

I.
**Sandberg spirit escaping
(detectives tale)**
(Ode to the spirit of Sandberg)
(dedication: the same)
as re-told by
András Cséfalvay

wait, we are smarter than this. did he run this way?
you mean all the way up?
yes into the woods
then we take the trail to the east
must have taken it to the cliff
sure
what's that there?

its probably ... wait. is it there?
dont tell, waste of time. come on.
most frustrating. I mean he could have run to the
rocket shield, but to hear this...
I dont think the rocket shield is of any use anymore
since the russians started to move out equipment.
it's a deserted area. you think it is a real threat?
well, if he wanted it...few know what there really is
that way. you see? fresh soil. ah ... just don't run. still
does not make sense, it would have made easier for
him to ... calm down. we are getting near

his prints are just so light. is this guy floating?...
if he got tries to get away through the air, he is
dead. he wont risk that. besides we located him non-
equipped. just have to track patiently and listen
carefully. that does all the trick

nothing

if he is not up to hiding, his intentions might... i
mean do you think he could imagine to escape?
how could he escape the guards? no journey west
my friend. i am going to get him. no matter what
fair enough, after all what he has done to you and...
i am sorry
i am only doing my job.

good for you. Why am I doing this? Search me. i
guess I am lost. just every day miracles.
See those lines? that must have been a huge
creature... no question. But... silence

...you see them?
borderguards? not looking for him are they?

...
by all the saints! look at that! it is huge! marvellous
you have not see the cross? thats their status. thats
their holyness
those man should not see us. should keep our head
down
silence. he should be coming soon.

are you sure it is safe here? we shouldn't
encounter anything unnatural?
yes
but are you sure ... no but then is it safe...? it is
very rare what is very rare some say when it
snows sharks come
ok and what if you meet a shark? i mean face to face
well. its is about getting back to the mother-ship as
fast as possible.

...
patience. i am falling asleep too

...
you can never be certain. what comfort does it give
you? do you listen to me? i hear your stories. and as i
play the organ of narration woven net. i play on
every instrument. and I am consistent. So if we get
him? mere substitution. but lets keep it. we both
have a secret yearning for peace. i mean who thinks
we can not save them?

there. a moving spot and they pay no attention to
him. walking past them like if he was transparent. he
will find way through the fence.
dont shout. they'd kill us.

Man, you see. they shoot. not matter who or what.
...
and there is a hole

fucking lunatic! they all get away some way. so why
do we bother, if they all get away!
report to the ship

II.
Ode to the spirit of Sandberg
(explorers tale)

Re-told by
András Cséfalvay

Constant shallowness leads to evil.
Constant shallowness leads to the dark side.
Shallow.
Deep.
Deeper

Deeper (38 x)

III.
Ode to the spirit of Sandberg
(fathers tale)

According to the interpretation of
András Cséfalvay

Dad, I mean could you ever conceive an
irrational thought become more powerful, and
yet of unfathomable depth. That it would not
be considered as mere shallow pseudo-wisdom.

Dad, do you think, I could ever look down the
cliff and yet remain non-pathetic?
I don't mean to defend myself. I am a
sentimental ass. I try to cover myself with
something, let's say poetic.
Hard to say if legitimately.

Dad, I mean look at the clouds. It's a shame for
me not being able to comprehend at least a bit
of the sky. I would like to.

You know how much I lust for power. Keep
wanting to play the hero. Or play the martyr.
Even better.

Don't you ever yearn for power?
I know you higher than me.

Father, you would often ask what I want to say.
I think I am saying it. There are certain moments
when I state clearly. Does it matter to you?
Don't you know already? You would often ask if

I am really happy. But I know I have a certain
noble mindedness that super-poses me above
happiness or sadness. Never would I have to
bear desperation.
Would I?

Father, do you know what my biggest fear is?
Shallowness. Lightheartedness.
You know, I am no fucking hippie.
I am almost primitively conservative.
I actually fear that I could be laughed at. That I
would turn out to be a coward. Or perceive
false as true.
Do you know that I have actually never loved
anyone? I try to hold my left hand as if I was
Byron. But it's fake even in its honesty.

Father I should be ironic, but all I can find to be
ironic about is but me.
I know. Constant shallowness leads to evil.

I hate to copy other people but I remember a
beautiful piece. By Pellegrino/Mocellin.
It was I slow video, you haven't seen it Dad.
It said: I am too sad to tell you.

Finally father: I am too sad to tell you, or too
shallow.