

Silence of the Fans

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Feb. 23, 2006

I shut it all down. I took down the net and all of the boxes. My wire speed universe slowed and died due to electronic starvation. Then I killed my TV. The stereo too. Shot dead with a remote control, a single burst of infrared bringing a blip and a pop as the world began to fill with silence. Then one by one I brought down the digital idiots until the last cooling fan spun to a stop. Silence began to fill the room and expanded into the universe until being shattered by the refrigerator. How could I escape this sensory abuse? I wanted to tear out it's umbilical cord and listen to it die. I ran to another room to escape it's animal cries like some wildebeest calling for a mate. That is when I heard the cadence of the clock becoming intrusive and focused, I had not paid any attention to it before. Finding the guilty device, I ripped out the batteries it was gorging on and it died too. Sitting on the edge of the bed, trying to stuff myself with silence when the windy gusts started sweeping through the house driven by the air-conditioning fan deep in the bowels of the residence. Bolting out of the room and down the hallway, I found the thermostat and with a twist commanded the wind to stop. It died slowly. Once again sitting on the bed I feasted upon the silence, trying to fill my head with it.

Remarkably, the universe seemed to fold in upon itself, time slowed down as I adjusted to the loss of my electronic nervous system. I listened quietly and in fear of what would happen as this shift in reality happened before my very eyes. There was a noise, a very subtle noise that is like a cross between crickets and whistling and running water, I listened as it faded while everything slowed down.

Becoming aware of my own heart beating, it got louder and louder as it took longer and longer between beats. There was a gentle swooshing sound - the very sound of my own blood being pushed through veins and arteries as I turned inward upon myself. A vision occurred. I could see the blood moving, my lungs slowly expanding filling the void in my chest and then exhausting it.

The merry-go-round slowed more and I slipped past the merely physical world and stepped into the torrent of thoughts running amok in my mind. I wanted to hear them but they flitted by too fast. Trying to grab hold of one, I ran after it to catch it. Too bad, it got away. Following the direction where they were going lead me down a long dark hallway, the little flickers of light zipping past like hypersonic fireflies. The only other light being a silvery cord laying on the bottom of the tunnel. As soon as I truly noticed it I felt a desire to reach out and grab it. A tentative fear welled up attempting to stop me from taking it into my hands. The subtle pulsating of the silvery line overwhelmed my sensibilities and I grabbed it with both hands as tightly as possible. The acceleration was unbelievable. Within a few instants, I was traveling as fast as the thoughts. I could reach out and touch them. When I did touch them, I could hear them in crystalline clarity, pure and untouched. Soon, I was speeding faster than the thoughts and it was more difficult to hold on to the silvery cord. I had to shut down my senses to focus on nothing except hanging on. I did not know what would happen if I were to let go and I intended that I would not find out. Not being sure if I were caught in a single span of moments or a single moment or even a fraction of a moment, I opened my eyes. The cord was gone. I stood in a vast cavern in a subtle glow of sunlight but there

was no sun. A light rain was falling, warm and cleansing, I did not get wet. The rain was the only motion in this world, perhaps the universe had actually stopped time for me. Pondering this thought a sense of awe washed over me. I began to walk.

Distance had no meaning here. I came to a place where the thoughts were frozen in flight, some were incoming and others were outgoing. It was a great multi-colored structure constructed of inter-connected wheels about a central spherical structure atop of a column. I went to the column and placed my hand upon it and then knew what it was. I stepped back. This was the part of the mind that decided whether or not something was good or bad. I was looking at the engine of thought. I wondered how and why I was seeing this. Once again touching the column I followed it down, for it was a conduit into a vast chasm. Stretching outward I could feel and hence see the great pastel matrices, primary colored matrices - they were all colors - the thoughts were quite still. This is where they are stored, this is memory. Where the column entered the chasm was a black portion, intrigued by it, I reached out to it and recoiled in horror. This was the problem solving area. It would find solutions to any problem put to it no matter how horrible it was and then pass it up the column through the moral filters. My stomach wretched at what was there. I let go in disgust. The shock sent me into a spiral, shutting down my senses. I wanted to flee.

I opened my eyes and I was lying on the bed curled up around my pillow. I got up and addressed the dryness in my mouth, my shirt soaked in sweat, now respecting the silence of the fans.