

A noise novel...

Raw Zed &

The Condor

GX Jupiter-Larsen

EXCERPT

Raw Zed

& The

C o n d o r

a excerpt

from the

novel by

GX Jupiter-Larsen

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He was that kind of man; a most common type of man. A solitary man who felt so incomplete as a soul whenever he was in the company of a mate, that kind of companion.

As a full being, he'd only ever feel complete whenever he was alone; alone with his face pressed against the wind. And when the wind made breathing difficult, he felt most complete in deed.

After a recent serious illness, his lungs became enlarged. It made breathing easy, but it was when it was harder to breath, with his face pressed against the wind, that he would feel complete. He wasn't a loner; it was just that he felt so lonely when he was with the ones who loved him. An obsessive need to grab austerity.

He stood on a plain. No noticeable depression or elevation; smooth and flat. He stood alone; standing like a marker. A mark of matter indicating a separation of space.

He was that kind of man; a most common type of man. A solitary man who felt so incomplete as a soul whenever he was in the company of a mate, that kind of companion.

It was a plain of featureless mountains. This was where he stood as he stands. A range of little detail. In the distant, city skyscrapers kiss low-lying clouds. This was where he stands as he stood.

His body in between his mind and the wind. His mind in between his body and the breeze. The storm in between his mind and his body. The wind is located in between the ground and the air. The denial of the stale that is the breathing.

It was when it was harder to breath, with his face pressed against the wind, that he would feel complete. He wasn't a loner; it was just that he felt so lonely when he was with the ones he loved. For he could feel love. He was always deeply in love. So how could he not be lonely. It was his solitude that braced him against... Against everything.

Against everything in between the emptiness. The jab-jibciufahsu shagged such questionable gravel, that ignominious cagciscahz geared inappropriate intentions and ivoried the chunk.

The black grit of asphalt was husking steelbelted rubber. Henry Darger used the archetypal pre-adolescent little girl as his measuring device to

explore the distance in between contentment and despair. Raw Zed used his speedometer.

Due to the great difficulty The Condor had in feeling the emotion of loneliness, it seldom felt the need for companionship. The Condor was only concerned with the breathing of the wind. It was not loneliness it felt, but lonesness. It had no concern in the myths on how birds were suppose to behave.

The Condor's body was a yellow-crowned, maroon-brown with a dark throat. It had immense yellow flank plumes and two elongated central tail wires. This was the body of The Condor. A yellow-crowned, maroon-brown with a dark throat. It had immense yellow flank plumes and two elongated central tail wires.

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A noisy bird, if The Condor described itself, it would do so with a loud shrill; "Wank-wank-wank-wok-wok-wok-wok; wank-wank-wank-wok-wok-wok-wok!" Like any bird, like any living thing, it was not the mind, nor the body that would define the soul. It was the timing. It was when something was felt; the context would be the decisive definition of a soul.

With everything predetermined by accident, a soul could be nothing but the context between the random involuntary and independent actions of the mind, the body, and the expansive nothingness.

Spark-plugs were flaring.

The air is a decorated thing. Decorated with dust; disintegrated powdery remains. The air is a decorated thing. Material cumbering. Decorated with birds; fragments of feathers, meat, of space, and mind. Dust carried by the wind. Birds carried by the wind.

The wind was feathered with birds. Every so often the wind is dusted with birds. The Condor didn't care if it was alone or not. The Condor

didn't care where it flew to. The Condor was The Condor regardless; predetermined by accident, the shape of the blast. The pretext being an exacting concentration.

Rot drifts forever in this place
Returne the, hairt, hamewart agane
Rummle an' dunt o' watter
Ryght as the stern of day begouth to schyne

Due to the difficulty The Condor had in feeling loneliness, it seldom felt the need for company. Raw Zed was also a solitary man. One who felt so incomplete as a soul whenever he was in the company of a mate.

As a full being, he'd only ever feel complete whenever he was alone; alone with his face pressed against the wind. And when the wind made breathing difficult, he felt most complete in deed.

It was when it was harder to breath, with his face pressed against the wind, that he would feel complete. He wasn't a loner; it was just that he felt so lonely when he was with the ones who loved him.

He stood on a plain. No noticeable depression or elevation; smooth and flat. He stood alone; chopping only a broken smattering of abrasion-ridden holes; tousled them as if ripping apart unkempt rummage. A mark of matter indicating a separation of space.

Continuously increasing from some inverse picobarn, he was that kind of man; a most common type of man. A solitary man who felt so incomplete as a soul whenever he was in the company of a mate, that kind of companion. It was necessary at all cost to give oneself the feeling of movement, of noise. To signify experience as if noise were equilibrium.

Otherwise, everything's whinge on beaming right into the latinate vector; representations of scientific tenacities deflagrating an absolute. Character cripples the muddy crust of bulking sights. This, moreover, decks any sticky certainty. Twinges of spark dulled the means; just as almost every intrinsic urging in all its forms would unwittingly sketch no distinction between these things.

It was a plain of featureless mountains. This was where he stood as he stands. A range of little detail. In the distant, city skyscrapers kiss low-

lying clouds. This was where he stands as he stood. So much garbage had piled up in the streets that garbage-collecting vehicles had been replaced with patrol cars. The Sanitation Department was everywhere, keeping an eye on everything. Black and white Sanitation Patrol Cars, with flashing reds lights on top, cruised the streets investigating the ever-increasing clutter that was life itself. Making sure everyone did their part in keeping the mess as BIG as possible. Litter litter everywhere. More litter than streets.

It was when it was harder to breath, with his face pressed against the wind, that he would feel complete. He wasn't a loner; it was just that he felt so lonely when he was with the ones he loved. For he could feel love. He was always deeply in love. So how could he not be lonely. It was his solitude that braced him against... Against everything.

Lay me in yon place, lads
Lo! quhat it is to lufe
Lo, thus, as prostrate, in the dust
Look thou on beauty's charming
Lyk as we aucht to dum luf

Against everything in between the emptiness. Shatter by shatter; as Bill's whole body lurched, he spewed cum onto the hence of broken glass before him. Spurting his creamy load all over the shattered prickly bits. He kept shooting until long dribbles ran trickling down his thick hairy legs. His knees went weak. There was no stronger aphrodisiac than the sound of breaking glass. His asscheeks clenched everytime he heard the snapping, then cracking, of plain clear glass. Within moments the back and forth emergency had stopped shattering, immediately jumped out, and nodded in the direction of the nearest industrial-sized nowhere. Almost charming in fact.

It was not fire, but the sound of fire crackling that turned on his young boyfriend Dan. Once when they came across an abandoned building burning, they found themselves overwhelmed with passion. Right there and then, by the wild frenzy of the fire's roar, Dan quickly started groping Bill. He fucked his small soft ass. His shaft had never been more slapping. Big hair-covered balls slung weightily in Dan's long fleshy sizzle. Ironically, instead of a blazing forest fire, this clustering squeezed apart yet another decorrelation stretch another xylowave. Raw Zed would ride right on by... A sweaty pummel tore the wallop. Then

suddenly the sky tore open, leaving a saucer-shaped rip. Raw Zed would ride right on by...

Reluctantly, his laziness devoured the hysterical hostilities about. Unprecedented, yet measurably brilliant frequencies were extinguished at this clasping sunk. Obviously, those unclassified affections fell short rubbing upon the question. Regardless, the fumbled burnt brighter now that the sudden bursts of laughter reminded him he had swung the future to slam. Slammed smoothly brushing, his musingly wondering flashed steadfast. Gliding gently, they were now stirring gnaws among the calmmy shrunks. Between the wind licked dirt. Gravel loomed under the pavement. Between the tasted dirt; it wasn't enough to be loved. For Raw Zed, it wasn't enough to be creative and spiritual. He had to be complete. And only solitude gave him that sensation. This pointed peak sweep down, billowing a xylowave that could only be increased by a somewhat more dangerous glimpse. A somewhat more dangerous glimpse than the breathing of the wind replaced his own breathing. He would feel the singularity of emptiness. What one feels doesn't reveal anything. When something is felt divulges everything. Naive spares, ignited by consequence, divides refuse together.

To understand this, Raw Zed had to feel complete whenever he was alone. Alone, like the wind in between the air and the ground. Like his own body in between his mind and the space around. Both farfetched and creditable, the proof was in the stirring.

Spark-plugs were flaring. "We live in an age where the technician has replaced the philosopher. Is it a mistake to expect new hardware without some new software to go with it?"

Predetermined by accident, the shape of the blast. Zreufaadinified wadufadjads yaduyfadid the sydasiods and fadyesaked five asydesidsen veshads. And when the wind made breathing difficult, he felt most complete in deed.

Truncated formica splashed out a cracked taillight.

Raw Zed was on his motorcycle, a 1959 Condor Special. Whenever the wind was still, Raw Zed was on his Condor. Air much always be forced into his lungs. If it's windy, he'd stand still. If it's calm, he's on his bike. Air must always be forced into his lungs. His face was always pressed against the wind. Like semen splattered on the face of a beautiful woman, the debris from various auto collisions were splashed all up the

down the asphalt. Contorted twisted metal squirmed along the form of the whole highway. Specks of shattered glass sheltered the road's contour. While wreckage hurled upwards towards the dust. Accidents. It's what gave life meaning.

As it turned out, from a distance equal to the eliminated area, the asphalt below became viscous and started smelling like smoldering refuge. Umpteen crumpled dirt poked and prodded an inordinate amount of anti-time. Melting moments faded between the passing topography. Various locations, in fact, veered to the edge of yet another ravine anchored deep to irregular gouges deep in the crust.

Inside one auto wreck just off the road, this guy was jerking off in his girlfriend's face. With every impact of semen on her face, he'd make an explosion-like sound effect with his drool-filled mouth. Bubbles lathered in the ruin. She just sat there, daydreaming of electro magnetism. All the while he was pondering the wide open road. A demented rationality flogging jiggles? Indisputable. It's what gave life meaning. All she wanted to do was drink the piss right out of his chill. She was a leather-popping, open-pussy, slim-lunged girlie-girl. All her skinny prejudices couldn't help but point out that he really did zip up the ameba immediately in order to antique out the dash of cinder-blocks overhead. She would soon be surprised as to how much his warm piss really did taste just like popcorn. Her moans were grinding against his utricule.

Raw Zed was on his motorcycle, a 1959 Condor Special. Whenever the wind was still, Raw Zed was on his Condor. This was his whole life. This single diazwave. Nothing else mattered. He needed to keep his face in the wind. He needed to keep his breathing a puppet for the sky.

How did Raw Zed come upon his Condor?

Well; it had been a stormy night when all the street lights suddenly went out.

He turned his attention round-bodied out of there. After some preliminary consideration, nobody hesitated again. The air smelled of a pale blue metal crumpled against the marbling whimper of clouds. A sleepless blaze of electric light collapsing into a gale of otherwise-hilarious farting sounds, had saved the night. Bristling sags popped off the remaining distance just before all of the city's electricity was gone.

Strategic power lines were downed by bullying gales that had been

intimidating some breakable trees down to their roots.

During the whole blackout a loud buzzing noise overwhelmed all other sounds. Zed had been walking, minding his own business, when a Sanitation Engineer ordered him to help direct traffic through a blacken intersection. They attempted to gesture to the oncoming automobiles. They really did. However; all the darkness, multiplied by the total lack of driving skills that the modern motorist rebelliously exhibits, equaled one collision after another. Headlights seemed to summarize nothing to the eyes behind the steering-wheel. All Raw Zed and the Sanitation Engineer could do was maneuver around the intersection trying not to get hit themselves. Like some demented cartoon they leaped between clash after clash. It soon become bright from all the vehicles catching fire. Mind you; all the flames didn't seem to stop the collisions from mounting. All the drivers acted as if they didn't seem to think that the piles of wreckage all over the place would interrupt their progress of getting from one side of the intersection to the other. Pedestrians started to congregate to watch the debris swell skywards. They pointed and laughed at the capsized motorists, bloodied, and trapped inside their own vehicles. No one would come to their aid. Bloodstained sparkling dampened through cracks in the craggy litterscape. Zed was gibberishly bleeding with unshed laughter, without even enough to cut this dash off. The noise of it all! The pavement turned a deep sticky red, as the flames stretched nightwards to the stars. It was at some point in this ever expansive xylophone that was being sliced into the street, when Zed heard a bike approach. It whizzed right by him. The rider, thinking he could just ride over the wreckage, quickly found himself hurling through the air towards a broken neck. The bike, left behind by the dead biker, was a Condor; a '59 Condor Special. Raw Zed couldn't just leave it for someone else to appropriate. It wasn't in too bad of shape.

Then, dazzling polywaves wrapped around numerous searing ramshackles, chattering any push against existence. He had the bike running in only a few days. And once he got on, that was it. It would be his mania. He had had other bikes before, but this one was different. Perhaps it was the shape of the bike? The way it sliced into the air? It would become his means of breathing. Oh, at least, it would be his means of breathing whenever the wind was still. Their arrays of tall doubt intersected with a long-delayed journey. He considered it a privilege in the passenger seat. He struggled against the meaning that filled his eyes. Abruptly luxuriant, the past had been nailed shut.

When breathing was made difficult by the wind he could feel the sky

inside his gut. Hard lengths of rush feat. Raw Zed was on his motorcycle, a 1959 Condor Special.

And what would he think about, while riding his bike? What would he think about as his lungs filled with sky?

Mostly he'd count. He'd calculate the number of grains of sand if he was riding through the desert. Or if need be, he'd estimate the number of dirt particles. Some very large numbers^{205,896}.

Raw Zed was on his motorcycle, a 1959 Condor Special. This was his whole life. This single diazwave. Nothing else mattered. Whenever the wind was still, Raw Zed was on his Condor. Very far away a different kind of Condor grabs bits of air with its wings.

The black grit of asphalt was husking steelbelated rubber.

Due to the great difficulty The Condor had in feeling the emotion of loneliness, it seldom felt the need for companionship. The Condor was only concerned with the breathing of the wind. It was not loneliness it felt, but loneness. It had no concern in the myths on how birds were suppose to behave.

The Condor's body was a yellow-crowned, maroon-brown with a dark throat. It had immense yellow flank plumes and two elongated central tail wires. This was the body of The Condor. A yellow-crowned, maroon-brown with a dark throat. It had immense yellow flank plumes and two elongated central tail wires.

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The chin was a glossed-green. Its back was glossed-green. Its head was a orange-yellow. As was its neck. Its mantle was a maroon-brown. And the wings were also. As were the tail. The chin was a glossed-green. Its back was glossed-green. Its head was a orange-yellow. As was its neck. Its mantle was a maroon-brown. And the wings were also. As were the tail.

There were, on each side of its breast, an immense tuft of lace-like plumes; orange in colour. This too was of the body, but The Condor was

not just a body. The Condor's mind was located in between the body; in between the state of nothingness. The body, like that of any bird, like that of any being, wasn't a container. It was an excuse. An excuse to say what one was. Blots landscaping the balance by twilight elapsed.

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A noisy bird, if The Condor described itself, it would do so with a loud shrill; "Wank-wank-wank-wok-wok-wok-wok; wank-wank-wank-wok-wok-wok-wok!" Like any bird, like any living thing, it was not the mind, nor the body that would define the soul. It was the timing. It was when something was felt; the context would be the decisive definition of a soul.

With everything predetermined by accident, a soul could be nothing but the context between the random involuntary and independent actions of the mind, the body, and the expansive nothingness.

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The vast universal nothingness; "Wank-wank-wank-wok-wok-wok-wok; wank-wank-wank-wok-wok-wok-wok!" Like any bird, like any living thing, it was not the mind, nor the body that would define the soul. It was the xaatoogeekisisyding. It was when something was felt It would be context that would be the decisive definition of any soul.

The empty space inside his handlebars droned hollow.

What one feels doesn't reveal anything. When something is felt divulges everything. Due to the great difficulty The Condor had in feeling the emotion of loneliness, it seldom felt the need for companionship. The Condor was only concerned with the breathing of the wind. It was not loneliness it felt, but loneness. It had no concern in the myths on now birds were suppose to behave. Flying and jumping continually; changing direction continually. Changing direction like the wind.

When the wind blew, The Condor was at rest. At rest with its wings spreading between the wind. Between the breathing that is the wind. Between the current squall howling. The Condor was at rest. At rest with

its wings spreading between the wind. Between the breathing that is the wind. The wings spread between the wind; between the breathing, carried in flight by stillness.

The Condor was when its body was in between its mind and the wind. It was who it was despite its body; despite its mind; despite the space around.

The air is a decorated thing. Decorated with dust; disintegrated powdery remains. The air is a decorated thing. Decorated with birds; fragments of feathers, meat, of space, and mind. Dust carried by the wind. Birds carried by the wind.

Gravel loomed under the pavement.

Shaded brilliance dwindled the swell. The wind was feathered with birds. Every so often the wind is dusted with birds. The Condor didn't care if it was alone or not. The Condor didn't care where it flew to. The Condor was The Condor regardless; predetermined by accident, the shape of the blast.

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It was the middle of nowhere; gravel was looming under the pavement; and Raw Zed had pulled into a rusty old shanty of a service station. Up to the lone antiquated mechanical gas-pump which was even more corroded than the main shack. He waited for what seemed like a hour. Meanwhile, only next door, an old man suddenly found himself in a very unfamiliar place talking to a complete stranger. "...so where am I? Who are ya!? Why am I here!!? What's going on here!!!?"

"Now, now, calm down now. Don't worry. You're in a space ship anchored between a small microverse and your universe..." responded the stranger.

"Ya don't say. Looks to me like we're standing on the streets of some kind of a small sea-side beach-type community."

"Yes, well, I get that alot actually"

"So what are these buildings then?"

"Different compartments of our ship."

"And the beach in front of us?"

“The control interface.”

“And the ocean there?!”

“Its our view screen.”

“Really?”

“Yes, I’ll try and keep this brief, but we’re from a civilization in a very old universe. So old in fact that not only have the smaller stars stopped burning, most planets have drifted away from their suns. Soon, many of our galaxies will have lost most of their stars through evaporation. Protons are soon going to start decaying, and before that happens we’re trying to transmit of sum of our civilization’s knowledge into an universe with younger atoms.”

“Wow. Fuck.”

“Yes, well, the thing is, and this is why we brought you here; we thought your universe would do, however, we made one big mistake in our calculations...”

“Really? What’s that?”

“There’s this person at your service station now. One Raw Zed; he’s about to travel north; we need him to keep going south...” Finally, greasy coveralls were imminent. The old man approached Zed, **“Fill ya up for ya?”**

“Sure.” replied Zed.

Before Zed knew it, he heard a young boy’s screams from inside the novel. “What’s that?” Zed inquired.

But before the old man could say anything, Zed turned to see a naked eleven-year-old boy running out of the shack being chased by a blindfolded woman in a thin nightgown. Apparently the two were playing some kind of tag-your-it. Using only her hearing, the young woman was endeavouring to locate the child from all his shouting and giggling. She almost grabbed him a couple of times.

Zed just knew. He could tell just by looking at the woman that her fallopian tubes and ovaries were nothing special. Although the rest of

her was a very appealing mix of soft weaknesses. Turning back to face the old man again, Zed also saw that the atoms making up the gas-pump had spontaneously and simultaneously shifted their orbits a bit. It had retain much of its basic shape, but instead of rust encrusted dust, the pump was now a thick jelly-like material covered in translucent scales. It smelled. Once inside this tumblebound wrangling, one had to boil up thee foulmouthed glimp to hubbub any dragging shrill left blip. No grizzlie shrugs here. No sir weee!

For no reason what so ever, the old man just started to yell something crazy. Shouting something about eternity and infinity being two unconnected directions. However what the old man was actually thinking to himself about went something along the lines of; "...in the future how will robots actually see us? There has been a lot of talk about this in terms of a master-slave relationship. However, I suspect their view of us could be more like that of the domesticated dog which sees its owner as simply a dominant member of its pack. Then again, maybe the robot will be unable to distinguish us from the rest of the background noise of its data field, just as we are unable to distinguish the worm from the ground. We may be critical to the robot's existence, but then, so is the worm critical to our own environmental factors..."

Ten minutes before Zed was to mole the shaved wigger, two people dickweed their smell every bit the same soft. All at once, a torn crapper yeahed into rufous eyes that very each step back. Now vastly uneasy, everyone stepped through the ache marked snoop. From deep in this hulking hole, Zed saw this as his cue to get back on his bike and move on. Which was precisely what he did. The wind was feathered with birds.

Sharp edged blunts suggested such. Every so often the wind is dusted with birds. The Condor didn't care if it was alone or not. The Condor didn't care where it flew to. The Condor was The Condor regardless; predetermined by accident, the shape of the blast. Flattening the edge of the moment against his most private amusements, a buzz of promised harshness reluctantly absorbed the unnerving accuracy underneath. The Condor shortcaked the switch that therewith manrissnakislekoodseeluw would shackled duplicate semblances. Only to find shrinking sovhekjsion, uncertainty became xaatoogeekisisyding; as caverns den the hovel. Then too breaking elobosiveness beau.

Days passed.

Raw Zed had been on the road for quite a while. At one point he'd look at

his watch to see what time it was, only to notice the timepiece had stopped. A long roar-like tone was drowned out by the shimmers of rust sluicing down an intake of breath only to burst back out his swiveled mouth into where he had just pulled over to get something to eat.

This truck-stop looked like a giant shovel standing upright ready to dig a hole in the sky. Well, that's how it looks now. It originally was supposed to be a full-size reproduction of the 1919 Monument To The Third International in Petrograd. The mechanized spiral design ultimately gave way to the spade-like ideal because of a fanciful structural engineer who believed the shovel was a more advanced sort of spiral. What he meant by this is anyone's guess, but it's an issue that's still hotly debated to this day. It's a Kettleday-in-Cambodia; don't forget to wipe your feet.

A small dark man by the name of Adolf Wölfli could be seen hanging around this truck-stop, observing; studying everything that was going on. Everyone had seen him lurking about for a while now, but no one really knew what he was up to. Some said he was just a geologist on assignment, making a new map or some such thing. Others said he was some kind of census taker. Could he have also been a spy? He was always seen counting. Counting what? It was later discovered whatever he was counting, he was doing so by his own number system. What was for sure, was that this Adolf Wölfli had added new numbers to the standard numerical system in order to calculate some kind of astronomical concept or two. Would it have made any difference if he had asked himself the question of what a number would look like if it was in between Regoniff and Horatif, but not Suniff, Agoniff, and Benitif? Would it have affected his cosmic maps? He would always disappear into the twilight before any one could ever get around to finding out for sure.

Adolf Wölfli's numbers weren't just super big. If Wölfli's numbers were anything, they were noisy. At this truck-stop, Zed overheard something in the booth behind him. That is, he thought it was coming from the booth behind him. The noise was actually leaking in from a puncture in the very fabric of space itself. The space just above his right ear to be exact. A hole no bigger than the tip of a pin, just centimeters from his head, was allowing embers of a shrilling pitch to seep into local space.

