

I keep looking, looking. Trying to understand. Trying to give what I have gone through to someone else, and I don't know who, but I don't want to be alone with that experience. I don't know what to do with it, I'm terrified of that profound disorganization. I'm not sure I even believe in what happened to me. Did something happen, and did I, because I didn't know how to experience it, end up experiencing something else instead? It's that something that I'd like to call disorganization, and then I'd have the confidence to venture forth because I would know where to come back to: to the prior organization. I prefer to call it disorganization because I don't want to ground myself in what I experienced—in that grounding I would lose the world as it was for me before, and I know that I don't have the capacity for another one.

Living is an act I did not premeditate. I blossomed from the dark. I am only valid for myself. I must live little by little, it's no good living everything at once. In someone's arms I die completely. I am transformed into energy that has within it the nuclear atomic. I'm the result of having heard a warm voice long ago and having stepped off the train almost before it stopped—haste is the enemy of perfection and that's how I ran toward the city missing immediately the station and the train's next departure and its exceptional moment that awakens such a painful fright which is the whistle of the train, which is farewell.

My life is a great disaster. It's a cruel divergence, it's an empty house. But there's a dog inside barking. As for me—all that's left for me is to bark at God. I'm going back to myself. That is where I find a dead destitute girl. But one night I'll go to the government archives and set fire to everything and all the identity cards of the destitute. And only then do I become so autonomous that I shall only stop writing after I die. But it's no use, the blue lake of eternity doesn't catch fire. I am the one who would incinerate myself down to my bones. I shall become number and dust. Let it be. Amen. But I protest. I protest in vain like a dog in the eternity of the government archives.

I only use reason as an anesthetic. But for life I'm a perennial promise of understanding my submerged world. Now that there are computers for almost every type of search for intellectual solutions—I therefore turn back to my rich interior nothing. And I scream: I feel, I suffer, I am happy, I am moved. Only my enigma interests me. More than anything, I search for myself in my great void.

I try to keep myself isolated from the agony of depending on others, and that agony that seems to them a game of life and death masks another reality, a truth so extraordinary that they would keel over in fright were they to face it, as in a scandal. Meanwhile, they're studying, working, loving, growing up, struggling, feeling happy, feeling sad. Life with a capital letter can give me nothing because I'm going to confess that I too must have turned down a dead-end alley just like the others. For I notice in myself, not a pile of facts, and instead strive almost tragically to be. It's a question of survival like eating human flesh when there's no other food. I struggle not against people who buy and sell apartments and cars and try to get married and have children but I struggle with extreme anxiety for a novelty of spirit. Whenever I feel almost a little illuminated I see that I am having a novelty of spirit.

I take refuge in madness because the boring middle ground of the state of ordinary things is no longer left for me. I want to see new things—and I'll only manage to do that if I lose my fear of madness.

Life is little by little. Today I take half a step, the day after tomorrow I'll take another half-step. Such impatience. I want to swallow life down in a single gulp and then maybe something like dying. But my own blood is slow.

I want to show myself the dirtiest and lowest part of me—and only then can I forgive myself. I want to be forgiven for being so full of sensuality that it is an animal cry inside me, a taste of the harsh voice of the wolf desiring its prey, me! I

who aspire to the great disorder of vile desires and the darkness that possesses me in the apocalyptic orgasm of my existence. My existence is the victim of a fatality. That is: I am, oh poor me human and weak and needy and begging. I want your smile, I want your velvet caress, I want the body-to-body struggle, both so intimate, so gullible lost children.

Today I felt something absolutely terrible. I felt that I am not understood by God.

He who emphasizes the ritual of faith can lose the point of faith.

Sometimes those who don't believe are more likely to receive like a shining miracle the manna falling from nowhere. This "nowhere" is the air. And the air is what others call God. I call God as He wishes to be called. Like this: I open my mouth and as a means of calling Him let a sound escape me. This sound is simple. And it involves the vital breath. The sound limits itself to being only this: Ah ...

Ah ... the absolute and good and shrewd indifference ... Ah ... and it's toward this Ah that we as in a breath go with our Ah to meet Him.

It's a matter of the vital breath.

Meditation is an addiction, you acquire the taste.

And the result of meditation is Ah, which makes gods of

us. That's fine but now tell me what's the point of being Gods or Humans?

It seems to please us to be able to say Ah. So I end up shot through by the voice of God and here I say like one lightly exhaling: Ah ...

We were born to enjoy this Ah, could being be enough for me? I don't know. I don't know what I'm talking about.

The plant needs water, light-heat-soil-air to justify being, and could it be that the Ah justifies us?

There is someone waiting behind our left shoulder to touch us and to make us say Ah ...

When I say I love you, I am loving me in you.

I'm not relative I'm infinite that's why in each being I reflect myself in each being I encounter myself.

The most perfect thing that exists in the universe is the air. The air is the God accessible to us. When I speak of things I'm not reducing life to the material, rather I am humanizing the inert. All of this is as I once said, I play fair. I'm not hiding any cards. And if I have any style, let it come and turn up because I do not seek it.

Every birth presumes a rupture.

I was invited to watch a childbirth but I'm not strong enough to watch the dramatic birth of the dawn in the mountains when the sun is aflame.

Every birth is a cruelty. Things that wish to sleep should be left asleep.

My wickedness comes from the poor accommodation of my soul in my body. It is squeezed, it lacks inner space.

It's what didn't ever let itself be folded into four paws by the pain of existence, that pain which every once in a while we must obey in order to keep living our nice middle-class lives.

I ask God: why others? And He answers me: why you? to all

of our questions God responds with a greater question and that is how we broaden ourselves in spasms for a child within us to be born. But—but peace on earth and tranquil light in the air. God who is the nothing-everything sparkles in a gentle glow of an eternal present, let us therefore sleep until next week.

And I? Could it be I won't become my own character? Could it be I invent myself? All I know about myself is that I'm the product of a father and a mother. That's all I know about creation and life.

We want to penetrate the kingdom of God through sins because if not for sin there wouldn't be forgiveness and we wouldn't manage to reach Him.

I took refuge in madness because reason was not enough for me.

I wait for what's happening. This is my only future and past. Comfort is an abundance.

One day the comfort in God and no matter how paltry it was we learn this from being in the warm shelter of our birth.

To be useless is freedom. To have meaning would belittle us, we are gratuitously just for the pleasure of being.

And from the future we will consciously wait for the lack of meaning, a freedom in speaking, in feeling Ah ...

Happiness is nothing more than feeling an Ah with relief, then let us raise our glasses and modestly toast an Ah to God.

Though it's hard for me to finish it hurts so much to say goodbye doesn't it? Well because in me it hurts Ah.

Why God?

Why not sit smoking and dying of hunger Ah it's because you want to be able to say Ah.

Do we exist simply to be relieved?

I pay attention only to pay attention: deep down I don't want to know.

Last night I had a dream within a dream. I dreamed that I was calmly watching actors working on a stage. And through a door that was not locked men came in with machine guns and killed all the actors. I began to cry: I didn't want them to be dead. So the actors got up off the ground and said: we aren't dead in real life, just as actors, the massacre was part of the show. Then I dreamed such a good dream: I dreamed this: in life we are actors in an absurd play written by an absurd God. We are all participants in this theater: in truth we never shall die when death happens. We only die as actors. Could that be eternity?

————— I'M SEARCHING, I'M SEARCHING. I'M trying to understand. Trying to give what I've lived to somebody else and I don't know to whom, but I don't want to keep what I lived. I don't know what to do with what I lived, I'm afraid of that profound disorder. I don't trust what happened to me. Did something happen to me that I, because I didn't know how to live it, lived as something else? That's what I'd like to call disorganization, and I'd have the confidence to venture on, because I would know where to return afterward: to the previous organization. I'd rather call it disorganization because I don't want to confirm myself in what I lived—in the confirmation of me I would lose the world as I had it, and I know I don't have the fortitude for another.