

Este archivo contiene extractos traducidos de posts realizados por un tal Rubén Cerdán en un foro de informáticos (DEC) especializado en versar cuestiones filosóficas y literarias. Son intervenciones de los años 1988-1990 fundamentalmente, y aunque desaparecieron del intranet donde se mantuvieron, un antiguo forista las ha recuperado para hacerlas públicas. En todo caso, siendo un foro con intervenciones literarias y poéticas, no deberían tomarse necesariamente todas las informaciones que aparecen como veraces. (hallazgo de la fuente: Sotero; extractos: J. y Lykonius; traducciones: Lykonius)

http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&as_q=ruben&as_epq=&as_oq=&as_eq=&num=10&lr=&as_filetype=&ft=i&as_sitesearch=temnoon.com&as_qdr=all&as_rigths=&as_occt=any&cr=&as_nlo=&as_nhi=&safe=images

el informático...

Note 132.4 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 4 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 29 lines 24-OCT-1988 14:31
-< Sales report >-

Okay! Let's start with that report:

"VAX-11/780 is an extension to the PDP-11 family..."

Oh God! Family again. Would love knowing what happen to this family... maybe I find the key to my madness: not having a family after being married for twelve years...

".. this family features virtual memory operating system..."

Virtual memory!?! Who needs a memory after all. I guess this family is quite traditional. Memory is a jail... the report starts getting boring...

"... as the programmer has the 'illusion' that the additional

memory is virtual..." ["...ya que el programador tiene la 'ilusión' de que la memoria adicional es virtual..."]

Oh, yes, I remember having illusions, too... but can assure that, virtual or not, memory is killing me. Perhaps I should change this paragraph... let's see:

"VAX-11/780 is an extension to PDP-11 family. This family features virtual memory, this being the main reason why it is bound to self-destruction... as the breadwinner has the illusion that everything that happens to him is virtual..."

Jeez! Must start again before it's too late!

Note 103.37 ... and me 37 of 50

MDRLEG::RUBEN "No dead kids in this cemetery" 94 lines 17-MAR-1988 11:19

-< Coping with the daily storm >-

.....

Guio stands by me while I'm reading. **I've spent lots of nights trying to fix a computer-based instruction system for autistic children. But time and again Guio sits in front of the keyboard and starts crying or touching the keys randomly. [He estado muchas noches tratando de corregir un sistema de instrucciones computerizadas para niños autistas. Pero el tiempo y Guio se sientan delante del teclado y comienza a gritar o a tocar las teclas sin orden alguno.]**

el madrileño...

Note 131.6 What is leadership? 6 of 6

MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 21 lines 28-SEP-1988 12:59

-< My view >-

I mostly agree with Dave, although I wanted to express that moderating a conference for 'tactical' and burocratic reasons is one thing, and moderating and leading just for the sake of it is just another.

I'm not a leader, as far as described in those marvellous

management training courses. I agree on that basis on the need of having a coordinator, as Dave put it.

The Cabin, it's my opinion, is not 'headcut' by the time being. Ed's gone. But there are people out there (in here, in the Cabin) quite capable to coordinate and keep the cabin tidy.

The only leader I foresee is that one with a bit of we all. That leader, no doubt, is the Cabin itself.

Your beloved Cabin's **correspondent in Madrid**,

Rub»n.

Note 103.35 ... and me 35 of 50

MDRLEG::RUBEN "No dead kids in this cemetery" 7 lines 17-MAR-1988 08:41
-< Fast lane >-

Is a secure place, the safest I've found. No bars, nor secret rooms in an unknown hotel. No walkings anymore. No imaginary islands, but the car.

M-30 night driving. Lights coming to me, driving madly under orange neon lights, the radio's playing. Switching from one lane to the next. Living in the fast lane. Always living in the fast lane.

Note 103.36 ... and me 36 of 50

MDRLEG::RUBEN "No dead kids in this cemetery" 2 lines 17-MAR-1988 08:44
-< Traffic jam >-

... although finally you get caught in one of those traffic jams where all the losers meet at night... [...aunque al final quedas atrapado en uno de esos atascos de tráfico donde todos los perdedores se reunen de noche...]

furia...

Note 112.17 ENDLESS COLUMN 17 of 41

MDRLEG::RUBEN "Blood is the worst witness of truth" 7 lines 22-APR-1988 03:01
-< Fury as a sign >-

I'm not an Idealist. I'm only angry with this world, with the whole Universe. That's my fury. [No soy un idealista. Sólo estoy enfadado con este mundo. Esta es mi furia]

Oh, yes, fury is the distinguishing sign of Idealism.

espiando...

Note 132.6 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 6 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 17 lines 26-OCT-1988 12:53
-< Wastebasket Intruder >-

I'm the wastebasket intruder. **I collect what the others drop into the wastebasket, and find it the best way to get to know the insides of people.** [Recojo lo que otros tiran a la papelera, y encuentro que es así como se conoce mejor el interior de la gente]
For what each of us throw away, it is that
that we consider useless.

... and even a kid knows that you can get a fair idea of what a man thinks about life by carefully analyzing what he considers to be useless.

Think of this in connection with the big criminals of our history: what they termed 'wasted time' and 'useless', will probably be the stamina of our values system.

[My divorce cannot be useless, otherwise, will I ever be judged with justice by my kid?]

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Note 132.7 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 7 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 30 lines 26-OCT-1988 13:06
-< Progressing deeper >-

I'm progressing a lot with my wastebasket analysis. I have already studied four wastebaskets. **My boss' one is particularly interesting:** a subscription form for a language technology

magazine, printouts of my report about semantic networks, notes about the achievements of last month in connection with the purchase of Milton's "History of Anglo-Saxons"... and a piece of paper with a phone number and the name of a woman.

This can be interpreted by assuming that:

a) my boss is not longer interested in language technology

b) the existence of the remains of my report supports this assumption

c) he is a perfect ignorant about Milton

d) or maybe costcutting is the answer...

e) or he is just a plain ignorant

in any case, a phone number and name breaks my theory... or perhaps he is in love with Milton's girlfriend, who is a lover of language technology... that being the reason why he hates everything related to semantic networks...

Will check tomorrow these findings. But I'm sure option e) is just the answer.

De la basura de su jefe a la basura arqueológica, o cómo un amigo arqueólogo de civilizaciones perdidas sabe de viajes en el espacio-tiempo...

ote 132.25 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 25 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 22 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:06
-< Anthropology 1 >-

No. Looking into wastebaskets has not been my invention. I was yesterday having a drink with a friend of mine in one of those Spanish caf»s where someone plays Mozart while you have a nice conversation.

He is a graduate in Antropology, with a specialization in Central Asia history. **He explained to me that, basically, what he does is**

investigating old cemeteries, ancient rubbish, and the litter hidden under tons of sand in the deserts of Tajikistan and Kirguiz. "By analyzing the pollen, with the help of C-14, we can precisely date things like vases, earthenware pots, pitchers, bracelets, etc.". [Me explicó a mi, que lo que hace básicamente es investigar antiguos cementerios, antigua basura, y los desechos ocultos bajo toneladas de arena en los desiertos de Tajikistán y Kirguiz (sic). "Analizando el polen, con la ayuda del C-14, podemos datar con precisión cosas como vasos, cerámicas, jarras, brazaletes, etc."]

"In fact, it takes a lot of time excavating those prehistoric sites... imagine, I have been studying the ancient city of **Merv**, southwest of Afrasiab, presently known as Samarcanda... and in **Ferghana**, near the Afghanistan northern border, I **discovered pieces of leather with some inscriptions in them. They were written in Sogdian, an old now extinct language... roughly related to Tocharian, you know**". [Descubrí fragmentos de cuero con algunas inscripciones. Estaban escritos en sogdiano, un antiguo lenguaje ya extinto... lejanamente relacionado con el tochario, ya sabes"]

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Note 132.26 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 26 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 16 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:09
-< Anthropology 2 >-

"... but finding objects and inscriptions is one thing, and arranging the gathered data to infer how they were, and what they thought of life... is quite another and different thing."

"Reconstructing an old and ancient city, with the temples, the walls, the fortifications and market, the houses where these men lived is a hard task... you are quite biased by your own mental structures, your own age and ideas about life... so the first step is to free yourself from this jail called 'inherited view of cosmos'... and many researchers failed before..."

Note 132.28 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 28 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 10 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:13
-< Anthropology 4 >-

"... they sent a couple of astronauts wearing every electronic stuff they use in space research... the task was to analyze what it was known as cultural crash. They were 'landed' near an Araucan site... Brazilian Indians that never saw a white man, you know. ["...enviaron un par de astronautas llevando consigo todo instrumento electrónico que usan en investigaciones espaciales... la tarea era analizar lo que se conocía com un choque cultural. 'Aterrizaron' cerca de un paraje araucanio... indios brasileños que nunca han visto un hombre blanco, tú sabes] They live like the prehistoric men did... and the American wanted to study closely the reaction of those Indians when in touch for the first time with a higher developed culture...

NT: los araucanios son tribus que habitan Chile, en la Araucania.

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Note 132.29 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 29 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 9 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:16
-< Anthropology 5 >-

"... and the counter-reaction of those experimented astronauts when facing a new and quite different culture... of which they had no previous data about religious ideas, neither about their cultural developments..."

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Note 132.30 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 30 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 5 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:18
-< Anthropology 6 >-

"... just to simulate the contact with hipothetical worlds outside our galaxy..."

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Note 132.31 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 31 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 5 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:21
-< Anthropology 7 >-

"... but something were wrong, for the first time the spacecraft

open its main door..."

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Note 132.32 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 32 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 4 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:24
-< Anthropoly 8 >-

"... they found several Auracan staring at them..."

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Note 132.33 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 33 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 5 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:26
-< Anthropology 9 >-

"... and radio links were lost... so the American decided to send
another research team to look for them at any rate..."

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Note 132.34 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 34 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 5 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:28
-< Anthropology 10 >-

"**... soon to discover, there was no track of the spacecraft, nor
any signal of the astronauts...**" [**...pronto descubrieron que no había
rastros alguno de la nave, ningún indicio de los astronautas...**]

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Note 132.35 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 35 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 7 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:30
-< Anthropology 11 >-

"**... but a piece of leather with some inscriptions that lately
proved to be identical with those found in Ferghana, in Central
Asia... from where they inferred that someone, a long time ago...
tried the same experiment... somewhere near Merv...**"
[**...excepto un fragmento de cuero con algunas inscripciones que
más tarde se hallaron idénticas a aquellas encontradas en
Ferghana, en Asia Central... de lo que se dedujo que alguien,**

hace mucho tiempo... intentó el mismo experimento... cerca de Merv..."]

Note 132.36 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 36 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 4 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:31
-< Anthropology 12 >-

"... who tried, when, and why, still is an unveiled mistery..."

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Note 132.37 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 37 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 5 lines 7-NOV-1988 09:33
-< Anthropology 13 >-

**"... and this is not the first time it happens, for in
Storrinordur, near an extinct volcano North of Iceland..."**
**["...y no es la primera vez que ocurre, ya que en Storrinordur,
cerca de un volcán extinto del norte de Islandia..."]**

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Note 132.38 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 38 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 6 lines 7-NOV-1988 10:07
-< Anthropology 14 >-

"... more pieces of leather were found laying beside a vase
showing a Viking ship sailing... over iced seas... and soldiers
wearing strange arms with a map in the right hand..."

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Note 132.39 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 39 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 6 lines 7-NOV-1988 10:08
-< Anthropology 15 >-

"... of an unknown land, not registered in any known map of that
age..."

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Note 132.45 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 45 of 70

MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 5 lines 7-NOV-1988 10:27
-< Anthropology 21 >-

"but, you know, the desert always covers those ancient cities in
which knowledge was stored..."

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Note 132.46 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 46 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 5 lines 7-NOV-1988 10:29
-< Anthropology 22 >-

"and only those looking for rubbish find pieces of knowledge..."
**["y sólo aquellos que observan la basura encuentran fragmentos de
conocimiento..."]**

Note 132.47 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 47 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 4 lines 7-NOV-1988 10:31
-< Anthropology 23 >-

" that they cannot interpret, nor understand..."

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Note 132.48 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 48 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 7 lines 7-NOV-1988 10:32
-< Anthropology 24 >-

**" as they are written in extinct languages, under different suns,
and if someone ever discovers a reason for things being as they are,
they will be rejected, as everybody hates garbage, and none will
take seriously those working with rubbish..." ["por estar escritos
en lenguas extintas, bajo diferentes soles, y si alguien descubriese
una razón por la que las cosas son como son, estas serían rechazadas, ya
que todo el mundo odia la basura, y nadie tomará seriamente a
aquellos que trabajan con la basura..."]**

el poeta...

From a Pulsar in Deep Space

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Note 158.0 From a Pulsar in Deep Space 12 replies
ELWOOD::BATES "Nel mezzo del camin" 4 lines 27-JUL-1990 16:44

I present the following pieces, quoting them in their entirety from
messages received from our departed colleague and friend, **Ruben Cerdan**.

Is it appropriate to say "Enjoy them!" ?

ENDLESS COLUMN

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Note 112.0 ENDLESS COLUMN 41 replies
MDRLEG::**RUBEN** "No dead kids in this cemetery" 6 lines 20-APR-1988 02:47

It hasn't been written yet,
that poem going through your heart,
like a spear in the air

**[No se ha escrito aún,
el poema que va a tu corazón,
como una lanza en el aire]**

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Note 132.14 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 14 of 70
MDRLEG::**RUBEN** "I will be your cancer!" 5 lines 28-OCT-1988 03:57
-< Tha last day >-

All the days are empty ones, except the last day, before
passing away. Unfortunately, the very last day suddenly get
filled... with that extremely bright light in which someone
has written... "This day is also empty".

un poeta sin moral...

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Note 112.18 ENDLESS COLUMN 18 of 41

MDRLEG::RUBEN "Blood is the worst witness of truth" 7 lines 22-APR-1988

03:02

-< Each step you make >-

**I do not believe in Truth. A writer must not believe in truths,
or in lies, neither have an ideal nor an ethics... [No creo
en la Verdad. Un escritor no debe creer en verdades,
o en mentiras, ni tener un ideal o moral...]**

**Truth forces thought to stop at each step it takes. [La Verdad
fuerza al pensamiento a pararse en cada paso que toma.]**

el poeta que quiere escribir poemas eternos escritos en piedra...

Note 112.15 ENDLESS COLUMN 15 of 41

MDRLEG::RUBEN "Blood is the worst witness of truth" 42 lines 22-APR-1988

02:59

-< Doing it on stones >-

I would write about anything in this world, about the empty
bottles in the mud, about the dead cats on the roads, about a
lipstick dropped by an old streetwalker at dawn, about the
trembling hand a beggar extends to us, or about the waterdrops on
my dirty window a Friday evening...

I even would love writing about the first time I met a girl and
found a woman, and about the rusted stars over my head...

**But I know I should write on stones if I don't want my writing to
vanish as time passes. Old scrolls written in strange languages
have been found, partially readable, but mostly lost in past
ages. [Pero yo sé que debo escribir en piedras si no quiero que
mis escritos se desvanezcan conforme el tiempo pase. Antiguos
pergaminos escritos en extrañas lenguas han sido encontrados,**

parcialmente leíbles, pero los más se han perdido en épocas pasadas.]

el aburrimiento hace que estudie filología en Israel en menos de lo que tarda cantar un gallo

There is a forest in every leaf

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Note 151.0 There is a forest in every leaf 4 replies
ISIDRO::CERDAN 122 lines 3-NOV-1989 08:26

Friends,

I am leaving DEC next Monday morning, which is not dramatic, anyway. But I am also leaving the forest, which is really a shock for me...

A complicated combination of economic, personal, and intellectual reasons led me to take this decision a week ago.

From the professional point of view, **a grey horizon here forces me to explore new paths in language engineering and natural language processing outside the company. [un horizonte gris me fuerza a explorar nuevos caminos en programación de lenguajes y en procesar lenguas naturales fuera de la compañía.]** From the personal point of view, a certain disappointment with the daily increasing bureaucracy and 'imp?sse' makes life here difficult.

From the intellectual point of view, I need to get out the mainstream of tasks, routines, mechanical life... **Too hard doing the same 8 hours a day with the mere reason of coping with life, earning money, coming back home late in the evening, saying hello to my wife (or was it a wild roar??), having dinner together we both (the TV and me...), going to bed and, at daybreak, starting the whole**

thing again. [Demasiado duro hacer lo mismo 8 horas al día con la mera razón de afrontar la vida, ganar dinero, volver a casa tarde por el anochecer, decir hola a la esposa (o era un jabalí ?), cenar juntos (la tele y yo...), ir a la cama y, desayunando, volver a empezar todo.]

I have started my University course: Biblical Philology, which comprises Biblical Hebrew, Old Greek, Latin, Aramaic, and Moabite. The course, a 5-year period, is focused on understanding the culture of ancient and extinct civilizations, from Chaldean to Babylonian. [He comenzado mi curso universitario: Filología Bíblica, que incluye Hebreo Bíblico, Griego Clásico, Latin, Arameo y Moabita. El curso, de 5 años, se centra en entender la cultura de antiguas y extintas civilizaciones, desde la caldea a la babilonia.]

It is a challenge and I am really excited about it. But is not a mere way of breaking the circle in which I have been living for a long time; rather, I feel my heart wanting to know how to read life beyond the daily inert messages of a bank invoice, a traffic jam, or queuing in the supermarket to get a piece of cheese or fruit.

.....

There is a forest in every leaf of a tree.

Your friend,

Rub»n.

Note 148.32 THE FINAL CONDITION 32 of 44
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I need the meaning. Not how it works." 66 lines 25-AUG-1989 10:47
-< Archeologica >-

.....

My personal view, expressed in "Lecturas del manuscrito de Rukopis", 1987, is as follows: [Mi opinión personal, expresada en "Lecturas del

manuscrito de Rukopis", 1987, es como sigue:]

"Someone felt the need to write about a given experience with has nothing to do with the experiences we now go thru. This means that, either we are able to mentally reproduce the situation the author was living in or we will be facing a new disaster, like the one Landa faced trying to decipher the Maya hieroglyphics or the nameless rubbish that Dr. Kupper wrote about the Icelandic runes.

I myself find my own room a 'limitless desert' every Friday, when my wife is out and I feel alone. Thus, what it really matters is the meaning for the author or authors of the manuscripts, not what's true or false in his/theirs descriptions".

Lehfeldt answered my argument by stating that ".. although R. Cerdán's view of Rukopis manuscript is well appreciated, I must still insist the meaning is fairly unreachable, and I would recommend focusing in a mere and simple translation, with no additional interpretation. What we need is knowing how that ancestral society work, not its meaning".

Of course, I did reply [April, 1988] with a too much bitter article, the title of which was "I NEED THE MEANING. NOT HOW IT WORKS". I'm including that letter, for the sake of clarity to what will follow].

.....

Finally, not, I do not write under the effects of LSD... I am the LSD myself.

[Y finalmente, no, no escribo bajo los efectos del LSD... yo mismo soy el LSD.]

**Rubén Cerdán,
Hebrew University of Jerusalem.
[Rubén Cerdán,
Universidad Hebrea de Jerusalén]**

[wikipedia: The First Board of Governors included Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, Martin Buber, and Chaim Weizmann. It is home to the world's largest Jewish studies library, scholars who have been faculty members include Gershom Scholem, Yeshayahu Leibowitz, Daniel Kahneman and Robert Aumann. Four of Israel's prime ministers are alumni of the Hebrew University, including the current prime minister. The Hebrew University consistently ranks amongst the top universities in Israel and in the world.[1]

un español (sefardí) en Israel...

Note 103.24 ... and me 24 of 50

MDRLEG::RUBEN "No dead kids in this cemetery" 27 lines 16-MAR-1988 11:17
-< Esther driving towards Eilat >-

The Fiat is running well. Too much hot. Hassidic music on the recorder.
No traffic signs. **The Dead Sea on the left in our way to Eliat. [El Mar Muerto a la izquierda de nuestro camino hacia Eliat]**

A military jeep is stopped on the right side. A young soldier waves his hands to us. We stop. His head inside the car thru the window.

"Shalom, mi atta?"

"Anahnô Esther v'Rubn. Shefardim"

The soldier gets back to talk to his peer. They laugh for a moment. Then he came back. Lits a cigarette looking at me and makes an indication for us to go on driving.

"Why do they call it 'Dead Sea'?" asks Esther.

"They say the density of salt is so high that no fish can live there".

"No fish?"

"No fish"

"What if I stop the car, go there for a while a bring back a fish?"

I smile sadly. She stops the car, gets out, crosses a fence, reaches to the sea and then comes back to the car. A little fish in her hand.

"Now what?" she asks looking at me directly to my eyes.

"Never thought of that being possible. My teacher of Geography is a liar"

"He's not" she says "it's just me the liar".

Note 111.11 La Tertulia Grande 11 of 13

MDRLEG::RUBEN "Blood is the worst witness of truth" 35 lines 4-MAY-1988

03:09

-< The real thing >-

...

The most similar events I have seen were the Desert Music Festival in Israel (Arad, in the neguev desert) [El evento más parecido que he visto fue en el Festival

de Música del Desierto de Israel (Arad, en el Neguev)] with Shalom Hanoach, Yudih

Ravitz and Arik Rudich (lot of Hassidic music and Israeli folk music, too).

Most recently, **Madrid** organizes what's known as the 'open spaces auditorium', sort of planetarium with music during a week, more or less.

el informático-filólogo sabe hebreo bíblico...

AN ENDLESS COLUMN GETTING ME UP TO THE STARS!!

Note 111.4 La Tertulia Grande 4 of 13

MDRLEG::RUBEN "**No dead kids in this cemetery**" [**No hay niños muertos en este cementerio**] 46 lines 14-APR-1988 03:45

-< How many seats available? >-

Ca □n's voice sounded surprised "A tertulia? Really?"

"Yes" I said "In Tem's Cabin. I would like you to come. No dissertations, I promise".

Then he asked me again "Can I phone some of my friends? I would like them coming, too"

"Oh Yes! Fine! Who are them?" I asked excited.

"Franz Kafka, Kleist, Jan Neruda, Rimbaud, Jeff Nutall, and Arik Rudich".

I smiled. "Ca□n, would you mind speaking in English? Your Biblical Hebrew confuses me..." [Sonreí. "Caín, puedes hablar en inglés ? Tu hebreo bíblico me confunde..."]

el filólogo amante de escritos arcanos que sueña con escribir uno.....

THE FINAL CONDITION

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Note 148.0 THE FINAL CONDITION 44 replies

MDRLEG::RUBEN "I need the meaning. Not how it works." 100 lines 18-AUG-1989 04:05

Philology is the science of sciences. **We study the language and the signs of long ago extinct people and kingdoms.** [Estudiamos la lengua y los signos de gente y reinos extintos hace mucho tiempo.]

Our interest is on old manuscripts, on coins, on old maps and books, on papyrs and carved stones, on unknown palaces and temples, on glyphos and legends. [Nuestro interés está en los antiguos manuscritos, en monedas, en antiguos mapas y libros, en papiros y en piedras grabadas, en palacios y en templos desconocidos, en glifos y en leyendas.]

We thoroughly analyze everything we find. **We are supposed to learn old languages, most of them never heard except for some shepherds, and perhaps obscure monks.** [Esperan de nosotros que aprendamos antiguas lenguas, muchas de ellas nunca escuchadas excepto por pastores, y tal vez oscuros monjes.]

We interpret the feelings, and we often travel into the Unknown. **Old religions are also useful for us. Archeologists and philosophers, scientists and anthropologists, everyone turns to us to interpret what they discover in the deserts of Ninive, in the cemeteries of Calpucia, in the steppes of Mongolia, or beyond the quasars... in a corner of space.** [Las antiguas religiones también son útiles para nosotros. Arqueólogos y filósofos, científicos y antropólogos, cada uno se vuelve a nosotros para interpretar lo que ellos descubren en los desiertos de Nínive, en los cementerios de Calpucia, en las estepas de Mongolia, o más allá de los cuásares... en la esquina del espacio.]

We start studying Biblical Hebrew and Old Greek. Classical Latin is always needed. Then, we slowly progress into Syriac, Aramaic, Chaldean, Sogdian, Altaic languages, Paleosiberian,

Sanskrit... and Sumerian. Of course, a perfect knowledge on History is always needed. [Comenzamos a estudiar Hebreo Bíblico y Griego Clásico. Latín Clásico siempre es necesario. Luego, lentamente progresamos en Siríaco, Arameo, Caldeo, Sogdiano, lenguas Altaicas, Paleosiberiano, Sánscrito... y Sumerio. Y claro, un perfecto conocimiento de la Historia es siempre necesario.]

There are lots of manuscripts still waiting to be translated, interpreted, and illuminated by the light of knowledge. Manuscripts, as books, have they own classification system. As an example, BM-123*/bc-ahrntran means:

British Museum, 3 volumes, 1 uncompleted, 1 referenced and missing, written before Christ, cited by Ahr, Indian Mithology. Not yet translated.

You know, there is only one thing I love in this world: dreaming in my room interpreting manuscripts. **It is not important where did I study Philology, or when, or how. [No es importante donde estudié filología, o cuando, o cómo]** It's only why what I want to tell you about, and I think I have already told you: I'm looking for the meaning in all. I know I will die some day. It doesn't worry me. I also knew I was to work on a different thing if I wanted to earn money enough to keep reading manuscripts. That's why I work here, at DEC.

NT: a ninguna universidad se le ocurriría impartir clases de lenguas tan poco relacionadas como el paleosiberiano y el arameo.

Of course, neither my family nor my friends fully understand my motivation. They used and use to laugh at me. Everybody considers me a mad. They use to kid about my books. "Tell us 'hello' in Sumerian!! C'mon!!".

Oh, yes. I love them all. And I have a secret goal, too: writing a manuscript that someone could interpret and analyze in the future. [Oh, sí. Los amo a todos. Y tengo un objetivo secreto, también: escribir un manuscrito que alguien pueda interpretar y analizar en el futuro.]

sueños e inscripciones etruscas...

ote 103.8 ... and me 8 of 50

MDRLEG::RUBEN "Nietzschean Activist Condemning You" 51 lines 3-MAR-1988
05:37

-< Where are you, Ariel? >-

Years after, Sigurd approached me and said "Cañ, tomorrow we will sail again from Herdgurds?nn; this time, we are going to reach an unknown land whose people speak a strange language".

I knew he meant we were going to sail beyond Ireland, turning slowly towards Normandy, then sailing thru the river Aegji?rr (Sena), then walking as far as Italy. Once there, we would wander across the land where the Etruscan live.

....

That night I had a dream. **I dreamt of an Etruscan coming to my bed and giving me a strange piece of stone in which someone wrote something strange with blood. There I couldn't understand anything, but the last word was written in Old Norse. That word was "intet", 'nothing'.**

[Soñé con un etrusco viniendo a mi cama y dándome un extraño fragmento de piedra en el que alguien escribió alguna cosa extraña con sangre.

No podía entender nada, pero la última palabra estaba escrita en antiguo noruego.

Esa palabra era 'intet', 'nada'.]

I got up very late the day after. I was left alone. I rushed to the watching point: nobody there. I looked at the place where the Etruscan village was standing the day before: there were nothing left, as if all was but a nightmare. **Just a little child was playing with something. I carefully approached him. He looked at me indifferently. He was holding a stone, *the* stone I dreamt of. This time, the last word was 'alting', 'everything'. After reading the word, the child vanished in the air... where are you now, Ariel?**

[Justo un pequeño niño estaba jugando con algo. Me acerqué con cuidado.

El me miró indiferente. Estaba sujetando una piedra, 'la' piedra con la que soñé.

Esta vez, la última palabra era 'alting', 'todo'. Despues de leer la palabra, el niño se desvaneció en el aire...]

el poeta filósofo-filólogo...

Note 27.12 Lucifer 12 of 20

MDRLEG::RUBEN "No dead kids in this cemetery" 37 lines
13-APR-1988 12:02

-< Just a comment >-

--

I'm not fond of writing about mythology, as it happens that I'm
suspiciously interested in those characters that tend to be
considered

with contempt or fear.

The only thing I have concluded from the various works and
books

I have read about dualism, and more specifically Light and
Darkness,

is that, in the remote age preceeding all ages, there was a
cruel

fight between both of them. **In PHILOSOPHY I posted,**
under

PHENOMENOLOGY, [En FILOSOFÍA he posteadó, bajo
FONOMENOLOGÍA]

how the Greek considered Light to be born from Chaos

(**Phaeton was the son of the sun, namely, Light**). **[Faetón**
fue el hijo del sol, de la Luz]

The woman in question

was Love (Agap»).

NT: curiosamente Faetón se nos aparece en Iruña-Veleia

Now, the Caenites and Edomites (references took from the
Easenites'

Scrolls -Dead Sea-) talk about Etsel as a kind of Chaos,
from who

Tsel (Light) was born. **The Edomites called Tsel using the**
definite

article L' (L'Tsel), from where, they say, derives Letsel
and, lately

degenerated to simply Lets--->Latin 'Lux' (Light). [Los
edomitas llamaron Tsel usando el artículo defnitivo L' (L'Tsel), de donde,
dicen, deriva Letsel, que después degeneró hasta Lets ---> 'Lux' en latín
(luz).]

NT: no comment...

which Surprising to know this is one of the few Latin words from
ethimology. backtracking can be done on his non-Indoeuropean

as stated Etruscan word for Lux, was Liats (pronunciation unknown),
Italy by one of the few well-known stone carving found in modern
good for (the complete translation was "Field this badly light. No
sheep", where word light was, precisely, Liats.

**The conections between Etruscan, Basque, Edomites
and Caenites
are not very much analyzed, unlike Basque-Etruscan languages which are
now very well documented.
[Las conexiones entre etrusco, vasco, edomitas y cainitas no están
demasiado analizadas,
excepto entre el vasco y el etrusco por estar bien documentadas.]**

*NT: los cainitas eran de una secta gnóstica dualista en la que La Serpiente
o Caín eran los benefactores
de la humanidad, cuando era Yahvé o Moises los malfactores; nada que
ver por lo tanto con el edomita,
una antigua lengua semita hablada en Jordania; y por supuesto el vasco
no tiene relación con el etrusco, ni este con el semita.*

Summing up:
attributing Although remotely, there's a chance 27.10 be right in
some Tuscan connections to Lucifer...
although [I can give copies about the books where I read all this,
they are Spanish-written ones]

el feminista radical...

Note 27.16 Lucifer 16 of 20
MDRLEG::RUBEN "No dead kids in this cemetery" 95 lines 15-APR-1988 05:45

-< LUX FERRERE-->LUCIFER >-

Reply to .14:

I'm not an expert on deities, except for those in connection with Norse mythology, Gothic ones and Edomites. [No soy experto en deidades, excepto aquellas conectadas con la mitología vikinga, la goda y la edomita.]

>"Simple dualism are simple dualism. Just about anyone can develop one"

Partially true, but basically wrong. Dualism are dualism, but you must develop only those possible dualisms, according to the cultural sphere within which you operate.

Just as well as you can't create a divinity synthesizing a female deity and a male one, you must not forget that **ALL ANCESTRAL DEITIES WERE GODESSES, female ones. [TODAS LA ANTIGUAS DEIDADES FUERON DIOSAS, femeninas.]**

The old Hitites, for example (Water, Moon, War, Death). The Egyptians (Isis), the Edomites (Rahab), and even the Norse ones (Freija). The pre-Christian era was consistent in accepting female goddesses. In fact, the duality arose when two cultures came into contact:

a) Those venerating Night, Darkness, Moon (goddesses of poets, warriors, and ruling the community). No male gods accepted, for the only vision was that life came from the woman.

b) Those venerating Sun and Light. First, they FORCED a coexistence between male and female deities. Then, they gave superiority to male gods and, later, they suppressed the divine essence of the female goddesses (Christians, for example, but the Roman and the Greek, too).

Sometimes, they invented a god half man half woman (Rahab was termed hermafrodite...).

As for the discussion just going, my point of view is that the religious change came in connection with cultural development in a society in which commerce and war was the main concern. **They attributed men the responsibility for taking care of the community and, in turn, they went up to the heaven to change the sex of their deities. [Responsabilizaron a los hombres de cuidar**

la comunidad y, a cambio, fueron al cielo a cambiar el sexo de sus deidades.]

That the Indoeuropean deities were all female is already widely accepted. That they venerated Moon (The White Goddess) is also evidenced (R. Graves, A. Tjorn, W.A. Effenberg, T. Nitzcy).

Simple dualisms go far beyond the mere cultural change. It also affects and influences the religious essence and fate of a people in a given point of their history.

The misery of a culture starts when the priests, the politicians, and the 'establishment' all introduce a brutal change into the collectivity. Etruscan, Hitites, Edomites and Eastern Goths were all swept out of the face of the planet: they refused to accept the change, for they loved too much their female deities.

The Christians, late-Greeks, Aztecs (in America) and many other in central Europe gained the battle... and we have inherited now a weak cultural heritage where male values dominate everything, where commerce, science, and war determine the ethics of a people, where returning to Nature is seen as a crime, where poverty is seen as a cancer soon to be overcome substituting religion by sciences, culture by economics, and justice by war.

Lucifer, is my own view, lost a battle because SHE () wanted to bring together the Moon and the Sun, the darkness and peace and the Sun (Lucifer meaning 'she who brings the light in the night--->Moon!!!, lately abbreviated to Lux+ferre---> to bring light, light-bearing).

[Lucifer, desde mi punto de vista, perdió la batalla porque ELLA quiso llevar la Luna y el Sol juntos, la oscuridad y la paz y el Sol (Lucifer significa 'la que lleva luz en la noche' ---> Luna !!!, después abreviado Lux+ferre ---> llevar luz, portador de luz).]

NT: dichas flechas de generación...

NT2: la etimología de Lucifer es absurda desde un punto de vista etimológico pero pertinaz desde un punto de vista creativo.

Finally, from a philological point of view, 'female' languages (Sanskrit, Edomite, Tocharian) are the only remains of what once was a flourishing culture. **[Finalmente, desde un punto de vista filológico, lenguas 'femeninas' (sánscrito, edomita, tochario) son sólo restos de lo que una vez fue una floreciente cultura.]**

NT: Si bien el sánscrito y el tochario son lenguas indoeuropeas,

el edomita fue una lengua semítica estrechamente relacionada con el árabe.

What can you expect of a world where Death and Hate is considered to be 'female' characters and 'Love' (**Cupid**) and 'War' (Mars) are male ones?

NT: otro que también sale en Iruña-Veleia...

What can you expect of those who defined Artemis as the goddess of the moon (right there) and hunt (wrong here)?

Lucifer was female, moon lover, commerce hater, but they show us a Christian God unable to have sex with a woman, and even the only woman they accept had a son 'without sex intercourse'.

[These post-Hitites dumbs look to me like young lovers whose girlfriends refused to make sex with them... and they became celibate]

filosofando...

Note 158.3 From a Pulsar in Deep Space 3 of 12
ELWOOD::BATES "Nel mezzo del camin" 47 lines 27-JUL-1990 16:48
-< A Remarkable Meeting >-

A REMARKABLE MEETING

History tells us the story of a strange meeting between two great men. They say that when Alexander the Great was marching against Persia, before leaving Greece, **he met the great philosopher Demosten-es**, who defended the amazing theory that owning things is like owning chains.

NT: No fue Demóstenes quien tubo ese encuentro tan especial con Alejandro Magno sino otro filósofo contemporáneo.

el filósofo cainita...

Note 131.4 What is leadership? 4 of 6

MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 1 line 28-SEP-1988 03:56

-< Yes, we DO >-

Yes, we DO have gods, too. But they come to us, no need searching.

[Sí, tenemos dioses, también. Pero ellos vienen a nosotros, no necesario buscando (sic).]

Note 2.55 Who Are You? 55 of 62

MDRLEG::RUBEN "I'm beyond god...!" 15 lines 12-FEB-1988 11:27

-< CAIN >-

... and **after killing Abel [después de matar a Abel]**, I felt myself wandering thru deserts

of blood... but I was happy as they condemned me for being the first criminal... and then I reached to a village... and then I entered there and nobody recognized me... and I was happy for I thought I could at last start a new life... and then I saw a mob in the middle of a marble square... and I asked what was going on there... and a blind man told me "They are executing a man who killed his brother years ago... it is a rite called 'justice'. We remember the first criminal this way, thanking the gods for putting an end to crime".

And I went to my desert, and under a cloudy sky, I started to weep.

Rub»n, brother of CaÑn. [Rubén, hermano de Caín]

=====
=====
Note 132.17 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 17 of 70

MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 17 lines 4-NOV-1988 09:33

-< Winter morning slowly staying >-

It was a sunny springtime day when they discovered fire. It was a summer night when they invented the wheel. Then it came agriculture, building houses, farming, tribal organization, mithology...

It was an autumm evening when they first adventured the existence of logic...

It was a winter morning, particularly cold, when they found the **corpse of Abel lying in the middle of mud.** [el cuerpo de Abel estaba tendido en medio del fango] Since then, wheels have turned a thousand times, fire was changed by electricity, mythology was replaced by religion, and logic became an art...

But nothing has changed since that winter morning, for **Abel eyes are still the eyes of a beautiful loser...** [los ojos de Abel aún eran los de un precioso perdedor...]

=====
=====

Note 132.1 The Eyes Of The Beautiful Losers 1 of 70
MDRLEG::RUBEN "I will be your cancer!" 24 lines 24-OCT-1988 14:02
-< Memories >-

Reaching the office, with the car's ashtray full of wasted time.

Approaching my desk as the last resort. The empty ashtray means "Morning! You've got eight hours ahead of wasted time". Can't forget the look of that kid, the emptiness in his pupils... the unbearable sadness of a kid...

Just wondering what is he doing now, what is he feeling now... and I feel myself looking thru the window with that look in my eyes. **Remember having a son...** [recuerdo tener un hijo...] but he was 'my' kid. Never talked to him seriously, as kids terrify me.

Remember also my **divorce**, the long agony of a broken relationship, and how much it hurts when you realize you walk towards the end, that final evening in which tears cannot be used as a door to escape. There was no discussion, but a soft and friendly conversation with her. Surprisingly enough, it was the only conversation we both held in which we were not constantly interrupting each other. It was the only moment, too, in which I really loved her. But the only moment, also, in which **I turned my eyes to my son for the first time: the eyes of a beautiful loser...** [volví los ojos a mi hijo por primera vez: los ojos de un precioso perdedor...]

NT: En la Biblia se nos cuenta que Caín asesinó a Abel.

Note 103.17 ... and me 17 of 50

MDRLEG::RUBEN "No dead kids in this cemetery" 21 lines 16-MAR-1988 07:02
-< Esther meets my brother >-

My little brother [pequeño hermano] is a clever boy. I introduced him to Esther last afternoon.

They both kept looking each other for a while. Then she said "I'm Esther, how are you?". My brother goes on looking at her, staring. "What? You don't speak a single word?" she says. My little brother is still stoned there. Curiosity in his tiny eyes.

Esther tries once more "If you tell me your name I will give you an icecream". My little brother just yawns. Esther is irritated. Turns to me and says "Hey! What's the matter with him? Is he deaf?"

"No" I answered. **"He is autistic". ["Es autista"]**

Esther astonished. Tries to put one of her faces, looks to the boy sadly and leaves the room.

I take my brother in my arms. Kiss him in the face and whisper "**Guio**, Do you understand now why I love being inside your own world?".

My little brother winks. He is a clever boy

Note 146.17 The dreamer in room 547 17 of 17

MDRLEG::RUBEN "Gloria, put ye LEGs around ma neck" 47 lines 19-JUL-1989
03:59

-< **Euthanasia** >-

....

I didn't tell you: they call you the dreamer in room 657... for **I have told them you are permanently dreaming... so much you love your dreams, that you refuse to wake up. [les he contado que estás constantemente soñando... que amas tanto a tus sueños, que refusas despertarte]**

But they say it is me the one who must wake up... and they start talking on the useless attempt to keep you alive. **Some of them say that it is my own and only responsibility to put an end to all this. [Algunos de ellos dicen que es mi propia y única responsabilidad poner fin a todo esto.]**

It is that responsibility that makes of you an animal, the kind of animal that sadly wanders thru a forest facing an millenary dilemma: kill or being killed... love without being loved.

[Es el tipo de responsabilidad que hace de uno un animal, el tipo de animal que vaga penosamente por el bosque encarando un dilema milenario: matar o ser matado... amor sin ser amado.]

el informático se va a la ESA...

Date: **28 February 1990**, 08:02:52 SET
From: **RCERDAN at ESOC**
To: callas@eris.dec.com
Hello Jon,

Just wanted to say hello to all cabiners and get some news about how is the cabin doing. Please, give my regards to you all. **I am now working for the European Space Agency**

here

in Germany... [Ahora trabajo para la ESA aquí en

Alemania...]

and no, they know nothing about forests or cabins!!!

I'm reachable at RCERDAN@ESOC (bitnet/interbit).

Would be great if someone sends me the latest entries!!!

Regards!

Rubenightspace.

[wikipedia: The European Space Operations Centre (ESOC) is responsible for controlling ESA satellites and space probes. The centre is located in Darmstadt, Germany. It is Mission Control for most of the space projects of the ESA. ESOC also houses the Ground Facilities Control Centre (GFCC) that is responsible for remote operation of the ESTRACK network of Ground Stations and antennas.]

vanidad y falsificaciones en la ESA...

The Extreme Regularity of Pulsars

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Note 157.0 The Extreme Regularity of Pulsars 1 reply
ERIS::CALLAS "I'm glad I'm a Beta" 139 lines 20-JUL-1990 10:58

From: DECWRL::"RCERDAN@ESOC.BITNET" "MAIL-11 Daemon" 20 July '90
10:08 am

To: callas@eris.dec.com

Subj: A summertime Tome contribution

THE EXTREME REGULARITY OF PULSARS

.....

My job consists in monitoring all pulses being radiated from a distant pulsar located near Eta Carinae. In order to accomplish my job, I am provided with three big computers, [Mi trabajo consiste en monitorizar todas las pulsaciones radiadas desde un distante púlsar cercano a Eta Carinae.

Para realizar mi trabajo, dispongo de tres grandes computadoras,] one receiving data from other observatories, other responsible for signal processing tasks, and a third one computing different pulses received simultaneously at different frequencies.

Yes, I am the Eta Carinae observer, my only mission being keeping all the antennas pointing at the exact location of the emission source and checking, every 10 minutes, the graphs displayed at my terminal. **My pulsar is the most accurate ever discovered, [Mi púlsar es el más preciso que se ha descubierto]** which additionally gives me the opportunity to be the only human being who knows the exact time in every given moment.

.....

The fact that the age of "my" pulsar is five million years makes me imagine that, when Alexander the Great was wandering through the Persian desert, my pulsar was measuring every moment in his life, perhaps knowing the exact moment in which the Greek would die... Every night, when I come to my control room, I cannot help staring at the sky and whispering "Good night, pulsar, here I am

again...". Yes, I love my job and I cannot imagine myself doing a different thing: **I am the Universe's watchmaker...** [\[Soy el relojero del Universo...\]](#)

the one setting the exact time by which everything is measured, from the spin of a positron to the start time of a football match. The data I gather during the night is passed to all the research centers in the world.

Everybody trusts me, and I trust my pulsar. The guys next door come to see me asking for the time, and I also received RETs from physicists in far places. Oh, sorry, I am using the jargon again. **A RET is what we call a Request for Exact Time, and it is used by people concerned with nuclear physics or investigating precise time-driven events, as they like to call it.** [\[Una RET es los que llamamos Petición de Tiempo Exacto, y lo usa la gente vinculada con la física nuclear o que investiga eventos temporales precisos, tal como a ellos les gusta llamarlo.\]](#)

NT: no se desprende por el texto que ese R. Cerdán fuese físico nuclear, en todo caso la función que dice desempeñar este R. Cerdán es la de un informático

.....

That's why, that night, when the main computer reported an anomaly in the pulse's time of arrival, and after all my checks forcing me for the first time to recognize **there was a real error in my pulsar, I decided... to hide the fact... changing all recorded data to reflect the pattern I am used to... the perfect pattern... clean of any anomalies...** [\[había un error real en mi púlsar, decidí... ocultarlo... cambiando todos los datos grabados para reflejar el patrón al que estoy acostumbrado... un patrón perfecto... limpio de anomalías.\]](#)

It took me more than a month. In fact, I have just finished occulting all tracks, deleting the log tapes, modifying the signal processor readouts. I know this is bad, I know I am just doing exactly the opposite to what they expect from me...

But love is an irrational feeling anyway, and I love my pulsar. Everything is again as always: more RETs on my desk, more tapes distributed all over the world, more measurements every night.

la planificación de un informático...

Note 150.2 RACHEL ON THE BRIDGES 2 of 20
MDRLEG::RUBEN "Another visceral Mediterranean..." 24 lines 25-OCT-1989
05:20
-< Planned Economy >-

At twenty five, he was able to speak about Tartessos and the Greek dialects with no problem, switching then to the most advanced astrophysical and mathematical concepts. That knowledge soon made of him a good assett for any company. He found a good job in a computer company as a consultant in AI, both thank to his knowledge of psychology and his being familiar with the most intricate aspects of computers.

The money he earned every month was carefully invested in his five areas of interest; **a 20% was devoted to buy more books about History, Archeology, and Music that he devoured at night. Another 20% was devoted to increase his knowledge about computers, advanced information systems, and methodologies. A 15% was invested in what he labeled as "Defense". This caption included investing money in the stock exchange as a way to save enough money to face what he called "defense operations".** The remaining 45% of his earnings was used to cope with the daily tasks that life brings together: food, clothing, car, housing...

Of course, a calculated amount was devoted to entertainment and health care. That was his little Singapur and his mighty Israel. He was decided to fight with the best means at hand.

el informático que se hace piedra fisolofal de cualquier fisico nuclear...

=====
=====

Note 158.1 From a Pulsar in Deep Space 1 of 12
ELWOOD::BATES "Nel mezzo del camin" 75 lines 27-JUL-1990 16:45
-< The Wonderful Decay of the Stable Neutrino >-

THE WONDERFUL DECAY OF THE STABLE NEUTRINO

I am a stable **neutrino**, running thru the Universe. I follow a precise geodesic line that will lead me to my final destination. I bear no electric charge, and no mass, therefore I interact with no other particles, be it radiation or matter. No force can deviate my path, and no system can trap me. Freely I run, but I have a goal...

.....

["Jealousy and pride guide every discovery in sciences...",
Graffiti at the Max Planck Institute]

% ===== Internet headers and postmarks (see DECWRL::GATEWAY.DOC)
=====

Received: by decpa.pa.dec.com; id AA18706; Thu, 26 Jul 90 03:36:55 -0700

Received: from ESOC.BITNET by CUNYVM.CUNY.EDU (IBM VM SMTP
R1.2.2MX) with BSMTP id 2483; Thu, 26 Jul 90 06:35:52 EDT

Date: Thu, 26 Jul 90 12:35:57 SET

To: bates@elwood.dec.com

From: **RCERDAN@ESOC.BITNET**

Comment: CROSSNET mail via SMTP@INTERBIT

Comment: File PION TXT A1

Subject: THE WONDERFUL DECAY OF THE STABLE NEUTRINO

que psicoanaliza a los astrofísicos...

Note 168.65 RETURN FROM MOAB [Rub»n was there] 65 of 74

ISIDRO::CARMENALVARE "Non-technical reader" 23 lines 2-AUG-1993 19:40

—

...

But you are young enough to keep on trying: with all your telescopes, your deep space probes, your space **X ray detectors**, looking in the infra red...

listening to any source of energy in space...

Yes, let me tell you what are you looking for exactly: you are searching for your mother. That's all. Kids afraid in the darkness calling for mum. Your entire

life has been a search for the face of a mother... and this is why NGC 1333 exerts a powerful influence on your observations... a dim galaxy... a distant faint glint in your **CCD cameras...**"

y Dido !

Note 138.2 Red Smoke 2 of 56

MDRLEG::RUBEN "El arcoiris no es tu escalera" 128 lines 27-DEC-1988 04:40

-< Tchadd >-

...

I do not know why, but the yebbe went short after the first rebels appeared. **They say the rebels kill kids [Dicen que**

los rebeldes matan niños] and take away our women. I have only seen a rebel once in my life. It was a dawn. We were sleeping in our dry-mud house. From my position I could see the blue sky thru the hole in the roof. Grandda did the hole because he thought a certain dawn it could rain, and if the god of the rain Ngabi noticed we were sleeping, he could stop the rain immediatly. That's why grandda did the hole in the roof, so that we could wake up when the water fell on our faces.

But that dawn I was looking at the sky trying not to fall asleep should the rain came. Instead, I saw a black crow crossing the sky. "Dad, Mom, Dido!! There's a crow in the sky!! There's a crow in the sky!!" I cried. We all dislike crows, for they mean a cow has died during the night. And if we loose one of our cows, Dad says we will be forced to migrate beyond the lake.

My father punched me in the face "Do not say that, Mimbo!!". But

then he looked thru the window and saw the crow. Everybody went out running toward the pond near the house, where we leave the cows every night. "Run dad! Run **Dido!**". My sister Dido is a good runner, she runs faster than anyone else in our village.

...

Dido was the first to arrive home. She was completely bitten, in all parts of her body. Blood was falling along her arms and she was 'dancing' and jumping on a pool of blood. Poor Dido! She was suffering terribly. "Wasps, Mom, big wasps in the pond!!".

RETURN FROM MOAB [Rub»n was there]
[RETORNO DE MOAB, Rubén estuvo allí]

=====
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Note 168.0 RETURN FROM MOAB [Rub»n was there] 74 replies
ISIDRO::CARMENALVARE "Non-technical reader" 10 lines **22-MAY-1993** 07:31

RETURN FROM MOAB

She was not the queen of the birds... and I didn't look at her with the face of a mouse...

[First letter from Rub»n's Return From Moab]

NT: Moab fue un reino semita situado al este del Mar Muerto. Debe entenderse que es un recurso literario para mencionar su regreso de Alemania ?