

Sometimes, quite suddenly, I lose the whole thread of my life: sitting in some corner of the universe, by a smoky dark café, polished bits of metal set out before me, tall, mild-mannered women ebbing and flowing around me, I start to wonder what path of madness brought me here, washed up beneath this arch that is really the bridge they have named sky.

This is the moment of oblivion, the moment when vast fissures in the Palace of the World widen into daylight: I would give up the rest of my life - a paltry sum - if only it could endure. For then the mind detaches a little from the human machine and I am no longer my senses' bicycle, a grindstone honing memories and encounters. And then I grasp chance within me, I grasp all of a sudden how I surpass myself: I *am* chance, and having formed

this proposition I laugh at the thought of all human activity.

This would certainly be a glorious moment to die; this is the moment, surely, when the clear-sighted ones who simply decide to leave one day do kill themselves. It is at this point, in any case, that thought begins; thought quite unlike the harmless looking-glass game many are so good at. Anyone who has experienced this vertigo even once would find it impossible to endorse the mechanistic ideas that nearly all man's present endeavours - and his entire peace of mind - can be reduced to.

Now the ill-considered axiom at the bottom of what seemed to be the purest thought-process is clear to see: clinging to a forgotten system, no longer scrutinized, left unchallenged like a rut in the mind. This is why philosophers talk in proverbs and feel they have to prove everything. They shackle their own imaginations with foreign rings, robbed in famous graves. By observing Truth in facets, they believe in only partial truths.