

“One Contains All Of The Numbers”
Nicholas Katsafanas

“No. I think that’s it,” Ingo said, “That’s what’s actually wrong with me. I’m glad we finally got the bottom of it.” “No,” a female floor fan in Moscow named Tifa replied,

“um, that’s not it. Keep trying.” “Could it be. Um.” “No, that’s not it. That’s not it either.” “Why is this so difficult?” “It seems as though the things you’ve forgotten have dictated your emotional trajectory to date—

in like an acute way?” “Is it possible I exist simultaneously, like in another time completely?” “You’re still meandering around in the realm of lineage. Please stop.”

“Is genetic history passe?” “This is a portal. You need to think differently. You’re not being honest. You believe you’ve forgotten things but that’s not entirely true is it?”

“But I’ve finally expressed my feelings, like at a really high decibel too.” “No, that’s not it. Those aren’t your feelings. You thought those were your feelings? I’m afraid you’re thinking

in terms of relations still.” “Relations?” “You’re analyzing things in terms of relations, Ingo, as if there’s true difference. How else could you relate?

Didn’t you already get past this? This isn’t a dive bar. It’s a portal. There’s no relation to really consider here. That’s not it. Keep trying.”

“But if I say it. No, that won’t work.” “You’re still thinking in terms of relations. Of extensions. Of things relating to one another. Please stop.”

“No, this isn’t a dive bar at all. You’re right. Although it seems like I may be blackout drunk?” “This is just a

mirror. Does that help?" "But not in the sense I'm thinking. Right?"

"You're getting closer." "How can there be something that equals more than one?" "One contains all the numbers. That's correct." "And zero?" "That's what's actually illusory. Coders are assholes."

"I see. So it's true that I don't love anyone." "In a manner of speaking. You're close to getting it now. Certain assertions imply extension. What does love mean if it's extended?"

"Of course! At times we attempt to extend and retract a thing we call love not realizing at all what it is we're actually doing. We think we're at a shitty dive bar.

And it perhaps even occurs to us that we're blackout drunk. But there's something else to memory. We misunderstand memory essentially. This is really just a quaint plane of consistency isn't it?"

"And no one would know the difference. They're extending what they don't possess and foolishly think that by doing so they create relation."

"It's actually kind of funny in a sense." "In order to be the most forgiving you have to be able to laugh a little."
"It's implicit."

"Yet others refuse to do so. Laugh that is. They hang over us with a perpetual frown under their smile. Assigning their own actions to themselves.

Concerned about nothing but what they view as themselves." "But they can only do so for an assigned time. They're obsessed with lineage. They cling to lineage like a shadow."

"Not all dive bars are portals to a plane of consistency. But the plane of consistency is—well, you get it now right?" "How could I not? One contains all of the numbers."