

INTRODUCTION, Part 2

I'm JP, the author. You know me.

I admit I'm imbibing as I write this, but as long as I write responsibly WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

Now that there's a new metaphor leading in an uncertain direction it's time to take stock. Most readers have given up by now—not you. You're one in five hundred. Apparently, you have much in common with famous physicists Werner Heisenberg and Erwin Schrödinger, confronting irrationality without blinking.

This book is absolutely absurd; but so is quantum mechanics, the basis of twenty-first century technology. Classical Newtonian mechanics and even Einstein's relativity break down at the level of the atom. Quantum theory ends all logic. Schrödinger's cat is simultaneously alive and dead. Waves and particles are one and the same ... sort of. Entangled electrons communicate instantaneously across the universe, outstripping the speed of light—an impossibility. “Solid reality” is nothing but probability and illusion. Flirting with these paradoxes is easier, I must tell you, in the company of Dionysus.

Unfounded GUILT is also absurd; though it insidiously justifies itself with labyrinthine “logic.” Yes, we're now in a mental hospital. We probably need psychotherapy. I don't know about you, but guilt is depressing me. And who knows if alcohol

rehab's in my future? My admiration for Dionysus may be excessive. (Alcoholics, addicts and twelve step adherents, your lives aren't easy. Had I picked up the mantle of storyteller before now, I would have already warned you not to read this book.) Will I be able to finish this project? Apparently I did or you wouldn't be holding it in your hand.

No, wait. Logically there are other possibilities. Perhaps I couldn't finish and others stepped in. I may not be "the author, the super powerhouse I aspired to be. So far I've written only these 153 pages. This could be the last one I pen. I hope I'll make it all the way to my ending, but—oops—an unintended pun. Certainly I'll make it to THAT, my FINAL ending. No one avoids THAT. In fact, as you read this, already I may be deceased. That's the great thing about writing a book; you can still be heard, even after you're gone. Of course, *MCMLXXVIII* may disappear as quickly as I, but ... maybe not. I can imagine a moldy copy abandoned in an attic somewhere for a hundred and forty years ... rediscovered. Who knows? The copy you're holding in your hand could be that very one. I could be long gone, and you're from the far future!

I'm JP, the author? You know me? Perhaps I haven't been JP for well over a century. Maybe I wasn't the author. And obviously if I died before you were born, you never knew me.