale

It has always been a good reality check for me to remember the scale of our own existence; as individuals, and furthermore, as species. It can prove useful sometimes to remember we are one of the tens of millions of creatures that populate one of the planets that orbit around one of the 100 billion stars that form one of at least one hundred billion galaxies in the observable universe.

And if we as species are here for no more than one hundred thousand years, while our planet has been around for 4.5 billion years, our existence as individuals, spanning over a number of decades, seems to be so small that we can easily ignore.

I'm not saying we should ignore our own existence, but a certain degree of humbleness every now and then won't hurt us; and maybe, just maybe, it can make us live less stressful lives, carry on fewer wars and enjoy more this split of a second that we call life.

Of course, we perceive time at our own pace, and for someone with a broken leg, the minutes before receiving medical attention will always feel like an eternity. Obviously we cannot measure our time using the astronomical scale, but I think doing this exercise every now and then can be useful.

Enjoy: The Lost Song - The Cat Empire

Tuesday, 02.12.2008

Parasites

I woke up this morning thinking about going back home. Outside it was already dark, and the city lights were spreading across the ever-present fog. So where am I? And is this really just another day?

I am writing down some words and slowly preparing to go back to sleep. It's just a couple of hours since I've woken up, but this is the way things are during winter, the days become shorter, right? I have this strange feeling that I'm missing something; that I perceive time very differently than I have done it in the past. Sometimes I get a little bit paranoid, thinking I'm somehow mysteriously managing to actually lose time. Have I discovered the secret of time traveling, without even knowing it?

People are scared of things they cannot control. People fear, but in the same time, are attracted to such things. These feelings exist because we subconsciously know those kind of things can bring pleasure, but in the same time, can hurt us. But we are gamblers, and we often take the risk. As we grow old, we become less and less willing to do so, because our past experiences of suffering carve deep in our conscience, and we become reluctant to take any chances. But, by doing so, we are digging our own graves.

I am home, as I have always been. I've never left this house I'm living in, and I have never really woken up just yet. I can hardly imagine myself getting out of my bed, dressing up and going out there. I've practiced doing this many times, but I still do not understand how actually doing it could help me. Time, you see, is just a weapon of nature. It helps it to eventually get rid of parasites.

Monday, 22.12.2008

Why write?

Every now and then, I get this feeling that activities such as writing are generally useless. There are today millions of books, articles or posts, all existing because of this need some people have to express themselves, to share their thoughts with others. But is it really of any good? Sure, there are a handful of books that have proven very influential over time, and there sure are a lot of useful scientific papers and books that contributed to our evolution. But I'm not talking about this kind of writings, I'm talking about the ones that only express random thoughts about something. I'm talking about writings like this one.

I find it somehow pathetic to fool yourself that your thoughts are so valuable that they deserve to be written down and shared with the rest of the world. Actually, the more enthusiastic people are with writing and the easier it becomes to write and share, the harder you will find something valuable in this ever-growing sea of words. Don't get me wrong, I think it's great that things like blogs were invented and that people are eager to use such tools, but in the same time, I think writing, for most of us, is perceived as something more valuable than it really is.

I'm referring especially to books, papers, articles or posts that talk about the author's ideas concerning the greater things in life. And, most often, I fall in this category; in a way, this is a post criticizing the existing of my own blog.

Socrates once said: "By all means marry. If you get a good wife, you'll be happy. If you get a bad one, you'll become a philosopher and that is a good thing for any man." Much more recently, a completely different type of character, the Unabomber, wrote in his manifesto that "we use the term 'surrogate activity' to designate an activity that is directed toward an artificial goal that people set up for themselves merely in order to have some goal to work toward, or let us say, merely for the sake of the 'fulfillment' that they get from pursuing the goal." I doubt that "becoming a philosopher" (a bad and unoriginal one, most of the times) is "a good thing for every man", but I think that these types of endeavours are a perfect example of what Ted Kaczynski describes as "surrogate activities".

When things aren't all shiny and bright, people start to build up complex models and to generally just think too much. Eventually, they are starting to believe that they have discovered a part of this world's mechanisms, that they begin to

understand how things work, and they feel the need to brag about it by sharing these "discoveries" with the rest of the world. Their initiative is a conceptual failure, because, if they would have indeed discovered such things, they would be probably enjoying living their lives, instead of writing down all these thoughts. What Socrates said is basically that being a philosopher is nothing more than a manifestation of frustration. But this is something that can be easily extended to all sort of other activities, starting with art, and covering probably most of what we are doing when we are not hunting or gathering food. Our culture tries to dismiss such a thought, and we are educated since the beginning of our lives to respect and to aim towards high achievements. In fact, we are trained in such an effective manner, that many times we are struck with guilt if we are not always trying to achieve more and better things, to earn more money, to climb the professional and social ladder, to "use our potential", as they put it.

From my point of view, this post is a paradox. But I am still able to not think too much and be preoccupied with such things as paradoxes all the time, so frankly, I don't care. I'm just going to post it, because I feel like doing so. There it is, I still stand a chance.

Happy New Year!

Wednesday, 31.12.2008

Aruncătura de băț

Se întâmplă pe neașteptate, în timpul unei activități banale și de obicei statice. Apare fulgerător și durează de la câteva secunde până la câteva minute. Imagistic este uneori reprezentată sub formă unei persoane ce se privește pe sine în oglindă fără vreun scop precis, cum ar fi verificarea machiajului ori a lungimii bărbii. Este o senzație cu siguranță cunoscută multora, însă despre care se vorbește puțin, fiind ceva personal și, în plus, greu descriptibil. Eu o voi numi "aruncătura de băț".

Aruncătura de băț vine pe neașteptate. În clipă în care ea apare, o senzație stranie de conștientizare a propriei existente învăluie subiectul aruncăturii. Are loc o schimbare radicală de perspectivă, trecându-se de la un aparent obiectivism, la un subiectivism profund. Deodată, persoană în cauză realizează ce este și că nu ar putea fi nimic altceva. Tot ceea ce există în jur este distinct. Senzația este percepută totodată ca o limitare, ca o îngustare bruscă a unei autostrăzi largi la un drum prăfuit de țară. Conștiința apartenenței la familie, la grup, la breaslă ori la neam dispare, în timp ce singularitatea, unicitatea și insubstituibilitatea fiecărui individ în parte devin mult mai perceptibile decât în mod normal. Uneori, o ușoară senzație de panică poate acompania aruncătură de bat.

Într-un final, aruncătură se finalizează prin oprirea firească a bățului în urma contactului cu solul. Lucrurile revin la normal, iar gândurile și problemele care, pe parcursul aruncăturii, deveniseră inexistente, încep să reapară în prim planul subiectului. Tot ceea ce rămâne este o vagă realizare a supraestimării importanței acestor gânduri și probleme, ce dispare și ea după câteva minute.

Friday, 28.08.2009

Poezii

Poezia a murit

Poezia a murit într-o toamnă firoasă
A rămas doar un cadavru, ce încet-încet se lasă
Sfârtecat cu voioșie de propriii ei copii.
Unul cântă, altul scie, ba chiar unul desenează
Sunt toți tineri și feroce, plini de vervă și de viață
Precum vechea și uitata a lor mamă putrezită.
Bravo lor spun eu atunci, nefalsând sinceritate
Căci eu cred că și acum, "Toate-s vechi și nouă toate"

Marti, 2 octombrie 2007

Flirtul defunct

O fată și un băiat, două schelete alăturate,
Aveau demult piele pe oase și strălucire-n ochi.
De unde stai tu acum, nu locuiau departe,
Erau frumoși și tineri, nu aveau încă gropi.

Poate că ea visa la el, machiindu-se cu grijă fin,
Poate ca el îi sorbea zâmbetul, având hainele aranjate.
Ne vine greu acum nouă să ne închipuim,
Ca ei erau ce suntem noi, un pic doar mai în spate.

Carne și oase

Secat devreme, din ce în ce mai slab
Autocritic, analitic, prea abstract
Neputincios fără sintagme inedit-tăioase
Până la urmă, inutil. Carne și oase.

Alchimia autosugestiei

Trei stâlpi metalici - construcții de argon
Turnați în văi abrupte închețate și cam surde
Coloși uitați de timp, iar jos, copilul de carbon
Plutește în derivă înspre cordonul fără funde.

Incălzirea locală

Urși polari magnetici,
Cu ochii injectați,
Se-aruncă-n gol haotic,
De pe ghețarii poluați.

Se prăbusesc cu miile, scrâșnind din dinți,
Și agitându-se feroce,
Într-un spectacol plin de sânge,
De oase și de urlete.

Dar iată acum ultimul urs,
Cum stă și-ezită sus în vârf,
Văzându-și frații la pământ:
"Să mă arunc? Să nu m-arunc?"

Și îl vedem din depărtare,
Cum deodată-și ia avânt,
Și sare cât poate el de tare,
Peste al speciei mormânt.

Iar când cortina cade ușor,
Peste grămada de resturi animale,
Aplaudăm cu-n zâmbet vag retard,
Un om, un urs, și-o floare.

Instigare la transhumanță

Ridică-te de jos.
Ridică-te din ploaie,
Târaște-te ușor,
Până la tine-n baie.

Încuie bine ușa.
Lasă apa să curgă,
Chircește-te într-un colț,
Închide ochii și ascultă.

Copilul bătrân

Degeaba fugi și te ascunzi,
Între pereții catacombici,
Transpirați de-atâta fum,
Copil bătrân, cu ochii antagonici.

Nu faci decât să mai amâni,
Momentul dur ce te-ngrozește,
Urli tăcut același vers,
Asemănându-te cu-n pește.

Barbar alergi din colț în colț,
Sticlos, cu venele umflate,
Te sperii de o mare mică,
Când vântul bate dintr-o parte.

17

Boemul luciu clandestin,
Al vieții organice din piele,
Complice pur, dar vinovat devreme,
Mi se arată, juvenil.

Absurda luptă întortocheată,
Dintre rațiune și ce simt,
Mă face uneori să mint,
Cu nonșalanță aristocrată.

Sofisme ori construcții bune,
Supape triste ale celor ce pierd,
Mă țin în viață, să pot încă să merg,
Serios, cu treabă, nedetectat de lume.

Dezinteresul provoacă interes.
În pivnițele minților murdare,
Durerea altora nu doare,
Când au ales. Căci ele vor progres...

Progres ori doar diversitate,
Păstrarea unui orizont larg,
Lasciv în el să pot să-mi scald,
Complicele, în ceas de noapte.

Drama bătrânului tiran

Ai cucerit tot ce era de cucerit,
Bătrâne singur, ce nu-ți faci o salată,
Cu părul sur, pielea zbârcită, dar fruntea încă lată.
Nu îți mai arde de nimic, te simți doar obosit.

Ai rezolvat tot ce voiai, dar nu ești mulțumit.
Deși totul este al tău, te uiți cu nepăsare,
Peste întreaga-ți omenire, oceane și popoare.
Degeaba ai luptat atât căci nu ești împlinit.

Invidios pe orice tânăr ce-nvață acum să te respecte,
Oricât ar fi de-nfometat, oricât e de sărac,
Ți-ai da fără a clipi oricând întregul tău regat,
Pentru a fi în locul lui. Pentru a atrage fete.

Și încă câte ai mai face cu-o piele fragedă pe os,
Măcar nu te-ai mai întreba dacă asta-i ultima ta vară,
Te-ai bucura de fleacuri, ai savura o pară.
Visezi frumos dar trist, o tu, bătrân neputincios.

Impotența rațiunii

Atunci când dulce se arată,
Acea tentație morbidă,
De a avea și tu o piatră,
Uite-te-o clipă în oglindă.

Ceea ce vezi să nu te sperie,
Și nici ceea ce-o să urmeze.
Stai calm și lasă o bacterie,
Ușor ușor, să te dezintegreze.

Este atât de simplu: ești obosit;
Și simți nevoia unui somn aparte,
În care toate se vor fi oprit.
Iar visul tău nu e departe.

Un simplu gest, dar cât contează gestul,
Chiar dacă iei ceva lipsit de-orice valoare.
Știi bine asta. Cât despre restul,
Nimeni nu știe cât te doare.

Dar tocmai asta e ideea:
Durerea. Să o cunoști, s-o porți în tine.
Nu îți pot spune eu ce trebuie să faci, de-aceea,
Fă cum crezi tu că este cel mai bine.

Mute

Nu face așa decât dacă ești sadic,
Ești laș și suferi într-un mod plăcut,
Dar te-obosește acest gând tăcut,
În lupta ta sterilă. Cam trist, dar nu e tragic.

O lamentare inexactă ți se prelinge din călcâi,
Lăsând o dâră în urma ta, zilnic cercuri-cercuri,
Îți place energia, înconjurat de mii de becuri,
Ești nevăzut în propria-ți oglindă din ziua cea dintâi.

Lasă acum neîncrederea și obsesiile, nu mai gândi,
Aștepti să pice totul și asta este cel mai bine,
Descarcerarea întregului oraș din tine.
Nu ezita și nu te mai opri.

Fiica nopții

Atinge-te de mine
Dar nu te-apropia prea mult
Vezi cât e de bine
Încapsulat și totuși sunt disjunct.

Ține-te de tine
Sărută-mă dar nu prea mult
Apoi dispari când ziua vine
Fii arma mea anti-adult.

Voiai să fii aviator

Nu te apropia prea mult,
De avionul fără aripi,
Căci nu a mai zburat demult.
Iar ce speri tu este zadarnic.

Miercuri, 3 octombrie 2007

Moralistul

Din buza strâmbă și îmbibată-n sânge
Ți se prelinge-un zâmbet de fachir bătrân
În timp ce-n jurul tău trei fete cam nătânge
Te venerează apatic și-ți mai arată-un sân.

Critica rațiunii pure

Cuvântul, sublimul ac abstract carnal
Fără de care ne-am lupta cu dinții pentru dreptate și putere
Este fațada unui bloc aproape rațional.
Totuși, înțelepciunea înseamnă cel mai des tăcere.

The 80's

A brand new weekend comes at last,
To shoot my dreams and have a blast.
Some bags filled-up with guns and candies
Instead of that, I get cheap ladies.

The Sea of Glue

Besides the dreams that may come true
There is a light that's turning blue
Covering all your misjudged wishes
But then, sometimes the shadow misses
You catch a glimpse of your own pieces.
It's hard to cross The Sea of Glue.

The acrobats

I touch your blood through shallow skin,
The acrobats fight from within.
For me it's just another sin.

Don't try to fake an endless dream,
By dripping from the cold, flat screen.
Between the lines it's just a scream.

The stronger ones are giving-in.

Good habits

Converting rays into big rabbits
That reach the stars with their big ears
It's a hard job demanding lots of tears
Since broken dreams rival good habits

So next time better choose plain water
To wash and drink before you sleep
Don't be afraid, just be a creep
When everybody joins the slaughter

Soul lahars

Another point of view, the same old boring thoughts
Not in the mood to argue, not thinking anymore
Just give yourself in silence to the huge, grayish core
There's always someone better playing connect-the-dots

Enjoy a boy, enjoy a girl, enjoy a drink, enjoy a score
Crawl down beneath your soul with grace, loathe paradoxes
Put all your small things in even smaller boxes
And start making a living, work for a big-box store

Silent disco

Excruciating pleasures diminish as they go along
Leaving behind canals, a giant empty complex maze
Carved in the skin, thousands of useless highways
Of those who once were drinking and dancing all night long

With us, die all those memories, smiles, kisses and tears
That need not be remembered, have neither funerals nor graves
Denial is the weapon we use to crush memory lanes
On top, all that remains is just a couple of unopened beers

Jungle child

Lost in a rainforest at night
Where every tree has its own sound
The darkness holding him so tight
While he keeps carving in the ground
"Still on rebound", "Still on rebound"

A stupid thing to do, you'll say
When he could try to find a way
That leads to a village or a town
Where he could regroup with the crowd
Instead of just hanging around

Too many paths between those trees
Too many eyes, too many teeth
That lead to far too many homes
That end in way too many bones

Outside the box, inside the sphere,
He carves through time your biggest fear

Thursday, 01.11.2007

Singleton

Sometimes it's nice to have obsessions
Sometimes it's beautifully sad
You feel alive inside dark pleasures
When everybody thinks you're mad

But then, sometimes you get too tired
And you would like it all to stop
The gun has already been fired
And you don't know which way is up

The missing link

A child was raised by wolves and monkeys
And he may never learn to speak
We find that terribly sad and frightening
Because he's strong and we are weak

A small change somewhere in the past
A touch of light, a broken gene
Has made us wise and yet so fragile
So we can dream of the unseen

The ambient tent

A pool of tired souls just hanging in a white tent
Strangers sleeping right next to one another
Some horny, some troubled, some having a regret
Their thoughts collapse, nothing begins to matter

A chill-out lounge, a black hole, a peaceful retardation
Forget about the problems that wait for you outside
Your brain is simply enjoying a much deserved vacation
So grab a pillow, make yourself comfy, and tune into the vibe

Friday, 23.11.2007

Watermelon gum

It's only you
Your room, your bed, your sheets, your music
Day after day, same ceiling and same walls
Ignoring wake up calls, dreaming and self abusing
You're lying there bare naked, although you're wearing clothes

Sometimes you choose to take a break
But then again, most often you're just forced to
Your curse is that you know when someone's smile is fake
While you're still thinking straight, it's not easy to get used to

So bend your common sense and smile back
Pretend enough, and that's what you'll become
You need to live, you need to work, I know that
Can't blame you, I just miss your watermelon gum

The callers

A rainbow connecting two turtles that are twins
High tones emerge in patterns but still are unexpected
A huge skyscraper accommodating kings and queens
The midgets may begin, the tall ones are protected

They walk as soldiers
But laugh like drunken thieves
They're spitting and they're stinking
They're peeing on their dirty sleeves
They are calling them The Callers

So go ahead and ask them, what have they all been drinking?
You don't, they do. They know exactly what you're thinking.

Naturally

We use to lie and hurt ourselves
During the spring of our lives,
The present always feels like knives
Stuck in our bright past, dusty shelves.
Another week, then Jingle Bells.

Lord of the boards connecting seasons
Three steps to clean yourself a little,
So build a snowman and then whittle
Some candies for the ones in prisons.
Just to remember, stick some stickers.

You live and die so smile for Christmas

Tuesday, 11.12.2007

The ungirl

Her childhood blanket is on fire
She's losing grip and slips away
It's hard to drive with a flat tire
If you are deaf and blind, they say

She knows all this and still she leaves
Taking a cigarette and a match
A "see you soon" that nobody believes
She found out too young about the catch

But there's a certain strange smell
When a human being burns alive
This song's for her breaking the spell
The girl that didn't want to thrive

Tuesday, 18.12.2007

Withdrawal symptoms

A shaking hand craving for more
A tired body, an empty soul
There is no cure, there is no store
For all you care, there is no goal

But then, you hope and you desire
You can't forget how good it feels
It's hard to stop when you've been higher
It's hard to have only three meals

And so you fall back once again
You hate yourself but now you smile
You know you'll suffer more, but then
It's a short walk, it's just a mile

Friday, 21.12.2007

Roundtables

Food talk accompanied by some silent jokes
Pass me the wine please, pass me the salt
Impersonating peaceful and open minded folks
Being polite and natural, always nobody's fault

For years to come just being blind
The peace of mind is hard to find

Tuesday, 25.12.2007

The simple truth

A double sin strikes back with rage
Showing its teeth and biting hard
The creature that doesn't have an age
For years, just building anger in its cage
You got it wrong, you've got no wild card

And while you're fighting to survive
With broken legs and bleeding eyes
You start to see what caused your dive
You start to be so painfully alive
Forever despising your natural disguise

Your open wounds tell you a story
And now you know it isn't about luck
Some tell you it's all about the glory
But all you have to do is feel a little sorry
The truth has been a sitting duck

Monday, 7.01.2008

Just another troubled kid

You ask for salt, they give you sugar
You scream in pain, they pat you on the back
Supportive smiles, "you're strong, girl!"
A silent play, an empty useless bomb rack

So naturally you feel alone again, and lame
It's sad to realize you're just another troubled kid
And they are many, so you're the one to blame
For acting stupid, for everything you ever did

Friday, 18.01.2008

Double jeopardy

A shining star is only burning stronger
The rules are always just the same
A smaller fire will burn a little longer
Don't judge it, don't try to catch the flame

Wednesday, 30.01.2008

The morning after

As you wake up, the north wind current forms
You know by now exactly what it teaches
The roaring waves of seaside winter storms
Are crushing hard on cold and empty beaches

Sunday, 10.02.2008

Water rebirth

A countdown always makes her nervous
The spinning wheel is slowing down
"We thank you all for a great service,
But now it's time for you to drown"

She isn't mad, she knows the drill
Takes a deep breath and counts to five
The water flooded lungs, the chill
For her it's just another dive

Wednesday, 13.02.2008

Soul mechanics

I have the tools to fix you up
Ten dreams of shame and a sledge hammer
You can't resist a dirty cop
I know the type, you're all about the glamour

Tuesday, 19.02.2008

Walking ears

A war of sounds takes place in silence
The music beats, the screaming crowd
The moaning horny girls, pure violence
A never-ending fight of which we are so proud

But each and every sound leaves traces
The ear learns and it demands more
Abused and sick of all those places
Being too late to see the door

It would have all been very easy
If we were only walking ears
We could have grown up soft and cheesy
Being afraid of wax, not tears

Monday, 03.03.2008

Sister ships

A strange and unexpected word
Crawls down between your lips and disappears
It's like the last fall of a bird
That dies while flying through your fears

The word is gone now, but there's no time to quit
So you still hear it, a ghost of silent thoughts
Two rusted sister ships that finally have split
Different time zones, resting in different spots

Wednesday, 19.03.2008

Virgin suicides

All you have got is a fake treasure
Kept on a missing thirteenth floor
A rubber toy gives you the pleasure
That all those warriors are begging for

Too busy snorting dreams and candies
Hateful enough to only see
Hot-blooded girls with wicked dandies
Tired enough to set you free

Neurohardware

Tonight we fly inside a chip
Seeking and eating every bit
As information is pure power
And power is better than a flower

A cowboy fears the empty guns
And is afraid of losing both his arms
Since sexy girls don't like weak boys
And boys think girls are just sex toys

The dreamers though think otherwise
And lose their hope in cold dark vibes
Before they fall right back to sleep
Tonight we are just sick of it

Wednesday, 11.06.2008

Black rabbits

Sticky foam pours down from every corner
The door is locked, she's starting to despair
Black rabbits giggle as they haunt her
Her skin turns red
As she keeps thinking if being even stronger
Can help her, as she was said
Sometimes there's nothing left to repair

Escaping through shattered glass
With bleeding skin but smiling eyes
Survival
Pure pleasure just to be a badass
Death cries if she dies
Cause life is worthy as a rival

The sticky foam, the air, the skies
Tired of songs, hungry for pies

Friday, 29.08.2008

Inner bankers

When rivers merge and crops are good
The music plays, just like it should
Full of smiles and good advice
We buy and sell at the best price

A push of greed by common effort
A lesson we never want to learn
Turns land and rivers into desert
Exchanges smiles for tears, in return

But never ever do we wonder
If we deserve how much we earn

Wednesday, 22.10.2008

A little more

You like to buy things from the store
You always want a little more

Your favorite band fills the concert hall
You always want a little more

Friends always giving you a call
You always want a little more

The girl lies naked on the floor
You always want a little more

Nothing is ever too hardcore
You always want a little more

Thursday, 02.07.2009

Couldn't care less

That is an awful thing to say
When the cold verdict heads your way
Despite the rules you do obey
Knowing you always have to pay

That is an awful thing to do
When someone's telling you it's true
Despite it though, you had to sue
Knowing you would be losing too

The filthy girls and boys decay
Nevertheless, we love to play

Friday, 10.07.2009

Masochism refractar

Astupă-te într-un copac
Și rupe pâlnia spre soare
Bagă-ți urechile într-un sac
Trage-te tare de picioare

Încuie-ți ușa de la cap
Ochii aruncă-i în scânteie
Mai dă-ți apoi un bobârnac
Și scurge-te ca o crâmpeie

Iar dacă încă totuși speri
Strivește-ți nasul cu lopata
Drenează sânge cu găleata
Întoarce-ți oasele prin piele
Sparge-ți dinții cu pietricele
Jupoaie-ți pielea cu un ac
Și astupă-te într-un copac
Cum ai facut și-n alte seri

De-aici, de-acum, să nu mai ceri

Miercuri, 30.09.2009