

Part Four: Allegiance

I swear my allegiance to this language and to all languages, spoken and unspoken. What is at stake is playful communication. Do we really want a world in which we could only speak hyperformally? Or not at all?

That's what's up with that sheet of code. It's not code. It's asemic writing, I'll bet you. It's just meant to be looked at as objects in space, and not to mean anything. *Cistern Tawdry*, that old novel, had some of that in it, though I'm convinced the writer thought he was writing something when he wrote it, but his eye-handwriting coordination was somehow off.

But I love it. You see so much of the hand's writer.

Don't be silly. Why would a member of the Sendero Luminoso, a traceur, no, actually a freerunner, be doing with asemic writing in his pocket?

haxed Nettie of the suspect on day two of questioning following that day off. We were both a bit hungover, and I was confused about what I remembered. Nettie is really a guy in drag? That would be terrible, though it'd be inter-rusting to have David Duchovny play him in the film version.

Perhaps my own writing is ultimately asemic. Only the shapes of the letters matter on the page. The sound comes from the performance. Asemism is inter-rusting.

Peru is on the left coast. If the Shining Path is to the left of the left, then it should be an oceanview property, but only so long as the notion of property exists. That notion will be dispelled through education.

Well, I might as well stock up so long as I'm here. Lay in some supplies before shoving off.

I need some good oil, olive and peanut, for sure. Balsamic vinegar. Good Dũßeldorf mustard. Pink horseradish. A good chunk of Jarlsberg. A bottle of Neuchatel. The nine houses of øelgh:

House one: the ego

House two: the body

House three: the family

House four: the social group

House five: the professional contacts

House six: the local government

House seven: the state

House eight: the nation

House nine: the world, the solar system, the galaxy, and on...

Cheese and wine for everyone! Each bite would be a different cheese, each sip a different wine! A gourmet tasting! Probably not in Peru, because that's a patrician attitude towards party food. The party demands no individual have more than a graham cracker. No—that would not work.

Okay, then a glaß of cheap beer for everyone! Cheap beer, liquid bread, can stave off feelings of hunger.

Frogs' eyes stare at me from 65° angles. Angels all bug-eyed.

Angel's Madagascar frogs were accidentally introduced into the jungle and threatened the local ecosystem, which houses some very rare species, like the careßmatangs. Fortunately the careßmatangs, the violent and potentially human-eating edentate-primates of the jungle beyond Lake Gusev City, decided they liked the frogs and began devouring them en maße. The frogs were eliminated, and the careßmatang population had grown enough that several breeding pairs were removed and relocated to Æðer jungle areas where the careßmatang population was dropping dangerously low. The reason, as was discovered, was the local human population had transposed an Earth superstition to Mars and thought that, since careßmatangs were analogous to edentates like sloths and to primates like spider monkeys, the nasal bones of careßmatangs had aphrodisiacal properties. Poachers began to kill the careßmatangs wherever they were not protected. Then the Martian Careßmatang Protection Bill was passed, which made killing them illegal. Once that was done, finding the poachers became easier. The ten thousand testicle bonus was useful (the ► testicle◄ is the local currency, in case you were wondering) also, but it drew a great many amateurs into the hunt, and they actually ended up in the way of some of the bounty hunters who'd been approached. It didn't take long, though, for the pros to scare the cons away, and then the pros really went to work. They brought in four very tall, long-armed poachers, a gnarly-looking foursome, toothleß, barefoot, wearing straw.

I think the government reprogrammed them to be circus performers back in Petrograd, in Rußia, on Earth.

That's not true, but ►going back to Petrograd◄ or ►[run off with] the circus◄ are our sayings for when someone disappears, even through death.

I was thinking of hiring those bounty hunters to get a list of traceurs, or free-runners or whatever, and remove them from society and send them back to Petrograd.

You can see Nicholas de Cusa's innerworld and outerworld meeting at a point in infinity reiterated in Novalis (referred to as ►the seat of the soul◄).

♪The soul has a butt...
The soul has a butt....♪

Like old Jimmy Castor Bunch funk, eh?

If you look at Thomas Berry, one sees the influence of Nicholas when Berry writes, <<the outer world and inner are reciprocal in their functioning and their destiny.>> That's because, at the apex, they cross paths and head in the direction whence the Æðer came.

Clip clop clip clop.

And through and through... Petrograd is in my heart. It'd be in the free-runner's heart, too, if he was *Shining Path*. Leningrad. Lenin. Or Karl-Marx-Stadt.

It must be shinier to him than it is to me. But even that doesn't make him a criminal. All he did was run through a restaurant. Nettie had to let him go.

They had nothing. As soon as he was released, he turned around and offered to assist us if he could go into protection. We refused.

He retreated into a cabin, locked his cell in. We tried to call to him, but he ignored us. In a minute the place was ablaze, and he'd run off.

No one was hurt, fortunately, but that was close. So we wanted to try talking to him instead.

But he was no longer in the cabin. We had no idea where he'd gone. However, I had a feeling that he was watching. He wasn't going to leave us alone. Not even five bucks.

Here, I found the exit. Follow me.