

FEELER:ich

Prorogue:

The time has simply passed.

Just now, me who was looking for a word has disappeared, and the feeling that I was not able to express in words is flowing: are they going to be forgotten or thrown into tomorrow's creation?

The time has simply passed.

The thinking being I am, is looking for words as I find myself in a droning confusion of ceaseless questions addressed to me. The I clandestinely staring at me through a peephole from inside this turmoil and the I bound by this inner tumult existing in separate spheres are continually colliding with one another within me.

I am an inanimate object that reacts, a body that shivers with cold, that wilts in the heat and sweats, that bleeds when injured. The body is continually being used and perpetually in motion until it eventually degenerates into ashes.

Yes, I agree that there might be something existing only in an abstract form of what we think, what we feel skeptic about, what we sense. It is difficult to explain because we cannot think about it logically. I am tempted to find out what it is about. I wonder if I should stop doing that, but I am becoming the hunter chasing the game by groping around. The prey keeps escaping whenever it gets close enough to grasp. Like heart waves! Ambiguity unexpectedly appears. Being something abstract, which cannot be expressed in sensuous words. That's a ridiculous game – understanding while you know it's impossible to comprehend. Me, as the clown! Anyway, something remains in me, as I am displeased with ambiguity, and at the same time it is, indeed, somewhat tricky to me.

Well, something is expressed. My work may be simply to create a sort of a symbol or a cipher in space, which then has to be decoded. That is the self-interrogation which makes existence clearer.

Let's stop such hypocrisy like making an effort to be a person with a pure mind, who confronts myself and strikes up a dialogue between me and myself – why can't I, e.g., become a hedonist following the pleasure principle?

Here's a female creature, so neurotic, that's me in the rapid object which always passes by on the runway. And I'm squeezing something original out of myself with my passion which can not be opposed, my self-consciousness enforced, my spirit erect!

Well, something is expressed. My sense of being, as an abstract object with the impossibility of comprehension, is reflected in space. It is not funny. The only funny thing is that the ceaseless questions are addressed to me

and going round and round in my head, like an annoying fly humming around. Here an insecticide spray is required ...

Me, who was abandoned in a foreign country where I set myself up, is apt to be in the state of “absolutely solitary” or “being captured by solitude” where I can give myself a nursing care quite nicely. I am not sure whether or not I am getting enough security to keep the stability of being. Never mind! Anyway I will survive.

Sometimes I have a sort of romantic feeling as if I were living in fetters, which is away from light, very far from anywhere else. I am like someone else’s remote controlled female doll. Not so a bad feeling, the feeling of captivity; however I’m now longing to escape from it ...

Well, is the escape plan progressing, or does it stagnate? Time is limited, it must be done without delay! The body can’t keep up with the thoughts, and the words can’t follow the thoughts. What can I do? Breakout from the self? There, I need the static! the light! the static! the light! the static! the light!

The time has simply passed.

There is my agony which dangles under the name of “yearning”. The ego which has finally left there, has got its gaze facing the horizon and the bare nerve. The bundle of entwined nerves keeps scraping against each other, and its spark is projected on the brain’s reverse side. I do not know from where I am having a glimpse of life – from the other side of the hill? Or from the side I am on? An impression of nothingness. But is there “yearning”? Yearning like the light of the firefly. It is sparkling again. How beautiful it is! The I which was beginning to be completed under the name of “yearning”, was in love with its own idea.

Thus I forced myself and passion which are facing a bleaching in the danger of electric leakage. Where did the water drip from?

By the way, I see a bird frozen in the refrigerator. Is that me? Do not make fun of me, Sir!

Now is the time to escape from the I. I am so tired, I’ll let myself sleep.

Text excerpt from “Feeler:Ich” by a.takeya