

# AA-BA

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## THE WORLD OF ILLUSION

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Chapter A-3      **DUSK TO DAWN**

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# DUSK TO DAWN

## [CHAPTER A-3]

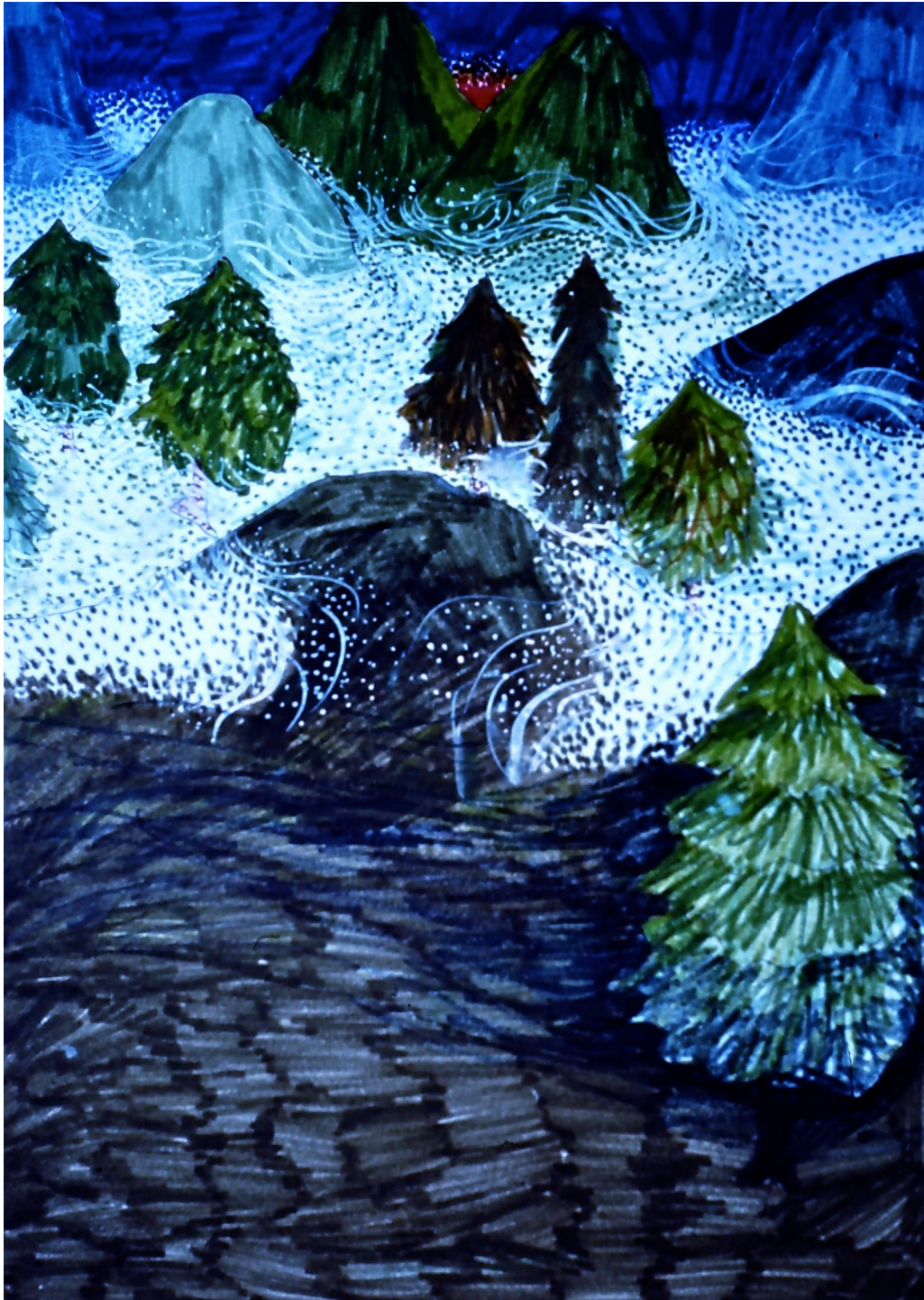
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Another adventure having reached completion, Aa roamed as before. It bubbled lightly through clouds of dew at dawn, advancing mist at dusk. Night and day, light and dark, many such cycles reached completion as time raced by. Then on evening, a perfectly normal one it seemed, Aa began to experience strange and unknown sensations. Acknowledging these, it grew progressively more nervous and uneasy - as if anxious about something. Eventually the agitation it felt forced Aa to cease its forward drive and come to a complete stop. Aa had been journeying for so long, that it had forgotten what immobility meant. Now it seemed as if suddenly a whole new world had been born. All the sights and sounds around Aa intensified as if heard for the first time.

Aa was no longer moving with the flow of air, the movement of life. Instead, with its last movement halted, it could now rediscover all the activity around. It was truly overwhelmed. Slowly it began to realize that this evening was somehow different from all the others it had experienced on Illusha till now. There was a mysterious and ominous feeling in the air ... it was this very feeling that had made Aa uneasy and had forced it to stop in the first place. Frightened as it was, Aa continued to observe, seeing even the minutest changes taking place around it.

Slowly it grew dark. The hills of green turned to blue, dark and foreboding. The sky, no longer clear and light, became dense and thick with particles of advancing night. The land stilled – all the bodied beasts and beings came to rest. It was now that the dense-less life began, the life of airy creatures, demons, fairies, spirits, and night dwellers. Aa was no longer surrounded by the vastness and ‘voidness’ of air, by the feeling of freedom and emptiness within it; it was not alone in solitude and peace any longer. Immaterial life began to condense, to gel. The hum of the night began. Already, the sounds of the sleeping bodied ones were being muffled by the rapidly strengthening roars and murmurs of the airy ones being born. Aa looked over the fields ... there, in the distance, but approaching rapidly, Aa saw the mist ... the womb from which the night creatures were born. It was now dusk.

The ominous fog moved forward slowly but surely. Along with all the immaterial life within it, it managed to seep through every crevice and crack, descend every precipice ... it rose and fell as it followed the surface of the land and filled every valley, carpeting every hill. The land of day was rapidly disappearing. Aa could see less and less of the familiar sights it had grown so accustomed to. No more grass and trees, ponds and creeks, wild flowers and wheat, tiger lilies, milkweeds, and daisies. Only fog and mist, more mist and more fog. Within a few minutes, the mist was upon Aa ... it surrendered itself. Dusk had given way to night.



Ever since its encounter with the white ones in the grey monolith, Aa had acquired the sensitivity of perceiving all body-less creatures. It was as if a previously unknown world had been revealed unto it. Aa acknowledged an entirely



new realm of existence of which it itself was a part. Now, this very night, Aa found itself totally surrounded by these 'invisible' spirits. There appeared not one or two of these demons and ghosts, but hundreds and thousands of them. Practically no hollow spaces of mist existed, for every single square inch was full and occupied.





The speed here was incredible compared to that of the bodied realm of being. These airy things were born, grew, and died in seconds. Like thought in the mind they rose and fell; created, then destroyed. As a matter of fact, many of them were thoughts indeed ... the thoughts of the sleeping ones, the dreams of those at rest.





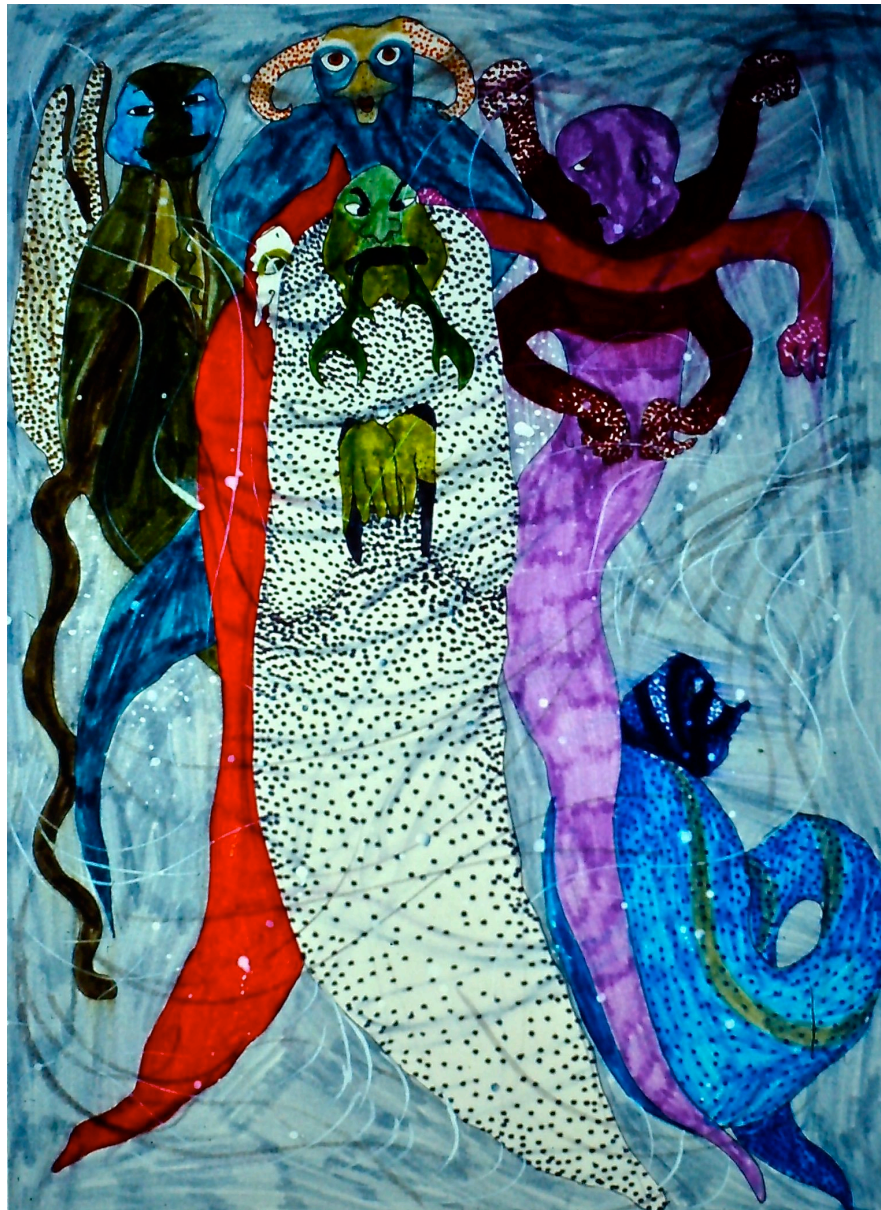
Their disturbed fantasies and frights were lived out here in this mist at night. Aa found it hard not to be afraid amid all this. The fact that these demons were only ghosts, thought forms, figments of thriving imaginations, did not pacify Aa since too often it too could be placed in that very same category.

Aa saw that these apparitions were not at peace with one another. Upon closer scrutiny, Aa noticed that they were in constant battle. Each tried to frighten the other to death, or in this case, disintegration. Aa noticed that similar being did not battle with one another – it was generally a fight between opposites. Dark and light, big and small, long and short, eventually it boiled down to a fight between the forces of good and evil. The opposing forces of light and those of dark faced one another ceaselessly. Sometimes entire armies of demons would pursue swarms of fairies, or hungry ghosts would attack sleeping spirits.



There was no peace or compromise to be found anywhere in this mist, this night.  
All one could do was observe the war ... feeling out both sides, the dark and evil,  
the good and light ...

The representatives of evil were dark and foreboding, slinky and secretive,  
stalking and spying, grinning and groaning, chuckling and roaring ... yet mostly  
frowning.





They appeared in capes and cloaks of deep colors, with claws for fingers and coals for eyeballs. Their voices were scratchy, rough, and hoarse ... loud and frightening. Although these soldiers of evil could not see Aa, they could feel its fright. The more Aa sent out, the stronger they grew. They simply thrived off of fear, gaining strength and density with each exclamation of fear they received. Every frightened reaction nourished them. Some were so ugly that mere disgust could not suffice to appraise them. These were the representatives of every quality that was deemed bad by the bodied creatures, particularly the Illushans. Some were Anger, others Hatred, Jealousy, Dishonesty, Pride. They were exaggerations of the various vices existing in every bodied being. Some simply manifested them more than others. However even in those that did not show them, the potential for their birth was there.

Now as for the opponents, the antidote to the evils, were the good and the beautiful. They strived to overcome evil but not with violence, they used opposite means. These spirits were light not dark, smiling not frowning, singing not growling. They approached gently, with murmurs and sighs, with flowers, wands, and hypnotizing powers. The beauty they sent out was truly mystifying. They dazzled and seduced the beholders with all their splendor, light and glory. These were the representatives of Love and Adoration, of Generosity, Happiness, Humility, Joy, Truth, and so on. They wore gowns of wealth, veils of white, carrying emblems of peace. Aa looked at these with wonder not fright. It was mystified, enamored by them. These 'Good' phantoms lived through such appreciation and adoration, they grew when loved and admired as had Evil grown when feared. They too could not see Aa but did not fail to detect the admiration it sent towards them.



Somehow all this did not seem right to Aa ... half was bad, the other good ... yet why must good be good and bad be bad? Aa then realized that although the means were different, the ends both these armies strived for were essentially the same. Each wanted to overcome the other. Good wished to destroy evil, and Evil to kill good. So then how could Good be good if it did the same as Evil only in a different way!



But if Good was bad, and Bad was good then why were they divided thus? Aa pondered this question as it looked around once more. It became quite confused. Now as it looked, the ugly seemed beautiful and the beautiful appeared ugly. Then again, if one looked at any one demon alone, it was neither ugly nor beautiful, not evil or good, it just was itself alone, not representative of anything. Yet once a phantom appeared on the scene, it was the contrast that produced the division of being either this or that. The way to eliminate this duality then was to join the two into one. But how? Aa knew not since the dualists never touched – they came close to one another, making a lot of noise while mimicking motions of battle and so on, yet no touch ensued.

The war was at its peak now ... it was mid-night. With each progressive minute the sky above the misty battlefield grew lighter as day approached. The mist began to weaken, as did the ghosts within it. Suddenly as the first ray of dawn shot through the air, the demons and spirits stopped their fighting as if hypnotized. The opponents observed one another carefully, the simultaneously all opposites extended their hands and touched ...



That tender and slight contact ended the battle once and for all. Slowly and gently the light and the dark blended, merged till neither could be distinguished.





Each contrasted couple became a glistening bubble of dew. Softly, each fell to the ground. These little pellets were neither good nor bad, ugly or pretty, they were all the same. No more opposites existed. Lightly and without any fuss the mist evaporated. All that remained of the drama were thousands of dewdrops side-by-side, wetting the ground, moistening the earth.

Aa smiled. It no longer feared nor felt strange. The air was empty once more. It was no longer full of thought forms and imaginary beings. The sky lightened still further. The bodied ones began to wake. With full dawn, arrived the sun in all its unified glory and power. The dewdrops evaporated into the air, leaving not a trace of themselves behind. In this formless state they would patiently await

another misty night that would compel them to divide and fight till dawn again. Aa commenced its journey once more. It began to move with the wind as before. The sun lightened its path. Aa advanced, no longer oppressed by opposites and relative attitudes; it was free as it had never been before. It laughed and with it laughed the entire planet Illusha because for one minute, Aa had become Illusha itself.

There was still one duality for Aa to resolve however ... that of itself in relation to Ba. It did not know it yet; it still had not even met Ba. Soon though, soon they would be one again. Aaba was not far from rebirth.



# THE FALL

## [CHAPTER B-3]

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“Well then” thought Ba to itself, “if I am not yet ready to leave this bodily habitation of mine just yet, I might as well enjoy it to its full advantage while I still can!” Having thus resolved to enjoy itself, Ba set off in a new and unexplored direction. Soon the grey structure was far behind and way out of sight. Ba hopped along, skipping and jumping, singing and laughing ... it was as if it was given the use of its body for the first time. No more attached or enslaved by the fear of losing it, Ba could manipulate its body without any inhibitions.

One afternoon as Ba was leaping across a bountifully blossomed meadow it had a slight accident. There it was, moving along so confidently, when suddenly it happened to trip. Ba flew through space – finally landing with a thud on its head. It was stunned, not knowing what had happened. The shock of the touchdown awakened Ba from its frivolity and gaiety – it now found itself falling, falling, falling. Faster and faster Ba fell. It seemed as if it was being sucked into a deep and unending abyss. It could do nothing but surrender to this unfortunate fate. Ba was blind; it could see absolutely nothing since it was so dark and black. All it could hear was the air rushing by as it fell through it. Suddenly, Ba came to a complete stop!

Ba did not land anywhere - it simply stopped falling. There it remained momentarily suspended in nothingness. It could not move for all its limbs were constricted. It felt as if air was holding its body, grasping it along its entire contour.

Ba was beginning to wonder if it was air that surrounded it or not. After all, it could just as well have been water or sand ... Ba could not even establish if it itself was there, truly there! The more it thought about it, the more convinced did it become that it had indeed lost its body ...perhaps the body had continued to fall while Ba had stopped. Ba really did not know what had happened to it. It was very strange not being able to feel, hear, or see anything ... strange but restful and somehow familiar! "Maybe this is death!" thought Ba. That explanation for its present condition did not seem accurate either. Ba, no longer afraid, was becoming curious instead. Then the curiosity fizzled out as well after some time. The bizarre stare of being remained however.

For days and days Ba remained suspended in nothingness. It was no longer sure whether it slept, dreamt, or was awake and fully conscious. Slowly a change came to pass within the deep recesses of its mind. Ba forgot that it had ever had a body! The idea became but a memory, the memory a dream or fantasy till that too became boring. Finally not a trace of 'body' remained in Ba's mind. Ba was now ready to remain in this state of non-existence for eternity. But unfortunately that was not what was pre-destined for our friend. Quite unexpectedly, Ba began to feel motion. What a delicious feeling; so new! Ba had forgotten that too. It felt itself being lifted upwards. Up and up it went, higher and higher. The climb seemed as endless as the fall. Finally, very abruptly, Ba landed.

Ba hit hard with its head, feeling no pain however since it was not aware that it possessed a head. With the impact of landing, or reaching the end of its upward rush, sight opened itself unto Ba. Actually Ba simply opened its eyes but it did not

know it had those either. With vision, sound and smell reappeared as well. Ba now found itself facing an incredible sight. Right in front of it hung two strange looking formations. Around and between them hung many green streamers and ribbons. It seemed as if everything was upside down. Ba peered at the two things facing it more closely ... they were weird indeed ... it had never seen anything like them before. Two long stems stretched downwards, at their base appeared two circular spheres. These were translucent and pale, fluffy and fragile.





Although both creatures were exactly the same in every respect, one took it upon itself to be less, to be weaker, frailer, shyer than the other. The first uttered loudly for all to hear ... “I am Zozonoh.” Right after it completed its brief introduction, the second began. Ba strained to hear. A faint and weak little voice could be heard ... “... I ... am ... Vo ..vo..n..oc...” “Zozonoh and Vovonoc! ... Very strange all of this ...” thought Ba to itself. A mild breeze passed. Zozonoh proceeded to move its globe about in harmony with the wind ... swinging it in deep and full circles. Vovonoc too did the same but after having established the size of its neighbor’s rotations, it toned down its own to about half the size and intensity of Zozonoh’s.



Vovonoc had no scale of its own. Whatever it did was a toned down version of Zozonoh's actions. Relative to Zozonoh, Vovonoc could establish what it was. Without the image to compare itself to, it would have no identity at all. Zozonoh on the other hand was very well settled ... it knew what it was. But what was funniest of all was that Zozonoh could have no image of itself either without its little shadow to establish one for it. It was a complete cycle that stood between the two. Each was helpless without the other. One needed to be glorified to understand itself, the other to be dwarfed. Zozonoc and Vovonoc understood themselves only in relation to one another. One had to be weak, the other strong.

Now Zozonoh began to stretch its whiskers, of whatever they were. The whole globe extended and contracted as the hanging creature expanded then withdrew its thousands of tentacles. Sometimes it would throw them all to one side, then the other. Meanwhile, Vovonoc was following the steps one by one ... slightly less extension, not as much sweep and decisiveness ... yet otherwise exactly the same movements. As the two continued this round of calisthenics Ba noticed that gradually – not noticeably at first, but evidently as time passed – Vovonoc was beginning to even up to Zozonoh. They were becoming more and more equal. Then for one minute second ... they stopped their motions and remained perfectly still ... erect, and identical. It was high noon.

As mysteriously as they had stopped, the rhythmic movements began once more. To Ba's indescribable surprise, it was now Vovonoc that led while Zozonoh copied. The rituals were repeated; Vovonoc swept to the left, Zozonoh did the same but not reaching as far ... the shadows had reversed. Ah! So that was it ... Ba understood. When the sun was directly under them they were equal. But when it was to the east and Zozonoh was directly in the light, Vovonoc was the shadow. Once afternoon arrived and the sun travelled down towards its setting in the west, it was Vovonoc who received full illumination while Zozonoc was its shadow. How simple, how balanced, and how very lovely. These two were really one creature in spirit. They changed roles periodically therefore each was the other, itself, both, neither and so on.

Ba grinned. It too was no longer itself but was becoming more and more like Aa. Although it still possessed a physical abode, it was no longer aware of it, having forgotten it somewhere deep within its memory. They, Aa and Ba, would meet as these two had in only a few days. A spell of dizziness overtook Ba. It swooned and fell to one side. As it woke up, it found itself in the very same field that it had been in before it fell. Shakily, it raised itself from the ground. Blinking a few times, Ba happened to look down. It was stunned for there on the ground among the blades of grass, stood two creatures exactly like Zozonoc and Vovonoc. The only difference was that they were standing not hanging. These creatures were none other than ordinary dandelions.





Everything was no longer hanging but standing. Ba became very confused. Actually what had happened was that Ba had tripped and fallen on top of its head

while frolicking through this very field. There it had remained unconscious. It had then in its mind begun to fall, it was falling within its memory back in time. It fell right as far as its memory extended, back to its pre-birth stage where it had existed as Aaba. There it had remained for only a second, a second that felt like days to Ba. It was there beyond memory for only enough time to erase the idea of a body. This idea had not existed in the void ... it came along with landing on Illusha. Ba was now ready to abandon the whole idea – so it did. Once the idea was obliterated, Ba began to move forward in time ... this felt like climbing or being raised upwards. It travelled right back into the present. Still standing on its head Ba awakened from unconsciousness to find, quite understandably, a world turned upside down.

It was then that the two dandelions had introduced themselves. They had never done so before since they had never met anyone standing on their head before! The situation was such a reversal that even the dandelions reacted in an unusual and irregular fashion. They simply thought of the first two words that popped into their heads and used them for names. First the morning leader thought of Zozonoh, then the shadow who had to keep in line or coy in one way or another, named itself Vovonoc ... quite similar, yes, a good shadow name. But really now, Zozonoh and Vovonoc are ridiculous names ... dandelions certainly have a rich imagination when facing someone standing on their heads – especially when that someone was not even aware that they stood so. What an adventure indeed!

Poor Ba would never be able to figure it out. Fortunately that was perfectly okay since the journey had served its planned purpose ... it enabled Ba to be freed from its mental physicality. Ba shook its head in utter confusion. Then, as it was



getting up and preparing to walk away – running was too dangerous it had decided – a strong gust of wind blew across the meadow. As it breezed by, it denuded the two dandelions of their tentacles.



There they stood, Zozonoh and Vovonoc, totally naked, their frills and puffy whiskers flying away in the air. Ba broke out in hysterical laughter. The two aristocrats got left with nothing but their fancy names. Ba ran off into the evening sun ... what a puzzling and absurd day, or was it month ... who knew and who cared. Ba trotted off freely and lightly – who would not feel light with no mental body to carry! Now not only did Aa feel at one with everything, but so did Ba. Both had become at one with the planet Illusha – and in a sense with each other, already ... again.