

Leading Toward Blindness

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To the family,

Author's note:

To the reader, here's a character list.

Key : Character List

- : Our Lady of Peace (a disruptive nature)

-- : I

: *Friends (that come and go) are in italics*

" " : the narrator speaking or thinking for himself.

Everything else is the story itself.

(A note) There are notes found in places.

And **bolds are titles** where there is no obvious title.

This story takes place during a festival over many many days, maybe years, possibly even millennia...the duration of your average solar system -no, star system formation (probably that a hundred fold). The only noticeable passage of time is measured in darks and lights. As always, there are many things concerning the world.

OVERTURE : PROJECTION

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

A wonderful wall of pictures and sounds came from the stage.

-The overture is sounding fantastic,

she said.

Narrator! Narrator!

Getting up slowly the narrator spoke;

"What?"

It's time for the public announcement.

"Alright, fine. Give me a minute."

(It's on the next page)

Public Announcement:

Folks,

We cannot find the cause. It's alright though, everything is still fine. Nothing has fallen apart. But we're limited. Or at least that's how it feels.

(convey something inexpressible here)

Tomorrow morning, at dawn, everything will fill the sky (as per is usual). You will learn that kindness is a kind of insane...and that others' joy is a treat to yourself. You will find that failures do occur. But also there you will find resilience.

At night, scary sights will not overtake you. Real or imagined, the ghosts will leave you alone.

(a note)

I don't believe in everything in front of me.

I imagine senselessness.

And I hope I don't lose faith.

If you tell me something I can respond. If you speak, I will sit quietly and listen. I can only understand if you try to make me understand. I cannot know any of your thoughts outside of being mixed up with my own. And also not until I have been told. I can only hopelessly speculate.

You must remember that I am quiet.

And know that I cannot imagine a forever joyous occasion.

Also, that I believe that life is not ever in error.

*

I wonder what it is that I'm so apprehensive about.

Is it that difficult to share?

Analysis of Myself.

"This is a difficult task."

But necessary to continue forward.

'I'

I'm still unfamiliar with the form.

*

I imagine that y'all hear everything all perfectly well, all those sounds and desires leading to fullness.

*

Then it happens that everything done before now is like it hasn't ever happened. I have no history and I am an existence (or non) not privy to the laws.

*

We all have a way of thinking. And it all causes trouble.

*

Modern Times, I sang while looking for a place to park.

"The sounds of our time are unmistakable."

There's no trouble with living.

*

She catches herself before she stumbles. She grows less content. And the days get muddled up even worse.

*

-not hurting anyone or even wasting time.

*

simple light equations

*

(a rest)

The gravity of the situation did not escape me,
my lady,

I only momentarily forgot where I was.

*

uneasiness

waves of bass...the moving earth

a fair brunette

*

I don't remember how I reacted.

I can't explain a sensation.

It was nice and cool outside but the people made it hot.

I was reminded not to think.

I don't know where from that information came.

But I listened.

*

"To understand is to be compassionate."

I was content with the world before then.

lull between bands

for a time there will be darkness
energy and light last only so long

*

Listen,

there are wanderers about.

*

(spiral out (to quote Tool))

CUT TO: BLACK

SHE SAID
Where is the edge?

Then a drop, and...

SHE SAID
(in some pain and really angry) Ah!
Damn it!

She fell off the rail to shale gravel below.
This makes her terribly upset.

SOME TIME LATER

Occasionally the odd marble strikes her.
-it's strange finding things out in a vacuum.
Just when imagination seemingly ceases.
Something shows up.
You become something else.
Something that doesn't have trouble creating things anew.

LATER STILL

a sound like a latch

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DAY

Suddenly she's on a terraqueous world again unable to appreciate
the interacting showgoers.

CUT TO: BLACK

She found a tremendous living world filled with light and he is
jealous because he has not.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER FOYER DAY

He is returned to earth.

They are separate.

He sees her outside.

He exits to the Theater Exterior.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATER DAY

She sees him,

and immediately notices how much light there is.

She tries communicating but everything filling the vacuum keeps getting in the way of the relaying information.

For now, everything is too solid.

SHE SAID

It was peaceful there.

In earnest, to deaf ears she makes a display. She is uncomfortable. All these damn people.

I

It wasn't peaceful there.

SHE SAID

It was quiet at least.

And the people give her sharp looks.

She turns away because of some newly manifest pain.

I

It was too empty there.

SHE SAID

It was better than here.

(a note)

We're separated. Because of something.

*

Inadequate grounds.

(a note)

~~It must be quite nice to all be the same.~~

I hope we unconsciously communicate.

I hope that we kind of understand what the other one is doing.

*

That person ignores her.

(a note)

It feels as though, before I knew it, most of it has already
escaped.

Large scale objects...

-crush your beliefs.

--alter your world view.

"Change the way you think about things."

*

'After the show there is a party to whence we shall go.'

occasional rhyme

debauchery

succumb

*

One way or the other.

*

My muscles strain uncontrollably.

My body hates me.

There's a constant pain over my left temple.

*

I do not want to be in this position.

There is no satisfaction or release.

Only an everlasting desire to reach equilibrium.

(Equilibrium occurs naturally out in the vacuum)

The inability to sustain equilibrium is the reason for all the
pain.

A lot of energy everywhere,

and at the same time there is really nothing.

*

It's hard to know where we are.

There's no light.

*

--without her there is no presence.

*

(How are we even communicating?)

*

Communication ceases.

Fuck

Look how bad this is.

*

Walls

And wells

On stairs

There fell

A fellow

Not paying attention.

The Union's Pacific bound train passed headed north.

Nearby is a startled young man thrown into the air watching his rattling walls tear up and implode. His heart sinks at the death of himself at the end of his dream.

When he wakes, the shaking is slight and the dire mood has substantially subsided. He rolls onto his hurt shoulder and with a wince --goddamnit! His heart races. He notices that, 'I'm killing myself'...because of a poor diet and sedentary lifestyle, and it makes him angry that he makes his heart work so hard, 'it doesn't work right', he thought again...'because I can't clear up my thoughts, or handle my emotions and because I am not brave I am alone...and I need help to be at peace.' He works up his anxiety to a worry.

It then quickly turns. And for his own sake because he has to get up and leave, and to not be too explicit and to not be turned on, so as not to masturbate, he refrains from picturing the gorgeous, fair skinned large breasted light haired brunette that he so desperately wants to be fucking.

*

It's his own fault. He secludes himself.

The world full of people is disconcerting.

Whatever peace of mind he once had has gone somewhere else.

*

Before it even gets past halfway it gets muddled up because values begin to look unimportant...but it is for this specific

reason that he continues, because inherent value in morality and aesthetics is self evident. This mustn't be over looked.

There must be something important.

(a note)

It's not the dress darlin', it looks great. I'm sorry I'm not very enthusiastic about these things. But you know what I think. You know very well that I can't help myself...the hanging all over you.

I'm glad you liked the earrings. I don't usually choose you good jewelry. You didn't make me mad. Something bothered me from earlier. (Continued on Illegible for.....
.....about this long)

You said (illegible.....til here)nd that something about a witch made you have bad dreams. The rhythm to her voice was familiar to you. I don't remember the rest.

But here's a nice little story for you. I wrote it the other day. What do you think?

"I don't mind anymore" said the Otter to the floor of his quickly sinking damn. "It's over! It's done! I'm nearer blind!" he cried. So Mrs. Otter, his lovely wife, then hit him on the head and told him to move.

"Move!"

He jumped and then scuttled and scraped from her hand.

"You're not dying in your poorly put together goddamn damn!"

He looked at her and like a moron said, "it's a good thing

we don't have any children."

She moved from angry to a darker place, and slapped his face.
"Let's go!" she shouted.

"I'm not gonna drown!" he loudly pouted. "Let me see what went wrong."

"If you get caught inside you will die." She said annoyed as all hell and then she bit him on the side.

"Alright, alright."

And they got out. They got out to a flood. But they escaped.

"Damn thing wouldn't have lasted anyway."

"Yea, well look who put it together"

"Like a riddle or a joke."

We settled on a path full of fun and fervor.

-then why the hell are you so risk averse?

He looks around.

-then there it is again.

*

In the middle of the night. On the east side of the bridge they walked together to the car parked far. Her shiny dressed ass and her heels in the gravel. Tilting. As though falling.

*

"no se preocupes"

*

Meaning fullness like a life

I look on, likely missing

Miss Olivia I miss a lot.

*

Small pieces of my history appear to me made up.

*

We continue on optimistically. Some purpose somewhere. Connections between connecting beings. Fellowship and insights. Essential Relationships. (Only some people you're bound to.)

Just barely less than self conscious. I don't think about myself. Accidentally, quickly forgetting so I do not remember. Like the outer world. Comfortable with how it appears.

*

I could present myself better.

*

He's lazy with things like that. But he's concerned with the overall aesthetic, that's why at certain nice occasions he can be handsome.

But it's not about that.

"those **Essential Relationships**"

THEY SAID
To make it make sense.

*

Awareness and sharing.

*

Something about how you make sense of yourself based on your relationships to others makes life more vibrant.

Patterned in living is a similar you and me. Us.
Systematically we, to function properly.

*

Forced the undertaking of surviving, and even more than that, then the man, beleaguered as he labors to get to the door to open the door to let in the barking dogs, first wrestles up to the summons --annoying damn dogs.

*

Of the world of animals.

Around are,

(even if you don't believe in it),

protagonists vs antagonists that do not recognize themselves, who once were brothers and sisters.

*

Nowhere points of view.

Vanished Values

Upstart battles for who the strongest is. The craftiest, best suited to survive. You know, social Darwinism. And then

the fact of the missing values gets missed.

--Gotta gain more. -can't lose this. --smart ass.

*

--no, we shouldn't be anymore destructive. -sure, let's just burn it all.

*

--The universe gets rid of bad animals. -(gestures to self) and me? --you have to have a damn answer for everything. -well we have to be quick and adaptive.

Adaptation

We used to be very prudently adaptable.

Over eons a quick speed up is normal. Almost normative.

Quicker.

Slow Down. Quicker.

Wimper.

Stop.

Start. (from god knows where)

*

Then remember that you have to be life living again.

You cannot dissolve into abstraction.

(Though I suppose you could be vaporized)

-I can dissolve. --you damn liar. -alright, don't believe me.

*

What is provided is all there is.

It can change form.

But no more, no less.

Rules to bits of things.

Careful,

One's own means is the last and most dangerous thing to leave to anybody. Don't ever believe anyone defenseless. Rather, non dangerous.

*

Anyone can learn at any point in their life.

*

Sounds are directional. Biased. Believed to be less impressed upon. Organic and synthetic. Respondent to movement. Of everything. All sounds by virtue of ecstasis. Being excited.

Vibrates into a solid state.

A thing becomes...as is.

Unpotential to potential to fully realized. A sliding scale up from there.

The means is how the resistance to the flow of the system imposed upon the traveler by the road is overcome. Avoid (meaningless) destruction along your path. Don't bother about the broken things too long. Otherwise you'll congest the other light particles not part of the wave state.

*

Life and solid state light should be the same word. Life should also be synonymous with existence. Is to say all is life.

*

On the other side, something of nothing is not.

Where we don't live...that non place not even on the other side. Over there, there are powerfully wrong ideas about what it's like over here. Like the powerfully wrong ideas we have over here about over there.

*

There they think that: Limits confine.

Here we think that: There there is no nothing.

There they think that: Form can define.

Here we think that: There there is no nothing.

*

If there, there is nothing...

Where here is there a ground?

The tow of the bad rot is over the line.

Although the culprit is apparently not Gravity, Gravity is the most far reaching part of the interaction.

She and I are always touching regardless of distance.

--so I fish.

*

Peering up at the step building from below you can see an arrow pointing up.

--look, the architect must've seen it.

-looked up from here...this spot of convergence.

*

Some girl he thinks he loves is an artist. Obviously. And thus she's too much lacking in pragmatism. Passionate and hesitant to be optimistic about her future she tries his patience with her ambivalence.

*

"Quiet please."

Now between her and I is **a lesser vast amount of space.**

*

More vigilance among the distant moving bodies. Bodies being altered. Feeling better by doing certain things and abstaining from other certain things. It's strange but not counterintuitive at all. The more you break down over time the less you can heal. At some point it'll stop.

*

"a useful function."

*

It does no good to be obsessive. It's like deciding to look up or look down. Either direction.

INT. (SOME PLACE)

He remembers she said,

-back there where there are deep blacks lie a few mint Gamma Ray Bursters sitting outside Light Range so that no one can ever see, but only feel.

[In Bright Lights: OVER THE IMAGE ON SCREEN]

And feeling is better anyway.

CUT TO: BLACK

Constant disturbances are caused by unseen released Energies.

(fiddling with the music player (songs keep changing))

As often dark as it looks outward, it is always without light that one looks inward.

I

Having to be your own creator of things. Creating things copied from the memories of the world. Copied from experience. Experience copied from nothing. Missing the piece where existence come in.

Having to be your own creator of things. Creating things copied from the memories of the world. Copied from experience. Experience copied from nothing. Missing the piece where existence comes in. (they repeat again quieter)

(she, from wherever the hell she is, looks up not not amused)

Less of him, more of her.

(The most relaxing music playing)

Firstly, a resounding -god damn headache. That everyone has had for so many days of drinking (and partying).

"Had I a better mind and better will."

And then she has the early mornings of a little bit of actually working.

I don't know how do you do it?

-What? Hold on.

She barely pays attention because she's teaching the children how to work a lighter.

How do you do it? I got it to spin and I pushed it down and my finger burned. I burned my finger.

And she's also got a pack of matches handy.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

She's there, not cooking, though she can cook, just sad.

*

That's just how it came across. As rude.

"Without her soundboard."

-alright, I'll remember that shit!

She's angry.

Being pulled away from light to no light.

Her limbs feel bad. She's in utter fucking anguish and she just keeps getting madder because she has no control over how she feels.

Pulled from out of existence

The devil's the devil for a reason.

She has a genuine fear of evil things. She's been like that since childhood. She'll only show you surprise for a second, then she's gonna face it. Like everything she faces.

*

It tears at me when she's sad. And I can barely console her. I only have my bearish presence...a hibernating type of personality not expressed until poked and prodded, or cuddled up with. Much like her. She's not mean but she is rather intimidating...and not likely to be the first person to start the conversation.

So we're just there together not talking much, not wholly uncomfortable but uncomfortable enough to need to touch but frustrated because we're not allowed to. Because of circumstances. But those circumstances can only impede our progress for a short amount time.

And we've been drinking so much just to get to sleep that everyday I wake up I feel like shit. The hangovers haven't been too bad because of the cold and the fog of her having recently nearly lost her mind. And the confusion is worsened by the fact that I unexpectedly really care for her. And I think of how much more worse off than me she is. I can only be a sort of crutch...not a replacement limb.

Senselessness and the Sentences of her Expression...

...as is less perceived.

-can't convey meaning effectively.

(In an English accent. She also prances and dances.)

Why does a low light think he's privileged?

-because you're afraid to be in favor of anything. Or really even share!

The Earth shakes.

--she should be mad at me too. Because I'm a disappointment.

Rebuilding Efforts

In an effort to get the tools that he needs to make the things that he wants he works doubly hard to rebuild. But she's the one that can actually redesign the environment.

We need a large like minded community.

We need to have clear goals.

-and aware, concerned, intelligent citizens.

*

It's all an unorganized bustle of people around.

Some with a sense of morality, and others not.

Battling it out either way.

In that they are the creators of their conflicting worlds.

-it is all about what is good for us all.

Build something strong and sturdy that will last forever.

...that's the mantra. (to remember to be motivated)

*

Just to remember to keep things going on. Not to be destructive. Not to be maligned by circumstances. But to act reasonably when acted upon.

"Do not avoid inertia."

-can't decide whether or not to cross the street?

Because he forgot where he was going because of all of his damn thinking...and drinking.

I remember thinking about movement in time. Wrapping my head around that one. Weren't for moving physical objects, time wouldn't be there. Nothing would be there. No prevailing wind to guide you in one direction or the other.

"He thinks of greater things to not think about the immediate heartache and headache."

The wind hits. It's cold for a second. I keep hearing her in my head. I want to invite her here. "But he's just standing there not doing anything."

He has moved away from the epicenter of activity.

All the activities have since died down.

*

He takes it on faith that she still exists.

It takes a while. For him to move.

And there's not really any time.

Wandering drunk, the actors are delirious.

Int. Emissary Query (Quarry) - Night (not whole dark)

The Choir overhangs a Lampost and the Highway beside the Man walking. Vehicles pass hastily. Off target past Waves that don't reach the City that contracted out Blossom Breasts to the Aleph. There's no Sound coming up. His Ears, he fears, have become Useless. But the Music he hears is hers. It's a Haze dusk Day. Was. *Color established, dash blasted Ash.* Reverence not required, but urged upon by the Body.

*

No Exploding closing. *Good.* Watch reads Late. Glancing through Traffic. Funny Light.

Across the Way.

(a*

check the Broadcast)

--gettin' rid of all the evil energy.

-stoppin' the feelin' of bein' too hot.

Narrator! Narrator!

Narrator?!

In bed turning over, not getting up, the narrator spoke;

"It's over now. No more show."