

REFLECTIONS ON PRESENCE



VRASIDAS KARALIS

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TRANSMISSION

Transmission denotes the transfer of information, objects or forces from one place to another, from one person to another.

Transmission implies urgency, even emergency: a line humming, an alarm sounding, a messenger bearing news. Through

Transmission interventions are supported, and opinions overturned.

Transmission republishes classic works in philosophy, as it publishes works that re-examine classical philosophical thought.

Transmission is the name for what takes place.

REFLECTIONS ON PRESENCE

IN FIVE DAYS

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To Mr. Manoly Lascaris
Guardian at the gates

CONTENTS

<i>Day One: Clearing the Way</i>	13
<i>Day Two: Establishing Connections</i>	35
<i>Day Three: The Affirmation</i>	59
<i>Day Four: The Spermatic Sentences</i>	83
<i>Day Five: Transparency</i>	93

The following meditations are structured around distinct seasons within the realm of interiority.

They begin with the winter of nihilism, move on to the spring of re-definition, are then embodied in the summer of surrender and culminate in the autumn of creative intimations.

The fifth season of ethical investigations fulfils the movement towards exteriority.

All five movements are responses to the transparency of concrete materials and try to articulate a language for their presence.

DAY ONE: CLEARING THE WAY

1. In difference there is the beginning. When tunes collide, we happen. In the beginning there was the dissonance.
2. Man is an arrow piercing reality like an eye: each gaze connects. Presence emerges in unforeseen patterns of irradiation.
3. Whatever is verbal retains un-linguistic traces. The battle is with the mind not with the world.
4. Language is the entropic principle within reality; nothing intangible if conceptualized.
5. Celestial infinities make me realize that there are other feelings in me than fear and trembling. As the ideal is born, the moon becomes a symbol: ideality makes reality concrete.
6. I was there but I withdrew and the objects emerged. As they emerged, I came

into presence. Yet no distance between my body and the objects, no vacuum—paradoxically, involuntarily, incoherently. Oneness is multiplicity; multiplicity is not oneness.

7. The present tense is what survived the last patricide.

8. Open your eyes and stretch your hands; objecthood will pierce your skin. You are encircled: do not fight back, it is pointless: surrender to the vitality of used objects.

9. By breaking away from the motherland of childhood, the exodus towards the history of the self begins—growth equals departure. Think: *In the stillness of all I flow, a theme of many keys.*

10. Scavengers on departed deities looking for myths without narratives, easy prey to the vultures of nihilism. Knowledge gives answers to questions formulated in myths.

11. Born inanimate, we must leave behind a soul; our genesis survives our being—or probably, localizes a tune: *The bat loves darkness, the fish waters deep; the moon loves silence, the sun its burning heat.*

12. The intellect sows laws and reaps miracles. All logical connections, all logical actions, all logical conclusions are intrinsically anomalies. *The intelligible is post-rational.* Man is the counter-measure of all things.

13. Through conjugated verbs, the realm of ineffable articulations marks its borders—and goes beyond them, relentless, regardless, remorseless. Each text has its own cunning. There is a text outside the text as there is writing without an alphabet.

14. What resists definition is what makes defining necessary: language atomizes, pulverizes, confabulates a map over the visible world. So many messages are coming to us; but we are unable to decipher them *because* of our language.

15. The luminous knowledge of being here and now, there and now. Happiness is living without nostalgia, happiness is to resist illusions, to suspend recollection.

16. Know thyself and forget who you are. Based on convergence, the self seeks divergences. It avoids rest and quiet, it dislikes peace and equilibrium. It longs for the

asymmetrical, the eccentric, the disturbing. It destroys its foundations which is the ultimate form of self-assertion.

17. Asking why but explanation can never be found: meaning is redemption. When something is explained the initial question was misformulated.

18. Colors shape. Colors form. Colors reveal. We are defined by colors although it is the dark side of things that generates meaning. Darkness is the no-thing of plenitude, the thing that contains negations and aniconicities. After we are born, we start a fierce and relentless iconoclastic dispute—which never ends. Visibility constructs the eye. Time emerges as colors animate objects.

19. Between childhood and old age, only chaos—neither ideas nor images, only fusion. And from fusion, order, disorder, the cold turns warm, water becomes ice, the air forms clouds, the soil blooms—a whole natural web out of fusions, the unchainable elements.

20. To Heraclitus: ‘Listen, I searched for myself and walked through a heap of rubbish. *What sayest thou now?*’

21. It is a warm suggestive dusk, and sounds become colors as we wake up in an unknown land. Acoustic spaces electrify the air. Vibrations solidify and machines evaporate. Intimations of permanency appear in archetypal shapes. Nobody can tell the time or name the land. We suspect that probably this is the human mode of being.

22. My soul magnifies little insects, annoying bugs and confused grasshoppers—in them I encountered transfiguration.

23. At the ultimate moment when self-awareness prevails, soft voices whisper: “*Yes, we are here...*”, which indicates the emergence of grace.

24. Fall, fall green burning leaves, bring back the scent of bodies devoured by time. Broken beings, broken things make us full.

25. Raining, the still foreign night, devoured now by oblivion; standing wet with flowers in your hands, thinking of an idea which you never understood, waiting for a face that never appeared—confused whispers were announcing the beginning of a myth. Look at the stars—you are revolving with them.

26. Philosophers look for beginnings and theologians for ends. In their midst, we must build our city.

27. The scriptures we read become oral testimonies and the rivers we cross freeze into immobility. We never suspected so much irrationalism in nature.

28. We long for one thing: returning to the warm, dark, wet maze of the beloved labyrinth. Lonely and content, we search for Minotaur's corpse: "*The beast's carcass must hold the answer to the question of our mother,*" we say. There is no father waiting.

29. The snake that gave birth to history is our ideal self. Absolute outwardness—energetic ideas that evolve, devolve, re-evolve. Relentless outwardness.

30. There will be no end to the euphoria of diversification. Here stands an object; and there stands an object. I am standing in front of them, surrounded by objecthood: the promise is regained. Light concretizes, light multiplies. It makes appearances run wild. The multitude of presences is the only unveiling.

31. You make everything transparent, palpable and attractive, prone to gravity. You make everything dense, opaque, topographic, prone to weightlessness. You are pure interiority. You are pure exteriority. You are the purpose and the cause for imagining groundlessness, you presence.

32. One body mirrors the universe; two bodies unify it. Presence is touch and touch leads to metaphysics—bodies propelled through other bodies towards a cosmic choreography.

33. What crawls unearths treasures; whatever soars weaves labyrinths. Look at the sky: blueness intensifies everydayness.

34. Memorialize time; record the adventure; articulate the emotions—then stop.

35. Objects come towards us while we have the impression that we are going towards them. Proximity takes us away while we want to go close. We emerge out of the vicinity of things.

36. Freedom means indeterminacy, uncertainty and confusion.

37. The inimitable dance of attractions leads to misunderstanding: movement weaves incomprehensible messages as the mind struggles to discover patterns and rhythms whereas there are neither patterns nor rhythms anywhere—although they emerge after we stop looking for them.

38. Action, inaction, mobility, immobility, name, namelessness—the guardians of a deserted mansion whose owners have departed leaving behind traces of confusion.

39. I couldn't see the house: there was fog and distance. I could discern movement and hear whispers but the atmosphere was tense, a matter of mood and predisposition that made such presence so opaque and ominous.

40. Forsake, proceed, imagine. Then, forsake again.

41. Sweet illusion dwell in me: feel this flesh, this body of luminous anguish. Chance made it and randomness glorified it, that memorable day when all natural determinism was suspended and accidents emerged.

42. When victory comes, it looks like defeat; when defeat happens, it looks like triumph. It is the architecture of the mind that creates such oppositions fascinated by its tendency to integrate. I work therefore I translate.

43. There is fire here and there and all over—but where is its source and why is it not quenched by water and rain and storm?

44. Precious mortality, true nationality.

45. The endless ungraspability of the present, its interminable hermeneutics through irregular verbs and ungrammatical sentences.

46. Keep words to their place and meaning emerges. If a word rests at the wrong place, a new object emerges, a novel objectification. Grammar refracts, grammar deflects—it sidetracks and populates uninhabited territories with words of terrifying immediacy.

47. When the hand is stretched, the door opens without noise. It opens without being touched—it simply opens. Objectify yourself—resist the allure of subjectification.

48. Ideas, ideas, so many ideas because of unfreedom.

49. The joyous crime of the self blossoms in exile, the exile of uniformities. What we refute refutes us—contradictions are to be connected and not reconciled. By connecting contradictions we realize the completeness of the innocent form. *‘What is innocent form?’ ‘The self unaware of its completeness.’*

50. Magnetic realities always operating—relentless, symbolic and omnivorous: the pearl becoming mud—dark matter absorbing.

51. There is still home if you remember the way back. Just start walking and retrace your steps. Yet again, why would you want to go back there?

52. We have no dreams—only echoes of experiences in confused order, projected onto strange places. So many objects, peoples and places transformed into shadows without the impurity of forceful oppositions.

53. Seduction by one little thing is everything. Grand narratives begin with a small

detail, the vanishing point as we walk along a gallery of imitations. Littleness makes the difference—it is the catalyst towards the implosion of borders.

54. In times of deep awareness, truthfulness collapses, alibis are invented, days become excuses, balance is lost. Anxiety follows. We become complete only when we realize the trouble we cause. We see through the horizon, but things remains silent. Air, the unimaginable interplay of strength and invisibility.

55. Travel, so that you can see what others have seen before you!

56. Meaningful sentences do not have to be true, describe or correspond to a given reality. They don't have to be useful or applicable or verifiable—meaningful sentences evoke. Everything said becomes meaningful; meaning is begotten.

57. Things are thinkable only because they possess clarity, individually—confusion begins in relations and with them knowledge emerges. Relations are unthinkable and cause trouble. We have fallen into language

and we cannot liberate our pre-linguistic existence, the displaced paradise.

58. The concrete begets the abstract, the abstract begets the concrete—we must explain this. Yet the abstract remains abstract and the concrete remains concrete—we must explain this too. We learn by accident, we acquire knowledge involuntarily. Knowledge abolishes otherness.

59. Thinking is inevitable as philosophy becomes a physical experience in itself.

60. The philosophers' task is to drive themselves out of their philosophy—to make their sentences proverbial phrases without paternity.

61. Language neither describes nor corresponds; it connects. Thus there is no misunderstanding in language. Remember: the same word has different meanings in different phrases. Configuring, locating, reframing, you cannot visit the same meaning twice.

62. As geography becomes history, cities are born. Philosophy is the child of urban pressure. Cities expand and philosophy

diversifies. As we philosophize, we create neighborhoods.

63. What is lost was not loved enough—what is excessively loved survives us. Oh love, love again, cruel, troublesome, envious. It waits for the opportune moment, frustrates, fortifies, disconnects and yet creates illusions of omnipotence, exacerbates expectations of immortality, constructs theories of redemption—liberates yet dissects, confuses yet affirms, conquers yet generates chromatic newness in endless complexities. It gives reality a direction, linear and relentless. There are three ages after love: the age of awe, the age of rage, the age of transformation. The awareness of ephemerality makes love inevitable.

64. The terrible satisfactions of faith establish countries where there is no room for humans, animals and objects.

65. Sweet motherlands, dawn and dusk, perennial mothers, nights of silence and dreams. This is not a journey—I am not going anywhere; but I am lost and I know that I will not be found ever again.

66. Universality is gained through dreams—only dreams can break down all barriers between territories. I wanted to go eastwards and found myself thrown into depthless deserts. I am following the black swan, the eternal symbol of disorientation, the perpetual longing.

67. One day the world will stand for us but without us.

68. Our destiny is born after we are dead. Our reality gains potency only when we are not here—our presence is felt when our thingness is diffused.

69. We are born, and the mystery enchants; we age, and the blurred vision reveals. Transparency speaks and we cannot listen.

70. Think of birds flying one after the other, thousands of them, forming unexpected movements only through their position against each other—and around them endless skies framing pictures of complex equilibriums. A world without projections is not a world without projects. Knowledge increases the unknowable.

71. The accidental is the great architect of living spaces. Accidental forms multiply everything representable in time. They make deserts for prophets, monomyths for heroes and tragic narratives for martyrs. What is present represents.

72. Resist temptation to open doors; do not knock—let some doors remain closed. Yet again, some doors are only exits.

73. Fragments subsist—totalities subsume—bodies oscillate.

74. We stand terrified, naked, thirsty—whereas we shouldn't be thirsty and we should have walked across the other side of the street, even if we are naked.

75. Imbalance is restored. No desire to resist, no survival instinct, no will to power. There can be no harmony in the world as long as we are around.

76. Life, merciless, with disastrous virtues, deleterious purities, good deeds that annihilate. Only when we are sick, the intensity of living is revealed. Let us rewrite history from the point of the sick, the unhealthy and the infected. I was present

at a leper colony and learnt the power of distant horizons—horizons without eschatology.

77. Follow the road leading through labyrinths of complexity.

78. The city engulfed in fragrance dissolved into tangible forms. It was transformed again as a telephone rang reminding us of modernity. Memory again and the hyper-reality of our interactions.

79. Modernity remains the grand utopia—unrealized, incomprehensible, continuously imagined.

80. Unrepeatable singularities inhabit the house; they collide and intersect but they want to escape.

81. Nothing is closed—the act of seeing opens forms into multiplicity. We are the open door—our presence opens history into historicity. The numinous—we are it, unaware, searching for the miraculous in remote places, whereas the miraculous is the tune we whistled in the morning to distract the rebellious, excitable, impressionable eye.

82. Open presence and innocent form existentialise reality. The voice is not articulate, it is a cry—but something is said, something is understood. The rest is guessing. Thinking is attunement to our pace of walking.

83. Quiet but not relaxed, alert but not agitated, existing amongst things that form an invisible continuum. Knowledge comes through a body immersed in forms, pierced by expressive specificity and the efficient cause of self-transparency. The essence of being means to bring inner structure outwards—to make the inner complexity external objectivity.

84. Being? The Being? It was exported to the Orient after the last war. Some pockets of resistance still exist but no enemy in sight.

85. Attraction is first, then disaffection, then sublimation—at the end, absorption. We are there even when we are not—and we must learn to say: “Enough!”

86. That torrential impermanence, everywhere! It engulfs reality with suchness and thusness and leaves everything quivering in simplicity.

87. Nothingness is a future reality, an eschatology. It is on its way, but not here yet. Now we abide in multiplicities, in profusions, in alterations, in anomalies, in variations, in idiosyncrasies. Dark phenomena, lucid awakenings! Obscure experiences, orphic surfaces, luminous theories! Thinking is plenitude of being-ness, offspring of many random encounters.

88. The knower is abolished by what is known. The purpose of knowing is to negate its own truths, sharpen the senses and elucidate objecthood—it must become a corporeal phenomenon in order to be what it is.

89. What we know cannot be forgotten. It abides in language, the labyrinth of human screams and echoes. As we talk, they respond. Many languages live within our language, and come alive as we talk.

90. Truth is on the side of life. There is no meaning in death, oblivion or catastrophe. There is no truth-telling; only truth-doing, only truth doing.

91. Knowing and being are about history:

we didn't go to war, we didn't starve, we were given everything—and yet we are worshiping nihilists. Our panic transforms desires into hallucinations.

92. He talked about '*The futility of struggling against the deep lethargy of ignorance*'. He insisted: '*Ignorance indicates absence—which makes room for knowing. All knowledge restricts—through restrictions, prepositions are articulated. Whatever fails to escape its verbalization is most certainly an illusion.*' It was a brave conclusion.

93. After nihilism, art is. It heralds morphogenesis. By forming we are morphing—the things we create re-create us. The world becomes in our image when objects multiply. We look at the open horizons where gods die and worlds collapse with awe and empathy—and yet: there are so many presences in nothingness. When we think that we are out of it, things emerge and form new sibylline symmetries and then we fall into it. Art the Lucifer.

94. What makes us human is our inability to face the consequences of what we know.

Everything that can be illuminated is already illuminated.

95. Goodness personalizes—it creates the uniqueness we want to become. Nobody likes a good person: goodness is a *bad* experience. Good deeds can only be misunderstood.

96. Evil is pretty, enticing, admirable. Evil characters are always more interesting—they have depth, complexity and inner conflicts. Good characters always come from another story—they intrude our mind with the fearsome quality of an unidentified presence. They have tranquil habits and admire the immediate. They accept the incomprehensibility of experience and think that probably the wrong thing is always done.

97. We are surprised by goodness—it never leaves traces. Evil persists till the end; good incepts a beginning.

98. Nobody has reflected on the mystery of goodness or has constructed a metaphor about it; it is unimaginable—it is impractical—no form of action can embody and contain it. Goodness destroys morality.

99. Precious sighs, inaudible intimations, tearful songs: and through them they spring forth: speaking, questioning, answering, the mystery of the unseen embodied in the intentions of others, the mystery of the knowable incarnated in acts of sociability. In words, it is wordless, in images, it is aniconic. Whirl, whirl, whirl, do not stop—no classicist harmony, no romantic subjectification. A cosmic storm rages and you are dancing with it, free and willing and positive.

100. As we struggle to be untrue, unfaithful and unkind, we discover the land of acoustic luminosity: voices and cries and incomprehensible sighs make presence a spatial anomaly, a paradoxical compromise. By de-creating we are re-creating.

DAY TWO: ESTABLISHING CONNECTIONS

1. Meaning comes through bodily movements, hand gestures, facial expressions. Through words meaning becomes embodiment: there is only incarnate meaning. Concepts are born in the stomach, tastes come out of the brain.
2. Oppositions reveal, unveil and declare that the self is a stream of incongruous encounters, unpredicted and indeterminate, torrents of inexpressible elements struggling to become conceptual. Imagination connects them and gives us a past, which we didn't know they had.
3. As the body withers, thinking becomes an open space within. All diseases prove the incomprehensibility of our body. So fall low and do not abandon lowness—it gives perspective.
4. The body—it happens! And then time is

born—the intentional continuity.

5. The truth of reality is disputed—it must be disputed; in fact it must be negated. Where reality is, the anti-real must emerge.

6. The real is totally illogical and can never be truthful—reality is contradiction, it is the space of fluidities, the mother of all derangements.

7. There is no accurate view of reality—the real is tangible inaccuracy. I lose my centre therefore I am.

8. The wind is shaken by the trees, woods beget fire, water begets thirst. The active world is here.

9. Error makes dialogue necessary—indeed makes dialogue possible.

10. Truth is not; truth exists as privation, as *privatio mentis*—the most significant deceptions of the mind or the errors of the heart are called truth. When we are free we cannot be truthful; when we are truthful we cannot be free.

11. We all fail in front of what is present, as we are unable to recognize it. The romantic

I has conquered the world. Yet the world must be seen without us but through us—the great antinomy in all thinking.

12. Let the indefinite take over and presence will become recognizable again. Recognition means cognition revisited.

13. There is no truth about something—there is only truth in something. There is no authenticity in existence: we must forget being. Whoever forgets being is a philosopher.

14. In an era of affluence, the new tragic is born. It is not absurdity, destiny, conflict or inevitability; it is neither incomprehensibility, angst, thanatophobia nor heightened awareness, nihilism or self-destruction. It is about the inability to become who you are, the conscious volition not to imagine who you might become. You can know thyself if you move somewhere else.

15. A totally new breathing is needed: because life's purpose is not the pursuit of happiness but becoming strong enough to say '*maybe*.'

16. In the beginning, you will forget your

birth; in the middle, you will succumb to illusions; in the end, you will talk as if you were somebody else.

17. As we cannot associate the real with the ideal, we invent metaphors: invention is a line of endless thresholds, leading where you don't intend to go—but you do go.

18. When I was a child I behaved like an old man—and I wanted to see the tree at the Garden of the Ancestors. But the animals, the plants and the minerals were always there. Even when our feet took us to another land, they stayed still and waited for our return. The child comes before the parents; it is here unborn, unimagined, unsung, here in pristine transparency although not yet born.

19. Closer to yes than to no, closer to contradiction than to certainty, closer to weighty presence than to airy nothing.

20. When god is invoked, idolatry prevails. When destiny is invoked, we are afraid of living.

21. Don't talk about *laws* or *nature* because you are terrified by luminous newness. The

being-ness of the being can be articulated only through things, it can be conceptualized only through objects—thus, travelers not guardians.

22. Confront institutions with experience: sooner or later, the living continuum overflows frameworks.

23. The purest motives for action lead to the impurest results. History is a map without territory—most of its events are never historical.

24. Imprecision makes everything clearer; it opens the horizon of intuitions, liberating thought from its grammar of inhibitions. Languages evolve because we cannot be defined. Meaning is imprecise because presence is fundamentally indeterminate. There is always something missing in all prepositions as there is always semantic surplus in all statements.

25. Each society has its moment in history; it becomes itself by constructing a metaphor that would become a convergent space for others. History is about metaphors as symbolic spaces of convergence; the study

of history is to locate and localize realms of thinking, as found in used things.

26. We are certain about what is not here—about what is in front of us we are always ambivalent. Presence, uncertainty, indeterminacy, anxiety.

27. Listen you, all unbelievers: “*The ‘absence’ of ‘non-presence’ does not articulate differential meaning—presence is beyond representation. It is the point of convergence, transparently here. It is a synecdoche, many things in one. It is never self-referential: it constructs a universe of mothering pairs*”.

28. We grow in silence; but when we talk, words increase our inability to communicate. Language imposes evasions pointing to an end whereas there is no end. Forgetfulness of being is what makes language an ontological revelation.

29. We will never discover any truth because truth is what is visible and quite translucent. Truth becomes a question when we don’t trust what we see in front of us.

30. The fragment is self-sufficient; it establishes references and inferences. It recreates

the ultimate paradigm without finalizing it.

31. We are always in front of totalities but we experience them as fragments. When we see totalities, fragments emerge; when we indicate fragments totalities arise—this is the double trajectory of the mind.

32. *As here, so everywhere.* Presence above and below, in and out, born, unborn, dead, deathless.

33. In deep confusion, we dream of a new language. Dreaming makes encounters possible.

34. The truth of things is their open co-presence in space. Thus, stop talking about space as you are *the event of space*. Space connects, like a spider.

35. What is connectible is meaningful and thus perceivable: generality, movement, diffusion, expansion, absorption. All complement each other—endless plurality.

36. Only by walking through conquered lands, you will find yourself in history. You never go anywhere; you will stay here, even when your world will be lost,

you will forget, you will be forgotten. You will be here, its history, its proof of existence, *veritas in aletheia*. Be afraid of all triumphant odes.

37. It is so hard to comprehend the known: why then sink into the unknown? By duplicating what is hardly comprehensible we imprison ourselves into the spiraling labyrinth of abstractions; then submission is born, self-forgetting, new life.

38. From the small fragment of a tooth, you reconstruct a gigantic form of life.

39. Objectivity or objecthood?

40. Philosophy is about self-observation and not about autobiography. Neither enlightenment nor ecstasy neither sublimation nor unveiling, but the prickly, sweaty, smelly, dirty living, a failing exercise in self-presentation. Not rehearsal of death but re-enactment of birth. We always think of our birth at the moment of dying, like the sun which is everywhere but sees nothing. Natality not mortality.

41. Each human constructs myths, about love, faith and the self—and it always

destroys the one that reveals most about its presence. What was destroyed by the person itself, becomes the central symbol of its existence—its indelible mythos. What we deny writes our history.

42. A dream: *“I was in a magnificent palace, decorated by glorious names and great works—and was left me alone at its throne chamber. I understand: this is the abode of nihilism. A beautiful place of sophistication, splendor, danger. Alone I contemplate, make accurate observations but have no points of reference, no distinct horizons. I feel that there is something missing but I can see no escape from this marvel of mental inventiveness.”*

43. Nihilism never allows horizons to expand, conscience to unfold, the vertical flight upwards to occur; it imposes stillness devouring identities and contradictions alike. It exposes the cunning of beauty, and immerses us into the dangers of the most lethal intellectual poison.

44. A unicorn appeared in my dream and said: *“I do not exist! I never existed”*. *“How can we imagine a creature like you then?”* But the sacred beast departed with dignity to

the caves of a lunar landscape. *'Interesting,'* I thought, *'that a being denies its own existence as if the mind that perceived it didn't also exist.'*

45. Turn metaphysics against religion: it is the only way to stress the primacy of the concrete and the distinct. Metaphysics give the only way to look at physicality—nature tends innately to abstraction.

46. The thing in its thingness is the only thing. There is no religion: only the soft breeze of polymorphous creativity.

47. All phenomena emerge double-sided: black and white, clear and blurred, meaningful and meaningless. We suffer as we struggle to find unity in what cannot have unity. The eye understands that all phenomena exist in pluralities, crying out for more dimensions to emerge: the one is two and has to become three and further multiply.

48. After Tolstoy: the caterpillar will never see the butterfly it will become. The infinity in us needs an infinity of objects outside us.

49. All moderns celebrate Nietzsche who

unwittingly assassinated modernity at its infancy. He transformed it into a perpetual dusk. Nietzsche's triumph was the humiliation of all modernities—his followers created a litany of lost causes, which they thought were the faults of humanism.

50. Why Nietzsche? Because it is so easy to disagree with him. He inaugurated a continuous dialogue of minds who lost all hope that philosophy had something to do with life—and then entered Wittgenstein whose spasmodic investigations became myths of epistemological completeness. The editors, the editors, have devastated culture...

51. It is strange how Nietzsche's '*yea to life*' was trans-valued into a throbbing nihilism that culminated western metaphysics. Yet, what he saw as corruption was his inability to understand the impurities of being, what he condemned as perversion was his reaction to purity of the real—and his criticism against "equality" was a demoralizing rejection of psychical ambivalence. He was so anti-Hellenic that he thought himself anti-Jewish.

52. Death, even the death of god, does not free any horizon: there is no meaning in death. Lifeless forms are not forms: they are archives. From documents, we construct a self without history, interiority and introspective conscience—the Nietzschean ego. Only the mercy of geometry preserves us from drowning.

53. Nietzsche forgot: when the night falls, everything pulsates with luminescence. And Wittgenstein remembered only too late: *colors spur us to philosophise*. Only Goethe knew: colorless light complements colorful darkness. He is the centripetal sun above epochs of semantic famine.

54. On imagined spaces: they vanish in the abyss of oblivion; they sink into the sanctuary of nostalgia; they disappear in the miracles of self-invention. Thus denounce the mysticism of Being, announce the transparency of beings.

55. Think about thinking by resisting all thought—words bring out more thoughts although not verbally. Thought, words and their connections are embodiments of a

single continuum. Presence never ends: it is the energy which transforms nostalgia into a motive, death into an incentive.

56. Turn a mirror at yourself, look at everything around your face; you will understand what presence stands for. Both immediate and symbolic, it makes the senses complete as the mind gains self-limitation—it presents the other as self-othering which means self-identity. It is so melancholic to be a self, so demoralizing to say *I am...*

57. In conditions of nihilism, the entire world seeks shelter into the incoherence of the inorganic. Yet no enemy is there to be confronted, no stratagems of referentiality are deployed; and there are no eyes to focus on the elemental multiplicity of objecthood. Nihilism prevails not when crisis emerges but when no crisis is in sight—it abides in the security and impregnability of conformism. It camouflages an interregnum of potentialities: emancipated without being free. Thus non-being becomes a logical necessity.

58. Societies structured around unequal distribution of power continuously fabricate new idols.

59. Let us re-start the Renaissance, revision its horizons: let us reconstruct the times from Francis Bacon and Montaigne to Voltaire and Goethe—when philosophy denounced idol rituals while being certain of its own limitations.

60. The search for elemental constituents, for the tangled osmoses is what makes thinking start afresh—by bringing together the medieval synthesis and the rising *ana*-synthesis. Everything became a promise. *Let all compounds be dissolved!*

61. Be un-grammatical, dissolve all regular verbs, make them obsolete: *the insufficient is more than the superfluous.*

62. Commit a crime as long as you know why.

63. All texts have fallen: their fall consummates their ultimate message to the world. The word exists face to face with catastrophe—the word becomes complete as we collapse and disaster takes form.

64. Everything is present, everything is presence—and an endless transparency pierces through space, linking all through rhythm and light. The present tense liberates the senses from the seduction of the past—it historicises the experience of being responding to the endless patterns of unpredictable confusion.

65. Let the indefinite be present, let the indeterminate be seen. Thinking is about liberating the possible from imagination, the impossible from reality. Only through corporeal pragmatism can we construct abstractions.

66. When we think about indeterminacy a pattern emerges; it includes converging forces, invisible formations, and a face that needs a name and cannot remain unnamable. Name the thing rendered unknown by experience.

67. The real is perpetual being—it changes modes of emerging. In extreme situations it finds its balance, in balanced situations it disintegrates.

68. Do not reduce meaning to a conflict of

metaphors, complexities of expression, neologisms, thinking about thinking, creative verbalization—all are framing devices, encircling experience. What stays out is the way to presence. What stays in is the way to oblivion.

69. What we struggle hard to achieve is our undoing. Inspired by illusions, motivated by delusions and energized by fallacies, we keep the Troy of meaning under siege, knowing that only when the best in us is dead, will its walls fall. We make meaning possible through our distinct irrationalism.

70. Depiction not analysis, illustration not exegesis. We become who we are only when we realize where we are.

71. Writing is a compass. We witness, testify and reaffirm. Every fact is a primal text.

72. The white becomes black; the green turns red and the yellow morphs into brown. Discontinuity exists within continuity—the act of morphing makes flow intelligible, visible, representable.

73. The innate propensity for dualisation—the ideal elucidates the empirical,

movement localizes stillness. We move as we stand, we die as we change. Our secrets are clearly obvious: we enter at the moment we leave. Remember: the river still flows and you can enter it again and again—flowness prevails.

74. Life is justified only if it remains inexplicable. Thus there are only philosophies about spring and philosophies about autumn: the seasons in between are full of concerns. Life is justified aesthetically because of our need to misinterpret ourselves.

75. When the self acquires presence, potentialities merge. How do we acquire presence? By disenthraling ourselves about our ability to see.

76. *To be* is not as '*I am*'. I am something, some quality, some movement, a passion. I am *as* something, quality, movement, emotion. To be and not-to-be are the same—the ecstatic allure of grammatical coherence. '*I am*' is differentiation, expression of a *creative manifestation* which explores, expands, implodes.

77. Despite the many invitations and the

endless calls, there is one single statement, as the foundational logos to everything: listen carefully and make it yours. As you grow old, it grows out of you. Therefore do not be afraid to become didactic.

78. The phenomenal self *is* the phenomenon. Thus look attentively at these ciphers of self-sufficiency.

79. One day when we all be out in the streets, everything will be doubled, the buildings, the cars, the garbage bins, the humans. Multiplied, they will follow us and will remain with us as testimonies of guilt and love, of the primal failure to justify nonexistence. They will never abandon our bodies, our shadows, protecting angels and personal demons, ghost images of our presence—our projections to the unfriendly universe, framing our primal failure again.

80. Point out the beauty of found objects; the clarity of material contours, the specificity of their form. You become specific only when you inter-relate: un-project your own self from the world and then you

will become communicable. Write down your thoughts, as if they were not yours.

81. I want to stay true to my old self and have no desire to invent a new one.

82. It is dark, really dark but we can all see and see clearly—yet by seeing we lose ground and shrink and evaporate. The ancient question: ‘*Why turbulence?*’

83. The otherness of others brings in you what is not other. Then you become the new herald, the mind without psychology.

84. I grow old as they grow younger; my body weakens as they grow stronger—we move towards opposite directions simultaneously while refuting the linearity of time: as they are distant, I move closer.

85. Something is needed which is not at hand, yet it is present.

86. Empirically, everything is verifiable; only theoretically, it becomes spurious. As you age, time is accelerated and life slows down.

87. No balance, no symmetry, no harmony, all particulars lead to new accidentals:

this amorphous whole cries out seeking convergence. It desires to be nuanced, qualified, particularized. Everything big wants to be small: smallness imposes equilibrium; disequilibrium leads to expansion. They all form the ontology of ecstatic openness.

88. Do not try to understand, only taste the sweat and tears of corporeality.

89. Nothing to begin with. No one to base yourself on. Nowhere to look at. It is freedom but it is sad and leaves many gaps.

90. No principles, no origins, no finalities. I just look at shapes and colors and form certainties about meaning and purpose.

91. The allure of immortality is the greatest religious heresy. There is no aggression more ungovernable; there is no storm more violent; there is no thought more disturbing that would destroy all limits, all principles, with its impetuosity.

92. I walked through many paths, but still I cannot translate the act of walking into concepts. So many journeys, so many houses, so many people—and yet no concepts about them.

93. Presence abides in multiplicities, weaves one experience with another, gathers concept upon concept, breeds semantic differentiation. By looking, you order, by thinking, you localize, by naming, you generalize.

94. The most exhausting effort in life is spent making masks for our mind—inventiveness, ingenuity and intelligence are all exercised and perfected as we master the art of dissimulation. All our words are cryptograms so well contrived that only few can be unconcealed posthumously. What can be concealed is our abiding testament.

95. At a certain age we stop and realize that we are in the middle of a labyrinth. We look around but we can only see dark walls with orphan words scratched on them. Subterranean sounds unnerve us as we cannot remember how we entered.

96. We are all spectacular examples of what our era was never about. What saves us from madness is curiosity for useless knowledge.

97. Thus far we have had methodological

explorations: of how notions become concepts, how prepositions are formed and metaphors are constructed. Thereby we explore what happens when we are *here*.

98. We have three eyes: one looks towards out-there, the other towards in-here and the third towards the immanent openness.

99. Somebody devised it; another earned it—you must implement it.

100. The self is a home and the I abides in it. There is meaning in the world and you must find it. Thus: plunge deeper and deeper into the thick anonymity of the mystery—and come out the other side, pristine, postlingual, configured.

DAY THREE: THE AFFIRMATION

1. *What now is, in the beginning it was not.*
2. As consciousness breaks new openings, it abandons ontological claims, accepts fluid substantiality and does not find refuge in being-ness. Ultimately, you don't have to kill anyone, by transfusing language with absence—the death of god relocates godliness. Anthropology and cosmology are one.
3. History lesson: Montaigne, Bruno, Francis Bacon, Pascal, Descartes, Spinoza and all thinkers before John Lock. The Invisible College during the battle between reason and will. '*Pascal?*' Yes, especially him: his total conundrum, his passion for human wretchedness are probably the most philosophical aspects of his faith. His illness redeemed him; he had to *re-think* on what his senses ascertained: that the world of relations is more complex than us and

we have to constantly make unlikely connections. By re-thinking, he affirmed existence, the multiformity of presence, its transformability. What we reject is what we cherish the most. What consumes us is the touchstone. What we cannot say is what we reveal about us.

4. By being, things arise; by acting, affirmation emerges; by working, connections appear; by naming, we procreate, by communicating, space begins, time emerges: as we time in, we turn up.

5. Space and nothingness are the only absolutes—because they are the energies connecting what is to what is not.

6. When you are in it, you cannot be of it. Presence is redemption, transfiguration, breathing. *Faith?* Faith is the justification for the historical present tense. *Cogito ergo sum* means: the demonstration of my existence happens within my being.

7. Everyday experience confirms that the irrational is found within rationality—it is not its negation but its organic constituent.

8. We know of nothing which is not

presence. Presence particularizes. Homes follow, cities are built, utopias are configured, unbearable imaginative realities are constructed because of such particularization.

9. From presence, consciousness arises; from consciousness knowledge; from knowledge introspection; from introspection error; from error experience; from experience change; from change self-recognition.

10. When you ask: 'What is wrong in this sentence?' you are already elsewhere. Language maps distance.

11. Language abolishes distance. By linking experiences it ambiguates—that's why many sentences make sense but have no meaning.

12. Explore the grammatical insatiability of the verb 'to be'. 'To be as' is the real thing; 'to be' is the unreal no-thing—interdependent conditioning makes unity intelligible. The subject makes the actions and the actions modify the subject—intentions link and relocate.

13. When I talk about myself, a new self emerges in me. My name becomes the unity of the emerging self—and yet is used as the misnomer of a sameness which is not with me anymore.

14. The nameable actualises, generates, produces, structures, registers and antithesises. Whatever is named points to its antitype. By attributing names on things we generate more things. The name that can be named *is* the right name.

15. Sentences arrest meanings, transfix their flow and stop their volatility—they concretise meaninglessness.

16. Start; then digress, digress again, weave the web of paradox—be unpredictable. You will ask: '*Will you be there?*' The answer will be: '*You will find my traces.*' It starts with a dance and ends in a dream—that's all.

17. Unexpectedly you look at objects in their quiet state: heavy, dirty, tired objects—and you learn from them the special lyricism of existence. Your hands still on them, sweaty, sticky, smelly, occasionally

tragic, sometimes unwilling, always curious, connections with the surrounding flow and the powerful attraction we all feel but we think as incidental desire for fulfillment.

18. Humanity's surprising chaos can be seen in each specific object: their very specificity shapes affinities with materiality, the imprints of the body, the persistence of experience that cuts sharply through every phenomenal presence.

19. Rust, corrosion, dust, human hands, shoes, frayed clothes, senses of composition, implosion, sensations and concepts inside and outside.

20. The mind brings the luminosity of things into its darkest completion.

21. On the left, time; space on the right; and in the middle, the dark forest.

22. Thought, deeply erratic, like human life, thought full of breaks, snapshots, episodes, fatigue, a terminal disease, the end, statements of disgust, prepositions of affection, elemental beings, sunsets, thinking, rejections, questions, not-there-yet, the

pain of loss. A metaphor: words are swords and cut through all objects.

23. A song, hands that search, a sigh, tasting food, danger, a threat against the miracle of hearing, the need to be fair, the potency of a deep desire, falling into the depths of unimaginable nothingness—all the present moment and more.

24. '*Countless are my names and my dwellings countless.*' Break the boundaries, taste the fountains, shake the restless eyes—extol the liberating expansiveness.

25. Thus, thought emerges, as we eat, and sneeze, and have nightmares, bringing into the mirror of conceptualization, images of burnt forests and sunken habitations. We have to consummate all these, burn the remaining flesh under the soft humility of our daily effort, devour the invisible elements of our alchemical liquidity, finally, consume the maternal surplus of desire by bringing new animals into the ice of reality.

26. It all ends in a haze of fear, angst, melancholy, creativity, unripeness and

recognition of our intrinsic incompleteness—that full moon, those white seagulls, the noisy mechanical vultures, some uncertain whispers, our incredible ability to live through vulgarity. We know thinking only as disfigurement, deformity, only as discoloration as dissembling, as absence of attraction.

27. Neruda not Wittgenstein. *Canto General* not *Philosophical Investigations*. Why? If we equate meaning with linguistic use, then any sentence can make sense. Yet all statements point to *qualifying* experienced realities. Why? Words are musical scores: according to their performers they emit different meanings. Naming is en-truthing: *my land without name, without America*.

28. Sighing, groaning, screaming, laughing, moaning, weeping, giggling, sobbing, whistling—so many languages, without words, unmediated, direct, alarming.

29. New names, old names, future names—they all discover something as they speak involuntarily. So: thinking to consciousness, form to inventiveness, imagination to

sublimation. What makes all presence open is the multiplicity of its names—which also implies the multiplicity of its positions.

30. Read: ‘*Your very bathwater shall be made of essence of cloves, spirits of roses and violets, unicorn’s milk, and panther’s breath preserved in a bottle and mixed with Cretan wine. We shall drink gold and amber until the spinning ceiling gives us vertigo.*’ What does it mean? The proper question is: ‘Where its meaning can be found?’ It can be located on the stage of the Jacobean period, written by Ben Johnson, as retaliation to other poets in his *Volpone*. *How do we understand it today?* On stage only because in any other locality, the very same expressions are non-semantic. Meaning is localization: words in formation frame semantic fields and thus locate meaning. Just locate the place, detect the intention, ground the references: determining thus the specificity of meaning.

31. What is said could have been said otherwise. Language is not about words: language circumscribes what is not linguistic. Words outlast their use.

32. Not all respond to their name. We all think that someone else is called.

33. Winter, summer, autumn, April—these names consume me alive, burn me into ashes.

34. What I believe destroys me; what I accept prepares my undoing.

35. Things real exist to become things imagined; things imagined exist to become things real.

36. Every sentence is a metaphysical hypothesis. Language stands to experience as a tree stands to tree-ness: an assumption working through ascription. By creating a language about trees, we construct a space of convergence—a space of tree-presence. Language confabulates.

37. Things never born dominate our life. One must find the courage to declare: *'I used to study sentences; but now I study interactions.'*

38. By bringing ideas together you create facts.

39. Hostile powers, omnipotent invisibilities—surrender, unconditionally—surrender.

40. Random is life and therefore unique. Random is my existence which makes it so binding. Think of yourself as the converging body of asymmetries. Only chance can make the undefineability of the divine possible.

41. The heart cogitates, comprehends, figurates; the mind reacts, sentimentalises, emotionalises—both are totally absurd, aren't they?

42. The heart has its reasons that only the mind can experience.

43. We have to be present at the hour of our death, prepare everything, whisper inaudible words, perform indecipherable gestures. Then we must wait.

44. By being present we limit ourselves—consciously, methodically, ironically. Our adverbs show the way we are.

45. The numinous silence of many borderless regions gives meaning to language.

46. There is meaning everywhere; we are the content of meaning; it embodies the open space of our presence.

47. We are not transparent; yet we think we are—which makes us so opaque.

48. If you call it reality, you simply refute its continuity. If you don't call it reality, you simply deny its specificity. How should we call it then? Presence, materiality, the flesh? Or maybe, our daily bread?

49. I stand on the ground, my hands move and shape things, from the eye of the storm, I live next to a friend, who says a name which is attributed to me and who wants to talk about me to other friends. The difficulty of lucid sentences exhausts me.

50. If our eyes are clouded, how can we see so clearly? We should have never started this march—we are fallen but at the same time it doesn't really matter: we know how to walk and that's enough.

51. The horrible groaning of god before day one; the farewell to god after our individuation, day two. Our conceptual presence, day three. Alone in an endless forest making up stories, day four. Searching for other stories, day five; our entrance into history's unsettling space, nature and

forms, day six. The immense confusion of freedom, day seven. After Paul Celan died, the language of modernity was born.

52. Sing the cruelty out of the inner beast, reveal the religiosity that leads to temptation, dance with polychromatic ontologies that make everything incomprehensible.

53. Words, sonic vibrations, so many troubled syllables, so few declarations of emancipation. Try not to be a poet because that's what you only are.

54. Moments: birth, mother, school. Days: love, despair, home. Centuries: right now, confusion, yes and no.

55. As long as fire burns and water flows, there will be human community—myths and dreams will be born, and the will to restrict your being within the confines of history, offering the surplus energy as a gift to those who come after you and will never see your face.

56. Anonymous people, indistinguishable entities, flowers, paper, the littleness of lovable butterflies all fill me with metaphysics, they constitute the unreformable ontology.

57. My freedom, my memory, my thinking, my will, my body, whatever is ascribed to me, whatever is described through me, whatever I hold on or I am given to, my presence, my absence, my essential being, my excess meanings, or my mere graven images, my emotions, my reactions, my preconscious ideas, all call forth a self that I never knew I possessed or didn't feel existed but was constantly embodied by me—responsive, receptive, reformable. What kills me makes me a symbol.

58. What is indestructible in us is added to our name after we die; we have never experienced it, never lived through it, never imagined with it. Quite likely we fought against it all our life.

59. Neither ecstatic nor prophetic, neither delirious nor enthusiastic, neither angry nor melancholic—just be what you are, the reluctant mediator, between a table and a chair, between knife and bread, between ideas and relations.

60. Presence means: localizing the ephemeral within the self; conceptualising the

ephemerality of the self; locating in impermanence what becomes lucid awareness.

61. I came with my Mediterranean phenomenological shallowness and received the mutable asymmetries of everyday interactions—all transmitted wordlessly, so unsystematic, so euphoric.

62. As the eyes opened, the elements rushed flooding in, forms were crystallised, emotions surrounded them with awe and rage, roots grew, the world exploded in millions of colors. Then the doors were shattered, new doors opened, green, yellow, red, prickly, aggressive doors, as winds of innumerable voices whispered, water and desire, air and solitude, fire and thinking, earth and symbolism. Space came in—now let us explore.

63. Stars pouring down on us, the celestial ecstasy of cosmic nothingness, the immensity of such nothingness, the generosity of this nothingness, enthuse me, make me be here, express presence in ontological icons. Give me new realities to talk about old words.

64. Wind drives all movement; heat configures all colors; rivers flow pushed by coolness; mountains rise squeezed by cold.

65. Seek for singularity, for the forgotten stone, the rejected word.

66. Science embodies poetic sensibility; technology manifests our constructive creativity. Tectonic faculty is coterminous with theoretic voracity.

67. Restore the significance of the ordinary, express its complexity, represent its depth, work with time to redeem its anxiety, work against time to sublimate its powerlessness, work ahead of time to free its poetry.

68. The common, the mundane, the ordinary form a trinity which informs all grand philosophical systems.

69. In the openness of thinking there are only borders—the centre of thinking is a border region where there is neither power nor control, neither dominion nor authority, neither imperium nor hegemony—but in everything and in all reigns the luminal and the liminal, the infinitesimal and the

lexical, the meaningful and the numinous. Thinkers are guardians at the borders and this can be their only identity.

70. When we start praising exceptional things, charismatic individuals and extraordinary achievements, our next step will be to destroy what wants to remain commensurate to itself.

71. Evil fascinates, elevates, empowers. Goodness limits, restricts, specifies.

72. If you can imitate the body then you can also imitate the soul: but, you cannot imitate the body and therefore you cannot imitate the soul.

73. We embody the synthesis of all narratives because in the dimension of *being* we locate the common space of meaning which has nothing to do with narratives at all.

74. Light, yet we grope blind, using archaic dialects and undecipherable scripts, constructing worlds, identities, vague recollections of a history attributed to our existence, by imaginative monsters in collective consciousness. The sea of transfiguration expands; in the remaining dry

land, the snake again, leads us to perdition and self-awareness.

75. It is not Ithaca that we will find poor; it is us who become poor and uninteresting in our struggle to conquer grand celebrated utopias.

76. It speaks, it is spoken, it will speak through us on our behalf when we won't be here.

77. Love causes disunity; hatred prompts convergence: character makes reality ethical. Our religion is the city. There is one truly serious philosophical question, which is to unveil the hidden identities of the city.

78. I emerge, I am known, I am remembered, I am thought-of, I am related to. Since I emerge, I become part, since I am felt, I activate. Since I am known, I can be translated, since I can become words, I can also be seen in images. Since I am, I will be—in one way or another, always otherwise.

79. Not proofs, not evidence, not authentication but symmetrical descriptions, convincing approximations, equivalent correlations.

80. Let the image become word or the word become image, in moments of dramatic normality.

81. It is only doubts that really matter, broken voices revealing the struggle with articulation, incomplete sentences unveiling the void we have failed to fill, incoherent impressions unable to construct an image—sun vanishing, without new days emerging.

82. Presence is what is defined and represented and communicated and remains beyond definition and representation and communication, because it contains all of them together in unformed configurations, in unexpected correlations, in intersections or correspondences.

83. Preoccupied with the rage against time, we bypass islands of solarly and epochs of lunarly. We don't even notice that we grow old.

84. It is in presence that my mind comes forth—in presence that my fullness is gained—and it is in presence that I give birth to such complexities. The initial solitude evaporated and the melancholy of

individuality vanished: existence is what has a face. Construct your face and depart.

85. The three foundational concepts of metaphysics: natality, phenomenality, psyche. The three fundamental precepts of physics: mortality, action, body.

86. Go to the wide field of antinomies: do not hesitate—then attend to the puzzling messages of nature.

87. As long as we live, we have to decentre our self. Only after we die, others we will to speculate about our centre.

88. I cannot lose my life, despite being vulnerable. What is discarded is also redeemed. What remains with me is not mine.

89. Confront reality with a special tone in your voice and the radical potential of your ordinariness will be liberated. All out of all—particulars create a totality which never existed in them. Where there are two, there are three but in deed many.

90. Conquer the false appeal of depth. Succumb to the carnivorous desire of simplicity.

91. We think because we are born and not because we are afraid of dying. We understand because the world of objects extends our existence to spaces we would have never thought of going. What is absent for us is presence to others.

92. Essence originates in randomness which concretises unintentionally what is seen and experienced and imagined: when you understand this, the dance begins, the cosmos opens up, the personal adventure can be told.

93. It appears again and again; it is constantly unconcealed but we all want it covered. It is a visible horizon which we will never approach although it will define our being.

94. I gather things and substances, memories and fingerprints, objectionable behavior and sublime ideas—the endless tactility of matter awakens my constructive restlessness.

95. I will build my house with everything rejected, with linguistic deviations and elements cheap and paltry and contemptible.

So that for few moments, unhindered by conceit and admiration, I will be absorbed by natural flow and feel drunk by the conscious task of naming, of thanking.

96. No growth is unintentional; no expansion is unvolitional. We grow because we want and we expand because we desire it. Self-limitation makes our reality presence in action. Although we can, we don't; although we want, we deny, although we desire, we immobilise. Stop before your myth is completed—leave your story unended and make others part of your being.

97. The limitless dehumanizes; the finite creates identity. By demarcating, we specify. It is chaos that leads to self-awareness.

98. Knowledge moves both ways: either towards cognition or towards unknowability. You either learn or you un-learn.

99. The most powerful affirmation comes as you dedicate yourself to comprehending the inimitable idiosyncrasy of beings. The unrepeatability of each being establishes natural regularities; it institutes realities: the ephemeral resuscitates ancient

words, gathering promises of endless transvaluations.

100. In the last day of wandering, the sun comes out softly, the horizon is illumined, the city is shining, the sea pulsates with liquid energy, the buildings breathe effortlessly, with gentle sighs of relief. Solar brightness is flowing over the resuscitated city with intensity, empathy, immersion—and the inhabitants are looking at each other with mutual consent. *So many days in nihilism but the dark epochs are finally over...* And the birds, the plants, the animals, the crawling insects, all flying elements are all signing: *'We lived through objectification, we made the crossing, through the delirium of words, over the bridge of illusions, we reached the distant shores of inspired commonalities, we uttered the melancholic yes, the cosmological yes of luminosity... the beginning of depthless temporality... the end to all our languages, our myths, our absence.'*

DAY FOUR:
THE SPERMATIC SENTENCES

1. Open the gates, you narrative ecstasy!
2. There is another language around and I must find it.
3. Language makes be what does not always work.
4. Representational thinking, no other way.
5. All sentences are palindromes.
6. That haunting uninvited presence, well danced, symmetrical.
7. Presence builds homes, more homes, other homes.
8. Presence rests in abeyance.
9. As immanence becomes imminence, theory is possible.
10. We can have theories about what is not empirical.

11. Pre-verb versus post-verb—and the configurations in between.
12. Zones of disturbing stillness, secret trails of visibility.
13. Luminous anomalies, numinous asymmetries.
14. The tempo of things as the temperature of existing.
15. Forensic reports, poems, geometrical treatises—fall and redemption.
16. Study the ethics of the dark valley.
17. This disturbing interregnum between gods.
18. To look is to structure.
19. Presence engenders un-answerability.
20. The great unveiling is always behind us.
21. Man's encounter with Being? Why?
22. Humility shatters.
23. We have no concepts about ourselves.
24. Something is reflected upon us but we cannot see it.

25. Connections, attractions, randomness.
26. From instant to instant, temporal intersections.
27. While looking wide open, the doors of perception are not there.
28. Oh you, exegetical credulity, stop being so profound.
29. As you ask, there are no questions.
30. Words are defenses against other words.
31. Simply confound all pretty answers.
32. Nothing more eloquent than perplexed silence.
33. Brittle oscillations, enigmatic vibrations, acoustic luminosity, all.
34. Where life abounds, iconoclasts prevail.
35. Verticality of proper names look at the horizontal linearity of things.
36. We are fulfilled after the attainment of disbelief.
37. As mirrors darken, they release presence.
38. Liquid solarly, pale lunarly, liberate us!

39. That promising stench of decomposition and philosophy.
40. There are so many ways to tell you who I am.
41. Prepare your life for gratitude.
42. On the incantatory persistence of objects.
43. In daylight, it is wasted; in nighttime, it is restored.
44. The instability of words secures the stability of meanings.
45. In the dominion of Endarkenment, I recall what brought us here.
46. What about our fascinating capacity to engage with strangers?
47. Human being, numinous, confused, characterless.
48. Truth leads to imprecision.
49. This is not the sun: it is a fireball.
50. Fallen into the etymological web of lost meanings.
51. Gravity leads to religion.

52. *Smash your nowness, for ever!*
53. Our strange submission to absence.
54. Autonomy is rational comprehension over structures.
55. Besieging the impregnable anonymity of the real.
56. You restore as you reject.
57. Beclouded, befogged, bemused.
58. Darkness outshining brilliance.
59. The terror of reality becoming spiritual quest, arcane architecture.
60. Life necessary through sin.
61. Nefarious idealist, just look around!
62. Deciphering dissonance completes the self.
63. Make distinctions, form judgments, cause disunity.
64. As the body changes, it resists change.
65. Objects stand out in self-sufficient temporality.
66. Search in the periphery to revitalize the centre.

67. Imagining many imperceptible ubiquitous tomorrows.
68. It is always here; it never leaves, or returns.
69. Beautiful because irrational.
70. Everything happens when you look elsewhere.
71. Searching for the simplest way of habitation.
72. There are four seasons—and that's plenty of time.
73. If there is in one, then all have it.
74. Body fresh, memory dry, humidity de-creates and recreates.
75. The inflections of solitude, so many inflections.
76. The endless murmuring of thinking, like a honeybee dance.
77. Imagination conjures absence.
78. Unobtrusive being, taciturn existence: only suggest.
79. Reconsider that fatal moment of self-recognition.

80. You act as you look.
81. All teachings are diaries.
82. Freedom arises from correct distance.
83. Waiting for the sound of distant catastrophes.
84. *Oh those horrible things that all families do!*
85. Through our emotions, nature suffers.
86. Choose the wrong way; it always takes you to the borders of the self.
87. As you take one wrong direction, you realize that it was inevitable.
88. Randomness crystallizes forms, recentres flow.
89. The need for permanency makes people change their life.
90. Don't look back—your home is gone.
91. Search for answers: don't be seduced by questions.
92. Language is a screen and projects.
93. We see whatever desires to be seen.
94. Blaise, you have so much to lose if your god exists!

95. Faith that excludes is faithlessness.
96. The faithful must justify the faithless.
97. Faith acts against being.
98. If you distrust the faithless, you deny the mystery.
99. I am presence, the bridge-maker over worlds.
100. Through the thorns and the thistles of presence I am where I am.

DAY FIVE: TRANSPARENCY

1. Fertile plenitude; thingness prevails.
2. Entering the realm of infinite space, never returning to the root, no origin, no source, no mother.
3. If this is a stone there can be no stoneness; if there is stoneness, this cannot be a stone. Vast openness, filled with small things, density and contradictions. Ears and sounds, eyes and colors, mouth and tastes all share the dark negativity that makes them necessary to each other.
4. All things are three, even if they are one or many: they are together, were together and will be together. Trinities are the temporal synergies of forms.
5. More to more, less to less: multiplication not balance. Contraction and expansion, strength and weakness, existence and non existence, simultaneously. Reversal

becomes progression—when named, all stop and then move on again.

6. It starts with the primal failure: naked sky, dark anonymity of intentions, the luminous carelessness of nihilism—the founding moments of being. It then moves away—to the unfounding events of thought, destabilizing all forms, upsetting all geometries. They alternate, shaping materialities that never existed individually but are morphologically inevitable.

7. Wild beasts dismantle the sky, ferocious fish devour the sun, carnivorous birds tear oceans apart, bringing about silent implosions, noisy movements, presence in zero beginning, presence in infinite ending.

8. The child exists before its parents; yet it remembers them not. Clogged by ambivalence, it looks everywhere; but all parents are still unborn. It invents a language for their absence.

9. Transmitters not makers, disseminators not producers, translators not originators. Beings engage and disengage, things mingle and un mingle—unlimited self-creation.

10. So transparent that becomes dense. So translucent that becomes opaque. So precise that has no form. It rotates as we stand still, dances as we contemplate. Mundane, everyday, trivial—yet looks eternal. It is at hand while we seek it in remote geographies—we imagine it while it is the constant imprint of embodiment. The infinite space between things—not void and connects.

11. Without end, ruptures, breaks, inconsequentialities, closer yet stepping away—in the conflagration of beingness. Close, distant, depthless unapproachability, absorbing anonymous presences, named absences, as the fire of proximity illumines perennial themes, affirmative utterances, ineffable remoteness.

12. Going over there: the road is known, the destination forgotten. All changes are involuntary—what happens against our will gives us identity.

13. Extracting colors without distorting form: the seen holds a mirror to the seer. It pictures the asymmetries of vision

disturbing the specificity of nouns, proper names, or other self-conscious entities. Distinctions establish the vitality of essence.

14. Following differences, dwelling in overcrowded spaces, searching for disintegration—but then again moving through differences, sojourning in remote places, searching for fixity: vast space without specificities, although itself specific. In time, turning into all combinations of evanescent forms, transforming the paradoxical logic of dualism, what was at hand but unconceived takes form and makes everything transparent.

15. By being here, you interfere; by interfering, you transform; by transforming, you recentre; by recentering, you reconfigure; by reconfiguring, you disassemble; by disassembling, you relocate nothingness and existence as two points in palindromic movement. No divine truth, no human truth, no truth, but yellow, red, mercury flow, unrestrained geometry of inconsequentialities, restoring continuity between serenity and agitation.

16. Everything connected is a beginning: between one body and another, a unique self emerges. Where the self is, the un-self must rise; the un-self extends, expands and exteriorizes. It hides itself in small moments of unguarded manifestation. It reveals itself in great movements of collective differentiation. Immersion into the inconceivable, immersion into the unrepresentable: restoration begins as devastation.

17. Imagining profound terrestriality, walking through stony abstractions, blue formations, yellow alienations, multimodal ideas; summoning nothingness to serve grand economies, yet falling into metallic creative effusions. The small is flexible and formative; the big is unmoving and encompassing. The world kills the word; language vanishes as the mind understands itself. Language predetermined the fall.

18. Travelling through the realm of lost certainties, its fears, erotic dances, deep caves of knowledge and asceticism, replete with minerals, vegetation, fossils, complete impurity, guided by a misunderstood prophesy, strange signs landscaped by the

elements—primal pathway, final pathway.

19. Ultimately, only our masks win; there is no room left for our face. Buildings move like insects, machines crawl like ants. The power to act is given by the summer sun and winter rain, elemental companions, in the history of cities and civilizations. Nothing remains silent, the continuum between materialities, forms and ideas reconstructs the foundational experience of ineffability.

20. The sky absorbs, the sea discards, the soil transforms. The vibrations of form crystallize deeper symmetries, ungeometric; thus complexity is restored. Unforeseen dimensions of stone, salt and perfume. We attune, we strive to attune; we dream of attunement.

21. Senses present, the mind represents and we stand in the middle; the ineffable is also inaudible and imperceptible. Following the great rivers we collapse into invisibility; traversing large territories we resurface into indeterminable cultures. It is there as we are here. Interaction creates the past tense.

22. Minds conquered by beginnings; bodies devoured by howevers; cities devastated by verbs; realms plundered by archaisms. Contradictions and paradoxes and antinomies and identities and identifications and simplicities. By perfecting abstraction, we overpower the influence of time.

23. When you lose, indeed you augment; when you localize, you initiate. Thus you must mobilize intrinsic rhythms, dreams, variations of forgotten tunes. Going up, going down, mixing dimensions and orders of experience—pivotal moments of recognition as time regains its space. The spiral frenzy begins. Simplifying essence makes everything complex.

24. As we count our days, things regain their pristine utilitarianism; they exist as felt temporality, as we dream of timelessness and perennality. The object is an event and an experience: as we grow old it comes to life; it multiplies from hand to hand from place to place. The continuum of time and necessity brings order and expansiveness: we are surrounded by benevolent decay.

25. Bright trees, shining constructions, black luminosities prepare an epiphany which we witness but unwillingly overlook. We build bridges, by destroying language, we build relations by restoring illusions. Things endure, emotions elude, forms reveal. When we start a journey, we are already lost. The mode of being is the essence of being.

26. Going backwards doesn't mean revisiting origins; you reignite fires of severed relations. It is neither primitivism nor protogeny nor originarism. You rekindle the flame so that you lit the caves again, paint their walls and re-imagine their specificity.

27. Identification with the object, de-identification with the medium, re-identification with the experience. Then language collapses: you need rituals, but you only have ideas.

28. Memory's tyrannical sweetness establishes rites of absence. You seek presence but you only reproduce the existing. What is self-sufficient is not enough: separation

leads to amalgamation—and then the unknown prevails.

29. Space has no locality, time has no temporality. The abyss of now declares sudden manifestations, momentary concrete forms, ceaselessly emerging through the fluctuating impurity of beings. All and one, tree and forest, a number and mathematics—open presence connecting roots and fruitions, luminous persistent transvisibility.

30. The flow of being becomes aware of its flow; flow is being in becoming aware of its beingness. I am, I know, I flow—yet there is no I but the continuous chain of cultural egos searching for ecosocial grounding.

31. Abundance emptied of everything yet abundance remains. There is no diminution, despite loss, all is connected and reconnected, things encountered countless times, or even once, passions leading to inner visions, surrounded by archetypes of momentary immediacy. We remain, after our city is vanished; after the rain has evaporated, the burning rejuvenation of elemental potentialities lasts and prevails.

32. We live under the danger of the real yet struggle to define identity through the nostalgia of a paradise lost. Throw away the shackles of imagination: the real is eccentrically fantastic.

33. First you are, then you happen and then you are absorbed. Continuous remembrance, ceaseless activity, occasions of shining exteriority. Unification of acts, disunity of motives, uncentered realities: *“I am the manifestation, I am the concealment. I want to be known, I want to be hidden. In one mode I am this in another I am something other: my body hides and reveals. I stand in between without scission or dilemmas: there could not be any other possibility—the face of a primeval god, the body of an eschatological saint”*.

34. Nothing to reveal or nothing to hide; nothing to cover or nothing to uncover—yet plenty to reveal and plenty to hide, plenty to cover and plenty to uncover. Like at a border crossing, we can fall on either sides, finding balance for what is deprived of ideas, impose balance on what is tormented by ideas.

35. Separate what is united; distinguish the homogenized: the law of identity holds as space prevails, objecthood is conceptualized and time becomes an occasional modification. Non-existence determines knowledge, existence defines imagination. Mundane truths become eternal shelters.

36. Resonance and vibration, every moment plants a theory in the expressive ecology of thinking. Impurity is the secret to all beginnings: the end alone purifies existence. The name of life is resistance, the work of life is disturbance.

37. It is late at night in the history of language: I am the unnumbered year and I am the moon after chronology. My dwelling is the color of dying flowers, the eyes of dead animals, the old madness that shook the mind with Homer. Bringing death into language, liberating unconquered lands from oblivion. Seeing the sound moving between things, weaving nets of proximity.

38. We know more than we understand; we understand more than we know. Then

poems emerge which confuse everything; water writing in complex scripts, winds painting un-genealogized icons, stones depicting future anthropological incidents. Doors connect and doors isolate—no exit, no escape or eschatology; only immanence and the sadness of individuality.

39. Consciousness bright as the moon, thought blue as the sky—living their life, dying their life, perturbing the endless oceans of images, breathing the deep horizons of explanations. Something upsets the mind, the secret guilt of presence, devouring, dismantling, dissociating. Existence emerges as anomaly; presence begins as disruption. The need to lose your roots, to be traumatized, by renouncing the familiar, the idolatrous, the obligatory.

40. Complete identity between perception and sensation, embodiment and inanimation, being and anti-being. Only the impermanent makes the ontology of flow necessary: accepting, confirming, perpetuating. Only because they fade, things can bear testimony.

41. Presence is begotten but does not vanish—it emerges when things and beings act and interact. If presence is known, the self and the non-self become one. Thus avoiding confusion, more confusion is created, pursuing clarity, more obscurity is caused. Everything said is emergence—you simply have to reconstruct, since you always say more than you intended to say.

42. Searching the continuity between the mental event and the ecclesia of objects: continuity creates concreteness and emptiness, generates what is and what is not—the Eucharistic body being eaten. Thus space leads to light, morality to immorality, thinking to unthinking, imagination to inertia. Searching for a source means to lose all ends: conscious of our misplaced quest, we invent fables about what inflames the mind—fables that misplace but inspire, parables that distract but empower. Investigating continuity means exploring discontinuity: their differences are in the degree of understanding. Remember: “*I have worked hard, I have meditated constantly, so I can say this is not me*”. Yet, we desire what we are not.

43. Searching for something alarming: the stench of a dead idea or the sweat of an imagined utopia. They are here, they exist, elegies and machines, mountains also and whispers. Breathing generates moonlight, movement makes remote flowers quiver.

44. Immense vibrant intensity, dangerous ideas, nothing pure, only forms and objects and gravity. What I want lessens me; what I love unmakes me. Looking in other territories of visuality, forgetting the old bond, rethinking venerable iconographies. The nameless is imageless: I am my own unmaking, I am my own contraction.

45. Presence unsettled by euphoria, expectations of newness, sensations of deep complexity, presence, existence interfused with its material dwellings—and with everything around, gods, saints, and prophets, acts of redeeming asceticism, and then the seas, the skies, the caves and the strangeness of thoughts.

46. Thinking is enumerating things encountered, in isolation or combined, small beings intoxicated by sublime emptiness,

little hand-made utensils, impure mysteries of an irrevocable eschatology, from the abyss of human intentionality, forming incomprehensible storms that carry mythological vessels to the nameless silences of mental disruption.

47. Materiality, rhythmic proximity, intense besideness, calm and uneasy catalyst, changing colors, colors, becoming a bird, a bird, a fantasy which reinvents existentialism, those found moments, abandoned in a distant road where presence passed by with the despair of lost causes. Houses and their secrets, objects and their surroundings, words and their contexts—emptiness gives life to existence, completeness fills space with meaning when we thought that there was no meaning at all.

48. Reality is impure and must remain impure, confused with things imagined and unimagined, darkened by what seems negative, occluded by what appears to be liberating. Emptiness is endless and promises completeness as intentions become blurred and eyes lucidly perceive.

49. First, being where we are; then moving onto where we are not; then falling into formlessness. Then again, the necessity of form—but without ending the iconoclastic struggle. Thus we discover form as we discover our face in objects that mark the past, symbolize a process or indicate a horizon—a pen, a jacket, an old train station. Finally, being absorbed by colors and lines and expressive dark shadows, as the disturbing perhaps appears inscribed on everything—morphology consummates materiality.

50. Forms move to all directions, inscribing runic precepts on surfaces and colors: free to give and remember, free to take and forget. At different moments arguing about this and that, under the yoke of this and that, what you learn is persuasion, what you ignore is confusion.

51. Interweaving knowledge and ignorance, waiting for the moment of differentiation, endless space, limited time, days of water and moon, nights of fire and purity. Look: blue reflections over mechanical frames, reinventing the hand, geometric irregularities rhythmically opposing all

religions. Questions are different but the answer is the same—worn-out clothes left out for the homeless.

52. That moment, that brief moment, recollecting of that moment; the green hills in the horizon, they were themselves. The trees shaken by the wind, they were themselves. The waters running in Heraclitian flow, they were themselves. The trains, the ships, the telephones, all mechanical apparatuses—they were themselves. Everything was distinct and self-evident and autarchic. Discovering identity without identifications, the hypostatic uniqueness of each thing: it raises many logical impossibilities but such is the justice of the living.

53. One generates infinity, two creates unity, three rekindles fears of return—but we never return, we never go back: exteriority is all. Bringing it out to be seen, to be touched, to be consumed, the moral concern of imagination. Investigating fluidity makes you discover Parmenides in all.

54. From the grave of language and the coffin of concepts rises the anarchy of the

living organism dreaming of mechanized processes that will explain its own worst premonitions. The comprehensible world exists to be un-comprehended.

55. Myriad forms, endless forests of seductive shadows, images of movement within immobility: the bridge flows as the water stands still. Time and movement, space and knowledge, a simple gesture unifies all visible realities, as radiance fades and darkness shines—crossing the river, you forget the idea but cling to words and you sink, sink.

56. Seeing, duplicating space, multiplying existence, perhaps other dimensions of natural regeneration or other forms of creative continuity—uncontrolled freedom, maternal convergence of all religious sensibilities. Indeed, the more abstract, the more natural.

57. The glass of water, the transfiguration of being, what can be announced, what cannot be pronounced, even before thinking about all these, reality becomes presence, as you become the objects you use.

58. The emptiness between light and cold, the heroic solitude of things, the dense

music of the sky, the mechanical lilies and their violins, the house of lyricism, the remote beach of defeated dreamers—we are weavers at the same loom, yet different patterns come out, because.

59. Erecting homes full of mirroring ideations, vast duplications, replications—the present punctures time and destiny, with continuous affirmation or expressive denial. Construct your deep time, keep adding and then rest. Effortlessly initiating an order of being which embodies both modality and hypostasis. What is alien becomes identity; what is identity becomes a manifestation.

60. Synergising with the impurities of beings, working together, testing limits, thresholds, impulses to be with someone or have something: metaphysics come out of the need to use things, to construct things, to unmake things. The materiality of objects is fluid and expressive: it absorbs nothingness, assimilates the void. Objects unveil when used.

61. De-grounding the mind, objects feeding on the eclipse of the living;

thus abandoning ideations, diverse patterns emerge. The specificity of the real is formed, convergence of irreconcilable forces.

62. Everything specific, everything fluid, everything forgotten, the spiritual renewal through drinking water, the totalizing experience of elemental eternity reconstruct everything here. And in the solidity of here, there abides the force of transformative passion. Re-grounding the mind, ideas emerge through the fluidity of presence; thus regaining materiality, ethics happen.

63. We act but there is no result; we eat but we have no strength. Being large we shrink, being contradictory we turn dimensionless. It is inevitable: adopt the unformed, domesticate the unripe, consummate the prismatic. Consequently, the big will collapse, the small will expand, the strong will wither, the weak will inflate, the logical will disintegrate, the illogical will be justified. Do not hesitate: the mundane becomes miraculous because everybody can understand it.

64. Away from language we move as we talk, everything said is against communication, precision negates the words we use, ambiguity annuls the sense we attribute. Language unbalances the mind: things are irregular verbs. What gives meaning to each sentence is the movement of objects found and made, of objects we control or objects controlling us. Thus, ceaselessly we beget all forms that create natural events—water, spiders, helicopters, autumn itself, the seasons in general. What is difficult becomes complex, what is complex impenetrable—fragility prevails.

65. Noetically man dwells in another man, or rests in transitory abodes, small objects like clothes and shoes, or big objects like lost faces, or the street corners with the hidden traces of presence. Searching around, in garbage bins or august institutions, we find letters, arriving constantly, revealing obvious truths we didn't want to accept, presenting undeniable materials we preferred to disregard. Without redness, red objects are not objects any more.

66. Moving in circles or moving in direct

line, acting or remaining inactive, you shrink the mind and reduce the body, so that the comprehensiveness of abstraction will be shaped and the world of objects will become the ground for integration. We move, but immobility prevails; we stand still but speed overtakes. It is both logical and illogical, real and unreal.

67. Each thing lives within another thing, each being manifests all other beings, without separation or fragmentation, infinitely endless infinitely differentiated. The water blooms and germinates, the sky produces and fructifies—you, food; you, repose; you, destination; you, fragility; you, passion. Things are moods that converge and become unreal consummating presence recapitulating presence.

68. Looking intensely, the necessity of seeing imposes strict obligations. First to material objects and their spaces, then to dead friends and their lyricism, third to communal bonds and their irrationalism, fourth to petrifying inner conflicts; finally to the frailty of all. Thus you come of age and then you lose your name and finally you

are spoken through yellow rhythms or viridian promises. Completing who you are, you are no more.

69. What is powerless saves reality, what is feeble resurrects faith, what is soft makes endurance comprehensible. Water, air, sand—they slip and slide and drop, yet emerge new, uninvited, uncontested. We search for our denial, we congregate where the enemy lurks, we feel the ice but we believe that that great solar friend is close. Innocent fecundity is the flesh of all materiality.

70. Things at rest but especially things in motion, energetic originality, limitless procreation: as they move we move with them, the sun throws our body into a dance, the stars transfer our body into a frenzy, the oceans throw our body into a rage. By convention motionless, by habituation mobile, by premonition dangerous: such fears inhabit the body, such libidinal archives, parentless origins.

71. We see only what trembles at the border, whatever quivers at the boundary; we feel whatever longs for rest and expression,

before leaving itself, dissolving into complete otherness. Down at the bottom of reality, there is a limit, begetting endless surfaces of vision. Meaning cannot rest in the mind, cannot rest in words: it adapts itself to all emerging conditions. So master the approach, the circumstances, the tools of inscription. It is like an old vase whose memory you treasure long after it was broken.

72. Each leaf separately is heard, each cloud separately it cries, each insect separately it dances—all distinct yet attached, all independent yet associated, all sovereign yet mixed. Dust hovers everywhere, linking before and after, thingness and things, as we meet old friends revealing motives out of the depths of inspiring impurities.

73. No beginning, hence no maternity; no end, hence no paternity. We close the door, we open the horizon. Thus by divining prognostications of maternity, by searching for the consequences of paternity, we plunge into the mesmeric brilliance of symbolic transfigurations. Strangers to our mind we merge with projects we never

understood or never perceived—such incomprehensibility culminates our full realization.

74. Confusion begets evil, fear begets malice, panic begets fallibility. Interact so that impurity will emerge. Summon all things small and great. Love what you cannot understand.

75. More transparent than water drops, more luminous than burning flames: goodness is the eternal enigma, acting in goodness, thinking of goodness. Thus, the one accommodates the other in mutual integration; the one reveals the other in mutual recognition; the one reveals the other in mutual fusion; the one foregrounds the other in mutual singularisation.

76. Through fierce battles, minor victories and major defeats, we rest amongst broken lives and ruins. What we learn is overflow—the mind goes everywhere, although it wants to be still and negate itself. The continuity of space destroys every illusion about illusion—space flies with the earth, it has wings and is grateful.

77. Things fall as we rise. We fall as things rise up. They touch us, as we touch them: it is evident, concrete, somatic. Sometimes cultures are founded on objects, other times cities are built on propositions. The salt blows and erodes, the sand whirls and sweeps away. Great promises are motivated by erroneous premises. So the natural is unethical but the ethical is natural: the tragic emerges out of their conflict.

78. Tragedy is the dream of innocence. Only the tragic restores sight from abstractions, numbers or absences; it suggests how to exist with generosity, how to be with gratitude, how to offer with humility, how to act with forgiveness, how to think with gentleness, how to hope with endurance, how to receive with grace. As we fail to respond, our mind wants to descend into emptiness but meeting other minds takes you elsewhere—the unpredictable elsewhere.

79. The deed is not enough, the intention is not sufficient. You do the wrong thing with the right intention, the right thing with the wrong intention, evil without wanting it,

good without desiring it. To the bystander an enigma, to the student an impossibility.

80. Complete characters committing incomplete actions; incomplete characters committing complete actions. The amorphous conception of lived experience, the apostasy from the word, the struggles of imagination to visualize death, all forming an initiation to the unforeseen manifestations of presence. Passions cannot be cleansed—they are coming back more strategic, angry, demanding. Memories cannot be extinguished—they return innocent, sublimated, reverential. We comprehend, we expect, we tremble.

81. Consequences unpredictable, acts questionable, motives obscure. Doing good without calculation, being good without premeditation—all rests on the balance of being aware and being unprepared. Being good without premeditation is ethical and thus tragic. What is right is not always good; what is wrong is not always evil—more tragedy again. The scandal of goodness.

82. Our defeat in history is the grand narrative of being; the discovery of limits, the acceptance of limitations, the endorsement of insufficiency. Although we know, we do not admit; although we like, we do not pursue; what you have lost is what you find. I fell into the well of unity, I am drowning but I am still thirsty. The tragic liberates existence from the circumstantial.

83. Ethical actions minimize the evolutionary potential of human beings: the way of the human so unlearnable, unworkable, unnatural. Every word is a trauma, every sentence a termination: language kills, language ends. A new touch a new identity: thus, meaning, hope, passion, contradiction, faithlessness, the paternal threat, ritual eternalisation, the maternal rejection, premonition, labyrinth, libidinous fears, somatic ecstasy, endless translucent presence.

84. The more complex the mind the most vulnerable the being. The stronger we become, the ability to understand diminishes. Living the death of all images, the life of the mind is enhanced through the infinity of space. Stones, crystal cubes, echoes

of subterranean processes, losing certainties things console us, through the mysteries of writing, the revelations of symbols, the compassionate actions of strangers.

85. The greatest moment is like a catastrophe; the greatest virtue like an unnatural habit; the greatest form like a broken statue. Close and remote, part and whole, solid and liquid; they clash, they regroup, they separate. They have names still unrecorded but full of miraculous claims.

86. *“I see the incandescent ground, the perpetual vitality of objects, the original spasms of self-oblivion. I see in me the abyss of all interpretive schemata, the hypostasis of noetic comprehension, the chaos of all spiritual entities. In the introspective self, time opened itself like a growing tree, space solidified like a flying animal. For far too long I carried this about; I, the broken vessel caught in a net of amorous sparks”.*

87. Plenitude, full of forms, sounds, smells, tastes, touches, intense mental processes, innumerably objects, omnivorous knowing, voluntary ignoring. Destruction yet construction, cessation yet continuation,

decaying yet regaining. Plenitude—it safely carries all beings through all submissions, bondages, insecurities. The existent is irreducible to its history. Strong winds carry it elsewhere, there is no anchor, no destination, no compass.

88. Numbers increase and decrease. Equations are formed and rejected. Denominators are added and withdrawn. The wind in the wake of primordial uniqueness, the music in the vigil of all lost causes, the sonorities from the savage colors of the sky. All together make something that was not in them when they were assembled. It cannot be deduced by its parts, it won't be understood by studying its specificities. It is embedded within although we believe it as coming from without.

89. *“We enter the garden with the sighs and the voices, the first bodies naked in silence, in premonition and curiosity, we withdrew and abandoned them in their swoon, we opened the gate towards history, paradoxes and sweat; it was a very cold morning out there, and we took the path of contradictions, through many faces and myriad hands, we designed the cities that will be made,*

we studied the words that will be articulated—it is this land that we admire, in awe and wonderment, it is a very mystifying space, mystifying indeed”.

90. As the human is lost during its realization, the inhuman is born like an inspiring shadow, the body draws us high and then down, then low and low, down to the depths of unimaginable magmas, to new embodiments of presence. Collect the abandoned; gather the rejected. All presence is an advent in pure spaciousness through the impurity of beings.

91. Sounds, sounds, interminable sounds, avoid stillness, silence, tranquility: the mind is nourished with confusion, exists in confusion, the being emerges as disruption, harsh and violent polyphonies, through manic laughter, desperate crying or angry scream. We will never know who we are, self-awareness is the trap of all illusions, evil deeds and false images. Only impure experience can teach us innocence.

92. The thingness in the self liberates us from the prison of ideal subjectivity. We

cannot be diffused, decentered, dissociative; we remain syncretic, localized, responsive. Form is interiority, form is prismatic presence—understood yet inexplicable.

93. There is nothing more impenetrable than space, yet the human pierces through it exuding images or speculations. Discolored by limitlessness, the human lives freely through boundaries. It imposes constrictions because of its thirst for infinitude, it imagines immobility as it runs through vastitude, it constructs objects as it falls into nothingness. It desires its completeness yet it struggles with its own density. It wants to come back, while it is never gone.

94. *Infinite and unending greenness of human fingers, making objects, constantly new constantly lost, in tall edifices or in dark recesses, abandoning the mind to euphoric illusions, or reclaiming the mind from its destructive certainties—take hold, seize the ephemeral, bring forth the unilluminated; you infinite, unending greenness, colorful sweat of decomposition, unyielding freshness of phenomenality.*

95. Embodying the wonder of oceanic restlessness, the paradoxes of endless blue skies; embodying the dirty streets of foreign cities, innumerable echoes of crepuscular farewells; embodying vibrations of disturbing silence, the permanence of abysmal geologies, architectures of dark animal impulses, the tectonics of suffocating religious restrictions, or images equivalent to the fires of grand historical cities and other unforgettable imaginary moments—pure presence open presence, edge of space edge of self, all encoded in daily rituals or collective myths; embodying not representing.

96. Aristotle in Heraclitean metaphors; Heraclitus in Aristotelian analogies; trajectories that thinking must cross, from the uncertainties of the concrete to the affirmations of the abstract. Be impregnable but always surrender.

97. Existence, speech, life and mind, multifarious materiality, flesh and home, form and predication, quantity and image, resting at one place, being touched and being inhaled, perceivable yet moving, suffering and affected, full of the power of disturbance

and the powerlessness of self-awareness, dark light and luminous solitude, we go through without being identifiable and without being attributable, in ebb and flow, the conceptualization of minerals, in themselves not conceptualized.

98. When strong, always show powerlessness. Truth was, knowledge was, faith was, love was—now only presence is.

99. Plunder all lush lands because fertility never ends; seize all exits because borders cannot be controlled. As all paths are lost, fresh promises can be given.

100. Polycentric dialogues, seeing through translucency, the verbification of nouns, the concretization of the I, thus temporalising thinking, forming temporality itself, imagining atemporality, interrupting the systematic, accelerating movement, recognizing invisibility, liberating corporeality, fusing dimensions thus overthrowing historicism, overtaking power, overpowering culture, overthrowing occlusion, through lucidity, through inception, through identity. Succumb, submit, capitulate—but

think rebelliously, think erroneously and
fail again, fail, go astray and fall, fall, fall.

The *Reflections on Presence* is a philosophical notebook which explores the complexities and concerns of contemporary conscience. They construct a program of 'spiritual exercises', in the tradition of Marcus Aurelius, Ignatius Loyola and Nikos Kazantzakis, starting with the recognition of contemporary disillusion followed by the gradual investigation of the interconnected nature of reality and imagination, the affirmation of the individual presence and the ethics born out of such presence. They culminate in a vision of existential transparency that links poetry, philosophy and religion through the impure materiality of the everyday being.

"Vrasidas Karalis' *Reflections on Presence* offers a 'narrative', that is really a philosophical progression through five stages or 'seasons' from nihilism to creativity. The work is highly original, and contains some striking images and ideas. The work is presented in an aphoristic style that might be said to invoke Nietzsche, but it seems to me most reminiscent of John Fowles', *The Aristos*. *Meditations on Presence* is the sort of volume that one could open up at almost any page and find something that would stimulate and intrigue one's thinking."

Jeff Malpas, Philosopher

Cover Image: Damiano Bertoli, *Silence*, 2006, Courtesy Neon Parc, Melbourne, and Milani Gallery, Brisbane.

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