

# Chapter 5

## Exegesis Part Two

### Isolation in Limbo

It was as though I had been ejected from a container of some kind and at high velocity: but I was now in a form of unseen space, a space which was so dark that it was almost a void of creation, but I was aware of a space of some kind in which I existed, and all about me. There was a long stunned silence of thought in an instantaneous recognition of the obvious. “Bugger me, why did I not realise it ages ago - I am dead - you're kicking the bucket old son” ! Not expecting any answer I shouted out - “I am dead ain't I” ! A ‘voice’ or communication answered, much to my amazement. “Well, if you were dead then you would not know it would you; just think lad, how could you think that you were dead if you were dead”.

This was in some ways the most relaxing comment that had come to me since the music episode had ended and thus in some way relieved the panic which otherwise would have ensued. I inwardly answered, “That is indeed hard to argue with, but from what I have seen thus far nothing would surprise me” ! There was no answer to that but I distinctly felt the knowledge of something smiling. The sensation was now of existing in a literal space of some kind and yet very different to the confines of what I had taken to be my own collapsing mind and the things which had transpired within it: for now my mind was definitely perceived to be in a space, and free. I suddenly felt totally alone again, or so it was experienced to be. For whatever it was, the other degree of myself or otherness which seemed to have asked the questions was now gone again. I was alone. I guess I must have been fooling myself for it is obvious that I am dead, or at least on the way to it, for what the hell would I be doing here otherwise ? For a moment I wondered as to whether I was dreaming; perhaps I fell asleep in the chair and this is all a dream and I will wake up in a few moments. But I knew that it was no dream for it was as real as life, too real; albeit so different. I could still see; for that I knew, but there was nothing to see; there was no creation other than myself, my mind in nothing, Limbo. It was indeed a state of isolation, of existing in nothing created. It was not as though one were simply in a dark place as such, for it was experienced that there was no ‘place’ to be dark.

It was like being stranded, left alone in nothing; separated or beyond any form of creation; abandoned. All creation having been switched off and having forgotten to take me with it. Not even a finger to wobble or anything to smell or touch. I thought how much I would love to have seen a raindrop or felt the wind in my face. And that how I perhaps took such things for granted maybe. ‘Well, just when you’re enjoying yourself eh’, I thought.

One could think of this in terms of either a Limbo experience or *Mind Alone*, for the effect and the experience are the same thing. Naturally I began to feel apprehensive, for one could not do anything. One could not shake oneself out of it for there was nothing to shake. I began pondering on life for I had accepted that this was the end of it, or the journey to the end of it. Strangely enough I did not seem as bothered about it as I thought I should have done, and even though I had been cut short in my prime, and at a time when I was enjoying life to the full.

Well, I guess I am going to fade out any minute now and there is not much I can do about that now, so why worry about it ! But if ever anybody or anything asks me if I want to 'go on' again then I shall certainly ascertain as to what they mean before committing myself. After a while something switched on what I instantly thought was a star, a tiny little pinprick of light way off in the distance. I suddenly wondered as to why I thought that this star was objective to me, for nothing else which I had seen could really have been said to be objective in the literal sense; but this star felt to be absolutely objective. I was over here and that thing was over there, and thus real in objective terms.

I then questioned as to where all the other stars had gone but realised, or perhaps better to say suddenly remembered, that this was not outer space, but an unknown inner, or sub-space somewhere; and heaven only knows where. But if this is supposed to be heaven or afterlife then it is no great shakes; and give me Exmoor any day. Well, star or not it is damned obvious that I am not going to find my own way home from this place. And even if one knew the way back how the hell would one move in that direction ? I give up ! I began to wonder if my existence was now solely due to my thinking process perhaps. That is to say that I have no body or substance observable therefore perhaps if I stop thinking then I will cease to exist. That's novel I thought, a bit like Hobson's choice. By the same token however, if I were to keep thinking then perhaps I could hang about here for forever. But my thoughts do not thrill me to that extent so I did not fancy the idea of that. So perhaps if I stop thinking then I will cease to exist. So I stopped thinking. Nothing happened. I was still there; in nothing and nowhere. Well, that's it then, so much for that experiment !

It occurred to me that perhaps the Christians may be right after all and that this distant light was perhaps Dante's Inferno; Wow ! happy days ! I didn't think that I had been that bad however, and not that I believed such stuff anyway; but there you go eh! Movement seemed to slowly begin. Either toward the tiny little light or else it was itself moving toward me; but no, I felt actual movement somehow. Although I was not really thinking about it I somehow began to question, or at least begin to think, about my past life. If this light which is coming toward me (or me it) is death, then I really do have little time to think about life. What about it ? Well, it was OK I guess, I seemed to enjoy most of it despite the pains and the poverty, the war and frustration. What did I amount to ? Sod all really ! Was it fun ?

Fun ! ? I did not know it was meant to be fun; did I ask myself that question ? What the devil is going on ! Was it fun ? Well, some of it was, but not all of it, I thought to myself. Would you do it again ? Not the same one over again I don't think, a different one maybe. Different in what way ? Well, a little less frustration and pain, a little more passion and shared enjoyment. A more meaningful existence somehow

maybe. What is enjoyment ? Well, you know, enjoyment ! No, you tell me what enjoyment is. Well, enjoyment is to love what you are doing, to do what you love doing, and to share that thing and that love with another person I guess. It is also the joy of taking part, the act of being a part of instigating and spreading that enjoyment of being; a harmony of body and mind in the excitement of experience with others, and also at times on ones own with nature. That, I guess, is what enjoyment is for me anyway. At that point I felt that I would love to see a tree or a green field; a blade of grass or a drop of rain, or at least to feel a breeze of fresh air. For they were all now lost and gone. It occurred to me that I had not done any breathing for a long time; and nothing to breath with.

Would you want to go on living now given the choice ? Now that I have come this far I am not sure. It would have to have some meaning to it, some purpose other than mere pleasurable moments and sad moments which amount to nothing really. It would have to have something which is seen, known, to have some meaning to the suffering and pain which is the greater portion of life on earth it would seem. It would have to be worth the effort of the struggle involved.

Would I really want to live again now ? I am not sure now; but what I think does not really matter now anyway; so I do not want to think any more; sod the lot of it. However, life was certainly better than being here and that's for sure; and wherever 'here' is - the dungeons of my mind it seems. But whatever now then ? In life I had the option of committing suicide if I had wanted or needed to; but I cannot even do that there-here. I wonder where those poor sods went anyway. Perhaps such an act is simply a short cut to where I am now, or where I am headed for... that light is getting bigger, quite close.... Good grief ! What the hell... are they doing here ?!

I suddenly became aware that I was drifting past other beings somehow; hundreds of the buggers. I could not see them as such but I somehow knew they were there, and I could indeed almost see them, a kind of misty outline of some kind. I could somehow feel their presence. I became aware that I was somehow passing people; or beings of some kind anyway. What the hell are they doing here in my mind, or my minds tomb or whatever or wherever ? It was as if I was drifting through their dimension and yet somehow I could feel their presence and somehow 'know' them: an empathy of some kind. These people, whatever they were, were so good. I do not know how I knew that, but I just knew it, and I wanted to be with them above all else. If I were on a bus then I would jump off at this stop, but I can't do sod all: I want to be with THEM!

I wanted to wave at them to attract their attention but I had nothing to wave; yet somehow I understood something; a bit like a conversation by telepathy I thought. I could feel them and know them, and understand them somehow. Stone me ! - they said I cannot be with them... not now ! Why not; I want to be with them, they are far nicer than many of the people I came across in life. They are different somehow; strangely different.

Then, without more ado or a by your leave, I suddenly shot off like an inter-galactic bullet, at terrific velocity and away from their dimension of existence, or their imagined existence whatever. And the light which had been a mere pin prick of light, the little star, was now much closer and larger. That is no star, I thought; more like a hole with light shining through it, or somehow rather drifting out of it.

It was now almost upon me, or me upon it whichever. I seemed to be in some kind of free fall, a decent or diminishing orbit about it; spiralling toward it. It was almost as though I could feel my own movement now and almost a sense of rushing air passing me. Hay, this is quite fun, a good feeling. But I do not think it is going to last long somehow ! I was no longer questioning as to whether this light was real but rather as to what it indeed was, for I was heading for it and fast. It is not a star, it looks more like a hole with light coming out of it from behind. Well, it would seem that it is perhaps the death star after all; happy days ! Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of Richard: some hope !

Well, what is going to be is now going to be, so sod the lot of it: for there is nothing I can do about it now. But I could go out singing I guess - more dignified than whining. What shall I sing then; it will have to be a short song: Arrivederci Roma ? Auld Lang Syne ? No, I think I fancy a bit of Bach.... that is certainly a hole... it IS a hole... with light shining through it somehow; what a beautiful light it is to be sure... radiant.... strange... this is IT, I am going into it.... stone the bloody Crows I am falling into it.... Wow !

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