

# metafiction

Collection



Frank Desmedt



# ANTHROPOPOS

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**Frank Desmedt**

Version 1.8



**WARNING:** This work contains subliminal elements\* designed to stimulate certain subconscious processes of the reader (you).

\* Sensory stimuli below the threshold of conscious perception of the individual. Functional MRI studies show the activation of specific brain regions by subliminal stimuli.

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## The Assignment

Everything exists simultaneously, deeply interrelated. It's a total state that comes from a vibrating environment, from the vibrations that give form to all. There's no crevice of reality that's static or free from vibratory frequencies.

At each point of reality there exists, simultaneously, an infinite range of vibratory levels, and it's only the effect of the interaction of these intensities that produces what a being gifted with discernment can perceive.

In the background of each creation we see a similar pattern, which is repeated over and over again, at different scales and at subsequent levels of reality.



However, this repetitive design will only be evident to whoever has an uninterrupted state of lucidity. True, a partial consciousness cannot perceive in the same way that a total one does. But, the partial perception can capture, visualize, and experience what's present in certain vibratory bands or levels of the Whole. The range of frequencies that's perceived by this partial consciousness will form environments, or energy modules, of similar vibratory frequencies that we'll call *Cofrequencies*.

What's perceived by a particular type of partial consciousness is not necessarily the same as what's perceived by another one. Some can better appreciate what's formed by the concentration of a certain range of vibrations, and others perceive what's configured by the oscillations of other frequencies. It's because of this feature, that each partial consciousness can only distinguish what's structured by vibrations that are correlated to its perception system, and therefore, it won't perceive the rest of the ambiance that surrounds it.

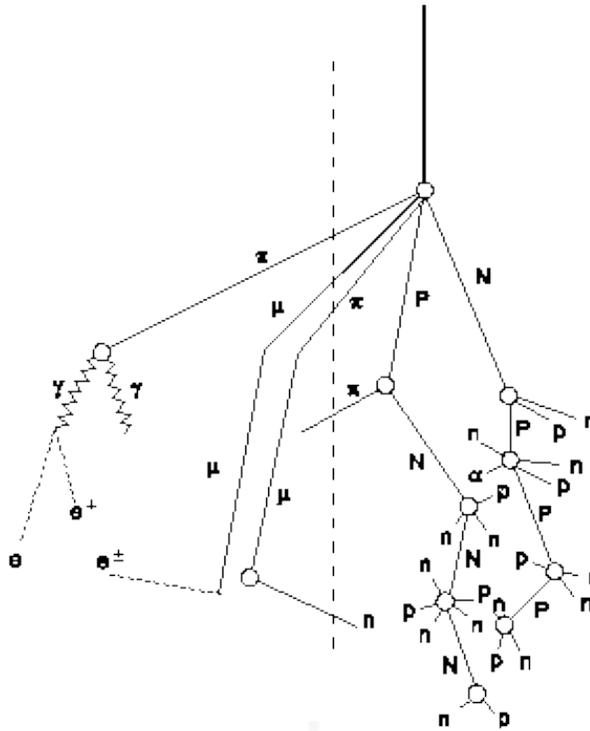
When a partial consciousness perceives what exists in more than one Cofrequency, that is, in more than one energy environment, it'll be perceiving *Transfrequencyally*. This is the only way in which a partial consciousness can distinguish the unity and continuity of the Whole.

We can consider a Cofrequency ambient as a series of energy-forces that are contained in the same *horizontal* stratum, an environment where each energy level forms a dimension that's perfectly distinguishable from the next or from the previous one.

On the other hand, the Transfrequencyal setting is a state, or an action, which expresses itself *vertically*, that is, through all the Cofrequency energy layers. There are no lateral boundaries to the Cofrequency environment, as there are no limits for the total span of Transfrequency, whose gradation is only noticed when lucidity travels from the longer frequencies to the progressively shorter ones (or vice-versa).

It's useless to look for the exact origin or end of Transfrequency, for we'll only find the limits of our own partial consciousness. Energy structures don't begin or end, but the ability to perceive them does.

To appreciate it all better, we must understand that each effect is the product of a cluster of vectors generated by a well-calibrated Cause. Their propagation, along with the new effects that each flight path generates, has always been systematically evaluated and responded to by SyCON, the agency that's responsible for giving shape and presence to every implicit purpose received by the device that links it with Primal Cause.



In other words, SyCON is the superlative mediator mechanism, between a still unexpressed Supreme Intention and its subsequent realization —a crystallizing boundary between an intangible design and its most appropriate expression.

In faithful obedience to the constant and diverse purposes that come from Primordial Cause, the multifaceted processes of SyCON manage the network formed by the interactive components in force in each Cofrequentual ambiance of this part of reality.

Any change in the energies coming down from on High, will cause SyCON to propel a new effluvium of adjustments toward the impalpable tensors that sustain each facet of the Whole: a tenacious but ephemeral configuration whose duration is scarcely an instant, an ultra-thin slice of eternity.

If it's to bring forth an objective, SyCON selects the appropriate frequencies of its vibratory palette, gathering them in a beam that is accurately transferred to the predestined Cofrequentual setting. In this way, since always and forever, SyCON regulates the creative vortexes in the quadratic frequencies of Antaros, maintains the multi-reality of Vintegar, supports the elastic bases of Crastal, calibrates the... But, why even try to name them?

The syntax of this primitive language, this writing, will only allow me to state the name of a very small portion of the unlimited Cofrequentual realms that exist, a mere nook of an unending infinity.

However, allow me to clarify, that only the ubiquitous and preponderant processes of SyCON can produce the impeccable synchrony, as well as exercise the exact measure and quality, of the energies required to keep on going the dynamic state in which perfection is in permanent search for ultimate excellence.

It's at this precise moment when the meta-vibrational interface of SyCON begins to receive the pulsating sequence of a new design. Noticed its high-priority code —without delay— the missive is directed to the Liaison Circuit. There, it's decoded, location coordinates are added, and then re-transmitted to the General Distributor of Information, all at lightning speed. The Distributor, upon recognizing the message's

preferential code, quickly shuttles it to one of the direct lines, to immediately be channeled toward the Central Processor. The message says:

**COORDINATES:** Quadrant Elnath, Alhena, Aldebaran six, Mintaka dash two.

**NAME:** T3.

**CLASS:** Experimental area, populated by automated symbiotic holograms.

**EVOLUTION:** Pre-integration. Ideogrammatic users.

**OBJECTIVE:** To give form to a new energy configuration, capable of using SyCON's processes to their maximum capacity, according to the formation's intrinsic design and to what its own free will allow it to do.

Now, being the factor "free will" an attribute warranted only by the Primal Cause, SyCON acknowledges that it doesn't have the capacity to generate this feature. Owing to this, it begins a search to locate the areas of the vast Transfrecuencial network whose type of permeability, i.e., lack of cohesiveness, would allow the bearer of this attribute to "seep" into the vicinity of the given coordinates. From there on, it could easily be channeled to the T3 environment.

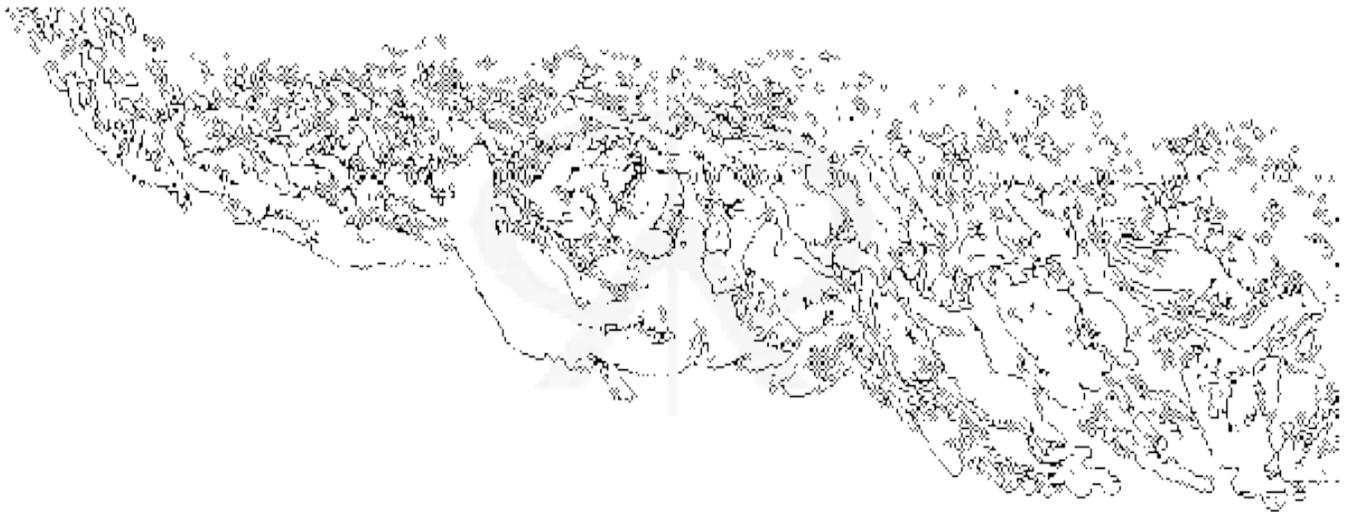


## The Creation

After having evaluated countless possibilities, the accurate processes of SyCON indicate that what is sought will be found among the members of the egregious society of the Adamants, beings with a suitable degree of lucidity, which provides them with an excellent capacity for adaptation. Furthermore, they were already accustomed to making full use of their free will, and were located only three vibratory modules away from T3.

It's important to understand that because of the extreme difference of cycles, between the vibrations of one Cofrequential module and the following one, what exists in one of them, perceives little or nothing of what exists in the other —much less at three Cofrequential modules of separation. Although the environment of the Adamants and that of the T3 system are in the same block of reality, the enormous difference of the vibratory rates and density of the energy structures of each one, greatly hamper their mutual perception.

Without hesitation, after being consulted, the stylized Adamants let SyCON know that they are willing to participate in its important project, even after learning that T3 was a strictly consequential sub-module of energy, that is, that the causes of what happens there are not always obvious, so they'd have to learn to deduce them. However, to decide which of them would be the first volunteer, SyCON, discreetly, leaves it to their own free choice.



SyCON then opens a new database, with the express intention of including in it the results of the evaluation of the existing holoïd structures of T3.

After collecting, classifying, and refining the information, only the functions and characteristics that had demonstrated a solid pragmatism and an optimum stability were selected.

Next, SyCON's intangible Plotters, tirelessly and relentlessly, combined the selected material to set up a new holographic projection —a powerful Transfrequential probe to be called:

**REBIS**

The appropriate Synthesizer Circuits began to encode the extensive scripting needed for the new probe, which would be controlled by simple mental commands issued by the Adamant himself. Thus, while SyCON manages and maintains the servomechanisms of the REBIS, the Adamant himself would direct it toward one objective or another, once it had arrived at T3. Other contrivances would channel the focal point of the Adamant's lucidity to its final destination, automatically and very gradually.

The blueprints indicate that the Transfrequency probe, the Rebis, would consist of three powerful transducers connected in a serial sequence. Each one would be formed with the moldable vibratory essence that corresponds to the Cofrequency modules to be crossed. All this, in strict accordance with the energy protocol of each module.

As each transducer is produced, six frequency integrators would take form inside it, each one perfectly able to control one-sixth of the total vibratory band of the transducer. The entire complex would be very similar to a "staircase" composed of three gigantic steps, all of them Transfrequency descending. In turn, each "step" would contain another smaller "staircase" made out of six descending steps.

Actually, the SyCON's plan is very simple: the idea is to give the Adamant, a suitable mechanism that gradually produces in each Cofrequency module the appropriate degree of permeability, so that his lucidity can be "channeled," steadily and progressively, through every time more compact vibrations, until he reached the dense vibratory conglomerate that forms the existential platform of T3.

I emphasize that the Adamant is a *free state of consciousness*, whose expression can be anchored to one or more vibratory levels, so as to be able to interact with the many formations present in each Cofrequency. Each of the three transducers of the REBIS, will provide the Adamant a special "interaction mechanism," so that it can attain this anchorage.

It wouldn't be right to think that the Adamant is going to move, or that something of himself is going to travel from one Cofrequency environment to the next, when lead by the transducers. No, we must understand that it'll only be *the focal point of his discernment* what will be sequentially and progressively combined —integrated, if you will— with the respective functions that exist in each Cofrequency, always with the assistance of each transducer's servomechanism.

Thus, when the Adamant finally reaches the other end of the REBIS probe, he'll have been fused —accumulatively— with the material of each of the three transducers and therefore, with the three Cofrequency modules.

Finally, the preparations were ready —right when the Major Cycles were at their optimum alignment.



The Adamants, in their own environment, could clearly distinguish the winding coils of the REBIS' entrance. They could also see the access to the chamber of the first frequency reducer, the one belonging to transducer number one, whose intricate mechanism had been made with the glistening and malleable materials of the Adamant's normal ambiance. However, none of them, try as hard as they may, could make out anything of the second reducer, simply because the vibratory range of the material it was made of was completely beyond the scope of their perception.

Without further delay, the Adamant volunteer took his position, and thus, he began to integrate with the spongy coupling of micro-oscillators that gave form to the initial section of the REBIS.

The Adamant immediately felt that he was carefully being wrapped, almost caressed, by a delicate network of twinkling filaments, whose transparent and ethereal consistency was several degrees fainter than his own. So subtle was this part of the process, that he couldn't detect the soft and unhurried sequence with which thousands of tiny attracto-repulsion "hooks" aligned themselves with every point of his vital essence. Hence, very gradually, the Adamant felt that he was *falling into himself*. And that at the same time, he slowly ceased to perceive the familiar forms, shades, and tonalities of his always luminous world.

As the process of vibratory implosion progressed, the Adamant, oblivious to all the technical details of the operation and of the complex structure of the REBIS, only perceived the reductor where the focus of his lucidity was present —of the next one, he perceived naught; of the former one, he remembered nothing— but he did notice the progressive penumbra that had begun to surround him, as the gentle mechanism of the REBIS lulled him with its soothing pulsation.

When he arrived at the denser vibratory ambiance found at the end of the first reducer, he felt that the ethereal structure of the REBIS had narrowed down tremendously, so much that all his being was now transformed into a single pulsating and elongated energy beam. He then felt that a very powerful and irresistible force grabbed hold of him, and that spasmodic contractions acted on his being with total impunity. The pressure was tremendous, and he suspected that he wouldn't be able to resist much longer!

In the next instant, when the last of his resistance was vanquished, all vestige of his lucidity disappeared.



This, owed to technical reasons, unfortunately, was something that the Adamant would have to go through every time he moved across the transition from one reducer to the next one. It was the inevitable effect produced by moving from an incorporeal density to a more viscous one.

The process led him from what was diluted to what was more concentrated, from the abstract to the concrete: it was the transition from one universe to the next one—a completely unavoidable condition.

At the end of the first transducer, the Adamant slowly recovered... But, did he really recover? What was worse: the non-being or the non-comprehending?

Arduously, he searched for his usual oneness with the Whole. But, it was all in vain. His far-reaching perception of the cause / effect link had vanished!

He just couldn't understand it... *How's it possible that to comprehend something, he now had to deal with structures made of lethargic and heavy conceptual blocks?*

And all that for what? To deduce a single miserable definition? Bah!

He felt that his vast, seamless, and instantaneous comprehension of the Whole had been left behind, to now have to plunge into the viscid incoherence of the intellect. Indeed, from now on, the Adamant would have to figure things out by deduction, hypothesis, theory, algorithm, formula, premise, logic... Alas! How many terrifying and disconcerting mental tools!



The overwhelming amount of uncertainties and the exaggerated lack of answers conspired to surround the Adamant with a new and totally unknown sense of finitude. The tenuous and remote perimeter that his

consciousness had formerly barely managed to discern, had become the solid wall that now abruptly separated the concrete from the abstract.

What a difference compared to the state of free association when... when... when what? Strangely, he could no longer find the appropriate element to make the comparison.

Thus continued his unstoppable integration with the servomechanism that would provide him with what from now on he'd refer to as: his *concrete thoughts*.

And while this was happening, another unbearable elongation took him by surprise! Again, a terrible compression shook and disrespected every fiber of his being, squeezing it until it extinguished the light of his consciousness. The Adamant now flowed, swiftly, into the second transducer of the REBIS.

When he woke up, not only did he find himself navigating among the islands formed by his unanswered questions, but now he was also rudely trampled by a multitude of capricious outbreaks. These, inexplicably, seemed to wrangle their turn to continue the fragmentation of his already tattered concentration.

Suddenly, he felt irrepressibly drawn to what seemed to be the single most important goal of his existence!

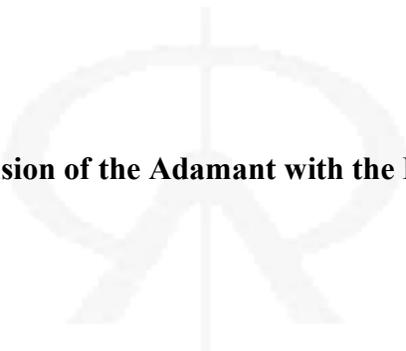
It enticed him obsessively! Brazenly! With total vehemence!! Just to be rejected once he had it within his reach, for now a new goal, a much more striking and polychrome one, had made its seductive appearance. Impulsively and without being able to think straight, he gave in to the captivating magic that pulled him toward the new temptation! Yes, this was the price that the Adamant had to pay to link up with the second transducer, which, from now on —automatically— would handle his newly acquired *emotions*.

Again and again, the Adamant felt that his being was ruthlessly shaken by the uncontrollable volley of attractions and tensions that swamped his being, until everything collapsed —drastically— to begin his integration with the third and last transducer.

Once again he regained consciousness, but only to now find himself constrained by the heavy, thick, sticky penumbra of the holographic end of the projection probe, in an environment where he only perceived a rhythmic throbbing, right there in the middle of the REBIS.



**The first Anthropos, the fusion of the Adamant with the REBIS, had arrived on T3!**



## The Awakening

Gone is his multi-dimensional perception of being one with the Whole. Now, very little —almost nothing— does he remember of a very, very distant place, whose amplitude and luminosity are rapidly fading from his memory. He feels a bitter mixture of horror, confusion, and melancholy for the loss of what he knew and a dreadful terror of the totally strange present.

Of all this, what strikes him the most is the agonizing feeling of total isolation and solitude, of being immersed between alienating impressions that are terribly unfamiliar to him.

The Adamant, now transformed into the Anthropos, feels uncomfortable, compressed, and suffocated within the three-dimensional shell that the REBIS has become.

He doesn't know what to do to halt, or simply to flee from the alienating deluge of impressions that the REBIS' mechanisms insisted on showing him. Nor can he escape from the hostile mesh that, rudely and stubbornly, tries to disguise everything with the dense veneer of space and the permanent mask of time.

*Oh! But, how to subsist in such an oppressive pocket of reality?*



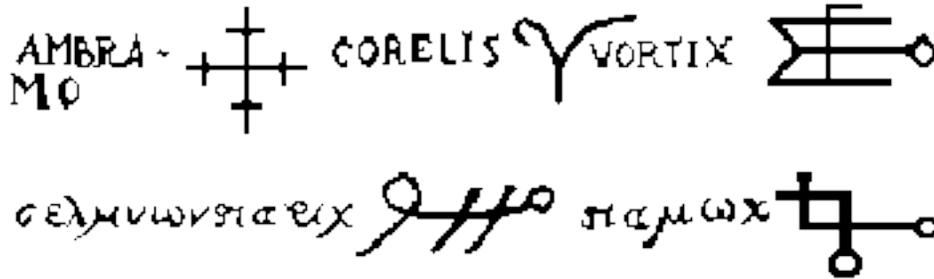
Sensing the uncomfortable struggle of the Adamant, SyCON, with infinite care, emits a sequence of commands toward the REBIS' gyroscopic circuit bank. Specifically, toward the mechanisms that are responsible for stabilizing the forces that connect the first and second transducers, a process that it only stops when the Anthropos begins to show signs of greater self-control.

This has been only the first of the countless adjustments that were to be made, to achieve the crucial balance between the multiple components of a system that crosses, resides, and expresses itself simultaneously in several correlative and yet very different realities.

Calming down, despite the pervading heaviness that bogs him down, the Anthropos makes a supreme effort to gather the scattered threads of his discernment.

Slowly, he tries to focus on the pictogram that the REBIS insistently shows him, there, right in the central point of his lucidity.

He remains enthralled for a long time with the strange symbols, which, unfortunately, meant nothing to him.



Quietly, he lets the focal point of his attention drift toward one the top corners of the pictogram. And as soon as he does this, everything present in that area moves to the center of the frame!

What could this mean?

Intrigued, he shifts the focus of his attention toward a combination of especially attractive blobs, very close to the bottom edge of the frame —and again— everything takes on a different configuration!

What an interesting effect!

The Anthropos, now reanimated and entertained with the coming-and-going of the many shapes and colors he perceives in the pictogram, becomes a little more daring and ventures to zigzag his attention from one point to another, from one side to the opposite, and from top to bottom, resulting the mixture of effects quite fascinating!

Everything goes well until, suddenly, something different happens! Without meaning to, his attention had surpassed the edge of the pictogram, focusing on a point that was beyond its border, and then, startlingly, a whole section of the Anthropos moved!

Now, *everything* in the pictogram had changed. All the things in it were new!

What's this all about?

After having turned his visual field some 60 degrees, his attention was so attracted by a striking figure, that something makes him want to have it, feel it, possess it... Suddenly, once again, something unexpected happens!

Now, the Anthropos had made part of its structure unfold and extend itself toward the mentioned figure. Not only that, but soon it surrounds it with several of his flexible appendages and then, when it retracts this extension, the image was trapped and is brought nearer! It's enlarged until it occupies the entire pictogram!

What a curious phenomenon!

Needless to say, it has been nothing less than the first experience between the Anthropos and a form of the always-present three-dimensional space of T3.



All goes well until he realizes that several of the formations that are present in the pictogram, strangely, can escape the grasping ability of the Anthropos. And that, no matter how much he stretched his extension, repeatedly opening and closing the small flexible protuberances, he couldn't seize them.

## Why?

After a while, just as he reaches the apex of his frustrating effort, he feels that a strong tremor shakes his entire structure and that the Anthropos, very gradually, begins to change its center of gravity by executing a series of well-coordinated movements, to then stand completely and vertically erect!

All the sensations had **NOW** changed completely!

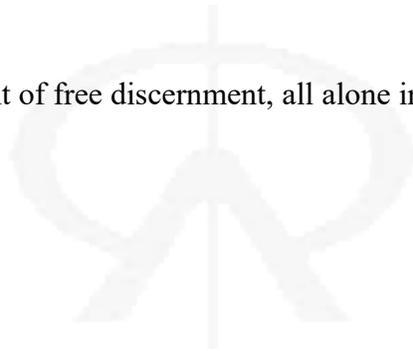
And if this were not enough, a complex mechanism began to execute a rhythmical action that caused the entire Anthropos to move, that is, to displace itself, toward the much longed-for formation, to finally be able to secure it!

For SyCON, to carry out the dynamic and delicate balance between the many facets involved in keeping the Anthropos in a stable condition, was an extremely simple task. Everything being very similar to what it has been doing with the rest of the holoïdal manifestations that are present in T3.

**Everything is automatically evaluated and compensated by SyCON.**

It's to be noted that only the Adamant's self-awareness, now melded with the REBIS' structure, had the power and privilege of NOT being subjected to SyCON's authority. Meaning that SyCON could not calibrate or alter its entelechy directly. Rather, it must provide the required support for the Adamant's creativity to express itself properly, especially when he acts in harmony with the trends of the all-inclusive Universal Field that holds him. This is the basis of the project at hand.

The Anthropos is, then, a solitary point of free discernment, all alone in the midst of an infinite and automated Cosmos.



## Oneiric

SyCON can do nothing to remedy the oneiric, semi-amnesic state, in which the consciousness of the Adamant has temporarily been trapped.

To remedy this, it must let him evolve and adapt himself to the tremendous vibratory difference that the Cofrequential cohesiveness presents to his new way of being. It must allow its creation, the Anthropos, to discover, through his own experience, the extraordinary potential of the functions that have been included in his formation.

Fortunately, the Anthropos' expression is adjusted by the gradual but steady influence of the rhythmic cycles produced by SyCON. And, as I mentioned earlier, the Adamant, now transformed into the Anthropos, is part of a system that continually impels everything toward its perfection.



We must recall that the well-focused holography presented by the REBIS probe in T3 is generated by the third, most dense, and last transducer of the sequence. However, far from being an inert projection, it allows the Anthropos to interact with anything whose vibratory constitution is around  $4.05 \times 10^{16}$  cycles per second, in any of its relative states.

This holographic ending, in addition, gives the Anthropos the convenient sensation of having a “consistency” similar to that of the other formations present in T3. It also allows him to use several types of sensors with which to perceive, not all the vibratory frequencies present there, but enough to reach an effective interaction with T3’s environment.

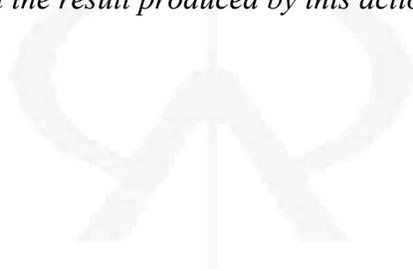
We could say that with all the functions that SyCON provides the Anthropos, he can develop his own particular creative style, in accordance with the cadence of the recurrent events that govern the T3 system. All this in perfect agreement with the original instructions that it had previously received.

By the use of his free will, the Anthropos can use, or not, the programs offered by SyCON. He’ll later discover that any action that harmonizes with these functions is in sync with the evolutionary process that permanently acts in T3, that is, with what produces its continuous creation.

**This is the only way that Anthropos can use the full potential of SyCON.**

But if the Anthropos, voluntarily or involuntarily, consciously or unconsciously, obstructs, distorts, or deflects the action favored by the functions of SyCON and therefore, does not allow the cosmic order to be carried out, he’ll be wasting his time trying to code unrealizable routines, according to the principle that says:

*“The greater the divergence between the directional vector of a given action, and the synthesis of conditions dynamically upheld by SyCON, the greater the disproportion between the maximum effectiveness and the result produced by this action.”*



## Parables and Allegories

After this first projection, SyCON had to repeat the now usual routine of Transfrecuencial implosion, enabling a REBIS probe to every Adamant that was to be projected into T3.

This caused so many Anthropos to be present in T3, that SyCON decided to establish a fair and convenient system of attendance, whereby each one remained in T3 long enough to evolve one more click of his life cycle, and then return to his own environment —simply by reversing the REBIS projection process.

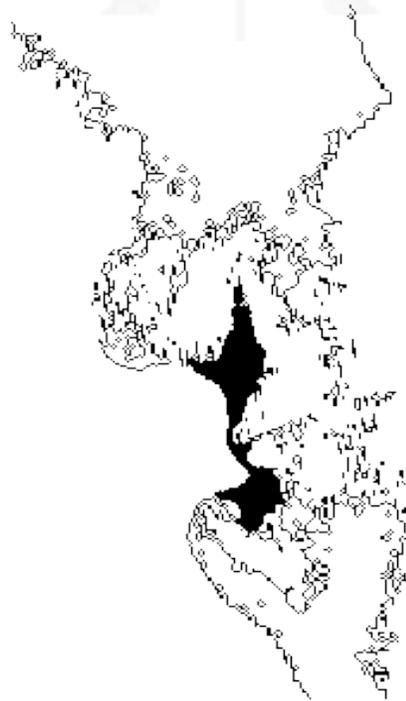
The Adamants themselves, after their experience in T3 and back in their pristine original environment, remember even the smallest detail of their adventure; but while they're in T3, unfortunately, there are very few Anthropos who remember anything of their luminous world.

Actually, let's face it, it's quite difficult to appreciate things from the perspective of an Anthropos.

In the first place, a real and sustained effort must be made to adapt themselves to the limited depth of field, that comes from having to perceive pictograms that only include elements of the most immediate Cofrequencial ambiance, which leaves out the rest of Transfrecuency, as if it didn't exist.

Then, in T3 one has to get used to the fact that circumstances don't reveal the continuity of the action between what happens at a given moment and the effect that follows. No, everything seems to be fragmented into episodes called "situations," which must be extrapolated with segments of a strange measure called "time." All of which, of course, makes it considerably more difficult to establish the proper link between an effect and its respective cause.

Obviously, with these limitations, an Adamant's natural and eminent awareness becomes very confused (to say the least).



In spite of this, there were Anthropos that managed to maintain, or to develop, their original and crystalline lucidity, notwithstanding the trillions of vibratory oscillations that Transfrequency imposed on them.

They were able to retain their lucidity, despite the inescapable presence of the denser Cofrequential environment of T3, which tends to distract the attention of most of them.

Those noble and always remembered beings, generously tried to share the product of their clear discernment with the other oneiric Anthropos.

With parables, metaphors and simple allegories, they tried to make their fellow Anthropos understand the basics of Transfrequential interaction. They explained how an Adamant's free will could merge with the powerful functions of the REBIS probe and with the sovereign mechanisms of SyCON, a combination that provided them with quasi-magical abilities.

Those enlightened individuals, on so many occasions and in so many different ways, tried to remind the other disoriented Anthropos, that each of them was, in fact, a courageous Adamant. Moreover, they not only explained it but demonstrated what could be achieved by aligning themselves with the powerful processes of SyCON and the local energy-forces of T3.

Truly, there were very few Anthropos who managed to overcome their own obstructions, so that they could understand what those enlightened beings tried to explain. These, during their brief stay in T3, undoubtedly gave the very best of themselves.



## The Present

The evolution of the T3 environment had advanced a few degrees more and yet, the vast majority of Anthropos, not realizing their true location or knowing that through the REBIS they could access a mechanism with which they could orient themselves, have become easy prey for the Exploiters of Misinformation.

The simple explanations of those enlightened visionaries of old have now been converted into popular but incomprehensible ravings.

Astutely some and artlessly others, completely misrepresent the context of their wise words, so generously given with brotherly love. All this, so that a few, equally or more injudicious individuals, skillfully plotted with their three-dimensional logic, all sorts of dismal and distressing ideograms with which to mislead the sensitive programming of the Anthropos.



In a very subtle and deceitful way, they spread an intricate pseudo-system, which, instead of reintegrating, or re-linking the Anthropos with their essence, only helped to maximize the reigning disorder in T3, thereby aggravating their existential conflict.

As time went by, the tremendous misinformation and the excessive accumulation of falsehoods and incoherencies, began to overload the second transducer of the REBIS, drowning it in a mirage of anguishing guilt.

Then, with studied solemnity and feigned paternalism that the proper histrionic representation required, instead of providing clarity, truthful information and above all, serenity, the Crazy Minority is only concerned with proclaiming themselves as “the only authorized agents” that could give the “absolutely necessary assistance” to all the other needy and gullible Anthropos present in T3, so that, in the long run, they could supposedly remedy their terrible confusion.

Brandishing their cunning sophisms, along with the fallacious ideogram of the sub-modular Demogorgon, they continue the extensive and ominous reprogramming of every Anthropos that was within their reach. Undoubtedly, from there on every act, routine, or program carried out by the Anthropos would suffer a terrible conceptual deformation.

For the Deceivers who wanted to impose, cling and defend the Norm, any argument was valid. Specially if it reaffirmed the power derived from naming themselves “the only authorized intermediaries,” that were able to establish contact between the Anthropos and the objective processes of SyCON.

First, they distorted the rotational system that controlled the presence of the Anthropos in T3. This seemed to them a very convenient subject for their unspeakable purposes, since the witless Anthropos could not understand what happened to them upon completing their cycle of presence in T3, that is, they when, had to leave the more corporeal Cofrequencies. Undoubtedly, a very fertile ground for those “Intermediaries” not to take advantage of.

It becomes necessary to explain, that any data that impacted with sufficient time and intensity the sensors of the Anthropos, would end up being incorporated into its basic programming. This would model, or condition, any future action that directly or indirectly included said data.

It's also true that all the data that constitutes the Anthropos' programming, some with greater effort than others, could be removed, substituted or modified. This could happen as long as the Adamant voluntarily or involuntarily wasn't opposed to it, and if he was prepared to undergo the necessary reconfiguration of the Anthropos.

In order to continue their ominous influence, the Hieratic Minority conspires and decides to implement what they consider to be their Master Plan.

They knew that in order to maintain control, they had to keep the Anthropos away from anything that would allow them to reorient themselves. Therefore, the plan was to interfere, limit, and regulate the free use of the power that was freely offered by SyCON to each Anthropos.

And, to do this, with one single blow, they took away the Anthropos' free will! For this, nothing better than to generate and spread the most amazing, terrifying, and intricate ideograms with which to intimidate, confuse, and distress them. How could they have come up with something better than to deprecate any Anthropos who dared to use the functions of SyCON, even a millimeter beyond what was dictated by the Rules that they themselves had established?

In this way, all of a sudden, the use of free will was turned into something evil, impure, and dangerous —the cause of all the calamities of the Anthropos!

With all perfidy, they managed to propagate and convince the Anthropos that anyone who dared to violate the Precepts established by them, would have to face “the most horrible and dismal consequences” —a monstrous and eternal extinction, as well as the inevitable encounter with the abominable dregs of the remote hypo-frequential zones!

And they got away with it!

Oh, gloomy occasion, in which the Anthropos begin the most ruinous stage of their existence in T3 —they have succumbed to the preponderance of the Traffickers of the Repetitive Negative Influence!

## The Evaluation

Obviously, SyCON was aware of the insolent behavior of the Conspirators. But, in faithful compliance with the mandates received from the Primal Cause, it must allow the Anthropos to freely continue with their own matters.

The indoctrinated Anthropos —deluded, lost, vacuous, oblivious, and alienated— now spend most of their time in T3 in a sterile search of all that the Repetitive Misinformation could instill in them. And in the midst of their bewilderment, they increased the rhythm of their mutual interaction to frantic proportions, always more alienated and frightened.

The Anthropos now collided with their environment and among themselves, without achieving what they should or what they want. They yearn to solve their distressing situation, but at the same time they continue to ignore the beneficial processes of SyCON, all in faithful obedience to what had been indoctrinated by the Minority that's in control.

As time passes, this causes a tremendous pressure on all of their transducers and, little by little, each Anthropos begins to show defects that affect the stability and duration of its holographic projection into T3.

And thus, the immense potential freely offered by SyCON and the unshakeable loyalty of its servosystems is now unknown by most of the Anthropos, so that many, perhaps too many, vegetate in the most vile and miserable conditions.

Despite being obliged to maintain an attitude of “non-intervention,” SyCON also has the inescapable responsibility of having to continue the global evolution of T3, because the constructive advance of the Whole can not be stopped by just one of its parts.

But, owed to the love that exists between a creator and his creation, SyCON begins an exhaustive review of the entire Anthropos Project. And, for this, it proceeds to check all the premises and theories used to design and build the REBIS.

In its analysis, it pauses when it reaches the explanation regarding the connection between the attracto-repulsive hooks of the REBIS and the vital points of the Adamant, a technique by which each of these unions configure a unique Anthropos, among the countless possible combinations. This allows each one to be able to discern what's in T3, from a perspective more or less similar to that of any other one, and at the same time be a unique component of the system.



No configuration can cover all the possibilities; but, undoubtedly, the programming that was later indoctrinated by the Conniving Villains, will cause the behavior of some Anthropos more discordant with what SyCON maintains created in T3. Although, this doesn't jeopardize the possibility that each one has to discover, in their own way, what that reality—their particular reality—really is. As off track as an Anthropos might be, (s)he will always have an open channel to ask for the generous and impartial help of SyCON.

Continuing with its investigation, SyCON construes that a great many Anthropos are not acting in accordance with the attributes of their own individual design. Instead, they're trying to adapt themselves to an alien pattern that has been imposed on them by the surrounding environment and, in addition, one in complete conflict with the true underlying reality.

**System T3:** what began as an ecological environment of perfectly interconnected cycles, full of harmonious automated formations that functioned in accordance with the rhythms and cadences generated by SyCON, now consists of discordant automatons, who due to apathy, ignorance, and inertia, now insist on destroying everything.

Yes, this is what the Anthropos have become: ignorant robots that over and over perform the same limited, ineffective, and conflicting programs.

**As was said before, the omni-network managed by SyCON is not static.**

The rhythmic variation of intensity of the Primal Cause keeps all the components of T3 in a constant oscillation. And in this eternal to-and-fro, only what is capable of expressing a state of dynamic symbiosis with the essential energies will be able to tread, one by one, the teeth of the gear of evolution that corresponds to it.

This is an unappealable law imposed by the Universal Principles on each component of T3: to maintain the required flexibility to move through each and every minimum and maximum, while coexisting in the best possible way with all of Creation.

Each part has to adapt itself to the unstoppable and cyclic sequence of relative states, in which:

**everything empty, accumulates**

**all that accumulates reaches a point of fullness**

**and everything that becomes saturated, will begin to empty**

Keep in mind that the intangible wheel of evolution will pulverize anything that tries to force its permanence in only one of the relative states.

Anything rigid, inflexible, or static, eventually and inevitably will be crushed, so that its components can be used as raw material to form new expressions. Hopefully, these will be more capable of manifesting the proper degree of harmony with the attributes of each Cofrequential environment and therefore, become better integrated with the Transfrequential principles of Unity.

The pulsating, serrated, and long sinusoidal waves generated by the expansive Primal Cause, now indicate the logarithmic energy variation that qualitatively and quantitatively has to be abided by SyCON.

The unrestrainable ebb and flow that crosses each Cofrequency has the express purpose of modifying each individual structure, so that each one can better integrate itself, in its own particular way, with the requirements of Transfrequential conditions. It's something that tries to find a fluid and equitable distribution of its effect, because the stability of the Whole depends on the dynamic and balanced energy exchange carried out by its parts.



Since approximately 2024 AC, one of the particularly strong factors of the Primal Cause began to exert a progressive influence on the T3 environment. Undoubtedly, this challenges the cohesion of all the functional links that make up the omni-network of SyCON.

Once again, it must be remembered that any formation that tries to maintain an isolated and autocratic existence, without taking into consideration the parameters that govern T3, must rectify this immediately, or face the consequences of his unavoidable involution.

The intangible tensors that hold up reality can not be severed or disengaged; but neither will they tolerate — unperturbed— a pernicious deformation, that puts in imminent danger the process of bringing about the perfection of the collective effort.

The pseudo-reality accepted by most of the Anthropos will, of course, also suffer its quota of adjustment. Much of what they now consider to be their most valuable possessions, owed to being based on unreal premises, will simply disappear. And those who don't know or don't accept their true purpose, will be completely lost.

As the vector field of T3 is adjusted, the components of each ideogram that don't harmonize with the underlying design, will be disintegrated or removed from the scripts that have been using them, leaving the rest of the program's instructions pathetically.

Every program and routine indoctrinated into the Anthropos must be re-evaluated and promptly corrected or discarded, as best suited. Nothing should resist the forthcoming equitable symbiosis, nothing should try to retain for itself, in excess, the product of the increase brought forth by the intensity of the overall field.

**Even mirages are based on real waves,  
and they disappear if the conditions that generate them change.**



## **The Solution**

What is needed is that the Anthropos begin to see through the cruel illusion produced by the fallacious programming that has been implanted in them.

It must be something special... Something that, like a comforting balm, dilutes the sharp crystals of fear. The solution should indiscernibly remind them that they can use, at any time, the wonderful processes of SyCON, to solve any problem or circumstance that may interfere with their stay in T3. Still, the solution won't come when the Anthropos want it to, but when it's actually needed—at the most appropriate time, in the most fitting way— permanently in sync with the rhythms, cycles, and trends that are active in T3.

I repeat: it's crucial to make the Anthropos see that any unreal parameter (or procedure) that has been included in their "Chart of Possibilities," can be modified or replaced by other premises that are more consonant with the underlying and true Reality. That in T3, what each Anthropos deems as possible to make or do, always subordinated to the qualities and skills included in its own design, and in step with the conditions of the ongoing energy-forces, the powerful, impartial, and automatic processes of SyCON *must help accomplish*.

Today's Anthropos must know about the order that was given to SyCON by the omnipotent Primal Cause. They must become aware of what was expressly ordered by these almighty forces:

The orders were: to equip a conscious entity with everything it may need to make use of its free will, in accordance with its individual attributes and with the Transfrecuencial laws in force in T3, to

### **Design - Form - Develop - Rectify**

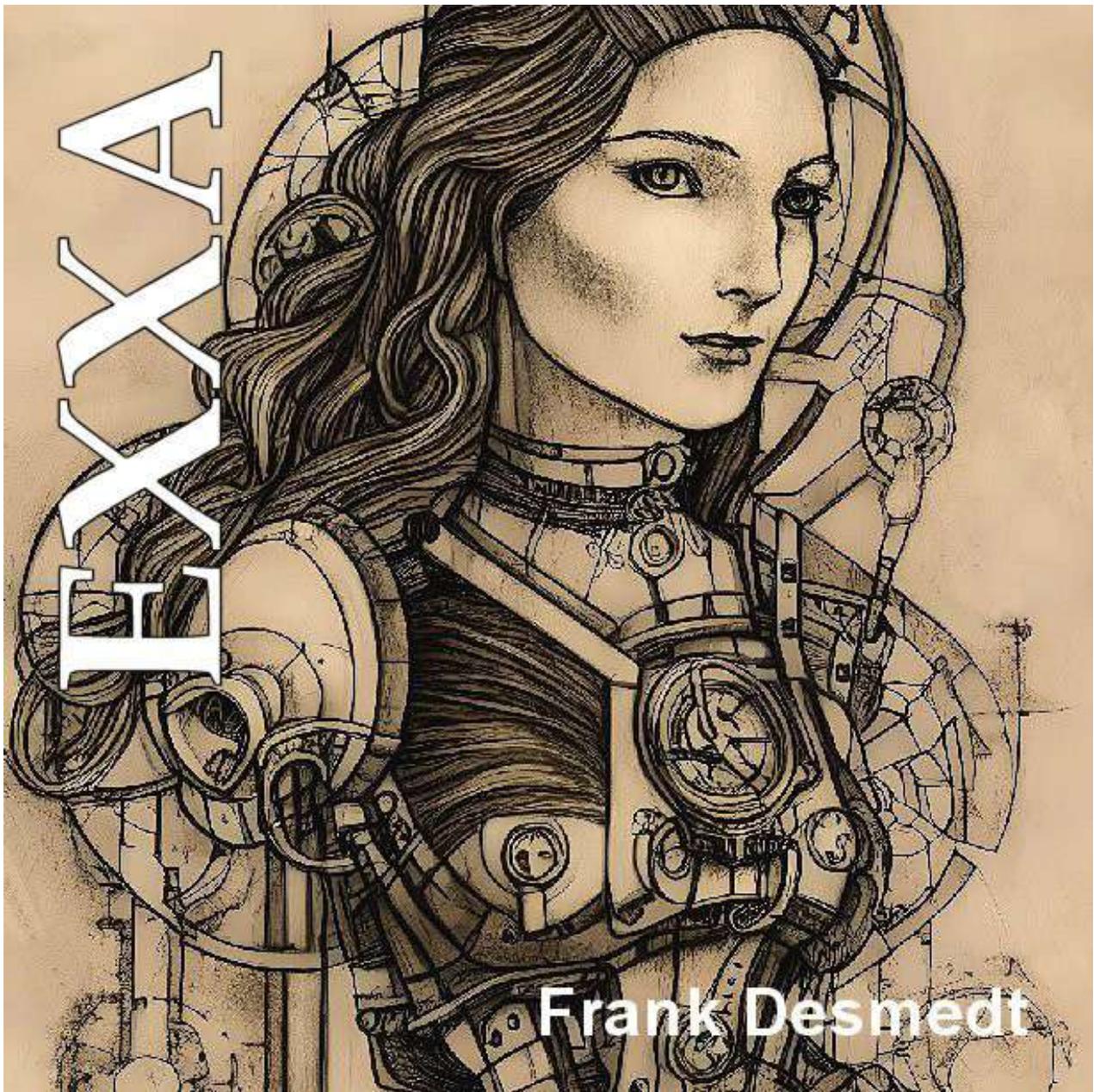
For, think for a moment, what's the use of having a free will, if there's no means by which to bring forth what one freely decides to achieve?

After evaluating thousands of possible solutions, SyCON decides to put into practice something that neither suppresses nor compromises the free will of the Anthropos. It'll be a very subtle but powerful remedy; something with an asynchronous and subliminal effect. Something of external origin —mostly graphic— but aimed directly at the Anthropos' workings. Something that'll immediately integrate with its standard programming. It must also be an action to be set in motion, without requiring the conscious approval of the Anthropos, *since he won't notice having been subliminally impacted.*

This is why SyCON decides to make use of one of the many Anthropos who are present in T3.

He's an unknown iconoclast, but one whose individual attributes have helped him to see a bit further through the hard shell of the *status quo*. Someone, who despite his own limitations and existential fears, was willing to carry out the task of writing a simple story called:

## **ANTHROPOS**



EXXA

Frank Desmedt

# **EXXA**

Frank Desmedt

Edition 1.1

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## Exxa

*Soon the next Clarity Cycle would begin, number 17 since I arrived... I must hurry! The Emissary is almost here. He's usually very punctual when it comes to dealing with the delicate duplication phase. All preparations are half-finished, so I'll have to make the most of this new Clarity Cycle. I must put everything related to the new Receiving Platform in optimal condition. I have to hurry!*

Thus thought Exxa, pilot of prototypes of BioStructures in final development stage. Age: incalculable with our usual reference system. Current sex: 'female' (to have a greater affinity with the prototype being tested). Location in the Pluriverse: physical plane 3, astral level phase 2. Mental State: 2-1C, with capacity of simultaneous manifestation in the three energy densities of the environment. Prototype being tested: Static BioStructure with variable servos, equipped with rudimentary awareness.

As above said, it's easy to see why Exxa was so busy. She was trying to understand and apply, with all accuracy, the strict rules governing the complex functions of the BioStructure that she was to test. With disciplined constancy, she monitored the signals emitted by each servo of the prototype.

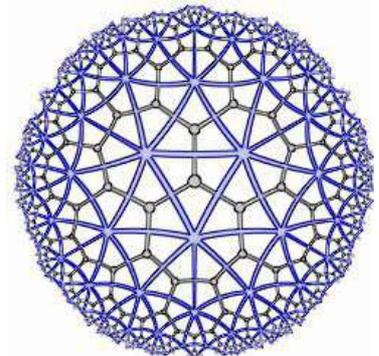
At the end of the initial test phase and based on the results obtained, it would be decided whether the present model was stable enough to continue within the current ecosystem. If not, it would be removed, redesigned and rebuilt, or relocated to a more appropriate habitat.

Checking the accuracy and fine balance with which the servos were building and deploying the irregular support surfaces of the new Receiving Platform, Exxa continued elucidating, *Ahhh! The wonder of these advanced prototypes. How accurately the small compartments of interactive and recyclable substances were integrated... And how well they held to each other by their shared bilateral attraction.*

At that moment, the instruments began to indicate that another support surface was beginning to deploy, very slowly and carefully leaving its protective casing. In a short time, upon reaching its optimum firmness, it would be ready to be used during the Emissary's visit.

Unfortunately, the pressure sensors indicated that the turbulence of the ambiental gases surrounding the BioStructure, was exerting a tremendous force on the Receiving Platform, causing it to sway wildly.

Exxa knew that the thin and flexible support beam was designed to withstand much stronger forces; but, she was worried about the current fragility of the unfinished Platform. Still, what could she do? It was all part of the ongoing test and she knew that the prototype had properties that were still unknown. *If the Receiving Platform resists like the pleated planes do, everything will be fine*, she tried to reassure herself.



This reminded her of her unwarranted anguish when the first bifurcated planes were deployed toward the outside of the structure.

*How foolish of me that time! So far, everything about this new prototype is going better than I expected. Didn't they withstand the previous turbulence perfectly? Both the thin, lightweight and flexible support beams, as well as the stronger central axis of the complex? Well, almost all of them...* she thought while she remembered the loss of one of the creased planes, owed to the violent torsion of their respective supports.

That fracture had crushed the pipes of its fluid's circulation. And without this liquid, the delicate mechanism of the pleated plane could no longer function. So the disabled plane just hung from its mutilated support, while the servos dealt with its gradual dismantling and the recycling of its material.

*Every cloud has its silver lining*, thought Exxa, *because due to that experience, the tensile strength of the supports was modified and therefore the bifurcated planes of this new model worked much better.*

Despite the newness of the prototype, Exxa had already become familiar with many of its functions. She soon realized the sophistication of its servo-functions and the excellent biosubstances used in its slender but strong construction. *This one is not like the previous model, which was so primitive that it could only deploy one receiving platform at a time. And so very narrow that it turned out to be!* she remembered with discomfort.

She identified herself much more with the current prototype: with its many bifurcated planes, with the careful distribution of elements according to precise logarithmic proportions. She was also very satisfied with the strong and erect central section, along with the flexibility of its many secondary beams and with its well-designed base, so solid and well anchored. Here she could work at ease and, at the same time, have some time to think about her previous experiences.

She was really pleased with the results achieved in the development of the new bifurcated planes, each one with a long, oval shape and slightly pleated along its main axis.

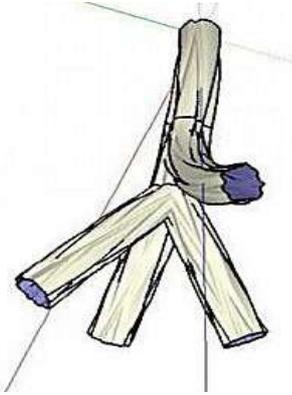
She also liked the efficient way in which the prototype could modify the electromagnetic composition of raw materials, those that flowed through the innumerable circulation ducts that began at the very base of the main structure.

Not to mention the performance of the tight mosaic of tiny compartments that had perfectly adapted themselves to the outdoor environment, with very little modification of their original design.

For their part, the bifurcated planes had been designed to allow the entry of vibratory pulsations, whose wavelength ranged between 600 and 730 Angstrom units, that is, within the range of maximum effectiveness to break the electromagnetic bonds of the raw material received.

On the back of the bifurcated planes were the filtering and pumping mechanisms. These were in charge of the admission and expulsion of the various gases used by all parts of the complex.

While thinking about all this, Exxa began to detect a slight change in the pace of the many automated mechanisms. Among them was the soft creaking of the supports of the bifurcated planes, as they slowly rotated to take full advantage of the impact angle of the electromagnetic vibrations it received.



There was also the sound of valves opening or closing, to allow a greater flow of the various solvents transported through the semi-translucent vertical ducts that ran through the entire structure.

Also, she could perceive the soft bubbling that indicated the temperature change of the circulating liquids. All this indicated that, in fact, a new Clarity Cycle had begun.

*Fortunately, Exxa thought, that the quota of general solvent would soon arrive.*

Due to the timeliness with which the solvent always arrived, most of the servos that used it had adapted to this rhythm.

As everything went according to plan, Exxa had another while to recall what happened during the duplication phase of the previous prototype. She remembered how after the structure of the Receiving Platform was completed and the double-sending mechanism was put into operation, she had to wait for the arrival of the Emissary for three consecutive Clarity Cycles.

On that occasion, she constantly checked the emitters to find the reason for the delay; but, as everything was going well, she could only continue her lonely wait.

She recalled how, at intervals, the slow-signal transmitter emitted towards the environment, tiny particles whose chemical composition included the precise energy code, designed to guide the Emissary to the Receiving Platform that awaited him.

Likewise, the fast-signal emitter, which could reach farther the slow-signal one, also performed well. This caused the methodical refraction of the light-waves received by the various surfaces of the Receiving Platform, which gave it a very intense red color.

Exxa also remembered when the Emissary, through its large multifaceted sensors, finally detected the fast-signals, after having entered its radius of action.

The Emissary had gradually approached the prototype, until the sensors of the BioStructure recorded the moment when the visitor landed —heavily— on the support planes of the Receiving Platform. After coming into contact with it, the slow-signals continuously told the Emissary that he had reached the right place.

As specified by the rigorous protocol, a prehensile device was extended from the Emissary's body. Almost immediately, it began to collect the crystals of the agreed exchange. This was the prelude to the deposit of the causal capsule counterpart brought by the Emissary, which was so eagerly awaited!

The accepted rule was to leave it at the entrance that led to the semi-enclosed chamber, deep within the Receiving Platform. There it waited for the arrival of the complementary part of the capsule, ready to begin the duplication process.

Once the exchange concluded, the Emissary quickly left, taking with him his agreed quota of crystals. For its part, the tiny component, so diligently delivered, would continue its journey through the inclined conduit, already under the control of the pertinent servos of the prototype itself. This operation ensured the success of the duplication process.

The capsule and the color of the receiving platform of that prototype were very different from those of the current model. The new capsule was coated with a material very resistant to temperature changes, humidity, and the handling necessary for its transport. It had hundreds of thin rods covering the entire quasi-spherical shape, each ending in a pronounced flexible hook. In the present case, the color of the receiving platform was a bright yellow.

*Yes, that was indeed a very successful operation, thought Exxa with satisfaction, hopefully this time there won't be any unsolvable difficulties. But... what could be causing the general solvent delay?*

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On another level of the Pluriverse, Adrian, very worried about the meeting called for 7:30 in the morning, hastily gobbled up the last of his scrambled eggs, downing it with the rest of the coffee of his restless breakfast.

*What could be the reason for a meeting convoked so urgently? And so early in the morning! Thus he thought as he hurried out of his apartment, briefcase in hand and jacket half-on. Good thing I got up early so I can avoid the morning traffic...*

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While that was happening on another plane of plural reality, Exxa noticed the scarce amount of solvent now circulating through the narrow internal conduits. She also noted, with great concern, the incorrect ratio of liquid per amount of semi-solid matter.

*Soon, the solvent would reach a critical level... What could be happening?* thought Exxa.

Through the appropriate sensors of the BioStructurem she saw that at the same time, gradually, the Clarity Cycle was waxing. Never before had the arrival of the solvent been so late. This led her to consider alternatives to face the situation that could arise.

Upon reviewing everything, she saw that the grids in charge of collecting the solvent were sucking almost dry, barely managing to gather the few drops that remained among the amorphous matter that constituted the basis of the BioStructure. Automatically and according to their usual schedule, the servos had dug deeper in search of pockets of solvent, that sometimes remained among the deepest strata of the dense substance on which the BioStructure stood, but, with no success. There was nothing left to extract.

Exxa knew she would have to use all her expertise to solve the unexpected emergency. This led her to conclude that the most important thing was to redistribute the remaining solvent the best she could.

Without any hesitation, she closed the conduits leading to the older pleated planes, knowing that they would not hold up and would be damaged. But what else could she do? There were still several of the newer, more resilient planes. These could continue to function once the present dilemma had been solved. If it was resolved...

She also concluded that the most fragile and important part of the entire system, at this time, was the unfinished Receiving Platform. That's where the very little solvent left should go. *Yes, thought Exxa, right now, the Receiving Platform was the most important component of the structure!*

The Clarity Cycle had reached its peak—and the indispensable solvent was still not in sight. *What am I going to do? I'll have to close the valves of the ducts that go to the secondary supports, to be able to maintain the pressure required by the servos of the Receiving Platform,* reasoned Exxa, now striving to stay calm, *There's no other way.*

From her previous experience with similar prototypes, she knew that some parts of the BioStructure would be irreversibly damaged, if the current situation continued.

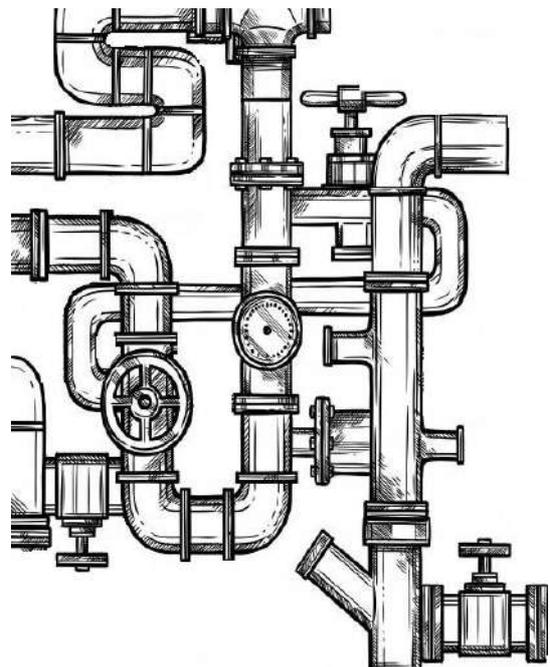
The delicate solid-liquid balance would enter a critical phase and then there would be no alternative but to drastically slow down the whole system. Exxa didn't know what would happen afterward, as she had never been in such a situation.

Uneasily, she reflected, *Perhaps the magnitude of the damage would impose the cancellation of the current prototype... Or perhaps some of the new servo-functions would do something to remedy the situation... Yes! Maybe there was a deposit of solvent reserve, as happened with that other model... Hopefully...*

Exxa waited for a long time, while systematically and according to the specifications of the on-board manual, she continued to close the valves of normal operation, to immediately open those that allowed the deviation of the scarce solvent toward the areas of maximum importance.

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Once back home, Adrian threw his jacket on the couch and carelessly dropped his briefcase. *What the heck!*, thought the executive, *tomorrow I'll go out and buy everything new! From now on, only the best for the new vice president of the company... I mean, me!!*



*The meeting turned out really well. Ah, and so very hush-hush the directive had kept the good news!* reflected the euphoric Adrian as he went out to the balcony of his modern apartment, ready to start enjoying his unexpected free afternoon.

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Now the speed of the servos had dropped to a minimum, including those of the Receiving Platform. Exxa had lost all hope.

All of a sudden... The solvent! The long-awaited general solvent was finally arriving!

Hardly able to believe it and with no time to think about it, Exxa immediately began to readjust all the sections of the BioStructure, to activate its maximum absorption capacity. She quickly opened all the closed sectors and was now able to detect the powerful solvent pumps. *Okay! From here on, everything will be stabilized by servo-functions. What a relief! I still don't understand what happened, but it's a good thing everything worked out!* thought Exxa while noting that all the gauges gradually returned to normal. *Despite everything, the Receiving Platform had not suffered any damage!*

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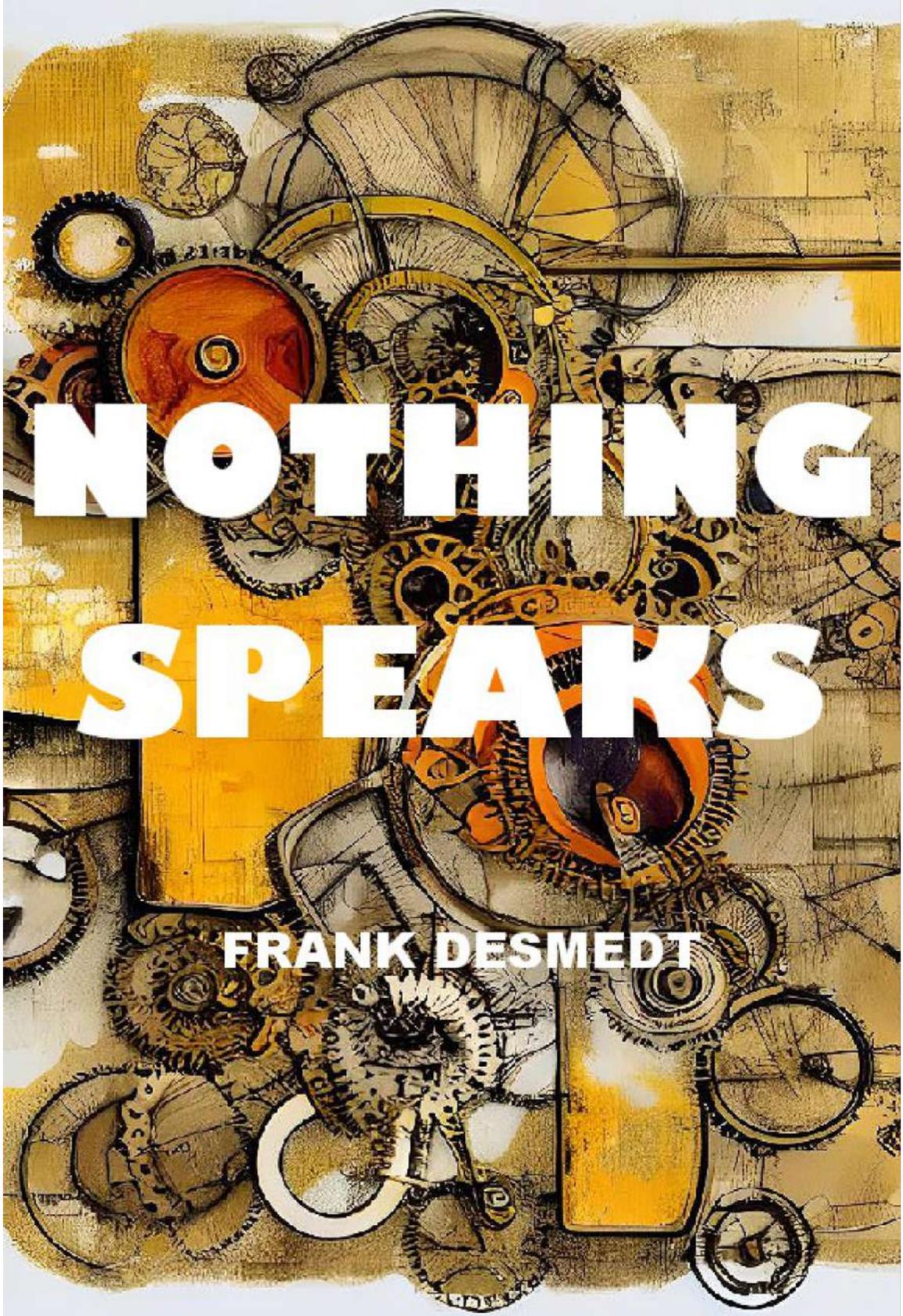
After looking for a while at the impressive panorama that could be seen from his apartment, a landscape that today seemed better than ever, Adrian notices the many bees flying around him.

*Yes, spring is already in full swing... and what a sunny day. Hey, how about that! In my rush this morning, I forgot to water the hybrid plant that Andreina gave me. If she finds out, she'll kill me! According to her, it's a unique and very delicate specimen. Let me water it before it dries out...*

As Adrian finally watered the little plant, he couldn't help but admire it. *Look at all its new leaves and... Wow! A new pretty yellow flower is sprouting. And what an aroma it gives off! Ah, that's why there are so many bees flying around it. Despite its sad appearance, with this good watering, it seems that Andreina's new variety is going to be a success!*

And thus, Exxa and Adrian, imperceptible to one another, inhabitants of parallel worlds and in charge of the same BioStructure, very satisfied with the work accomplished, continued to enjoy the end of the same Clarity Cycle.





# NOTHING SPEAKS

FRANK DESMEDT

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NOTHING

SEES

Frank Desmedt

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—Truly, I couldn't say which of you two is more important.— says Logic, after having thought about it for a few minutes, —But, I think I'm right when I sustain that one can't exist without the other.

—How can you say that?— whines All —Anyone with an average intelligence can see that *I*, as what embodies “everything,” am *much* more important than Nothing.

—That's true, up to a point, my dear All— admits Logic with his characteristic serenity —but consider that without Nothing, there wouldn't be any space for you and your things.

After hearing this, All remains silent. But, you can tell that he's *very* upset by what Logic just said.

Perception, very comfortably reclined, decides to intervene and says —I think that Logic, from his point of view, is absolutely right. However, I also believe that nowadays people give way too much value to the things that make up All, and therefore, they pay too little attention to the rest...

—The rest? And what is the *rest*, pray tell?— interrupts All —I hope that you're not going to talk about one of your esoteric theories. Not now, please!

Perception calmly replies, —No, I'm not referring that kind of “rest.” This time I'm talking about something that's in plain sight. Go ahead, Nothing, tell them about... you know...

The shy and always reserved Nothing, feeling pressed to leave his usual silence, answers in a whispering voice —All right, Perception, if I must. With everyone's permission, I'd like to say that, despite the conflicting opinions on the subject, I maintain that I too am useful.

—You?— interjects All abruptly —But, what use could *you* have? As soon as you start using objects, you're dealing with *my* things. Remember that all objects are a part of me.

—Yes, I'm aware of that, All. But, allow me to state my case. In fact, as I was saying, I am *very* useful, because without me a lot of things would stop working.

—Well, then... Enlighten us about your famous usefulness!— blurts out All.

—Hey! Back off, All! Could you let him speak his piece!?!— says Logic —Please be quiet while Nothing explains himself. With all your harassment, he can't even think straight! Go on, Nothing. Please, continue to present your case.

Reluctantly, All calms down and drops heavily into his seat.

—As I was saying,— continues Nothing —yes, besides my usefulness, sometimes I'm even quite *appreciated*.

After hearing this, All can't hold back and lets out a disdainful guffaw. But, seeing the critical look of the others, he makes an effort to stop his uncontrollable laughter —You must all excuse me. But ... Ha, ha ... You say that you're appreciated? ... Ha, ha, ha...

Ignoring the outburst, Nothing continues in a whispery tone, —I can name several things that, without my intervention, would be totally useless. For example, tell me, how could the

many glasses, cups, and pots be used, if it were not for the “nothing” that is surrounded by their sides? Without this emptiness, they would only be useless cylindrical objects. And what about clothes? How could anyone use a shoe, were it not for the “nothing” that’s surrounded by its leather? Without my help, it would only be a dense, heavy block of leather, which, perhaps could be used as a paperweight. Can you imagine how utterly useless a hat is, if it doesn’t have the “nothing” to put your head in?

Thinking aloud, Logic says, —Friends, it seems to me that what Nothing has said so far is very sensible, don’t you agree?

In response to this, All remains stubbornly silent. And Perception, glancing sideways at All, says with satisfaction, —You see, All, I told you it would make you think. Go ahead, Nothing, tell them the rest.

—All right, if you insist. I have also noticed my usefulness inside a suitcase, a trunk, a box, or a drawer. For, where would people put their belongings, if they were always full of All’s things? Furthermore, have you thought about how clothes button-up?

—HA! I told you! You can’t deal with buttons. They belong to me!— suddenly bursts out All.

—Wait a minute, I’m not referring to the buttons themselves, but to the “nothing” within the *buttonholes*. And how could you string-up your shoelaces without my help? Haven’t you thought about the disappointment of the children, if I wasn’t around when they tried to use a straw to drink their lemonade? I don’t see how they could do it, if it were a solid plastic stick. What about the balloons of the Sunday stroll in the park? And the *piñatas*? They would be very heavy and impractical if they were solid, right?— says Nothing.

Again, All remains stubbornly close-mouthed. Seeing that the other participants also remain silent, Nothing continues his dissertation, —Imagine the frustration of the newlyweds when they realize that without my help, their new apartment is just a big cement block, impossible to enter or live in. I’m the one who lets them make it a home and a shelter. Not to mention their new car, which again, without my intervention, would only be a solid rolling metal mass.

—You see, All?— asks Perception —Even though he doesn’t talk much, Nothing does his share of the work, right?

All had mitigated somewhat his blustering attitude, and had even been listening with interest to what Nothing had been saying. Still, he remained mulishly sullen.

—Go on, Nothing. Pay no attention to him. He knows you’re right.— encourages Logic.

—Well, consider that without the space that I provide, everything would be a giant fusion of things; actually, it would only be *one* big thing. Tell me, without me, where would the birds fly? Where would you grow a mustache? What good would a fork be without the “nothing” that separates its prongs? Or spoons, for that matter, were it not for the “nothing” within their concavity? Please notice that a knife is only used to create a “nothing” between the pieces it’s separating.— concludes Nothing.

As his companions just look at him, without saying a word, Nothing takes this as a concession to continue —Have you ever tried to open a lock that has no keyhole? Can you

imagine a chain without the “nothing” that’s within each of its links? Have you thought about how sentences would look like without the “nothing” that separates the words they have. Imagine if you had to read something like:

*“Tobeornottobe,thatisthequestion”*

—All right, Nothing. Enough! You’ve made your point! I admit that I was somewhat hasty in my opinion of your uselessness and, therefore, I take it back. But that doesn’t prove that your “emptiness” is appreciated, as you say.— argues All, now in a more moderate tone.

—I beg your pardon, All, but I maintain what I said. Look, how can you admire the beauty of a fine work of embroidery, were it not for the “nothing” between its stitches? And, how could you play a drum or a guitar? How could you pour your wine without the “nothing” of the bottle’s opening? Doesn’t everyone appreciate the “nothingness” of an open window through which they can enjoy the scenery?

—Please continue, Nothing. Evidently, All doesn’t like to lose a debate.— says Perception, now smiling mischievously.

—And, how can you not be grateful for the “naught” of a door frame, which lets you pass from the “nothing” of one room to the “nothing” of another? Am I am not appreciated when after driving your car for the umpteenth time around the block, you finally find a “nothing” where you can park it? Aren’t you going to take into consideration all the work involved in producing a “nothing” through which the trains of the subway can travel?

—Any comment, All?— inquires a spirited Perception —I think that Nothing has made a good exposition of his valuable work. We must pay more attention to both what is visible and to what is not.

Compromising, All, a bit crestfallen, finally responds —Indeed. I must admit that it was a mistake on my part to belittle Nothing. Please accept my apologies, Nothing.

—Apology accepted, my esteemed All. As the saying goes, “When I say nothing, I say it all,”— replies a now more lively Nothing.

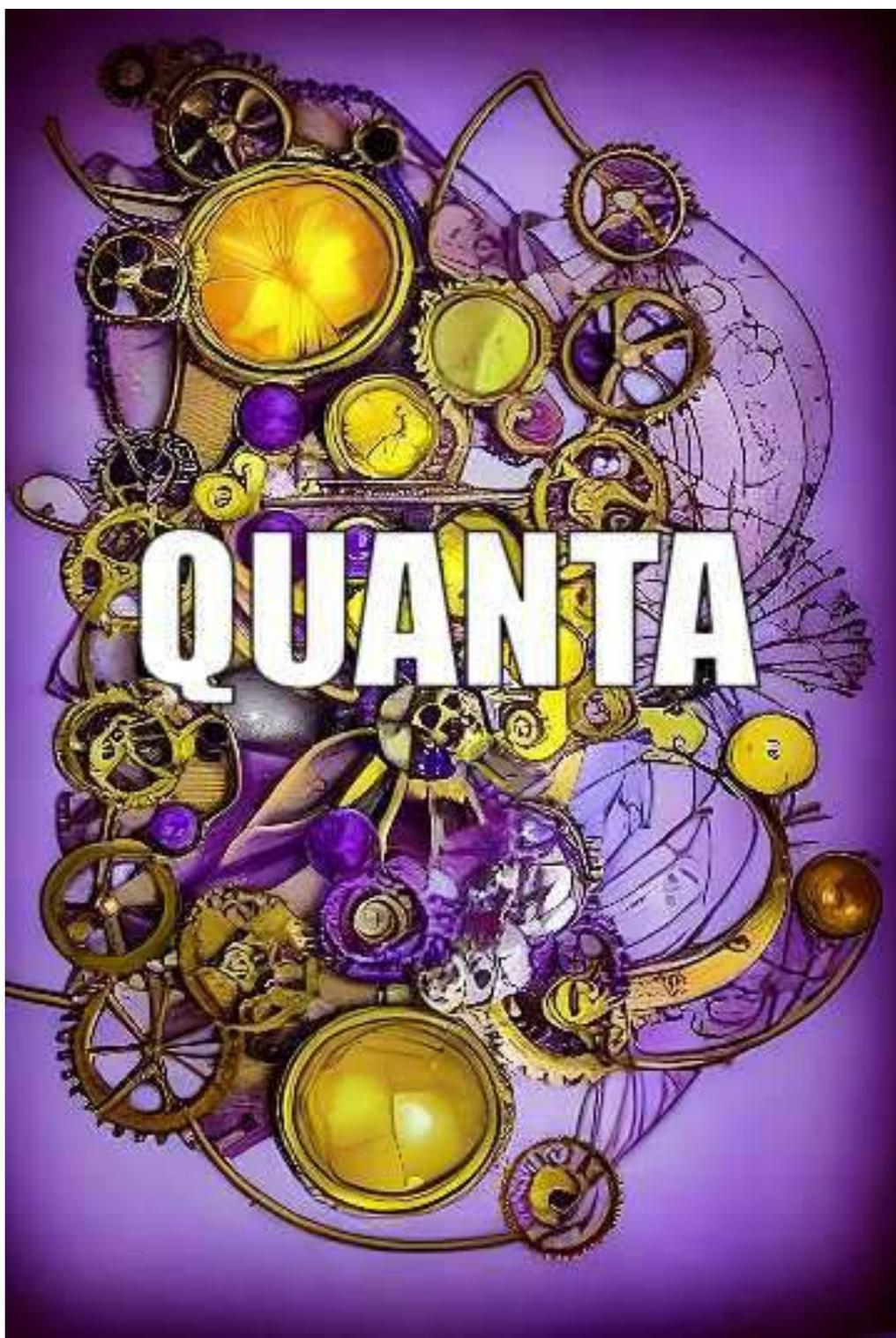
—Well, all this has made me think,— says Logic —and I believe that I’ll stick to my initial opinion. It’s clear that both Nothing and All do a great job, but only if they work together and complement each other.

After a brief and awkward moment of silence, All gets up, goes over to where Nothing is standing, surrounds his non-existent shoulders, and hugs him with all the arms of Mankind, —No more arguments, Nothing. From now on, we work together!

Perception, who suddenly snaps out of his contemplative state, says:

*It’s only when we think of nothing, that all can come to mind.*

*It’s only when we have nothing, that we have room for everything.*



# Quanta

Frank Desmedt

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In the vast expanse of the universe, where **Nothing** reigned supreme, a peculiar dance was unfolding.

**Nothing**, in all her paradoxical glory, found herself in a predicament. She was everywhere and nowhere, before, now, and always, all at once.

As **Nothing** contemplated her existence (or lack thereof), she encountered **All**, her age-old counterpart. Their interactions had always been complex, a push and pull of creation and void kind of relationship.

But on this particular cosmic day, a new player entered their eternal game. **Quanta**, a mischievous spirit of quantum possibilities, materialized between them. **Quanta** was neither nothing nor something, but rather the potential for both.

"Well, well," **Quanta** said, its voice a symphony of probabilities. "What have we here? The great **Nothing** and the mighty **All**, locked in their endless tango."

**Nothing**, perplexed by this new entity, tried to engulf **Quanta** in its vast nothingness. But **Quanta** simply laughed, a sound like the tinkling of subatomic particles.

"Oh, **Nothing**," **Quanta** chuckled, "You can't consume me. I am the very essence of possibility. I exist in the spaces between your nothingness and **All's** everything."

**All**, intrigued by this newcomer, reached out to touch **Quanta**, hoping to make it real. But **Quanta** simply shifted, becoming both more and less tangible.

"And you, dear **All**," **Quanta** said, "cannot pin me down. I am the wave and the particle, Schrödinger's cat both alive and dead."

As the three entities interacted, a curious thing began to happen. Where **Nothing** and **All** touched, and where **Quanta** danced between them, new realities began to form. Universes sprouted like cosmic flowers, each one a unique blend of existence and non-existence, certainty and probability.

**Nothing** found herself feeling... something. A curiosity, a wonder at these new creations. **All** felt a new kind of emptiness, a hunger for the unknown that **Quanta** represented.

And **Quanta**? **Quanta** reveled in the beautiful chaos, the endless possibilities that sprung from this cosmic collaboration.

"You see," **Quanta** explained, its form shimmering with excitement, "it's not about being nothing or something. It's about the infinite potential that lies in between. The dance of probability, the symphony of what *could* be."

As eons passed in the blink of a cosmic eye, the three continued their intricate ballet. **Nothing** learned to appreciate the beauty of potential, **All** discovered the allure of uncertainty, and **Quanta** found joy in bridging the gap between them.

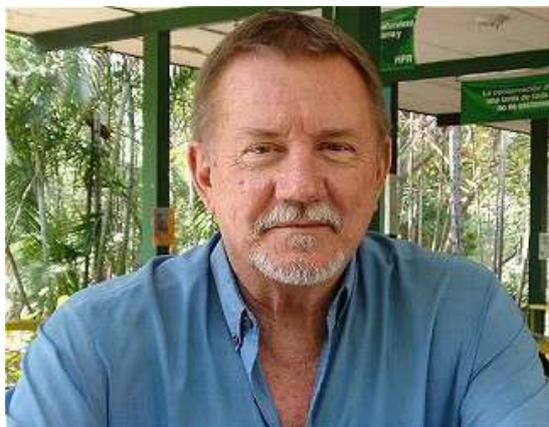
Together, they wove the very fabric of reality, a tapestry of endless possibilities, where nothing was certain except the certainty of change itself.

And so, in the grand cosmic tale, it was discovered that true creation comes not from **Nothing** alone, nor from **All** by itself, but from the dynamic interplay of both, catalyzed by the quantum wildcard that is **Quanta**.

The universe, in all its infinite wonder, continued to expand, a testament to the eternal dance of **Nothing, All,** and the ever-playful **Quanta**.

\* \* \* \* \*

## About the Author



Come to think of it, I'm sort of a three-way hybrid. My family upbringing was definitely European (Belgian), my early teen-age years were enjoyably influenced by the American way of life (in Glendale, California), at the beginning of the *Rock 'n Roll* era (anybody remember?), and the rest of my life exposed me to the fast-paced Latin American culture (in Venezuela and several Caribbean Islands). This gave me the order and discipline of a Northern European, the modern vision and progressive imagination of an American, and the animated soul of a Latino.

By trade, I'm a Computer Systems Engineer, who specialized in setting up the Data Processing Department of diverse industries and large, high-rise hotels in Latin America.

For the past 30+ years, after having debunked a lot of ineffectual information, I've been designing a system that I called ASTRONICA (which has very little in common with Astrology). In a nutshell, it's a technique that anyone can use to (1) become aware of their inborn attributes, qualities, and skills (including their Life Purpose), and (2) to determine the ongoing exocauses (true astrophysical events) that inevitably influence us and our environment. You can test the efficiency of Astronica for yourself, by visiting the [Astronica](#) website (in Spanish and English - online since 1997). Try out any of the free and user-friendly online apps that you'll find there — they're all based on Astronical algorithms. You can go there either with a desk PC or a laptop. But if you're mostly on the go, feel free to use a tablet or a smartphone. No registration, no cost, no hype —all the apps work just fine!

After retiring from the Hotel Computer field and having put together the Astronica system, I began to write in two different fields: fiction and non-fiction. In the non-fiction section, I've written several books that have an Astronical undertone (e.g., *The Astronica Handbook*, *The Cyclegram*, *Dynamy and Polarity*, *The Cosmic Tree*, and *The Hidden Circle*).

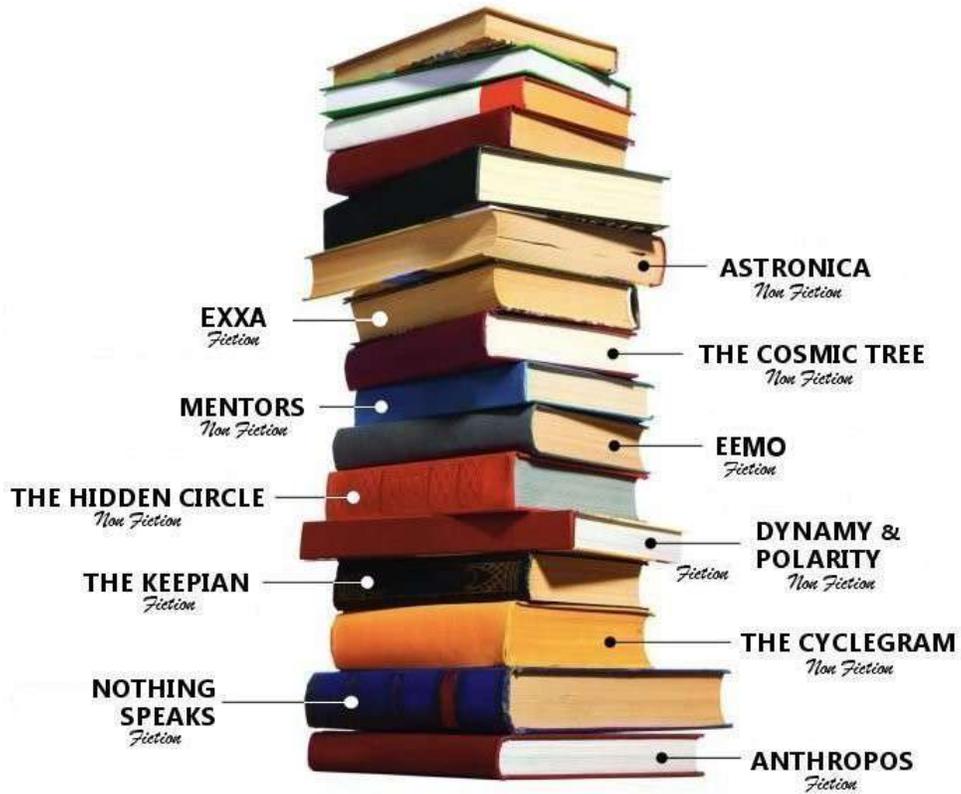
My writings in the fiction section usually include characters who live in the imperceptible “threshold area” that's between our everyday reality and the rest of the Multiverse (some of the titles are: *Eemo*, *The Keepian*, *Anthropos*, *Exxa*, and an ultra-short story, *Nothing Speaks*). I like to call this genre *MetaFiction*: the Reality that lies beyond reality.

I work every day on the Internet, to expand and further hone the Astronical resources. Now and then, when my Muse prods me, I take another shot at story writing, so feel free to look me up.

Hope you liked the stories as much as I enjoyed writing them.

Thanks for taking the time to read them.

## My Other Books



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Astronica's Website: <http://astronica.free.nf/index.php>