

Colors

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Here's a dream I've had, frequently. Just about every time I doze off in the sunlight -- or on those rare mornings when I'm allowed to wake up slowly, and I become just barely conscious before realizing who or where I am. Or more commonly lately on airplanes when I fly home on the red-eye and can't quite get to sleep because I'm sitting next to a fat person who takes up half my seat, but I can't quite stay awake either, so I sit there with a cramp on the side of my neck disconcertedly wobbling between sleep and wake realities.

I am a colored shape. Usually a red one. I'm somewhat amoeba-like, but I don't normally absorb anything. I just undulate around, among the other colored shapes -- which come in many colors. We shapes float around through colored regions, in a space that is more than four-dimensional; we play games turning hypercorners, and these games use most of our time.

When I find the right other shapes -- often green ones -- I rub myself up against them and it is pleasurable. Sometimes insanely pleasurable -- sometimes so dazzlingly so that I forget who or what I am. Sometimes I break through into a dream-state where everything is glowing silver pixels, playing/dancing visual formulas that constitute music in a dimensionality where hearing has no sense. The atoms of my mind dissolve in this music, tracing melodies upon melodies, and the intersections of the melodies form rhythms, and the rhythms spawn new golden melodies, which intersect and form new teeming rhythms like mega-intelligent snakes-within-snakes-within-snakes, but by this point my comprehension is broken and I'm back to the silvery pixels, dancing and floating and recursing round and round again in strange loops --

I absorb small dots of light and darkness, which give me momentary strength. I feel almost solid for a while, like granite, but I can't recall what granite is, or what solid is: but I know I feel different. I am no longer so absorbent. I am real.

And when I become solid I merge into myself for a while -- the process of diverging and re-merging with myself -- thus defining my self -- becomes a rhythm -- and I become exotically aware of my existence -- my red pulsing brain screams and throbs with adrenaline -- and I realize for a long instant that I'm playing an idiotic sort of game.

What am I doing here? I'm floating around in a space -- playing games rubbing against other amoeba-things -- eating and solidifying then liquifying and oozing around and around -- hypnotizing myself with silver and gold sparks --

I have friends! Many friends! Yes yes, the other amoebas like me! Some of them love me, even. They might give up their lives for me --

disperse into the ether so that I could remain solid, in order just to demonstrate their love....

And the puzzles; the puzzles are interesting. Shifting the green and purple squares in different patterns, trying to figure where they'll go next. Chasing the troglodytic brown blobs around the swollen blue hypercorners - predicting their movements which are almost-stochastic time series, but with subtle long-range patterns that only my acute mind can detect....

I can make new puzzles even. Build structures from the silence. Tell strange stories of the puzzles I've conjured. I have an audience who'll listen.

But I know it - I know it, I've analyzed it - that if I made the right configuration of green and purple blocklets, something different would happen then. If I made the right configuration - calculated according to my mathematics, which I worked on for time and time and time again - then this colored world would vanish, and I'd appear within a larger space. A richer world would awake. A greater variety of pleasures, puzzles, structures, dynamics, explosions, explorations, confusions, discoveries, knowns, unknowns....

There's a bigger world out there than this one! There are more things than shifting colors -- more kinds of delights than n-dimensional friction from rubbing red flesh against green or blue - or even red against red! -- more spiritual bliss than the silvery dancing - more intellectual joy than my shifting square puzzle-thoughts - there's more to the multiverse than my small red amoebal brain can come close to understanding....

And I could see it! I could find it! I know there's a way! Many ways! The only thing necessary is to arrange the green and purple blocks in the right configuration. There are many configurations that will do it ... and we only need to find just one.... And I don't know exactly what the configuration is, but I've figured out most of it, and the rest will just require a bit of experimentation.....

And every now and then I convince another colored blob of this crazy-ass vision of mine - that there's a way out of the world we're trapped in, if we just configure things in the right way. And some of them believe me for a little while - most of them never do - and help me make my strange arrangements - but they all get bored before long, and go back to their friction and trans-musical music and cross-dimensional puzzle-games ... and I really do understand, because I love those things too - in fact I spend half of my time at them, and the other half making my strange rearrangements, with a view toward *getting out*....

And the dream ends in various ways. Usually I just float around, fun and distracted, musing wanly on the beauties I've lost. Sometimes I become angry and frustrated - I yell like a mute, bald gorilla at the shortsightedness of my colored amoeba friends. Why can't they see the value of escaping the universe? I show them my mathematical proof - sure, there are holes in it, but they're small ones, and I could patch them with their help. These things take time, goddamnit!! They just want to eat

all their time getting gratified, when they could be seeking glory and going beyond! Or they do quest for glory, but define it too trivially, as solving some ten-dimensional tic-tac-toe puzzle, or seducing the hot pink blob the next hypercorner over. And didn't I seduce her not that long ago? Yeah, well, but after I did, I came back to it, back to my construction, back to my escape hatch, which no one else can believe - damn those lust-drunk, self-deluding little blobs!!

... but every now and then my block-construction functions, and as I wake up from the dream the world dissolves - fizzes out like an Alka-Seltzer in water -- I escape the world of colors, and emerge alive into something else! A bigger, wider universe, where my previous self is meaningless, yet somehow still structures what I am. All the ideas, beliefs, fears, preconceptions I had as a red oozing shape are totally irrelevant, in this new wider cosmos-system. But yet some integral properties of my wholeness remain true and invariant: here I am, and still me, in this ever-expanding wonderworld!

But the nature of this new world is never quite clear to me. As soon as I awake to it -- on those all-too-scant occasions when this happens -- before too long I awake from my sleep, and I'm here: just a human, again.

I breathe and stretch out and open my eyes ... reach out and put on my glasses and confront the new "reality".... A ceiling above me. A bed. A wife lying next to me. Or: an airplane, goddamnit! Warm afternoon, grassy field. Not so different, one way or the other. Here I am: here in this space. And there's a way out of this space, too.