

Atombombe, allerdings unbekannten Typs, deren Auswirkungen man nicht zuverlässig voraussagen konnte. Möglicherweise waren polare Veränderungen die Folge, die wegen der Refraktion der Sonnenwärme zu einem spürbaren Klimawandel führen würden. Wenn das schmelzende Eis der Antarktis in den Südpazifik und in den Atlantik einströmte, würde diese gewaltige Eismasse die Sonnenstrahlen reflektieren und in den Weltraum zurückwerfen und der Erde dadurch Wärme entziehen. In der Stadt ging es drunter und drüber, die Lage war widersprüchlich. Nachrichten aus dem Ausland wurden zensiert, Reisen waren jedoch weiterhin ungehindert möglich. Gesteigert wurde die Verwirrung noch durch die Flut unstimmiger neuer Regelungen und durch die Willkür, mit der Kontrollen eingeführt oder gelockert wurden. Ein Gesamtüberblick über die weltweiten Geschehnisse hätte als einziges erklären können, wie die Dinge lagen, doch das wurde von den Politikern unterbunden, die entschlossen alle Nachrichten aus dem Ausland unterdrückten. Mein Eindruck war, dass sie den Kopf verloren hatten, nicht wussten, wie sie mit der nahenden Gefahr umgehen sollten und hofften, die Öffentlichkeit im Unklaren über deren genaue Beschaffenheit zu lassen, bis sie einen Plan ausgearbeitet hatten.

I t's with such profound happiness. Such a hallelujah. Hallelujah, I shout, hallelujah merging with the darkest human howl of the pain of separation but a shout of diabolic joy. Because no one can hold me back now. I can still reason—I studied mathematics, which is the madness of reason—but now I want the plasma—I want to eat straight from the placenta. I am a little scared: scared of surrendering completely because the next instant is the unknown. The next instant, do I make it? or does it make itself? We make it together with our breath. And with the flair of the bullfighter in the ring.

Let me tell you: I'm trying to seize the fourth dimension of this instant-now so fleeting that it's already gone because it's already become a new instant-now that's also already gone. Every thing has an instant in which it is. I want to grab hold of the *is* of the thing. These instants passing through the air I breathe: in fireworks they explode silently in space. I want to possess the atoms of time. And to capture the present, forbidden by its very nature: the present slips away and the instant too, I am this very second forever in the now. Only the act of love—the limpid star-like abstraction of feeling—captures the unknown moment, the instant hard as crystal and vibrating in the air and life is this untellable instant, larger than the event itself: during love the impersonal jewel of the moment shines in the air, the strange glory of the body, matter made feeling in the trembling of the instants—and the feeling is both immaterial and so objective that it seems to happen outside your body, sparkling on high, joy, joy is time's material and the essence of the instant. And in the instant is the *is* of the instant. I want to seize my *is*. And like a bird I sing hallelujah into the air. And my song belongs to no one. But no passion suffered in pain and love is not followed by a hallelujah.

Is my theme the instant? the theme of my life. I try to keep up with it, I divide thousands of times into as many times as the number of instants running by, fragmented as I am and the moments so fragile—my only vow is to life born with time and growing along with it: only in time itself is there room enough for me.

All of me is writing to you and I feel the taste of being and the taste-of-you is as abstract as the instant. I also use my whole body when I paint and set the bodiless upon



the canvas, my whole body wrestling with myself. You don't understand music: you hear it. So hear me with your whole body. When you come to read me you will ask why I don't keep to painting and my exhibitions, since I write so rough and disorderly. It's because now I feel the need for words—and what I'm writing is new to me because until now my true word has never been touched. The word is my fourth dimension.

Today I finished the canvas I told you about: curves that intersect in fine black lines, and you, with your habit of wanting to know why—I'm not interested in that, the cause is past matter—will ask me why the fine black lines? because of the same secret that now makes me write as if to you, writing something round and rolled up and warm, but sometimes cold as the fresh instants, the water of an ever-trembling stream. Can what I painted on this canvas be put into words? Just as the silent word can be suggested by a musical sound.

I see that I've never told you how I listen to music—I gently rest my hand on the record player and my hand vibrates, sending waves through my whole body: and so I listen to the electricity of the vibrations, the last substratum of reality's realm, and the world trembles inside my hands. And so I realize that I want the vibrating substratum of the repeated word sung in Gregorian chant. I'm aware that I can't say everything I know, I only know when painting or pronouncing, syllables blind of meaning. And if here I must use words, they must bear an almost merely bodily meaning. I'm struggling with the last vibration. To tell you of my substratum I make a sentence of words made only from instants-now. Read, therefore, my invention as pure vibration with no meaning beyond each whistling syllable, read this: "with the passing of the centuries I lost the secret of Egypt, when I moved in longitudes, latitudes, and altitudes with the energetic action of electrons, protons, and neutrons, under the spell of the word and its shadow." What I wrote you here is an electronic drawing without past or future: it is simply now.

I must also write to you because you harvest discursive words and not the directness of my painting. I know that my phrases are crude, I write them with too much love, and that love makes up for their faults, but too much love is bad for the work. This isn't a book because this isn't how anyone writes. Is what I write a single climax? My days are a single climax: I live on the edge.

In writing I can't manufacture something as in painting, when I use my craft to mix a color. But I'm trying to write to you with my whole body, loosing an arrow that will sink into the tender and neuralgic centre of the word. My secret body tells you: dinosaurs, ichthyosaurs, and plesiosaurs, meaning nothing but their sound, though this doesn't dry them out like straw but moistens them instead. I don't paint ideas, I paint the unattainable "forever." Or "for never," it amounts to the same. More than

anything else, I paint painting. And more than anything else, I write you hard writing. I want to grab the word in my hand. Is the word an object? And from the instants I extract the juice of their fruits. I must deprive myself to reach the core and seed of life. The instant is living seed.

The secret harmony of disharmony: I don't want something already made but something still being tortuously made. My unbalanced words are the wealth of my silence. I write in acrobatics and pirouettes in the air—I write because I so deeply want to speak. Though writing only gives me the full measure of silence. And if I say "I" it's because I dare not say "you," or "we" or "one." I'm forced to the humility of personalizing myself belittling myself but I am the are-you.

Yes, I want the last word which is also so primary that it gets tangled up with the unattainable part of the real. I'm still afraid to move away from logic because I fall into instinct and directness, and into the future: the invention of today is the only way to usher in the future. Then it's the future, and any hour is your allotted hour. So what's the harm of moving away from logic? I deal in raw materials. I'm after whatever is lurking beyond thought. No use trying to pin me down: I simply slip away and won't allow it, no label will stick. I'm entering a very new and genuine chapter, curious about itself, so appealing and personal that I can't paint it or write it. It's like moments I had with you, when I would love you, moments I couldn't go past because I descended into their depths. It's a state of touching the surrounding energy and I shudder. Some mad, mad harmony. I know that my gaze must be that of a primitive person surrendered completely to the world, primitive like the gods who only allow the broad strokes of good and evil and don't want to know about good tangled up like hair in evil, evil that is good.

I pin down sudden instants that carry within them their own death and others are born—I pin down the instants of metamorphosis and there's a terrible beauty to their sequence and concurrence.

Now day is breaking, a dawn of white mist on the sands of the beach. Everything is mine, then. I barely touch food, I don't want to awaken beyond the day's awakening. I'm growing with the day that as it grows kills in me a certain vague hope and forces me to look the hard sun straight in the face. The gale blows and scatters my papers. I hear that wind of cries, the death rattle of a bird open in oblique flight. And I here impose upon myself the severity of a taut language, I impose upon myself the nakedness of a white skeleton free of humours. But the skeleton is free of life and while I live I shudder all over. I won't reach the final nakedness. And I still don't want it, apparently.