

“ItUnd and The Artist (in exile)”
or
“ItUnd’s Universe”.

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ItUnd
and The Artist (in exile),
Location: StrangeFruitGardens. (Chapter I, Welcome & Introductions)

‘ItUnd seeing a rather strange and ugly creature’.

ItUnd went for a small walk in order to relax from the troubles of daily real un-life.
After a while walking and feelshaping much better, he saw a strange and rather ugly creature walking in the StrangeFruitGardens.

It moved in the most peculiar way, on two sticks which good, by the look of it, move independantly from each other.

By which means it seemed to stagger itself somewhat clumsily forward.

The creature had in addition two smaller sticks parallel to the main body mass on which rested a reflective sphere with a rather strange attribution in the shape of a, well hat, ItUnd supposed you should call it.

The hatshape was black.

ItUnd’s mind became a little bit unstable because he could not directly proces the different kind of materials the creature was build out off.

All the strange combinations of hard ware and biomassware it seemed to be.

It took ItUnd a while to digest the information that the creature itself seemed to have a rather, almost insultingly so, simple bodymassshape, with a lot of ancient help-attributes connected in a loosely way to it.

For a while ItUnd asked itself whether the creature was just a means of transportation system for the hardware bits it was carrying.

Then he decided on the ground of lack of neuralwaveprocess that the hardware –part were a kind of helpmeans for the creature.

All in all it seemed a rather awkward business which one could hardly accept as an elegant way of moving through even the simplest shape of spacetime.

Surely there must be better ways of transporting oneself from one realm to the other.

Anyway.

That’s how ItUnd saw The Artist (in exile) for the first time.

tHeMoment,
Location: EverywHere.

tHeMoment was having a good time.
That silly bugger of a tHeMany was fooled again.

tHeMoment was enjoying a good moment.
He almost had laughed his head off (well if he had had any he would have) with helping the small quick creature called 'TheArtist (in exile)' escaping from the Troubled Matter Swamps. And without the small quick even noticing the most obvious explanation why he did get away with most of his life, his sanity and limbs in one piece.
Well most of it anyway.
Probably the fool was putting it down to having a few moments of luck.
Luck of course didn't count for tHeMoment, he was luck.
Change and changed, funny how deeply connected those simple words were, tHeMoment mused.
And wasn't it a wellknown fact that life had it changing experience (M)moments.
Big moments the Quick used to call them.
Big moments for small Quick, but life was more complicated than that.
Well , how could they know with those little grey matter containers which you obviously could not call a 'Mind' in any true meaningful sense of the word.
How could they even possibly start to imagine what a true full grown MindSong looked like.

tHeMoment as usual always enjoyed a good moment when thinking about the hubris of the small quick.
The way their lives were shaped by his momentarily presence.
Were touched by his momentarily presence was perhaps a better definition.
As if they were able to generate such intense moments of emotional deep sense 'an oceanic feeling' some small quick had called it in the past, all by themselves.
When in effect 'their' great or deep experiences of say ultimate happiness or feeling interconnected with the primary source of Life itself, were not the fruit of their emotional and spiritual labour, but just him paying a visit.
A short visit to be sure, for he was not called tHeMoment for nothing of course.

Well not by the small quick naturally, but more by his, let's say more or less equals like ItUnd LeJuggler, tHeMany, Nekrak and tHeJunkyard.

The Artist (in exile),
Location: Transformation Forest. (Chapter I)

The Artist (in exile); contemplating on his TroubledMatterSwamps experiences.

The outside: in the woods. (or at least something that for a lack of better fitting words one could only vaguely describe as woods).

The artist (in exile) felt free and alive. He wondered how long ago it had been when he had felt so, what would you call it, light perhaps.

He noticed he was humming an old song to himself. “If you go down in the woods tonight, the teddybears have their picknick...”

“I’m digging a grave in the moonlight, digging a grave in the moonlight...” he scrambled another songline through it.

Which made for a pleasant song altogether.

WhaWwha, that utterly strange kind of dog, came barking along. Along with the father-thing. The Artist (in exile) had to laugh...

Although it was a laugh with an edge to it.

After the life threatening experiences and troubles he had of finding his way through , or rather escaping from, the Troubled Matter Swamps , he felt rather elated.

Being alive did that to you of course.

Being alive and perhaps being lucky.

For it was more a question of being lucky than being so streetwise smart that he was getting away with his sanity, his life and all of his limbs more or less intact.

It would have been an easy, oh so very easy and tempting and seductive thing to have become a building block (Memberpart) of the Troubled Matter Swamps.

Or perhaps even a worser fate, to have become one of the many enslaved Memberparts, a kind of semi-conscious guardians parts of the Troubled Matter or ‘GarbageMan’ as he liked to think of them, or it’s.

A cold shiver went through his spine and he smelled his own fear again, thinking about the Troubled Matter Swamps having that probably lasting effect on him.

His own experience of meeting a ‘GarbageMan’, called AMany, had left him changed and shaking.

Changed in ways he was afraid of even beginning to contemplate.

That should have to wait untill he was mentally ready for it.

‘I lost myself, never came back’ again an unwanted songline drifted through his grey matter. Another habit-thing he had picked up during his exile.

Old lonely stupid songs, a subconscious way of telling him that he missed his old world?

He still didn’t quite understand the many small differences between AMany and tHeMany.

Except that tHeMany was indefinitely more powerfull than AMany.

In his mind the entity tHeMany existed of a multiple of AMany’s.

But he couldn’t be sure about this concept.

It was all to weird and utterly strange.

ItUnd,
Location: Everywhere

ItUnd thoughts were quick as lightning.
Even quicker depending on its present quantumstate.

His allawareness reached out and found some exotic new wonder.

The Artist (in exile),
Location: TroubledMatterSwamps (Chapter I, part 1)

The Artist (in exile) was humming an old song, “well we all shine on, like the moon and the stars and the sun”, which meant that for the moment he was content with the world.
Or content with his being (a) part of it.
Which is something slightly different.

More often than not The Artist (in exile) wasn't so content with the world and his being (a) part of it.
Mainly because he felt such a small part of it.
He knew that the world belonged to the very small.
Even could not exist the way it was, supporting life in general and him especially, in a grand complicated dance called feedbackloop, without the very small.
And although from a cosmic viewpoint or say ItUnd's (and how did he know that?) he was indeed very, very small.
He still wasn't so small as all those bacteria's who worked endlessly and tirelessly to nurture & support & sustain or to be life.
They may awarebe different about it, but that was their problem.

A small voice in the back of his head was nagging at him though...
What if?
He wondered. There was something troubling him in the confinement of his thinking cells for a long time already.
What if?
We all know or ought to know that life as it is, is completely and utterly depending on all those tiny, slimy, stinking things.
Even at least a quarter of his own bodymass existed literally from the little buggers.
Doing all their little dirty business inside of him.
Yak.
So what.
What if?

What if all the bacteria from the world combined are in fact one big entity?
A rather ugly one perhaps but still.
What if there existed one giant planetwide-entity, a so called 'kingdom' on its own... with a consciousness? Self-aware?
Build up from all those tiny little interconnected buggers of bacteria & germs.

The Artist (in exile),
 Location: TroubledMatterSwamps (Chapter I, part 2)

He often found, when thinking about this concept, that he could not go on thinking.
 Like his thoughts became sluggish, slow and unfocused.
 Or that his mind started wandering without having a clue where it was going to.
 Mostly to quite banal information like shopping lists or unimportant daydreams.
 Or the weatherprospects... always a good conversation topic back in his in his home country.
 Shit.
 Damn.
 There he goes.
 He was doing it again.
 Again.
 You see, there he goes again.
 Non-thinking about the real subject.
 What did it mean? How come, how could it be?
 He had the feeling that he should be able to think deeper. Clearer. Farther.
 More penetrating the core-of-the-problem-insight-like.

Then why didn' he?
 The Artist (in exile) was for the moment content with his place in the world.
 He was feeling (a) part from it.
 What was he thinking about again, ah.
 The very small and the not so very small.
 He was not so small as a bacteria, but also not as big as he wished himself to be.
 No, not big.

If he was honest, he just wanted to have more appreciation from other conscious entity's.
 Appreciation for what, for him as a being, or for him as an artist?
 And where was the border between them anyway?
 He wanted to be seen more and thereby exist more, a quite stupid notion really.

Stupid notion's he had plenty off.
 Always had.