

To my mother, Mr. Haworth and Connor.

## Just Plain Chaos

### Train and Drive In

The ticket I had bought was written in pen. It wasn't an electronic ticket. I'd just gone to an office, said I want to go to such and such location, paid my money in cash. And then they wrote on the ticket in pen. Got on the train, showed the paper-written ticket to the conductor. This was a very strange way to move. Then I got off the train at the stop. With my pack, that had maybe three changes of clothes, an extra pair of socks. Some cotton and needle, if I needed to sew anything. And half a dozen books, and all kinds of writing equipment. A little disk case, because I still carried these disks, like some kind of forgotten offering. This is the way I moved. Six hours transpired on the train, and that just resulted to nothing of such little importance to the story that I'll just leave it at that.

I got off the train at the stop. It was dark, limited visibility. There were a couple of men having a party. Probably in their early 20s, late teens perhaps. They called me over, but I waved to them. I wasn't coming over. They walked towards me, beer in hand, looking like I might be lost, like I might actually be looking for their party. But I waved them away. I wasn't interested. It still didn't stop them. They kept on coming closer.

One of them said, "Are you so and so?" And I said, "I'm not so and so." And then they said, "Well, do you know so and so?" And I said, "I don't know so and so." They said, "Who were you going to meet?" And I said, "Well, his name is Unknown, but I don't think you know him." They asked if he went to the local university. I said, "No, he's, I don't know, done some mechanics course, I think. You probably don't know him."

This gave me a sense that they were normal people in the area. Straight perhaps, I would later hear the term being used. And as soon as I'd started the conversation, a small black van pulled alongside me. A woman looked out the window and said, "Are you the one who's coming to meet Unknown?" And I said, "Yes, that's me." Got in the back of the van, and she proceeded to speed away.

The roads were wet. It had rained just before my arrival. And she talked to me, the drive took about an hour, a great detail associated with what was happening with the military and the police, how they were constantly doing actions in the area, how Unknown had been away for a few days and he'd come back. They were concerned that he had bronchitis or something, so he had an early night and he wasn't going to be seeing me until the morning.

How there had been all these actions, important things that had taken place, important transitions between the people in the jungle community and the military and the police. And how they were all observing each other, they were all hyper-paranoid looking into each other, some kind of *panopticon event*, all staring at one another and exchanging peculiar glances, getting to know what each other's behaviors were without ever communicating. She told me a story of some equipment that had been stolen, and some retribution, low-flying helicopters, all the things that made their existence just slightly on edge. Not a proper utopia, not a perfect place, but something that was slightly on edge, always a little uneasy, always a little uncomfortable, and always open to *interpretive manipulation*.

I realized that I didn't know her name, and she didn't know my name. And that was part of the fun of the thing, that we both remained anonymous through this interaction. But I realized, after a few minutes, that she was probably Unknown's mother. She did confirm that she was Unknown's mother. In fact, it turned out that she was really the mother of a number of people, or perhaps the stepmother of some people, and the mother of at least Unknown and his brother.

I realized very quickly that the paternity and maternity of people in the jungle was very important, that there were many men but very few women. And the women who were there either bore children, became political, or acted in this stepmother role, because there were so many children and so few parents. This phenomenon of too many children, not enough parents, and also curious back stories. Almost innuendos that occurred, this was something that was very central to the whole jungle ethos.

The potential that there were some adults that had too much of an interest in children, some children that had no interest in adults, and some children that just wandered aimlessly without parents, without focus, but could exist between the pillars of this community with some degree of protection, even though they had no means of interacting with the outside, the straight world, as it was so readily called.

I had a lot of fun in the conversation that night in the drive. There was a lot of discussion about who I was, in a very abstract sense. I talked a little bit about my mother, I talked a little bit about aspects of my life that really just identified me as being of the straight world at some time, talking about the wisdom that I had gathered from others. In particular elderly people that came into my midst, my grandparents, my elderly piano teacher, a variety of folk who I had met and spent time with and taken little bits and pieces from. How this had shaped my life, more than anything that my contemporaries could have offered, this notion that I was an *old world person*, someone who was in a young body but had an older (slightly more tortured) mind. (This is something that a lot of people comment on. Maybe it will come through the story, who can tell?)

In any case, about an hour after we left the train station, we arrived at the camp, off a road from the jungle. We went to the main camp path. I was greeted by a man who, again, remained relatively anonymous initially. He had a small dog.

He was carrying three cups of tea, and his whole purpose for that evening was to explain to me very kindly that when I woke up in the morning, I was to walk down to the right a little, and there, Unknown would be waiting for me. But for now, I was to enjoy the tea, enjoy the evening, and perhaps have what was left of a night. Not necessarily an early night, *but just try and get some sleep because the jungle would be all-consuming*. And with that, I took the last sip of tea, and I rested my head in this very strange building that I was yet to explore as it was so dark.

I woke up, gasping for breath a little, trying to focus my eyes. Trying to get any information that I could. I was in a new place. I had only seen it in darkness. I realized that the brick building that I had been in actually had a number of windows, had a number of vistas to the outside world. As I peered down a level, I saw a bush turkey through the brush. I was surrounded by nature in a way that I probably hadn't been in since I had been camping as a boy. What a strange day it was. To have instructions, to know what I was to do as soon as I woke up. To follow a path, to get a sense of where I was. But I use the time that I had just woken as a means of getting my bearings. Focusing my eyes, getting a sense of how big this thing was, where was I.

The main house was designed for people to stay in briefly. It was really more a meeting hall than it was a main house. It had three separate levels. The top level being the top sleeping area, and the second level being a sleeping area and sitting room, and the bottom level containing the kitchen and entry way. *It was an amazing environment*. Even the kitchen level, for example, was divided in half. It dropped downstairs at maybe four feet into a pit that was the deepest part of the kitchen. This thing had clearly been created by people who had no adherence to existing architecture. This wasn't a building of the outside world. This was a building of the jungle that had no doubt been assembled many years ago with tens of hands through randomly barked instructions. It was assembled in such a way that each person had taken their own artisanal niche within it, within its building. It was a strange awakening to this place that I was going to experience.

From the main level, there was a sliding glass door out to piles of wood under an awning. Things to welcome me to the fact that this was a place where people frequently came and went. I hadn't had a chance to look through the kitchen. There was no refrigerator, but there was certainly cold storage areas that have been built into the ground intentionally. What a strange place it was. The mist was heavy. Heavy enough that I couldn't see forward even maybe ten feet. But there was the path, the path that I had to take. As I walked outside, the cold bite of air. Even though it was early summer, the mist cooled the temperatures down. I realized I was in the mountains. In an area that was mountainous and off in the distance, perhaps, one could see the ocean.



## And There Was Unknown

I adjusted my eyes. It really was much brighter than I had anticipated, even with the mist. I looked around, fern trees, all kinds of eucalyptus. It was a strange environment to be in. An environment that I had never seen before. The pathway was neat, almost like it had been mowed. Perhaps by all the feet that had walked on it. Perhaps actually by a mower itself. It was all very inspiring to me that somewhere hidden here might be a little petrol mower that they wheeled out on occasion and mowed the pathway.

I followed the path down onto the right, as I had been instructed to do. I came upon a caravan. I paused for a moment, not really wanting to knock, just wanting to look around. As I looked around, I scuffed my feet a little, and the door swung open.

There was Unknown. Perhaps a year older than me, scraggly beard on his face. His deep eyes penetrated into me. He threw his arms open and hugged me. "Finally, you're here. We've been planning for you coming for so long. So, so, very long."

He realized that I was wincing slightly, and he pulled back a little and he said, "Let me tell you about what I have been doing." He didn't usher me in, even though it was cold, he seemed to want to perform in the doorway, and honestly, I didn't care. I took a couple of steps back, just to take in the performance.

"These women I'm dealing with. *These fucking hippie women*. Never trust a fucking hippie. These people are just unbelievable. They want to own the place. They have this notion they're mothers of the earth. They want to own everything. What I'm distancing myself from are these fucking hippie women. I went out into the jungle, deep into the jungle. And these hippie women have just taken over camps. There were sick people. People with pneumonia just coughing, constantly, always sick. And these women, they won't put on soup. They wouldn't do anything. Nothing to warm these sick people. I think they have a hatred of men. I think that's simply it. That they just want these men to die. Keep them weak, keep them over in a corner, hacking out their lungs. This is what's important to these hippie women, to maintain control versus chaos, to maintain the most control possible. Well, I went there and I was like, 'Fuck you, hippie women.' I started making a soup. I got an orderly line. I made sure people washed. Cleanliness is very important. These hippie women, they didn't give a damn. These people were just out in the middle of nowhere. Supposedly doing operations or whatever. Actually doing absolutely nothing. They were just sick and tired, filthy. It's despicable, really, that these women call themselves leaders. They think of themselves as leaders. I got nothing more to say about the situation. It is so good to see you. It is so good to be here in front of you. I want to learn so much from you. I want to hear all your stories. I want to get a sense of what is going on currently, and where things are. Today we're going to get out. We're going to see a little bit of this area. We're going to meet some people do some talking. I hope you're up for that. I want to go buy some rum. I got my passport. I can buy the rum legally. This is gonna be quite exciting." He laughed, quietly to himself. "And this thing, this day. This day is more about the straight world than it is about the jungle. Enjoy it as a means of meeting people. But then we must be careful, we can't allow people to know that you're here too much. We can't introduce you, we can't use your name. What we're just going to do is introduce you briefly to these people so you can see some of the stuff. *Then we need to protect you*. So enjoy what you can today but then we've got a lot more pressing matters. A lot more things to talk about. I have some designs I want to pass on to you, I need your assistance actually. So we have a lot to do today but let's make this thing fun." He went into his caravan and emerged with a small pack of tobacco and rolling papers, placed it in his pocket and said, "Let us see this area at least. Let us see this camp."

And went down over to a hill, to another house very similar to the main building. This was a misshapen, two-story house, clearly, no architecture, clearly, no formality clearly no planning. This was just a combination of people putting bricks and mortar together to build a structure that was two stories high. And I looked out over a valley which was slowly, slowly teasing its way out as the mist

moved very, very slowly, to reveal a large valley.

"You know, you can see the ocean from here on a good day." Unknown noted, he pointed out over the valley. "That was really the purpose for this house. This is my step brother's house. He probably won't be coming back, so maybe we can use this. There's a computer inside that's going to be useful at some stage. This house is still," Unknown paused to collect his thoughts, "It's *monitored*, so we really can't spend a lot of time here in the computer. Well, well anyway, let's move on."

Unknown ushered me along a bit further, over a path and another ridge. He pointed down into a slight dip in the hill. "There's a caravan, that's a good point. We might have you camp there, that seems to be the best place for you. It's a long distance from anyone. No one's going to be in the small house, and certainly no one is going to be in the main house, so you've got, I don't know a miles worth of exposure. No one around for that distance at least. There's a house at the end very far at the end of the road. There's a man who lives there, you might meet him, who knows."

And with that Unknown ushered me back to the main house. "We need to set a fire, we need to get things going, before we leave." Unknown said. I bunched up some wood in my arms. Maybe three large logs, some sticks a little kindling that I was grabbing in my fist. I placed it down showing Unknown that I knew how to build a fire, many years camping. I'd been kicked out of the Boy Scouts, but many years camping and certainly many years building fires. All boys should have these skills, they should know how to build fires for protection. They should be able to do these things. And I was quite pleased with my ability to create a fire.

Even with the damp kindling and some blowing into a particular point, the fire sprung alight. This was my gift to Unknown. My ability to make a fire. He looked at me quizzically and said, "Not bad for a city kid. Not bad for a city kid, at all. But let me show you how this is done one time, I'll show you how we make fires up here." And with that he turned and said, "Do you want something, maybe some tea, we can make some tea at least." I'd already had tea the night before. So I knew that there was tea making stuff there and I welcome the opportunity to have some warm fluid. As he made the tea, he talked to me, "How much money did you bring? What do you have here?" I said, "I have about \$200, kind of gathered together before I left. I wanted to make a contribution for food, this kind of stuff. I thought it was all very important."

Unknown said, "Well, we're going to get food, why don't you give me the money, we'll go get food, we'll come back, we'll have food. Why don't we do that?" And with that I passed on my \$200, somewhat stupidly. The trust that I had for Unknown was perhaps overly elevated. I needed to trust someone after all, what was I going to do. In normal circumstances I wouldn't have handed over all the money. I would have given maybe half, maybe \$50, just to see what happens to that. But in this circumstance with a cup of tea being made and my first day in a new place. I thought "Why not show some trust here." I handed over all of the money. Unknown looked at it briefly. Stacked in his pocket and kept on talking as he made the tea.

There were things that were very important to Unknown. Knowledge was important to him. He had spent some time in boarding school as a boy. This was a unknown duration, maybe two years, maybe six months, maybe five years. He talked about the importance of things in the straight world.

"Spelling, literacy, the ability to write documents where people know that you are someone who is learned." He looked at me and smiled. "That is a skill, that is a skill that you have and I admire. But you know, I've been in the straight world too. I've been in the education system. I'm not a wild man. I look like a wild man to some. But they're fools, they're people that take me only on face value. They don't look at the deeper things. They don't see who I am associated with. How I speak. How I think. They just look at me physically, look at my body." Unknown paused for a minute and for comedic effect he took a somewhat comical tone, "He's a crazy jungle hippie who's been living away for too long." Unknown laughed at himself.

In a minute, the tea was made. Held it in my hands, so warm, almost sweet. No milk, Just tea leaves floating around. I thought to myself, this was sustaining and calming. This was something that I

could get used to.

## Rum

The day was spent doing a variety of things. The main experience was actually walking through the jungle, walking to the store. This took maybe forty minutes. It was longer than I had anticipated, longer than I could imagine, and every time we came around the bend and I thought it's the store. Just a little bit further, it was a little bit further and this continued on for forty minutes, as Unknown talked more animatedly about hackers and virus softwares, everything that he had read through my text. In fact, I realized very quickly that my text had provided a reality for Unknown, an image for Unknown of what the current situation was, what occurred presently and what the potential for the future was, a dark future, a menacing future, a future where he would hold some degree of importance, that he had some aspect to solve here.

And he laughed about this. He talked a little bit about his engagement with the various cyber hippie groups, the evil hippie women, all the experiences that he had had in recent days. How had made him realize that he had to be a leader, he had to be someone at the top of the food chain, someone giving the orders, making commands. He laughed and looked at me, and he said, "You are very important to this. You are very important because you show me how to do this." And we kept on walking until finally we made it to the store. I was a little the worse for wear, the humidity was higher than I had anticipated, the walking was uneven, but it was nice to be at the store.

Unknown took me through it briefly, I really didn't have a chance to survey anything, and then he walked up to the front counter, and said, "I'll have that bottle of rum." As he pointed to some Jamaican rum. The store owner looked at him and said, "Unknown, you know you have to be of age to buy the rum. There's no point in you asking for the rum if you're not of age."

Proudly Unknown removed his passport put it down on the counter and pointed, "Yesterday. Yesterday I came of age." Unknown laughed a little bit.

The rum was presented. We didn't have anything to have the rum with. Unknown went back and bought some plastic cups. We sat outside and poured cups of the rum, each individually. I had less rum than Unknown did. I wasn't really a rum drinker. The burning sensation of it. The fact that it smelt but record cleaner. These were powerful images for me. But I also realized that I needed to remain relatively sober. Getting drunk on rum and falling over in the jungle along one of these dirt pathways, this wasn't a way to live my life. But I swigged down some of the rum. I paused briefly to reflect with each gulp, breathing a little heavier after my second cup was consumed.

"We need to get back. We've got plans to work on." And with that, we stepped back onto the dirt roads. It's important to note here the quality of the road, from the general store to a turn, maybe half a mile up the road was still paved, it was luxury actually to walk on the side of a paved road, but then very quickly the roads became dirt, dirt roads that then became through-roads that then became really deep gorges muddy gaps, gulfs where the grass had been ripped out by tires, not really roads in any meaningful sense. And then after a few lumbering miles potentially, really it felt like miles, it was probably only half a mile more, gravel had been put down, in a rather curious place. The whole place with the gravel seemed curious, why was it there? Why did the gravel start at that particular point? And then that point on for probably an additional half mile, there was gravel, and the gravel kept on going, but we went into the camp and I was admiring the tall trees that created the arch way of the entry way.

To one side there was a computer building. This was an important hub, this was where the email was delivered to their bulletin board computer, where the archive photos were held. I thought to myself, "This is a place I'm going to spend some time without a question." It looked like a safe place, about 50 feet from the road, somewhere where I could stay if I wanted to just see what was going on. I had already sent email into this building, I'd already left numerous telephone messages on the answering machine. This thing was a familiar place to me and it was a connection to the outside world. The car I had come in was parked alongside this thing. I guess I'd walk down the track in the evening. It all didn't make much sense to me piecing together the spaces in the darkness. But then I came upon

the main building, and I knew very clearly where I was now. Everything had fitted together in a very curious way. We stored the rum with my things, through the journey I would actually put it in my bag, keep it with me as company. Not that I drank it frequently, but occasionally it offered a little protection from the pain, so I knew in advance that the rum was going to be important.

After storing things and having a general rest stop wandering out into the ferns, finding a space, utilizing it, for that was where all the bathroom facilities were. I realized that I was in that place where I would be freer than I had been previously. Two things I had been warned about, prior to coming and also by Unknown briefly in the walk, were the ticks and the leeches. These were things that were going to adhere themselves to me through the journey. Not that I should be scared of them, but just it would happen at some stage when I least expected it. They were surrounding us, they were constantly encroaching into our space. And rather than thinking about them as the other, thinking about them as a loyal citizen, some part of the jungle that just had to be maintained, this was the way to think about the ticks and the leeches.

Having dropped our stuff, having used the facilities in the jungle, we wandered back down the track to a crossroads that we had passed. Wandering up a little bit, we came to a house, Unknown referred to it as the safe house. It was a strange house to see, looked perfectly normal, long veranda outside, looked like a house you would see in the straight world. Maybe more windows than normal, up off the ground with great visibility. I started to realize that many of these houses in the jungle were actually maximized to get better views. The views were the things that the houses were oriented for, not necessarily designed, but this house because it was so close to the road, had to be designed formally. I could see the architects coming out, the one group of architects for the one structure in the jungle, for none of the others had been *blessed by architects*.

We went inside, all the doors were opened in the jungle, everyone left the doors open. There was no secrecy, there was no locked doors, they were just open doors that people could walk between. I never met the owner of that house. It always struck me as very strange, so this was a central point to go into periodically. Within this house, there was electricity, normal electricity, there was a CD player. I had brought a couple of CDs with me, on this part of the trip, I didn't have my CDs with me, but I realized that if I was to come to this house with a couple of CDs, I could play the CDs and enjoy the ambiance there. The main purpose of this house was a large kitchen, living room area, but looked out over things. *It was really a lookout house, that's the way I thought of it.* The shower, the bedroom, they were in the back, no one needed to look out of the shower or the bedroom, but the front of the house had 270 degrees worth of view. You could see people coming up the road, you could see out the valley. This was a perfect house if you were looking to warn people of any coming group of folk. And that was the way it was framed to me by Unknown.

We sat there and played a dice game for a little time. Unknown disappeared and reappeared with a branch of sativa, broke off some bits and rolled himself what became to be known as the jungle joint, I think this is probably the best way to describe it. It involved multiple rolling papers, a thick bed of tobacco, and a good set of flakes that were placed on top. Rolled precisely and in this carrot shape thing, small carrot, not large carrot, was produced and smoked, in this case just by Unknown. Although the smoke became wafting, gave me a degree of contact high, as the kids today say. I was looking out of the jungle as the mist lifted to get a sense of the space, and it was vast, the space was so vast that I had trouble actually comprehending, how much land was there. How much land was owned by the cyber hippies, how much land was owned by the straights? What this place was? I knew from prior investigation this had been dairy farming area.

This was an area that used to be or at least was demarcated for cows, for dairy cows. Even with the rolling hills, I can't imagine cows walking up the valleys, and these kind of things. It was shown to be dairy country. And truth be told, there were areas of flat, certainly this house was surrounded by an area of flat, but most of it was thickly forested rolling hills, and there was no way that cattle was going to go up or down those things.



## Delirious

On the second day, I woke and although I was still moderately delirious, I had no food, so the compelling drive was to get to the store and buy something to eat. As I slopped my hair back and put on my clothes, I began to realize that I was in no meaningful state to walk the mile and a half to the store. Still I needed to go because I had no food. I'd been a day without food so far. It also gave me the opportunity to see sunlight and move about through the wilderness to get a sense of the jungle on foot. Although I'd seen it on foot only a couple of days before, the delirium made me feel like this was a new experience. Actually it was a new experience because I was walking by myself. I could take my own pace. I could stop at various places. I took with me and notebook and a pencil.

When I arrived, the general store was almost empty. The store was very poorly stocked. And I spent about ten minutes wandering around the store, looking at various articles of food, just pondering what I should buy. I ended up buying some chocolate items, a bottle of cola and a bar of what I thought I was butter, but it turned out to be beef fat.

I took my seat outside the store on a bench that was there, ready for anyone who had made some purchases or perhaps for someone who was looking to be picked up from the store. I ate my chocolate items and I drank my cola. I wrote some texts that I was thinking about publishing.

This was a respite. This was a different thing from the experiences that I had had up until that point. Although I was still very heavily delirious, it was something that made me feel somewhat normal. After sitting there for about ten minutes, after thinking about very little, my mind was still high with the fever. I picked myself up and I carried my small block of beef fat to the caravan the mile and a half away.

As I was walking, a small group of children ran along beside me for a short period of time. In somewhat sing-song voices they asked me who my father was, where I was from, what I was doing there. All the questions that were important in the jungle. If they knew who your father was then obviously they knew how to piece the whole thing together. I wasn't giving them any coherent answers. I just looked on, smiled to them and said, "You don't know my father."

They kept on running and playing, they took off up ahead. I was quite impressed with their stamina. Compared to my stumbling, they actually maintained a level of speed, which carried them away as fast as they were there.

I walked on and walked on and enjoyed the sun on my back as I realized that I was getting closer and closer to the caravan. Pretty soon would be back in my bed, in my delirious state, closing my eyes once again. There wasn't a lot I could do with the beef fat. It was starting to melt, and the smell of it actually was permeating the plastic bag that I was carrying it in. But I felt somewhat buoyed because I'd eaten my chocolate items. I'd drank my cola. I'd had a very normal experience in this very surreal place.

When I eventually got back to the caravan, I assumed there might have been people around, I looked desperately for the chance to see humans but they had already all left. I was there by myself. And I sunk back into my bed into a state of delirium which carried me on for a day or so.

Evening came, dawn came. I heard voices in my delirious mind, spending countless conversations with people both living and dead. People I knew from my outside life, and people I had never met.

I realized that none of this made any coherent sense because I was in fact delirious. And after another morning of this, I realized *I needed to take account of myself*, that I could potentially die out here.

This delirium was not abating. My fever was not going away, and I had to take it very seriously. I had to think very hard. What would happen to me if I didn't escape from it? Was I actually on the mend, was I repairing myself, or was I just starving out in the wilderness with no people, no contact? Was this in fact, a good thing?

All these questions in my head. Then these thoughts left me in the instant as quickly as they had shown up. It was all very curious and my delirium moved for a period of time where I realized that I probably was actually getting better.

My thoughts were becoming more coherent, my vision more lucid. Things like smells were starting to permeate my life again. I began to realize that this period of rest was actually a period of recovery. And slowly but surely, my thoughts came back in a more regimented fashion, and I started to realize that what had happened was just a passing sickness, perhaps associated with sheer exhaustion, perhaps a combination of all these things.

There I was, on the mountaintop looking out in an early afternoon, just pondering what the future held for me. Whether or not I would see people again, what it would mean.

## The Bike

There was so much potential in the dawn waking up. The hunger was really starting to affect me, yet I reflected on how free I felt. This freedom was so curious to me. Not be surrounded by people. Not be surrounded by a variety of different constraints. I reflected that I probably didn't even know what day it was. I wasn't going to think hard enough to work out what day it was. The locals had this notion of straight time. The time of the city. The time for people who had to get to work. Who had impending pressures. This notion of seven days being given out. If you needed to know exactly what day it was, what time it was, where you should be, what your purpose was, all these things seemed remarkably alien to my mountain top vista.

The early summer mist was still relatively thick and I looked out through my window to get a sense of the day that was outside. Actually, realistically, the weather was already amongst me. The nature of the caravan was pretty haphazard in terms of keeping the weather out, and a slight chill caught my skin as I sat there looking out over the horizon. Today was going to be like any other day, I suspected. Although my fever had died down, the hunger was still an omnipresent thing. But I let myself sit and think, and wait. Just wondered what ideas, what images, what thoughts would flash through my mind of this particular vista. I was taken back to maybe two years previous, walking up a path in a similar scrubbed area, although probably many hundreds of miles away.

It must have been only a few years earlier. Holding a couple of disks in my hand. Walking up a path to decode some viruses. To explore what part of the world this remote computer was connected to. All of this was associated with the government work. Gathering insights into things that were probably far greater than I was. I reflected on the cup of tea that I was given. The warm cup of tea. Really any thought associated with food was going to be something that gave me some degree of comfort. Had there been something with the tea, some food, that was provided with the tea? Would there have been something more that I could have eaten with this cup of tea? I couldn't really remember, but I remember feeling at peace. A sense that I was doing something productive. There was nothing nefarious there. No sense that this experience was going to build on other experiences, and pretty soon I would be writing revolutionary tales. No, this was just a boy walking down a path to a door, presented with a computer. Spending some time on the computer and looking into it.

Following this thought came a year and a half later, sitting in front of some kind of judicial authority. Being asked a series of pointed questions by these men looking very curiously at me. I didn't think this was the beginning of the end, but this was certainly a step along the way to the cliff-face. It was at this juncture that I began feeling very angry, very confused, very much the sense of this was not my time, these were not my people. This was something that I needed to remove myself from. Get as far away from this as possible. And the reason that I was in front of this committee was because I had gone to the doctor. The doctor had asked me why I wasn't sleeping. What was wrong with me? And I said, "Well, I'm working on this computer virus stuff. What was bringing me to this sleeplessness was the fact that this thing was all-consuming. And the sense of overwhelming dread of what I had found, and what I would find, and the fact that this thing indicated very clearly that perhaps there were virus authors, perhaps there were people interacting with the virus authors, what it meant to me." Well, I had to play a role here. I was sitting in front of a doctor.

The doctor said, "Well, I can call this person. This person will call you. It's all going to be very easy."

And that chain of events led to so much interesting stuff. That chain of events was ultimately the largest step in my downfall. From there, walking to school became a lot more interesting. I was consistently followed. In fact, it became a game of some curious proportion that these people were following me, would take the same route that I took, sometimes before me, sometimes after me, being watched consistently. I suspect that they might have known that I used the mailbox to send out my texts. This was something that had been overlooked in the world of electronic communication. Even at

the stage of electronic communication, the notion that there were physical copies that were actually being sent out and duplicated, that I would send three copies to three different addresses. These people would photocopy them and send them on, that these artifacts would become part of a web of text that was going out and touching tens, maybe hundreds of people, just through my writing. It was all very curious how this thing came together. To be watched consistently through my walking, through any escape from my home, this was my life after this incident with the doctor. It was all very curious.

Of these incidents, the one that concerned me the most was being run off the road on my bike. This was the first sense that I was potentially in mortal danger. And really, I shouldn't have been cycling at night anyway. I didn't know what I was thinking, being on the roads at night on my bike coming back from the university, perhaps. In fact, I don't even remember what caused me to be on the roads, but I was on the roads, most definitely. The sense of being followed. The sense of this car behind me as I sped along the streets, the tree-lined streets, trying to escape from this car. So I dipped down a sidewalk, made my way through a path. Knowing that I could evade the car if I did this one thing. As I swept around from the path to another road and kept on cycling. It was like I had finally gotten away. I felt an immense sense of escape. Of knowing that I wasn't going to be chased, trailed by this car anymore.

Then my worst fear occurred. The nature of this thing was so overwhelming to me when I saw the lights behind me again. The car had merely turned around. It knew the route that I was headed. It knew where I was going. It could easily find me again. I felt almost childish in my thoughts that I could evade this thing because my destination was my home. That was ultimately the way that I was going to go. Because they knew where I was headed, they knew how they could cut me off. Then this experience, the sound of my back wheels hitting the car, the squeal of the car driving off at speed. I found myself on the ground again tasting blood in my mouth. Winded, knocked down, my bike broken. The one vehicle that I could rely upon to get me out of somewhere at speed was now disabled. Had they wanted to frighten me like this? Were they just trailing me? What was the nature of this thing? It was all so hard to understand, so difficult, almost inconsequential in the entirety of my life. Yet this one moment indicated to me very clearly that I needed to be incredibly careful in my life following.

I remember just the next day going to school. It was a movie night. I was collecting tickets at the front door, that was what I did. I was, I guess, a purposeful child. Someone who could be relied upon to collect tickets. I saw these happy children going into the movie night. Collecting tickets so people could see movies. When I went into the place that was showing the movies, I remember seeing these pairs of children coupled together, holding hands, close to one another. What a world this was, an alien world. My life being chased and thrown off my bike. Almost being run down, and then going into school and seeing these children and their wonderful times together.

Within a few minutes, something rather ironic happened. One of them, having consumed too much alcohol. Clearly they were smuggling alcohol into this thing. It was my job to check for tickets, not to check their bags or work out what they were going to do when they actually got into this social event. One of them laid on his back and projectile vomited into the air; it was like a whale, a geyser, in the light of projector. And his body was left on the carpet, the image of his body from his projectile vomiting. I thought to myself, maybe, maybe it was a good thing that I wasn't part of this group, I remember as I mopped his vomit out of the carpet. This was my life, to mop up vomit of others. This was what I meant to the society, to be run down and to mop up the vomit of others. This was what my life was.

My mind came back to me. What memories to have while sitting here looking out over this beautiful view, looking out over the mountains towards the ocean as the mist lifted from the ground, as it rose up and disappeared; dissipated would be the word scientists would use to describe this. I thought about these vignettes in my life. Everything had led towards this time, this place, ultimately, looking out here as a captive, perhaps.

Was I captive? It wasn't totally clear what I was in this circumstance, but what was clear was

that I had a purpose, and my purpose was to recover and then escape again. And I dared not even think about what the future would hold. I couldn't live here forever, I couldn't just stay on this mountain ridge, I couldn't eat, I had no freedom, I was a kept prisoner, perhaps a hostage. There was nothing I could do other than plan a means of escaping from this situation as well as I had escaped from my prior life. My life was going to be a series of escapes.

I reflected just for an instant, lying on the ground with my broken bike, covered in my own blood, lying there for what seemed like an eternity, but was probably just half an hour. That was really the beginning of the end. Whatever had caused that thing, whatever had led me to that point, that was really the beginning of the end, that point, lying on the ground. That was the point where I was no longer part of the *dubious society*, that was the point where my life had changed inextricably. I was then a public enemy, and from that point, from that view, from that cold cement grave that I laid in, anticipating that really what I was wanted at that point was dead.

Then the escapes really began, and this is what led me to this point. I was also very mindful that it presented a number of problems that would probably cause my escape to be even more interesting. But for now, all I could think about was some fluids; water was the one thing I had, and exploring the caravan. Tea? There was nothing like tea in the caravan, but at least I could boil some water, at least I could potentially put in the beef fat that I still had. What a curious thing to have, beef fat. Of all things to find in a store when you have limited time, that is the one thing you get, thinking perhaps it is butter. Reading labels, what a curious thing, reading labels to understand what stuff actually is.

Well, I did have a little rum. I did have a little rum squirreled away if I needed it, if the pain got too great or something had occurred. And I hadn't really considered the notion that rum also provided calorific intake. I should have considered that, maybe I would have consumed the rum and had a jolly time. But practically, the rum just seemed to me like something that was going to cause me nothing but problems if I consumed it. So I drew some water outside, I went outside and enjoyed the dew on the grass, enjoyed the sun rising, enjoyed the smell, the smells that came to me through this thing. Almost iced air.

The water was full of little wriggly things, mosquito larvae, they seemed to co-exist with me like common friends, like house cats. The mosquito larvae were always with me. There was a small sieve that would have been used to remove tea leaves if tea leaves had existed, and I whisked the water with the sieve to try and remove the most active mosquito larvae; one didn't need protein after all, one needed carbohydrates. And when you boiled the water and the mosquito larvae die in their warm graves, well, I just didn't want to be consuming that stuff. I also considered what I recalled from my childhood when I'd encounter mosquito larvae in water, that everything that went through the mosquito larvae went into the water as well. Boiling it was mandatory; it had to be boiled. But then you had this curious period where you couldn't actually drink the water, held back from drinking the water, putting beef fat in. That would have been interesting, but not particularly flavorful.

Where was the food? What had happened to this thing? Why was there a caravan in the middle of nowhere, strewn with things that had spoiled? Thankfully, the rice was long gone, the rice full of wiggly things, so unappetizing. What was happening in the space that I was there in isolation? No one had taken any care for me to be there. *I was an afterthought*, I was always an afterthought. I was an afterthought when I was scrubbing the vomit, I was an afterthought when I was lying on the ground in a pool of my own blood. I was an afterthought. And here in this environment, with this water boiling, reflecting, at least there was gas. The small things to be considered, at least there was gas. That was such a blessing, to have a little gas to boil the water.

My mind became somewhat colder as I reflected that I still needed to return to school, that the state still had requirements for me to attend school. What was I going to be through this experience then summer would end, I would have to go back to these institutions. This was the experience that I had. Well, let me enjoy the freedom for now, at least. Let me enjoy the freedom for as long as I can because there was a whole series of possible paradoxes that were playing out in my mind.



## Computer Repairs

It's really difficult to explore the nature of extended hunger. After you have had nothing to eat for four days, you become a completely different person. I was able to get basic starches, I think, from chewing on the ferns, drinking water, some boiled, sometimes strained. But realistically, my whole body became so focused on eating that there was little else that occupied my active mind. Starvation was really pernicious. It was something that moved beyond just not having food and, in fact, was quite combative. I knew in any circumstance, if Unknown had come to stay with me, I would have ensured that he had food. But the nature of being isolated and being starved together, these two things were just completely unimaginable to me.

And I sat there and reflected on my life very strongly, that there have been various problems in my life, that I existed in some curious, ethereal sense. And if I had meaning, if I had purpose, if I had some value of any kind, then I would be someone who would be fed. Because I didn't hold any of these things, I was just being left to die on a hilltop, looking out over a beautiful vista, but at the same time hungry. Not necessarily delirious all the time, but certainly hungry for every minute of the day.

It was through this period that it was offered for me to repair a computer for some marshmallows. This to me, at the time, seemed somewhat surreal, the nature that my sustenance would come through, marshmallows, of all things, seemed very curious to me. So, I went out to talk to the elderly gentleman, the chieftain of the jungle camp. And he spent a lot of time talking to me, about how he had catalogued all the birds in the area and then a number of the plants, that he maintained a computer database that showed these little points all over, establishing where the plants and animals were.

My job for the late afternoon was to solder a power supply together. And this was something that I had done previously. Truth be told, I was pretty good at soldering. I was pretty good at repairs. This just required removing certain bits, cleaning up certain other bits, replacing a diode or two, replacing a fuse, which by far was the most interesting thing because there were so many different possibilities for fuses, but none of them were the fuse that was needed. And then re-soldering, making sure that this technology would work going forward.

The reuse of technology was very important to them. Maintaining technology for long periods of time was incredibly important. There was very little that was new there. Certainly in terms of computer equipment, there was nothing that was new there. But all the bits of computer equipment were maintained in such a way that they could be used over and over again. He lamented the nature of 12 volts, 12 volts DC. This was the choice that he had made when he started wiring the solar systems up, that he would use 12 volts DC, not the straight world's AC, but 12 volts DC, as a means of getting flickering lights and basic things to work, slightly less engineering required, slightly more opportunity just to plug in things that would normally plug into a car or a van or something like that, that would take 12 volts very easily.

And as he talked, I remember thinking to myself, "Where are these marshmallows that I was promised? What happened to these marshmallows?" And after about 15 minutes of him talking like this, I perked up a little bit and I said, "I heard there was marshmallows involved in this thing." And he laughed to himself and produced half a bag of marshmallows, which we proceeded to eat, marshmallow aside, marshmallow after marshmallow. And through this discussion, I said to him I was gravely concerned and I needed to leave potentially and get this taken care of. And he looked at me and he said, "Well, there's only one cure that you can do here. You just have to work your way through the fever. You just need to work hard through this fever and get over it. And then you'll be fine." And I looked at him and I thought, "Well, while age has not given him wisdom, he's certainly very concerned and forthright with his idiocy." And I smiled back a little bit as I chewed on my marshmallow very slowly.

There was quite a technique associated with really sucking all the meat off the marshmallow,

spending as long as possible with a marshmallow in your mouth, not swallowing it down quickly because that would really make you sick when you were so hungry, but actually allowing your mouth to do some of the digestion for you of the marshmallows. So, we sat there for a few more minutes. The computer that I repaired was now working once again. And I realized I'd earned my fill of marshmallows. But I didn't have any allies with regards to my impending doom.

And with this, I walked very slowly back to the caravan. When I got to the caravan, Unknown was waiting for me there. I thought, "What is happening now?" Unknown said to me very quickly, "We've got to move. *This is not sustainable*. This area has come under constant surveillance. We've gotta move, we've gotta get you out of here. I found a new safe house. There's food, there's running water, there's electricity. We're gonna put you there for a few days and see what happens, see if this thing blows over. But we're going to have to move at night, and we're going to have to move in a very particular fashion, so no one can follow us. But we suspect that they might follow us, so we just need to remain evasive through this thing. And we can't talk, that's the main thing."

And with this, I threw my pack together, put it on my back, and followed Unknown for what was going to be two and a half hours of walking. Two and a half hours of walking in near silence. Two and a half hours of walking in moonlight. Points of him stopping, peering around things. All very curious, but all having to be done quietly. And this quiet was something that became so pervasive, so adhered to that when I accidentally stepped on a twig and made a sound, I kind of veered back from that. "This couldn't be me. I couldn't be stepping on a twig, I couldn't be making a sound." And we made our way through the jungle, occasionally getting glimmers of moonlight, and eventually arrived at this house, which was really a corrugated iron shed and a caravan that was added to it.

It was decided pretty early on that Unknown would sleep in the shed and I would sleep in the caravan. And the caravan was really very curious. It had a series of things, like books, but also had a wide variety of curious pornographic magazines, and various other things, which at the time glared at me and I glared back at them. And then I was almost captivated by who was this person who had lived here for a long period of time. What was the nature of their reading habits in this environment? And I pulled some of these magazines down off the shelf and had a quick read through. It was all very curious, all very jumbled together, not associated with any political mischief that I had seen previously.

I had the sense that the person who had lived here was some form of biker, in some kind of biker gang. It very much had that sense of, I don't know, the hostility and violence, but also camaraderie there as well. And there weren't many idols, there weren't many things to look around to get the sense of his political views, aside from the reading material. I was a little concerned that he might return at some stage, the owner of this caravan, to see me there sleeping, but I had been pretty well reassured from Unknown that this was not going to be the case. And I found myself falling asleep relatively quickly because I had walked for many miles in order to get there.

When I woke up, I realized immediately where I was. It was very curious actually. Through this trip I had had trouble waking up and recalling where I was, I had to reconstruct things and came to certain realizations only after a couple of minutes. But instantaneously, upon waking up, I knew exactly where I was. And I went outside and I saw a kitten in the scrub. A kitten bounding between the various palm fronds. What a curious thing to see in this environment. I sat for a moment, and the kitten came bounding over. And I stroke this little creature and it purred. It struck me as really very surreal to be in this environment and yet to have this cat amongst me. This cat had obviously been fed. It was obviously well looked after, and it indicated very strongly that the person who owned the caravan and the shed hadn't been gone for long because they'd left their kitten behind. I felt, "Well, I better go and talk to Unknown and actually establish what's going on here," because this whole thing seems very strange to me.

## Remote Food

Unknown was completely dead to the world. But when I went into the shed, I realized that it had a large pantry. In fact, it had the ability to make pancakes. There was chicken noodle soup and a variety of other things that I had recalled from the straight world. And my hunger almost disappeared with the potential that was in front of me. I decided I'd make pancakes. There were shake and bottle, you just added water, or if you added milk, shook it up and made pancakes that way. And as I didn't have any milk, I added some water and shook it for probably two or three minutes, proceeded to put on the hot plate, get a pan ready in order to pour out the first round of pancakes.

In an instant, Unknown sprang to life from his bed. He stood upright and almost swung at me. I stepped back and said, "Unknown, Unknown, it's me. Don't worry, there's nothing here that will cause you any harm." And he looked at me almost blankly, ready to throw another punch. But thankfully, it obviously came to him, he came to his senses and realized who I was. I said, "Look, I'm cooking pancakes. We can have pancakes for breakfast." And a smile crept across his face. He said to me, "Ah, the straight world has many wonderful things, but pancakes are definitely wonderful." And I looked back at him and smiled.

We consumed these pancakes with some kind of elaborate honey. There was no syrup there, but there was a little honey, and we both figured it was close enough to syrup. We ate these pancakes and I felt completely stupefied. I had not eaten anything of any worth for days. And now to have these high-carbohydrate, high-sugar pancakes. There was tea there as well. Made four cups of tea, two for each of us. We had a cup of tea with the pancakes, and a cup of tea following. Unknown rolled a long extended cigarette. He was out of sativa. Sat there and smoked the cigarette and talked to me for a long period of time about his experience in boarding school, when he had been part of the education system, his learnings in boarding school, the violence that had been enacted on him.

And I talked a little bit about some of the hacking networks that I had observed, and the various rules that the hacking networks offered. The nature of being followed as well came up, the nature of being an enemy of the state sufficient to being followed. But really we didn't have a lot of time to talk. Unknown said he was going on to the falls today to meet another group of people. But I was so excited about being in a place with food that I said, "No, I will stay here. I've got clothes I can wash. I can put them out to dry. I can do washing things. I can bathe. I can shave. All these things from the straight world were coming back to me as some kind of hallucinatory wonderment, some kind of star lit through the days, hallucinatory wonderment as the pancakes coursed through my veins with the honey. I was returning to some form of carbohydrate balance and at the same time also was really comprehending what chicken noodle soup for lunch might actually feel like.

So, Unknown bid his farewells. Really, it was probably better for me to stay remote and isolated. I asked if the owner of the shed and the caravan would be back, and he said, "No, not for about a week or so. You've got no problems here. Feed the cat, make yourself at home." And that is what I did. I fed the cat, and I made myself at home.

## Meeting At the Mill

There was something very calming about the dusk period. The light levels weren't quite low yet. It wasn't sunset. It had the feeling of anticipation: a sense that anything could really happen still. The wind blew lightly through the trees and I truly appreciated that I was probably the only person experiencing this very moment. I reflected on a number of things at this point. I was drawn to my early childhood, aspects of indigestion and various dysentery-like symptoms that were affecting me, but most importantly, I thought about how I was going to escape. And escape was such a pressing issue to me that I had already constructed a number of ways that I could get out of there. I thought in particular that even with limited money I could at least make my way to a roadway (to hitchhike potentially) to get out through some means that would enable me just to disappear or to continue my disappearance.

But all these thoughts were dissolved into one instant when I noticed Unknown coming over the hilltop. He was probably only a few feet away from me. I gestured with my hand raised. I smiled lightly. It was the thing to do, to smile lightly.

He was quite excited. I could see he had a spring in his step. As he came towards me, he almost gushed the following, "We have people you need to meet. You need to meet them right now. I'm gonna take you to the mill and we'll have a long conversation. I think it's important that you tell these people exactly what you know. And for this reason, I want you to prepare something."

"Will there be food there?" I asked quite quickly.

"Yes, yes, there will be food."

I gathered together a small collection of writing materials, little things that I could take with me. I had very limited proof of anything that I was to say. I thought my physical form, my body perhaps exposing a bandage, these kind of things, would explain to people very quickly exactly who I was.

Unknown paused, "You won't need any of that. You don't need to prove anything. You just need to be there talking. People need to see you, they need to get a sense of who you are. You don't need any supporting material. None of that's necessary."

I looked at my hands with my books and papers. What was I even trying to prove here? What was important in what I was carrying? I went to my pack and put them back in an orderly fashion. The fact that they had been strewn in the caravan indicated to me that perhaps I should be putting my documents closer together. *Leaving my documents out was not a way to escape quickly.*

I chided myself in that moment. This was wrong. I needed to have a certain degree of discipline when I conducted myself in these circumstances. I thought about my room. The room that I'd grown up in. The way that I had occasionally left things out. In fact, a teenage room is always going to be something that might lend itself to messiness. But I couldn't be messy anymore. I had to be focused. So I put my books back, laced up my shoes, and prepared myself for the walk to the mill.

Unknown had a lot of information to tell me. He was brimming with a variety of different secrets that he had gathered in the time since I last saw him.

It was true that they were making waves and soon the waves would be crashing on our doors. We needed to be very careful with everything that was going on. We were under surveillance. Even in the mountains we were under surveillance and Unknown outlined a way in which we could evade capture if the mill was overrun for example. The location of the mill made me think that it would be relatively easy to overrun it. Below there was one road in, one road out. The mill had two diverging roads which looped up at the bottom. It'd be possible to bring in a number of vehicles, and in fact, encircle the mill. I wondered why we were actually choosing the mill as the location to do this talk; why not bring the people to me here? But then I thought quickly, "No, that would not be the way to do it." We needed to maintain safe spaces in all locations.

As we walked, Unknown told me more about what he had experienced over the past few days. He had gone into the local town. He'd met a girl. He knew this girl through some elaborate means that he explained to me in somewhat stammered words.

I thought to myself, "Really, this isn't an introduction to how I would ever know this girl." In fact, the nature of the, garbled comments that he made indicated to me very clearly that he had no intention of me ever meeting this girl. But he provided a long story finishing up at a fair where he finally was able to, let us say, have some quiet time with this girl. And this was supposed to be an important story to me. I guess we were all boys in some level, and he just wanted to provide a teenage boy story for me that he had experienced these things in the past few days. I don't know what my emotion should be through these kind of things, but I reflected on the fact that I was in complete isolation, and my only introduction to people came through very explicit announcements.

As we walked to the mill, I began to look at Unknown as someone who really hadn't committed at all to anything. He was just playing a game and I was a prop in this game. Not even a person, just a prop that could be wheeled out periodically. Shown off to people. Dusted down perhaps, and then I would be wheeled back to my caravan on a hilltop and that was the way I was to live my life. I found the location of the caravan actually rather curious because I could see for miles. At least two given directions I could see down to the ocean. I had the ability to view everything but at the same point, everyone had the ability to view me. The caravan was almost like a fish bowl where anyone who approached could see me there on the hilltop. But this was just a means of taking my mind away from whatever else Unknown was talking about.

We eventually reached the mill. I realized that I was very skeletal, almost dangly. It was very strange to come across these people. I hadn't really seen people for, I don't know, days, a week, maybe more. So I was going to enter a social group again, looking much the worse for wear, not having showered, no toilet facilities. I felt a bit of a mess as I wandered into that environment.

I heard the happy voices of young men and women. Women in particular were such an enigma in this circumstance. I reflected on Unknown's story of meeting this girl in this fairground, whatever had happened there, and thought about my own existence in isolation. What I was presented with was a group of maybe ten people, at most with a few people coming and going. These kind of movements left me a little uneasy.

I realized my purpose there was to be some kind of circus animal, perhaps a fairground prop. A bearded lady, a mermaid, something like that to be wheeled out and shown that yes, people who had come from far and wide in order to participate in this thing. It wasn't just a local movement. They had the international perhaps nationally renowned cyber heroes that could just be wheeled out, shown to them like some kind of strange stage prop, but there I was. I raised my hands a little as Unknown introduced me. I realized that I hadn't stretched. I hadn't really moved in any way, and although I was about to speak in front of a crowd I used this time just to recognize that I had limbs and I wasn't there just as a static prop. *I was there as a moving prop that had words to say, things to make points about.* It all seemed very curious at the time that I was to talk to these people, as some kind of authority of anything.

## The Revolution

Unknown began his introduction. "And I need to welcome this person. I'm not going to use this person's name. There's no reason to name this person, but I just wanted to say that we are truly blessed to have in our midst one of the first heroes of the revolution. He is someone who has told me things that I'm only now just understanding. I have known this man for a couple of years. He's been someone who has been so influential in terms of his writing, in terms of his thinking, but most importantly, in terms of his action. He'll certainly talk to you about what the revolution means to him and why he is here to speak before you."

And with this Unknown gestured to me. And I walked forward a little bit. Really almost standing in the light, letting my eyes adjust to the group of faces that were looking at me, expectant to say things.

I said, "I am but a student of what is to occur. But I wanted to say a few things because obviously Unknown gives such a warm introduction and it's important to say that we are on for the fight of our lives. This is a fight which potentially could cost our lives. In that story, in that theme of revolution that I wanted to present here, I can only give you two possibilities: success or failure. Success means resolving so much, understanding so much, moving forward in a very demonstrable fashion. And failure means either being killed or subsumed. Failure is something that will only result from apathy. I want to put to you that apathy is the enemy of our cause. We need to look at those that are apathetic and remove them from our midst because they will betray us and they will stop us from surviving. But once we have eliminated apathy, once we have firmly embraced what we must do, then we can look forward to many years of struggle before we succeed. I want to tell you just a few things. Unknown wants me to tell you everything, but I want to tell you just a few things. The first thing I want to tell you is that we have all the information we need to take. All we need to do is observe and study it. What we are presented is misinformation. It is nonsense. It is something which should hurt your ears. And in taking this misinformation, we can choose to discard it. But I think it is important that we use it as a narrative to run a comparison against the truth. And while I do not want to say what the truth is, well, I do not want to say that I have any primary connection to the truth, I will say that by running a counter-narrative against the dominant narrative we will come closer to understanding what we need to do in the circumstance."

I paused to take breath and then continue. "I want to tell you also that we are against powers that are far greater than we could ever imagine. The notion that this will be an easy fight, that this will be a quick fight, that this will be something that we can reflect upon at a future date and think, "We thought it was going to be hard, but it wasn't." No, that is not what we are going to face in the future. What we are going to face in the future is ongoing and determined struggle, and that is all I can promise you. I can't promise you an easy victory. I can't promise you a meaningful victory. All I can promise you is an extended fight for a long period of time that will not end until it has truly ended. The final thing I want to offer to you is not hope but it is the fact that if you want to lead a life that you will reflect upon at some stage with a sense of purpose, with a sense that you did what you could in the circumstance, with a sense that you carried on a belief that followed you through and hopefully, maybe, potentially left you at the end of your life reflecting in a positive fashion, perhaps having lived a long life but who can tell. *What I want to offer you here is a sense that the future will only be as good as the energy that you put into it.* The work that you need to do is very, very important, and it is not that each of us has a particular path that can be defined by others. We define our own path through the struggle. But what I want to say is I'm here because as Unknown notes, I am someone who has been marked in a very definitive fashion. But I'm also here because I know that I am surrounded by people who will not only protect me but also learn from some of the stories that I have to tell. So what I want to say to each one of you is please utilize this time to talk to me more. Utilize this time to get any insight that you personally need from me because I'm here to provide the service to you."

And with that, I looked at Unknown briefly and he smiled back to me meekly. There was a brief applause.

My hope was that food would be prepared. I found very quickly that it would be my responsibility to prepare the food. I set about cleaning up the kitchen. It was full of disused pots and pans, weeks old crud of various kinds. In putting my hands in the soapy water, in doing the dishes, I realized that I had actually not touched clean water of any fashion for more than a week now. The suds and the cleaning of the pots and pans created an aloofness because those who were coming to hear me talk didn't actually want to get their hands clean. There was a great irony that the work I was doing with the pots and pans. Cleaning them out, scouring them, washing them, rinsing them and putting them up to dry. This was practical work and none of the children that were before me were interested in doing that practical work.

I reflected with a bit of a smile that this was the practicality.

These were the friends that I had to deal with. Yet I was there to cook food. I was there to scrub pots. I was there to do the dirty work that these gathered folk were not interested in doing. But to be fair also, I marked myself with a certain aloofness.

Would any of them come and talk to me? My suspicion was none of them would. But slowly a small, girl in her late teens, came forward. She asked me very quietly if I could tell her a little bit about my time in the city. She wanted to know what my city experience was. What brought me to the jungle in such a fashion and why had I been targeted? I guess through the whole thing through Unknown's introduction, really none of these people knew who I was. This girl coming forward to talk to me was to try and get a sense of who I was in the context of who she was.

So I said, "Well, let me tell you this. I've studied a number of different systems, within the government, within environmental systems, all kinds of system analysis. The thing that struck me most through this was that you can find counter-narratives within systems relatively easily. What do you do with these counter-narratives in any practical sense? Well, actually these counter narratives provide a good example of how you can disassemble the system. How you can remove the narrative. Let us say the propaganda that you're provided underneath all of that is the actual components of the system. You can find truths and lies. All these elements through just disassembling these systems by studying them. And that is what I am an expert in and is what my writing is about fundamentally. Through that it has a very distinct political course. This is a course that exposes corruption through the counter-narrative."

I paused a little. Clearly this was too abstract. I continued, "As a small boy I was always in wonder about idealism. I was very idealistic as a small child. It always troubled me with bullies and fights and all the things that one sees as a child. As I went through my teens as I started studying new systems, particularly how they intersected. The kind of lies that you can get out of disassembling these systems. This is what taught me. This is what made me be able to be here fundamentally. All these things are important. By paying attention, you'll find a lot more in the world than by believing. By paying attention, by working through a variety of different ideas, you can create a counter-narrative which is so important, so powerful. It will at least bring you somewhere closer to where you need to be."

This was not what she was expecting. She was expecting something that was definitive, that laid out a path of who I was, what I did.

She looked at me somewhat quizzically and she said, "Well, what did you do?"

"Well, for the most part, I was a student. The nature of what I described is eternally what a student does in these circumstances. But for a period of time, I also provided not necessarily information, not necessarily counter-information. Just explorative and positive results, let us say. Not as a spy or counter-spy, but just as someone who could deal with the circumstances that they found themselves in. Actually from a very early age this is what I did. Through this, I found information that was not positive, that compromised me. And because at the same time I was also writing, not just writing for myself, but writing for tens of people. This is how Unknown knows me, he knows me

through my writing. Every few months he would receive more texts from me. Texts here were not necessarily voluminous documents, but certainly ten to fifteen pages that just laid out what I was seeing at any given time. These kind of things were almost like a newspaper that were passed on to other people. You might have seen some of my texts there lying around here." I pointed at a bookshelf and the table. I saw a couple of my texts strewn on the table. "So this is my writing, this is who I am, this is why I am here fundamentally because I documented as well as observed. Through these two things documentation, observation, this is why I'm here. This is what I do."

She paused a little bit more. She didn't really have a question or an answer, or anything to offer in these circumstances, so she just asked, "Does it hurt?"

"Well, this is an interesting question," I said, chuckling lightly. "Of course it does. Not only does it hurt, it also creates all these curious circumstances like fever and other things that will not truly be healed for months. And I realized very quickly through this experience that the end comes very swiftly." I chuckled to myself. "So, thankfully this is not the end for now at least. Although it could still be. But it does remind me very strongly of why I'm here. Why it's important to be here. Why I'm very thankful to be here to be perfectly honest. The ability to squirrel myself away to not be only present, not be in front of people to disappear. Maybe re-appear for just little conversations like this. This is a luxury, and I can't forget that. It's a very real luxury. But yes, it hurts. It hurts, and it reminds me of why I'm here and why I need to keep away from certain places, certain areas. What a life to live."

And with this I returned to scrubbing my pots and she stepped away. She was the only one of the ten or so that had any conversation with me. And I thought to myself, "This reflects very poorly on Unknown. Reflects perhaps a little poorly on me." But realistically, it means that no one in the circumstance is going to get a clear insight to who I am.

I cooked for a small group of people. I made chapatis and a vegetarian lentil stew. And in presenting them the food, I looked in their faces and realize that I was talking to children. That was what it was. Perhaps none of these children will ever remember any of this, but that is what it was. As I was leaving with Unknown that evening, I wrote on a scrap of paper that was just in the mill my contact address and said, pointing to the girl who had talked to me, "If she wants to get in contact here is at least my postal address. She can send me mail. And when I have her address I can send her mail."

Unknown smiled at me a little quizzically, knowing that this would just mean volumes and volumes of text if this thing were to continue. I hadn't really reflected on whether anything would continue following the circumstances that had occurred. The nature of writing text. The nature of still trying to be who I once was, seemed ridiculous to me. I was in a time of escape, not a time of documentation. And the notion that I would continue to do what I had done up until now was a beautiful notion in part, but practically had no meaningful recourse. And I've looked somewhat quizzically at Unknown as we walked, thinking to myself, "This is not business as usual. This isn't even business as business. This is something new. Something that I need to be very mindful of because my future is not going to be like my past was at all." We got back to the caravan in the late evening. It was funny how I used the moon now to determine time; watches, clocks, these things so outdated, so primitive, so unimportant in the general course of my life.

But I looked out on the moonlit mountain and thought to myself, "I am truly free." As I went to bed, I realized that Unknown was no where to be seen. He had disappeared again, and I had returned to the isolation that I found myself in only a few hours previous. What had changed through the past few hours? Very little. I just realized that the way we weren't going to get audiences of like-minded folk. And the revolution was in very thin hands at best.

## Last Days and the Dealer

I was woken by some loud banging on the side of the caravan. My eyes came into focus. This was my last full day in the jungle. I had organized my escape. Today seemed so much brighter and more hopeful. I'd probably slept in because the mist had left the area and I could look down and see the ocean, which in and of itself was just such a wonderful thing to have happened.

The door flew open to the caravan and Unknown came in with a cup of tea, of all things, which he thrust towards me and told me to get ready, put my shoes on. We needed to go meet someone.

"Well if you come with a cup of tea I'm going to do anything you want," I said to him laughing, as I pulled on my shoes and debated whether or not I needed a second shirt. As it was still relatively early in the morning I put on a second shirt but left it rather loose to discard if I didn't need it.

"Come quickly. Come quickly," Unknown said as he left the caravan almost dragging me out into the light. It was very bright. It must have been probably 10:30 already.

I stumbled forward realizing that I was half asleep. Unknown was already down the gully. He was already making way towards the main building, and I had trouble keeping up with him. In fact I had a cup of tea with me. What did I need to chase after him for? Just sipping my tea and enjoying the stroll, taking slightly longer strides. Still making sure that I was keeping my tea well-balanced as I sipped and walked at the same time. I realized after a while that I was going to be out of breath or out of tea if I continued this procedure.

After following the second ridge line, I looked down to a man kneeling over a motorbike and I realized I hadn't actually seen a motorbike since I'd come to the jungle. It was a Triumph, probably a Second World War era Triumph. Not one of the later ones, not one of Vietnam era's, but just a beautiful bike. And he was now standing over it as if he was going to leave any time soon.

Unknown raised his hands and said, "Wait, wait. You see us. Don't go. Don't go." And I realized as I came upon the man with the Triumph that this was going to be quite a conversation.

"Unknown has been telling me that you need weapons, you need lots of weapons, lots of different weapons. You need AKs. You need a variety of different kinds of pistols. You need heavy weapons too. He's been telling me about all the stuff that you need."

This was one of the more surreal parts of this trip. Unknown hung on the every word of the weapons dealer but he could have been mentally ill. The helicopter was very real and a number of the items they discussed in particular discussed with me seemed verifiable. Who could tell.

I looked at the man and realized very quickly that this was the man who bought the helicopter. This was the man who could bring armored personnel carriers. This was the man who was responsible for the armaments in the jungle. And I realized why Unknown had been so obsessed with getting me to meet this man so quickly.

I looked at him and I said, "The way I see it we could do more with lots of bolt action rifles than we could do with anything semi-automatic. Although semi-automatic weapons do have some benefit. Practically however we'd need to train people with these weapons and that's going to take some time. Ideally, we need weapons that people can use relatively easily, nothing too difficult."

He looked back at me and he said, "Well, there are a variety of options here, though, the American made weapons, but really I deal mainly with Kalashnikovs and older stuff, Mosin-Nagants, this kind of thing."

I paused and reflected about seeing Mosin-Nagants in a war museum once, seeing these weapons looking from a different era. But the one thing that I realized with them was that they fired a very large bullet compared even to later model Kalashnikovs.

"Unknown has been telling me about the pistols and other things that you can get too." The weapons dealer paused and looked back at me and said, "We can get whatever you want. We'd bring them in Cosmoline. Sometimes they go under water. Sometimes we just bring them in in shipping containers. We have a sufficient volume. No one ever cares. *No one ever cares to look*. And you pay a

little bit more and no one ever looks. And that's the way it is. So tell me what the kind of numbers are we talking about."

I looked at the weapons dealer and I said, "Look, honestly Unknown is the man who's gonna be handling this. I really don't need to know any of the details associated with this. I just need to meet you, get a sense of who you are I'll know what is going to be happening. But honestly I have to remove myself from a lot of this stuff. It's not really my responsibility associated with the wheres and the wherefores, but I'm a great fan of this motorcycle that you have. It's a beauty."

He looked down the motorcycle, and he said, "Yes, you pick these up second-hand then rebuilt. No one really knows how to actually repair and maintain these things unless they're an absolute obsessive." And he smiled back at me.

And I said, "I understand absolute obsession." I paused to take in the bike a little more. "So Unknown tells me about this armored personnel carrier thing as well. What use is this to us in any meaningful sense? The helicopter what lasts three weeks, if that. We need things that we can maintain. We need things that we can understand. All these things that are complex and require a lot of maintenance, it's not productive. What we need is the ability to do drops, do drops of pieces, not even full firearms, just piece drops here, there, everywhere and seed something. I have an experience of this purely with regards to getting information out, using texts, this kind of stuff, getting people information, seeing what they develop from this information. I don't really know much about your business," I said looking back at him.

He said, "There's not really much to know. I get paid. I deliver things. It's as simple as that."

I looked back at him and said, "Well, Unknown is your primary contact. He obviously knows everything he needs to know. I just wanted to meet you. I admire your enjoyment of motorbikes. You seem like a reasonable person and that's all I need to know."

With that, I shrugged and he shrugged. We shook hands, he got on the motorbike and he drove off turning just before he left to say to Unknown, "We need to meet for a beer some time and talk about this important stuff."

And that was that. He disappeared on his motorbike in a puff of blue smoke like nothing had happened. Unknown smiled back at me and I said to him, "This is what you got me up for for? Half a cup of tea? It's a beautiful day, but I need to get my stuff in order. Do you have any other people for me to meet? I just did somewhat quizzically."

Unknown said, "No, it's fine, it's fine. Do what you need to do."

And I went back to the caravan and began to pack my things because I wanted to have my things in order. And as Unknown walked to the main building, I decided to come back to the main building because, clearly, he had tea. Maybe he had other kinds of food, maybe he had things would be useful for me.

So I went to the main building. Unknown and I talked, and laughed, and some of the older men came to the main building. One of them was new in the area, or at least visited the area maybe once a year. We all sat around and talked about a wide variety of different things. Ironically, gun control. Ironically, how all the laws were changing and eventually these crops which would be normally present and useful for them to generate income would all be legal. And then what would they do? What would they have to do? They'd have to go back into the straight world and write software and work on networks and explain things. Maybe teaching universities, do this kind of stuff because their primary source of income would no longer be worth driving income for.

After this laughter, after this talking, after multiple cups of tea, and even some toast buttered lightly, presented as a gift. This was taken very softly and eaten very slowly. Eventually gray clouds came rolling over the mountains and lay down thick rain. Rain so thick in fact that the visibility dropped immediately. It was after midday, 1:30 perhaps. And it was clear that this torrential rain was going to cause me a lot of problems. It had been decided that, as I was leaving the next day, I should move back to the main building, sleep in the main building overnight. This would be the easiest way

because then I wouldn't need to walk over the ridges in order to bring my stuff back and everyone could leave at about 6:00 AM. It will all be very easy to organize.

I walked over the couple of ridges back to the caravan. When I got back to the caravan, I realized that the rain downpour would also take out the mosquito larvae. And I pulled the tank back that had held all the mosquito larvae and pushed it over. It was so heavy, it ricocheted off the sides of the caravan. And when it ricocheted off the sides of the caravan, it also gripped the edges of my fingers and ripped the skin off both my hands. My four fingers on each hand, all had gushing blood coming from it. It was the most overwhelming and painful thing I had ever experienced, and I realized that the blood was just nonstop. There was nothing I could really do. There were three very large lacerations on each of my hands and small lacerations on my small fingers, but this was what was happening right now.

And I realized that I had some cotton in my pack, that I had a needle and thread, and could actually sew back the flaps of skin on my fingers. I wrapped them each very quickly and took painstaking, ever precise needlepoint strands of cotton through my fingers to stop the bleeding and wrapped them in a t-shirt. Multiple t-shirts now, soaked with blood. The rain was coming down so fiercely. Eventually, the roof of the caravan collapsed and flooded the caravan. I grabbed my bag, which was now saturated in the flooding, and my bloodied hands with the stitches that I had been so meticulous in placing and realized I needed to get out.

The wall of water was getting worse and worse, and I suspected that the caravan could actually have been washed off the side of the mountain with the force of the rain. So I grabbed my things, my bloodied hands, and I tried to crawl out. The walk back, while it had been seven minutes to get there, took me more than half an hour. And most of the time, it was just because I lost my visibility frequently. I couldn't see. The rain was coming down so heavily. My hands were bloodied. My pack was saturated. There was no respite to any aspect to this thing and I was dragging myself, almost drowning with the amount of water that was coming down 'till I got back to the main building.

In the building, no one was around. All the people had already left. I was left to dry my hands in front of the fire to try to get the bleeding to slow down, to try to get things to go back to some form of normalcy. It was all very strange. My skin was saturated. It was bubbling like I'd been in a bath for a long period of time. It wasn't the dry part of me, and the stitches where I had put in the cotton to try to hold the aspects of my fingers together were just bubbling. The whole thing was really grotesque and strange but the bleeding did stop. And I wrapped my fingers with t-shirts, dirty t-shirts, but the only t-shirts I had and contained the blood.

I was in a state of complete shock. I didn't really know what had happened. I woke at maybe 2 AM, just having to relieve myself from all the tea that I'd consumed. Looked down at my fingers. There was a torch close by, and I turned on the torch and I just couldn't believe what had happened to my hands. My hands was so important to me for writing, for typing, for everything. And if I was going to get the story out, I would have to write it, I'd have to type it, I'd need to spend days in front of a keyboard. And now with my hands all minced up, there was very little I could do but just sit there in shock. Eventually, soon after 2 AM, I fell back to sleep. I had had enough of Unknown. This whole thing was just beyond ridiculous. It was just stupid. There was no revolution. *There was nothing.* There was just some crazy person who would put me on the side of a mountain and starve me for 10 days, 14 days. I didn't even know how long I'd been there. And as the bridge of my reality dissolved in front of me as starvation became the norm, I had only a small number of opportunities to fight back.

When I was confronted with Unknown, giggling to himself, talking about what might have happened to the money for food, talking about this girl he met at a fair, all these things that filled his mind that had nothing to do with the revolution, I was incensed. He sat down in front of me in the caravan realizing that this wasn't going to be a continuing thing if he continued to behave the way he behaved and he said to me, "Can you interrogate me?" This completely leveled my mind. Everything I'd thought up until this point just completely dissolved. And I realize that my experience of

interrogation that I'd had in the straight world, the things that I'd gone through, the processes that I'd had to deal with enabled me actually to probably be a very good interrogator. So I set out my defense, I set out how I was going to break Unknown. And I realized very quickly that there were three fundamental flaws in his personality. He knew he was lying to me, I knew he was lying to me, and I knew how to manipulate these lies in such a way to provide him with immediate contradictions, a series of immediate contradictions.

There came a time when I was walking past the telephone booth, these things were so strange, so unfamiliar. And I realized if I had any money on me, I could call someone, but I didn't have any money on me. So as I wandered aimlessly, I made my way back to the camp site. And the entry way of the camp site, there was what is called, I guess, a bulletin board caravan or what they'd call the bulletin board caravan. It had a telephone line, it had a computer, and the computer picked up email once a day. So I sat in the caravan and thought to myself. This is a computer. This is a means of communicating with the outside world. And I looked at this thing for some time and realized that there was probably a lot of information on this computer if I could just get into it and it wasn't really that heavily protected.

It was old software that had been written by various people and none of it was particularly security conscious. I mean, after all, if you got to the caravan, you basically had everyone's secrets just there. I thought to myself, "I had called this phone, I'd sent messages to this computer. This has been my means of getting here. Everything that I had done up until this point, culminated in leaving a phone message sending some electronic communication and someone actually receiving this and acting upon it." But I didn't really have a sense of when the computer was used. I didn't really have a sense of how this information was disseminated because I hadn't seen it happen while I was there. And I wondered as I sat there, what I could get out of this experience.

## The Final Escape

I was able to wake as if I had an alarm clock. It was really very curious that even without an alarm clock, if I told myself I was going to wake up at 6:00 AM. I woke up at 6:00 AM. In waking at 6:00 AM, I realized very swiftly that I was the only person awake. This whole idea of getting me to a train station about an hour's drive away, this was all dependent on other people and my potential to actually be stuck there because people slept in or were unavailable. This whole thing was very curious.

When I realized that this thing was so totally driven by dependency of others, I started to realize a sickly sensation which caught itself initially in my throat, and then moved down to my intestines. This wasn't a positive thing at all. I was going to be stuck here indefinitely, and it was all my fault, because I had believed and thought positively about the abilities of others. These people were not going to be benefactors of my escape.

But then I saw a shadowy figure run from their caravan into the bushes. This is obviously a release first thing in the morning. Then, everything was working like clockwork. We went to a car. The car drove down. We picked up another passenger, and then we were off. Heading through the local township, and from the local township onto a larger town and the train station.

There was much chatter and discussion associated with the outside world. There was a fascination with the outside world. Like all the people that had lived in the jungle were former reprobates from the outside world coming together in the jungle as a means of escaping some aspect of it. They all looked at each other one by one as people who had learnt and lived on the outside, but come back from the straight world into this thing that they had created. What I realized more and more was each individual in the jungle, at least each established adult in the jungle, had their own internal narrative that was driving them, that kept them there, that kept them vibrant. This was something that was very important to me as not necessarily a tourist, but as a visitor, that I could study each of the narratives and work out what had happened.

The gentleman who'd been picked up after me had been in prison for a period of time. Although he'd been to university for whatever reason, I suppose it was probably some drug-related offense. He was in prison for a period of time, and his piercing, blue eyes turned around and looked at me in the back seat of the car talking very vibrantly about the things he had learnt in the straight world. The things he had learnt about in prison, and how this had all developed into something that he could create a fully constructed philosophy based upon.

He was very positive that I pick up some of these nuances and that I understand the nature of the rule of law. How the rule of law impacted everyone in a very strange and very almost medieval setting. Looking into his eyes some more, I had to nod, I had to agree with him. He was a very *pervasive and persuasive* speaker. The ideas kept flowing in rapidity. It was not that there was this notion of the judiciary and the police and broader society and these things, there were tenets that has been handed down. The societal constructions as they met through language and law were so great and so important that it was his responsibility to convey these ideas to people. This was his lesson in life. His burden was to explain very definitely that the nature of language had actually created the law, and these two things were intertwined. If you understood language, you understood the law. If you understood society, you had to understand language and the law, and these two things were very, very important to him.

As the conversation wore on, as I came closer and closer to the train station, I began to almost lament the fact that I was leaving the jungle. Lament the fact that I had not learned from these people to a depth that I probably could have learnt from, but through my own survival I was removing myself from the circumstance, putting myself in a new situation, and maybe I had missed some of the scholarly learnings that I could have picked up through this thing. Then I reflected, I looked upon the driver and his passenger, me in the back.

As we pulled off at the train station, they proceeded to roll one of those things that was so

synonymous with the jungle: A layer of tobacco, a layer of sativa all together put into this thing.

They offered it to me and I chuckled, "No, sorry. Not for me. Not for me."

As I picked up my bag, I looked back at this van. These two gentlemen smoking away, talking, laughing and thought to myself, "This might be the last time that I see this interaction." I waved once more, high in the air. I bid them adieu and I walked to the train station.

When I got on the train I realized something very profound. I realized that I was completely skeletal. In fact, I had lost a good portion of my body weight and I was thin to begin with. Now I was skeletally thin, to the point where, when I got off the train in the city, I was completely unrecognizable. The people who had come to collect me didn't even recognize me. They thought that I had been abused and sent on, I don't know, some kind of drug-crazed, cyber-hippie journey which had left me in this state, which honestly, was pretty close to the truth. I really didn't have words for them. I had a lot of dirty laundry. I hadn't bathed in two weeks. I was unbelievably thin, in fact, to the point where, really, I didn't know whether I could integrate with any of the people I knew from this experience.

Slowly and surely, I reconstructed elements of my life. I began to realize that my experiences in the jungle had changed me inextricably but it wouldn't amount to anything. That was really what I took away from the whole experience, that nothing that had happened there would actually cause any degree of productive change. The notion that this thing would manifest a revolution, that this thing would create a series of individuals that were empowered to do things was secondary in my mind. Although some elements of me wanted to believe that this was going to happen, some elements of me wanted to think that these things were in process, the practical nature of my existence indicated very strongly that I just had to escape.

That is what I took away from the experience, that I had to escape. And I had to take this experience from the jungle and just compartmentalize it for another time, maybe for a book, but actually for nothing productive because nothing productive would come from this experience. And I wrote this book, you have read, as a testament to sometimes terrorist groups aren't created. Sometime they are just a meeting of mentally ill minds who can't get their stuff in order. *Sometimes the deficiencies of the participants actually create failure rather than success.*

## Epitaph

Twenty years later, astonishingly, I met Unknown again. He and I had been completely isolated geographically. I'd left the country. I had spent many years away, totaling more than twenty years that I had not been in the same country as him. It was quite the experience to sit down with him over coffee in a public place and have a conversation with him. It was really a luxury. It was a luxury that seemed to completely remove the lives that we had both lived.

He started by saying that the first thing they ask you when you enter a mental institution is whether or not you have superpowers. If you admit that you have superpowers, then immediately you are classified in a particular fashion. I thought about this quite strongly. If anyone had superpowers through this, it was Unknown and it was me. We both had superpowers, which we couldn't acknowledge. I smiled a little at this notion of being quizzed about your superpower abilities when you enter a mental institution.

Our discussions became very practical. He was curious what had happened to me, I was curious what had happened to him. I was curious what had changed, associated with the jungle. He said after my departure, things are gotten considerably more militant, vastly more firearms had come in, and more people that had no notion of the area had been a party to this thing.

He also thanked me profoundly for my writing had provided a narrative for him. He could return to my writing and reflect that perhaps revolution was not the thing that he needed to be concentrating on. There are other subtleties, other nuances, but the importance of having stuff written down was something that he kept on saying.

This thing that I had done to come in, to document, to leave, and to provide the documentation after the fact. To educate people for many years about what had happened in the jungle.. What the process was there, and also my general observation and interaction, this was a very important thing for him.

I reflected very strongly when he said, "I learned after a period of time that I wasn't really about the revolution. I wasn't about any kind of violent upheaval. I was just an observer myself. What you observed and what I observed, these were just observations worth noting. But to motivate people to violence, to motivate people to make changes, this was ultimately not what we were there to do."

I smiled thinking about that. He had manifest in words and descriptions my own philosophy. The nature of that time was so far removed from where I was now. To come back and see an old friend, see that he had survived. He wasn't in prime physical condition. None of us were after this period of time. What had happened through this time is that he had just grown to know himself in a very different way. His experiences had been very much based on the area he was in and his abilities. He had no means to leave. He had no means to see other things, but certainly he had taken account and he had found other like-minded folk. Other folks willing to engage in discourse and to build and develop the ideas that he had embodied so strongly in my early experiences with him. *It was just wonderful to spend time with my friend.*

To look upon him now, us together, two men entering middle age quite comfortably with the view that we had paid some of our dues many years ago. We had done the things that we both smirked about. This wasn't necessarily all positive; it certainly wasn't all negative. But it was so far removed from the contemporary narrative as to seem so dated. We looked at each other in somewhat embarrassed setting associated with various changes that had occurred in our own existences.

While I was a married man, living my life in a different country, he was still very much his own self. He was still very much someone who could drive a group of people into a series of different discussions and conversations and ideas. He was someone who instigated conversation, who instigated thought, and this was wonderful to see still existing.

Unknown had following me as much as he possibly could. He had been engaging and seeing where I had continued to write. He was following my work in a very creative and profound sense. He

still agreed with my vision, even as my vision had changed. That he still agreed with the people that I brought into conversations, even as these people had changed over time. This ability for him to still pick up my work passively, to not actively be involved, but still be observing it, gave me an immense sense of peace. It gave me a sense that I could continue with what I was doing and he would continue to be a happy observer. Just tapping his finger occasionally, following what I was doing. That was the nature of our friendship. That was the nature of our interaction and our existence.

Just quickly as we had the conversation, as quickly as things had started, he excused himself and disappeared. He was gone and that was that. That was how it ended. He left me a scrap of paper with an email address and a telephone number. But none of these things worked. This was just his life.