



REQUIRED READINGS FROM  
THE INAUGURAL CONFERENCE  
OF THE CONDEMNED COMMITTEE  
FOR ESTRANGEMENT, 2025

## A Sentence

On The ~~Meaning~~ Violence of ~~Violence~~ Meaning  
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**CHARACTER:** This talk, and all of my talking, all of my work forever, is for Adrian— who I wish could be here, who I know is. So in lieu of their speaking, I'll use mine to voice their words as the epigraph for this monstrosity, and I hope, and I'm sure they will, Forgive Me.

*"I refuse to become transcribable, translatable; you had to be there! after the revolution, there will still be restaurants, but they will be very different-- they will be free, and loving; after the revolution, I will have time to read all my friends' poems" - Adrian*

Dear esteemed colleagues,  
no, worse, Beloved friends,  
no, worst of all, My Family:

It is a catastrophic honour  
and a tender curse I have sentenced myself  
and, as always, by proxy, you all with,  
to present my Required Reading--

## On Reading

You know my feelings on Reading, namely, I love it, or have been stuck with loving it, I have no choice but to love it, like a junkie loves the needle, not so much an adoration, but some cruel palimpsest, written from a cold and dark room without a view; a frail, sealed and dysfunctional sign of an exit door; with no hope for deliverance; much like, I'm sorry to say, the exit from this one

I feel, as you all know, or perhaps don't know but have felt, in our language, which is not theirs (the possessors, oppressors, the possessive singular collective pronoun), but theirs (those possessing collected singular pronouns, or the oppressed, possessed), that is, the vernacular we have been forced into forging-- the word 'reading', or the clinical act it so clumsily gestures to, much like the fine layers

of skin cells that covers books now left on walls, floors, fire-lit, caving skies of shelves, 'reading' has collected, gathered, congealed a meaning of its own, a meaning that, through its negative connotation, through the filth and inadequacy that it itself points to, reveals a clearer truth, through its own dirtying- This meaning, apparently far from the original intent, should be apparent to you by now, as apparent as the topic of the talk through which I have now begun to drag you all, begrudgingly, this fine Christmas- And if not, then I am in fact doing my job correctly, that is, the job I have taken it upon myself to be burdened with, and yet the job we are all burdened with each day of this unimportant story

*The sense-transference to "interpret and understand the meaning of written symbols" is said to be unique to English and Old Norse raða- Most languages use a word rooted in the idea of "gather up" as their word for "read" (such as French lire, from Latin legere)*

of our lives together and more importantly apart, to make this argument, and I ask you all, with no hope for an answer--please, there is none you could give--but I ask you rather, through the lens of rhetoric, a lens of rhetoric somewhat less dusty than the overarching mechanistic artifice of rhetoric in which we live, breathe, feed, fail, leave our families never to be seen again, and yes, read-- but a lens dusty no less, I ask you, rhetorically: what is Christmas, without an argument? A very fine Christmas, indeed-

Seeing as nobody asked, I ask this, and again, I ask with no hope for an answer--please, there are only so many you could give--in no verbose terms, without a hint of irony--where was I?

Yes, I was reading my words written on the hazy definition of "Reading", and as for the matter of where I was, well, it's exactly where I am, which is, in its existential definition, by definition, necessarily, where none of you are- Where I am, physically, in matter, that is, is another matter entirely, though this of course, if it matters at all, depends on the location of a speaker, and on the scope of definition applied to their Deictic reference in relation to the matter they are imprisoned within, for that matter-[1]

Now then, What I mean by this is that "Hereeness" may refer to this room, where we all are, where I have by some ungodly act of compulsion (god willing) deigned to read what reading has required of me, quite against my will, to the same "Here" where you all are held, quite against your will, or equally to these bodies, where we all are held quite against our will, no matter which usage, the truth remains-- in the beginning may have been the word, the word may have been with god, but it now rests--or rather does not--, in this "Now", with me, and the reading of my words, whether willed by me or not, will no doubt be eliciting some kind of response within you all, most likely words of your own expressing your own will, perhaps to the effect of "Will- You please- Stop- Reading-"

### Keeping Score

Plato's symposium is a short set of words set in the setting of a gathering of friends finding themselves, through the attempt to find the words to say what it means to Love, in a party not unlike the one we find ourselves in- It is a pantomime of the chain of reference--

*'Read' in the Sense of "make out the character of (a person)" is attested from 1610s- To read up "systematically study" is from 1842; read out (v-) "expel by proclamation" (Society of Friends) is from 1788*

In Symposium, Aristophanes recalls a myth of the Origin of Love, which posits that humankind were originally bipartisan, composed of two sets of arms, legs, and the insufferable rest of it, until their hubris led Zeus, or so Aristophanes referenced, (and I quote) "to split them in two, just like the fruit which is cut to be dried and preserved, or like eggs which are cut with a hair"- This was referenced directly in the introduction to the Symposium, which likened the passage to another work by Aristophanes, Birds- (the quoting of which I quote) "which postulated the Plain of Truth -a metaphorical realm representing the world of eternal Forms (Ideas) where the soul, in its true, winged state, grasps ultimate reality and goodness, nourished by true knowledge, contrasting with the confusing, opinion-filled world of senses where souls "feed on opinion" after losing their wings and falling to earth, destined for reincarnation into different lives based on how much truth they glimpsed-" The topic of birds is one I shall return to, if you'll forgive my flightiness, as such light and light filled things must exist in relation to their heavy, grounded counterparts; so I ask, with no delay for a response, please, there is nothing of gravity that could respond appropriately--that you be patient, for you to wait, while I lay out the weightier parts of my thesis on the theatre of thesauruses (thesauri, if you will, deriving from 'treasure') and the devastation of dictionaries (manual of words; manual as in labour, the forceful work required to define, to read, and to write literature, particularly when insipidly implementing such strained devices

of dictation as alliteration, or even, impossibly pretentious, in prosody, poetic metre, meaning rhythmic pattern, rather than measure, though the synonymous syntax is certainly perplexing, and, too perhaps, permitting time, rhyme)-

Music, being the language of Love, is of course a topic discussed in Plato's Symposium, a book about Love which I very much so Love, though I detest on principle, it being composed of the

*The musical sense of "perform (at first sight) from the notes" (Sight Reading) is by 1792-*

Word, even more unforgivable a sin by virtue of its being a written account of the spoken word, The Word which is a highly detestable parasite, a pseudo-life that conveys just a small molecule of Meaning, which we build immunity to through our own reading- What I mean by this is that Language is a form of Loss; a sentence is a loss of sentiment, and the Word is a Music of perpetual degradation, each utterance a loss of fidelity, a fall into disarray; Music is the language of Love, but Language is the Score (the tally, the soundtrack, the brutal blade, insidious incision) of Loss-

Definition, restrictive yet inevitable, is a non consensual and reflexive act of violence- It is a sentence- In the criminally punitive sense- So where is the end? The End is not in sight or in citation, it is in cytology; hidden in plainly truthful sight, though not to the naked eye; the End lies within a boundary of the nuclear membrane, and is not so much an End as a perpetual beginning; the closest we can hope for- What canonically denotes the End of a Sentence is known by some as the Full Stop, and others as The Period- A period, besides being a sign of Fertility through a loss of life, or a sign of Life through a lack of fertility, a source of hate for the biological essentialist, and a source of great anguish for the existentialist, is an indefinite measurement of time- The metronome (metron, "law") keeps time in music, that is, restricts it- Heraclitus rightfully, as a proto-Lexicomythographer, surmised that the dual valency of the word 'rule' -- that as a tool of measurement, and that of a subjugating force -- revealed much in its definition, the definition to which itself was subjugated, lying under the undulating, twisting spasmodic surface of Violent Meaning- To 'straighten' something (subjugate), is to *bend* the object to one's will (objectify)- To 'measure' an object is to impose upon it a preconceived notion of measurement; the measured is the victim of the measurer, who wields the fatal weapon, the measuring implement, and the implement of measurement-

The act of measuring requires time - and in the time it takes to measure movement, said movement has shifted to a place and state other from that we wished to measure- The same can be said for reading, even our own words, whether aloud or in our heads, as we write them, or as we 'read' the events around us, as they occur- Occur- From the latin root 'currere', itself from the Proto-Indo-European kers-, to run, hasten- The etymology of an occurrence is formed of the latin roots 'ob' - 'toward' and 'run'- That which occurs is running toward you, to meet you, in this river of motion we call perception- But you, yourself are an occurrence, or a series of occurrences- And you exist, necessarily, outside of the current moment, in order to perceive, or misinterpret it as such- This, current moment- Moment - from the latin Movimentum; itself from movere - to move- Medieval thinkers began treating momenta temporis ("moments of time") as small divisions of motion, because, like Aristotle, they saw time itself as the measure of movement- The current moment is motion itself, and events are that which use said motion, to present themselves to you- Middle English: via Old French from Latin praesent- 'being at hand', present participle of praeesse, from prae 'before' + esse 'to be'- 'Present' is formed of the roots of 'Before', and 'Being'- That which is present, comes before

*"Whence things have their origin, Thence also their destruction happens, According to necessity; For they give to each other justice and recompense- For their injustice- In conformity with the ordinance of Time" -Anaximander, On Nature (the earliest surviving piece of recorded philosophical prose in the Western tradition)-*

Being itself- These words for the present moment present us with an endless cycle of meaning - A moment in time is not static, but rather the act of measuring it, and the act of measuring creates this moment- This Moment is itself an action- This illusion of time, this bubble of subjective experience, is a circle; never quite closing- This current moment which turns to face us, turns us in turn- Current -- the present participle of the aforementioned 'currere'- Running- The current moment, as electrical charge, can only be measured by its very existence as a fleeting state-

The English word "before" evolved from the Old English "beforan," which combines "be-" (meaning "by" or "near") with "forean" (from "fore"), a derivative of the Proto-Germanic and Proto-Indo-European root per-, meaning "forward", "in front of"- In this way, looking closer, we can see before us: That which is before, is ahead-

Through the inextricable histories of Violence and Meaning-making, we can see the subject of "What Has Been" (Covered) is simply the object of what is Yet To Be (Dis-covered)- Implicating other in unfettered relation is the cost of meaning- Imposed, unauthorised meaning inferred by other is the price of relation- The technique is decidedly Petalien-- that is, A Contraction of the concepts of familiarity (Pet-) and Otherness (-alien); a metatextual technique in which a surname is 'badjectivised', denoting an established 'Field' of study (NB "Borgesian") when in actual fact, the term is simply a neologism, and this has all been a terrible waste of time-

### **Where It Counts**

Do these words 'count'? Do all my little, meandering and not so little but little, little words *mean* anything? Do *they* count? At the root of it all, where all this senseless gathering of dust upon ashes of our ancestors came from, what reason is there? Proto Indo European 're' - to reason- To count-

Reason upon reason upon cause upon cause of effects of affect, which refers to the speaker's emotions, attitudes, and feelings influencing language, or how language itself conveys these states (state being a condition to which something is subjected to, a physical condition, or dependency, a state being an arbitrary boundary around space, more often than not being the cause of endless arguments, effecting hatred and genocide, state being the specification of facts to make an argument, state in music being the introduction or presentation of a theme in a composition, states upon states, what a state we're in; to have led to now, can any of us count the ways in which we reason ourselves out of the hatred we've been sentenced with, through sentence upon sentence, endlessly senseless hatred packaged in the parcels of the rules of grammar of a language not ours, but that we were born into, a grammar of restriction; 'restriction' which begins with those same two letters: 're' as reading; but from a different source, a Latin word-forming element meaning "back, back from, back to the original place;" also "again, anew, once more," also conveying the notion of "undoing" or "backward"- From which we get "redact", "render" (as in disguise, or even in written, spoken words) yes, even "rewrite", and perhaps most importantly, to take back something of ours from this barrelling train of linguistic academia, the word: "rebel-" This little word

*Middle English reden, ireden, "to counsel, advise," also "to read," from Old English rædan, gerædan (West Saxon), redan, geredan (Anglian) "to advise, counsel, persuade; discuss, deliberate; rule, guide; arrange, equip; forebode; to read (observe and apprehend the meaning of something written), utter aloud (words, letters, etc-); to explain; to learn through reading; to put in order-" This is reconstructed to be from Proto-Germanic \*redan, source also of Old Norse raða, Old Frisian reda, Dutch raden, Old High German ratan, German raten "to advise, counsel, interpret, guess," from PIE root \*re- "to reason, count-"*

form, re, used to denote the written reply to a letter; itself perhaps showing a way back, RE: the point which I am trying to make-

I hold a balled-up thread, a knotted strand of fate, a condensed coil of DNA, the wool of Ariadne, or of rope: to build a ladder, or a noose-- perhaps they are all the same-- to guide me back, back to the root of this labyrinthine meandering: to that of the distance between us, our useless attempts to cross it, between our meanings, and the only strings with which we know how to weave a flimsy bridge-- strings of letters, of sentences-

### **Meaning - The Sign of Forgiveness**

To return to the Avian theme; the host genomes (strings of around 2 billion pairs of letters, but only four letters, nonetheless) I interrogated for resistance variants to influenza during my research in bioinformatics, that of birds- may be seen as a contemporary reflection of the ancient practice of Augury, in which meaning would be divined, prophesied or predicted from the behavioural patterns of avian species- Using the comparison of genotypic expression to phenotypic presentation in the host response to avian influenza, The 'Sign of Forgiveness' reveals itself as Janusian-- in two faces; The \*Interface; that which occupies the boundary space between entities-

After all this, toiling over sequences of just four letters, I put forward, before you all, the four of you, my argument: that just as a single data point cannot 'mean' anything alone, that a statistical mean cannot be taken without more than one sample; meaning functions as a mean- A

mean-ing- Meaning is relational, forged in the war between characters- In that battleground of space, festering- Bioinformatics plots (ie graph, garden, story) mutations in the genome known as SNPs (that's an initialisation for Single Nucleotide Polymorphisms, not 'Snips' as in cutting, although it could be) according to their 'significance score (that's scoring as in points, not cutting, although it could be)' a covariate of contributory likelihood pointing to the trait in question-

> *"He has united the two lands for his son"\* - the oldest known complete sentence, including a finite verb (United)- (Drawn Together)- (Contracted)-*

The point I wish to make at the end of my last three years of work developing my Field, or rather, the last thirty two years of my life, is the single point at the end of every sentence; including the one at the very end of this very very long sentence--and yes, this entire talk is comprised of a single sentence, not counting the question mark, which I don't, given the egregiously rhetorical nature of every question I have asked, and continue to ask, with no chance of a response-please, I've ran out of chances, asked for too many of them- So what was the point? --The point of Lexicomythography begins with a necessary axiom: to forgive the characters- Forgive the characters we make of ourselves, of one another, the characters from which we write them, write to them, the characters (just four) from which we are written, of our language, of every other and each other's languages, forgive them all for their inability to carry the weight of their meaning; because all symbolic systems are catastrophically insufficient-- words arrive, like a lover, or a mother, at my hospital bedside, late, or not at all-- they break, they break up like a signal not getting through not over or under the sole of some heavy boot like the hollow bones of little birds-- they break what they try to hold; characters-letters, selves, and nucleotides-do not and cannot remain singular; they reach for each other under the strangling burden of articulation; meaning requires interdependence; relation is not optional to sense or antiSense: it is the condition of sense, the helical pairing with nonsense--

This paper grows from a synthesis of bioinformatics, poetics, noise studies, and durational performance practice, where my sonic work treats noise not as error but as relational surplus—the uncompressed signal from which pattern emerges (as per Attali, 1985); my writing and performance practice unfolds across time as {devoted possession|possessed devotion}— subject and object held under turbulent oscillation until new relational form is forced into being, but this is just a more overt demonstration of the perturbation that occurs with every act of interpretation, willingly or not; in this view, ie the viewing of all of this, all of us, we are meaning making machines || we are meaning-making (machines) ||| we are meaning: making machines-- Lexicomythography is a Body is a Language is the Name I give to myself, a body of work of relation—where language fails, tires, and then tries again-- in futility, more often than not-- in the presence of another; or, more often, not--now I ask the Word, with no room for a response--I mean, please, words themselves cannot talk-- but they are living, infesting, evolving alongside us, so I ask them, anyway: Where were you? When I needed you?

And though I may speak in my riddles of sentences, as a poet is sentenced to be riddled with, I speak through this indirectness to directly draw your attention to the brutality of interpretation; how expansive is our lived experience, how infinite we are, and how infinitesimal are these little envelopes said experience must be packaged, pressed, pulverised into, these silly, insignificantly small sentences, in order, in order, in order to try to send them out to others, that they might read in them some disordered sense of their own--

*No multiplicity, no mean- No, I wanted this to be gentle- I wanted this to be a reclamation, I wanted it to be a warcry for peace- But how can that be? You can't have it both ways, can you? No, I, I mean, I have no meaning; I mean, I tried to find one; but, No; I know, No, it's okay, I'll be done soon, don't worry, No, No relation, no meaning--*

What I have been meaning to speak on is that hate, what I mean to say is that I hate, what I speak with and through is that hate itself--which is to say the subject of my talk, objective by all means, is meaning, or the attempt to convey the meaning of what we wish to say; hate of course being a strong word of which we've all been made experts in direct experience, but, still, I'm trying to bring my weak little pebble words to the Goliath of my hate of the word itself, not just the word 'Hate', but the Word: The Word in its pitiful entirety-- we hate the word hate, those of us subjected to it, but we, I, hate nonetheless, and what's more, still more accurate but still insufficient, to say is that I simply hate the distance between you and I, between my eye, and the I that sees with it-- I hate the requisite, the requirement of reading to portray meaning; I mean I am betrayed by what you think I mean, the reading required to make it, to try to make you think it as well, as well as I can, which is invariably not enough--the reading required to 'mean' at all; I hate the meanness of meaning, the meanness of reading; in our sense, of course, the decidedly mean definition of what it means to Read Somebody, which eventually resulted from the long chain of meanings, overwriting, reading over one another to this very point in time; and this, even this subject, the subject of this talk which is the subject of all other talks, forms of talking, reading, perceiving objects; I-as-subject; other-as-object; language-- I hate the language I have used, continue to use, willingly or not; in which to live; to tell you what it means for me to live; to live with and without you, in these endless shelves of setting; in this set<sup>[2]</sup> around this unset table, hungry for the words to live at all, it is a reading that I ask you

*Cognate words in most modern Germanic languages still mean "counsel, advise" (compare rede)- Old English also had a related noun ræd, red "advice," and \*\*read is connected to riddle\*\* (n-1) via the notion of \*\*\*interpret-\*\*\* Century Dictionary notes that the past participle should be written red, as it formerly was, and as in lead/led- Middle English past participle variants include eradde, irad, ired, iræd, irudde-*

now, with no desire for an answer--please, there is only one you could give--  
what is the meaning of all of this?

(stay with me, we're on a train, different rows of seats, but your eyes flutter  
over your book, this book; and you catch the bottom of my shoe, as the air  
suddenly strangles both our ears, and the violent fluorescence of the tunnel  
lights ignite a teardrop that thought it was forgotten by the sky, which I'd  
caught, without thinking, in my rush to get here, out of breath, hold the  
doors, I'm running, I'm running--)

(stay with me, stay with me, I think, as my shoulders are pushed to the left,  
my bottom rib losing its grip on my spine, now licking hungrily, wanting out  
of itself, kissing the plastic armrest, built too low to be of any use other  
than to detain me; i'm pushed to the will of a machine, or the will that made  
the machine, will you stay with me? I'm displaced against my will, from this  
brittle place I've made for myself in this world and toward another unknown to  
me, like a girl might be pushed into the snow on her way home from school, her  
ears stuffed with a more solid form of cold-- i wish i could say igneous, but  
most likely metamorphic-- the train rocks us like the baby that became that  
girl, and my eyes sway to the left side of my book, maybe not this one  
(definitely not in second person, you imagine); but another, until they meet  
your knee)

(stay with me, you're listening to something, i think you're listening to  
something, and maybe it's not so aware of itself as to be somehow didactic and  
incomprehensible simultaneously, I imagine that it's jazz, but maybe it's  
something better, something I hadn't even heard of, or ever will for that  
matter, but it doesn't matter, maybe that's the point, is the point I'm making)

(you see me, reading a book you can't quite read the title of, maybe it's in  
another, new language, still not recorded, too ancient, but, in this small four  
minutes, we are lovers, and we share a life together)

(you are closing your book now and you stand up, stay with me, i see the  
softness of your wrist hair peeking out from under your sleeve, catching on  
your watch and i think, i wonder how that hurts, in what way, how might it  
remind you of the time passing; and i feel myself be held in those arms there,  
in the falling mist of the ages of cheap beer and vomited wine that your  
leaving steps danced out of that stained, hideous carpet with a colour of  
irretrievable origin, and i am caught in its wheels, like the hair in the links  
of your watch--silver, i think-- on this rattling ribcage as it slows to a  
crescendo, for just a minute, made of metal, stay with me)

(you leave, and our life is over, all we have,

the brutal doors open, laughing at our hope and

we are born into another freezing cold)

Well, whether you've stayed with me this long or not, the meaning is violence,  
and that violence that's been made of me, made of all of us, by the act of trying  
to make it-- I mean language is a violence, language is violence, the only  
language I've been taught to know, and you, well,

you won't but, stay with me, will you sit next to me? at least until the next  
stop  
we don't have to talk, in fact, it's better if we don't,  
why ruin our conversing with language, just, hear-- hear the stillness,  
crashing like foam between us  
stay here; with me,  
i'm still here,  
not you, but  
still--

[3]

And so, by reading, redacting, resending, resenting and repeatedly redefining **lexicomythography**, I propose a field devoted to studying and practicing meaning-making under this paradigm of relational emergency- It treats every text, utterance, dataset as a living field of **Violent Relation** - one that might look like chaos or nonsense until we find the right alignment or resonance, which may, most likely, most tragically, in all iterations of tragic likelihood, never come- Rather than seeking an impossible perfect transmission of meaning (a transparent language where nothing is lost), lexicomythography suggests we accept opacity, ambiguity, and difference as **creative forces**- In Édouard Glissant's words:

*"agree not merely to the right to difference but; also to the right to opacity; The right to opacity would be the real foundation of Relation, in freedoms"*

It is in that spirit that we proceed, through this veil, you misread me, through my cacophonous opacity, as I read you my argument against reading itself, again, and again, I use my reading to argue it; and again: I argue that existence is a state of peace-- Its definition lies in war; I argue, then, that existence is a state of peace, and it is our definition that is war; I argue, then I argue -- I am, that I argue, I argue then, that existence-- I argue my existence-- I argue for my own existence-- Am I through? Am I through to you? Have I got through? Is that it? Is that what it is? Is that what you mean? Is that what you mean to say? I mean I am the end-- I mean I'm at the end now; You can stop-- I mean you can stop reading now; It's okay; You can leave it's okay I mean please, stop; Please, just stay-- Please stay with me a little longer, please, hear me-- Please, I'm sorry; I'm sorry okay? Is that what you want me to say? I mean; what else is there? Meaning? What is the meaning of meaning? I think it means a sentence, as in, judiciary, penitentiary; As in, a sin-- The Original sin: The mortal sin of wanting, to be-- original; I think it means something, surely, dear god please let these little words have meant something-- I think my life has been a sentence, and in the end, I think that this meant absolutely nothing, except that meaning of the fullness, stopping-- at the centre of it all.

### Required Reading

1. Now, Here, if you were reading rather than hearing my reading, there would be a reference to a footnote, in which would be defined "Deixis" as the linguistic employment of relativistic words or phrases to locate the speaker (I) in (within) space (there), or time (now, then), some of which include ambiguous phrases of both temporal and spatial deixis, like "We're nearly", "at", "the end" or unfortunately more applicably, "not even close" that only hold meaning with reference (as the ancient greek origin of the term lies in 'display, reference') to the speaker or object being named- Namely "Here, Now" ↪
2. Here, then, there would be a footnote expanding upon the word 'Set', as defined by the setting of a table, the set dressing of a theatrical or film production, by Set Theory

of mathematics: the attempt to undress self and other yes, but the concept of *category* first; a dressed person's second addressed persons' third person address- this hateful act that acts as leaky cracked bowls of the freaky bleak word salad in which I preach this laboured written word on the labour of the word that's read to, of you, the set of parts I've used to read it, the set of parts you use to hear it, which is to say, to read it, which is my reading of the unsaid violence of the loudness in the silence between a definition and its meaning- ↵

3. Here- At the terminal reference, the final footnote of this self-indulgent monologue, I ask you, with no expectation of an answer--please, there is only the question, the question of the question itself; what it means to try to read another, or ourselves, there is only the unending question of what brought us here, to the end of this talk (soon, I promise) and to the end of our past, to the beginning of our future, with one another perhaps, but definitely without the words, with no words sufficient to describe the words used to define the word, without any hope for an answer, without any desire, really, without any expectation at all, from this ever-present *Here*, to reach that insurmountable *There*, without any choice but with that inescapable requirement, that wretched, hopeless search for meaning, with its meaningless and violent Requirement-- of Reading- ↵