

♠ DIARY OF A HUMAN TARGET

Book Two:

The Path Towards the Inside

written by

ISIDORA VEY

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♠ Phase Five: Metaphysical Quest

Spring 1990

Years pass by very fast, I am almost 27 now and I have hardly realized I am that old. At this age, I should have already sorted out where my life is leading; however, there is no progress in any field, and there never will be -I know. Let's face it, there is nothing here for me. Therefore, I think it is high time I did what I have been postponing for years: *Take the path towards the inside...*

From the beginning of March I have started to attend parapsychology lessons in a school of spiritual development called "Janus". Although it is in Kypseli, very far away from Glyfada, I am eager to go there once a week, defying the exhaustion from the double bus journey to and from Athens: Since I still work in my office near Omonia Square in the mornings, every Wednesday -when I go to Janus- I spend six or seven hours of commuting in all. However, I don't mind because I feel there are new spiritual horizons opening for me there. The fact is that metaphysics really excites me, and it is the first time in my life I am excited about something.

The lessons include teachings of the guru Alexander Romanos regarding the evolution of the soul, the domination of the subconscious in a man's life, methods of relaxation and meditation, the awakening of telepathy and so on. The guru is gifted with a lot of eloquence, he knows well the art of persuasion, he is said to possess psychic powers, and he doesn't hesitate to go against the dominant dogmas of metaphysics. For instance, he doesn't believe in the theory of karma -in contrast to all the other schools of spiritual development.

We have already learned a *basic technique of relaxation*, which can be applied either sitting on a chair or lying in bed, as long as the spinal cord is kept straight: In the beginning, we relax our body from toe to top, giving the respective mental orders to each body part separately. For instance: "My feet relax" ... "My calves relax" ... "My thighs relax" ... and so on, to the head. Then, always mentally, we countdown from 10 to 1, ordering ourselves to relax after each number -for example: "10: I relax, I relax" ... "9: I relax deeper" ... "8: Deeper and deeper" ... "7: No external noise interrupts my relaxation" and so on, till you reach 1. When we reach zero, we enter the "void space", where we let no thought or feeling come inside us. We stay there, in absolute tranquility, for as much time as we can.

Alternatively, after staying in "void space" for a while, we choose a subject and meditate on it as thoroughly as possible, taking into account events, thoughts, feelings, ways of action; after the awakening, we write everything in a notebook. By following this specific technique, the subconscious gets clearer and clearer; later on, as we keep practicing, the unconscious reveals itself too, unfolding great cosmic truths which could lead even to enlightenment.

The awakening is done by counting slowly from 1 to 5, while ordering ourselves to wake up with all our senses on the alert. After the number 5, we open our eyes and stand up at our ease.

When we finish the lesson, some of the guys gather together and we go for a coffee to Fokionos Negri Square, where we discuss lots of controversial but interesting subjects: parapsychology, spiritual development, magic, social matters, etc. Some of us meet on Saturday nights too. I can barely believe what's happening to me: It is *me* who goes out every Saturday night, having fun in tavernas, cafeterias and

pubs, together with an interesting, large company! I experience and enjoy my new reality to the fullest, even if sometimes I feel that the atmosphere around me is strangely tense...

From the company of Janus I especially like Apostolis: He is 25 years old, tall, slender, calm and sensible -unlike most guys I know. I show him my interest at every opportunity, he doesn't seem to respond but I, as usual, refuse to acknowledge the bitter truth. Only once did he accept to go out with me, just the two of us, because he thought he could persuade me to take out a life assurance policy by the insurance company he works for; I pretended to care only because I hoped I could start dating him. Another time, I phoned him and suggested our going to the cinema together. "I have other plans for today", he answered flatly. Since then, any time we meet together with the others, he looks rather buttoned-up towards me but very friendly to Danae, who is eight years younger than me and much richer. Nevertheless, I still hope...

Friday, 29th July 1990

Every year "Pangaea" remains closed during the whole month of August, which is very convenient to me: I won't have to fight in order to get my summer leave! I have already arranged to spend a week abroad: I will go to Dalmatia with a travel agency and the group leaves tomorrow. Of course, first I finished typing all the texts given to me, I delivered them to Mary Bonanos yesterday (she happens to work for Pangaea too) and I explained to her I wouldn't be able to type any more this month -that is, they will have to do without me for three days. She bore no objection, since the company is about to close, anyway.

This morning, however, I had an entirely unexpected phone call; as soon as I picked up the receiver, I heard a very angry woman's voice telling me:

"Listen, Yvonne, I am Mary from Pangaea and I am furious at you! You left us three days before the end of July, while there is still so much work to do! And don't forget that I was the one who talked to the bosses and they hired you as a typist!"

For a moment I was speechless; then I answered calmly that "I thought there wasn't so much work to do and that I could leave..."

"What are you talking about? There are whole volumes of our new encyclopedia waiting to be typed! You hear? Whole volumes!" she interrupted, outraged.

"Yes, but I'm leaving for Yugoslavia tomorrow! What can I do?"

"Find us another typist, one who can sub for you during these three days that you won't be working for us!"

"Alright, I will try" I replied hastily, just because I wanted get rid of her as soon as possible.

"And make sure she is educated, not an illiterate one, you understand?"

"Yes, alright..."

I thought about Mrs Georgia, a schoolmate in Janus, who also happens to be a typist. I came in contact with her at once, I told her all about it and asked her to visit the company tomorrow morning. She expressed her wonder about the whole story, she was even worried "But what if they hire me and fire you?" but I insisted on her going there, because I didn't want to displease Mary Bonanos and the bosses of Pangaea.

Wednesday, 10th August 1990

The trip to Dalmatia proved to be a fiasco: The group consisted of some boring old people, and the

primadonna was a black-dressed middle-aged shrew who wouldn't miss a chance to show off her knowledge in everything, while the others were admiring and applauding her. The only company I managed to find was a 42-year-old divorced lady with her 5-year-old son. She told me she had two adult daughters as well, and that she had given birth to that boy so as to keep her aged lover -yet he got away. So, the lady was always in a bad mood, she didn't have much to say, but she dropped me certain hints every now and then: "I don't know if you are still in the market, but I am not", or "Do you mind your that you didn't get married?" -as if I were some 50-year-old spinster.

Moreover, I was unlucky enough to share the room with an old neurasthenic who swallowed the sleeping pills by the dozen, yet she couldn't get any sleep and when the morning came she started complaining to me:

"Aren't you ashamed at all? You look at your watch, at 6:30, before the day breaks, then you put it on the bedside table and the noise wakes me up! Shame on you!"

"Eeeeh, I'm sorry!"

"And you snore all night long and you don't let me sleep!"

The hen got on my nerves with her hysteria; first of all, I don't snore; then, every morning we had to be at the foyer by 7:00, ready for the tour of the day.

After a couple of such incidents, I went to the reception and asked to be given a single room, but there were no such rooms in the hotel, I was told. I complained about that to the travel agent, to no avail of course, everybody in the group got wind of the situation, and in the end they were all fond of the old neurasthenic, while they looked askance at me.

Anyway, I saw some beautiful places as well: Herceg Novi, Kotor, Cetinje, Mostar, Dubrovnik, Budva, Saint Stephen. However, the good impressions were blemished by the four exhausting days (two to go and two to return) in the small but packed ship...

This morning I phoned Georgia and asked her about her collaboration with Pangaea. To my great astonishment, she informed me that they didn't need her at all and that they were surprised to see her!

Monday, 3rd September 1990

Pangaea is open again for the first day after the summer holidays, and I went to find Mrs Bonanos in her office.

"How are things, Mary?" I asked smiling. "Did you have any problem during those days I was away? I sent you another typist, like you told me on the phone, but she said that you didn't need her at all!"

"What? I never phoned you!" she replied astounded.

"But you called me on the 29th of July and you said that..."

"It wasn't me! It was probably Mary Skina!"

Right at that moment, Mary Skina happened to enter the office and, full of joy and laughs, confirmed it was her who had phoned me!

"So, it was you," I told her solemnly. "I thought it was Mary Bonanos, that's why I was worried! You introduced yourself as "Mary from Pangaea", and your voices are alike..."

"Oh, no, it was me!" she repeated, with an innocent smile on her face.

If I had known it was Skina on the phone then, I would have acted differently and, of course, I

wouldn't have involved Georgia. Mary Skina is an old maid who works as a typist inside the company; she is a little nutty, she tends to overreact and all she thinks about is how to do as little work as possible. She is not to be taken into account...

* * * *

Tuesday, 1st January 1991

Like every year on New Year's Eve, last night we played cards after dinner, according to the custom. When my turn came, I cut the cards and Alice started sharing them; I suddenly thought of an ace of hearts and I got an ace of hearts! A few moments later, I had another *premonition*:

"Let's see who will share next! Who finds the smallest number will!" said Costas, cousin Niki's husband, while shuffling the cards.

Antony, who was sitting next to me, got an ace.

"Is it an ace of hearts?" I asked.

It was an ace of hearts.

Later, as we were playing the game "twenty-one", I managed to guess the cards I received first in every round: ten of spades, three of diamonds, two of hearts, four of spades instead of four of wands, six of diamonds instead of six of hearts. For a few seconds I could see them being shaped on the white wall opposite me! However, after a while my telepathy started to wane and I could no longer guess right...

Sunday, 6th January 1991

Last night I went out with the guys from Janus and we went to Plaka for crepes. I am still interested in Apostolis, he is always fascinating, and maybe he cares about me: Many times his legs touched mine (casually?); all at once he took my hand in his so as to have a look at my ring, as he said. However, deep inside I know nothing else is going to happen...

Yesterday I didn't hesitate to talk to my friends about my doubts regarding Alexander's teachings. How shall I follow the way of apprenticeship, unless I trust the guru completely? I even explained to them my recent suspicion about an imminent mutation of the human species. All these things we do -meditations, telepathy experiments and the like- what are they if not attempts to transcend nature? Besides, if those "doors" should be open, would they be so difficult to open?

The point is I have already started to question the "traditional metaphysics" most spiritual masters stand for. After all, nothing can be certain: Meditation and relaxation techniques guarantee no results, no matter how often someone practices them. "Do not expect any specific result" says the guru again and again. What should we expect, really?

Spiritual leaders talk a lot and they all say the same: They show contempt to the world of matter and they propagandize abstinence from any demonstration of life: "Don't talk, don't protest, don't judge, don't desire, don't be happy, don't be sorry, don't be angry, don't be afraid, don't even think!". Of course, I don't believe it is possible to achieve this condition of non-existence while living, but I can't imagine what purpose such ideals serve. All these "wise men", with their suspiciously confusing teachings, give me the impression they hide something. Sometimes they use rhetorical tricks to taunt their disciples, sometimes they just say nonsense, other times they deliberately say and unsay just to cause agitation -and all this contrary to the old saw: *Those who know don't speak; those who speak don't know*. Real knowledge isn't taught anywhere. Only personal experience can lead to real knowledge. Second-hand knowledge is good only for devout stooges who like showing off their allegiance to a master...

Wednesday, 9th January, 1991

After the failure of the negotiations in Geneva, the situation in Iraq is getting worse and worse. A million of American soldiers are ready to go to war. The Greek warship "Lemnos" has departed. The Iraqi threaten to strike Israel and they refuse to leave Kuwait. Some fear this war could become a world war. Yet, I suspect all this has been premeditated and planned in advance -just like everything else in the world.

All at once the future looks bleak, as it is getting clearer and clearer how little we can really control our lives. The average citizen's existence depends mostly on the whims of the elite. Maybe Alexander is right when he says that nothing really ever changes: our few liberties have not been "gained with fight" -as we like to believe- but granted by the elite because it serves their interests for the time being. However, if they suddenly decide that a different policy serves their interests best, we shall lose all liberties immediately -and nobody will dare protest. As we are approaching the End of Times, there is no progress in any field: We tend to postpone whatever we want to do, and if we finally do it, it brings no significant result. Strange, though: I thought this was a characteristic of my life only...

Wednesday, 16th January 1991

When I went to Janus this afternoon, for the first time after Christmas holidays, I found out that my class no longer exists. Most disciples have "moved up" to the advanced class of Tuesday, although the guru had claimed something like that would be extremely difficult: "If someone fails (*in what, really?*) two or three times, they won't move up!" were his words. Nevertheless, Manolis changed class just because his working hours don't allow him to come another day. As about me, I wasn't admitted to the advanced class because I didn't show enough self-confidence, says the guru. I also need to listen more, he claims, since "good disciples have no beliefs of their own, they obey the guru in any case" -and this is not what I usually do.

Anyway, very few of my old class will remain in the "retarded" group of Thursday, and I am one of those few. Really now, are all those who were admitted to the advanced class so much better than me? Something is wrong here. I believe Alexander chooses the "advanced ones" with only one criterion: how obedient they seem to be towards him. I also suspect I am not wanted here, probably because I sometimes question the guru's teachings openly. Maybe those persons I consider my friends go and tell Alexander everything I confide to them...

Tomorrow is Thursday and I will go to Janus again, this time in my new class. I shall see who's left in there, I shall feel the atmosphere, and soon I will decide if I will keep on attending Janus or find another school of metaphysics.

Thursday, 17th January 1991

This evening there was a heated argument at Janus, regarding the war in the Persian Gulf: The allies of America keep bombarding Iraq relentlessly, while the Iraqi don't react anyhow. They could have intercepted many blows but, strangely enough, they didn't. To retaliate, the Iraqi are bombarding Israel; however, there are very few victims, mostly because of their own negligence or panic. Israel could have intercepted the missiles but it didn't- why?

"They are preparing something else, something a lot bigger; maybe Iraq is to be sacrificed for the game of the Great Powers, which is just beginning. The Apocalypse is coming, as most "signs" have already appeared: Global environmental pollution, war in many countries, forest fires everywhere etc. Moreover,

most ancient prophecies agree: Everything will end in 1999," claims the guru passionately.

Anyway, Alexander got on my nerves again: When I raised my hand and tried to express my opinion about the war, just like many others had done before me, he interrupted me scornfully saying the subject was over -right at the moment when I started talking. He didn't answer to what I said, nor did he let anyone else reply. He just sought to shut me up in a rather offensive manner. He doesn't like me because I don't worship him as a god, like many others do...

Saturday, 19th January 1991

No meditation today. It is impossible for me to find a moment of quiet in this house! It is weird, though: Any time I try to meditate, there is always some noise which prevents me from relaxing enough - even during the hours of peace: Alice's naughty children come in and out of the house all the time; neighbours yell outside; there is loud music -and so on. Not even in the bus can I relax, as there are always certain persons near me who make a lot of noise: Some chat at top voice continuously; others clatter their keys in a most ostentatious manner; others play with their string of beads maniacally; it a never-ending *sonic war*...

Monday, 4th February 1991

This evening my class had a celebration at Janus, and it so happened it was also Alexander's birthday today. For this reason we bought him a huge birthday card, where we all wrote our wishes. Instead of a present, he asked to be given some money because, as he says, he prefers it to a meaningless consumer gift.

We made a buffet and we all sat down on our hunkers, after we had removed the chairs. Only Alexander sat on his chair near the window and, under his guidance, we had a team psychoanalysis based on our sexual preferences and fantasies: Danae admitted she has been thinking about becoming a lesbian, due to her disappointment from men; Theano declared her first sexual relationship was with a woman; Christos confessed that his first time was with a man! Conclusion: We shouldn't judge the others according to a label, because we aren't so different as we think. For example, we have all had homosexual relationships or fantasies. Under certain circumstances, anyone can do anything.

Then there was a long discussion about matriarchy, and Vanessa was the leading lady. Alexander wasn't such a misogynist as he usually is. I said that "In our patriarchal society a woman can't develop her innate intuition, because man plays all the roles: he develops not only action (male) but intuition (female) as well. A woman can't be a real woman in a patriarchal society; it is as if she didn't exist at all." Paradoxically, the guru didn't hasten to interrupt or contradict me this time; he only smiled enigmatically.

Then, we played "Courage or Truth". That sex-bomb of Aphrodite chose "courage" and she was riding for a strip-tease. Finally she was left only with her underwear on, and she could barely help disposing of it too. At the end, as she was getting out of the circle, she "accidentally" dropped her bra. Christos, who is quite good-looking, chose "courage" too and he was given two minutes time for a strip-tease. One minute and 45 seconds later he had only taken off his shoes. Yet, within the last 15 seconds he managed to take off all the rest, with fast, accurate, professional movements! He has a fine body indeed but... what was that really? A demonstration of liberation or what? His girlfriend, who is in our class too, complained that "The level of the class is getting lower and lower". Then, it was Aphrodite again who chose "courage" again and this time she had to make a declaration of love to Vanessa. Finally she made it clear to her that "I want to have sex with you!" and dropped her jacket on the floor with a theatrical movement.

When my turn came, I chose "truth" -so, I was bombarded with questions:

“Why are you so absolute in your opinions?” asked Mary, who belongs to the guru's close circle.

“I am not absolute in my opinions.” I replied.

“What disappoints you most?” asked someone else.

“Hypocrisy”

“What gives you joy?”

“Young children make me happy.”

“Do you believe there is love in the world?”

“There are different kinds of love,” I answered diplomatically.

“Do you lead a happy life? What would make you feel complete?” asked Vanessa.

“In general, I consider myself happy; If I achieved inner tranquility and spiritual ascension, I would feel complete.”

“What are your dreams?”

“I want to become rich and famous!” I joked, and that's when Alexander intervened:

“Do you want to become very rich and very famous?” he asked, while he was folding a napkin in four.

“Yes,” I replied fast.

“Pinch here,” he said and urged me to cut off a little piece from the spot where the napkin was folded.

“Are 50 million drachmas enough for you?” he asked then.

“No,” I answered.

“Pinch a little more,” he said and I obeyed.

“How about 100 million?”

“No,” I joked on.

“Pinch again!”

After a few more questions, we reached a satisfactory sum of money: “Are two billion of drachmas enough?” he asked cunningly.

“I think they are enough!”

“Pinch a little more!”

After I had done so, Alexander unfolded the napkin. In its centre there was a huge hole. “This is what your ass will look like, by the time you are rich and famous, you poor thing!” he concluded tauntingly. Everybody burst into laughing, and so did I.

But that was not all; there were some more questions for me:

“How often do you make love?” Danae asked me.

“Often enough,” I replied calmly but not sincerely.

“What was the size of the biggest and the smallest penis (!) you have ever dealt with?” Vangelis asked then, with a cunning look on his face.

“I don't measure the length of my lover's penis,” I answered calmly.

“Why did Vangelis' question shock you?” asked Alexander then.

“The question didn't shock me; yet, I found it strange,” I explained.

Really now, how should I have reacted to such a question?

All in all, the celebration was interesting, amusing, constructive. It was, maybe, the most pleasant social event I have ever been to. “If only Alexander weren't here,” joked the guru at a moment.

Thursday, 7th February 1991

Lucid Dream: I am climbing a tree, so as to escape from rhinos and other beasts chasing me. Up there, I decide to meditate. Almost immediately, my body starts to hover but it is two-dimensional, as if inside a film, while I am trying to discern various scenes taking place behind a black veil. Suddenly, I am being carried away into a dark spectral tunnel. I am afraid, I want to resist and I finally manage to return to the original dream, up on the tree. I wake up with difficulty and anxiety...?

Tonight, at Janus, my class carried out a *telepathy experiment*: Alexander put an object on the reception table, right outside our classroom. Then, we all relaxed, reached the “void space” and tried to “see” what it was. Many of us guessed almost right: the object was a white candle in a candlestick, placed on a small plate. I “saw” something oblong like a stick, with a cross on the upper part, standing on a circular base. Alexander considered it a success. He also told me that as he was passing by me during the relaxation exercise, he felt something like a shiver or an emotion...

Saturday, 9th February 1991

I have arranged to meet the guys and go to a Chinese restaurant tonight. I do have fun with them, going out with friends is a new experience to me, yet neither this time shall I avoid the usual hardship: I leave home at 19:40 and go to the bus-stop. Until 20:00 there is no bus to be seen. I take a taxi and get off at the bus-stop of Helioupolis. From there I take a bus to Athens. Ticket inspector. I find out, luckily before it's too late, that I have left my monthly pass at home. I get off quickly, I get on another bus and I finally make it to the centre of Athens. From there, I get on a third bus and arrive in Kypseli. Then it's a five-minute walk to Fokionos Negri Square, where our venue is. At least, I am on time: I meet my friends at 21:00 sharp.

Time to return: I take a taxi to the Columns of Olympian Zeus, in Athens. I am hardly on time to get on the 1:00 o' clock bus, which has its terminus in St Tryfon. From there I have to walk about fifteen minutes, in the middle of the night, while a drunken old man is following me, raving and vomiting, until I finally reach home.

Indeed I wonder: Is all this fuss worth the while? Are these guys really my friends? Yet, they are my only choice for a social life. What else could I do? Stay at home and watch TV? Never mind... Enjoy it while it lasts...

Sunday, 10th February 1991

Night Adventure: I am reading a beautiful poem about someone who travels all over the world and has lots of experiences, seeking the meaning of life. Finally, he returns home, near the fireplace, in tranquility and simplicity. The last verse I remember is something like “and then, the thoughts are coming...”. All of a sudden, the piece of paper goes away and I wake up...?

Today my parents were absent from the afternoon till late at night, because they were invited to dinner by old relatives. I wasn't in the mood of going too, so I stayed home alone and enjoyed some

precious privacy. When my parents are around, I have the impression of being constantly watched. Especially my mother observes every move I make: how I act, how I talk, how I listen to music, even how I blink -and she complains about everything. Her situation is getting worse and worse, she likes nothing about me, probably because I am still single. Luckily, I will soon be living in my own house...

Thursday, 28th February 1991

Sensational news, piece one: Although she is an excellent pupil, Persephone has just quit school, just a few months before finishing the third class of Lyceum, because she is sick and tired of studying, she says. Anyway, I suspect there are other reasons too: In all probability, her classmates have been making fun of her because of her excessive obesity.

Sensational news, piece two: My sister has recently had the bright idea of opening her own gym, in partnership with Milena, her best friend. With what qualifications, really? Neither of them is a professional gymnast! As about the huge capitals requested for renting the building and buying the equipment, wealthy Milena is willing to spare a certain sum of money, while penniless Alice wants to sell her house! Of course, since neither has a degree from the Physical Education College, they won't be able to get the necessary license, which means their gym will be illegal! Nevertheless, my parents don't even think of saying "no" to the princess. They always yield to every demand of hers, no matter how preposterous it is!

Anyway, this idea will finally be abandoned because Milena's parents (obviously more sensible) won't agree to spend so much money on an illegal enterprise. Thank God...

Sunday, 3rd March 1991

Night Adventure: A vast desert is gradually converted into an ocean, by use of magic, nuclear stations, special missiles, strange machines. There are lots of people at the beach now, and I am amongst them. I can hear a nice song coming from headphones: "In the Eye of the Hurricane".

After a while I am inside an immense ship of the future. Not everything is ideal in here: Thousands of people perform specific, slavish tasks for endless hours every day, and they all follow an identical way of life. I am watching a beautiful brunette, for whom the electronic computer has prearranged to live thousands of years, by alternating heads on different bodies. I find this perspective rather bleak...?

Premonition: In the second chapter of my new novel there is a protagonist called Rhodes, who steals 11 million units from a rich man; later, I change those 11 million units to 15 million. In today's episode of my favourite TV series, one of the main characters was called Rhodes, he mentioned a sum of 11 million pounds and 15 years of prison...

Tuesday, 12th March 1991

Aphrodite, the vivacious blonde who happens to be my classmate in Janus, has expressed the desire to know me better, as I was informed by Vanessa. So, this afternoon the three of us arranged to go for a coffee at Victoria Square. Aphrodite narrated some incidents from her life, which show she is gifted with innate telepathy. She also suggested we three should make a team of parapsychology experiments. This is not a bad idea! She is impulsive, maybe light-minded, but not cunning -as some others are. Later on, she invited us to her house, where we performed a *telepathy experiment* by using the Zener symbols. I didn't manage to concentrate, I only got 2/20; Vanessa got 4/20 and Aphrodite 7/20. Anyway, it's been years since I last had such a good time with friends.

The point is I feel a lot more comfortable with these girls, than with the others. When I am with Vanessa and Aphrodite, I speak more freely and I feel happier, since they accept me as I am; with them I can be myself. There is no problem among us, not even when I question the guru's theories; they don't believe in him blindly, either – in contrast to the others, who become hostile whenever I express the slightest doubt about Alexander's teachings, let alone they ridicule everything I say. Aphrodite and Vanessa don't make me act nervously or gibe stupidly at my own words -things which always happen when I am with the others. *In the long run, we become what the others want us to be...*

● *Dead Ends*

Monday, 18th March 1991

I can no longer ignore the facts: Once again, my job is reaching a dead end. The distance St Tryfon - Omonia Square is getting longer and longer because of the increasing traffic jam. It takes me about two hours to get to work every morning and two more hours to return home in the afternoon.

Moreover, I don't have many clients and there is almost no work during the summer months. As about Pangaea, they haven't given me a pay-rise so far, while their texts are getting more and more time-consuming, as they are rather illegible and full of corrections; therefore, the money is not satisfactory any more. On the other hand, the basic expenses (electric current, social security etc) are increasing, and so is competition: More and more free-lance typists appear every day, opening new, luxurious offices equipped with expensive computers and Xerox machines. Naturally, clients prefer them to me, since I still work on an electric typewriter in a small office. What can I do? I can't even think of looking for a miserable office job in the Classified Ads. Is there a way out? Why is always so much stagnation in my life?

Saturday, 23rd March 1991

I went out with the guys yesterday evening. First we went to a creperie, then to a pub in Glyfada. I invited Aphrodite to come with us, but I'm afraid it was wrong: First of all, she delayed us a lot because of her negligence or frivolity; then she nervously monopolized all conversations, mostly saying nonsense. That was not the Aphrodite I know; maybe she was trying too much to make a good impression on the others. The fact is she can't fit in this company, and neither can I.

Besides, I'm getting more and more certain that something is wrong with these guys: Firstly, they always phone and invite me out just one and a half hour before the meeting time – which means I hardly have the time to get ready; as if they were doing it on purpose, hoping I would say "sorry, I can't come because it's too late for me now". Moreover, their behaviour towards me is usually enigmatic or, even, hostile. Yesterday Danae was ironic to me because I gave her back the negatives of some photos without their paper envelope; yet, when she gave me those negatives, she told me she didn't care about them at all. Apostolis joked he would have a child with me only if I paid him one million drachmas; Manos laughed mockingly.

On the way back, at 1:30 o'clock after midnight, I asked Danae to take me in her car (five persons in all) and leave me at St Tryfon Square -barely a five-minute ride. She frowned and complained that the car was too small to carry five persons! I was ashamed and spoke no more. I am sure Danae doesn't like me at all, and I bet there is a lot of gossip behind my back. I don't think I will go on that trip to Chios with them next week...

Most people are ghosts: Last night I cried. Truth hurts, especially when you decide to face it after many years of delusion. Something is wrong. Everybody ignores me. This is and this will always be the main problem of my life. All the rest are just natural consequences. Everybody acts as if I didn't exist at all: When I am in the company of others, they either don't let me speak or interrupt me as soon as I start talking -as if I hadn't even begun speaking. My opinion is never taken into account, or it is shrugged off immediately, without the slightest explanation. Whenever I manage to speak openly to friends, I usually

regret it at once, since every word I say is misunderstood -as if I were speaking a foreign language. I feel alone in the world, with few contacts only. To be precise, my only contact is my mother, with whom I do have some communication. Actually, she is my link to the human society...

When I am with others, I always feel a strong sense of alienation. Alien. It is always the same, no matter how I describe it. All people around me seem to be having a great time, spontaneously taking part in all kinds of entertainment. To me, such things have always been an ordeal. Everything seems boring and meaningless to me, because I never find any external response: I write books which will never be published, even if I were willing to pay. At work, I have no say; I am always the typist, just a cog in the machine. I try to accost certain men I like, but they never pay any attention to me. All my life is limited to a strictly personal field of action. Whenever I try to reach the others, the result is a complete failure.

No matter what I do, it is like shouting in the desert. The desert. This is the real face of my world. People come and go, voices, parties, laughs, throbbing life – but there is nothing here for me. Everything looks too distant and fictitious. All these “fellow-human beings” that surround me, could as well not exist at all. *Maybe they do not really exist; they come alive only for a few deceitful words and an enigmatic smile, then they fade away like ghosts. Most people are ghosts, probably dangerous ghosts...*

Saturday, 30th March 1991

Yesterday evening I set off for the island of Chios, together with my friends Apostolis, Danae and Manos. As soon as I arrived at the port of Piraeus, problems started to appear: The ship with the cabins, in which Apostolis had made reservations, proved not to be going to Chios at all! I definitely wanted to stay in a cabin, since it would be a ten-hour night voyage, so we asked in another ship but there were no cabins left! “Will you come with us, now?” Apostolis asked me, as I was standing before him with my baggage in hand. Strange question: Would he prefer my not coming at all? Finally, we all travelled together on the deck, under my woolen blanket, “like a big, happy family”, as Danae joked.

This morning, after we disembarked at the port of Chios, a new misfortune was awaiting us: Soon we found out Apostolis' parents had changed the lock to the front door of their house, without his knowing; so, we had to wait in the car from 6:00 to 9:00, for an uncle of his to wake up and give us the new keys. I couldn't help wondering: couldn't Apostolis wake him up a little earlier, given the circumstances? Did we really have to wait in the car for three whole hours?

Anyway, despite our heavy drowsiness which lasted all day long, we had a pretty good time today: We saw the Mansions and the Monastery, and then we went for a walk along the seaside. Late at night we met some cousins of Apostolis in a nice cafeteria at the port.

Sunday, 31st March 1991

This morning we visited the New Monastery (Nea Moni). The landscape is wild but fascinating, studded with gray rocks and ruined medieval houses. *I am so close to him, and yet so far... So wonderful, yet so sad... Could it be better this way, for some strange reason?*

When the night came, I dreamt of George Franzis: We were drinking coffee together in a cafeteria, he looked gorgeous, as always; we were having a wonderful time together but, when I asked to meet him again, he refused! *Interpretation: Probably George Franzis signifies Apostolis (they look alike), with whom I go out as friends, but he doesn't want anything else from me...*

Holy Monday, 1st April 1991

In the morning we visited Daskalopetra and took photographs in front of the big rock where Homer is supposed to have been teaching. Later, we had lunch in the seaside town of Lagada; When we finished and got out of the restaurant, I asked the guys to take a photo of the small picturesque river, full of small boats, which flows into the sea. They all refused in unison, suggesting “we should leave it for tomorrow, when there will be more light.” However, on the way back to the city of Chios, we stopped the car in the middle of nowhere in order to photograph a couple of blue church domes in the distance. There was “more light” there...

Later, at home, Manos questioned a saying of Nietzsche written on Danae's diary. The lady just burst into tears (she is just not accustomed to being questioned) but soon she got over it. Later, we had a discussion about life after death, and I was naïve enough to declare that I can't feel sorry when somebody dies. “It seems to me you are a blockhead!” Apostolis told me, supposedly joking. Anyway, I didn't burst into crying.

Holy Tuesday, 2nd April 1991

Once again we had lunch in Lagada; this time we went to a taverna, where we ate fish and had a nice time. Yet, neither this time did we photograph the river because it was “dirty” and “very ugly”, as they all said mockingly. Nevertheless, on the way back to the city, Apostolis asked Danae to stop the car, again in the middle of nowhere, so that he could take some photos of sea-gulls down at the seaside, about 300 metres away. “It's no big deal” I dared say and Danae applied the brakes all at once, stopping the car near the precipice. By the time we were out of the vehicle, the birds had flown away, so there were no photos taken. Anyway, it is now crystal clear to me that these persons don't take me into account at all, because they put me down as a complete idiot.

In the evening we went to the port and bought the tickets back home. Although I had explained to Apostolis I wished to be in a cabin this time, he mentioned nothing about it to the travel agent. Manos laughed mockingly and I didn't protest anyhow...

Holy Wednesday, 3rd April 1991

Return to Athens, that is ten endless hours of absolute boredom in the chill of the night. Nevertheless, I am experiencing an awakening as I am now here, all alone on the deck, while the others are crouching on their chairs of the economy class, after a brief quarrel I had with that wiseacre of Manos: It all began when the gentleman mocked that my jacket had been reduced to a “dusting cloth”. Then, I went to the bar and took a cup of coffee; as soon as I returned, he told me tauntingly:

“Be careful or you will spill it on us!”

“Now that you say it, it could as well happen! It's a matter of basic psychology! You claim to know a lot about psychology, so I suppose you know this too!” I replied.

“Oh, don't start again!” complained Danae.

Moments of truth in absolute silence: These guys are certainly not my friends, and they never wanted me to join them on this trip. Not only during these days, but also whenever we meet in Athens they constantly make fun of me, they treat me as if I were a retard, and they ridicule every word I say.

It's high time I cut down on jokes and confessions to these persons, and I won't ask them the slightest favour ever again. For the time being, I will keep on seeing them, since I still need a circle of friends to go out with -but I won't be the same anymore: I will be serious, reticent, a diva.

Holy Thursday, 4th April 1991

Night Adventure: Alexander is angry at me and he is chasing me along the streets. He knows I am not loyal to him, since I keep my own ideas instead of obeying him completely. In the meanwhile, my parents have discovered everything about my interest in metaphysics and Janus. While running, I end up at the edge of a steep precipice. The guru is approaching threateningly, and I am beset with agony.

At that moment, I realize I am dreaming; I am looking at my hands, according to Castaneda's instructions for lucid dreaming, yet everything looks blurred and the sun is setting fast; however, I finally manage to fly away before Alexander catches me. *Interpretation: Guilts and fear for the guru; or, maybe, a psychic attack of his against me? ?*

In the afternoon cousin Niki, together with her husband and her two daughters, paid a visit to my sister. I, as usual, ran to join the party, ignoring the wry faces. At a moment that smart aleck of Costas said he got married young because he didn't want to lose his time and his life aimlessly; then he added that "singles suffer from softening of the brain" - a clear innuendo against me. I felt bad but I pretended I hadn't taken the offense. I guess, from now on I had better avoid parties consisted of couples...

Monday, 8th April 1991

I have been feeling the need of living alone lately. There is no peace and quiet in our house: As soon as I return from work and wish to relax and have a nap for an hour, here comes my sister with her two sons -both handfuls aged two and six now- and she parks them here, till late at night. Therefore, I explained my parents that I'm too old to be still living with them and that I need some privacy; then I asked them to inform the tenants of the first floor we want the apartment for ownership-occupancy.

"But... is this the right time for such initiatives?" wondered Antony, as soon as he heard about it. I can't say he is wrong: We won't be getting a rent any more, the times are hard indeed, but what can I do? I need to have my own space.

This afternoon my parents finished moving house. So, from now they will be occupying the first floor, while I will be living alone at the ground floor. When the night came, I watched an American comedy on TV. I laughed differently, freely, exuberantly. Alone at last!

Saturday, 13th April 1991

Night outing to Plaka together with Apostolis, Danae, Costas and Manos. We had dinner at a creperie, then we started looking for a pub. We searched all over Athens, but the lords liked none; we reached Glyfada in Danae's car, we searched again, to no avail. I decided to invite them to my house, so as to save the night. They accepted but they all looked enigmatic, as if hiding a secret or something. Danae suggested we should do a relaxation exercise, they all agreed happily (which got on my nerves; did we really have to?), then there was still and quiet, then we chatted till three o' clock in the morning. I think they are all obsessed with the guru. At a moment they claimed they couldn't understand what I was saying, but I avoided to ask why and how; instead I kept my mouth shut -much better this way...

Saturday, 21st April 1991

The Sum of all Crises: Apostolis has gone steady with Danae! Last night, when we all went out together, as soon as I saw all those gestures of intimacy between them, I dropped from the clouds! I've

never felt so miserable in my life! Their happy smiles and touches of affection, as they were walking hand in hand, caused me an insupportable feeling of jealousy for a happiness I am never meant to experience! As they said, they decided to become a couple the night of the 13th April, when I invited them to my place! They went steady inside my house!

I feel disappointed and supplanted, however I know well that the curious thing would be if Apostolis had preferred me instead of Danae. The truth is I am not attractive as a woman, since my body is still too thin, without any curves. On the other hand, there are other women who are a lot uglier than me (for example short and obese, full of rolls of fat under their skin), yet they marry the most handsome men. Besides that, my behaviour has no “feminine grace”: I never resort to mincing or simpering, it doesn't come natural to me; on the contrary, I often present interests unacceptable for a female, such as parapsychology, life after death, the multidimensional universe etc, and men hate me for this. However, neither this can justify my loneliness, since the world is full of vixens who inspire crazy passions, despite their awful character.

I would say there is an unconscious, mutual repulsion between me and men: They dislike me and I avoid them spontaneously. It seems there is a mysterious, invincible power inside me, which prevents me from having relationships with men, and the older I get the more I trust this power. Anyway, I've never had strong sexual desires: I have never pursued sex, I haven't masturbated even once in my whole life! I used to have some sexual fantasies with men, but they are getting rarer and rarer. They just don't come to me any more. In fact, I often think how simpler, clearer, nicer life would be, if sex didn't exist at all!

Thoughts like the above lead me to old, forgotten realizations: *I do not belong to the human species*. I am something different, and this alien nature of mine is getting more and more apparent, day after day. In all likelihood, this is the deepest reason why the human herd always has always been so hostile against me, constantly trying to keep me away from their world. Contrary to what Alexander trumpets forth, not everything can be explained according to “engrams on the subconscious”. Especially my case is entirely inexplicable: what is natural for humans, is not natural for me and vice versa! *I do not belong here. I have fallen to Earth, God knows where from...*

Sunday, 5th May 1991

Night Adventure: Inside a dimly lit corridor there is a black metal chair. At the centre of the seat there is a round hole. The chair doesn't have a back; instead, it has a metal staff which ends in a helmet. People come and go continuously along the corridor, without noticing the chair. Only seldom does someone sit on it; then, the metal helmet descends to their head and puts them to torpor. In the end, the person is melted, absorbed and lost inside the hole.

A team of researchers, amongst whom I recognize Apostolis, try to find out why people disappear in that corridor. Of course, nobody suspects that a piece of furniture is to blame. However, there comes a time when nobody walks along that corridor any more. The chair is left all alone in the corridor, thinking: *When will a human being come here, so as to keep me company? I feel so lonely; maybe, someday I will find somebody who's like me...*

Thursday, 23rd May 1991

This evening we performed a *telepathy experiment* at Janus: While meditating, I “saw” an empty vase, almost round in shape. The object Alexander had chosen and placed on the reception table was an empty vase of oval shape...

After the lesson, Vanessa, Aphrodite and I went to a fast-food restaurant and discussed all kinds of

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