

## The bed.

VILÉM FLUSSER

'To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.'

Macbeth, Act V, Scene I.

### I

Home. Had we no home, we had no life. Unsheltered. Unprotected against the world. A world without center. The home is center. We advance against the world from there. We fall back on it when we retire. We provoke the world from there. We take refuge to it after provocation. World is what surrounds the home. Home is what makes the world solid. Our life is an oscillation between home and world. A pulsation between center and horizon. It is a pouring out and a gathering in, a giving itself and a finding itself, it is action and contemplation, leave and return. The world is a circular alphabet which we decipher. Home is alpha and omega.

Home? Where? What is it that shelters us? Protects us from the world? Is there a center? A base for advance? A place to retire to? A ground for provocation? A refuge? Is the world solid? Do we have a center and a horizon? Is there a sense, a meaning, a structure to our lives? How can we give ourselves, if we cannot find ourselves, how can we act without contemplation? Where are we to leave to if we have no return? Can there be an alphabet with no alpha and omega? Can we decipher an alphabet that stretches from nowhere to nowhere?

The questions corrode the statements. They gnaw, reasonable rats that they are, the transrational foundations of our shelter. And they beget new questions. Our home rests on a multitude of rats in explosive procreation. The fecundity of our questions is the floor of our shelter. It shivers and it trembles. The snouts and the tails of our fecund questions is the center of our world. We advance against the world from them, and we fall back on them when the world beats us. Our home is a boat that dances in a tempest of revolting questions. Our horizons reel dizzily and totter. This staggering sight makes us seasick. The backs and the bellies of a multitude of revolting rats are our shelter and we vomit. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed.

There are beds. Homes: strictly speaking. We still have beds, we still live: strictly speaking. A bed is a shelter in the strict sense of the term. A strict, a straight, a restricted shelter. In this strict sense is the bed the subject of this essay.

### II

A few considerations as to its method. Unfortunately we cannot yet philosophize without a method. We cannot yet plunge into the unstructured stream of reflexion. We have to follow a discourse. The following considerations will be discursive (against their better wish and conviction). Although I shall try to break up the discourse wherever I can, I will obey a structure. The following structure:

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The bed is center of a variety of situations. The strict center of a variety of extreme worlds. Because the bed is a strict center, the situations around it are extreme situations. My subject matter are extreme situations. Out of that variety I have chosen seven situations: birth, reading, sleep, love, insomnia, disease and death.

The criterion of my choice is biography. Seven extreme situations of life in bed have been chosen. But this is not sufficient. The situations must be put in a significant order. The second criterion, the ordering one, is suffering. The chosen situations will form a line of increasing suffering. To suffer is to open up, to break up. This essay is a series of breaking ups in an increasing order.

But I do not wish to abide by a linear discourse. I want to open up the space of at least two dimensions. I have constructed a pyramid, and I better confess it. I have put love on the top of the pyramid, and I have arranged parallel situations on its slopes as follows: sleep and insomnia, reading and disease, birth and death. This then is my "pythagorean" structure: vectors all pointing to love, and vectors uniting parallel situations, and a basic vector pointing from birth to death with increasing suffering to the breaking point. I hope that conflicting vectors will break up the discourse.

One more methodological problem: the five situations on the cathetes of the triangle can be experienced immediately and can be described from introspection. But the hypotenusal situations of birth and death cannot be experienced in this way. I cannot live my birth and my death, but only the birth and the death of the other. I shall therefore permit that the other infiltrate my speculations through the cracks opened up by birth and death in my situation. But still, my method will be introspective. Inselfization (ensimesmamento). To find myself is my purpose.

III

I see two beds. There is a woman in one of the beds, and the other one is a cradle. I try to make the cradle the center of the world. I try to project myself into the bellowing thing in the cradle. That thing that was not there a few moments ago, but is now definitely there. How can I project myself? It is not easy. I have to make an effort. An effort to abandon knowledge. What knowledge?

The thing there is a man because it is a son of man. It is multicellular, a vertebrate, a mammal. It consists of water, of complex chemical structures, (mostly) based on carbon, and of many elements the functions of which are not completely understood. It is conditioned by air, water and those chemicals called "food". It will end by decomposing into air, water and those ~~elements~~ <sup>chemicals</sup> called "food" (of other, similar, things). It is a man.

The thing is a man because it is a son of man. It contains, in its six pounds of gelatinous matter, a nervous system. It is an open and excitable system. Now it is being excited only by the gelatinous matter. But soon the excitement that converges upon it will grow in scope. The sources of the excitement will

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verted. It is concentric because it is an open palm. My opening up is my concentration.

The open palm I am collects lectures. It collects the sentences I read, information. I am a web that collects information. A spider. An open mouth. I am thirst. I am an open being: I lack. Information flows from the book into my self, into that which lacks. I can read because something within me is lacking. Were I a fist, a solid being, (as I was in daytime), the waves of information would break on my rocky shores. But now I can suffer information. I listen and I seize because I am empty. My emptiness is the organ for my passion and passivity, for my reading.

The information I read informs me. I admit it. I permit it. I suffer it. This means: I suffer the other. The book is my other. I suffer the book to "other" me, to alter me. I read in order to be altered. I open myself up to the other who demands entrance. As he enters, I permit him to alter me. I grow plastic. I accept the brand of the other on my plasma.

Not without fighting. I am not amorphous. I have a structure. Others (books) have branded me before. I am programmed by others. I cannot accept the information of this particular book without discrimination. I have previous commitments. My prejudices discriminate. These previous criteria criticize the present information. This is why I read "false" sentences: "false", i.e. in disagreement with my prejudices. This is why I read "insignificant" sentences: "insignificant", i.e. unsuitable to my prejudices. This is why I read "true" sentences: "true", i.e. in agreement with my prejudices. My structure does not allow me to read all the sentences that come to inform me.

But while I read, some of the sentences can alter. Some "insignificant" sentences gain meaning: I learn. Some "false" sentences become true: I learn. Some "true" sentences become false: I learn. These changed sentences have changed my structure. My prejudices have been altered. I am, in part, altered. I am in part, other. I have been informed.

What has been altered? My belief. My hope, my expectation. Tomorrow I shall believe something partially different, I shall hope and expect a partially different world. Tomorrow, when I close my palm into a fist, I shall hammer partially different desks and walls. This will be my reply to the book I am now reading. Tomorrow I shall enter into conversation with this book here. Now, here in bed, I am passivity and passion (called "reading"). Tomorrow, out there, I shall be activity and action, (called "engagement"). Now I assume the responsibility for my engagement. I read in order to admit and permit the other to alter me and to alter my engagement.

Now I am concentrated. Sentences penetrate my empty center and alter and change the walls of my vortex. Tomorrow I shall revert the vortex. I shall no longer be concentrated, but centrifugal tomorrow. My vortex will change into a jet and I shall project myself against my horizon. The project I shall be tomorrow is being informed now through the information I suffer. I have opened myself to information in order to alter my project. The information I suffer is projective. I am concentrated in order to alter my project of the world. I become

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other. My world becomes other. I read in bed. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.

V

I sleep. I shall wake, I shall return to myself. Where am I now? Surely here in bed. But the I that is here in bed waits for me to return. I am outside myself. Where am I. I fell into sleep.

I can be present at the first stages of that fall. I know that I fall because I let myself fall, because I suffer falling. I know that I suffer the fall because I suspend my will not to fall. And I know that I wake because the I here in bed makes me return. I am present at that last stage. But there is a hiatus between my fall and my return. There is an abyss in which I am not present. I am in bed whilst I am in the abyss. Nonetheless I know of the abyss. And of a region between bed and abyss: the realm of dreams and nightmares.

I cannot therefore speak of the abyss. But I can sing it. Oh abyss that art the foundation of my bed. Oh abyss upon which fluctuates my shelter. Oh abyss that art in my center, hallowed be thy name. Oh my sleep, sweet brother of my birth and death. When I fall into thee, I leave myself, and when I emerge from thee, I return to myself. Or is this untrue? When I fall into thee, I approach myself, and when I emerge from thee, I am alienated from myself? The fall into thee is proximity, and the emergence from thee is alienation? The fall into thee is opening up, and the emergence from thee is spasmodic closure? Oh sleep, thou confoundest my concepts. I shall not capture thee through concepts. I shall capture thee negatively. By not wanting. Thou art the mystery into which I glide. I am sleepy. But how can I fall into sleep without deciding myself for sleep? Without calling out: come, sleep? My call says: I do not insist. My decisive call says: I do not insist upon existing. My call is a contradictory decision. Its contradiction is its opening. Through that opening I fall into sleep. My decision is an opening, but also a choice. I gain something and I lose something for having made a decision.

What do I gain? Nothing. I gain the nothing. The ocean of annihilation. The pause, the "époque", the suspension of all burdens. Liberation. Quiescence in peace.

What do I lose? Everything. Myself and the world. The force of decision and the field of decision. My dignity, which is the dignity of a being free to decide. My fall into sleep is a fall from the summits of my dignity. I am undignified, I am sleepy.

Of course, I may minimize my decision. I can explain it reasonably. It is not an absurd decision. I decide to fall into sleep because I know I shall wake up tomorrow with renewed force of decision. It is a decision to "reculer pour mieux sauter". It is no definite decision, like my decision to die. Sleep is the younger brother of death and less voracious.

So now I have minimized my decision. I have made sleep "objective". There

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is sleep, here am I. Everything is explained nicely. No mystery whatsoever, and biology, (for example), proves it. But is sleep, thus nicely explained, "my" sleep? Does this explanation show how I fall into "my" sleep? In order to wake up tomorrow with a new force of decision? Is "my" sleep my object and instrument of my will? Or is it not true that my waking days are pearls of instants floating like islands on the ocean of "my" sleep? Is it not true that I exist because I am periodically being expelled from "my" sleep? Is not my existence an expulsion from "my" sleep, and is not my falling into sleep a constant reminder of the foundation of my existence? The warm embrace of mystery involves again my introverted speculation.

The entrance to sleep is veiled by the veils of dreams and nightmares. Is it something, is it nothing? It is something yet, and nothing still, something still and nothing yet, no longer me, and myself already, already the world and no longer the world. And this here world, and this here I? Extreme dreams, extreme nightmares. Extremely distant from sleep, extremely alienated. How can I make an ontology, seeing that there are dreams and nightmares? But: how can I deny the difference between reality dreamed and a wake? There is a structural difference between the world of dreams and of the world of waking. I cannot make a neat ontology, but I must make an ontology, if I want to find myself. There is a rule on which I can find myself. It marks my proximity to sleep.

This is how I find myself, and this is how I find my worlds: relatively close or relatively far from sleep which is my center. When I fall into sleep I approach my center through increasingly close worlds. When I wake up I penetrate the world of extreme dreams. When I fall into sleep, I find myself ever more closely. When I wake up I leave my center with decision. What decision? To reshape the extreme world more closely to agree with the worlds I have emerged from. I am a fist that hammers desks and walls in order to make them more dreamlike. To wake: to pluck pieces of dreams and project them against the extremes of the horizon. To fall to sleep: to return to the origin of all models. To wake: to apply models. To fall to sleep: to reach beyond all models. To abandon myself to the realm beyond all models.

The abyss of sleep is open, there, beneath my bed. It invites me to let myself fall. To abandon myself. There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come come.

#### VI.

The Other. I can recognize myself in you, my other. You are my trembling, trembling of the other. We tremble, you, my other, and myself. We are being tremendously embraced, you, my other, and myself. We are being embraced, you and I, by a tremendous Other. *Mysterium tremendum.*

What is it that confounds us by founding us in each other? What makes us each other? What makes us say "we" to each other? This tremendous "we" that devours the "I" and the "you", and cancels the "I" and the "you", those two pillars of conversation? What does it mean: "we"? "I" and "you" and the "Other"? Does it mean "each other"? What "We" is that in which we lose ourselves, our

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selves, what fear and trembling? In what other are we lost, in what quite other? Is it lust? Love? Desire and death of desire? Will to be and to be not? Will to handle and will to suffer? Domination and passion? Abandon? Reunification? What is that?

It cannot be spoken about. Never can the "we" speak. If I speak about it, "I" speaks about it. "I" betray its secret. "I" betrays its secret. Let the "we" be silenced. What cannot be spoken about, must be silenced.

But I can speak about the tremendous lack through which I can receive you, my other, in my solitude to console my self, and to console your self, and to console each other. Consolation of two solitudes: this can be spoken. How can it be spoken? I know only one solitude: my own. But I can recognize my own solitude within you. My own solitude I can uncover within you. I discover my solitude within you. I am not alone here and now. There is an other alone here and now. We are together alone here and now. Oh, loneliness of each other.

I am alone because I was born and because I shall die. I was born alone, and no one delegated me in the instant of my birth. I had no power of attorney. I shall die alone and I can name no one as my substitute in the moment of death. I am alone because I was born alone and I shall die alone. All the powers that are being delegated on me by others and that I delegate on others cannot dispell my fundamental loneliness. I cannot never be represented. I cannot elect representatives, nor can I be elected representative. The tyranny of my loneliness does not grant me that liberty, that power. I am alone because I cannot be replaced and I cannot replace.

Everything can be replaced. Every thing can be replaced, every thing that surrounds me. Every thing can be exchanged. In the exchange of every thing for every thing I can verify their values. Every thing has value. Whilst I am a fist, out there, I can be exchanged for other fists. I have value. I can be replaced as a hammer of desks and walls, and I can replace desks and walls to hammer. I have value, out there in the world, and the world has value for me, fist and hammer. We do not love each other; myself and the world.

But now I am alone, and you are alone, my other. I can recognize your solitude and loneliness as my own within you. I know that you cannot be replaced at the moment of your death, my other. You cannot be exchanged. I cannot exchange you. I cannot replace you. You have no value whatsoever for me: I love you.

I know that, like me, you lack value. You will die, we will die, alone, each other. Each other will die alone in spite of the embrace which now unites us. The Other is lonely death. It is death that unites us. It is death that makes us say: "we". It is death that makes me say: "I love you". But I say: "I love you" in spite of death. I know of no other spite of death. Come, let us deny, together, death. Let us say "we". Death has no power over "we". Only I shall die, and only you will die, but "we" cannot die. I know: the "we" we say is mortal. Soon it will explode into "I" and "you".

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I know: the "we" we say is precarious. Many "Is" and "yous" infiltrate it always. I know: death is always within the bowels of the "we" we are. But I know of no other "no" to death. I know: death is here. It is here: we tremble. I know: you are still alone, my other, as I am still alone, though I hold your hand. But I know: now, at this moment, death has no power. We have power over death. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.

VII

Here I am, in bed, decided to sleep. I have decided to sleep. I am all open ed up for sleep. Let sleep be. It is not. It does not. I wait for sleep, and it is an eternity since I wait. All around me is waiting. Time has stopped. The "nunc stans" of the ancients. All around me stops its breath, its spirit. Time has devoured space. Oh foul, eternal, infinit marsh of time. Oh foul pool of eternity. In this pool I experience the meaning of the christian term: "grace".

I am disgraced. The grace of sleep was denied me. I opened myself up, full of waiting, full of hope. Behold: there was no sleep. A miracle: I cannot fall into sleep. Is this hell? Time stagnant and space devoured? Abyss de nied and myself closed in spite of my openness? Openness denied?

Why does sleep denies itself, why does it deny me? What is my "sin"? Pride. I insist and I persist. I affirm. I say: I am. Sleep says: Be then. My pride is my insomnia, which is this: res cogitans without res extensa. Hell. Cogitations, wheel, thoughts reel. Collide and devide around me. They roll and they increase rolling. Thoughts come over me, thinking thing that I am, and are ready to bury me under their absurd weightless weight. And all this in circles. All this in stopped time. Die ewige Wiederkehr des Gleichen. Oh point of no return.

I try to react, to reason. I reason reasonable with my thoughts. They insist They insist because they are my thoughts. "Sixhundred and fourty five times two thousand thirty two is how much?" insist my thoughts. "never mind" I rea~~s~~ on. "Never mind" agree my thoughts, "but how much is it?" I reckon, I cal~~l~~culate, in order to rid myself of thought. I cannot calculate, I am tired. Come sweet sleep, free me of all calculation. Anihilate thought, free me from thinking.

You will not come? I know how to force you. I count sheep. I simulate sleep. I take pills. I know the structure of sleep. It is a rebellious in~~st~~strument. I know how to dominate it. And indeed, I sleep. At last: I s~~l~~sleep. I sleep a "false" sleep. A synthetic sleep, a projected sleep, a will ed sleep. I have won a victory over sleep. I have vanquished insomnia, (oh hell), and I have forced sleep, (oh paradise). I have forced paradise by will ing it. Is this paradise? Are all paradises forced by willed techniques(all yogas, zens, marxisms), like this? Like the sleep of pills and sheep count ed? Hells that simulate paradises?

Why is my sleep a simulation? Because it closes me up. It stops me. It shut up my way toward my origin. It makes me free without salvation. It dissolves

me. <sup>VILLEM FLUSSER</sup> It is a "false" sleep. Can there be a "false" death? Is suicide simulated death? Is it a sleeping pill? Question of all the questions. Supreme question. Because: if suicide is simulation, where is my freedom? If I cannot truly provoke my fall into death, if I cannot push myself into the abyss, how can I decide? If suicide is no true choice, what choice have I?

I am disgraced. Sleep denies me. I cannot live without sleep. I cannot live without free access to my abyss. I cannot, because I was born, I came from the abyss. I cannot, because the abyss is my homeland. I am an abyssal being: I am sleepy. I cannot, because I shall die, I demand the abyss. I cannot, because the abyss is my Utopia. I have a birthright and a death-right to the abyss. I have a sleepright. If I am disgraced, I have to take pills. I have the right to take pills. Pills: art science philosophy. Supreme opiate: religion. "Je ne peux pas vivre, et je ne peux pas mourrir. Nous sommes tous comme ça". We suffer from insomnia, all of us sleepy beings. We are disgraced.

Obviously: this is madness. Rotation of thoughts in stopped time. A provocation of grace. Desperation. Unwaiting. Extreme waking. Definite alienation. Supreme pride. Acceptance of refusal. I cannot sleep: I will not. I chose madness. Amor fati. False decision. False, because it does not chose nothing. It choses pills. Culture. What's done, cannot be undone.

#### VIII

I am in bed, ill. I suffer pains. I am body. Some body. I am, (all of me), somebody. I am, (all of me), here in bed. My pains prove it. I am concentrated in my pains. I am pains. I am body, oh supreme indignity of being somebody.

My pains isolate me. They are totally private. They cannot be communicated. They admit no communion. There can be no published pains. There can be no theory of pains. Pains must be suffered. They must be experienced, lived through. In fact: they are the most immediate experience there is. This is why they admit no theory. They demand extreme empiricism. They demand suffering. They make me somebody, some private body. They make me sick, sick of myself, and this is the only thing I know: I am sick of myself because I suffer pains.

Pains make me somebody: something. The body I am, this thing here, has assumed a totalitarian government over my self by the method of pain. Only the body is of interest: only this sickening liver. Time has disappeared. There is only space, only extension. My pains are the dimensions of space, my dimensions. All dimensions. There is no time. No culture, no history. There is no thought. Everything is objective. I am an object. I am extension, nature, thing. Somebody. My pains make me an object. They prove that I am. Anticartesianism. I suffer pains, therefore I am. I suffer pains, therefore I do not think. I suffer, therefore I am res extensa. Christianity tells me that the Word incarnate suffered the pains of the body.



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It says that God became that sickening thing I am now here in bed. How can I believe this? Did God feel sick of Himself? What God? That abyss where I came from? That abyss into which I fall when I sleep? That abyss where my death is? That abyss under my bed? That abyss which I deny in the embrace of love? That abyss became a body, a somebody? A sick, sickening thing? A sickening thing like the thing I am now here in bed? How can I believe such a thing?

Possibly by inversion. By inversion of reading. In reading I am an open palm. I suffer information which alter my belief. Now I am a perforated palm. I suffer wounds that destroy my belief. I can no longer give an answer. I am an answer. (This is what I mean when I say that I am an object: an answer). In pain I am an answer: an answer to my self. A negative answer. In becoming somebody, I am a negative answer to myself. I do not read, I am being read. Negatively. Is this what Christianity tells me? God became a body, an answer to himself? The God that is flesh is the answer to the God that is the abyss? A negative answer. It is an answer that denies the meaning of the question. This is how I can (possibly) believe what the Christians tell me: God is absurd, and the fact that He suffered pains proves it.

My pains are, (then), Imitatio Christi. I am in pain: a monkey of the Messiah. Now there is no longer any riddle. All ciphers have been deciphered. By my pains. Nothing is of interest but my pains. Wittgenstein. My pains put me, (a somebody), beyond all riddles. Beyond all models. I am an answer. A negative answer. A thing. Whose thing? Whose object? Am I a thing in itself or a thing for some Other? Never mind, always pain. Imitatio Christi. A somebody, a private, unpublishable thing, I glide. Is this a rehearsal for dying? What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

IX

The bed of death. Agony. Desperate fight. Some body here in bed, (some thing that is my object), fights desperately. Why? To continue to be some body, and not to be some thing. It says: "no". Like that thing in the cradle. But it says a "no" which denies the "no" in the cradle.

Let us observe this. The death of the other. Of the ex\_other. A most moving representation. Spectacular. Lessing says of the theatre that it provokes fright and compassion. Fright, why? This is how I shall be when dying. Compassion, why? Because this agonic passion here, although private, shows how I shall close up against death. The thing here in bed, (that almost no longer somebody), shows me the most moving show there is: the theatre of the absurd. Oh indignity of death.

Let us observe this. I can see a gap. This here is a body. Soon it will be a thing. Not long ago it was an other. Soemthing went lost already. Soon more will get lost. This body here is not a stone. A stone does not fight in agony. It simply is. This here wants to be. These ontological differences will escape through the gap. They are already escaping. Oh gap. We used to talk, this body here and myself. I keep within myself the threads

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of the conversation which this body here gave me. They will not escape through the gap. Not yet. I can transmit these threads to my others. Possibly I can thus avoid their ever getting lost through the gap?

This body here used to handle things. He, (or it), used to impress things. Things thus impressed are still here around me. They still show forth the handling by this body. This will not escape through the gap. They, the things are monuments to this body. So am I, so are my others. The whole world around this body is a monument to this body. Is this immortality?

The body here in bed says: "no". It says, desperately: "no". It does not accept such an immortality. Such a monumental immortality. It is not interested in monuments. It is not interested in things, in myself, in others. It refuses monuments. It wants to continue being a body. It is completely alone now. A private somebody, soon to be changed into a quite objective something. It does not want this. Oh supreme indignity of death.

But; this here is not my death. It is but a representation. Welch Schauspiel, aber ach ein Schauspiel nur. My death is different. How is it? How is my last loneliness? My last dissolution of dignity? My interruption of conversation? When all conversation changes, suddenly, into empty gossip? When all works change, suddenly, into empty masks? When all monuments change, suddenly, into heaps of rubbish? Is this the salvation which empty gossip promises me?

This is not true. My death is here and now. It is true, in some sense, that I cannot know my death. It is "future". The future. Just like I cannot know my birth. "Past". But in another sense I know nothing but my birth and death. My birth is here and now, within my bowels. It projects me. It is my foundation. My death is here and now, within my bowels. It is my aim. It gives me direction. It is my only subject. My death is the abyss beneath my shelter. My death is the abyss over which fluctuates my bed. It is my home in a sense which is even stricter than the bed. Strictly speaking I live my death. My death is here and now, "sensu stricto".

My death is my self. I, myself, am my death. "Desvivo". But I have done something to myself. I have done something to my death. I have done something. What's done, cannot be undone. What is done, is done, and that is the end to it, What I have done, is also myself. And it is not my death. It is possibly rubbish, if seen from death's point of view. But, nonetheless, it is done. Here and now. Just like death, but the other way round. It says "no" to death, this rubbish. It is an agony, that rubbish of mine. My agony. My desperate fight against death. And my agonical rubbish is all around my bed. It says: "Myself". And it says: "My others". And it says, (possibly): "Quite other".

My death cannot do. It can undo. It can undo myself. It is my undoing. But it cannot undo what myself did. That it cannot. This is why I do. I do, in order to deny death. I do, because death is here and now. I do, because I can be undone here and now. I shall go on doing. Until I am undone. This

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doing of mine is proof to myself that my death is here and now. I prove to myself the death that I am by doing. By doing rubbish. And by crying out to my others: "Let us do rubbish. All of us that are lonely, because our death is here and now". This is what is my death.

But still: my death is my undoing. Let it be undone. Let the undoing be done. Come, death, and take away the burden of my doings. Make me free of my doings. Embrace me. Take me to the beyond of all models. Of all models of my doings. Take me to where all models are transparent. Take me to Utopia (nowhere). But, though you can undo my doings, you cannot undo my dones. What is done is done. That is my dignity. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.