

## Syn Aesthesium By David Silver

Roll Up, Roll Up! Welcome to our wonder-full establishment. You, Madam, with the serrated candy-striped umbrella and the Sweeney Todd smile, am I not the most spectacular barker, with my kaleidoscope eyes, my tangerine shoes and marmalade hat all decorated as it is in cellophane flowers of yellow and green – am I not the most spectacular barker you have ever encountered? What's that you say? You can hear and taste me but cannot touch or see me? Just as well, Madam, you are after all looking a little pie-eyed if I may say so. Well, welcome again one and all to Resort Syn Aesthesium where the rules you believe you know and love, of romance and dreams, taste and smell, touch, hearing, sight and imagination, need not apply and should remain at the front entrance - if they wouldn't mind please - as we are fully subscribed.

You will come to your senses and your senses will come to you but not before they have departed, explored the multiverse, turned themselves upside-down, sideways and inside-out, rearranged themselves and returned reinvigorated with the real, the mythical, the known, the unknown, the known unknowns, the unknown knowns and the unknown unknowns, and that's before we've even begun to consider the Schrodingesque unknownknownunknowns. But fear not, you will experience these for your very selves ... or perhaps you won't ... it all depends on our little friends the Quarks, those pesky little blighters who oh-so-cleverly pretend to be rotating in the opposite direction to the one in which they would have you believe. What's that? You don't understand? Never mind, I caution you not to stop to think about it or they will cast a charm upon you and madness will follow for the rest of your days or that of the universe, whichever comes later ... or will it? Gladly give three cheers and move on. Hooray!

And now we process to the Launch Pad. Admire the vessels in their myriad of shapes, styles and dimensions: hexagons, dodecahedrons, parallelograms, trapeziums, tetrahedrons, pyramids, cylinders, Kanizsa triangles and of course tesseract. You'll be travelling at great accelerations and velocities so I recommend you leave your stomachs behind to feast your corporeal selves upon our moderately unlimited-budget infinite buffet whilst you nourish your souls upon the experiences of The Eleven Universes. The best things in life are there for the guilt-free taking. Kopi Luwak; caviar harvested from Flattened Catfish dwelling in the depths of the Mariana trench; Cuban king cigars rolled upon the glistening thighs of virgin assemblers of your preferred gender at Carmen Cedricson's Superlative Stogy Factorium.

And now, rocket-men and buffalo gals, stallions, mares, wolverines and angelines, Jovians and Joviennes, little green men and slightly larger little green ladies – note that we run a fearsomely diversely correct operation fearfully here, all species welcome - you will soar the skies on our rollsroycer-coaster, grasp the tail of a rainbow and bathe in its coma of translucent beauty and shimmering colours - pink, violet, skraan, yellow, demglis, furtole, green, prale and many more as you swoop into the far red of Sol's halo then plummet and plunge into the ultra deep blue of the mystic depths of the deepest oceans on Titan. Such a saccharine symphony of shades, what a rich riot of rhythm.

You'll spin, you'll tumble, you'll perceive your memories jumble. You'll smell the sweet scent of Shimmering's Second Symphony in a key of your personal choice and invention, on instruments beyond your wildest imaginings. Music of the ovoid spheres of the furthest reaches of Bode's Galaxy recorded within iridescent crystalline pitchers forged from glass fused from the whispering sands found only upon the world of Whirling in the constellation of Dervish. Hold tight as you ascend the grand photonic escalator to the upper reaches of the ozone layer and hear the wild scent of the gloaming sea.

Then you encounter the Silent Strings of Solitude; pluck and your mind will resonate in C sharp, A flat, Lambda centrale, in fact in any of the one hundred and twenty-one microtones of the eleven-dimensional cosmic scale, observe them with your fingertips as they seek and engage with each other to form sonic chords never before heard by anything living, once living or never living, feel them joyfully announce their creation, see their vibrating pheromone strings as they disengage and move on to seek others with whom they wish to sing in intimate consonance, restless, always restless.

Like the upward falling waterfalls of Iceland, continue upwards through a downward tumbling hailstorm of beauteous glistening gems turning, rolling, rising, falling, swelling, tinkling, dropping, dying. Have you ever held a glass marble up to the light and pondered the world that lies within, each bubble a tiny cosmos in its own right? You are now in a bubble within a marble within a bubble within a marble one hundred and twenty-one times and you will experience the wheels within colour wheels within the windmills of your mind. Hey Tutti Frutti, oh rootie, you'll sing of oranges and lemons and Venusian love apples.

Finally, you'll return to Reality with gravitas, your spirits and senses rendered virtually insensible with the sound and fragrant flavour of incense smouldering within an Andromedan vacuum.

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