

The Judgment

Written by Janko Petrek

Tuesday, 24 November 2009 21:46 - Last Updated Monday, 30 November 2009 12:38



>From: Gaspar <gaspar@bestofliterature.com >

>To: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: Johnny?

>Date: 27 April, 2002 01:01 PM>

Johnny:

I am already back in my beautiful homeland. One day we could meet again and evaluate the overall situation. It's obviously a bad situation, but even that should be evaluated.

I will finally get hold of Castaneda. I've got about thirty books at hand under my bed - all good books, and I think that this one also deserves to be at hand under my bed when I am rolling

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around there. It is a very good bed, and when ever you come over, I will invite you to take a moment to lie down on it. You can also try fumbling around under the bed.

Gaspar

>From: Gaspar <gaspar@bestofliterature.com >

>To: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: Johnny!

>Date: 29 April, 2002 02:41 PM>

Johnny:

I can't get hold of that Castaneda. What if it's sold out? It's true that I did not ask the saleswoman. I was just intensely browsing on the shelves. It was not there. I rarely ask the shop assistants about books because I don't like it when they know what I want. That way my incognito gets disturbed. By divulging to the saleswoman what I want, I give her a look into my soul, and that bothers me. That's too confidential. I'll still look in the library. If it's not there either, I'll need to see you.

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My latest discovery is the writer Fernando Pessoa. The thinker is against everything. His book abounds with advice such as: "Don't do today what you can put off to tomorrow - and don't do it tomorrow either." That suits me.

Gaspar

>From: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>To: Gaspar <gaspar@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: Reality

>Date: 30 April, 2002 08:07 AM>

Gaspar:

I don't even ask shop assistants anything, because I assume I know more about what they have than they do.

It's quite possible that those books are there, but you don't see them. There's a lot of

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Castaneda's books, about ten titles. It is very unlikely that there are some people who read them and bought them out. Try to arrange your own reality. Stand in front of a particular shelf and look at it, but don't focus on it. Try to perceive what is behind your back. Then you'll probably notice them. If not, try it next day. Once you must succeed. If not, don't worry about it. One of the first things the Indians learn is not to do anything. It is a great art without which nothing can be done.

The second thing is to adopt the paradigm of the sameness of meaning. Buddhism teaches that nothing is more important than other things. Everything is equally important. The Indian disagrees with it and asserts that everything is equally unimportant and meaningless. There is nothing that would be more meaningless than something else.

Take care,

Johnny

>From: Gaspar <gaspar@bestofliterature.com >

>To: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: RE: Reality

>Date: 29 April, 2002 06:67 PM>

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Johnny:

I was looking for the book on that shelf, but I haven't found it. Your description of the shop makes sense. It is the same one. Another possibility is that blindness was affected by the nerve in my neck. Actually, I've got a cramp in my neck and sometimes during some movements it gets dark in my eyes. So I will try to go there one more time. I hope I won't be suspicious and they don't call the municipal police on me.

Gaspar

>From: Gaspar <gaspar@bestofliterature.com >

>To: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: Slovakia

>Date: 3 May, 2002 05:31 PM>

Johnny:

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It's too bad that you're loaded with work and we can't meet. On Sunday, I went to the Choc Mountain after all. I didn't get there until the evening, and I stayed at the top all night. I had a thermometer with me, and the lowest temperature was 6 degrees Centigrade at five in the morning. In the evening I watched as the sun was setting in the Martinske Hole Mountains, and in the morning I was waiting for the sunrise while sipping coffee. It rose from the Liptovska Mara Dam. At night - since the sun does not shine at night - I was checking out the Moon and stars. While doing that, I was laying in pine shrubs 20 feet from the top and a strong wind was blowing. So I am roaming a little around Slovakia.

Gaspar

>From: Gaspar <gaspar@bestofliterature.com >

>To: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: Slovakia 2

>Date: 5 May, 2002 11:00 AM>

Johnny:

I've stopped by your office, but you weren't there.

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I have also been to that Mount Sip you had recommended. I really broke into sweat while climbing and when I got up there, I stripped naked and let the wind from the Vah River blow on me. There are two peaks on Mount Sip; you gave me the right instructions.

Gaspar

>From: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com >

>To: editor <editor@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: Acuity of sight or judgment

>Date: 20 May, 2002 01:31 PM>

Rastislav:

A fish has already moved into my other eye too. So now I have two fish. Fortunately, it turns out that their metabolism does not affect the acuity of my eyesight or judgment yet.

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Johnny

>Attachment

THE JUDGMENT **by Jan (Johnny) Petrek**

Life and Death were disputing over who is more important. Their arguments have gone so far that they decided to let their dispute be resolved by an independent court.

"I create essence, I grow, multiply and evolve, and without me the universe would only be emptiness," argued Life before the judge.

"I, however, put rules and order," argued Death. "I take so as to create space and shape."

The judge handed down a judgment. It was short and concise:

"You are both insignificant."

"What makes a statue the statue?" asked the judge later. "A stone from which it was carved or the stonework instruments with which carved it?"

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"The sculpture is made by an artist, but even he is not important," the judge continued. "A truly meaningful question is: Who is the most insignificant?"

And that we have not found out yet.