

Presented as «a singular utopia», Vera Nova's book «La noble société de Bullford» has something to enchant readers passionate about science fiction, reverie and poetry. Behind this allegory of human society hides a philosophical vision that refers to Plato and other authors that this American author has frequented since her earliest age.

1. Hello Vera Nova, you are presented as a complete artist, painter, writer and musician. Can you tell us about yourself?

First of all, I'd like to thank you for inviting me for this uncommon interview and for your kind attention to my work. Your questions are surprisingly thoughtful and encouraging, unlike those that popular media asks just to fit their preplanned ideas.

Who am I? I ask myself this question everyday but still cannot come up with a coherent answer. The geography of places where I have happened to be in my existence are remaining only in my mind. Places and people are unrecognizably changed or gone.

One of the most remarkable times in my life that has affected me forever was my birthday when I turned 6. I was emotionally drowned like never before, feeling enormous grief, as I was under a heavy thunderstorm rain. I cried all day long. I never cried before since I was just a couple of months old infant, and I made my mother panic. At the end of the day when I was eventually able to articulate the reason for my desperate sadness, I quietly concluded: Look, I am old, already 6, but still have not done anything. Did not compose a beautiful opera, did not write a great book!!!

Whether this behavior was normal or not for a very young, very shy child as I was at that time, and some people could suggest that I was autistic, but as I am now looking back in time, I am surer than ever that some individuals may be emotionally familiar with that overwhelming, primordial sense of oneself in desperation to find the way to express one's character.

While we are still very young newcomers on this planet our experience in this life strikes us. These profound first impressions become vague and even forgotten with age. Our deeply inborn sense of self is getting replaced by formally glued to us generic names. We start imitating behavior of other people, even before we actually get to know our own characters and our inborn personal selves become disoriented or even lost... Our human society who ironically follow conventional patterns of behaviors and habits to imitate prototypes, rules, attitude and artificial laws of the establishment of our confusing society. However, our inborn unique spirit of self never truly dies.

I attended a few respected sciences, art schools and even a tough school for training promising students in classical ballet. However, soon realized that I was tamed for serving the established conventions with restrictive rules I could not understand. My mind was not there... In great frustration, neither getting true inspirational skills to explore my inborn abilities, nor discovering the basic answers on nature of the world, I felt the only way left for me to look for my own sources of education. Since I was very young, I have found classical literature and philosophical writing in books encouraging me to think for myself. Since I turned 11, I started learning from rare Greek philosophies such as Heraclitus and Protagoras, collecting precious knowledge from ancient notes describing the most colossal powers of nature - Flux and unavoidable Limitations. Rare books from antiquity to postmodern most pioneering thinkers, and scientists, especially Werner Heisenberg, and his discovery on the observer's "effect" seem has been developing the most fundamental understanding of nature of Flux and Limitations of our perceptions.

I understood that a profound mind of Heisenberg was continuously contemplating the nature of the world and purposely and intuitively picking up where ancient pioneers Heraclitus and Protagoras left.

If we wish to somehow understand that the world is a wonder of instant change through metamorphosis, where nothing can stay still, Heisenberg shows the nature's most colossal laws of Flux and Limitations do not disappear even in highly isolated from natural conditions labs.

However, I was flabbergasted to realize that fundamental thoughts by the greatest ancient teachers, were not even nearly comprehended in postmodern education, research and commonly not even mentioned in sciences, if do admit always devaluated or misunderstood.

I have been thinking that the entirely unavoidable nature's powers of Flux, initially articulated by great sage Heraclitus, which is the law of all laws, shall be placed in the foundation of learning of all sorts. Manmade laws, rules and structures of all sorts no matter how artificially restricted they may be are absolutely inseparable from powers of Flux and fail miserably if are not adjusting to be in tune with endless change.

Flux and Limitations are the basic "opposites" igniting new conditions and creating endlessly new existences. Heraclitus depicts nature as controversial "opposites" in his vivid poetical style. Everything can exist through changes within and without.

While I was thinking further about Limitations we hate so much, I came to realize – Limitations are not our curse, but deeply in their nature all sorts of obstacles are

shaping up every event, condition, and every living being, just as ephemeral but powerful sculptor's chisels. From creating fascinating grace and beauty to great destructions we live in the world of the unstoppable creation. If we had no Limitations and no obstacles, we would have no shapes and therefore, as I call it, no Protective Boundaries of any sort. With no Limitations we would be melted down into the unthinkable powers of Flux like tiny lumps of sugar in a cup of very hot tea. In any form, the most superb and most evolved, we may never sense, or see or hear or touch or comprehend everything at once or in whole as long as we exist.

Though answering some of my questions on my own as a young student overwhelmed by my constantly new ideas, I have been dreaming of attending an ancient school for all, a forum for gatherings where vivid and daring thoughts brought by great teachers are encouraging everyone to think along, and even argue over ideas. I was desperately alone.

In my poor living all I could do is to collect my rare books, who became my forum, bringing in philosophy to literary treasures, poetry and prose of all time as well as the admirable historians on human thought and religion, sciences and philosophy such as vigorously thoughtful writing by Frederick Copleston. I still keep these around me and even talk to them as if they were my living, thinking teachers.

I thought our most troublesome problems could be solved many centuries ago if we learned in elementary schools to comprehend what had been discovered ages ago. No math, languages, grammar or any sciences would at all exist without our unique vision of ourselves in the world.

We still know very little to nothing about the miraculous nature of the world, but we are immersed in our quite limited impressions on ourselves, imaginative knowledge and our plays. No technology in its best progress could help us develop our own human intelligence as we want to believe. For one instance, while producing and using mountains of wireless gadgets and amusing devices, we reach each other in great distances, but still cannot understand each other any better than millennia ago. We continue arguing, fighting, mindlessly destroying "things", each other and other living beings while trying to criticize and manipulate each other along with mother nature's design and even fighting against its endlessly vital powers that we cannot comprehend to this day.

I am back to my first impressions. Before I could not pronounce even one word, I naturally sensed myself as a sovereign living being. No given name and identification numbers could make me mistake myself for somebody else.

Ironically some people believe they need to be told who they are, and believe that given names, proof of education and positions in our society create their real personalities. Perhaps I belong to those personalities who are just like every bird, fish, tiger or butterfly born to be what they are. All living beings are unique and are to choose their best within. Even imaginatively identical units absolutely cannot be the same, even manufactured units must be more or less different and recognizable not as the same one, but as MANY.

I felt unrecognized among people and had difficulties in communicating and speaking with other people. I was born to be a tiny curious philosopher trying to know others and share with them my existence. Probably some of the most challenging tasks I tried to solve in my entire life.

But once I was close to heaven when discovered that all great thinkers were loners and had something in common – they cherished their precious independence in living and thinking. I have learned – my independence cannot be given, but it is born to grow uniquely inside us along with the rest of us as well as in myself.

In discovering the unknown to us why is that we so trust our corporeal sensations through bodily sensory organs? If we see through our corporeal eyes what we call reality, *how* do we see our dreams, memories and imaginative thinking?

Having no clue about *How* we may perceive at all, we would never understand what we look at. To this day a student, scientist, politician, teacher, lawmaker is judging everything that is ironically based on what appears on flat screens, pictures, superficial charts, maps or photos, entirely trusting our corporeal sight, I mean, our human, very poorly developed physical sensory organ of sight.

Why do not we examine the very process of how what we see gets into our minds and become visible? Shall we admit that no sensory organs can sense on their own, not even brains? That is why no surgeon, researcher, or a butcher sees any images or thoughts in physical brains.

Is a mind our wonder perceiver beyond everything we may know?

No one can jump out one's mind to observe the world as it is.

While we explore our naked eye, as a bodily instrument, even when through microscopes or telescopes, or by taking photographs we deal with our corporal sight. Was this ever admitted that we curiously trust our human corporeal sight which

remains the most deceiving, illusional and commonly misleading of all the rest of our sensory perceptions? Have you read the fundamental research, pioneering work by the great researcher and philosopher of our time, Maurice Merleau-Ponty on astonishing deceptions of corporeal human vision has been published in 1945? “I will never know how you see red and you will never know how I see it. But this separation of consciousness is recognized only after a failure of communication, and our first movement is to believe in an undivided being between us.”

— Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Primacy of Perception: And Other Essays on Phenomenological Psychology, the Philosophy of Art, History and Politics*

In education and sciences this great weakness in trusting our bodily perceptions is never admitted.

Can we explain why is that we cannot sense, feel or see anything exactly the same way as others?

Our perceptions or our abilities of sensing our environments have not even been truly explained, except pictorial descriptions of our bodily sensory organs.

The uniqueness of our perceptions within every one of us tells us that we are not the same, identical units. Believing that our huge manmade systems can control and unify us all by keeping us within monotonous structures is only leading to colossal destructions on every possible level.

Every living being uniquely senses the unavoidable conditions of nature that is creating instant metamorphosis within and without everything that exists, compels our sensory perceptions change and adjust instantly. Our exchange of experience discovering different talents within ourselves that leads to peaceful collaboration, I believe reveals the most vital message by mighty nature to learn from.

The hidden process of perception itself and digesting of what can be perceived by each of us in these unthinkable conditions of the world has opened for me the gates into the untouched by our conventional thinking field of grand wonders.

My first unexpected finding suddenly revealed itself while I was a young teen painting a still life in my art class of my conservative art school. I was looking at the still life, keeping in mind that I shall express some images on my blank canvas. I was trying to look at the still life display as steadily as I could, from the “same angle”, but every

time I saw constantly changeable appearances, shapes and colors of the same display. Even my eyes could not stop moving and blinking.

I was convinced that the process of looking is already a process of change. Just as Henry Bergson once said “No two moments are identical in a conscious being”. I absolutely cannot create a true reflection of images I see on my canvas.

I have noticed that in order to see anything we all “shoot” at some subjects while constantly Comparing impressions into some ever-changing compositions of images. Our physical sensory organs are Constantly adjusting to environmental changes, while *a mind is the one who is actually looking*. Comparison is only possible in conditions created by Flux allowing no identical, exact, perfectly balanced events or repetitions so we may sense some differences. No differences no Comparison no sensations of any sort. We may eventually sense if we at first instinctively recognize differences. When we pretend to see the very same, exact “things”, appearances, numbers, units, or some imaginative constants, or fantastic ideals, such as in Plato’s imagination, our perceptions must be very crude and miss endless changes in our metamorphic existence by skipping deep Comparison.

I then come to realize that Crudeness and Limitations of our perceptions and thinking are not always negative, but in general allow us to create compositions of our visions without being lost in details. That is how a classically trained artist is creating its visual compositions on canvas. So is every living mind.

That day in my art class I was watching my mind while looking at the Still Life displayed before me. It was a procedure that I have discovered for the first time. My mind was able to see by unstoppably Comparing, Selecting, Focusing, and eventually Composing my impressions of the displayed Still Life and the surroundings.

That was *a process of perceiving* in its deeply instinctive stage, that has not been suggested to realize in any school or any philosophical writing throughout history. A truly basic “work” of our mind that we never notice before appeared clearly during the process of art painting.

One could watch this instinctive “artist’s behavior” of mind while one is just looking around and make this discovery of a vivid existence of vision in its core. I later called this primordial mind routine a *Natural Mechanism of Perceptions*. I was convinced that there is no any kind of perceiving of any sort possible unless our mind possesses

its unique Mechanism of Perceptions. Whether it is visions, sounds, smell, taste and other physical or deeply intuitive sensations, they are literally composing each unique existence of a living mind, that may sense and effect its temporary body, while a body on its own cannot sense. As far as human knowledge on bodies is revealing that every body is a complex of many very different forms of life that looks to us as one composition, we may easily affect that we call as a body, and whether we may sense vaguely or intimately, it is not a complete human being.

A living mind is a form of life on its own, naturally granted by its abilities to be a little creator ignited by endless nature's metamorphosis, just for the sake of its own forever unique existence. Whether poor or not, every mind is an ephemeral primordial artist, constantly Compares, Selects, focuses on something that grabs its sensations and feelings or just attention. As an artist, a mind then puts the rest of unimportant to it images on a vague background while watching what interests it as a "close up". Every mind just as an artist's commonly frames his mental compositions separating them from all disturbances or surroundings of his imagination.

Without deeply primordial Artist's routine our minds produce no observing, thinking, dreaming memorizing, calculating, or philosophizing.

The Natural Mechanism of Perceptions is hidden behind the curtains of our theatrical and very superficial human consciousness, with which we are not born but develop gradually with age by using our corporeal sight and its superficial impressions.

If some day one would be interested in contemplating the possible future knowledge on nature of the world and our possibilities under great limitations of human perception, such as corporeal sight, that may explain practically change our whole mentality on the universe and ourselves. For example, I think it might do a great progress toward technologies by studying the condition we call "the speed of light".

"The ultimate speed of the universe" has been calculated based on well-known experiments, but all done based on our extremely limited and deceiving corporal human sight. Look at a classical Michelson experiment when with the curved mirror 35.0 km away, Michelson has found that the 8-sided mirror needed to spin at 32 000 rpm. There is no possibility that this speed can be truly constant, moreover, can demonstrate the limit for all possible speeds of the universe. Flux is instant, means incomparably faster than any world's speeds, especially not the speed of our human physical vision, even when ultimately augmented.

These types of experiments are based on an eye as an organic “instrument” in which we so easily trust. The organic eye cannot be fixed/stopped even for an instant from moving. If we ignore the nature of change within an eye getting impressions of unique visions based on Comparison (in the case of the Michelson experiment – an eye is watching moving mirrors, instinctively comparing them while they keep moving.) This fact is missing from our attention during the entire experiment.

If we will learn that “the speed of light” means for us our specific Limitation describing our physical sight, that reflects nothing than only the speed of our physical perceptions of sight, we would try to learn that the universe is not obeying the limitations of our human sight and in any case, we shall presume the unexpected events breaking our visible predictions.

Deeply intuitive A. Einstein has never confirmed that a speed of light is a true fixed figure or an ultimate speed of the world. He borrowed this fixed number as a symbol only to balance his limited equation.

The speed of light is an entirely human condition, indicating our own grand Limitation in physical or bodily sensory perceiving!

I see our minds as picturesque living galleries of “paintings of our realities and dreams” visible, as they are, to only minds who create them. These galleries of our minds, whether primitive and monotonous, boring or nightmarish, nasty or charming and funny, and very rarely even magnificent, all these creations cannot survive as fixed “things”, not even visions, but live through transforming, evolving or devolving, growing or disappearing within our own sensations and perceptions of them.

The colossal powers of Flux keep animating our very life and all that exists through metamorphic transformations. A mind is able to live its realities joining in fantastic traveling through new experiences. A mind can be imagined as a vital canvas of one’s life, that is never completed.

I have brought to your attention this traditional routine of a skillful artist which is strikingly similar to that of a deeply primordial, instinctive routine of our minds. This intuitive mental routine is present whether we sense, observe, awake or asleep, think, memorize or imagine.

This mind behavior has never been recognized as the major function of our mind and therefore our existence, life itself. Moreover, never was identified as the most powerful function in all sorts of mental process we may experience. Our ability of Perceiving is not about picking up some reflections, but it is the basic mechanism of



life, as it is ultimately effecting our existence, thinking, memories, creativity, ideas, decisions, and all our activities, whether we think we control them or not.

The inborn ability of Perceiving, that I have unexpectedly revealed in my art class appeared to me the grand gate open to the most fascinating field of nature. The endlessly wise nature of life and its creative continuity reveals itself in every mind, but not in superficial pictures.

Unfortunately, all the established fields of learning are self-separated from others, “framed”, and closed, to remain undisturbed in their modeled knowledge and mainly for the reason not to be flabbergasted by research, discoveries or to admit the suggested evidence from beyond their restrictive area.

Even more unfortunately the arts remain to be in categories of amusement, as we step away from our “serious” survival, and our society conventions.

A living mind is the most primordial deeply intuitive form of art, acting, sound recording and animation studios in one, where a mind is performing all these roles. We have not invented these forms of arts – we have been born with them.

We are granted our perceptions as the ultimately vital, extremely coherent “mechanism” activating our mental and therefore secondary bodily functions, and in the first place not for the sake of creating fine art. We have to perceive to be alive.

I must mention, I am a true workaholic and prefer to work on my independent projects from which I endlessly learn. Right now, I am completing “The Artist’s Note on Humans and the Universe” manuscript, which is my selection of random notes I have been writing most of my life, explaining and illustrating some of the concepts I just mentioned in this interview.

At the same time, I’m writing a new book “The Biography of My Spirit”, about how my inborn intuition has never left me navigating me in my existence no matter what I was doing and how mercilessly life challenged me.

In spite the old philosophical expression of John Locke (1632-1704) regarding tabula rasa, the unrealistic theory that at birth our minds are "blank slates" “without rules for processing data”, every living mind is granted by nature personal, unique abilities which means abilities to live for the sake of evolving itself uniquely.

I hope to continue the Nova Town Futuristic Development and advanced constantly developing education as an inspiration for building actual communities based on wiser mode of life, learning about highly advanced and diverse small systems, productions and businesses adjustable to ever changing nature and our environments in every way. novatown.net

I keep learning, even in my dreams, as it is an endless travel into the unknown, bodiless existences. I never feel uninspired. Though I'm not 6 any longer, after decades of my work I finally have a few manuscripts, and enough of my original music which I hope, someday put together with my art and finish my opera.

- 2. Albert Camus writes that the best way to do philosophy and write novels. Do you agree with this assertion of the French writer? What place do you give to the balance between philosophical reflection and fiction?**

Your question makes me think that not only philosophers are possessing this intuitive narrative talent to create scenarios of life for contemplating and explaining different subjects, but a similar talent can be detected in everyone's mind.

When we observe and think we instinctively stage in minds, play and direct by ourselves all the surroundings and characters in our stories. They can be boring, like everyday life as we know it, often remain unsolved and abrupt, but as we think, trying to explain or predict possible situations in our life our thinking becomes more vital.

I mean, every mind is able to create its more or less unique internal visions, and at first not at all for writing novels or expressing ideas on philosophy.

Our minds have internal acting ability we are often unaware of. Philosophers as well as writers instinctively develop an intuitive story-telling ability as they further develop their work/research that form of imaginative acting for characters who are depicting these imaginative mental scenarios.

Do not forget about scientists, without composing mental scenarios of what they searching for, modeling their visions in labs, they have to develop some story and play characters whether these are chemicals, cells, bones or bacteria. Remember, Jonas Salk? and how he imagined a cell and acted if he was a single cell in his experiment? Salk had staged his scenario in his brilliant imaginative mind, and then his planned, actually "rehearsed" experiment come out as a breakthrough historical discovery in biochemistry of illness, eventually saving endless lives.

That is why for this very reason great philosophers, literary talents, breakthrough scientists are born as deeply intuitive artists and other performers.

**3. The subtitle of your book refers to Bullford as a “wonderful world beyond time, space...” Can you describe in a few words this imaginary, utopian space?**

Back to Bullford. Bullford is, above all things, temperate, in a state of its own surprisingly eccentric vitality. I never believed that my physical body which is a composition of different forms of life alien to myself, such as cells, varieties of tissues, bacteria or viruses – can be my Self. Bullfordian’s have no physical, which means very limited in possibilities bodies, as they have no need in them.

A mind is a living power of a unique spirit. Every form of Life is all about endless transformations, whether subtle or drastic, whether we can or cannot control them. The gift of nature, or if one would prefer to say God’s nature, is our ability to exist as unique living individuals. Because only in this case we become little creators of ourselves, in some ways, eventually find our continuity in different stages of life.

Measure of creativity is beyond time and space.

Every original character in Bullford is a little philosopher who possess its own unique time, timing and space. This is may be the answer.

There is no social or political or technological system or controlling power of any sorts, because the whole society of Bullford is wisely sustainable based upon wise interactions and collaborations of their unique talents.

**4. Some critics say your book is philosophical fiction. Do you agree? How do you explain it?**

It is my philosophical presentation of my vision of some of the possible future of a society thriving in the world’s endlessly creative nature of the world. It is crucially different from what we imagine nature is, where we try to survive based on our limited imagination, moreover, mainly based on technology.

Yes, it is a philosophical fiction, indeed, but unlike the science-fiction as we know that has been written as an entertainment based on ideas about robotic super-

technology, where futuristic means artificial conditions and services. Moreover, ironically in these science-fiction stories the human characters are almost unchanged for ages, actually similar characters that we know throughout literary writings where are villains and victims and of course, heroes, are similar or even the same - even they are traveling through time and space. They also express the same, simplified, outdated interests, passions and motivations.

My philosophy is based on my lifelong research on mind and nature and our perceptions of what we are able to observe. It is overwhelming even for myself.

As I have not wanted to overwhelm my reader with daring philosophical statements and findings I have chosen to write in a delightfully amusing style of classical Comedy of Manners.

And it turns that my heavy thinking was possible to animate in amusing series of stories about physically unreachable for us society of Bullford and its fantastic denizens. That is why Bullfordians are playful spirits, not trapped inside vulnerable physical bodies. Therefore, they are free artists and denizens of the mighty world composing their living characters in their vivid realities, free and “beyond time and space”.

Unlike our constantly developing technologies taking us Nowhere from our old physical selves, even when we believe we travel in cosmos while heavily blocked inside heavy spaceships/cuspules, the Society of Bullford is exploring overwhelmingly exciting metamorphic nature of the world. There is no common human conflict in Bullford. Its citizens neither die nor know physical illness, and as a matter of fact, they do not need physical bodies as they are overwhelmed with sensations of their unique minds.

One might discover that in almost all actions and expressions the very playful characters, humanlike and animals, have no seemly endless human problems, perpetual conflicts and tragedy, destructive stupidity in actions that is continuously bursting from our repetitive actions and behaviors. The Society of Bullford is revealing transparent messages to our human society in a merciless light of eccentric wisdom of great spirits.

We are so commonly excited rushing to push our extremely vulnerable physical bodies into cosmic turmoil in bulky space vessels, and still depending on our very poorly developed sensory perceptions.

However, a century ago the world beloved writer Marcel Proust has given a somewhat promising hope in a drastically wiser direction in which he believed: “The only real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes.”

He has never mentioned what kind of new eyes or other perceptions and visions we might develop or discover for penetrating the world of endless worlds.

Albert Einstein’s thinking is a clear warning: “It is entirely possible that behind the perception of our senses, worlds are hidden of which we are UNAWARE.”

Can we someday be at least knowingly aware?

Bullfordian existence is my special invitation to extrapolate our vision, away from our extremely limited vulnerable body trapped in spaceships and space cuspules. I suggest to make a step or two beyond our common mentalities often limited by our popular structures and models, habits and rules we create in our highly superficial theater of what we call consciousness, that is all based on our impressions of sensory perceptions, mainly of sight.

##### **5. What are the time, place and action markers in your book?**

This book was not planned to be. Suddenly it begins to come to life in a form of this publication without a real plan.

At first this book itself was a surprising experience for me, in many ways. Some years ago, my friend, the art publisher, while thinking about how to assist me to sell my art by making prints, suggested that I should paint some familiar to public subjects, such as Sport. Maybe those familiar sport characters would attract sport loving art customers.

I thought “this suggestion seemed impossible to me - I am painting the unpredictable even to myself dreams, where all forms and backgrounds live by themselves, and do not obey the rules serving traditional mentality, and unrelated to any sport games.”

Though as a struggling artist I decided to challenge myself to do something different.

Not surprisingly for me while I was watching my blank canvas, I gradually started discovering neither sport characters nor sport scenarios. Very unusual characters were coming out just reminding some vaguely-familiar sport features, that have not been able to serve any usual game purpose.

I have to say that my art is not only different in style from other art styles and concepts, but my whole concept is mainly opposite to usual artist's expressions.

Even the process of my painting does not need any emotional or any other preparations involved.

This process is different from what we usually see as how a painting artist works. Perhaps I might describe myself as I am getting into hypnosis and have no clue where my painting takes me. I have to be isolated from all disturbances or my painting gets interrupted forever, like any dream, and die.

I eventually called my art "Subconscious Realism".

While painting I never know what is coming from the blank canvas. I only feel subconsciously not controllably, as canvas is ready inviting me to travel beyond it.

I do not prepare myself for painting, never do sketches, even never wait for my special mood or images or stories, to make me inspired. No particular subject preliminary captures my attention. The blank canvas on its own inspires me to travel into it. My brushes, seemly move on their own, dive in paints and gradually reveal for me unknown places and lively appearances. My mind wants to be pleased, amused and uplifted, all from within! I do not know any moment to feel uninspired.

Well, that time when I tried to control my work in attempt to imitate "sport images" my preparations were gone before my brushes touched canvas.

I soon faced the very surprising result. Trying to keep something in mind that was reminding me sports and sports games I still could not control almost anything that appeared on canvas. Not to mention that the "sporting life" begun to appear absolutely free of established rules and traditional looks. I started seeing stories with my new characters who occupied endless space and their own unique time by their choice. This meant that the images started animating themselves in my vision.

I was so excited that tried to write down their wonder stories while painting, from the "different dimension and time".

As you see I started unintentionally illustrating my future book before even thinking about writing. While I was still painting my work the writing has been developing on

its own, in a quite awkward order: Unplanned painting the Noble Society was compelling my unplanned writing.

Art, writing and painting have found meaningful coherency in a new to me process of creating stories. Therefore, of course, the life of Bullfordians is unique living art, revealing before me their amusing, unpredictable but eccentrically wise existence.

**6. The people of this city have funny names and are unique beings. How did you invent them? Do they have anything in common with humans?**

In Bullfordian futuristic in our understanding existence uncountable lightyears away, our common human concepts, social structures, education and activities do not make much sense. Moreover, these are helplessly archaic human cultures and knowledge which are only mentioned as silly artifacts of our mentalities and actions in old histories of Bullford, and often described in comical expressions. Even names of the denizens that remind their actual characters and temperament, Mr. Thoughtmill

Mayor Gentlegrill Lady Fluffystone.

If the highly advanced technology still plays absolutely prevailed role in our life and science fiction today while typical characters remain primitively the same as if human minds have never developed *themselves* even in our imaginative future, in the Noble Society of Bullford these archaic characters have no place to exist.

The terms of what we hear in similarly sounding to our terminology, in everyday life of Bullford, are just like some old artifacts representing the faraway human past. If Bullfordians create technological devices they have entirely unusual purpose for them compared to human use.

“...while driving his latest model automobile which tended to make an occasional pirouette while proceeding down the undisturbed nighttime streets of Bullford. It was intended to do so for the purpose of challenging Mr. Thoughttmill to retain his intuitive sense of the correct direction in any circumstances.”

Possibly incalculably old human past has traces of some remote relation to human history in a futuristic society of Bullford. It is mostly comical and amusing. But while even funny names of the society characters have the roots of endlessly old human languages, our human established very basic concepts such as money, independence,

arts, philosophy, education and ethics are profoundly evolved and become unrecognizable for us in Bullfordians' existence.

## **7. Are they immortal?**

Bullfordians are all immortal. They are living transformations and formations endlessly evolving as their amusing, creative characters. When they feel exhausted and feel limited in creative ways, they have their choices to transfer themselves entirely into different conditions of different worlds. However, no way to be back, as ancient Heraclitus has described the world as Flux and our existence in it as a river into where no one can step twice.

## **8. What is the meaning of the new rule that manages social relationships and postulates that "what is good for you can be harmful to others" (p. 39)?**

Bullfordians has high ethics and natural respect to all living beings but have their restrictions in communicative interactions in some cases of conflict. Bullfordians have their advanced Golden Rule teaches the opposite of Plato's saying "May I do to others as I would that they should do unto me." The Bullfordian wisdom tells us "NEVER treat others as you would like to be treated yourself -- unless they agree to it first --because what is good for you may be deadly damaging for others."

Bullford honors personal integrity and creative ways of living collaboratively in a fantastic, highly civilized society. Extremely emotional, Bullfordians spend their vital existence immersed in amusing communications. Bullfordians never see themselves as "people" or "crowds" as this sort of practicing diminishes personal values and possibilities, while Bullfordians recognize themselves as unique individuals, including animals, who creatively and thoughtfully co-exist within their society. "People," "money," "independence," "competition," "war," "power," and many other prevailing human concepts are endlessly archaic, senseless, commonly engaging into endless fights and crime, and unethical. Independence is about one's sovereignty and cannot be shared, for the reason that true independence can be only a Personal Matter. One cannot



fairly compete with anyone but oneself. Only wealth generated by one's own creativity and great work is valid and worth having.

**9. How do Bullford residents relate to work and art?**

For the Bullfordians there is no separation between art and work and most importantly these concepts when together, explain the continuity and meaning of Life.

**10. And with money?**

In the first story my reader can easily receive the message: money is not a true product on its own, not eatable or useful for any other purpose but only shows that you have nothing to trade with but only some promissory notes. However, these are allowing you to exchange them for possibly valuable, real things, products or services. If you collect "save" your money you have nothing useful until you exchange it for true needed things in the future.

Money does not make any true sense on its own in Bullford, but only indicate that you are missing something valuable. From Bullfordian's old history books they learn about our aggressively-confused and often criminal human money-communication. The Bullfordian books described us: "They were compelled to rely upon this artificial form of commerce that tags a collective, unrealistic 'price' upon everything 'people' trade," "Artificial values were forced upon these 'people' replacing true talents or abilities. Well, they had no choice but to agree with those rules and work for money. They stored money, they strived for money, and when they had gained a large amount of it, they called it success." No talent of skills needed.

Bullfordians have their "currency mailbox" for everyone who needs some promissory notes for trades with others, but only if one of these who trade cannot produce anything valuable to satisfy a fair trade at the time. All that means something has to be produced in time and fairly valuable for the trade.

**11. What does the "play to win over yourself" principle mean?**

If we think about fair competition which in our human society is commonly limited for a highly restricted task by rules and time, our potential abilities to complete the task are very limited by these rules. Under game restrictions we

can easily lose to those who fit artificially enforced limitations, but less talented and resourceful. Perhaps it is amusing in playing games but in realities of life we are usually challenged as individuals and tested on how we may become resourceful and intuitive in our different ways. Using our best abilities means unique abilities, when we can only compete with ourselves, we discover how able we are, individually. One cannot fairly compete with others but with oneself. How? You establish your own rules for yourself based on your own abilities, and as you want to evolve dare your own self. We are more or less but always have different needs, talents, skills and intelligence, and go through different mental and physical challenges under various conditions.

The same way Independence cannot be equally shared. True independence can be only a Personal Matter and while we may celebrate together, but each of us possesses personal Independence days – perhaps every day, just as Society Pig, Mr. Little Balloon celebrates his own Independence - everyday.

**12. “It is so delicious to grow old,” says Lady Nova. “What does this beautiful phrase mean?”**

To exist is to change, to change is to mature, to mature is to go on creating oneself endlessly.

-Henry Bergson

As long as you may live empowered by creative metamorphosis within yourself you can learn to perfect yourself in the way you see the creative beauty and grace. But these are never fixed qualities. We are bunches of living, constantly transforming sensations whether fragile, subtle or overwhelming, those, in a sort of pure form we can experience in our most vivid dreams.

The wisdom of existence teaches us in every moment that no one and nothing can be truly perfect, or unified as others. Every form of life is a wonder adventure that is forever unique in its process. Plato’s’ idea believing in ideally “perfect”, absolutely beautiful and ultimately superior to us beings or “things” are forever impossible. Flux would not allow ideals. Even stagnant instants are non-existent.

As I see Lady Nova in her admirable grace that is only visible to her members of the Noble Society, I want to quote a fragment of a delightful dialogue from my beloved play by Oscar Wilde /written in classical comedy-of-manners/ "The Importance of being Earnest" with a subtitle: A Trivial Comedy for Serious People:

"JACK. You're quite perfect, Miss Fairfax.

GWENDOLYN. Oh! Hope I am not that. It would be no room for developments, and I intend to develop in many directions."

When you are immortal as fantastic Bullfroadians, you have all the endless time to evolve yourself, in "all directions", change or improve your mind, talent and your very appearances.

This is so exciting as it is challenging, but most of all this might be the most heavenly process within any inspirational existence. Even "delicious" is it not?