

There should be a beginning

Rather not.

There is a present I can give to you that you can carry all around with you. It's a pushy thing. Just think about it. Something you can always have with you. And it isn't love. Or your life. ☺ still, one's created, sticks with you, your whole life

I myself have no clue what this could be. By the way: today is April 14th 2014. It's a nice date to start a mission.

Do me a favour? Watch exactly in front of you, not in this letter. You can read it to each other, maybe that's the best way. If it helps you, close your eyes. I mean the one who's listening, not the one who'll be reading this. ☺

In front of you'll be able to notice a White Whale.

Really. Take this seriously. Still, not more serious than it should be taken.

So concentrate. See the White whale in front of you. Take your time to happen if needed.

I will tell you a story in the meantime.

And please carry in mind: like cat's eyes, whale's eyes shine when struck by light, and they have plenty of light sensitive rod cells on the retina at the back of each eye. This might help you in recognising that you've seen the whale. It means as well, once you saw the whale in front of you, do know that it saw you too.

The discovery that oceans are noisy isn't very surprising. Imagine that. Once you see the Whale in front of you, experience the noises of the Ocean. You know already sound travels through Ocean much more readily than through air. Again, Air travelling is a stunning matter. Travelling by being Air. (not airlines. ☺ but Lines of Air.)

Important part of the story is that seafarers in the days of sailing ships knew the song of whales and told stories of strange, ghostly sounds at sea. Decades of rumbling, powered ships had drowned out generations of memories. That's why common perceptions of oceans became regarded as silent worlds of underwater life. Which is completely false. And you can experience it while keeping your attention on the whale and slowly on its surroundings. You hear the actual voices of the sea again. I know that whales and the sea world is considered to exist by so called „high-pitched sounds“, but, dare to go step further. Ignore the dogma of inaudibility of our ears. The Whale you see in front of you can help you identify both relatively close objects and many sounds existing at distances of many miles – which are well out of your sight. Unlike the sight of the Whale. Keep your patience please, for understanding the role of the sound is important to understanding whales.

The use of sound for seeing is developed thanks to echoes. When listening to the echoes you can get the whole picture. Are you following me?

Now that you have successfully seen the Whale in front of you and its surroundings, start listening to what is happening out there. Then when you have recognised first sounds, start expanding them. Let them help you travel all to the distances you wish for to visit. Explore these places and events. Then come back, using echoes. It's very simple, actually. Just take your time and instead of feeding the impatience of a coming event (for example, waiting for the sea to expand... but this refers to any other event in your life too...) concentrate at the audio-visual sensation where you momentary are travelling. Slowly you'll start experiencing that you can pick up incoming sound waves through all parts of your bodies. You will experience a wide variety of sounds, from high-frequency clicks at rates of up to 1,000 per second to low-frequency moans lasting up to 30 seconds each. Each sound probably has a different purpose. This part I leave to you. **It's up to you to find the purpose of the skill you will learn now.** We are to create the meanings and not to lock them in illusions of the various systems. Meanings behave like sounds, the more you perceive it the more you create. Really, for example, whales can outdo rock musicians and even jet aircraft. A blue whale is the loudest creature on earth. I'm not making this up.

What I'm making up is next. Keep your eyes closed!

I met a little girl while walking down the shore. Sea-shore in a sea-shell. Her eyes were golden brown and palms sweet like ramble cups. She was moving slowly down the beach and collecting sea-shells. What she didn't know was that she was collecting sea-shores too. She was picking them with gentleness of tiny turtles that have just left the eggs. She would take one, rub it on her dress, blow the dust out, show it to the sun or clouds or to the rain or to the snow or to the fog that was gathering between her dark green shoes. She stepped further; she stepped into the sea when the algae started touching her feet. This winkled out her smile; she realized fog and sea are made out of same matter. First sea algae were in her shoes, now fog came. Raising her eyes she saw the fog made cotton cover on the beach. I couldn't see her shoes anymore. Her thin legs were cutting the fog while the fog was entering the sea-shells. I couldn't see my legs either. They started disappearing in cotton-fields. She took one shell and grabbed some fog, drank it and turned to me. She kept her mouth open through which a fog was entering from the whole shore. My legs showed up again. Slowly fog left the shore and just the girl kept standing there. Her shells were around her, on the rocks. She stood there watching towards me with her palms sweet like ramble cups. I watched into the sky. I found myself sitting in ramble cups, smaller than a tiny turtle that has just left her egg. She would take me, rub me on her dress, blow the dust out of my hair and show me to the sun or clouds or to the rain or to the snow. Finally I found myself lying on the rock next to the dark green shoes while cotton clouded fog was entering me. It's wonderful to be at a sea-shore, I taught. It smelled like dried nourishing algae.