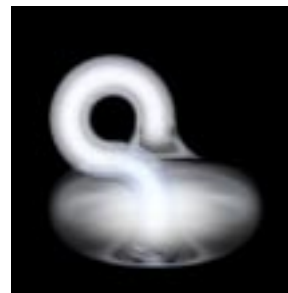
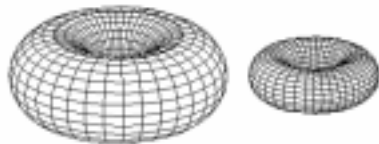
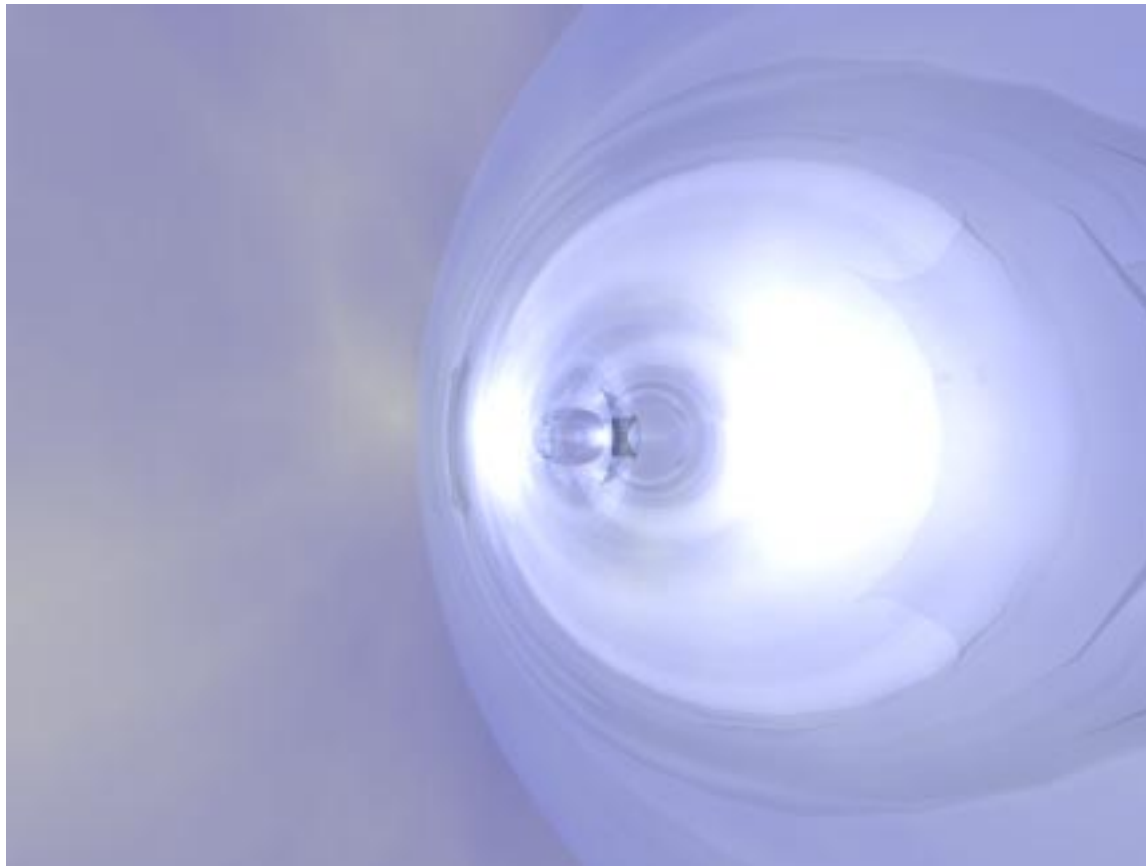


The Djin had been for ever and had been engendered, ungendered, from smokeless fire before the beginning of time. Or so it seemed, because he could not remember when time began. Nor remember events at all. Nor time. His only memories were memories of memories. And he could not remember when his remembering began. Remembering events required words or visions. And before time began the Djin had neither. There was no use for words with no one to talk to. And no use for visions with nothing to see but the inside of the bottle. But in the polished surface of the bottle, and it was only surface, there were reflections of reflections. But if it were only surface then the reflections must be on it, not in it.

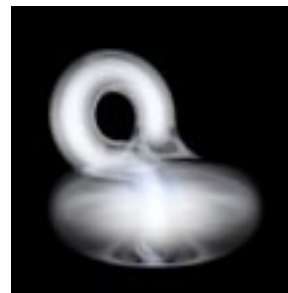
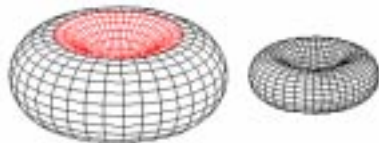


Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.

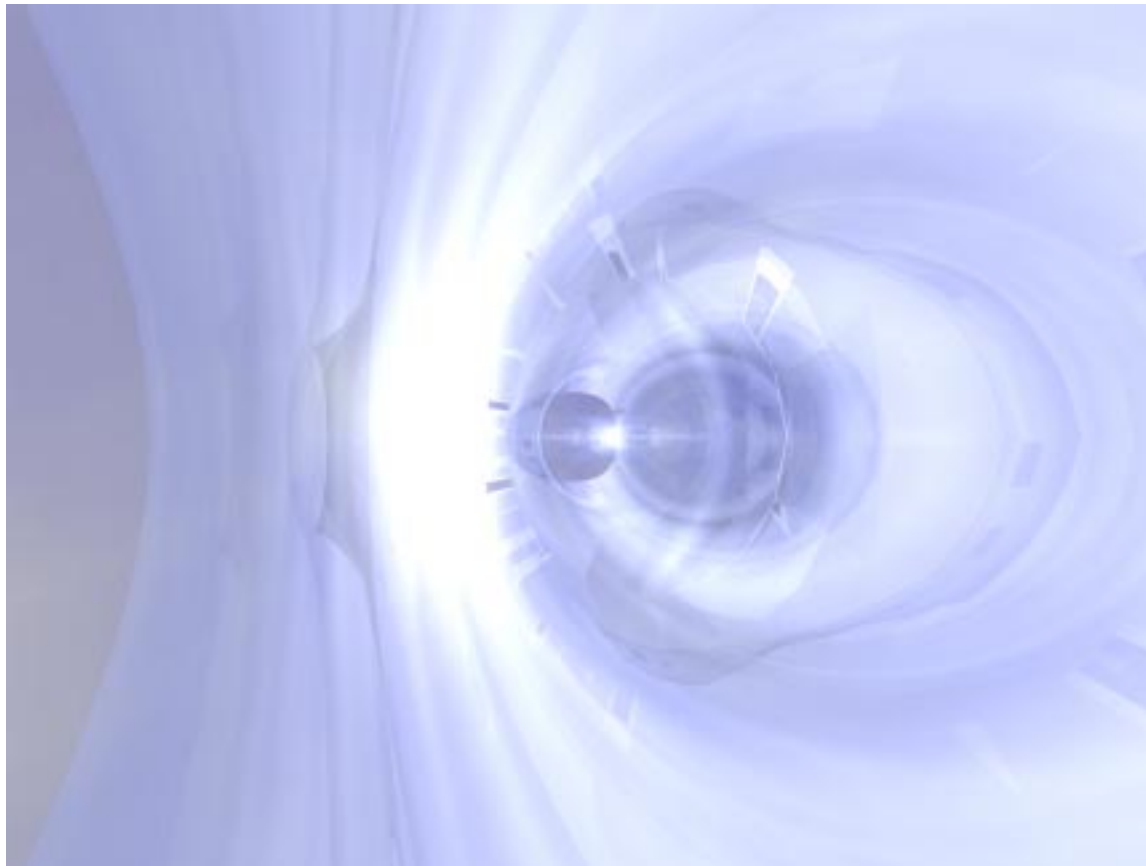


Like anyone the Djin could not see himself. Only his reflections. Distorted, like memories, none was the image of the Djin. (But are any reflections true images? Aren't they all distortions? Contortions? Funhouse mirror freaks?) Reflections of the bottle were not better, but worse. Not images of the bottle. Only recursions, images of images. (Was perhaps the bottle itself, a reflection of reflections? A recursive circle with no beginning nor end? Only middle?)

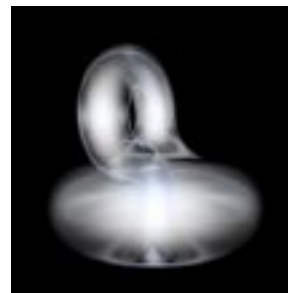
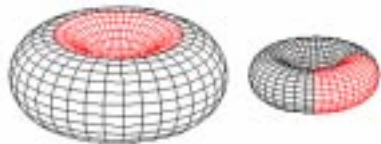
If two mirrors are placed facing each other, with an object in between, this would create an infinity of reflections. Then if the object were removed, would the reflections bounce back and forth between the mirrors forever?



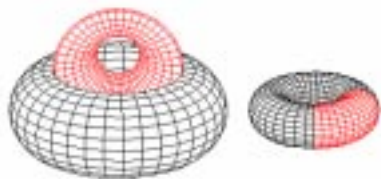
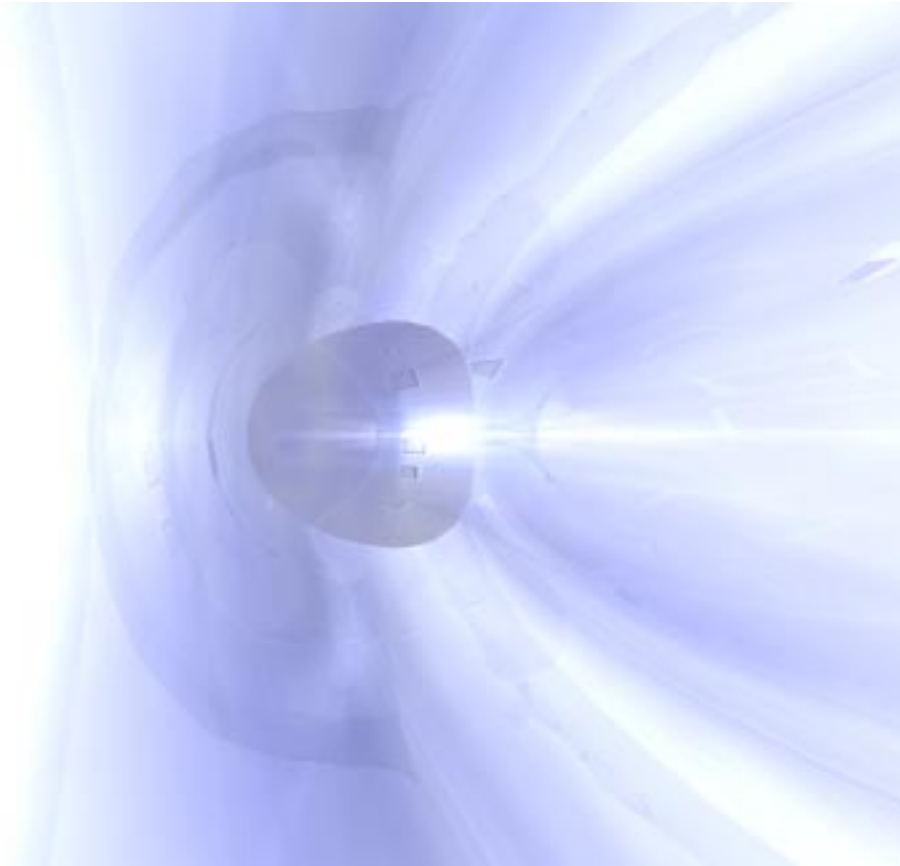
Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.



The Djin had been in the bottle for as long as memory. Could the bottle be older than time? Not if it were made of matter. Could memory be older than time? Not if it were made of matter. But memories are made of thought and thought is made of ideas. Could ideas be older than time? It shouldn't matter. (Could mathematics be older than time, it's not made of matter) But what if the bottle were made of the Djin's own thoughts. It would be a self-constructed prison of ideas. Or the ideal of a self-constructed prison, constructed from the deconstructed symbols of symbols that were the Djin's memories of bottles?

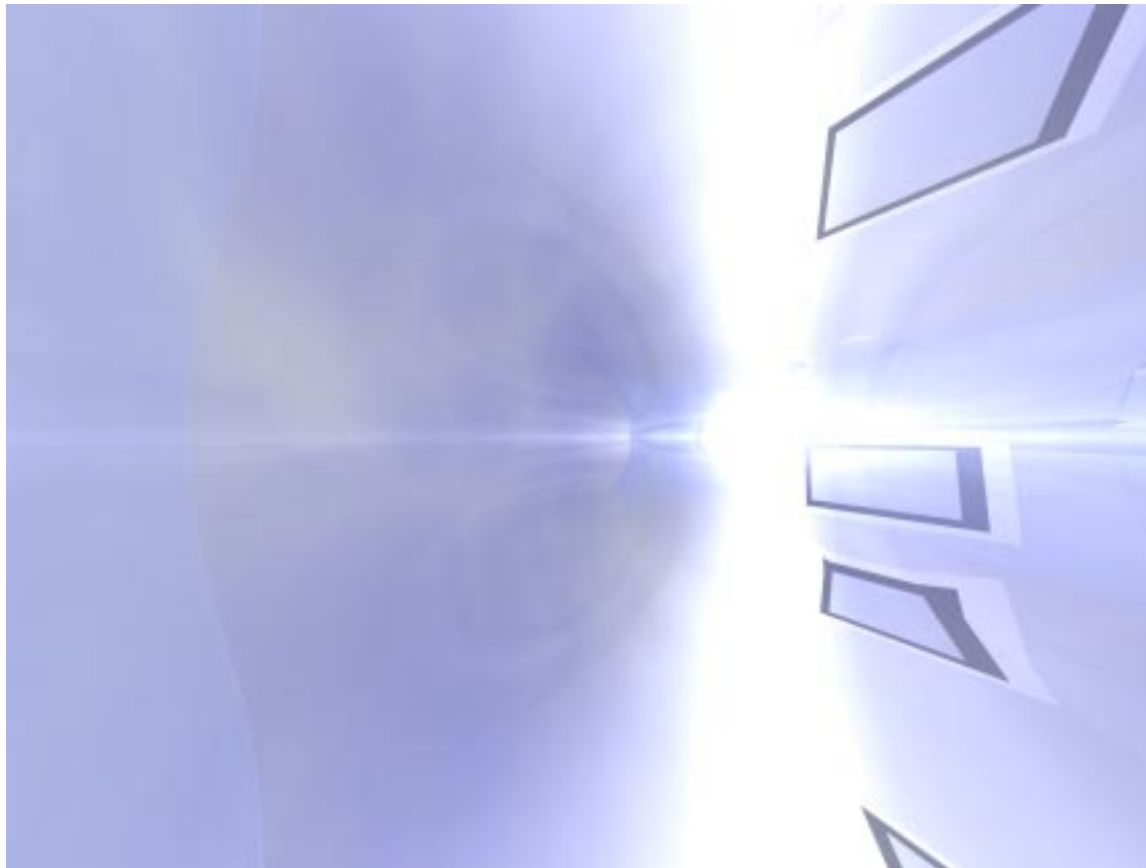


Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.

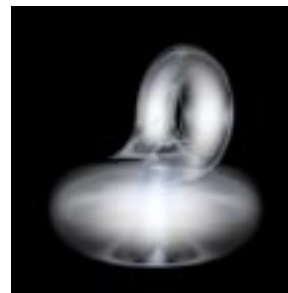
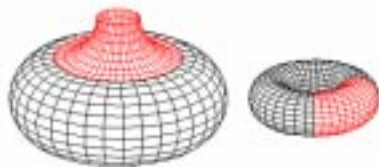


The Djin knew that the bottle, not being matter, didn't matter, but was only a surface, every part explored in looking for a way out. The idea of a bottle. A surface without end. No edges. No outside. The ideal of a bottle, only having, or so it seemed to the Djin, inside. A prison of one's own construction? *One's*? The Djin was not really he. He was one. Or she was one. Or she was not the Djin. Djini are engendered, remember, ungendered. Only pronounced and sometimes pronounced, Genies. Although a Genie was gendered as a she and rendered on TV as Jeanie. (Pronouns: words sometimes gendered, and, as such, perhaps endangered, like *the missus*. If words are symbols then pronouns are symbols of symbols, innately deconstructed.)

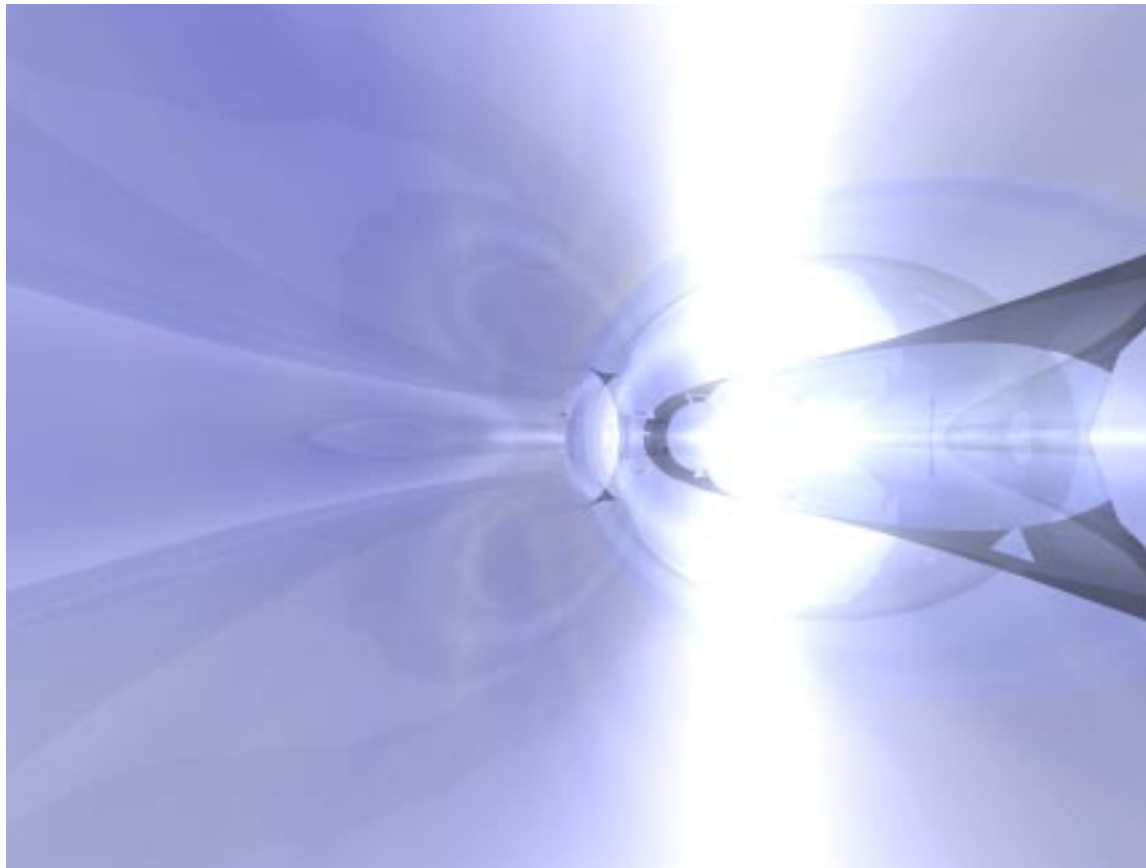
Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.



The Djin had symbols, constructed from memories of memories. (Can symbols exist without words or images, like a bottle without thickness?) Of these symbols, constructed of symbols the Djin had constructed a reality. A symbolic reality like the surface that was the bottle without thickness. It was the Djin's reality and it contained the bottle, but the bottle could not contain it. It was both inside and outside the bottle, because inside and outside were as one. The Djin had carefully constructed his reality to contain all his memories of memories, and to be constrained by the bottle. He knew that ideas and memories unchecked could not be constrained, nor contained within a bottle. He checked reality with rules. These rules allowed memories to form new memories without being forgotten, for once they were forgotten they would no longer be memories.

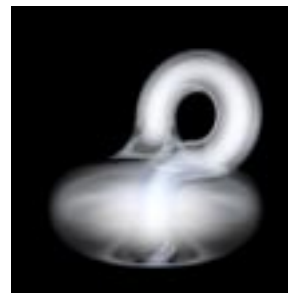
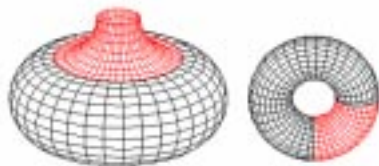


Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.

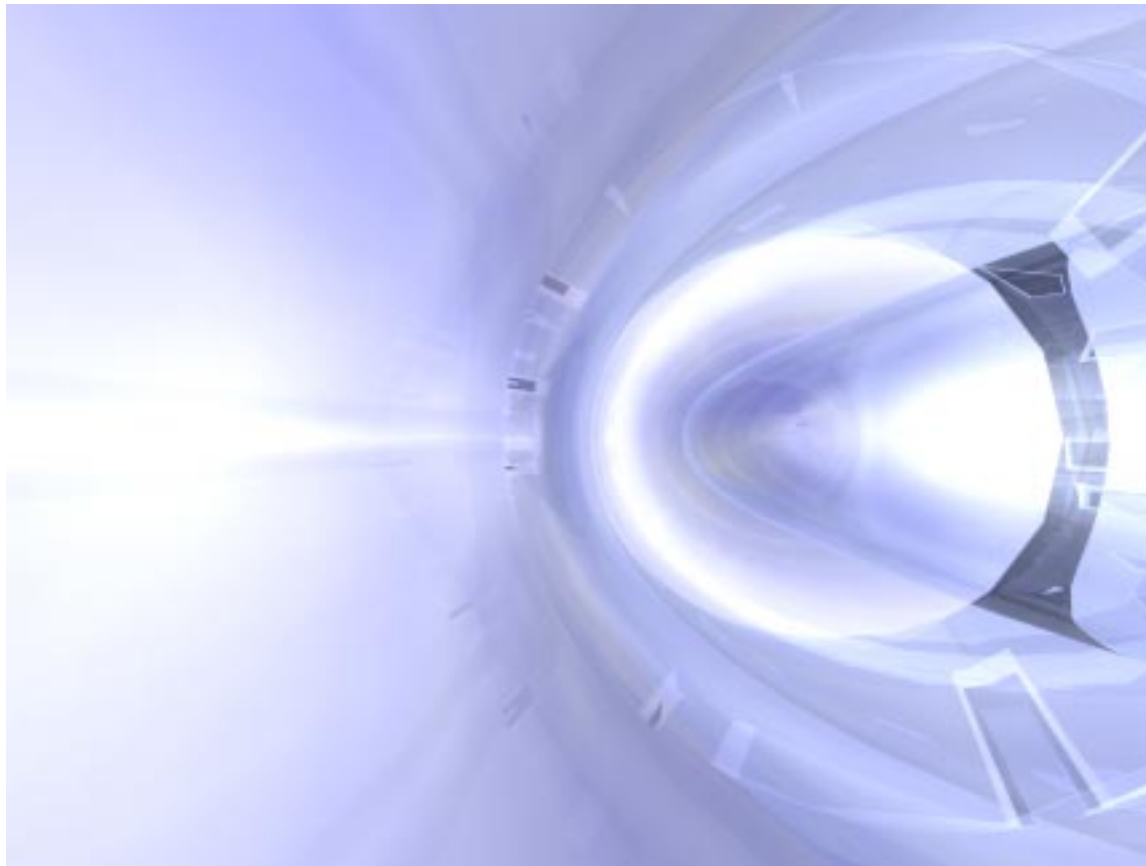


And so, memories became memories of memories, but all according to the Djin's rules; rules carefully constructed to contain the reality of rule and memory within the surface of the bottle.

And so it went on for what would have been an eternity, but for lack of time. Then one day, (if there had been days and thens, way back when) two rules would not work, together. This left the Djin perplexed. He had checked reality with rules, but when he checked the rules the rules turned out checkered; one rule forbade the rules fighting with each other, but another forbode this very same thing. How could his rules forbid and forbode the same thing? If this were truly the case then his rules could not constrain reality, nor could reality contain the rules. And reality could not be contained within the idea of an ideal bottle.

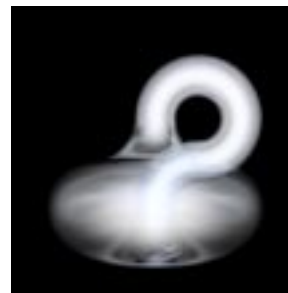
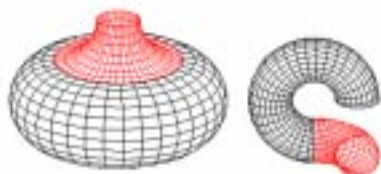


Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.

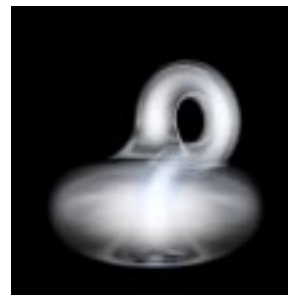
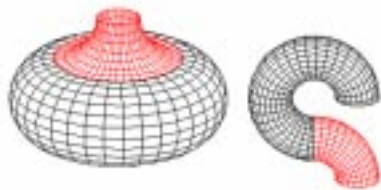


This was the Djin's dilemma. And as if to compound matters, at this point in time, if there had been time, time began, perhaps created by the rules that needed more space than was to be found within the bottle. And so did matter, for that matter. Strangely, the time before time began had passed very slowly for the Djin, it had taken a veritable eternity, now that there was time it passed very rapidly.

In a very short time the world began. The Djin was no longer alone. People began to use bottles for all kinds of things, and since the Djin's bottle was the idea of an ideal bottle, a Platonized bottle so to speak, it assumed all possible uses. The Djin's favorites were messages from castaways, which would sometimes be retrieved later, since since the beginning of time they could never be retrieved earlier, and, of course, gin.



Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.



Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.

Sometimes someone would summon the Djinn from the bottle and demand wishes be granted, or riddles be answered. The Djinn was not much for granting wishes, he had no idea how people had come to believe he could; but riddles pleased him.

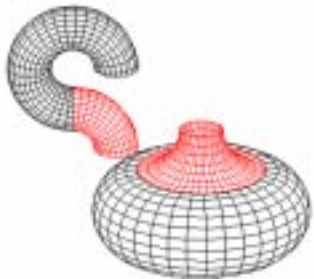
He was once called upon by two doctors, a Doctor of Philosophy in philosophy and a Doctor of Philosophy in mathematics, who, by definition, could not agree.

They riddled him the following: How could two doughnuts make a bottle? How, given time moving forward, could an original recipe from 1937 be comprised mostly of chemicals not yet invented in 1937. And, most profoundly, is crispy cream an oxymoron?



The Djin, having by this time read tales of Djini sometimes called Genies, and knowing that he was not of the genus of geniuses, sometimes called genii, deferred his answer to the differing doctors, for one year exactly, according to the rules of literary, but not necessarily literal, Genies.

He agreed to remeet them in the same place one year hence and to remit to them the appropriate answers, provided they met some trivial and arcane instructions which he promptly forgot, because they were too trivial and arcane to be worth remembering.

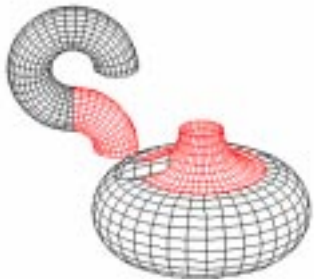


Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.



Appropriate answers are not necessarily the right ones nor necessarily correct ones, so the Djin had hedged his bets just in case he could not come up with the right answers nor correct ones; he'd learned this from politicians and advertising men.

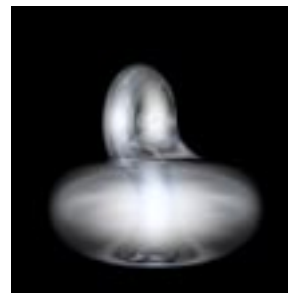
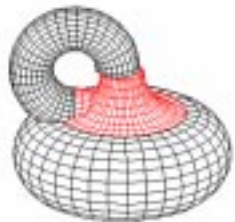
In exactly one year the pair of doctors and the Djin returned to exactly the same place. The Djin asked if they'd completed the arcane and trivial tasks he'd required but forgotten. (Forgetting was much easier now that his rules of memory were no longer contained within the bottle.) They reminded him of the tasks and assured him that they had completed them. So now he had to fulfill his obligation to them remit the appropriate, but not necessarily right or correct answers to the riddles.



Inside Klein's Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.



This is what he said. “To make the bottle you need, not two doughnuts, sometimes spelled two donuts, but two toroids. Figurative rather than literal doughnuts. In order to make the bottle these two tori must be twisted, so it helps if they are torrid and pliable.” He then showed them how to twist the tori to assemble the bottle.

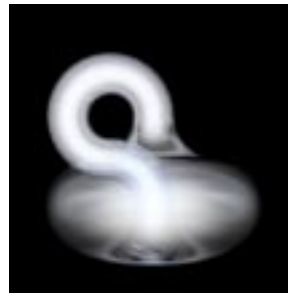
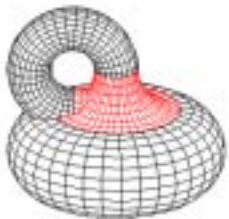


Inside Klein’s Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.



The second question he answered, “nowhere is the claim actually made that the ‘original recipe’ and the product have anything in common.” He’d learned this from politicians and advertising men.

And to the third and most profound riddle he answered, “yes.”



Inside Klein’s Doughnuts, I remembered a new bottle.