

# Monologues

Reflections by Mr. D. on the worlds

*Written down in 1994*

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## *Preliminary Remark*

*The following reflections were recorded by a certain Mr. D. about whom nothing further is known, when the Crisis of the Worlds appeared to be inevitable in his mind. The manuscript was found in a PC which had been dumped for recycling, or rather on its hard disk, to be more precise. Some far-sighted technician must have regarded the saved document as worth keeping and therefore copied it to a floppy disk. In this way and accompanied by a note on the way it was found, the monologues eventually reached the publisher.*



## Prologue

It was a day to make an inner decision when Mr. D. began to carefully record his bizarre reflections which corresponded *exactly* to his outer world perceptions and even appeared to emerge directly from them. In reality, he reasoned with himself, there was no reason to write anything down – but this was exactly the reason for his decision. So he took a decisive step – for no reason – into an abyss. There was neither reason nor ground, a bottomless pit, but suddenly words and reflections took shape and lined up like links of an infinite chain of meaning. But not only *language* was set in motion in this way, Mr. D. experienced himself as an originary *world movement* and *world migration* from which there could be no escape as no point of entry could be perceived either. What began here was a strange thing: *Who* was speaking? *What* was trying to find expression in language which started to speak by itself? Was there even a ‘subject’ which was to be *discussed*? What had set these reflections in motion? Did it even have such a thing as an *aim*? And if there was *no stateable reason* for it, could at least a concrete *occasion* or an *inducement* be found for it?

Mr. D. *refrained* from asking such questions. There was a good reason for this decision. Mr. D. had once studied philosophy, had worked long and hard and for many years, ploughing the fields of human sciences – and knew therefore only too well, that human questions were finally *unanswerable*, that they could at best only *lead to new and further questions*, or even *lead the mind astray*. So, if questions, requests or critical queries could find no place, at least all *thoughts* would be allowed to roam free to entice them to bold flight, never tried before. With his decision to *write* his reflections *down*,

however, and therefore to *reveal* and to *expose* his reflective inner life, an outer *turning* point had already been reached, as from now on, Mr. D.'s world and all his most precise world perceptions *imploded* in the inner space of a *mind confronted with itself*. Mr. D. no longer conducted 'conversations', but from this day on his mind communicated chiefly with itself and everything that he saw *in his mind's eye's* very own view. What came of all this, or rather, what was put to paper, will be presented and displayed in the following. Of course, there is no scientific interest attached to this. Mr. D. would reject such a notion decisively and energetically. His reflections and their self-creations originating from manifold inner cross-references were only intended to open up *unknown spaces* and plane the way for *unexpected insights*. If the reader should find or discover anything which is important and true for him, this would purely be his *own* good luck, and no credit would be due to Mr. D. who is entirely convinced that everyone at any time only moves in his own world, and that all worlds, where they do not collide and destroy each other, in view of their variety and differences, are only able *to pass through each other* concordantly. Therefore even the infinity of worlds at any time can only perceive *one* at a time, the one which is the most virulent at any given moment.

Mr. D. perceived himself as one of those in the year in question so that he communicated his very own *world experience*, which is compatible with no other. It just so *happened* to Mr. D. that he experienced himself *as a world* – and this *in its peak*. To perceive a world from its peak, however, means *loneliness*. That is why Mr. D. was not attempting to establish any communication between worlds with these writings, as this is not possible and a contradiction in terms. Mr. D. was only attempting to develop a world from its thoughts, as all possible worlds are always included and inherent in it. For the Mono-Logos of the living spirit unfolds and perceives itself first and last as an *explosion and self-explication of all worlds*.

This is the reason for the secretly and openly *volcanic*, even *eruptive* character of his monologues: they do not 'describe' something outside themselves. They *assert* themselves *in their self-creation* as which they bear witness to the creative ecstasy of *autogenous thinking*. Insofar they can also be seen as philosophical philosophy beyond all philosophical science (which degenerates to absurdity and monstrosity on the battlefields of reality): The monologue is eo ipso its '*self-science*' *sui generis*. A somehow *cheerful*, but also *crazy* and *melancholic*, even *malicious* science which tends to *smash* scientific principles rather than put them 'from their heads to their feet'. Mr. D. is, in a way, working on a complete *epochal processing* of scientific consciousness in the sense of its *defloration* and *annihilation* – and he wants to be a infinitesimal step ahead of the results and final effects of all science. This, however, is by no means meant to be a claim, but rather a preceding realisation and an experimental trial. Mr. D. is dealing only with *real* and *solid facts* – therefore the *surreal* element appears of its own accord. With vitality and drastic ob-

trusiveness, his writings under the title of „Monologues“, dating from 1994, show the structural *brutality and obscenity of the sciences* and of all academic life as well as their permanent *prostitution* before the naïve eyes of a public who has been deeply deceived. But even the institutionalised action field of the so called ‘sciences’ as a whole is a small, even minute, or negligibly insignificant world (albeit not one without consequences) in the vast *cosmos of the dance of the worlds*.

This brings us to the POINT that is the centre of meaning and the axis around which the reflections of the monologues are orbiting: They do not so much figure as ‘prose’ but rather as an *anarchic form of self-poetification*. The one and only thought which drives everything in the form of an aesthetic ‘Super-Fort’ and keeps it in motion is an act of the freest self-formation of a *cosmic dance*. This is at the same time a *dance above and into the abyss*, shown to us by the modulations of Mr. D’s monologues. As Mr. D. admits himself, he wanted to bear a *strong and irrevocable testimony*. Among his last sentences we therefore find one which says: „Writing is an absurdity. Writing something out of one’s mind is better. To be written down, even to be shouted down by one’s own thoughts is the beginning of all originally living text!“

Therefore Mr. D’s words are simply speaking for themselves. They do not refer to anything outside of themselves, but they still point to something beyond themselves. Mr. D. places himself – and his readers – into the chaotic-stirring *centre of the worlds*. As much as his reflections are to be seen as *monologues*, they still appear altogether as a somewhat *Promethean prologue* of a breaking *new aeon of the worlds* – as well as an *epilogue* of the old world era which has been coming to a conclusion for some time and which is *destroying itself* every day more thoroughly and irrecoverably. The monologues themselves want to be *the hammer* which proceeds with its destructive constructive work while constantly looking backwards and forwards. The reader is therefore advised to use *discretion* – he might himself become the *unintended victim* of this hammer. Mr. D’s monologues require a certain amount of stamina. They are intended for adventurers and dare-devils, so-to-speak, who have not yet lost their *sense of joy and adventure, of pain and torture*, of the whole *immense* spectrum of experience and suffering. Mr. D. especially welcomes such *free spirits* as readers of his writings – as they might carry on or even complete what was *started* here in a fragmentary way, for the first time in the history of the world: to bury a *whole era* and to sing it a *cosmic requiem*.

*Publisher’s Note:*

*The „Prologue“ breaks off at this point; the remaining document was lost. Due to overwriting of the diskette sent to us, the rest of the text could not be reconstructed even by computer specialists.*