

cenit

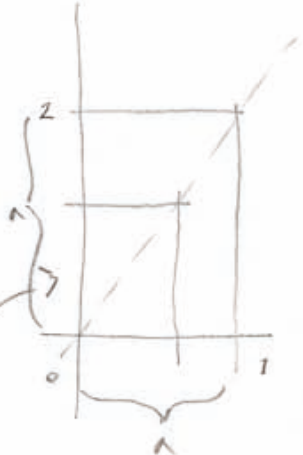
Mario Asef 2016/17

Our love is the majestic excess of two points transported by incongruous parables, united in utopian fashion in an ephemeral buzz.

zenith

I hope they never return to their places: the mere instance, the cup, the rhythm, the voluptuous angle of the hours that construct the shadows of our buildings and the eyelashes obscuring her eyes.

I will calculate the line perpendicular to the tangent that touches my feet, uniting the sun with the earth. The solar zenith of this noon will last the eternity contained in a second.



Bolsano

labor

to draw a line is

Objectifying random forms is a common method in the arts, which pretends with elements of false precision to put an end to the caprices of the ink.

Just as every dimension has its particular focus and with it, its element of truth, all matter innately contains a specific form central to its way of being.

The line must be completed, the poles must be united and the areas filled in, so that the illusion takes effect. This work requires much precision, calculation, and patience. It is of utmost importance not to suspend the process before it comes to an end, less the observer feels betrayed.

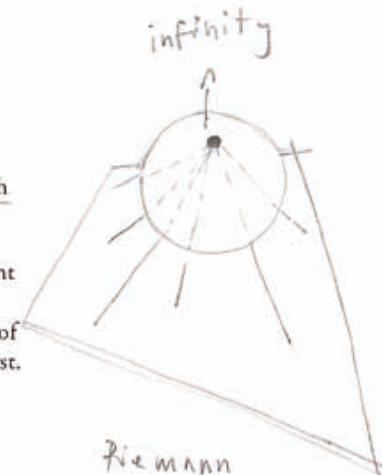
a pact

eyes

The center of all things can be found looking through the eyes of the one who loves.

Through her eyes I saw the universe that Borges described with his Aleph or Riemann with his sphere: the absolute precision of forms within an absurdity suffused with meaning.

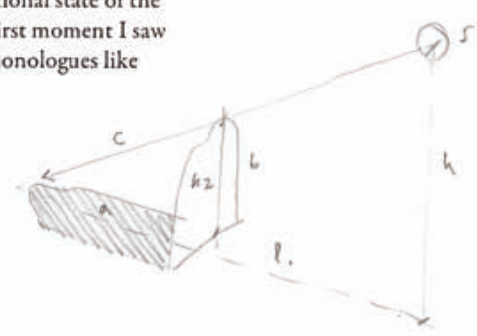
Unlike the arts, her eyes don't need the gaze of others for validation. They were fires of light and mirrors capable of annihilating shadows. Perhaps the essential task of the passionate lover is to consume the other's fire. Lovers consume one another in their exponential race of pleasure. The subconscious goal is to consume the other before the other consumes you first.



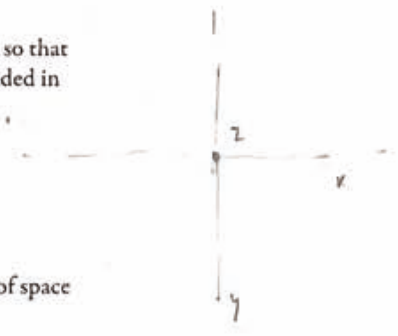
shades

The Aztecs were careful to calculate the solar zenith of the solstice with the greatest possible precision. They were terrified by the notion that space would disappear because they were unable to comprehend a world without shadows.

In the third part of *The Ethics*, Benedict de Spinoza asserts that all beings yearn to persevere over time and retain their form. In his view, this fight configures the emotional state of the individual; thus the struggle to persist is innate to every being. From the first moment I saw her, my persistence challenged all these natural laws. Since then I weave monologues like spiderwebs and plot ways to freeze myself in the illusion of the zenith.



If shadows are responsible for describing space, then we will need to abolish shadows so that distances will disappear and the perspective, both perverse and misleading, will be folded in on itself. Only then will I retain the illusion of non-space, where her smile still exists.



end

The irreversibility of the end is its most terrifying aspect. At the exact moment of the zenith, when things absorb their own shadows, the idea of space disappears and the universe ceases, waiting for a thrust to restart its trajectory.

That instant is the end and the beginning of everything. I stare at the constrained breath of things as if in a time machine. The universe is my time machine.

space

Space is an innocuous, instantaneous, ineffectual, and crude aberration. There are those who do not believe in two-dimensions and vehemently reject it. I tell you it's a fact. There are those who slander it, but I venerate it. No civilization is possible without two-dimensions.

Geometry is the 'door' to abstract thinking

I encountered in the nadir of the night the bodies that bind the orb to the universe. I have found them joining the lines that articulate the constellations. Amonet whispered to me in my sleep: "There is a method for remaining in the solar zenith. It is to follow the route delineating its journey. If one manages to stay within this zone, one will live forever in the zenith."

Pre-science

Myths personify the natural phenomena of physics that mathematics pretend to disenchant. But in its eagerness for descriptive perfection, mathematics is the creator of an even more brutal, invisible, odorless, inaudible, impalpable, omnipresent illusion—God.

God is a mathematician

lethargy

A long silence accompanied the hours of our days. She couldn't speak, and I didn't know how to laugh. Her gaze slipped between my fingers unable to contain it. The silence was a caterpillar that ate us from the inside.

Where did the center disappear? Where the zenith? To love or to stop loving is always a conscious decision since unresolved ambiguities are the inescapable condition of all things.

constellation



latitude

Unlike cosmic events that occur everywhere at the same time, the day of the zenith or nadir vary according to the position of the observer.

If the observer moves north or south of the sphere, thus changing latitude, he will transport its horizon with him, causing the celestial background to rotate.

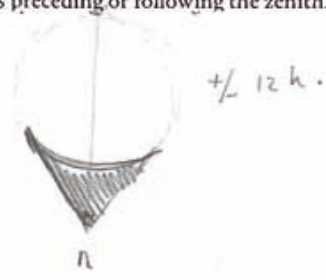
The observer loaded with his celestial knapsack wanders around the globe and the whole universe rotates along with him.

love is not a cosmic event



nadir

The sun, contrary to what many may imagine, is not directly underneath our feet twelve hours preceding or following the zenith.



At the Aztec ceremony of the New Fire, participants are expected to gather at the Cerro de la Estrella to see what constellation reaches the zenith at midnight. If it continues on its course, this will be the proof that the universe has not stopped.

consummation

Someone said that love is always consummated and consumed in twilight. I told her about the line that, perpendicular to the tangent of our illusions intersects the curve of reality. That line marks the only point where happiness is possible –hence the importance of the zenith.

She didn't listen to reason. My words overwhelmed her and she abandoned me, but I was the one who left. Consumed like this by her love I prowled the orb with no fixed destination.

For a long time I followed the line that would take me to the tangential point of happiness: the path of the zenith that annulled the shadows and which seemingly folds space into two-dimensions.

I will not talk about the flies or the tobacco that confused my thoughts and distorts my calculations. Truth does not matter. Never mind the oppression and despair. What matters is the sun, her orgasm, her illusion, and this mirror of her that I am.

I haven't found the zenith again. I tried to falsify it to deceive myself from forgetting that it is impossible to falsify the universe. I made a cigar with my letters, smoked the dry ink, and promised myself not to stop my search. Living is a constant struggle against the dissolution of oneself. We dilute ourselves in landscapes, in radiance, in flesh... It is pleasant like some forms of suicide.

exit

Schopenhauer accused Spinoza of abusing certain terms in his *Ethics*. I have the feeling I might be accused for doing the same.

