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## For Now.

### *1. The Most Uncanny Nothing*

“-No, not one more time”, screamed the child between bursts of laughter as the young father, with a reassuring smile threatened with another tickle attack. He bends the fingers of both his hands, holding them in front of his face like claws and the child laughs again. The mother, on a chair next to her son and husband looks away. The gaze resigned, the face expressing a slight disgust for both of them. For her the child’s cry means nothing. Her resignation has its ground in the hopeless knowledge that there will always be one more time. Always one more and if there isn’t there will be something else and that is obviously the same. Her eyes catches a movement, her iris reacts to the change of light and her eye return to their previous emptiness as two insects continue what she suspects is some primitive form of mating ritual. “-Oh, not one more time”, she finds herself reflecting.

“-Take it again, one more time”, says the teenage girl slyly towards the end of the song. She is dressed in black, only black not even nuances. Just black. Dressed in monochrome, a black that doesn’t speak but surrounds her warm pale skin like a withdrawn voice. She is convinced like only a teenager can be. She is really just a girl and she doesn’t practice being a woman in front of a mirror but that’s probably just because it doesn’t go together with her style. Once on a bus a women she wasn’t familiar with had asked her why she dressed in black. The woman was too sweet to ignore, too friendly to be dismissed. After all there weren’t many grown up women that addressed her. After a somewhat awkward silence, she wanted to be experienced and at the same time tough and sincere, she heard herself say, “-I don’t know”. She felt a little bit a shame. Maybe that’s why she doesn’t practice being a woman. She really didn’t know why and maybe it didn’t matter? Or perhaps the most genuine reason to dress in black and monochrome was to have no reason. She thought about it. She didn’t wear black because she liked music associated with the lack of light. When she was twelve or so an older boy borrowed her “The Tibetan Book of The Dead” but she didn’t get it. Then he borrowed her another book that she forgot the name of but it was full of phony rituals involving cemeteries, a dogs hair and bat blood. She didn’t like bats and where would she find dogs hair. Disgusting. She wasn’t into these pagan things, it didn’t seem right. Why should women give up rights that they had fought hard for and submit to a society where same sex marriage was unthinkable? Fucked up. She was a little lost but kind of happy. “-It feels nice”, but then she thought of something bigger black, the uninterrupted obscurity out there that is larger than fallen angels, vampires or monsters with bulging syphilitic brains with a pink leech dangling at the root of it. That was her black, a cosmic night so dark, so vast it must be indifferent to everything also the unthinkable.

You spit on the ground and it’s all right but what can you do when you turn your eyes to dark sky. It’s a strange mysticism, a Catherine wheel of the abyss, something held together yet void of any form of relations, of gravity and forces. It is an eternity absolutely unhuman and indifferent to the hopes, desires, tears, disappointments and

struggles of human individuals and groups. She didn't think it but felt it, a cosmic pessimism which limitlessness is the idea of absolute nothingness.

"-I dress in black, in monochrome black", it cleared now, "for no reason. I have no idea why but I must." Only the lack of reason, only an excessive indifference haunted by an unconditioned necessity that ultimately negates itself is sufficient as any other possibility would come out as a sickening yellow eruption of anthropomorphism.

But what if there wasn't one more time? What if there wasn't even a first time? Every moment, second, minute and hour is caught in an endless cycle of repetitions. Each second is identical yet different than the previous and we know what is about to happen next, another of the same seconds that never stops its repetitive sequence of fulfilled moments. Moments are fulfilled, they are never anything else and proceed to the next pleased and content with its own prosperity. Moments however are always flooded with doubt as its prosperity never overcomes probability.

"-No, not one more time", the child obviously doesn't mean it, but demand nothing else than exactly that. One more time again and again. Does not the child know, really know, that the termination of repetition opens a door toward something eternally more threatening than the attack by the father soft hands?

Does not the teenager that obsessively returns to the same moment, contradict a possible desire to end living and suffering. The teenager that really embraces pessimism and the tragedy of the earth is the one that calls for the annihilation of repetition. Time is simultaneously that which protects us from the dark night of eternity and what renders eternity impossible. Time stretches like a tight skin between the world and infinity forcing us into the endurable pain of life. Yes, this is the damnation that humans and other creatures of the earth have to tolerate, that the suffering is endurable, which it obviously is just because it involves it self with time. Only a suffering that can expand in time is tolerable, yet so much more cruel, indeed because the individual knows with highest probability that the agony will continue into the following second. It is not eternity that is cruel it is time.

"-One more time, but why", time has taken on a most dubious and moral task. What is suddenly experienced - "I look at my watch. It is Wednesday about two thirty at night" - what is suddenly experienced and what imprisons the individual in anguish, which at the same time delivers him from it, is the identity of these perfect contraries, divine ecstasy and its opposite, extreme horror. Time is an extension, a repulsive emission or its rotting absence - which is reactive to time and therefore nothing more or less.

The curse of time and with it the horror of teleology - it is not as pessimists tend to argue consciousness that is the mother of human suffering, it is time. Time can not die and it is always in the light, rendering impossible an absorption into the outside.

The young girl's face several shades whiter, tiny pearls of sweat force their way through the make up clogged pores on her forehead. "-What a cliché", she thinks accompanied by a faint sense of nausea. Fear does not overwhelm us in time, fear in fact is exactly that absorption of time into an unconditional outside. The outside is never gentle but always an oscillation between divine bliss and absolute terror. That is the horror of time itself.

"-One more time" is our insurance against eternity because is that not what necessarily must be feared the most, the possibility that time dissolves and gradually becomes more and more volatile until it fades away like a tiny cloud of smoke. The end of time is not when time stops, it is when it coincides with its own non-being.

But isn't it exactly the annihilation of time that we humans seek more than anything, seek not the moment when but instead the instant when there is no moment. Time does not point beyond itself but time does not die, as it has become a self-annihilating nothing that eternally survives itself. It is a limitless limit, lacking content, double in its principle. It wanders in the nothingness of the world, in a desert of its own moments and eons that continually point it beyond its own image and which it evokes and immediately abolishes in the impossible attempt to found its own certainty. Its twilight can last more than the totality of its day, because its death is precisely its inability to die, its inability to measure itself to any essential origin. Yet, time is not, time does not have being but is and must necessarily be a construction.

Time is without content and therefore a pure force of negation that everywhere and at all times affirms only itself as absolute freedom. A freedom that mirrors itself in pure self-consciousness. Time is forced upon us by ourselves as absolutely foreign to ourselves and its doings is to trap us in an ticking suffering more diabolic than any of the creatures of hell will ever have to experience. Or if they do, there is redemption in that fact that it will only happen once. Eternity is the absolute absence of time, which equals the absorption of all time into every moment simultaneously and forever.

"-No, not one more time", as much as time protects us from eternity it also excludes us from any from of prominent presence. Time annihilates the now and replaces the horizon of presence with the violence of perspective. Time doesn't see it looks, it holds on and knows nothing about letting go. Time is the origin of mimicry and as it is it cannot contain anything that is not quantifiable and hence time becomes the very generator of teleology. Time is the negations of experience.

"-No, not one more time", the cancellation of time, the refusal of repetition – that total indifference to time that will cost you your life and if not carries in its core limitless fear – that is the only place where experience can erupt. An experience that is not an experience of something (perspective) but unfolds as its own horizon, the experience of experience itself.

The experience of experience, is not the moment of death but instead the instant of un-life. It is experience without life, and hence the experience of experience coincides with the experience of existence.

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## *2. A Self-Extinguishing Nothing*

Ever since he bought the tickets he thought. Really, wasn't it just a coincidence or was it then that it all started. He tried all kinds of perspectives but no matter how much he struggled he couldn't rid himself from the pressing reality that it was from the moment that he bought the ticket that it began. Or perhaps even buying the ticket was a bad sign, was it perhaps already when he decided to do the journey that it started. He had thought about it for a longer time, considered different options, turned it all around but however much his environment opposed it and tried to persuade him there was nothing he could do to stop his conviction. He just had to do it, had to make this experience. Not in order to honor somebody or something. It would in ways have been much easier to motivate if there had been an old uncle up there that he needed to visit before he passed away. It would have been convenient now when he was the last of this family still alive, but there

was no uncle not even a long lost family member or a tombstone. In fact there were not a single grave left of his pedigree. All his relatives - except some ancient whatever who knows what - were cremated either buried in an anonymous place or spread in the wind in some place where it was legal and commonplace.

His sister was the last one and that hadn't really been a tragedy but something he could live with. She died to young, way to young but she had no children and Michael, her sort of partner was young enough to find some new company. After all her decease was nothing one could do something about and she died peacefully. Even so it was peculiar that since he bought the ticket she, his sister - older sister, had been more and more present in his thoughts. Most of the time in pleasant ways, waiting for the buss he recalled times when they had done the waiting together. He never did those things before but recently she was almost like a constant companion. Strange he contemplated, lately her presence had become darker, pressing and the images of her that flooded his mind were haunted by a sense of despair, a despair that the young woman in the images could not express, or voice. It felt a little bit too much like a classic ghost story, the idea that the sister wanted to tell him something, or even worse warn him but even so the images got more and more frightening and it was not long ago that the apparitions was a of a mutilated person. Even more nauseating was that patches of her skin seemed to have been ripped from her body, or it could also be some kind of mold that was affecting her skin, a pale almost white, outstretched surface in which black holes appeared, or was it groundless shadows with dispersed white patches. He didn't know and he had no intention of investing the matter further but was instead thinking for a while about something being half full or half empty. He concluded, not very surprising, noting that in either case the glass is half full because it is obviously half full of emptiness. A glass can not be half empty of nothing. It's just not an option.

Nothing, he thought, is empty enough because obviously nothing is already something and nothing's nothing on the other hand can not be given a representation. Perhaps he spent a little bit too much time contemplating nothing and nothing's nothing. Nothing is not the lack of something, it must be the other way around - something is the confiscation of nothing, but when nothing is already something, nothing is be the some kind of emission originating in nothing's nothing. He wasn't particularly into ecology but it fascinated him to ponder the possibility that nothing, never mind something, arguable could be considered a sense of pollution. Something is a polluted nothing and nothing is a polluted nothing's nothing. He didn't like Heidegger so he didn't particularly consider a phenomenological take on the matter. Then, it suddenly struck him that he had never read anything by Heidegger in the first place, but he was convinced. "Experience", he whispered in his own head, "is a rather cheap excuse."

At some point he had read on the Internet, you know based on a true story. Or perhaps it was a novel. The protagonist in the story had been shot and later rejuvenated but unlike most people she remembered in detail her time in the country of the dead. It was not exactly disturbing or fearsome, it was more like here just a little bit otherwise and it looked like China. Not that she had been to China but it looked like China never the less. Many years later she died a second time in a traffic accident but also this time brought back to life. The country of the dead still looked like China and from then on she obsessed about it. Why would it look like China? Finally she meets an old Chinese man who tells her that it is not the country of the dead that looks like China but the other way around. There is a belief amongst a minority that the beginning was not life but death. The first living being or person was in fact an individual from the country of the dead that was sent over the barriers to live in the world. A punishment one could say. It is not the country of the dead that looks like China, it is China that is mimed on the country of the dead.

Life, he thought, is miming death. Life is something and death is nothing. Life is a copy of nothing, nothing as something. A somewhat disturbing idea but also reassuring because death is then still something and what is really to be dreaded is the death of death,

nothing's nothing. The experience of the non-existent and this is where thought turns on itself because the experience of nothing's nothing must also be synonymous with the annihilation of the subject, experience and everything else. Nothing's nothing will and must be forever undisclosed, or rather the closing up to nothing's nothing equals everything's gradual extinction.

The day he bought the ticket was on the day a year after his sister died. Was that a coincidence? A few days later he cut himself in the finger, nothing to mention but the wound got infected in a way that he could not imagine. For each day it was as if the wound was growing. At first just a little cut on the inside on his ring finger. It was difficult to keep clean, admitted, but after just two days his finger was throbbing and what was initially nothing more than a scratch was now a cut edged with red, at the same time damp and dry, flaky surface. Another few days later he had a strange sensation that the wound released a strange, if not foul odeur that had a curious impact on him. When smelling it his stomach turned inside out and he experienced a reflex that almost made him throw up. Simultaneously he felt a strong desire to bring his finger into his mouth and suck it. He had to force himself not to and he didn't until one night waking up with his finger deep inside his mouth. He was repulsed by himself and knew that he had swallowed, not much but he had, fluid that was produced in the more and more loathsome laceration. It got worse, another night he realized that he had been sleeping with the hand between his legs. The bandage had fallen of and he could sense that the fluid and the open wound had touched his genitals. Even the somewhat exposed top of his penis as it was semi erect when he woke up.

One day as he was reading something work related he realized that he had been sitting in his chair staring at the wound. He did not know for how long, just that he was mesmerized about the fact that it seemed alive, part of his body and at the same time it appeared to live its own life. He used his smart phone to take picture of it. When he put fresh bandages on the wound he also applied some anti-inflammatory cream almost as if he wanted to nourish it, feed the alien capacity that he now hosted. Was he worshipping the laceration? He knew that he should see a doctor but couldn't make himself do it. He convinced himself that he was embarrassed but in fact he didn't want it to go away. He didn't want it to go away. At night when he went to sleep the dull pulsating sensation that had now spread to his entire hand gave him a sensation of homeliness.

One morning he decided to lick the wound and found that however it emitted a vague smell of decay didn't taste anything. Not even a little salty. There was an opening in his body but however much it was there it tasted nothing. With his nose close to the wound he could smell it. He could clearly smell it and yet it was not the wound that smelled it was the opening. It was the absence that he could smell. A smell that tasted of nothing. A few days later he was surprised that it was not there any more. It was gone and without a trace. Strange, he couldn't find the pictures he had taken of it neither. It was gone. He was instantly relieved and at the same time he felt as if robbed of something precious. It was simply not there any more, leaving nothing behind. It was as if it had never been there. No scar, no chapped tissue, nothing. He couldn't even recall on what hand it had been. Was it left or right, was it the ring finger or, he thought with a sensation of desperation. Had it migrated from one finger to another.

In the meantime the images of his sister continued to infect his mind. Initially the images were connected to situations they had shared. He passed by a shop she had liked to visit and almost as in a film a scene was played for his inner eye. The only difference was that the images of his sister was not of the happy young girl that he remembered but of a troubled individual that seemed to want to communicate something not being able to express it. In a restaurant he overheard a seemingly random sentence and it attached to a wording he remembered his sister having used. He walked through the park where she had spent time as a teenager, smoking her first cigarette and immediately her face

appeared in his mind, each time with an increased sense of despair. What was it that she wanted to tell him? He tried to call for her, begged her to speak but the more he tried the anguish in her face grew stronger. She lifted her hands towards him but as she did her arms as if from an invisible force were ripped of and his sister looked down with a surprised gaze on what had been her arms. What was left was just some undefined extremities ending with a dark shadowy dampness.

On a Saturday morning he decided to make scrambled eggs. Not that he used to but why not enjoy breaking ones habits. He cracked a first egg into the pan but realized that inside the egg a tiny fetus had developed. He tried best he could to remove it with a fork but when he cracked a second egg the result was identical. This fetus gave the impression of being more developed and he felt a sickening antipathy and could not avoid putting himself in the position of being locked up in a shell slowly dying in the coldness of his refrigerator. He cracked another and another one and to his disbelief each egg was fertilized containing the beginning of a little chicken. One of them had even turned into a brown black color the size of a fingernail. It was rotting inside the egg transforming it into a tomb. Its grave was the same dwelling as its life once had began. He was horrified about the idea that a heart had started to develop inside the egg and was now dead surrounded by a putrefying slime.

In the mean time he prepared for his journey. He purchased maps even though he didn't need them. He consulted all kinds of source material and informed himself about opening hours of museums, guided tours and booked a room in a hotel that appeared sympathetic. It was expensive but he was not in need of resources. He even spent evenings wearing a pair of newly acquired pair of boots to make sure he didn't develop chafe as he would wonder around in the landscape. He wanted to experience raw nature, see with his own eyes aurora borealis, eat the local food and thought that even though it would be late autumn spend some time on one of the guide boats. The closer he came to the date of the departure he got more and more excited.

The day after the incident with the eggs, just as he stepped out on the street a bird lay dead on the pavement. It was apparently a nestling as it wings were not fully developed and its feathers was spread over its dead body like the beard of a teenager. He was startled because the summer was already over and the autumn was announcing itself through the colors of the trees. A dead nestling as this time of the year?

Several similarly awkward situations happened over the weeks before he finally boarded at Heathrow. Were they coincidences or could he possible detect a pattern. At first it didn't even dawn on him, he wasn't the person who worried more than necessary but at some point when he missed the buss yet another time and a rather filthy bag lady had touched him in a strangely aggressive manner of begging for a few coins. In fact his entire day was made asymmetrical by the woman's attack. Nothing got done that day. It was not the smell of urine, alcohol and putrefaction that bothered him, nor that she had touched him although it was rather horrible to feel her cold damp fingers around his wrist. They were uncomfortably soft as if they had no bone structure. He could recall seeing the claw like hand stretching out toward him, catapulted like some animal out of the many layers of fabric that surrounded the black hole from which the hand emerged. Unexpectedly fast and however the grip was firm it was as if his arm was grabbed by an octopus or even by slime. The nails were yellow of tobacco or something even more disgusting, dried nails as if it wasn't enough that the woman's skin was wrinkled. What anyway haunted him were her eyes. They were all yellow and red like a street persons eyes should be and no she didn't look at him from empty eye sockets, or with some satanic red glow emanating out of her otherwise black eyes. Nothing of the kind. Her eyes were unusually large, beautifully set apart – she must at some point have been a

beautiful person – but they were not centralized, it was instead as if the pupil had separated into several dark island in her otherwise white eyes. Contrary to any other case he felt that it was not the dark parts of the eye that saw but the white. It was creepy. It wasn't horrible or didn't look like she had been injured. It was just really creepy especially since the eyes gave a light or even happy impression. He just couldn't get the experience out of his system. He washed his hands another time and it didn't help, the unease had infected his spine and he couldn't shake it of for anything. “-I need to get drunk”, he told himself and knew he was lying. He never had been much of a drinker. Who needs to lose control more than we already are? Life is painstakingly unstable already as it is and to think further about it or doing something about it, such as getting shit faced in a pub, will just make it worse. Cut it off or live with it. Still, directly after work he went around the corner to the local pub. He ordered his beer, sat down and with the glass to his lips he looked out over a rather large and open room and there, there was a person turning an old head towards him and it was her, the woman that had grabbed his arm. It could not be, he hadn't recognized her and now she was dressed in a more suitable dress that didn't stick out too much in such a neighborhood and yet it was she. It was no doubt about it and she had certainly recognized him. Yet she turned away, attending to the pint that was standing in front of her.

It was around this time that he started to dream. Well, he was always dreaming but not particularly intensively and he rarely remembered. Fragments perhaps but nothing like some friends being able to unfold a smaller novel just from a night's sleep. This dream was something else, it was very clear and however he couldn't recall details the general set up was undeniable. Was it the double meeting with the woman whose pupils were decentralized that had initiated the dream, that soon after the first time become a reoccurring guest in his sleep? Meeting that lady was one of the most dread full incidents he had ever been subject to. Her eyes reminded him of something, something that he didn't want to see. What terrified him was that the white in the eye wasn't separated from the black, or it was more as if they were interchangeable. The eye was no longer a white orb with a dark island but an archipelago of black dots in a white ocean and at the same time the other way around. What was it that saw, he didn't know? And what was it that it saw, he didn't know but he could not bear the shame and sense of infidelity that he experienced as the woman's claw grabbed him with its slimy coldness.

Not so long before she died his sister had asked him to take care of her e-mails. She couldn't anymore, she complained and cursed all those get better mails that she explained were sent to ease the individuals bad conscience. She knew she would never get better. Her disease wasn't visible on the outside, she died from the inside and it was certain. She definitely didn't need some enthusiastic letter that sounded like the person was begging. How low can one sink being convinced it is a good idea to empower a terminally ill woman that had barely turned thirty? He took care of the e-mails and dealt with it in a professionally detached way. From time to time he even answered in her name and enjoyed it. He thought maybe it was a little disgusting and he didn't fall for the temptation to continue answering after she died. He wanted to. Some of the letter writers – who, he had checked lived far away – had even become friendly, asking how she – his sister that he now impersonated – could be so light however the disease had taken an irreversible root in her system.

It took a couple of months after they had buried her before the e-mails stopped arriving, but for some reason he didn't eliminate her account, an old school Hotmail address that didn't point to her name. Her digital identity didn't disclose gender, class or age. “-I'm very concerned with racism”, as she used to say.

The day before he was to take off for his expedition however a new message arrived. It had been half a year and he had more or less forgotten about the account and there it

was, a new message, and for some reason it disturbed him. It was sent from a person whose name he didn't recognize and the message was short, forwarded from who knows where, with the subject: new important message. The message as follows and nothing else except an electronic signature with the persons name. "New message, please read", in bold, no link, just that. "New message, please read", but what? Again, his sister appeared in his mind. It was as if she was backing away into the darkness of his thoughts, her hands in front of her body. This time her skin was even paler blotched with black patches that seemed to have no content. They were not rotting flesh, nor dissolved skin that decomposed. They seemed more to be nothing at all, emptiness. The areas were not something, they were simply an absence, black absences that seemed to slowly spread over her skin like lacunae. She wanted to tell him something, to communicate but the more she tried the more her despair grew.

The dream came back almost every night. Not just at night but also when he enjoyed a short nap on the subway heading back home after a long day. In the dream he found himself in a dark space, no walls, no ceiling and he couldn't sense if there was a floor underneath his feet. The space felt small yet he could not determine if it was enormous as the blackness that surrounded him was impenetrable. There was nothing in the space and yet he could sense a strong presence. A huge presence that dominated the space and was fully present at every moment and in any direction. It wasn't a threatening power, it didn't want to hurt or annihilate him. It was just there, silently present, a being without body that flooded the space without beginning or end. It was there but didn't speak, it was a silent voice, an authority that tacitly occupied every moment. It was not asking for attention, it didn't speak, it was just there as an undeniable force that didn't utter anything. A presence that made him freeze unable to be attentive to anything else. He was unable to think about anything else, he couldn't and was not allowed to let go of it. It was as if it held him in an eternal grip yet was indifferent to him, his life, his existence.

He flew from Heathrow, landed in Oslo and changed to smaller airplane that would take him to a local airport in Tromsø from where he took a buss to Alta for his final destination Hammerfest. Why Hammerfest and in November? He just needed to go. It was his journey and right now he was already changing busses in Alta. At around six in the afternoon he entered buss number 061. It was him a few locals and a bunch of Swedish or so men apparently working on some oilrig. The buss driver asked them to kindly fasten their seatbelts and apologized for the possible delay due to the recent snowfall. Finnmark is known for its hazardous conditions so in order to not jeopardize anything a plowing truck would drive before them through the most demanding parts of the two and half hour estimated journey.

On the flight from Oslo to Tromsø he had fallen asleep and had yet another time visited the dark space with the silent voice present. It was more pressing than ever before and he only woke up when the airplane bounced on the short landing strip and reversed its engines forcefully in order to come to a quick halt. The voice that didn't speak didn't leave his system. It was still there and he knew it could annihilate him at any moment. That however wasn't what haunted him but the sensation that the silence could annihilate him without even knowing it. It was there, an absolute power and completely indifferent.

As soon as they exited Alta the driver turned off the light in the buss. Conversations could be heard from here and there in the buss but it was generally calm and soon the journey proceeded accompanied by the driver's radio on too low volume to make any sense for the passengers.

They traveled up hill from Alta that is located in a valley in order to cross a small eastern part of Finnmark. The road was good but felt like an artery through the landscape that



otherwise, as far as he could see was void of any trees or other vegetation. Outside the buss there was no light. It was dead dark, not a sign of life, no civilization, just a vague sensation of a landscape whose form was utterly undetermined.

He looked down on this phone and saw that there was no coverage. He saw the minutes go by as he lost himself in the phones mesmerizing light.

When he looked up again the darkness had changed, the landscape had transformed and seemed more intrusive than earlier. The sense of safety being surrounded by darkness was gone as the buss now made its way through a plateau of some kind. “-This landscape is endless”, he thought for himself and even so it was not black any more. The world was black, the sky was black, the universe was black, everything was black but the landscape was white. It stretched out in every direction as an endless dark whiteness. A pale landscape covered by its own shadows. It was black yet it was white.

Once again he looked down on his phone. He registered the time and looked out. The landscape was passing by in front of him. It was endless and yet it moved in front and on the side of the buss that felt so small in this massive dark landscape. The white endlessness was there, it was silent and there.

Black spots now started to emerge in the uninterrupted undulating whiteness. Spots that appeared as wounds, cracks or laceration breaking the continuity of the white eternity. But they were not cracks. They were not wounds, they were black abysses opening up to nothing. He froze in front of the experience but however much he tried those black areas were not something, they opened up to nothing. No, to something much worse they opened up to the opposite of nothing, to a full nothing that at the same time was the extinction of nothing.

He looked down on his phone, the display lit up and he observed that it hadn't changed. He blinked firmly and looked again. Suddenly the phones indicated that it was several minutes later. He stretched his arm and his wristwatch become visible. He saw the seconds tick away steadily. The watch and the phone indicating the same time.

Something in the landscape attracted his attention and he looked out through the window. Strange, contrary to what he expected the landscape was absolutely still. Nothing moved, nothing, and then the landscape's movements seemed to erupt from everywhere and nowhere in particular. The black blotches were constantly growing, as if devouring the whiteness. Swallowing was not the sensation it gave it was a devouring. Little by little the landscape became extinct disappearing into darkness, so dark it also devoured itself. A pure darkness of nothing's nothing that left no traces and in itself was nothing. So intensely that it in itself was nothing.

The experience was so hideous that he had to look away. He looked down and to his dread he saw the arms on his watch stand completely still. Nothing moved, not even seconds. The ticking sound of the watch mechanics reached his ear but nothing moved and then unexpectedly the thin arm indicating the seconds started to move, slow in the beginning and faster and faster before it returned to its steady pace. He could not stop looking at the watch. He didn't dare stop looking. He did not think about how the landscape would behave when he looked up again and if he did would his watch stop once more, would time dissolve and come to a stand still. He could not hold back. Slowly he lifted his head and peaked into the dark night where accompanied by the hum of the buss engine the landscape was absolutely immobile. Nothing moved and even so the black blotches were expanding. It didn't devour the landscape, nor was it the landscape that dissolved into the blackness of the blotches, everything simply turned into a nothing that in itself could not be named. That which was not a that but must be a that in order to be described or recalled. That, that was not, was so immensely dread full that he was convinced he was losing his mind. Time had ceased or had lost its correlation to anything and he faced it, in this moment he himself also had to cease to exist and become one with nothing and the absence of time.

He was lost and he felt how the same black blotches were spreading over his skin but they didn't take over anything instead he realized that it was the absence of himself that was drawing or slipping away from himself. Slipping away into the eternal abyss or surface of nothing's nothing. The bliss that carried him, that made him able to see time dissolve into itself, that made him experience the eruption of nothingness in the white landscape, was so overwhelming nothing could be more dreadful. As light turned dark into a cascade of white endlessness, as time withdrew from itself as itself, as nothing crumbled into it's own implosion he was filled with the most remote yet absolutely present sense of eternal hope.