

ASCHEEN'S PEN

I read an article. If I am not wrong, the title was 'Ascheen's pen'. Some archeological findings, tablets from an ancient tribe whose name I forgot, from a place that I can not remember, was the theme of the article. The author was someone who tried to give an original explanation of the findings at the risk of being contradictory of his colleagues and of being accused of writing on subjects beyond his profession by people from various disciplines.

I am not sure if the author was a genuine archeologist or a charlatan, besides, my efforts to search further about mentioned ancient tribe and findings yielded no result, nor did I find anyone who heard about the story. Whether I turned my house upside down, I could not find the magazine in which the article was written. (A magazine I could not remember the name, probably forgotten by some guests passed by –Magazines are not my cup of tea) Thank god, I have my notes, paraphrased from the gripping parts of the article at my fingertips.

In very simple terms, the article was about the evaluation of man's conception of time and the reason for it. The author claimed that conception of time of primordial man was not unidimensional like ours but it was much more complex, where future past and present were not separated. So the primordial man was neither able to plan the future nor to remember the past, since he was not located himself somewhere between before and after.

According to the author, this change was a result of an "evalutional error". He assumed that at some moment in the history, the deformation which seemed scarily triggered by the primordial man itself, caused a unique rupture in the history of humanity.

In the centre of the article, were the diaries of Ascheen, a little girl from the mentioned tribe, who apparently invented writing long before the Sumerians. As concrete signs of the rupture, the diaries were found significantly important by the author. He believed that Ashceen was the missing link who gives great clues about the reason of the change in our mind. Surely, this little girl, hardly can be our ancestor alone, was just the creator of the sole evidence of a collective madness.

Above, I will quote the paragraphes of which I took note, but first, I must mention as far as I can recall, about author's contradiction with his colleagues (his way of calling them) regarding the analyse of the tablets.

Opposing the assumption which deciphered the text as a nursery rhyme written by a girl named Ascheen, the author asserted that it was a diary instead and insisted that it was one that must be read in a context that can never be understood. He did merely sense this context and figured out by his senses that the diary was written in a time 'beyond-time.' In that point, he

replied to those who accused him of ‘doing mistification’ or ‘saying nothing’, as showing the last parts of the diary: The part was very much explained by the rational mind –and if his decipherment was right, it really was.

Ascheen’s beyond-time-diary, was about her experiences resting in her mother’s uterus, having dinner on a rich table, playing with her friends, lying in the arms of her first man, embracing her grandson... etc; she described them as “beautiful moments”. (The person who experienced all these, Ascheen, were came up as a little girl in the end of the diary, probably just before her death) Here, with your permission, I would like to cite the author since he sounds more clear in the understanding of the mater.

“Ascheen in mommies arms, Ascheen watches the stars, Ascheen in the arms of her love, Ascheen regales herself and while all of these are happening at the very same time, suddenly, no, slowly, bit by bit, she somehow assume that she exists in only one single moment; because Ascheen writes that she *is*.”

The author mentioned of findings before Ascheen as ‘closed books’. It was by Ascheen, the act of writing got the meaning of our day. Ascheen was an ‘open book’. She bridged separate and simultaneously existing times and in the end, she paid for it, by losing all of the moments but the one she was experiencing. However, it was clear that what convided, agreed –even surrender, in author’s word- her that she exists at only one moment, was a choice of her freewill. “Instead of being herself and what she would be, she, herself, chose, at least only for the moment she was writing, to be at only one moment. However, she was not aware that her choice would bring the illusion of “present” that we are experiencing today.”

Ascheen and our ancestors who had the same experiences with her were running to the darkness with their feet burning, soon, we were going to call that darkness as “the future” and when they totally forgot their existence, we were going to call their non-existence as “being right here, right now”.

The more Ascheen writes, the more moments of writing was going to touch other moments. According to the author, this was meant to be a call from one moment to other moments for the first time.

Voices were fading for Acheen, soon it was gone forever. Inter-moments narrator has leaked like a snake –I am telling you nice stories- as if it was pointing a third person, in real, it was destroying the conception of time of the writer. That was the reason why, Ascheen’s simultaneous existence was narrowed in time and withdrawn in the end:

“As pages progress, we observe that Ashceen assumes that she exists only at one moment and is no longer able to write about her other existences. She complains about her disability of

'skip to the moment' whenever she writes something. –Imagine the moment you wake up in the middle of your sleep, full of a moment invading your mind and you are not able to catch it- That was the first trick of her knockdowned mind. The agony of Acheen shows in the last pages of her diary, my dear readers, were the results of something that we are very familiar with: 'To forget'

The author's advice to readers was to imagine any kind of a temporary madness. One could pee on him/herself in public, thinking he/she is at the toilet while not in his/her right mind. Similarly, Ascheen forgot where she was while she was writing about a moment she had -and she was having- on her diary. These oblivions were going to progress by pages and liken Acheen's mind to ours in the end. The only paragraph from Acheen's diary –which was also the last tablet according to the author's rang regarding the findings- quoted by the author was as:

"I am writing. What do I write? I am a girl. My name is Ascheen. My age is 8. My hair is brown. I am writing. I write this."

According to the author, writer of these lines was "living only one moment, the one that we insist to live, eventhough we know that soon or will it is going to prison us to our last moment before death." She was not aware of her infinity; she forgot of the rest of her existence. She knew only her sex, her name, her age and her hair colour at that very moment and forgot the past and future. Her manuscript shows that her body was affected by the deformation of her mind, obviously she was in pain.

Our unclucky ancestor, was the first prototype of insanity.