

» **The arts of complexity.**

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Experience goes together with the hidden meaning of our mission and we are in right to believe that, most of the time, ignorance and foolishness are consciously institutionalized in the big cities of our encyclopedia.

They are supported either by the propaganda against the public welfare, or by the monopoly upon immortality. They have a devastating effect, starting virtual whirls and generating revolutions that the obsolescent scientists take for an exemplary crossroads, craving for a devastating action.

Such being the case, imperfection doesn't talk about the end of history. In the heart of big cities, the fight between the outskirts and the center hides other meanings than the official ones and throws doubt upon history. Cynicism kills the critical enthusiasm and criticism turns to be useless in a world where the body kills the sight.

We started looking for the ultimate sense believing that, though it seems finite, the existence is a boundless creation. We're prisoners of some fundamental informational matrix, but we struggle to build the impossible.

During our apparent movement through the dog-eat-dog universe, we discover that meanings stuck into the stereotypes are rather fatal than the missiles or the earthly forces or even the waves of the agitated digital ocean.

That is why the tenacious plotters are searching in the depth of the encyclopedia for the magic formula with the help of which they could master the tectonic movements and they speak in code words about the unveil of the secret, about the mystery and the miracle. They wish to govern the great cities in terror.

The imminent disclosure of the secret burns the forms and gives birth to sequent events putting the prophecies into big trouble and minimizing the actions of the secretive men.

Yet, the disclosure does not mean the secret decay.

The informational wars reveal us that, in the heart of big cities, it is the limit that evolves, and the superior organization by catastrophes belongs to the neighborhood.

The forms oriented towards the ultimate sense of things lose their genetic slimness and their sense of interpretation most of the times. That's why we, the writers, are fighting strongly during informational wars looking for the unexpected changes of the urban agglomerations.

The appearance of the strange Encyclopaedia in our proximity makes us start our procedures of making the dog-eat-dog universe secret and makes us take into account the nations ending, the empires ending and the vulgarization of history.

The threat of the empire might be the crossroads.

And the terrorism might hide the depth of forms brought from beyond the visible horizon by the pies of the encyclopedias that we haven't interpreted.

The terrorism was perversely built up, in the heart of urban agglomerations and it stands for the other's refusal. Apparently, terrorism insures the governing presence.

It is the enemy's presence. It's the malefic presence. It doesn't announce the new wars, but the imperial epoch.

Which will be the empire?

The important thing to know is not which empire there will be, but how the empire will function. Being in the prediction or prophecy area, we cannot be misled about the terms. But don't the inspirations do it while carrying the ugly women to the scaffold?

But imperfection is the very splendor of thinking. The lack of big armies in bloody, tragic and grand battles announces an imperial creation.

The difference is prepared.

The soldiers of the empires dip their lances into the barbarians' blood. But aren't the barbarians from the outskirts of the cities such charming creatures in the volutes of the world hidden plan?

The arts of complexity are developed in perversity.

The empire extends forever swallowing the great urban agglomerations, craving for its imaginary state. The empire seems to be the ultimate sense, the last instruction of our encyclopedia.

The empire stands for the end of democracy.

It succumbs; it stifles under the masses enthusiasm whose metabolism must function permanently, swallowing greedily the false heroes. The false heroes are skillfully built or built by mistake. Their exercise lies under the sign of conspiracy, of rebellion; the insurgence is not invoked.

We live in the splendor of incertitude. The governor doesn't trust the emperor, and president suspects them all. Everybody often wonders if they really exist and if the world of big cities is real.

We, writers, magicians of mystery, take forms and enter the core of events, being their very essence. We don't know for sure if we exist or if we are functioning according a secret plan with instructions that we don't have.

We float within an ambiguous ocean.

But one thing we know: our wonderful spying art revealed that if the walls of big cities were an absolute limit then nothing would exist.

The urban forms of the Encyclopedia bustle.

Under the pressure of magnetic fields, we enter a miraculous simultaneity restricting the imaginary field. The present, the past and the future are found on the same level, and for a millionth part of a second we watched ourselves.

We aren't interested in rebels, in revolutionaries, in conspirators, in predictors, in intriguers or in innocents. We build an appearance. Making the dog-eat-dog universe secret, we cover the entire space and temporal concept of the encyclopedia.

The entropy becomes a symbolical construction and the time of the big cities runs out. The lack of history and time by deconstructing the norm and the attitudinal reevaluation in an illusory continuum seem to be the tendency to the ultimate sense.

The fragmentation and the simultaneity center-outskirts in the urban agglomerations arrest the enthusiasm of the scientist who lapses his natural right.

The social reading spaces will not belong to the ultimate sense any longer, and the sociologist will not be the ideal reader of the unchained limitless urbanism any more. We don't see here the death of sociology but a metamorphosis, a change of rhythm in the encyclopedic worlds. The cardinals, the nice monks, the bishop and many other church characters have met in secret several times to find a common language in a world of diversity.

The unity of diversity and the discovery of languages in the big cities are illusory; the unity doesn't exist as the authority is deconstructed, rebuilding itself during the erosion process.

This is the dynamics of chaos. Is Encyclopaedia ready to wolf us down sniffing the chaos?

translated by Ioana Bostan