

# THE REVELATION

A SHORT STORY FOR KIND PARENTS

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Childhood, such an experience that was! A time-table of chance encounters, erroneous dialogue, inferior teachers and much more of the same kind!

I never was the one to succeed by average definitions. I walked the streets of Chicago, lost in a stream of thoughts and feelings.

Watching the neighbourhood with a keen eye. I never was the one to reflect deeply. I ate from the plate of ignorance. A warm soothing feeling of being lost to time.

Some days I walked the grey pavement leading to the main city canal. I walked the grey staircase leading to the water. There I sat down upon the steps to ponder the nature of the universe and my own existence.

Doing homework contrary to everyone else.

I had meetings with different kinds of students in the school. We exchanged lines, amounting to a remote connection lacking coherence and logic.

"So you will go to the party tonight?" One girl asked me.

"Sure, if you serve strong drinks."

"Of course we do." The girl said. "But weren't you a non-drinker?"

"It's all about the occasion." I said and left.

This girl was called Samantha. She was wearing a black dress different from most girls of the same age. We were in the earlier period of adolescence. Closing in on the age of young adults. I had started to think, to reflect on my journey. But casually. I never made this too obvious in social contexts.

My parents were free-thinkers sharing a rented house in the north-western part of the city.

The mysteries, the clouded circumstances shaping my life were experienced in a private school. I had an arrangement costing my parents a small fortune. I was presented before the best teachers. But I was opposing these teachers as allowed by my parents from young age.

I didn't have to prove myself. I could go to the lessons and also be away. But for some reason I often went to the lessons. I did it with a keen curiosity. As deviant calculations in math, language and theoretical physics pulled me deeper into the mystery of space, being and time.

As I said, I didn't have to prove myself. But I *started* to prove myself due to a great amount of intellectual stimulation.

Many schools in my neighbourhood weren't the same. I met different youngsters, playing games with them. Talking to them. But most of them looked upon me with the strangest eyes. I simply couldn't grasp it. How I was shaped differently by private lessons, with wealth and a positive mind-set from birth.

It would be revealed in annual football games I joined to proudly represent the sports spirit many had adopted from young age.

I lost in these games. I played pretty average. And after the games I talked with local students that said I probably was better in school than on the football field. I didn't agree. School to me came just naturally. Football was a deeper interest. And it was this interest in subjects such as sex, human relations and pure physicality that would transform me in later years.

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The hovering air-craft made turns and adjustments to the different currents in the air. My school years had finished and I left the school with the highest grades. I had confronted Christian teachers and students that taught me to take it easy and enjoy the ride.

But I had gone deeper into the esoteric. Into hard subjects feeling like enjoyment to me.

It had been revealed much more closely during social happenings inside the school and outside the school. Many teachers were opposing me watching my attitude. Trying to help me overcome the "*hard burden*" of my journey.

Being "nice", approving me intellectually but never observing the reality of my own temperament. Easing down was becoming hard to me. Getting harder in time with the sufferings of my endless joys. I had to work harder. Do more and think less. But most people thought I was putting too much of an burden upon myself. Missing my teenager years as they thought I never was attending parties.

In reality I attended more parties than them.

The air-craft made movements upon the rushing air. A counter-movement pulling the flaps several inches along the left side wing. I was going to Paris. To watch great renaissance art in the lens of dispassionate observer.

Many things had been revealed to me during my teenager years. The teachings of the teachers were teachings seldom spoken about in conventional contexts.

I had a keen approach to the whole thing. The experiences I had during younger years were in time coming to prove some truths I had discovered initially. And those truths were the truths of non-

action, non-feeling, non-thinking. Adopting a philosophy of death and taking good time for rest.

Putting knowledge aside for walks in nature and erotic encounters.

I was not a traditional thinker by any definition. But I found myself looking in the mirror by reading the texts of the romantic philosophers such as Goethe, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Also the rationalists such as David Hume and Baruch De Spinoza. What made me connect to them was the playful attitude toward life.

I found much enjoyment in nature, in the inward stream of consciousness revealing inner truths contrary to effort.

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So contradictory was my previous class in private school! On parties, where the intellectual elite of the north-western part of Chicago had occasional chats and social gatherings. Mostly there occurred different kinds of sophistry and dialogue.

"You remember the theorem of Max Planck which proved to be right the other day?" Samantha asked me.

"Of course I remember it." I said.

"But you will see that certain advances in theoretical physics connects to all aspects of modern science." Samantha said, "And that also includes sex."

"In a way perhaps." I said, "I'm just working on my own theories."

"Good then." Samantha said.

The whole gathering of people were going out from Samantha's apartment. They were chatting about the true nature of sex. Of Dionysian pleasure leaving room for intellectual leaps. But the youngsters were just talking. They had a cold calculated manner of conscious debate. And they were smoking tobacco too. Drinking drinks with Absinthe and Russian Vodka.

Some of them were filled with an ironic blasphemy contradicting the northern gods (Described by philosophers such as Nietzsche). And I felt that most of them were talking only to do the talking. They enjoyed the company of social gatherings and were often drinking drinks together.

Much was said, nothing was done.

The youngsters had it all served in front of them. Seldom could I sense the *feel of suffering*, of *true intent* regarding the subjects they displayed.

"I have just realized that the teachers were right about the human brain." Samantha said to me being drunk, "That sex is a mental thing requiring mental effort."

"I know."

But as I caught Samantha's eye it was sparkling with a shallow light.

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The streets of Paris were coloured in a blue light. As the late evening gave birth to night. I saw prostitutes lean onto the shady walls. I saw cats and dogs share ground in a vibrant dimension of many joys and traits.

It was winter. The snow was coming down. Crying children walked along their parents in a colourful palette of blissful joys. I attuned to this celestial void. A deep remembrance of times in earlier lives. Living as a peaceful warrior in the hard won countries of past dismay. I approached a stranger that saw my elevated walk. Investigating, telling me about a neighbourhood with several qualms. The Parisians were not much different from me. But I approved their life contrary to reason.

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Time went by. I had hardened my character by joyful walks and chance encounters with strangers. I walked upright: Hardened, lonely, distant. So impossible to penetrate for average minds.

I met my parents with an ironic silence. Joking, putting knowledge aside. Telling them of their inner qualities. But never pointing

fingers, never telling them how anything "had to be done". I was rewarded for it. I had a quiet time of sleep and introspection.

One day I went away from my parent's house to Samantha's apartment. It was Christmas time. Laughing Santa's were found in glimmering windows.

Samantha was drinking Absinthe. I met her, I shook her hands and people from the past were introduced against my expectations.

It was a party. A party of Christmas celebrations and many students were there too. They looked the same as in the past, they talked the same. They were displaying the same characteristics. And when we entered "difficult" subjects they were just grinding along.

Saying the obvious, having the "true" answers.

And I laughed, I lied and nodded eagerly to the questions.

"You know about the theory of Darwinian evolution?" One of the students asked me, "How science has revealed the nature of the organic world?"

"I surely do." I said and lied, "And Darwin was one hell of a man too!"

"What do you mean?" Samantha asked.

"I mean... He knew more than all the apes who preceded him!"