



ity of Refuge

slowly something gets slowly structured in the subconscious writing organ, slowly developing some form for later attempts. all the autobiographical fragments had some subconscious structure unintentionally developing themes and directions automatically and one or the main structure's target and direction of the unconscious writer developed as the idea „the city of refuge“ so i thought. there is so much to say about it, the city of refuge is a place for people who have not done wrong heavily but who need to escape somehow and feel uncomfortable and then they arrive at the city of refuge, the COR, and can live happily.

*The COR is one certain and indeed very beautiful motive again and again returning within the books of Tora, which is in fact a bit underexposed in contemporary interpretation, but actually should be much more emphasized on of course between many many more motives for different reasons in order to realize the manifold qualities of the book in an attempt to explore its great possibilities of recontextualize the political contemporary conditions. This particular motive often appears as the city of refuge. when all the children of jacob were assigned to different duties to be specially observed by each of them and when it was decided that from then on all the children will become the fathers of a tribe and the tribe will be forever carry on fulfilling this special duty, one of the tribes was assigned with the honour to forever take care and provide the world with cities of refuge. these cities are places where people would go to live, in case that for other reasons then just having sinned and done crimes, they would not be able anymore to live in the place where they were born and grown up. i think that is a most beautiful definition for a city and for a country, to be this place and most of its citizens are deciding about how to live themselves, not always oppressed by the natives culture or by the kings or by the laws which would develop as consequence.*

I wanted to write something down here. I dont know why exactly, but, yes, i actually do know why. It is just because i am kind of weird for now, because i drank really yesterday. Too much bourbon and actually the first time i drank this bourbon which has more than 60% but it tastes smooth and soft and warm almost. And i woke up completely crazy, finding myself half way on the bed half way on the floor talking loudly to myself and trying to explain myself that i am crazy now. My head was really broken and it hurt so much. I kept talking loudly to myself for almost another hour, until finally i collected myself a bit together again and decided today i should do something, after like an hour or so, when i feel i am fine, but feel like i should do something, but dont know what, it will be just a kind of a joke. whatever brought me to this conclusion should not matter here. I just say it because i am explaining how it came that i write this down now and, to be more exact, to explain, how it came that i had the quite stupid desire to write something down. Something as something as anything. Which is i remember what i was going to tell people yesterday. To write down, what i did not say in the end. A sermon like, when the people, the children of israel left egypt, they walked through the land of sinai for many years. Sinai was the place where they left the old place where they used to live for many years, but still they have not reached the new place either. So moses used the time before they came to the new place to make clear how life should be like when they would arrive in their new place, like writing down what happened before i left, what should happen. And i remember there was one great thing moses thought about. Which was that he imagined that they would have all these different cities there, but he wanted that they should have one special city, a city which is for the people who are wrongly accused of something, who dont feel it is possible to live with the people, or maybe the people think it is not possible to live with them. The city of the refuge.