

Dear Robert,

I gazed at this rock-like structure for hours. In a trance-like state, I found myself sliding into crevices as I glided across smooth plastic skin. A skin entangled within its surface, a consequence of some primordial event. And in a childlike dream, I began to become intoxicated by its never-ending folds. A world whose surface was like the folds of an endless baroque fabric.

Suddenly in these baroque-like fantasies, I began to panic. I imagined a mistaken encounter in which the path to this place had been lost and was now no more than a distant memory of an ill-fated endgame. Unable to find the path I began to realise there never was a path but rather just a myth, a false teleology..

Still uncertain where to turn, I began to wonder if by your method I might navigate this labyrinth. I recalled the words
the thing is not no-thing.

The pristine logic began to empower me, as the ground began to solidify. As my confusion evaporated all contradictions were swept aside. In this synthetic method, a totalizing vision began to take hold. But as I gazed into this totalising abyss I realised there was a different way out of here. A pragmatic approach based simply on the encounter, the event whose shock of sensation would necessarily be grasped.

As if by magic I found myself floating over a never-ending hexagonal terrain as I dreamed of a dead world that once teemed with endless arrays of books. A world whose cornucopian falsehood was founded on the domination of nature..

Then suddenly I awoke in a sea of ceaseless quantum fluctuations and drifted across the never-ending folds of the world.

Patrick