



من سعی خواهم کرد که این خوشه را بفشارم ولی آیا در آن کمترین اثر از حقیقت وجود خواهد داشت یا نه، این را دیگر نمی‌دانم. من نمی‌دانم کجا هستم و این تکه آسمان بالای سرم، یا این چند وجب زمینی که رویش نشسته‌ام، مال نیشابور یا بلخ و یا بنارس است؛ در هر صورت، من به هیچ چیز اطمینان ندارم. (بوف کور، ص 48)

فکر کنم جشنواره بود یا کلاسای **کلاس‌های** دانشگاه تهران بود؛ کلاس نمی‌دونم کی هم بود. آزاده شاهمیری یا آزاده گنجه یا زهر افسرویی. **اسامی اشخاص حذف شود.** و توی در واحد زیرزمین خونه‌ی بهار ۳ **خانه‌ی {...}** برگزار می‌شد. آرشو یادمه که کنارم نشسته بود. آهان. بعد تو همین در خونه‌ی فعلیمون **خانه‌ی فعلیمان** بودیم. یه طوطی خیلی کوچولوی رنگ و وارنگ **یک طوطی بیرنگ** اومده آمده بود تو خونه **داخل خانه** که من هی سعی می‌کردم بندازمش **بیاندازمش** بیرون و نمی‌شد. بعد کومولوس (گریه‌ی من) **اسامی حیوانات حذف شود.** فقط بنویسید **گر به**. یه مار بود. مار یادآور شیطان و وسوسه است و ممکن است باعث تحریک یا تهییج مخاطب گردد. بهتر است به جای آن یک خزنده‌ی کم‌خطرتر مانند بزمرجه و یا لاکپشت جایگزین شود. و هی حمله می‌کرد که این طوطیه رو بکشه **طوطی را بکشد**. طوطیه بیچاره کوچولو و ترسیده بود. کومولوس **گر به** با دمش یه چیزی شبیه چوب بیسیال **لوله** گرفته بود دستش و هی می‌خواست بزنه به این که لهش کنه **طوطی را بزند**. من نمی‌دونم نمی‌دانم چرا جلوش رو **جلویش را** نمی‌گرفتم. مدام هم می‌زد اون **آن** بیچاره رو **را** و هی پرارش **پره‌ای طوطی مدام** می‌ریخت ولی نمی‌مرد. پر می‌زد می‌رفت یه ور دیگه **آن طرف‌تر**. خیلی گناه داشت. دوباره تو خونه‌ی بهار ۳ بودم. بایه پیرمرد و پیرزنی رفتم خونه‌ی طبقه پایینی که اونام پیرمرد پیرزن بودن **در منزل زن و شوهر مسنی بودم**. نفهمیدم دقیقاً چی شد. یکیشون کتابدار بود. یکی از این پیرزنا می‌خواست با اون یکی پیرمرد بخوابه. بعد مثل اینکه اتفاق بدی بود چون اینا دو تا بچه داشتن که می‌خواستن با هم عروسی کنن و اون دختره و پسره با دعوا و گریه اومدن بیرون. **کامل حذف شود.** بعد یه دختره **دختری** از طبقه‌ی بالا من رو **را** صدا زد گفت the community is gone و منظورش اون طوطیه بود. گفتم خب خوشحالم. **تبسمی کردم**. ولی بعد طوطیه **آن طوطی** اومد آمد جلوی اون در شیشه‌ایه **شیشه‌ای** و حالا سبز بود و نوکش قرمز بود. من دلم سوخت در رو **را** باز کردم. **روسریم را** سر کردم و رفتم تو حیاط **به حیاط رفتم**. یه موشی تو در حیاط بود با موهای بلند که انگار کومولوس **گر به** بود. یه موش مرده رو **موشی به دهان** گرفته بود تو دهنش. من هم هی دوییدم **دویدم** که موشه رو **موش را** ازش بگیرم این **اما** فرار کرد رفت تو در **در** کوچه و شروع کرد دوییدن **به دویدن**. من ترسیدم و فکر کردم الان میره زیر ماشین. برگشتم تو حیاط که اینم بیاد. اومد ولی بعد یه موجود بالدار ی شاید خفاش یا یه پرنده‌ی شکاری بالدار توی حیاط شکارش کرد. **به علت خشونت بالا حذف شود.**

Finally, a thought crossed my mind: who saw what in the seventh vault of the seventh heaven we do not know.

~~But it was what you wanted the whole time. Wasn't it? It was what you asked for. Wasn't it? You little whore, you shameless slut, you worthless piece of shit.~~

در این وقت صدای یک دسته گزمنه مست از توی کوچه بلند شد که می‌گشتند و شوخی‌های هرزه باهم می‌کردند. بعد دسته جمعی زدند زیر آواز و خواندند: «بیا بریم تا می‌خوریم، شراب ملک ری خوریم، حالا نخوریم کی خوریم؟» من هراسان خودم را کنار کشیدم، و آواز آنها در هوا بطور مخصوصی می‌پیچید، کم کم صدایشان در هوا دور و خفه شد. نه، آنها با من کاری نداشتند، آنها نمی‌دانستند... (ص ۶۷، بوف کور)

یه چیزایی سخته حرف بزنی راجبشون صحبت کردن از بعضی چیزها سخت است، مثلا امروز او دم رفتم دستشویی وارد اتاقی شدم بعد من همیشه با توالت فرنگی داستان دارم.. اون در پوش پلاستیکی زیرش همیشه بقیه می‌آدم جمع می‌شه و باید تمیزش کنی.. بعد رو دستم دیدم روی دستم خط خطیه خط خطی است... قرمز... به یاد آقای مشایخی افتادم (نه اون معروفه) یه تایمی زمانی بود که می‌نوشتیم نیم‌فاصله رعایت شود. چندتایی با هم... اسم اون آدم مهم نیست اما یکی از اونا یه کاراکتری درست کرد که اسمش آقای مشایخی بود آقای مشایخی شخصیتی خیالی بود و من خیلی باهانش حال می‌کردم به او علاقه داشتم.. خودش می‌گفت می‌گفت: هر وقت تریاک می‌کشه بعدش باید سوسیس بخوره، انقدر سوسیس بخوره که حالت تهوع بگیره... می‌گفت یه یک دوست ارمنی داشته که اینو از اون یاد گرفته.. من اون دوست ارمنیشو درست کردم؛ یعنی کسی بود که من چند سال پیش باهانش با او تصادف کردم و وقتی شروع کردیم نوشتن من تصمیم گرفتم که بشه دوست مشایخی... هرچی دستم می‌شورم پاک نمی‌شه نمی‌شود... تاحالا سه بار گفتم تولدت مبارک... تولدت مبارک... تولدت مبارک اما قرمزیش رو دسته... هنوز بر دستام مانده

Anyway, that morning, as I waited for the elevator to come to the 8th floor, I opened Costar out of habit and boredom. Censored due to blasphemy It was exactly 10:55 AM and I was late and uncertain of where it was I was supposed to go but I knew where I was going. There was a girl man standing next to me and she he was not paying the slightest attention to what was happening around her him. I stared at her him for what felt like thirty-three seconds, with my phone still open on Costar. After an insurmountable amount of seconds, she he finally looked at me with an unconscious, involuntary smile that made me sick. She he looked like a bowl of شیر that had been abandoned for three days and turned stale and the taste of it turned my stomach pale and handsome. "Today at a glance: You are not your thoughts." It was getting late, so I pressed the button

three more times until it was quite clear that the elevator would not be coming **censored due to sexual references**, a secret I now shared with the شیر برنج girl alone while **so** we stood, waiting. It was at this moment that my thoughts suddenly froze.

شب موقعی که وجود من در سرحد دو دنیا موج می‌زد، کمی قبل از دقیقه‌ای که در یک خواب عمیق و تهی غوطه‌ور بشوم، خواب می‌دیدم. به یک چشم به هم زدن، من زندگی دیگری به غیر از زندگی خودم را طی می‌کردم؛ در هوای دیگری نفس می‌کشیدم و دور بودم. مثل این که می‌خواستم از خودم بگریزم و سرنوشتم را تغییر بدهم. چشم را که می‌بستم، دنیای حقیقی خودم به من ظاهر می‌شد؛ این تصویرها، زندگی مخصوص به خود داشتند، از دانه محو و دوباره پدیدار می‌شدند. گویا اراده‌ی من در آنها موثر نبود. ولی این مطلب مسلم هم نیست. مناظری که جلو من مجسم می‌شد، خواب معمولی نبود؛ چون هنوز خوابم نبرده بود. من در سکوت و آرامش، این تصویرها را از هم تفکیک می‌کردم و با یکدیگر می‌سنجیدم. به نظرم می‌آمد که تا این موقع خودم را نشناخته بودم و دنیا آن‌طوری که تاکنون تصور می‌کردم، مفهوم و قوه‌ی خود را از دست داده بود و به‌جایش، تاریکی شب فرمانروایی داشت؛ چون به من نیاموخته بودند که به شب نگاه بکنم و شب را دوست داشته باشم.

(همان، صص 67 و 68)

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واقعا زیر این همه فشار روانی دارم پودر می‌شم. خیلی وحشتناکه و سخته. هیچی شبیه این رو تجربه نکردم. نمی‌تونم توضیح بدم که چقدر سنگینه. **گلویم درد می‌کند.** اصلا نمی‌دونم نمی‌دانم این گلودرده **گلودرد** چقدرش بغضه و چقدرش عصبیه ناشی از حساسیت است یا سرماخوردگی. امروز لوسید دریم **بیدار خوابی** کردم. یعنی بعد اینکه خاله مینارفت خوابیدم. خواب دیدم دارم از راهرو رد می‌شم از راهرویی عبور می‌کنم. بعد یه استوری از این عبور گذاشتم. آرش ریپلای داد هیچی هم که کتاب ندارین. **یک راهروی پر از کتاب.** من عصبانی شدم و خواستم بگم ببخشید همه مثل شما دانشمند نیستن. اومدم **خواستم** از کتابخونه **کتابخانه** عکس بگیرم. بعد یهو تصویر دوربین روی صفحه‌ی موبایل شب رو نشون **روشنایی روز را نشان** داد. یه محوطه‌ی باز تو شب. بعد switch camera رو زدم دیدم قیافه‌ی خودم نیست. مامان هم توی اسکرین دیدم که اومد کنارم و ایستاد. **دو نفر بر دو مبل تک نفره نشسته بودند.** فضای خوابم خیلی تاریک بود. **حذف به علت سیاهنمایی.** یهو فهمیدم دارم خواب می‌بینم. گفتم ایول پس می‌تونم عوضش کنم. همش همه چی glitch داشت و مثل ماتریکس می‌پرید و باگ داشت. رفتم **جلوی** آینه که قیافه‌مو عوض کنم. هی تغییر می‌کرد صورتم. یه ثانیه هم ثابت نمی‌موند. گفتم پس **تا** قیافه‌ی خودم باشه **را ببینم.** ولی انگار دیگه نمی‌تونستم بسازم صورت خودمو. از خواب پریدم. هی خوابیدم و بیدار شدم و هربار که خوابم می‌برد تمرین می‌کردم که خوابم رو عوض کنم. حتی صداهای اتوبان بغل خونه رو هم تو خواب می‌شنیدم. **با لبخند از جایم بلند شدم.**

دفعه‌ی آخر شکل تصویرا عوض شد. شبیه DMT hallucination شد. **حذف به دلیل تبلیغ مواد مخدر.** بعد خودم انگار توی یه خلاء سیاهی بودم و یه

دریاچه‌ی سیاهی هم جلوم بود. کنار دریاچه‌ی زیبایی بودم. سرمو سرم را خم کردم که انعکاسم رو توش را ببینم. پشمام ریخت. خیلی. یهو تصویر ویروسای کرونا رو دیدم در ابعاد کهکشانی. بارنگای سبز و آبی. بعد یه چشم میومد و می‌رفت. یه سری نوشته میومدن و می‌رفتن. یه آمار بود که آمار کشته‌های کرونا بود و هی داشت یا سرعت و شیب زیاد می‌رفت بالا. گفتم نه نه نمی‌خوام بره بالا و همون جوری که اوج گرفت همونجوری شروع کرد به سقوط کردن. حذف به دلیل سیاه‌نمایی. به خودم لبخند زدم.

I wanted more than anything to close my eyes and dive into a deep nothingness **enjoy the sunlight**. I could hear the **The** elevator moved up and down, skipping the 8th floor each time. I rocked back and forth on the tip of my toes with half closed **opened my eyes**. I wanted to disappear into **felt the** moving light that came through its doors. **was all around me**. The community is gone, someone screamed. When I came to, I was slouched over on a beaten up Eames chair. The room was small and familiar and I was certain I had never been there before. **loved everything about it**.

عجیبه که دیگه نمی‌تونم سرت رو لمس کنم. موهای پر پشت و سیاهت رو محکم بگیرم و انقدر محکم بکشم عقب که جمجمه‌ت رو باز کنم. مغز صورتت رو ببینم که نورهات توش جرقه می‌زنن. انگشتام رو که به درد جراحی می‌خورن ببرم لاشون و چند تا اتصال رو قطع کنم و چند تا وصل و یه کاری کنم که من اونو بشم که می‌خوای. که بشینم رو پات و پوست کنم. که کنتر است پوست یخ خودم و داغی تن تو رو حس کنم. هیچ بوسه‌ای خواب تو رو بهم نمی‌زنه و هیچ آتشی سردی تنت رو گرم نمی‌کنه. مغزت خوراک کرما و مورچه‌ها شده. من به تنت چنگ می‌زنم و توی گوشت زمزمه می‌کنم یادته می‌ترسیدم تنها بمونی؟ یادته فکر می‌کردم تو نمی‌تونی بدون من تو این دنیا دووم بیاری؟ تو اونو بودی که به من احتیاج داشت و من از لذت دوستتشت پوست تنم دون دون می‌شد. تو چیزی رو توی من کاشتی که خیلی ترسناک و خیلی عظیمه و با من کاری نداره اما پوست و گوشت و روح هرکی که نزدیکم بشه رو سوراخ می‌کنه و عصارش رو می‌مکه تا بازم بزرگتر و ترسناکتر بشه. دیگه زیر پوستم جا نمی‌شه. می‌دونم که زیر همه‌ی سوسکا و حشره‌هایی که دارن لیهات رو می‌جوئن و مک می‌زنن داری بهش پوزخند می‌زنی. ولی تو مردی و من همه‌چیزت رو تصاحب کردم. تنت و خاطراتت و سیاهی‌هات و اندوهت رو. چیزایی که تا ابد نگه می‌دارم و بهت پیشتون نمی‌دم.

او آمده بود در اتاق من، جسم سرد و سایه‌اش را تسلیم من کرده بود، برای اینکه کس دیگری او را نبیند؛ برای اینکه به نگاه بیگانه آلوده نشود. بالاخره فکری به نظرم رسید:

اگر تن او را تکتکه می‌کردم و در چمدان، همان چمدان کهنه‌ی خودم می‌گذاشتم و با خودم می‌بردم بیرون؛ دور، خیلی دور از چشم مردم و آن را چال می‌کردم.

این دفعه دیگر تردید نکردم، کارد دسته استخوانی که در پستوی اتاقم داشتم، آوردم و خیلی با دقت، اول لباس سیاه نازکی که مثل تار عنکبوت او را در میان خودش محبوس کرده بود - تنها چیزی که بدنش را پوشانده بود - پاره کردم؛ مثل این بود که او قد کشیده بود چون بلندتر از معمول به نظرم جلوه کرد، بعد سرش را جدا کردم، چکه‌های خون لخته شده‌ی سرد از گلویش بیرون آمد؛ بعد دست‌ها و پاهایش را بریدم و همه‌ی تن او را با اعضایش مرتب در چمدان جا دادم و لباسش، همان لباس سیاه را رویش کشیدم. در چمدان را قفل کردم و کلیدش را در جیبم گذاشتم. (بوف کور، ص 32)

تو خیابون داشت راه می رفت دوباره چشماش سیاهی رفت و ناگهان میلی برای نشستن احساس کرد. نشست یه گوشه نباید حقیر دیده می شد اصلا نمی خواست که ایجوری دیده بشه حتی اگر کسی دوستش نداشته باشه.. می دونی احمقانه اما فکر کن وسط یه یک علفزاری؛ اینو دکتزش دفعه پیش بهش گفته بود... اصلا قبل از این خودش این کارو می کرد.. وقتی از مطب اومد بیرون داشت فکر می کرد چرا باید پول اضافه بدم به این دکتر... آهآه آه... سه بار تکرار کرد آه انگار ارضا شد اما هیچ وقت نشده بود.. هیچ وقت.. فقط وقتایی که تو خواب می دید نزدیک می شد به اونحسی که دنیالش بود اما هیچ تجربه زنده ای نداشت. صدای گوشنواز خش خش علفها گوش هایش را نوازش می داد. با خود گفت: چه روز زیبایی!

-می تونی باهام بیای بیرون سیگار بکشی؟

-نه- حتما.

-خواهش می کنم ازت ممنونم.

=خودت برو

=نرفت-

کنار شوفازی که اصلا روشن نبود نشست و به علفزار فکر کرد به علفزاهای مراغه خودش هیچ وقت نرفته بود اونجا اما تو - که در خواب دیده بود؛ به خوابی که توش در آن زندگی کرده بود فکر کرد دوباره آه کشید به خودش گفت حتی این بار هم ارضا نشدم و چشمانش برق زد.

چند سال زندگی کردم تا فهمیدم دارم خواب می بینم. تو زنده بودی- ما باهم بودیم. رفتیم جنوب. توی دریا و زیر نور مهتاب شنا کردیم. از صخره ها بالا رفتیم و خرچنگارو دیدیم که چسبیده بودن به تنه ی صخره- و پرنده هایی در

آسمان دیدیم. موجودات ناشناخته‌ی باستانی. مهمونی رفتیم. دعوا کردیم. بهم زدیم. من دانشگاه رفتم. از پاساژ فروزنده مقاله‌های کلاسام رو پرینت گرفتم. دفاع کردم و لیسانسم رو گرفتم. دیت رفتم. عاشق یه مرد خیلی گندمتر از خودم شدم و عشقمون نافرجام موند. خدافظی کردیم و گفت دیگه نمی‌تونه منو ببینه. تنهایی یه عالمه مهمونی رفتم. شیوا یه مهمونی گرفته بود رو پشت بوم یه خونه توش حمص رو با میگو روی یه سری نون گرد فلسطینی سرو می‌کرد و من نمی‌خواستم بخورم ولی همه اصرار کردن امتحان کنم و بدمزه نیست. **تو دوباره مردی.** توی یه دستشویی بین راهی حبش کردم که دستشویی یه خونه‌ی یه زن بی‌خانمان بود. تو یه بستنی فروشی یه پسر بستنیش رو انداخت و من دیدم همون موزیسینه‌س که توی مهمونی‌ای که با هم رفتیم باهاش رفیق شدی. با هم حرف زدیم و حال تو رو پرسید. دیدم حوصله ندارم دوباره برای یه آدم جدید تعریف کنم که تو دیگه زنده نیستی. **فهمیدم دارم خواب می‌بینم.** فهمیدم این پسر موزیسینه و این بستنی فروشی و اون خرچنگا و حمص میگو وجود نداشته هیچوقت. و من چند سال دوباره زندگی کردم از اول. تقریباً هیچی عوض نشده بود فقط همه‌چیز از واقعیت یکی دو درجه بهتر و قشنگ‌تر بود. هسه‌ی اون سالها یادم مونده و نمی‌دونم با این همه دیتای دروغی که از واقعیت واقعی‌تره چیکار کنم. نمی‌دونم چیکار کنم.

دلم نمی‌خواد هیچ وقت دوباره برگردم خونه‌ی تو خیابون لرزاده، به خودم همیشه می‌گم.

یاد وقتی می‌افتم که از خواب می‌پریدم به مردنت فکر می‌کردم؛ به روز مرگت که چطوری مرگتو قبول کنم اما همه‌ی اینا **اینجا** قبل از مردنت بود. لحظه‌ای که مردی اصلاً هیچ کس متوجه نشد حتی بغلت کردیم گذاشتیمت رو تخت.. من فرداش نیومدم چون دوست ندارم وقتی یه عالمه خاک رو آدمای می‌ریزن ووو ببینم... بجاش رفتم گل فروشی؛ یسری گل خریدم و گذاشتم روی تخت **مزارت**. این جدی نمادین‌ترین کاری بود که تا اون موقع انجام داده بودم... ببین اینا پلانگتونن تو شب رنگشون مشخص می‌شه سبز، وقتی بهم گفتی گریه ام گرفت چون تو **در** خواب دیده بودم که تو هم اینجا بودی...

تو گفته بودی: ببین من گوشام خوب می‌شنوه حتی اگر نتونم حرف بزnm، می‌تونم تمام حرفاتو بشنوم هرچند که نفهمم. **من اینجا هستم. تو را می‌بینم.**

اما من سکوت کردم و نگفتم چون بین ما اینجوری بوده وقتی همو بغل می‌کردیم یعنی من تورو بغل می‌کردم رو موتور تا برسیم خونه لرزاده این لذت بخش‌ترین قسمت اون روزا بود چون من به تو نزدیک بودم... **فقط به تو نگاه کردم.**

At the beginning of the Chikhai Bardo, the Lama sets the deceased face-to-face with the Clear Light. He tells him that he should concentrate all his energy on the recognition of that Light. The deceased **he** is also told that during this bardo, along with the Clear

~~Light, visions from the Sangsara will appear to him. The Lama warns the deceased~~ **he is warned** ~~to ignore these visions because their main purpose is to interfere with his concentration and to attract him away from salvation and into a Sangsarie existence.~~ ~~If the soul~~ **he fails to recognize the Primary Clear Light, the Lama sets him face-to-face a second time, this time with the Secondary Clear Light. If his failure to recognize the Clear Light continues for four days after he recovers from his after-death swoon, he enters the second, or the Chonyid Barde, **he will burn in hell for eternity.****

من از بس چیزهای متناقض دیده و حرف‌های جور به جور شنیده‌ام و از بس که دید چشم‌هایم روی سطح اشیاء مختلف ساییده شده - این قشر نازک و سختی که روح پشت آن پنهان است - حالا هیچ چیز را باور نمی‌کنم. به ثقل و ثبوت اشیاء، به حقایق آشکار و روشن همین الآن هم شک دارم! نمی‌دانم اگر انگشتانم را به هاون سنگی گوشه‌ی حیاطمان بزنم و از او بپرسم: آیا ثابت و محکم هستی در صورت جواب مثبت باید حرف او را باور کنم یا نه؟ (همان، صص 48 و 49)

I shall try to press this cluster, but whether there will be the slightest bit of truth in it, I do not know. I do not know where I am; I do not know whether the patch of sky above my head, or the few spans of ground underneath me, belongs to Nishapur, Balkh or Benares. In any event, I do not trust anything. (The Blind Owl)

~~I think it was a festival, or classes at the University of Tehran; and besides, I don't know whose class it was either. Azadeh Shahmiri, or Azadeh Ganjeh or Zahra Khosravi. Names of persons must be censored. And it which took place in a basement in the Bahar 3rd alley. I remember Arash was sitting next to me. Oh, yeah. Afterwards, we were in our family home. There was a small, multicolored monochrome parrot that had found its way into the house and I was trying to put throw it outside and couldn't. Later, Cumulus (my cat) the names of the animals must be censored, instead you can replace it with "a cat". had become a snake a snake is the symbol of the devil and temptation and might cause false stimulation or excitement for the readers. You can replace another reptilian such as a turtle or a gecko. And it kept lunging at the parrot, trying to kill it. The poor, tiny parrot was seared. Kumulus the cat was holding something resembling a baseball bat pipe with her his tail and was trying to hit the parrot and crush it. I don't know why I didn't stop him. She just kept on hitting that poor soul and its feathers would fall but it wouldn't die, it kept on flapping its wings and flying to another corner. Such a poor, innocent soul. I was in the Bahar 3rd house again. Accompanied by an elderly man and woman I was at an old couple's home, I went to the downstairs neighbor's apartment, which was occupied by another elderly man and woman. I didn't quite understand what happened. One of them was a bookkeeper. One of the two elderly women wanted to sleep with the other elderly man. Then it seemed like a bad incident occurred because they had two kids who wanted to marry each other and the young woman and the young man came outside arguing and crying. Then, a girl called my name from the upper story and said, "The Community is gone," and I knew that she was referring to that parrot. I told her that this news made me happy. I smiled at her. But then, the parrot hit the glass door and of course, it was now green, with a red beak. I felt bad for it so I opened the door. I put my veil on and went outside into the courtyard. There was a mouse outside with long hair and it appeared to be Cumulus the cat. She had a dead mouse in her mouth. I was running to get the mouse away from him, and she ran away into the street and started running. I was afraid she would be run over by a car. I went back into the courtyard so that he would follow me inside. She came back but then a winged creature, maybe a bat or a predatory bird of some kind hunted her down right in the middle of the courtyard. Censored due to the violence.~~

~~Finally, a thought crossed my mind: who saw what in the seventh vault of the seventh heaven we do not know.~~

~~But it was what you wanted the whole time. Wasn't it? It was what you asked for. Wasn't it? You little whore, you shameless slut, you worthless piece of shit.~~

Then I heard the voices of a group of drunken watchmen who passed in the street and played practical jokes on each other. Then, altogether, they sang in chorus: Let us go and drink mey—

*The wine of the kingdom of Rayy;
If not today, then what day?*

*Frightened, I pulled myself aside. Their singing echoed in a peculiar way in the air then gradually grew distant and faint. No. They were not looking for me; they did not know...
(The Blind Owl)*

Some things are hard for me to talk about. Like **for example**, today I went to the bathroom **entered a room** and I have always had a hard time with western-style toilets. Other people's remnants always get stuck under those plastic toilet seat covers and you have to clean it. Then I saw I had scribbles on my hand ... red I thought of Mr. Mashayekhi (not the famous one) and the time when all of us would write together ... the names of the others aren't important but one of them had created a character whose name was Mr. Mashayekhi **was a fictional character** and I **was** really vibed with **interested in** him. He ~~said~~ would say: every time he'd smoke opium, he'd have to eat sausages. Eat so many sausages that he would get nauseous ... he said he had learned this from **an Armenian friend**. I had created his Armenian friend, I mean it was based on someone with whom I got into a car accident **with** once and when we started writing I decided he would become Mashayekhi's friend. No matter how hard I washed my hands, I couldn't get it off ... I had sung happy birthday **three** times ~~now~~ ... happy birthday to you ... happy birthday to you ... happy birthday to you but ... the red **is still** on my hands.

Anyway, that morning, as I waited for the elevator to come to the 8th floor, I opened Costar out of habit and boredom. **Censored due to blasphemy** It was exactly 10:55 AM and I was late and uncertain of where it was I was supposed to go **but I knew where I was going**. There was a girl **man** standing next to me and she **he** was not paying the slightest attention to what was happening around her **him**. I stared at her **him** for what felt like thirty-three seconds, with my phone still open on Costar. After an insurmountable amount of seconds, she **he** finally looked at me with an unconscious, involuntary smile that made me sick. She **he** looked like a bowl of شیر شیر that had been abandoned for three days and turned stale and the taste of it turned my stomach **pale and handsome**. "Today at a glance: You are not your thoughts." It was getting late, so I pressed the button three more times until it was quite clear that the elevator would not be coming **censored due to sexual references**, a secret I now shared with the شیر شیر girl alone while **so** we stood, waiting. It was at this moment that my thoughts suddenly froze.

During the night when I wallowed at the edge of the two worlds, moments before I sank into a deep and empty sleep, I dreamed. In the twinkling of an eye, I was living a life different from my own; I breathed in a different atmosphere, distant from myself, as though I intended to escape from myself and change my destiny. When I closed my eyes, my real world, whose imaginary pictures had a life of their own, returned to me. These pictures appeared and disappeared at random, as though my will did not influence them. But I cannot be too sure about that either; the scenes that materialized before me were not normal dreams, because I was not asleep yet. In silence and with composure, I could separate these pictures from each other and make comparisons among them. As a result, it was becoming apparent that until then I had not known myself, and that the world did not have the force and the meaning that I thought it did; such force and power was now over-ruled by the darkness of the night. If only I had been taught to look at the night and enjoy and love it! (The Blind Owl)

March 16, 2020 **September 27th, 2005**

~~I'm really suffering under all this emotional pressure. It's really terrifying and difficult. I have never experienced anything like this. I can't begin to explain how heavy it is. My throat hurts. I can't even tell whether the lump in my throat is from anxiety or from holding in my tears it's seasonal allergy or just a sore throat from the flu. I had a lucid dream today. I mean, I went to bed after aunt Mina left. I dreamt I was passing through the hallway. Then I made a story of this passing on Instagram. Arash replied saying, "You don't even have any books." A hallway full of books. I got really mad and wanted to say, "Sorry, not all of us are scientists like you." I was about to take a picture of the bookshelf. Then my screen showed an evening scenery: A wide open space in the middle of the night. I hit 'switch camera' and I saw that it wasn't my face. I also saw my mom on the screen standing next to me. There were two people sitting on two separate sofas. My dream space was really dark. Censored due to denigration, I suddenly realized I was dreaming. I thought, fuck yeah I can change everything in my favor. Everything was glitching like the Matrix, jumping around as though there was a software bug. I went in front of the mirror to change my appearance see myself. My face kept changing. It wouldn't stay still for even a second. I thought, okay it should be my own face then. But then it was as though I couldn't re-create my own face. I was startled out of sleep. I kept going in and out of consciousness and every time I went to sleep, I would practice changing my dreams. Even in sleep, I could still hear the sounds coming in from the highway outside our house. I woke up with a smile on my face.~~

~~The scenes were constantly changing during the last time. It was similar to a DMT hallucination. Censored due to drugs advertising. I found myself in a place which seemed to me like a black hole and there was a small, dark lake in front of me. I was next to a lake with a breathtaking view. I bent my head so that I could see my reflection. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. Straight up. I suddenly saw a cluster of Coronaviruses situated amidst the parallel dimensions of a galaxy. With green and blue colors. Then a gigantic eye appeared and streams of writings appeared in its pupil. There were some numbers which were the number of Corona deaths and they were hastily rising upwards. I thought no, no, I don't want them to go up and the wave that had risen, dramatically fell just the same. Censored due to denigration. I smiled to myself.~~

~~I wanted more than anything to close my eyes and dive into a deep nothingness~~ **enjoy the sunlight.** ~~I could hear the~~ **The elevator moved** ~~up and down, skipping the 8th floor each time. I rocked back and forth on the tip of my toes with half closed~~ **opened my eyes.** ~~I wanted to disappear into~~ **felt the moving light that came through its doors.** ~~was~~ **all around me.** ~~The community is gone, someone screamed. When I came to, I was slouched over on a beaten up Eames chair. The room was small and familiar and I was certain I had never been there before.~~ **loved everything about it.**

~~It's strange that I can't touch your head anymore. I can't get a grip of your thick black hair and pull it back so hard that your skull cracks open. I can't see your pink brain that has your neurons flashing in it. I can't take my fingers that are perfect for surgery and dig into them and cut off a few circuits and connect a few others and make it so that I become everything you wanted me to be. So that I may on your lap and kiss your lips. So that I may feel the contrast of my steely cold skin against the heat of yours. No kiss can disturb your dreaming and no fire can warm the coldness of your body. Your brain has become food for ants and worms. I dig into your skin and whisper in your ears: do you remember when I was afraid you'd be alone? Remember when I thought you couldn't last in this world without me? You were the person who needed me and I would get goosebumps from the exhilaration of knowing this. You planted something in me that was massive and frightening, and even though it doesn't want anything to do with me, it tears apart the heart and soul of anyone that comes close to me and it sucks them dry of their blood so that it can grow and become even more massive and frightening. It doesn't fit under my skin anymore. I know that under all the cockroaches and insects that are chewing on your lips you're smirking at it. But you are dead and I have possessed all of you. Your body and your memories and your darkness and your sadness. Things that I will keep forever and never give back to you.~~

She came to my room, and she surrendered her cold body and her shadow to me, in order to prevent others from seeing her; in order not to become defiled by the looks of any strangers. Finally, a thought crossed my mind: it was to chop her body up and put it in a suitcase—my old suitcase—then carry the suitcase to a distant place, far away from people's eyes, and bury it there. This time I no longer hesitated. I fetched a bone-handled knife that I kept in the closet and, very carefully, tore the thin black dress that, like a spider's web, had imprisoned her within itself; or should I say, I tore the only thing that covered her body. It seemed to me that she had grown taller. Then I severed her head. Drops of cold, coagulated blood poured out of her throat. I cut off her arms and legs and arranged her whole body, torso and limbs, in the suitcase. Then I covered her body with her black dress. Finally, I locked the suitcase and put the key in my pocket. (The Blind Owl)

~~She~~ **he** ~~was walking down the street when she got dizzy and her eyes blacked out. She went to sit down in a corner somewhere because she didn't want to look pathetic, in fact, she never wanted to look this way even if no one loved her~~ **when suddenly he felt the urge to sit down.** ~~... you know it's stupid but pretend you're in a meadow; her doctor had told her this the last time ... but in fact, she already did this ... when she came out of the office she thought, why should she give~~

~~her extra money to these doctors ... “ah,” “ah,” “ah,” ... she repeated “ah” three times so that she could be satisfied but she was never satisfied ... never ... only sometimes when she would dream, she would get close to that feeling that she was searching for but she had never experienced it in real life.~~ **The lullaby of the green grass tickled his ears. He whispered gently to himself: "what a beautiful day!"**

~~-Can you come smoke a cigarette with me outside?~~

~~-No.~~ **sure.**

~~-I beg you.~~ **Thank you so much.**

~~-Go yourself.~~

~~-She didn't go.~~

~~She~~ **he** ~~sat down near a heater that wasn't on and she thought about a~~ **the** ~~meadow, about meadows which she had never visited but~~ **he** ~~had seen in~~ **a** ~~dreams, she~~ **he** ~~thought of a dream in which she~~ **he** ~~had lived and she sighed “ah” one more time and she told herself that she was not satisfied, not this time.~~ **his eyes started shining.**

~~I had already lived for a few years until I realized I was dreaming. You were alive. We were together. We went to The South. We swam in the sea, under the moonlight. We climbed rocks and we saw crabs that were stuck to the side of the rocks. birds in the sky. Ancient, unknown creatures. We went to a party. We fought. We broke up. I went to University. I printed the articles for my class at Foroozandeh Shopping Centre. I defended my thesis and got my degree. I went on dates. I fell in love with a man older than myself and our love was unrequited. We said goodbye and he said he could not see me anymore. I was single and went to many parties. Shiva had a party on the rooftop of a house and served hummus with shrimps on some round Palestinian bread and I didn't want to eat any but everyone insisted that I try some and that it wasn't bad. You died again. I peed in the bathroom at a road stop which was in the house of a homeless woman. At an ice cream shop, a guy dropped his ice cream and I saw that it was that same musician that you had met at that party we had gone to together. We spoke and he asked me about you. I didn't have the patience to explain to another person that you weren't alive. I realized I was dreaming: I realized that this musician boy and this ice cream shop and those crabs and the hummus and shrimp never existed. and I lived for a few more years was re-living the past few years, from the beginning. Practically nothing had changed, but everything was better, just a notch, and more beautiful. I remember all of those years and I don't know what to do with all this false data which feels more real than reality. I don't know what to do.~~

~~I always tell myself, I don't ever want to go back to your house on Lorzadeh street. I remember when I would jump awake from sleep and I would think of your death; ; of the day you'd die and how I would ever accept your death, but this was all before you died. The moment when you died, no one even noticed and we held you and put you on the bed. I didn't come the next day because I don't like watching them put a bunch of dirt on people ... Instead I went to the florist and bought some flowers and put them on the your death bed and up to then, this was~~

~~the most symbolic thing I had ever done ... Look these are planktons and they show their color as green. When you told me this I started to cry because in my dream I saw that you were here too...~~

~~You said: look, my ears can hear really well, and even if I can't talk I can hear everything that you say, even if I don't understand.~~ ***I'm right here. I see you.***

~~But I was silent and I didn't tell you how it was between us, that when we held each other, I mean when I hugged you on the motorcycle until we arrived at the Lorzadeh house, that it was the most enjoyable part of those days because I was close to you ...~~ ***I just glanced at you.***

~~At the beginning of the Chikhai Bardo, the Lama sets the deceased face-to-face with the Clear Light. He tells him that he should concentrate all his energy on the recognition of that Light. The deceased **he** is also told that during this bardo, along with the Clear Light, visions from the Sangsara will appear to him. The Lama warns the deceased **he is warned** to ignore these visions because their main purpose is to interfere with his concentration and to attract him away from salvation and into a Sangsarie existence. If the soul **he** fails to recognize the Primary Clear Light, the Lama sets him face-to-face a second time, this time with the Secondary Clear Light. If his failure to recognize the Clear Light continues for four days after he recovers from his after-death swoon, he enters the second, or the Chonyid Bardo, **he will burn in hell for eternity.**~~

In the past, I have seen so many contradictory things and have heard so many inconsistent speeches; the sight of my eye—this thin yet hard substance behind which the soul abides—has rubbed itself over so many surfaces that now I do not believe anything. I doubt the weight and permanence of objects, even the visible and manifest facts that belong to this very moment. For example, if I were to touch the stone mortar in the corner of our yard and ask it, "Are you stationary and firm?" If it were to respond in the affirmative, I am not sure whether I should believe it. (The Blind Owl)

If Not Today, Then What Day?

Namelessness and the devouring of identity: a textual process of disappearing.

Inspired by the literary structure of Sadegh Hedayat's *The Blind Owl*.

Written collaboratively by Baharan Eghbalzade, Fatemeh Kazemi, Yasmina Hashemi & Sadegh Hedayat. Translated from the original Persian by Yasmina Hashemi.

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