

The theory of the question

Questions are basic elements that build a dialogue, a dialogue necessary for the evolution of mental experience. Even in monologues [like my diary, for instance] the question appears to give an answer for an internal divided personality, rather mind, that asks and answers itself.

The question mark certainly has its origins in the spiral mystery of the universe.

This is in fact, the deepest symbol of my personality. Now, after realising this I see my life in a totally different perspective, more logical. Indeed. Banal, maybe. But deep there it is right. Thinking of it, it comes that it may be something more unconscious, a sign, that was always on my mind, in my hand, in my pen. In a flow of unconscious stream of thoughts. It was always there.

What is the logical continuity of a spiral way of thinking?
Evolution and reflection.

A movement forward with a moment for reflection and return for evaluation. That means movement, life! A more thorough approach in thinking. The meaning of a sign, a meaning of a line. Eternity. But does that apply to Euclidean geometry only? Does it at all? In this geometry the line is one of the three basic elements. Point, line and space. The arrow is a line with a direction, that means movement, life, again. The spiral has different origins. It is a natural geometry. A perfect shape. Combining Euclidean geometry and Natural geometry, one can see a spiral as a perfect combination of the two. The spiral is a line in 3d space and time. This is our Euclidean life.

How does that apply to the thinking process? Is thinking a linear process or non-linear grid, matrix? Is the logical thinking linear? Can thinking be logical and not-logical? Is there a difference? Is linear thinking leading somewhere? And non-linear is just ... there? What is logical thinking? Is it a process? Surely the theory of psycho, meta-psychology could give references. But I do not really know that. It is just an exercise. I will therefore stay in a limited space of my conscious mind and knowledge.

I used to have a dream to get THERE, to the unconscious sphere, the one Huxley was writing about. Am I there? No, I am just getting there. Almost forgotten that it is the main aim of my spiritual and mind existence. This is the problem of a contemporary fast living, to forget about the mental and spiritual development. It is so easy to forget, to live a shallow life, consuming only. But that is why writing is so important [for me] to remind of the aims and evolution process.

What a cheap Zen theory!

Dong dong, Chinese wisdom of an ignorant philosopher. But maybe it is fine, this way. Maybe things should not be so serious, maybe life is banal itself.

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