

# Dark Intelligibility

The Pharmakon of Being

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*The greatest act of love for myself  
is to look at my own pain.*

# Companionability

“I really like things I don’t understand. When I read a thing I don’t understand, I feel a sweet and abysmal vertigo.”—  
*Clarice Lispector, A Breath of Life*<sup>1</sup>

How do we relate to what ultimately concerns us? We are thrown into reality’s whirl without ground, without given orientation. The religious traditions once held these ultimate questions—the meaning of existence, our stance toward being, the ground of value itself. But today we all-too-often delegate our ultimate concerns to the background, occupying ourselves with anything but the direct encounter with being itself.

The result of this deferral, this devaluation of being, is nihilism. Perhaps not simply the death of God but also the death of meaning. The univocal certainties have collapsed. But in the equivocal

ruins, do we still have any shared ground? Can we still distinguish light from shadow, truth from fabrication, authentic encounter from performance?

Yet what if nihilism is not a dead end but a doorway? What if our coming to nothing is an essential waystation toward a transformed relation to being?

From the collapse of all meaning, what can be reborn out of the ruins? Let us stop trying to make sense of it for a moment, and instead, try to feel our way into the question itself. How does the determined become companionable to indeterminacy? How do light and dark conjoin in *chiaroscuro*? And how to develop the metabolic capacity to receive the *chiaroscuro*, to affirm their interpenetration?

Today, in a world where ambiguity dominates and social cohesion evaporates, the demands of life can overwhelm our capacity to remain open. I must be compassionate here—with myself, with us. It is no surprise that we foreclose our porosity. Faced with real suffering, oppression, the devaluation of being, a lack of meaning can feel like terminal diagnosis. The temptation is to close off, to protect. What results is not some heroic refusal, but a quiet death—the death of community with others, and more devastatingly, the death of communication with ourselves, with our own being.

I have to confess I cannot be honest to you, dear reader. I'm not sure I have the capacity to tell you the truth. I follow the flame called love and I try to discern in its light, the gradations of color, the intensity of its burning. Everything I believe can be told by the flame of a single candle. Maybe this essay will be some half-unfinished regurgitation, unmetabolized material, purged from a system that is processing, messy, academically questionable, of questionable au-

thenticity. On the page I should not shy from truth as I do not do so in my body, my soul. I encounter myself fully. But of course I'm full of my own bullshit too.

Writing itself becomes a site of perplexity and astonishment. It is an attempt to give myself breath, to give myself space to wonder and attend to myself. Not as achievement but as necessity, an attempt to save my life.

How can I write without knowing where to go? I shall have somebody else write through me. In my voice, my very being, there is a whole host of voices speaking through me. I feel easily possessed. This doesn't have to be a problem. Starting with my parental voices, Clarice Lispector and William Desmond. I was playful in letting Lispector and Desmond together with me make us into a triangle. Geometric stability through threeness, yet each point remains irreducible. Not synthesis but constellation. The aim here is not a perfect synthesis, which would risk domesticating the radical singularity of each voice. Rather, it is to stage a tense and improvisational tango where resonance emerges from the space opened up between them. Hopefully I will not be a wallflower.

# The Between and Its Medicine

*“As beings proceed, they recede; as they show themselves, they reserve themselves; as they manifest themselves, they hide their being.”<sup>2</sup>*

## Porosity and the Neutral

Where does this tango begin? At the threshold where we stand exposed—porous to what exceeds us, yet strangely intimate with it. Both Lispector and Desmond trace this exposure through what appears most alien, most resistant to meaning: the neutral. This is where the triangle finds its first movement.

Clarice Lispector’s protagonist in *The Passion According to G.H.* encounters an alien intimacy. She confronts what she calls “the



great living neutrality struggling”,<sup>3</sup> life stripped of its human face, vitality indifferent to meaning. Intimacy here is not the communion of similarity, but the piercing proximity of otherness. There is an otherness to selving.

William Desmond offers a striking parallel in his book *the God and the Between*: “The idiocy of being is the sheer astonishment that there is anything at all, its intimate givenness and its foreign neutrality.”<sup>4</sup> What Lispector calls the neutral, Desmond refers to as the primal ethos: the bare fact of being before any determination, given to us before we come to be in a double register —as strangely intimate and irreducibly foreign.

Both writers refuse the hard split of subject and object. For Lispector, the self is undone by what leaks through from within and without. For Desmond, the self always arises at the *metaxu*, the between, where self and other constantly co-determine each other. But what exactly is this “between”?

## The Metaxu as Overdetermined Between

Desmond’s concept of the *metaxu* (μεταξύ)—the “between”—provides the ontological framework for understanding how Lispector and Desmond navigate the space where intelligible and unintelligible, self and other, human and inhuman meet without reduction. We are constituted *in* relation, through the between- the “rich ontological intermedium of happening”<sup>5</sup> where beings and their others constantly co-determine each other. As the intermedium of happening it is

an “overdetermined” space, saturated with excessive possibility. The *metaxu* is where different modes of being encounter each other in their genuine otherness while remaining in relation. It is the field of relation itself.

The *metaxu* operates through what Desmond calls *double mediation*: both self-mediation (consciousness thinking itself through its other) and *intermediation* (the other’s genuine mediation from its own otherness). This is crucial. In self-mediation, the self relates to itself by passing through what appears as other—this is the familiar movement of reflection, where I come to know myself by encountering what I am not. But intermediation names something more radical: the other genuinely mediates from its own center, its own idiotic singularity, and is not reducible to my self-relation.

Unlike dialectical thinking, which ultimately collapses otherness back into self-relation (the other becomes a moment in the self’s own becoming), *metaxological* thinking maintains genuine plurality within unity. The other remains other even in the intimacy of encounter. The cockroach does not become a symbol that G.H. masters; it retains its “thick radiant indifference,” its alien vitality that cannot be assimilated.

This double mediation is precisely what Lispector enacts in her literary practice. The protagonist’s encounter with the cockroach creates a *metaxu*—a space where human and non-human, subject and object, familiar and strange meet without reduction to dialectical unity. G.H. cannot synthesize the roach into her understanding; she can only undergo the ordeal of remaining in the between, letting it work on her, dissolving the protective boundaries she has constructed.

# Surplus Givenness and the Overdeterminate

Both thinkers understand this “between” as *overdetermined* rather than indeterminate. For Desmond, being presents itself as *surplus givenness*—an excessive abundance that gives rise to astonishment rather than mastery. Being gives more than we can ask for, more than our concepts can contain, more than our self-determination can manage. This surplus is not a problem to be solved but the primal condition of existence itself.

For Lispector, reality exceeds linguistic capture not through poverty but through richness: “reality is too delicate, only reality is delicate, my unreality and my imagination are heavier.”<sup>6</sup> Her prose constantly gestures toward what language cannot hold—not because reality is void, but because it overflows every attempt at containment. The neutral is not empty but fertile—generative precisely in its refusal to conform to our categories.

This overdetermination means that the *metaxu* is always already more than any single perspective can encompass. The self cannot master the between because the between exceeds the self’s totalizing grasp. Yet this excess is not a limitation but a gift—it is what allows genuine encounter, genuine surprise, genuine transformation. We are claimed by more than we can claim.

The key point is not merely that the world resists humanization, but that the self too harbors a profound and complex alterity. To navigate this, William Desmond offers a crucial map of three interwoven senses of transcendence. First transcendence ( $T^1$ ) is the otherness of

beings in the world, like the cockroach, whose existence resists being reduced to our categories. Second transcendence ( $T^2$ ) is our own self-transcendence—our freedom and drive toward self-determination.<sup>7</sup> Modernity has often championed this  $T^2$  as a sovereign autonomy, the *conatus essendi* in full command. Yet, as Desmond warns, when we delve into our own immanent depths, we find they are “bottomless, depths murky, depths terrifying.” Our autonomy shivers as it discovers an “inward otherness” that is not its own creation but its source, an otherness tied to the primordial givenness of our being—our *passio essendi*.<sup>8</sup>

This points toward the Third transcendence ( $T^3$ ), a “hyperbolic” otherness that is the ultimate, overdeterminate source of both the world ( $T^1$ ) and the self ( $T^2$ ).<sup>9</sup> This the “transobjective and transsubjective” ground of all being.<sup>10</sup> The ordeal of the *pharmakon* is precisely what happens when an encounter in the first transcendence shatters the illusion of simple autonomy in the second (the self), forcing a terrifying and fascinating exposure to the third. This reveals the double register of heteronomy we will explore: the encounter with the “murky depths” within our self-transcendence ( $T^2$ )—our exiled, intimate other—and the simultaneous exposure to the irreducible, hyperbolic mystery that grounds us ( $T^3$ ).

## The Thing-Part

Something in us is already there before all our conceptions of being human: “the inhuman part is the best part of us...the thing-part of us...matter of God, waiting to reclaim me.”<sup>11</sup> The inhuman here

is nearer to us than our own self-conceptions. When Lispector's narrator asks, "Why shouldn't I become unclean, exactly as I was discovering my whole self to be?"<sup>12</sup> she names the ordeal of receiving what our constructed purity had excluded. To become "unclean" is to allow the overdeterminate matter-of-God to stain the categories we use to separate spirit from flesh, human from thing. She collapses the hierarchy between human and thing. This reveals the co-identity of self and non-self, the neutral being in which we participate alongside the roach, the stone, the dust.

This "thing-part" emerges as a fundamental ground we share in being with the world. It points to what Kyoto School philosopher Nishitani Keiji calls the *self's original part*: "Hills and rivers, the earth, plants and trees, tiles and stones, all of these are the self's own original part."<sup>1314</sup> This is the place where self and world are not yet differentiated, pre-subjective and pre-objective. The encounter with the abject roach is not a discovery of something foreign, but a homecoming to our shared original ground.

This perspective points to neither materialism (which would reduce consciousness to mechanism) nor transcendentalism (which would separate spirit from flesh). Instead, it names an immanent divinity: the sacred as the very substance of what is. Matter is not dead stuff awaiting animation by spirit; it is *Materia-de-Deus*, the very flesh of the divine. The "original part" is our shared participation in this ground, the recognition that matter itself is the medium of the sacred. We are not souls trapped in bodies but embodied consciousness recognizing itself as always already divine substance, neutral fertility, living suchness.

Lispector's discovery is not without terror: "it was a joy without

redemption...a joy without hope.”<sup>15</sup> This is joy untethered from any counterfeit double of salvation—no promise of return, no narrative arc to make sense of it. It does not lead elsewhere. And precisely because it is without hope, it is pure: a joy that redeems only by annihilating the need for redemption.

This hopeless joy names a radical affirmation that has learned to metabolize neutrality without converting it into something else. It remains stubbornly at the level of pure affirmation—joy in suchness, in the bare astonishing fact that anything is at all. Hopeless joy arises precisely when we have stopped fleeing the neutral ground of being, when we can finally receive the great living neutrality not as dead meaninglessness but as fertile groundlessness. The neutral gives neither comfort nor promise, yet precisely in this refusal to conform to our demand for meaning, it offers something more fundamental: participation in being’s own self-subsistence.

To experience hopeless joy is to affirm being without the supplements of meaning-making, to find nourishment in what initially appears as pure poison. It is joy that has developed sufficient metabolic capacity to receive the neutral directly.

## The Ground We Share: Desmond and Nishitani

Here we must tread carefully. We have just traced Desmond’s three transcendences—the world ( $T^1$ ), the self ( $T^2$ ), and God ( $T^3$ )—each insisting on irreducible otherness that cannot be collapsed into identity. Yet Lispector’s “matter of God” and Nishitani’s *sunyata* both point

toward an immanent ground we share with all beings. How do we reconcile this apparent contradiction between transcendent otherness and immanent sharing?

The tension is creative rather than contradictory. Nishitani's *sunyata*—the standpoint of emptiness—is not a substance we share but the *field* in which all things appear in their suchness. It is “more near to us than we are to ourselves,”<sup>16</sup> yet it is not *ours*. It is the groundlessness that grounds, the nothingness that lets beings be. Similarly, Lispector's “matter of God” is not God *as* matter (which would collapse T<sup>3</sup> into T<sup>1</sup>) but the *trace* of the divine in the material—the way the ultimate source shows itself *in* and *through* finite beings without being reduced to them.

Desmond's caution about pantheistic collapse remains valid: we are not God, and God is not simply the sum of beings. Yet the *between* itself—the *metaxu*—is precisely where the transcendent and immanent interpenetrate without collapsing into identity. The shared ground is not a substance but a *participation*—we share in being without being the source of being. This is union-in-difference: profound intimacy without identity, deep communion without fusion.

These terms—neutral, idiocy, suchness, thing-part, original part—spiral around the same mystery without collapsing into synonymy. The *neutral* names the phenomenological encounter: life stripped of meaning's comforting overlay, fertility without narrative. The *idiocy of being* names its ontological structure: the bare astonishing *that-it-is* before any determination, simultaneously intimate (given to us) and foreign (irreducible to us). *Suchness* points to the epistemological possibility: a mode of knowing that receives beings in their radical particularity without conceptual mediation—the roach as roach, not

roach-as-symbol.

The *thing-part* and *original part* name our participation in this ground. Lispector's thing-part is the inhuman dimension *within* the self—what we share with stone and roach, the matter-of-God that precedes our constructed humanity. Nishitani's original part extends this recognition outward: the hills and rivers are not external to us but constitute our deepest selfhood, the pre-differentiated ground we never actually left. Both dissolve the boundary between self and world, revealing participation in a shared ontological substance.

Together, these terms create a metaxological constellation—they don't reduce to a single concept but illuminate each other through their differences. The neutral is what we *encounter*, idiocy is what being *is*, suchness is *how* we can know it, and the thing-part/original part name our *participation* in it. They are different angles on the same fundamental porosity: our exposure to an overdeterminate ground that is simultaneously most alien and most intimate.

The excess of being overflows our capacity to receive it without trembling. The gift terrifies and attracts because it annihilates the prison in which the self guards its boundaries. It does not flatter our stability; it strips it away.

In this register, to encounter being is to be claimed by it, drawn into the impersonal intimacy of suchness, where self and non-self mingle, and the only fidelity is to remain porous—even to what terrifies us.

The neutral is alive with a restlessness that precedes our choices. We are constitutively needy—neediness is inherent to the neutral ground itself, not a lack to be overcome but our very structure in the midst of things. This neediness—what Plato's myths call *penia*



(poverty)—meets in us with *poros* (passage, resource). We are the restless child of both. We are given to be before we give ourselves to be. This is our ontological condition: thrown into existence, exposed to more than we can claim, opened to what exceeds us.

How do we relate to this excess? How much of it can we bear? This depends on what we might call our *metabolic capacity*—how much space do we have to receive and process what overwhelms our constructed boundaries?

## The Pharmakon of Being

Lispector locates the ordeal with a striking metaphor: “For salt I had always been ready, salt was the transcendence that I used to experience a taste, and to flee what I was calling ‘nothing.’ But what my mouth wouldn’t know how to understand—was the saltless.”<sup>17</sup> Our filters and constructions, our limited self-determination which ultimately forecloses our direct encounter with being’s naked actuality.

Desmond frames the same ordeal as the tension between *conatus essendi* and *passio essendi*: “We are given to be before we give ourselves to be. There is a *passio essendi*, a patience of being, more primordial than our *conatus essendi*, our endeavor to be.”<sup>18</sup> *Conatus* is our striving, our effort to preserve and assert selfhood, keeping reality in a digestible order. *Passio* is our given-ness, the raw unmediated encounter of being.

Being at this level can be seen as a *pharmakon*. The concept reaches us through a philosophical lineage that reveals its metax-

ological character. In Plato's *Phaedrus*, King Thamus warns that writing—Thoth's gift—is a pharmakon that will be both remedy and poison for memory. This idea of a fundamental ambiguity extends to the strange heteronomy of technology and even drugs, as I have explored in previous work. Bernard Stiegler extends Plato's insight into his technopharmacology, showing how technical objects are constitutive of human becoming itself—we co-evolve with our tools in a metaxological relationship where human and world co-determine each other.

The *Pharmakon of Being* this essay proposes operates at this same constitutive level, but more fundamentally still. Where Derrida's pharmakon reveals the undecidability of conceptual oppositions, and Stiegler's technopharmacology shows the co-constitutive relationship between human and technical objects, the *Pharmakon of Being* concerns our metabolic encounter with existence itself. This concerns the ordeal of existence: whether we can bear being's gift without being destroyed by its excess.

The ambiguity is fundamental. Being is *given* as dose (*dosis*)—an ordeal to undergo. Whether this dose becomes poison or medicine depends not on the gift itself but on our capacity to metabolize it. *Conatus* seeks to control the dose, to keep reality salted and digestible. *Passio* receives the saltless directly, exposed to being's naked actuality without protective mediation. This is the threshold where we stand: constitutively porous, exposed to overdeterminate excess, faced with the question of whether we can bear what claims us.

The ordeal comes as heteronomy—but whose heteronomy? Not as divine imperative imposed from without, but as the *heteronomy of*

*our own being*. Rilke's command rings through the encounter with radical otherness: "*You must change your life.*" This demand emerges not from some external judge but from our ontological porosity itself. We are already open, already porous, already given-to-be—and this givenness carries within it a "must" toward transformation.

The ordeal emerges because we have already consented to it at the ontological level—not through deliberate choice but through the very structure of our being. We *are* consent before we choose to consent. The question, then, is not whether we consent but whether our existential self can align with the original affirmation we already are. Can we metabolize what being gives us, or will we be metabolized by our own refusal? The pharmakon works either way—the only question is whether we participate consciously in our transformation or resist until resistance itself becomes the ordeal.

# Metabolic Crisis

*“All the world began with a yes. One molecule said yes to another molecule and life was born.”<sup>19</sup>*

Chapter 1 established our condition: we exist in the *metaxu*, and being itself arrives as a *pharmakon*—an overwhelming gift that is both poison and cure. Now we turn from the philosophical structure of this problem to its lived, visceral reality. This chapter explores the crisis precipitated by the Pharmakon of Being: the foreclosure of the gift, the necessary violence of grace, and the climactic purge that leads to transformation.

# The Gift and Its Foreclosure

Being gives itself as pure excess, agapeic letting-be. The gift arrives without condition, without demand for return—what Desmond calls the ontological “yes” we already *are* before we know it. “By virtue of the *passio essendi* we are already participants in a primal affirmation of the good of the ‘to be’—ontologically we are the living of this affirmation before we know of it.” Simply by continuing to be, we already affirm existence. This is the elemental yes: not something we achieve but what we already participate in by virtue of being at all.

Yet this gift places us in radical vulnerability. To be given is to be finite, to be dependent, to be exposed to what exceeds us. This ontological vulnerability is not debt but the very structure of creaturely existence—the *passio essendi*, our fundamental porosity to what is beyond us.

Debt arises not from the gift itself but from our response to this vulnerability. When we cannot metabolize our ontological porosity—when the *conatus essendi* refuses the inherent vulnerability of *passio essendi*—we foreclose the gift through a futile attempt to master what can only be received. This foreclosure is what we might call “sin” as existential posture: not the acceptance of a contaminated gift but the *metabolic failure* to receive the gift.

The gift arrives as pharmakon—not because it is inherently poisonous but because our inability to receive it can make it so. Desmond hints at this metabolic dimension: “We clot on ourselves again and close the porosity. The blood stream of life is made the carrier of death.”<sup>20</sup> The same encounter with being’s

overdeterminate richness can either open us to deeper community or close us off into “counterfeit doubles” of authentic transcendence. These are the refuges we construct to protect ourselves from our constitutional porosity—counterfeit affirmations that say “yes” without vulnerability, counterfeit wholes that prematurely resolve tension, counterfeit gods fashioned to our measure. What Lispector calls the “vital lie” tempts us precisely because it offers partial truths, domesticating the self in denial of its exposure to what exceeds it. The worse truth demands the breakdown of these often tempting doubles.

## The Violence of Grace

There is violence in grace—not cruelty, but the necessary destruction of what cannot withstand truth. Grace strikes like a knife, collapsing the ‘familiar middle’—the counterfeit refuge built by *conatus*—and forcing us back into astonishment.

Lispector describes losing “a third leg that kept me from walking but made me a stable tripod.”<sup>21</sup> What provides stability also prevents genuine movement. The tripod of ordinary consciousness—grounded in self-certainty, conceptual mastery, and narrative coherence—keeps us upright but immobile. The violence of grace kicks away this third leg, forcing us to learn a terrifying new way of being.

The violence of grace occurs, yes, when we are somehow receptive to it. But perhaps it emerges from our ontological consent, which we already are. Our existential consent might struggle to undergo the ordeal but the original affirmation that we are calls us to

transformation. We grow by being able to bear more of the totality, which includes the collapsing of our counterfeit refuges. Grace is then our alignment with the ‘worse’ truth. We accept the totality of light and dark because that is the truth of what is. While nihilism remains in pure negation it misses the radical conversion from “the self is empty” to “emptiness is self” (Nishitani) a generative, fertile, neutral emptiness over which *penia-sive-poros* are struck, porosity and poverty of the kenotic self.

This violence of grace strips away our constructions, revealing that the sense of agency itself dissolves. It’s not a sense of otherness we discover but a sense of union through clear communication that turns into pure happening in which we are fully part. We become the process rather than standing outside observing it.

## Double Exposure and the Solitary One

What appears in this stripping bare is what Nishitani calls “double exposure”—reality appearing simultaneously under contradictory aspects without resolution. “The real Form of all things, including man, comes to be a ‘double exposure’ of life and death. All living things can be seen under the Form of death without thereby being separated from their proper Form of life.”<sup>22</sup>

This is not seeing death *instead* of life, nor dialectical synthesis. It is seeing life *and* death simultaneously, each fully present, neither canceling the other. This paradoxical structure finds philosophical articulation in Nishitani Keiji’s usage of *soku-hi* (即非)—rendered by translator Jan van Bragt as *sive*—expressing radical interpenetration

where seeming opposites mutually constitute each other. It captures something crucial: unlike “or” which separates or “and” which merely conjoins, *soku-hi* expresses simultaneity and mutual constitution. A-*sive*-B means A is B precisely in *not* being B. Each pole affirms itself through its relation to its opposite.<sup>23</sup>

Lispector experiences this viscerally: “I was eating myself, I who am also living matter of the Sabbath”<sup>24</sup>—simultaneously eating and being eaten, destroying and being destroyed, dying and being born. Life-*sive*-death in double exposure.

This logic extends beyond life and death to encompass the totality: *no-sive*-yes. We cannot affirm authentically without the capacity to negate; we cannot negate genuinely without something to affirm. The ordeal forces us into this unbearable totality—good-*sive*-evil, beautiful-*sive*-horrific, meaning-*sive*-meaninglessness. The “worse truth” cannot be domesticated into comfortable synthesis. We must undergo it in its terrible fullness.

Nishitani speaks of “the solitary one laid bare amidst the myriad phenomena”—and when we are stripped to essence, everything becomes more real. “In bearing witness to this solitary one laid bare, each and every phenomenon is by far more itself than it is on its own home-ground.”<sup>25</sup> The roach in its alien vitality, the neutral in its fertility, being itself in its astonishing thereness.



# Poros-Sive-Penia: The Structure of the Ordeal

Within the ordeal, we discover not mere blockage but a deeper structure: the interpenetration of poverty and passage, lack and opening. Lispector affirms this: “do not be afraid of neediness: it is our greater destiny.”<sup>26</sup> Neediness is not accidental to our being—it is our very structure in the midst of things.

*Penia* is poverty, lack, need—but not mere absence. Lispector articulates its paradoxical power: “The great emptiness in me shall be my place for existing; my extreme poverty shall be a great volition.”

<sup>27</sup> The lack is not passive but active, generative, volitional.

*Poros* is passage, way, resource—but not straightforward path. As Desmond notes, *poros* carries connotations of “a way across,” yet it is “a transition that is no transition, since in making a way, it makes way and hence there is a withdrawal in the very opening of the way.”<sup>28</sup> The way opens by withdrawing. The passage creates space through its own recession.

Both *poros* and *penia* involve emptiness. They are not opposites but complementary movements of the same groundlessness. The hyphen in *poros-sive-penia* is crucial—not “*poros* or *penia*” but the radical interpenetration where each is the condition for the other’s manifestation.

The words themselves reveal their kinship: *porous*, *poor*, *pore*. We are poor because we are porous, porous because we are poor. The pore is an opening, a passage through which things flow—neither pure emptiness nor pure fullness, but the space that allows both

reaching and receiving. Poverty here is not mere lack but the constitutive openness of our being. To be porous is to be penetrable, vulnerable, exposed—and precisely in this exposure, to be capable of encounter, transformation, nourishment. Emptiness is not absence but the fertile space that makes presence possible.

This is the structure of the ordeal itself—we are suspended between emptiness that hungers and emptiness that opens. The ordeal intensifies our constitutional restlessness. We cannot rest in pure *penia*, for that way lies the madness of *eros turannos*—a consuming lack that can never be filled. Nor can we rest in pure *poros*, for that becomes a passive dissolution, a loss of self into the flow. The restlessness itself, this suspension between the two, strung across the emptiness between the hunger of *penia* and the opening of *poros*, is the energy of transformation.

## Sleepwalker's Courage and the Worse Truth

Lispector demonstrates what she calls sleepwalker's courage—the ability to move beyond the compulsive need to organize and reflect: “I was courageous like a sleepwalker who simply goes. During the hours of perdition I had the courage not to compose or organize. And above all not to look ahead.”<sup>29</sup>

She writes: “Perhaps what happened to me was an understanding—and for me to be true, I have to keep on being unable to grasp it, keep on not understanding it.”<sup>30</sup> The sleepwalker doesn't strategize each step; she allows herself to be moved by what she cannot

consciously control. This is vulnerability as epistemological method—knowing that acknowledges the limits of autonomous reason while remaining open to forms of understanding that exceed those limits.

This leads to what she calls “the worse truth”<sup>31</sup>—horrible not because it’s false but because it confronts us with *totality*. The worse truth is the recognition that being gives itself as both beautiful and horrific, gift and ordeal, life-*sive*-death, without dialectical resolution. “Why would I be afraid of eating the good and the evil? if they exist that is because that is what exists.”<sup>32</sup>

And yet—here is the paradox—this worse truth is also “the best truth” because it is *truth*. It opens the possibility of what she calls “hopeless joy”: not joy despite the lack of hope, but joy that has moved beyond hope’s comforting illusions. Radical affirmation won from absolute negation.

## Consent Non-Consent

The ordeal brings us to a paradox: we must consent to what we cannot control, yield to what we would never choose. We are, as Desmond puts it, “the struggle between consent and refusal...consent as an overdeterminate trust in the basic goodness of being, or refusal as an indeterminate negation of, and dissent from, being as good at bottom.”<sup>33</sup> This is not a single decision but a violent oscillation, the very drama of the soul at the threshold of transformation.

The existential self, the *conatus*, recoils in terror. Faced with the dissolution of its constructed world—the kicking away of the “third leg”—its immediate response is refusal. This is the voice of legiti-

mate fear, the organism's desperate attempt to preserve its integrity against what feels like annihilation. Lispector gives this voice its honest due: "I don't feel strong enough to stay disorganized".<sup>34</sup> This is the existential "no," a frank admission of incapacity in the face of overwhelming excess.

And yet, this refusal is met with an equally powerful fascination. The terror is accompanied by a strange, irresistible pull toward the very thing that threatens to destroy it. To understand this push and pull, we must recognize that heteronomy—the intrusion of otherness—operates here in a crucial double register. On one hand, we are confronted by those exiled parts of ourselves we have foreclosed, aspects of our own being now seeking communication. This is the "other" that *can* be metabolized, the source of the *fascinans*, the pull toward homecoming. On the other hand, we are exposed to a genuine and irreducible otherness, both in the world and in the depths of our own ontological ground. This is the alterity that *cannot* be assimilated into a larger whole. It is the raw encounter with the infinite, the source of the *tremendum*, the terror of annihilation. To collapse these two—to treat all otherness as merely an alienated part of the self—is to fall into a Hegelian dialectic that ultimately domesticates the mystery. The metaxological ordeal insists that we remain a question to ourselves, constitutively open to what exceeds us even within our own being.

Torn between the terror of dissolution and the fascination of homecoming, the self thrashes. It is in this moment of unbearable tension that the counterfeit voice arrives, offering an escape. When the ordeal becomes too much, the mind scrambles to reassert control, to find a way out of the painful between. Lispector recognizes

this mechanism with striking clarity: “It’s hard to get lost,” she admits. “It’s so hard that I’ll probably quickly figure out some way to find myself, even if finding myself is once again my vital lie.”<sup>35</sup> She knows she must be vigilant against the “new third leg that from me sprouts swiftly as weeds,” a protective story she might call “‘a truth.’”<sup>36</sup> As Desmond warns, this is a moment of profound ambiguity and danger: “There is an asceticism of hatred; there is a purging of love; and hatred may speak the language of love.”<sup>37</sup> The most tempting counterfeit is the one that mimics the language of authentic surrender while secretly serving the agenda of the *conatus*.

Yet authentic consent is not passive collapse. The ordeal requires a double movement: both porosity and participation. We must *let* being work on us while actively *undergoing* the work. This double movement can be easily counterfeited. There is a passivity that dissolves into inertia, a “giving up” that mimics surrender while refusing transformation. And there is a participation that becomes manic activity, restless doing that avoids the ordeal through constant motion. Authentic reception threads between these counterfeits: porous enough to let grace strike, engaged enough to metabolize what arrives. This is consent as ontological alignment—not a decision made once but a sustained posture of active receptivity.

The ordeal continues until the existential self exhausts its capacity for refusal. The victory of the “yes” is not achieved through heroic willpower; it is realized through surrender. The struggle purges the “no” until what remains is the quiet, terrifying, and indestructible fact of the original affirmation that was there from the beginning. This is the consent that is not chosen but undergone, a “yes” that has been won from suffering and purged of all complaint.<sup>38</sup> It is only from this

place of exhausted surrender that the final, transformative act can occur.

## The Purge: Metabolic Climax

The moment arrives. Lispector recognizes what must happen: “Redemption had to be in the thing itself,” which means “putting into my mouth the white paste of the roach.”<sup>39</sup> She calls it “the anti-sin,” but one that comes “at the price of traversing a sensation of death.” She rises “with the determination not of a suicide but of a murderer of myself.”

The sweat begins—not ordinary perspiration but something primordial, “a sweat I didn’t recognize and that smelled like what comes from dried-up earth after the first rains.” She’s swimming now in her “oldest primeval soup,” the sweat as “plankton and pneuma and pabulum vitae.” She has become the process: “I was being, I was me being.” This is metabolic wisdom unfolding—the body knows before the mind what transformation requires. Then the first purge is violent and entire: “I suddenly threw up the milk and bread I had eaten for breakfast...I had vomited the exaltation.” The body expels what cannot be metabolized, including the very spiritual state that would have made the act bearable, forcing her to approach it “physically simple as a girl.”

She eats, but not through will or consciousness. The act happens in dizziness, in a space where she has “removed from myself all participation,” having “not wanted ‘to know.’” Afterward, she reflects: “So that was how things were processed? ‘Not knowing’—so that

was how the deepest things happened?...Was the secret of never escaping from the greater life living like a sleepwalker?”<sup>40</sup>

Then the second purge, the spitting. “I now felt the nastiness in my mouth, and then began to spit, to furiously spit that taste of no such thing.”The Apocalypse verse surfaces: “because you are lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spit you out of My mouth.” But she discovers: “The neutral thing is extremely energetic, I was spitting and it was still I.”She cannot expel the neutral because the neutral is what she is.

When we allow this—when we participate in rather than resist the purge—we restore porosity. The channels that had clotted reopen. We find ourselves alive in the hyperbole. Weeping, Laughing, Gleaming, Sighing. The grammar of the *metaxu* revealed in full intensity—a language of pure verbs, of pure happening. The sovereign “I” dissolves. There is no longer an “I”who weeps or laughs. There is simply Weeping, Laughing, Gleaming.

## Reality as Communication

What is real is what communicates to us—what makes contact. Lisspector discovers this in the ordeal: direct communication with being becomes more real than any conceptual overlay. “All sudden understanding is finally the revelation of an acute incomprehension.”

<sup>41</sup> The communication exceeds our capacity to grasp it conceptually, communicating its incommunications, revelation and concealment in a single movement.

Reality is combinatorially explosive, echoing John Vervaeke. We

cannot process every quality, every aspect, every relation. We must filter, select, make intelligible what would otherwise overwhelm us. The very act of making something intelligible—rendering it legible, coherent, graspable—makes it appear as true. We trust the clearly formatted page, the coherent narrative, the comprehensible concept. Intelligibility becomes our criterion for reality.

Yet the ordeal reveals that communication operates beyond this frame. Both hyperintelligibility (excessive meaning that overwhelms) and the neutral (stripped of imposed meaning) communicate truths our filtering had excluded. The hyperintelligible reveals deeper truth precisely by overwhelming us, forcing acknowledgment of our finitude before the glory that exceeds our grasp. This is not failure of communication but its perfection—we are claimed by what we cannot master.

To be in communication with reality is to allow oneself to be claimed by what shows itself, to receive what cannot be fully processed. This is why Lispector insists: “Creating isn’t imagination, it’s taking the great risk of grasping reality.”[L#] Imagination offers refuge—we can shape it, control it, keep it within our metabolic capacity. But reality communicates on its own terms, and to receive that communication is to undergo transformation.

The incapacity to receive this communication is metabolic failure. Not a psychological repression but an ontological foreclosure—the channels have clotted. We remain in contact with reality, but the contact registers as unbearable because we cannot metabolize what it offers. The horror, the absurd, emerges not from reality’s meaninglessness but from our inability to bear its excess. Every attempt at comprehension becomes “an acute incomprehension” because we



are trying to grasp from within the very closure that blocks reception.

Lispector recognizes, finally: “The divine for me is whatever is real.”<sup>42</sup> Not the transcendent, not the beautiful, not even the meaningful—but the real itself, in its terrible and fertile neutrality. This is the fruit of metabolic transformation: reality becomes luminous precisely as reality. The real no longer needs to be made intelligible, legible, comprehensible to be worthy of attention. It communicates directly in its suchness.

And then the admission: “I understood that, by placing in my mouth the paste of the roach, I was not stripping myself as the saints do, but was once again yearning for the accretion. The accretion is easier to love.”<sup>43</sup> Even the most radical gesture risks becoming counterfeit—seeking more when what’s needed is acceptance of what already communicates. But this recognition itself is metabolic wisdom: seeing how the drive to accumulate, to accrete meaning, infiltrates even our most sincere attempts at receiving the simple real.

The violence of grace strips away our constructions, our filters, our comfortable criteria of intelligibility. What remains is not nothing but a transformed capacity for reception. In the ruins of the familiar middle, in the metabolized ordeal, something new emerges: a knowing that has learned to dwell companionably with what exceeds it.

# Dark Intelligibility

*“Not dark but just without light.”<sup>44</sup>*

## Metabolic Knowing

To affirm suchness without narrative, to receive the pharmakon without fleeing—this is the intimacy with the inhuman, the fertile neutrality at the heart of being. It is here, in the ruins of the old self, that astonishment begins again. This metabolic relationship points toward a new mode of knowing. Not an end to reason, but its maturation into a faculty that can dwell companionably with what exceeds it.

What nihilism clears, dark intelligibility learns to inhabit. Not the restoration of old meanings but a new way of dwelling in the between.

There is an understanding that emerges not despite our encounter with the incomprehensible, but precisely through it. It is the faculty born when the self remains porous to the ordeal of being, the ground where the hyperbolic, the intimate, and the impersonal meet. This is not a voiding of intelligibility, but its deepening into a mode that can hold the discomfort of excess—where understanding and un-understanding interpenetrate without resolution. The darkness is not an absence of light but the saturation of it, the light too full to be borne without distortion.

As such, dark intelligibility is not the end of reason but its maturation. It operates by giving equal weight to the day of reason and the night of mystery. As Desmond powerfully suggests, our daytime reason risks going mad if it cannot return to and draw nourishment from the mystery of the night, just as a person who cannot sleep cannot properly return to the day.<sup>45</sup>

The chiaroscuro of dark intelligibility emerges precisely here—in the recognition that “The diurnal mind, sovereign of its clarities, drops down into sleep, and from deep within it horror floats up from bourns beyond the boundary of all definition.”<sup>46</sup> We are not simply moving from light to dark, but discovering that the darkness has its own luminosity, its own mode of disclosure. This requires acknowledging what Desmond calls “the nocturnal side of things inhuman, human, and transhuman”<sup>47</sup>—a recognition that even darkness is a vital communication.

# The Hyperluminous Dark

The ancients understood this paradox with striking precision. Aristotle's metaphor, echoed by Aquinas and developed in the Christian mystical tradition, captures it perfectly: with the highest things "we are like bats in sunlight."<sup>48</sup> Our daytime reason finds itself blinded precisely where nocturnal intuition might navigate. The metaphor reveals something essential—that what we call "darkness" in relation to ultimate matters is not obscurity but *hyperluminosity*. The divine light, as Gregory of Nyssa understood, is so intense it appears as darkness to finite minds—not because God is obscure but because the revelation exceeds our capacity to receive it.

This inverts the Enlightenment's confidence in reason's illuminating power. With ultimate matters, our clearest concepts become the very blindness that prevents seeing. The more we try to grasp being through determinate categories, the more we obscure what shows itself only to those who have learned to see differently. Nocturnal souls—those who have undergone the metabolic transformation of consciousness—find that what appeared as daylight clarity was itself a kind of darkness, while what seemed impenetrably obscure reveals itself as luminous.

*Dark* intelligibility, then, names not the absence of light but its overwhelming presence. It is intelligence that has learned to navigate by a different luminosity, one that doesn't eliminate mystery but draws nourishment from it. The darkness is not what we must overcome to achieve clarity, but the very medium through which ultimate things disclose themselves to consciousness sufficiently porous to

receive them.

This understanding echoes through traditions. Plato's cave-dwellers, blinded by the sun when first exposed, must learn to see by the very light that initially overwhelms them. The mystic's *via negativa* strips away determinate concepts not to reach blankness but to open to what cannot be grasped yet can be known through intimate participation. Nishitani's field of emptiness is not nihilistic void but the fertile ground where all determinate beings find their suchness.

Dark intelligibility is thus a form of *non-propositional knowing* that requires attunement and fidelity to mystery, revealing the limits of conceptual thought while grounding it in embodied wisdom. It is what Desmond calls agapeic mindfulness—an unknowing knowing, a *docta ignorantia*. “One hesitates even to call it knowing lest one imply one has grasped a determinate somewhat, mastered through oneself alone.”<sup>49</sup> This communication is excessive, extending beyond self-determining cognition into what can only be called “an excess of the other [that] strains the limits of self-determining.”

The question of chiaroscuro returns here, but transformed. It's not about blending good and evil, or finding a middle path between affirmation and negation. I'm beginning to see it is about witnessing their terrible co-constitutiveness, and in that witnessing, consenting to a reality our morality finds scandalous.

The scandal is the sheer, unblinking *that-it-is* of being. It is what Desmond calls the “idiocy” of being, and it is difficult to reconcile. It points to a total ‘letting-be’ that feels, to our human sense, like an abdication. Desmond speaks of the scandal of an “ultimate patience” in the divine, a giving that “may seem to have vanished into anonymity,

seeking no reward...nothing at all.”<sup>50</sup> This is the patience that allows for all freedom, but also for all horror. It doesn't conform to our moral calculus.

Lispector touches the same nerve when she finds the moral problem “not only overwhelming, but extremely petty.” She asks, “Am I moral to the extent that I do what I should, and feel as I should?” before concluding, “The ethics of the moral is keeping it secret. Freedom is a secret.”<sup>51</sup> Perhaps the freedom to truly see this hyperluminous dark requires a secret initiation: a letting go of the petty moral framework of what “ought to be” in order to receive the scandalous, idiotic truth of what simply *is*. This requires more than just looking; it requires a transformation of the eyes.

## Somatic Depths and Metabolic Wisdom

This points to forms of knowing that operate through what can be called *metabolic wisdom*—the body's capacity to process and integrate what exceeds mental comprehension. Somatic practices are conducive of energetic releases that are entirely non-rational, sometimes even devoid of conscious content. The body releases what it has been holding without the mind needing to understand what is being released. Lispector's encounter with the roach demonstrates this in action. Her body knows before her mind that transformation is occurring: “I was slowly swimming through my oldest primeval soup, the sweat was plankton and pneuma and pabulum vitae, I was being, I was me being.”<sup>52</sup> The somatic knowing precedes and

exceeds conceptual understanding, teaching consciousness what it needs to know through direct metabolic experience.

Dark intelligibility operates from what Nishitani calls *ontological samadhi*: “In its own home-ground, the being of the self is essentially a sort of samadhi. No matter how dispersed the conscious self be, its self as it is in itself is ever in samadhi.”<sup>53</sup> This is not meditative achievement but our deepest structure. Even in turbulence, confusion, the metabolic crisis of ordeal—at the ground, there is samadhi. A stillness that precedes and enables all our motion, a dark knowing that operates even when daylight consciousness fails. Dark intelligibility is learning to think *from* this ontological primacy rather from the dispersed, anxious surface consciousness. It’s intelligence that draws from the home-ground, knowing that rests in what Nishitani, consonant with Desmond’s metaxu, calls the “middle”: “Our self in itself is most elementally ‘middle.’”<sup>54</sup> The immediate ground where we actually are, “at hand” and “underfoot,” the point from which all our actions proceed with “absolute immediacy.”

## The Grammar of Limits

Yet this new ground is not a place of absolute clarity. Dark Intelligibility operates not by eliminating limits, but by transforming our relationship to them. This brings us to the grammar of limits, where impasse itself becomes a mode of disclosure. In Lispector’s work there is a tension between apophasis and phasis, negative and positive theology, saying what being is not and what it is. They are deeply entangled. Pure apophasis is impossible, as every negation carries

the trace of what it negates. Dark intelligibility works at these limits—identifying them however bright or dark they are, however high or low (hyper-, hypo-).

Traditionally understood as a productive philosophical impasse that clears space for new thinking, *aporia* reveals something more paradoxical. It is not simply a luminous clearing but janus face of blockage and passage together. As we discovered through *porosive-penia* in the ordeal, the impasse is not the opposite of passage but its secret intensity. When *poros* withdraws, when the way recedes, we experience *aporia*—no way forward, no path visible. But this very blockage, if we can remain porous to it rather than flee from it, becomes the site where new passages open. The dead-end, metabolized rather than resisted, reveals itself as threshold.

This is the double nature of *aporia* itself: blockage *and* breakthrough, simultaneously. What appears as obstacle to our daylight consciousness reveals itself, to nocturnal awareness, as the very condition for transformation. The way opens precisely through its recession. Passage emerges from within impasse.

## Perplexity as Metabolic Resistance

“Perplexity seeds a troubled thinking in porosity that makes us patient to given otherness.”<sup>55</sup> Perplexity—that troubled thinking in porosity—is the middle space between overdetermined being and our need for determinate articulation. It’s the resistance we encounter when trying to make the indefinite definite, to domesticate the mystery of our being.



There is something of suffering in this perplexity, as in astonishment. Being in the between is first a suffering; we undergo our being given to be. Perplexity cannot be eliminated, only metabolized. Mystery will always resist our attempts at eradication. The troubling perplexity must be borne rather than solved.

Dark intelligibility learns to treat aporia not as obstacle to be overcome but as what Desmond calls hyperintelligibility<sup>56</sup>—excessive intelligibility that exceeds our capacity to master it. We make present the negativity: the discomfort, shadow, frustrated meaning, limits of language. We highlight the insufficiency of pure daylight reason and reveal the urgency for night's mystery to meet its conjunction with day. This isn't the *via negativa* of *neti neti* ("not this, not that") but something more visceral—making the blockage itself luminous.

The paradox requires what Desmond calls "idiotic trust"—the "overdeterminate faith" that "is other to determinate and self-determining reason" yet "is not absurd; it is the mustard seed of agapeic minding in us."<sup>57</sup> We trust that the way opens precisely through its own recession, that passage emerges from within the impasse itself.

## The Practice of Bearing More

This transformation is not a static achievement but an ongoing practice: the practice of bearing more. It is the development of a spiritual metabolism robust enough to process reality's "murky bile" as well as its joys. Both dreams and entheogens are more transparent to the "no" and can bring us closer to the deeper yes through the yes-

*sive-no*. A wholeness that can hold and work with the totality. It doesn't have to be perfect but there is a sense of attending to it that then widens our capacity to bear more. That is the practice. When we are communicating, that is when the medicine gets flowing and our capacity becomes greater. But with that power comes a double movement for holding more suffering as well. The metaxu of an equanimity between oppositions, not fully resolved but balanced. Not counterfeit yeses but the communication of a deeper affirmation, our original affirmation.

The key recognition here is that your affirmation and negation is not just an existential but a bodily, ontological concern. It takes our “multimodal” ways of knowing to bear the excess of reality. To receive the medicine.

To suffer and undergo the ordeal in that sense is to restore communication to ourselves and the world. But what if we do not take the communication? What if we cannot receive it? The capacity for horror, the absurd arises from that failure. No resolution but failure of communication. Every comprehension itself is an “acute incomprehension” and exposed to the hyperintelligible there always remains a part inaccessible, incommunicable, one that remains enigmatic and fiery at the center of things, a terrible power and infinite source of energy that flows directly to us.

## Departure, Arrival, Return

The practice of bearing more is not a linear achievement but a cyclical rhythm—departure, arrival, return—that honors all directions as

necessary dimensions of the same lived truth. We are always already in motion. The metabolic capacity we develop through ordeal doesn't eliminate the need for repeated transformation; rather, it prepares us for the ongoing cycle.

After the peak experience comes *amnesia*—the inevitable fading of the revelation, the return to ordinary consciousness. Yet something remains: not the experience itself but the expanded metabolic capacity, the widened ability to receive. We forget, yes—but we forget *differently*. The channel has been opened, even if it narrows again. The practice is learning to trust this rhythm, to know that departure will come again, that the ordinary contains seeds of the extraordinary, that even our forgetting participates in a larger remembering.

This is what distinguishes genuine transformation from mere peak experience. The peak comes and goes; the practice remains. We learn not to cling to the arrival (which would be to make an idol of the experience) nor to despair in the return (which would deny what was genuinely received). Fidelity to the between means consenting to flux itself—the pendulum swing between exposure to overdeterminacy and the necessary withdrawal into manageable determinacy.

We cannot remain constantly exposed to excess—we would burn out, unable to function in the world. Yet we cannot lose touch with overdeterminacy—we would fall back asleep to the familiar middle, into the comfortable domestication that refuses transformation. The practice is walking this line: between *eros turannos* and *eros ouranios*, between tyrannical possession and genuine participation, between self-enclosure and self-dissolution.

Companionability, then, is ongoing work rather than final achievement. We become companionable not by possessing the mystery

once and for all but by learning the rhythm of approach and withdrawal, presence and absence, revelation and concealment. The ordeal taught us to metabolize what seemed like poison; the practice teaches us to trust the cycle, to find our footing in flux, to discover that home is not a fixed position but a dance.

## Thought Singing Its Other

Dark intelligibility is not anti-rational thinking but *hyperrational*—reason stretched to its creative limits. Desmond traces a movement from *thought thinking itself* (Hegel’s self-closing dialectic) to *thought thinking its Other*, and finally to *thought singing its Other*. In this “singing,” thought becomes a celebratory, performative, and porous act—an ecstasis that does not seek to possess the other, but to witness it.

This is the language of praise. Thought singing its other is thought that has learned to let beings be, to witness them in their suchness, to participate in their self-manifestation without interference. Lispector’s final words in *The Passion According to G.H.* capture this perfectly: “I am not understanding whatever it is I’m saying, never! never again shall I understand anything I say...And so I adore it.”<sup>58</sup> She doesn’t comprehend the roach, the neutral, the worse truth—and precisely in that non-comprehension, she can finally sing them.

When we sing deeply through the other, the other starts singing back to us. The tree sings its treeness; in witnessing that without demand, we enable it to sing more fully; and as if in unison, its song then confirms our own existence. An intimacy so alien and yet so

near.

## The Agapeic Harvest

The journey that began in aporia and passed through the violence of grace does not end in a static state of enlightenment. It culminates in a new way of being, a new form of love. The ordeal has transformed the very energy that drives us. The restless, hungry desire born of lack—the *penia* of the erotic self—matures into what Desmond calls “agapeic self-transcendence,” a going-beyond that arises from “abundance and from gratitude for being as gift.”<sup>59</sup> This transformed state reveals itself in a *fourfold deliverance*, a harvest that finally provides the answer to our question of companionability.

First is the release toward creation. We are delivered to the world, free to behold the other in its astonishing thereness. No longer a thing to be categorized or assimilated, the other is suffered as “unutterably precious.”<sup>60</sup> Desmond speaks of a person confined, beholding a frail spider with a love that keeps faith alive.<sup>61</sup> This is the perfection of our relationship with the first transcendence (T<sup>1</sup>). In this release, the world becomes an inhuman mirror, showing me the matter-of-God that constitutes me. The alien becomes intimate; the foreign reveals itself as home. When I sing the other, I find myself in love, enchanted and chanting.

Second is the release of the abyss within the self. The ordeal does not eliminate our inner darkness, but transforms our relation to it. We have entered into “fearful converse with the monstrous,” with our “own gargoyle self.” The deliverance comes in “making proper peace

with one's gargoyle shadow,"an act which "bends the deformed energy into a diviner form."<sup>62</sup> This is the final metabolization of the murky depths of our self-transcendence ( $T^2$ ). The exiled parts of the self are not vanquished but integrated, their energy reclaimed for a more generous and compassionate being-in-the-world.

Third is the release into a new community, one founded on agapeic service. This reveals a "heteronomy beyond autonomy,"a call from the other that is a "welcome rather than a demand."<sup>63</sup> This service, which expects no return, opens the way for the fourth and ultimate deliverance: a release toward the ultimate Other ( $T^3$ ). This is achieved through the most profound paradox: the practice of "counting for nothing."This, Desmond reveals, is the "affirmative double"of the nihilistic void. It is a willing self-emptying that "makes a way for transcendence as other."<sup>64</sup> This is how we become companionable to the irreducible mystery—not by possessing it, but by becoming porous to its passage. This is the absolute poverty that is also the absolute plenitude.

I must confess: I write this not from the summit of achievement but from the midst of the ordeal. The capacity for foreclosure remains. In those moments when my porosity unclogs, I am completely in faith, in absolved trust. I have to confess to myself that I believe in God, because the heteronomy in myself opens to God. That experience comes first, always—the moment when being itself became transparent to its source.

There are times when I can believe, moments of ecstasy where my porosity is restored. The aesthetics of happening become the vehicle—art, music, ritual, love—that inspire in us a connection so powerful it resuscitates our very being back into life. But the cycle

continues. I have also forgotten, fallen back, closed off. And therein lies the wound. Therein lies the pain and sorrow.

For how do you relate to divinity once you have experienced it? How do you give that a place in your life when the doors of perception close again? When you have seen what you perhaps should not have seen, and must now live in what feels like its absence? The agapeic harvest is not a permanent state but a fidelity—staying faithful to what you have encountered even through the departures, even when the world loses its luminosity, even when you cannot access what you know to be true. This is *compassio essendi* as wound and as practice: the compassion to remain open to being even when being has withdrawn its overwhelming gift, to sing even when the song falters, to bear witness even in the midst of forgetting. Because what else is there to do when you have been claimed by love, if not to remain faithful to the claim?

This state, this harvest, is best described as *compassio essendi*—a compassion for and with being itself. It is the perfection of the *passio essendi* we first suffered, transformed from a passive undergoing into an active, loving participation. It is a state where thought itself is “surprised by a kind of praying.”<sup>65</sup> In this passionate porosity, we discover that the boundaries have dissolved. A glimpse of a singing *khora*, that primordial receptacle now understood not as a passive container but as an active participant in the cosmic singing. The *metaxu* itself sings, and we discover we have always been part of that song.

The journey ends here, in communion. The vertigo is no longer a disorientation to be overcome but the very rhythm of the “quiet festivity of being.” We find our home not by escaping the between,

but by discovering our role within it. For the world waits patiently for our participation, and our voice is needed for the chorus to be complete.



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# Endnotes

1. Lispector, *A Breath of Life*, 29.
2. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 129.
3. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 91.
4. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 331.
5. Desmond, *Being and the Between*.
6. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 26.
7. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 22.
8. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 24.
9. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 22–23.
10. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 23.
11. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 65.
12. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 67.
13. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 107–8.
14. Nishitani is quoting Muso Kokushi's *Muchu mondo* here. This concept connects to the profound Zen teaching from Dōgen's *Genjokoan*: "To learn the Buddha Way is to learn one's self. To learn one's self is to forget one's self. To forget one's self is to be confirmed by all things (*dharmas*).”And elsewhere in the *Shobogenzo*: "To practice and confirm all things by conveying one's self to them, is illusion; for all things (*dharmas*) to advance forward and practice and confirm the self, is enlightenment.”The movement is paradoxical—we must *forget* self to be *confirmed* as self, we must allow things to practice *us* rather than us practicing them. This is ontological reciprocity: the more we release our constructed selfhood, the more we discover our real selfhood as inseparable from the original part we share with all beings. (Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 107–8)
15. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 70.
16. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 91.
17. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 83.

18. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 21.
19. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 3.
20. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 331.
21. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 4.
22. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 76.
23. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, pp. -intro-xxx.
24. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 135.
25. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 199.
26. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 179.
27. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 158–59.
28. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 41.
29. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 8.
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