

Disposable world.

The world is a waste system. A disposal of categories and names.

The world is no longer important. The world is no longer a thing: description is. It's a world of words. Words are finite: they signify nothing other than themselves. *“The word must be the thing it represents. Otherwise it is a symbol. It is a question of identity:”*¹ there isn't any. There's no thinking subject: only words. Only descriptions.

No thinking subject. Metaphysical I, instead: not a part, but a limit. A unitless unity. The physical, the phenomenal world is gone. We are no longer a part of it. We never were a part of it. The world is finite: the objective world was no more real than the words that were its habit.² A finite world of words: the world as limits of language. *“The limits of my language mean the limits of my world.”*³ No part, but limit. *“No longer any refuge in the infinities of grandeur,”*⁴ of the universe, of physicalized reality. No part, but limit. Never forget this finiteness, this limit of man.

Finite man: metaphysical I: unitless unity: no part, but limit. It means that there is no longer any possible distinction between observer and observed. It means that we live in a new whole, a new reality, one that is slippery, one that is expressed in language but cannot be expressed by language. It means that *“observing is completing and we are content in a world that shrinks to an immediate whole that we do not need to understand, complete without secret arrangements of it in the mind.”*⁵

“The same old fallacy persists” the desire to introduce a unity in the world: the mythologists made it a woman or an elephant; the scientists made fun of the mythologists, but themselves turned the world into the likeness of a mechanical toy. One analogy is as good as another.⁶

The *“words of the world are the life of the world.”*⁷ It is the speech of truth in its true solitude: a nature that is created in what it says.⁸

The world is no longer important: true. The world is the only important thing to think about: true. The world: a closed door. *“A closed door slammed in the face of man. It is a barrier. And at the same time it is the way through.”*⁹

But through what? The physical world: an artifact, made or constructed of some basic, primary substance. The physical world is a created world: the production of something from nothing. The finite world, world of words: a new world, nonworld: everything must come from everything. Description is the thing: the world is created in what it says. Created: thus destroyed. The physical world is meaningless: *“transfer physical to language.”*¹⁰

Finite man: *“he disposes the world in categories.”*¹¹ A waste system: there's no getting rid of them without naming them, that's the thing to keep in mind.¹² Thus, any name, any definition or category empties the world as it creates it. It is a name

that gives birth, gives life, while at the same time bringing separation and death. The world is a waste system of the unreal: nothing is left but the unreal. Just to name things.

The death of the world: "the icy words hail down upon me, the icy meanings, and the world dies too . . . all I know is what the words know."¹³

Tired of the old words, the comfort words, bored with the old descriptions. All categories are pseudo-categories. All categories, all concepts are waste. Magic, myth, religion, art . . . ideology, science, literature: comfort words. There is no longer any possibility of objective points of support outside speech or thought. "Meaning and necessity are preserved only in the linguistic practices which embody them."¹⁴

Thus, no meaning can be ascribed to "existing world." It is "neither significant nor absurd. It is, quite simply. That is the most remarkable thing about it. And suddenly the obviousness of this strikes us with irresistible force. All at once the whole splendid construction collapses."¹⁵ And the world born of the word goes back to the word.

"Universe is not a very large expanding balloon with galactic light bulbs interspersed at varying distances." $E=MC^2$ showed that "Universe is not a simultaneous assembly of things. Universe isn't even *there*" in fact man's invention of the concept reveals his terror crouching behind a facade of omniscience.¹⁶ Universe: the most comprehensive world generalization. Universe isn't *there*: it simply *is*. It's not a thing, or things: *it is*. It's not *how* things are in the world that is mystical, but *that* it exists.¹⁷

We are deprived of our comfort words, our comfortable world. We are denied, everything is denied. Things no longer have any meaning. Things no longer exist. There is no longer the possibility of a universe of psychological, social, or functional signification. There is no longer the possibility of constructing a new objective world, even though it be more solid, more immediate. There is no longer the possibility of a single world, a whole world, a unified world.

The unity is unitless: man is dead. This is a terrifying concept for man to contemplate. Absolutely terrifying. We have tried to force reality into a framework of space and time just as the ancients tried to place reality within a framework of emotions. It doesn't work. Witness the image of the earth as seen from the moon: night and day at the same time: all times all the time: no matter what the time. Times have changed.

"Everyone talks about the Earth being round but does anyone actually believe it? Nature of roundness is that you eventually get back to the same place" "nowhere to go" "no infinity. Not condensation, but condensation of mind. We are all living through one of our most terrifying dream horror fantasies: we're locked in a room, and the walls and ceilings are closing in on us. All the things we've been raised to worship" "man's limitless power, the ever-giving nature of mother earth" "all these infinite possibilities are beginning to seem less infinite. In fact, the infinite horizon is heading this way fast."¹⁸

We can't even continue to talk of Earth: the place: a physical clump of dirt spinning around outer space: outside what. The world still goes spinning around, but it's in my head. It's happening in my head. I do it all in my head. It's a finite world of words: "where is this world . . . and what do I know of it? Where do I seize it? Where do I believe it? Where do I surrender myself to it entirely? Here! Or nowhere."¹⁹

Words do not signify anything but their own reality. Words do not create the universe out of nothing but out of all. All possibilities exist in any: *the whole story from Genesis to Apocalypse in any event; in any metamorphoses. Therefore it is important to keep changing the subject. The subject changes before our very eyes.*²⁰

What is: is something else. Finite man: he has no interest in what exists. He has no time for what is. No beginning, no ending. He lives without life: the story of life. It's over: never began. It's not a physical death, a physical end. It's simply that *to tell a story has become strictly impossible.*²¹ It's a world of words: saying is inventing . . . you invent nothing.²² Saying makes it so.²³

Beyond the world: a world of words with no beyond. No psychic walls of I's. No incomunicable mass of we's. A finite world of words: a sense of limit, a limit which does not energize subject matter, but penetrates it, dissolves it, creating both dream and reality, life and death. A finite world of words: you can't tell where the subject is, you can't tell what the subject is.

Reject the world. Metaphysical I instead: no part, but limit. Reject the world. Reject man. Be faithful to the conception of a limit. The new finite view of man: the rejection of humanism (doctrine that man is the measure): a complete anthropomorphization of the world, whether pantheism, idealism, or rationalism. Reject man. Reject the world. Reject the thinking subject for limit, the limit of language, a world created in what it says. *in words, made of words, other words . . . I'm all these words, all these strangers.*²⁴

Man is no longer necessary. Neither are you. Man is dead: he is totally deprived. Of himself, even of nothing. There is nowhere to go in the absurdity of his lifetime. Any new style, any new life, any new world, is but a god where gods are no longer valid. *The god that one so finds is but a word born of words, and returns to the word. For the reply we make to ourselves is assuredly never anything other than the question itself.*²⁵

Reject world as unit. There is no phenomenal world as an external point of reference, of support. There is no possible communication between these illusory points. Communication is impossible: *the thing said and the thing heard have a common source.*²⁶ And it's not an inventing mind, a thinking subject. Metaphysical I instead: no part, but limit. Me: I do it all in my head: what head?

*A world full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.*²⁷ It points to nothing other than the fact that it is. It's not a metaphor. It's nothing you can believe in. It is. The moment you let it out of your head, it's dead: it's real.

Reject life *in any number of "worlds"*²⁸ or *"universes"* or in trifling delusions such as *"past," "present,"* or *"future."* It's all denied. Finite man in a finite world. Or, finite man as finite world.

The world is unintelligible. *It is impossible to include it all under one large counter such as "God" or "Truth" and other verbalisms, or the disease of the symbolic language.*²⁹ All such words are comfort words. The world is unintelligible. There is no one way, no one. The world is unintelligible: the world is our intelligence. *Here, now, we forget each other and ourselves. We feel the absurdity of an order, a whole, a knowledge, that which arranged the rendezvous, within its vital*

boundary, in the mind.³⁰

Any definition empties the world as it creates it. Empties it of all life. Any definition of the world fixes it. If it is fixed, it is dead. Only by a name do we know what is dead. Only through a category do we comprehend the unreal. Names and categories, names and definitions: comfort words. And *âcen*othing has been changed except what is unreal, as if nothing had been changed at all.³¹ Disposable world: comfort words: thereâ™s no getting rid of them without naming them and their contraptions, thatâ™s the thing to keep in mind.

In a world with no signification, in a world where psychic, social, and functional resolution is impossible, in a world where life lies hidden in language . . . the fate of the author is to have nothing, absolutely nothing to say. The book is a lie, the words have no author. To live in this world beyond the world, a world of words with no beyond, the author does not write about the world. Any attempt to do so is merely another fiction in a world of fictions. The aim of the book must be to attract subtlety, to attract complexity. But then, this is not a book, it has nothing to do with books, with literature. It canâ™t be read: itâ™s performance. Performance without a player. The author has no intention of its meaning.

âœAll the notions by which we have lived are tottering. The sciences are calling the tune.³² Knowledge is now transitional. The real is no longer neatly delimited. Place, time, and matter admit of liberties that, not long ago, no one had an inkling of. Common sense is now appealed to only by the ignorant. The value of ordinary evidence is down to zero. What was once believed by all, always and everywhere, seems no longer to carry much weight.³³ Knowledge is now transitional: itâ™s something to forget.

When knowledge enters the room, forget it. None of the categories work, all explanations are wrong. Description vs. explanation: explanation is always wrong. Itâ™s a world of words, of descriptions, and *âœ*description comes to an end, and we realize that it has left nothing behind it: it has instituted a double movement of creation and destruction.³⁴

Knowledge: the expression *âœ*to know everythingâ has as its complement the word universe. But to know everything includes knowing that the universe isnâ™t even there. The universe is the big con. Our widest possible knowledge-world generalization has dissolved into metaphysical ha-ha.

Universe is the big con. Physical theory is no longer *âœ*reality.â We got lost *âœ*once speculation was concerned no longer with subphenomena assumed to be similar to the phenomena directly observed, but rather with *âœ*thingsâ that in no way resemble the things we know, since they only send us signals which we interpret as best we can. Plus our language, and our logic, our concepts have been found wanting: all this intellectual material will not fit into the nucleus of an atom, where everything is without precedent, without shape. Debatable probabilities have taken the place of definite and distinct facts and the fundamental distinction between observation and its object is no longer conceivable.³⁵

What in the world has happened? *âœ*Simply that our means of investigation and action have far outstripped our means of representation and understanding. This is the enormous new fact that results from all the other new facts. This one is positively transcendent.³⁶

âœThe squirming facts exceed the squamous mind.³⁷ This new fact is positively transcendent. But in the new world, nonworld of this new fact, there can be no transcendence. The world is finite: it canâ™t fit into the terminology, into the

constraints of humanistic consciousness. It will only be viewed there as an absence, as a negation of the terms and categories that inform Western man. It's not explainable. It won't be defined. It's bereft of all the dogma of rationalism, of humanism. Forget it.

No man is my friend. I have no interest in the human condition. No interest in you, your ideas, your words. No interest in your opinions.

Don't believe it. Don't believe anything I say. There's nothing to say. I have nothing to say. There's nothing to think about.

Disposable world: enigmatic world. Epistemological enigma: the facts of inquiry dissolve into the reality of the enquirer, casting further doubt on both.³⁸ The world is a waste system of extinct epistemologies.

One is the great signifier: creator of all the comfort words: God, Truth, Humanity, Writer, etc. One is obsolete. We can no longer deal with single level definitions. It doesn't follow that there are multiple level definitions either. There is no signification. One doesn't signify. One obscures. There is no identity beyond the words that are its representation. There is no identity: words are what count. One mustn't let one get in the way.

There can be no psychic, social, or functional resolution of all this. We must get back to the source. But there is no source. The source, the one reality is not to be found. There is no source. There is no answer.

I beseech you enter your life. I beseech you learn to say "I," when I question you: For you are no part, but a whole. No portion, but a being.³⁹

A leap over the psychic walls of man. Drop the body: the physicalized conception of perception. Meditate the putrifying corpse. The discovery of the private individual form: thank God for the names of the body.

Crashing through the personal psychic walls. I am out of my mind. The lives lived in the mind are at an end. They never were. Were and are not. It is not to be believed.⁴⁰ I am out of my mind. Out of the personal psyche. He was not a man yet he was nothing else. If in the mind, he vanished, taking there the mind's own limits, like a tragic thing. Without existence, existing everywhere.⁴¹

Self-conscious option isn't enough: self-conscious option is too much. There's no thinking subject. Thus, it's not a question of thinking. It's not a question of thinking but of that which is its intelligence. It's of intelligence that I must think.

Description once claimed to reproduce a pre-existing reality; it now asserts its creative function. It once made us see things, now it seems to destroy them, as if its intention to discuss them aimed only at blurring their contours, at making them incomprehensible, at causing them to disappear altogether.⁴² Man is dead: but the humanist, the modern man instructed by

the terms of liberal thought and conventions, will be completely unable to understand this uncompromising attitude of finiteness.

The world is made up, not made. The world is created, and created things can no longer be considered as intermediaries leading to an infinity of other things. They're dead: they are their own fictions, begin and end in themselves, live and die in themselves. Created things are dead. The life you live is a lie. The world you inhabit is a lie. There is no need for fiction in the world: the world is the only fiction.

Personality is not the only way. The individual is one of the problems of our time. So, too, the mass of men. What to do about amount, what to do about quantity. They're nothing, starting from one. In a finite world, numbers don't count: words do. There's no addition, no accretion, no infinite attainments. Nothing and everything, no one and everyone: man is dead. *The mass is nothing. The number of men in a mass of men is nothing. The mass is no greater than the singular man of the mass.*⁴³

Finite man, finite intelligence: control. Not in control, but as control, as reality, as intelligence. Finite intelligence: the mass is no greater than the singular man of the mass. Expect no life from the mass. Expect no voice from the people.

Life is inexpressible. Life is inexcusable.

It's getting much harder to live. It's getting much easier to accept the idea that *âœit is an illusion that we were ever alive.*⁴⁴ Life is a knowledge, not an existence. Life is disposing of the waste: names and categories. Name it: it's dead. Then you live in those names and by those names. You live in those names and by those names when you live in the world.

It's no longer possible to tell a story: life is a story. It's a story, a narrative series of pictures. A series of timeless tableaus, an infinitely successive series of nows. But this can't be. It isn't. *âœA picture held us captive. And we could not get outside it, for it lay in our language and language seemed to repeat it to us inexorably.*⁴⁵ The world is finite: that means *âœit isn't*. We are free from the pictures and the lives lived in the mind are at an end. Words are what matter.

I'm going out of my mind. I'm trying to hold on to my body, my life. It's a horrifying experience.

*âœWe had thought to control it by assigning it a meaning, but the world has only, little by little, lost all its life.*⁴⁶ Man is dead. It's not enough to perish. One has to become unintelligible, almost ridiculous.

*âœNo sign of life but life, itself, the presence of the intelligible in that which is created as its symbol.*⁴⁷ Life is a knowledge, not an existence. Life is not lived, it is known. Known: not experienced. Imagine, you had an experience.

Disposable world. A reality of *âœdecreation*: to make something created pass into the uncreated.⁴⁸ *âœModern reality is a reality of decreation, in which our revelations are not the revelations of belief, but the precious portents of our own powers.*⁴⁹

To make something created pass into the uncreated: no action, but realization. All created things are dead things. They belong to the world. "We participate in the creation of the world by decreating ourselves,"⁵⁰ by peopling the world with the dead images of mankind.

The created world is a world of waste, of life. And life is the elimination of what is dead. We give names to things that can't be named: we create life, we create death. Creation: the waste system. "Life is the elimination of what is dead."⁵¹

All these things. All these people. All these places. All this waste, this garbage: it's me. There was never anyone, anyone but me, anything but me, talking to me of me.⁵² "When I dream and invent without a backward glance, am I not . . . Nature?"⁵³

Dispense with the notion of nature: a creative power that makes something from nothing. Nature is scenery built up by man. Man is dead. The unity is unitless. There is no continuity, no accretion, no incremental serial advances, no depth. There is no nature. There was never anyone but me talking to me of me. No nature: just a nature created in what it says.

Dismiss yourself. Man is dead. There's no nature but "a fall, into the state of nature. The spirit, the human essence, hides, buried in the natural object: "projected" . . . the death of gods and the birth of poetry."⁵⁴ A nature created in what it says.

"Each herb and each tree, mountain, hill, earth and sea, cloud, meteor and star, are men seen afar." There are no external points of support in reality. The unity is unitless: this is not just a rival to an objective reality. There is no real world: it is an illusion. The unity is unitless. This is the whole truth, and it can only be apprehended through its contrast with the illusion, the real world. Thus, "a man perceives in the world only what already lies within him; but to perceive what lies within him, man needs the world."⁵⁶

Take the real out of the world and put it back where it belongs, where it always has been: realization. Any system that attempts to base a pattern of thought, or a linguistic practice, on some independent foundation in reality, is impossible. Any system is impossible. If these systems "need any justification, it must lie within them, because there are no independent points of support outside them. That kind of objectivism is an illusion, produced, no doubt, by the reassuring character of explanation, which is that any support that is needed comes from the center, man himself."⁵⁷

But the center has dissolved. Man is dead: the great explainer, the great explanation. He has lost the center: he was the center, the whole in which he was contained. There can be no more explanations, no more worlds.

There is no center, no source. You can't explain what isn't there. Metaphysical I, nonphysical I: it's "the fault of pronouns, there is no name for me, no pronoun for me, all the trouble comes from that."⁵⁸

No center, no source, no whole, no one: and now no me. What in the world do you do? "It's a lot to expect of one creature that he should first behave as if he were not, then as if he were, before being admitted to that peace where he neither is, nor is not, and where the language dies that permits of such expressions."⁵⁹

The physical world is no longer real. That rational, reasoned, objective world of classical science and humanistic thought is now positively mystical and occult. *Combat all rationalist dogmas that stand in the way of a metaphysical universe.*⁶⁰ Man is dead. Metaphysical I instead. Not reality, but realization. Dismiss yourself. Let go: there's nothing lost.

This is the age of unimportance. Reject world. Reject external reality: reject internal reality. Say no to yourself, to your great truths, to your great men, to your great books.

Not revelations of belief, not the Capital Letters: Truth, God, Freedom, Justice, Will . . . but the precious portents of our own powers: the limits of my language mean the limits of my world. Finite man: he *made* a personal matter of what had before his time been treated in dogmatic form, dominated by tradition. He had no use for anything except evidence or observation scrupulously verified. What this amounted to was a refusal to attach to language any value derived merely from people or books . . . his self tipped the balance.⁶¹

No more great men, no more great books: his self tipped the balance. His realization was the balance: is the balance. But in a finite world, even the self is denied, reduced to an object. No more great men, no more great books . . . no more importance. Deny your *own* validity . . . Surrender to the flux, to the drift towards a new and unthinkable order.⁶² *Uproot yourself. Uproot yourself, socially and vegetatively. Exile yourself from every earthly country.*⁶³

No: negation is the only way, there is no way. The universe must be created out of all, not created from nothing. Created by negation for creating or not creating changes nothing. Changes nothing because all created things are unreal: are nothing. Negation is the only way: no.

Finite man: he says no to everything in order to get at himself. Yet he's not alive, he's not himself. He lives in his image: the unreal.

What is: is other things. Man is dead. He lives in his image: the unreal. *How can anyone be what one is?* No sooner does the question occur to us than it takes us out of ourselves, and at once we see how impossible we are. Immediately we are astonished at being someone, at the absurdity of every individual fact of existence, at the curious effect of seeing our acts beliefs and persons duplicated; everything human is too human—an oddity, a delusion, a reflex, a nonsense. The system of conventions becomes comic, sinister, unbearable to think of, almost unbelievable! Laws, religion, customs, clothes, beliefs . . . all seem curiosities, a masquerade.⁶⁴

Metaphysical I: of whom I know nothing. I don't know who I am. There is no signifiable reality. No one truth, no essence. It's slippery: there's nothing left to hold on to. We are completely deprived. You are totally denied. And I: I don't know who I am. *It has not yet been our good fortune to establish with any degree of accuracy what I am, where I am, whether I am words among words, or silence in the midst of silence.*⁶⁵

I: words among words or silence in the midst of silence. The final answer will be in the transcendence of all categories, of all names: the death of the word. But this can't be so: there is no transcendence: no answer. World is finite: there is no distinction between observation and its object. Not reality, but realization. Transcendence belongs to the real, infinite world:

reality. But there can be no transcendence of realization: no distinction between observation and its object. No differentiation: there was never anyone but me talking to me of me. And me: I go where the words go: nowhere. There is no final perfection, no answer. No one.

âœOur kind of innovation consists not in the answers, but in the true novelty of the questions themselves; in the statement of problems, not in their solutions.â⁶⁶ What is important is not âœto illustrate a truthâ" or even an interrogationâ" known in advance, but to bring to the world certain interrogations . . . not yet known as such to themselves.â⁶⁷

A total synthesis of all human knowledge will not result in fantastic amounts of data, or in huge libraries filled with books. Thereâ™s no value any more in amount, in quantity, in explanation. For a total synthesis of human knowledge, use the interrogative. Ask the most subtle sensibilities in the world what questions they are asking themselves.

The words have no author. âœThere are words better without an author, without a poet, or having a separate author, a different poet, an accretion from ourselves, intelligent, beyond intelligence, an artificial man.â⁶⁸ The words have no author. The book is a lie. Itâ™s a performance: by a reader. Reader is a comfort word and the author has no intention of its meaning. Author is a comfort word and the author has no intention of its meaning.

An accretion from ourselves, intelligent, by an intelligence, an artificial man. Unreal realization: âœfreedom is like a man who kills himself each night, an incessant butcher.â⁶⁹ Artificial manâ™s not himself: unreal realization. He is revealed, secularized as a thing, an object. âœHe has lost the whole in which he was contained.â⁷⁰ He has shed his human clothes.

Just as the ancients peopled the universe, we have set out to empty it of all life. Itâ™s a finite world of words: there is no life in man, there is no existence in things, there is no evolution in nature. Man is dead: âœdrowned in the depth of things (of himself), man ultimately no longer even perceives them: his role is soon limited to experiencing, in their name, totally humanized impressions and desires.â⁷¹ But there is no depth in things. Words are what count: the word must be the thing it represents. Words are finite: there can be no depth, no interiority.

Thereâ™s no perfection in humanity. Man was considered the perfect center in a world of infinite things, infinite depth. But man has been rooted out of his human home, disallowed his humanistic habit. Man is dead: he is âœthinged,â he is artificial: he mocks his own meaning, heâ™s not to be believed.

But humanism attempts âœto recover *everything*, including whatever attempts to retrace its limits, even to impugn it as a whole.â⁷² No matter what: there is man and his nature. And âœa common nature must be the eternal answer to the single question of our civilizationâ" only one possible answer to everything: man.â⁷³

This humanistic attitude is considered the inevitable attitude of the emancipated and instructed man. But answers are no answer: thereâ™s no perfection in humanity. âœMan is an extraordinarily fixed and limited animal, whose nature is absolutely constant.â⁷⁴ A veritable object. âœMan is a sick animal:â to think he can be cured is to âœimprison him in the disease.â⁷⁵

What was an animal? It is the human that is alien, the human that has a cousin on the moon, âœthe human that demands speech from beasts and the incommunicable mass.â⁷⁶

The mass. The human mass. The impossible agglomerate mass. The incommunicable human mass. The people. *From their places masses move, stark as laws. Masses of what? One does not ask. There somewhere man is too, vast conglomerate of all of nature's kingdoms, as lonely and as bound.*⁷⁷ The impossible people.

The mass is nothing: the people aren't. It's the human that is alien. Man is dead: the men have no shadows. *A man is a result, a demonstration.*⁷⁸ An unreal realization.

I am out of my mind. Beyond the I to something else. A place of nothing else and no beyond. I am out of my mind. Deprived even of my I. The I which becomes merely a more immediate object in the wasteland of objects. And *the role of objects is to restore silence, for objects are no more real than the words that are their habit.*⁷⁹ I am out of my mind: am I words in the midst of words or silence in the midst of silence.

The narrator is gone. The universe as a narrative story isn't there. Evolution as a narrative story never happened: words are what matter. Evolution is a matter of the words used to describe it. There is no continuous, infinite, evolving world-universe-nature-knowledge waiting to be explained by man. It's a word of words: a nature created in what it says.

The universe isn't there. Man is dead. But *I can find no way of escape from what is not! Speech so fills us, fills everything with its images that we cannot think how to begin to refrain from imagining*"nothing is without it . . . Remember that tomorrow is a myth, that the universe is one; that numbers, love, the real and the infinite . . . that justice, the people, poetry . . . the earth itself are myths.⁸⁰ The universe isn't there. It is.

Don't believe any of this. Place no value in the book, in the author. *Private authorship or ownership is not to be respected. It is all one book.*⁸¹ Give it up, the idea of an author, of truth. Give up all belief: believe only in yourself. You: your experience is my experience. Me: *it's of me now that I must speak, even if I have to do it with their language.*⁸² Them: *I slip into them . . . it is a stratum, strata, without debris or vestiges. But it's a world filled with debris and vestiges: before I am done I shall find traces of what was.*⁸³ What was: is me, *never anyone but me talking to me of me, in words, made of words, other's words, what others . . . the whole world is here with me.*⁸⁴ Me: I don't. I don't believe any of this.

I can't think of one anymore. This or that: I can't differentiate anymore. I don't believe it: I can't think, *I must not try to think, simply utter.*⁸⁵ Saying makes it so. This, this and that: *I shall have to banish them in the end, the beings, shapes, sounds, and lights with which my haste to speak has encumbered this place.*⁸⁵

The necessity of stopping before starting. The necessity to forget it all.

Nobody knows, and you can't find out.