

Dark Intelligibility

The Pharmakon of Being

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Companionability and Possession

“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 [Lb29]

I should disorganize, and yet structure simultaneously. I should create meta-structures that can kiss disorganization here and there.

What has language done for me, for better and worse? Or perhaps more precisely: 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? This requires more than intellectual understanding; it demands a transformation of our very relation to being.

Today, in a world where ambiguity dominates and social cohesion evaporates, the demands of life hijack our capacity to remain open. I must be compassionate here. It is no surprise that we foreclose our porosity. Faced with real suffering, oppression, and the devaluation of being, a lack of meaning can feel like a terminal diagnosis. What results is not some heroic, radical subjectivity, but a quiet death—the death of community with others, and more devastatingly, the death of communication with ourselves, with our own being. The stakes, then, are not philosophical, but vital: our lives, our health. The question that presses upon me, the one I cannot avoid, is how can we possibly remain porous in a sick world? How do we find the strength to let things in when so much of what is outside is toxic? Let us stop trying to make sense of it for a moment, and instead, try to feel our way into the question itself.

I have to confess I cannot be honest to you, dear reader. I'm not sure I have the capacity to speak truth to myself, truth to power, or anything. I'm in love yes, and I will follow that flame. But I don't know what I can contribute.

Maybe this essay will be some half-unfinished regurgitation, un-metabolized material, purged from a system that is processing, messy, academically questionable, of questionable authenticity. 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. Perhaps in an attempt 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. I want to connect even more deeply to the

world for as long as I will have energy to do so.

Words do not come easy at times, so we let them be. It is natural not to know the way, so we should become lost. If there is one thing clear I can say about myself, it is that I'm lost. I find things, things happen to me, but I am groundless, like a cell breaking open, its contents spilling out. Disorganization can be messy. Words should be able to breathe. We can run into blockages and aporia, and what do we do? Give up? Hunt further? Or let it breathe? Aporia, I'm finding, is companionable to the going, sweetly abysmal as it is. What appears as a dead-end becomes, for the patient, the site where new passages open.

And yet there remains the bare fact that I am here at all. That anything is at all. Before we become, we are first given to be. This remains our *original astonishment*: we are thrown into the midst of the sheer that-it-is of being.

How can I write without knowing where to go? I shall have somebody else write through me. Starting with my parental voices, Clarice Lispector and William Desmond.

Heteronomy is the intrusion autonomy tries to prevent. We encounter the other, framed as an intrusion. If it's not capable of being dominated, at least made manageable. We foreclose true encounter with the other, but the relations remain and with it the potential for another break.

The other intrudes in myself as well. In my voice, my very being, there is a whole host of voices speaking through me.

Even writing can surprise us as the words appear on the page as

if coming from a foreign source. The text appears as if coming from beyond me.

It is certainly astonishing that we, such porous interconnected beings, think of ourselves as autonomous. In ourselves there seems a dispersal of agency, focused on the other. At any given moment I am possessed by voices not my own, and yet somehow I still say “I.”

My body feels like I should inhabit the writing as practice, poetry and philosophy. I will write fragments, like I write here. I feel easily possessed. This doesn’t have to be a problem. Maybe the horde of voices coalesces in a full and emptied coherence, until something singular appears. Not out of erotic desire but love, of deepest intimacy and companionship.

I will write as a lover who falls in love at first sight and is completely pre-occupied with her beloved. But I’m also searching, searching for a resonance in the tuning fork of being.

Cum panis indeed. Following Desmond’s sense of the open whole, do we arrive at a liberated autonomy? An autonomy that knows itself to be plurivocal and connected to others? Perhaps such freedom emerges by transformation of our relation to the other—to undergo the ordeal of being claimed by what exceeds us, until the intrusion reveals itself as gift. Can we come companionable to what threatens to possess and destroy us?

My desire for possession comes not from a desire for self-dissolution but for recognizing interdependence and flowing in the river. What freedom would that give? It could be radical.

The body writes. It has written for a few thousand years, a page in our evolutionary techgnosis now quickly being abandoned for the keyboard and screen. If we consider writing the techno-pharmakon

par excellence, we cannot underestimate the power of a trembling hand scribbling thoughts to the page as if the line were its very consciousness. This is why I still love the pen, the physical act of writing. I feel too disconnected from the digital process, where even beautiful life drawings remain inert files. There is a different flow when you actually draw the words, a mediaticity in physical ink that I am reluctant to lose.

Today it felt urgent to work but it also felt urgent to disorganize.

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.

Both Desmond and Clarice are enactive of what they write about. It is a lived philosophy after all. Porosity requires that intimacy, that vulnerability of expression in the midst of things. I want to get to the threshold of both thinkers. 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.

I am a sponge—I allow plurivocity to color me. The concepts presented here are hard-won, brought forth not from a place of mastery but through sustained perplexity and help from others.

The body writes. There is a restlessness there, one that is not accidental but constitutional. We are restless because we are the between—neither pure lack (*penia*) nor pure resource (*poros*). This is the restlessness of the *poros-sive-penia* structure, and it drives

both the writing and the transformation. This disorganization felt urgent, and it worked. But the danger is tying disorganization and productivity to any external means, lest we become too dependent. We are not independent—we allow heteronomy to affect our writing as well.

However, this disorganization and productivity is dangerous to be tied to any single source. Since I am not independent, I flow with the interdependence. But I must remain vigilant.

Other voices can feel prosthetic. It feels somehow shameful. I feel like I'm not trying to actually undergo true vulnerability. Thinking about things often helps us avoid actually dealing with life. I'm too scared to be genuinely authentic. Take this text with a grain of salt. I should stop trying to be intelligible and practice what I preach. I don't have to make myself intelligible. Lispector refuses. I can have my secrets too.

The Between and Its Medicine

Porosity and the Neutral

Clarice Lispector's narrator in *The Passion According to G.H.* encounters an alien intimacy. She confronts what she calls "the great living neutrality struggling",¹ 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."² 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”³ 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 encoun-

tering 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.”⁴ 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 alterity. To be porous to the other is to be porous to oneself. Selving is not a closed autonomy but an openness where alterity can shine through. The *metaxu* names this condition: we are always already in relation, always already situated in a between that precedes and exceeds our self-determination.

It proceeds that the illusion of a bounded, autonomous self as a refuge, a protective enclosure we build to manage the overwhelming porosity of our given condition. This autonomy functions as a shell, defending us from the heteronomy threatening to dissolve our boundaries. The opening from the isolated self fiction to the alterity of selving reveals that what we experience as intrusion is already intimate to our being. The very structure of the *metaxu* means we are porous not only to external others but to the otherness within

ourselves—to what exceeds our constructed refuge.

When the constructions of self break down, something else emerges—the fertile neutrality of being. What is neutral is not dead; it is generative precisely in its refusal to conform to categories. The neutral is not a nihilistic void but what appears when nihilism has done its work—the fertile ground revealed when false meanings are cleared away. This neutral is terrifying because it puts in question what we think ourselves to be. Yet it is also the beginning of intimacy—a strange intimacy with the inhuman in ourselves.

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.”⁵ 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?”⁶ 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.”⁷⁸ 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 home-coming 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.”⁷⁹ 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 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.”¹⁰ 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.”¹¹ *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 metaxological 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.

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."¹² 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.

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 is not optional—we are already given to be. The question is only how we respond to what has already been given.

Metabolic Crisis

“All the world began with a yes. One molecule said yes to another molecule and life was born.”¹³

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.”¹⁴ 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.

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.”¹⁵ 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.”¹⁶

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 concept of *soku* (即)—rendered by translator Jan van Bragt as *sive*—expressing radical interpenetration where seeming opposites mutually constitute each other.¹⁷ Lispector experiences this viscerally: “I was eating myself, I who am also living matter of the Sabbath”¹⁸—simultaneously eating and being eaten, destroying and being destroyed, dying and being born. Life-sive-death in double exposure.

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.”¹⁹ 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.”²⁰ 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.”

²¹ 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.”²² 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. This is the structure of the ordeal itself—we are sus-

pended 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, *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.”²³

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.”²⁴ 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”²⁵—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.”²⁶

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 and Its Counterfeits

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.”²⁷ Rilke’s “You must change your life”²⁸ names the demand our ontological porosity places on our existential self. We are already open, already porous, already given to be—and this givenness itself “must” us toward transformation. The resulting consent is not a simple submission, but what Desmond calls a gratitude “won from suffering; a ‘yes’ purged of complaint; an affirmation that has wept, as there is a mourning that is blessed.”²⁹

The ordeal emerges because we have already consented to it—not through existential choice but through ontological structure. Lispector admits “I don’t feel strong enough to stay disorganized”³⁰—this is existential incapacity. But she eats anyway, in dizziness, “not knowing,” having “removed from myself all participation.”³¹ The

existential self steps aside so the ontological consent can work.

But the counterfeit voice arrives immediately. “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.”³² She recognizes the mechanism with striking clarity: “I know I’ll need to be careful not to use furtively a new third leg that from me sprouts swiftly as weeds, and to call this protective leg ‘a truth.’”³³

Desmond warns: “Any violence here, of course, is fraught with ambiguity, indeed danger. The stripping that claims to purify might secretly derive from the indeterminate negation rather than the elemental ‘yes.’ We are a mingling of opposites, and great discernment is needed to sift them. There is an asceticism of hatred; there is a purging of love; and hatred may speak the language of love.”³⁴

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.”³⁵ 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?”³⁶

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. Lispector discovers this in the ordeal: pure communication becomes more real than any conceptual overlay. “All sudden understanding is finally the revelation of an acute incomprehension.”³⁷ The communication exceeds our capacity to grasp it conceptually, yet it transforms us nonetheless.

Lispector recognizes, finally: “The divine for me is whatever is real.”³⁸ Not the transcendent, not the beautiful, not even the meaningful—but the real itself, in its terrible and fertile neutrality. 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.”³⁹

Even this radical gesture risks being counterfeit—seeking “more” when what’s needed is acceptance of the neutral. But this recognition itself is metabolic wisdom: seeing the counterfeit even in the most extreme stripping.

The violence of grace strips away our constructions. What remains is not nothing but a transformed way of knowing. 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.”⁴⁰

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.⁴¹

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.”⁴² 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”⁴³—a recognition that mystery is not merely the absence of clarity but a positive register of being.

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."⁴⁴ 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.”⁴⁵ 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.”⁴⁶ 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.”⁴⁷ 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.”⁴⁸ 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.”⁴⁹ 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.’”⁵⁰ 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.”⁵¹ 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—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.”⁵² 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.

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."⁵³ 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 Energy of Eros Transformed

Having undergone the ordeal, having discovered ourselves as porous-penia, we now understand differently the energy that moves us. We are not simply troubled by desire—we *are* the trouble, the restlessness strung across the abyss between having and not-having. But now this restlessness has been metabolized, transformed from blind compulsion into conscious participation.

The wisdom lies not in resolving the tension between penia and poros but in orchestrating their tandem movement. The kenotic opening is tempered by hunger's vitality; the hungry reaching is tempered by opening's receptivity. Each checks the other's potential for distortion. Together they create what Lispector calls "a love full of fury"⁵⁴—love that includes both the gentleness of receptivity and the intensity of need.

This is metaxological desire that has matured into agapeic love: desire that has learned to dwell in the between without collapsing it, that can hold the tension without fleeing into false resolutions. It is desire aware of its own groundlessness, consenting to the restlessness as fundamental rather than provisional, yet finding in this very restlessness the energy for generous giving.

Union-in-Difference: The Harvest

The ultimate harvest of this transformation is a new way of loving that resolves a beautiful paradox. On one hand, Desmond's God gives an asymmetrical, unreturnable gift of being—a gift so total that it is "foreign...to our (all too erotic) conceptual economies"[PU195]. We can never repay it. On the other hand, the transformed experience is one of profound reciprocity: being "confirmed by all things."

The resolution is the heart of the matter: our "singing back," our act of confirming the other, is not an attempt to repay the gift. It is the most complete and profound way of receiving it. Because the gift was that we be "freely released into being for ourselves",⁵⁵ we honor that freedom most fully by becoming free givers in our turn. We receive

the gift of being by participating in the ongoing act of creation.

This act of grateful, reciprocal loving is a finite participation in the infinite Agapeic Origin. Our achieved agapeic love is a creaturely echo of God's primordial "letting the other be." This is the meaning of *union-in-difference*. We remain finite creatures, receivers of the gift (the difference), yet we are brought into conscious, loving communion with the divine source through our own acts of giving (the union).

The heteronomy we feared—possession by the other—reveals itself as the call of our own deepest being. What seemed alien intrusion is our original participation. We are not dissolved but discovered, not possessed but released into our truest selfhood—one that sings with rather than against the world.

Desmond's 'absolved relativity' names what we achieve through dark intelligibility: relation freed from the demand to possess or be possessed. We are absolved—released—into genuine togetherness. Not dissolved into unity, not scattered into isolation, but held in the between where genuine selves can sing to genuine others. This is relation transfigured by agapeic generosity: each term released to be itself precisely through its openness to the other.

The hopeless joy we discovered is the emotional register of this absolved relativity. Joy without hope because it needs no future completion—it is already complete in its incompleteness, already whole in its openness. We are absolved of the need to mean something beyond this singing, this festivity of being-between.

When I sing the other, I find myself in love. Enchanted and chanting. The boundaries dissolve. 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. I long to sleep under the moss, to become compost under a thick blanket of dew, to participate in the slow, silent festivity. A glimpse of a singing khora, that primordial receptacle now understood not as passive container but as active participant in the cosmic singing. The metaxu itself sings, and when we have learned to listen, we discover we have always been part of that song, and that our voice is needed for the chorus to be complete, that the world waits patiently for our participation in its self-manifestation.

Departure, Arrival, Return

Dark intelligibility is not a destination but a movement—an oscillating rhythm between departure, arrival, and return that constitutes the metabolic practice of being in the metaxu. This is not a linear progression from ignorance to enlightenment, but a cycle that honors all directions as necessary dimensions of the same lived truth.

We are always already in motion—departure, arrival, return—and fidelity to flux means consenting to this rhythm rather than trying to arrest it at any single point. But this consent is not passive acceptance. It is sustained attention in the face of inevitable reterritorialization, inevitable forgetting. After the experience comes amnesia—the fading of the revelation, the return to ordinary consciousness. Yet something remains: not the peak experience but the metabolic capacity developed through it.

The practice is learning to trust this cycle, to know that departure will come again, that the ordinary contains the seeds of the extraordi-

nary, that even our forgetting participates in a larger remembering. This is what it means to become companionable rather than possessed—to learn the rhythm of approach and withdrawal, presence and absence, revelation and concealment.

Courage, Connection, Participation

Courage, participation, connection—this is what agapeic love asks of us. The courage to remain open to what exceeds us. The participation in creation that happens when we stop imposing and start witnessing. The connection to self and world that reveals itself when we discover these are not separate domains but interpenetrating dimensions of the same original part.

“The quiet festivity of agapeic of being”⁵⁶—an intimate joy in us participating in creation, a mutual bringing-forth of reality. This is the Great Affirmation in its lived reality: not abstract yes to being, but intimate participation in being’s festivity. The metabolic transformation that began in ordeal, that passed through the ruins of meaning and the terror of the neutral, arrives finally at this: we learn to sing, and in singing, we are sung. We find our resting place not by escaping the between but by discovering the between as home, the metaxu as the very ground of wholeness.

Dark intelligibility and agapeic love are not separate achievements but two dimensions of the same transformation: a way of knowing that is simultaneously a way of loving, a receptivity that is simultaneously an affirmation, a vulnerability that is simultaneously a strength. This is the fruit of the ordeal, the harvest of metabolic development,

the gift that was always already present in the pharmakon we feared would destroy us.

Toward Ontological Nutrition

This entire framework suggests that spiritual traditions might be understood as sophisticated technologies for *metabolic development*—systematic training programs for consciousness to expand its digestive range, to learn to find sustenance in what initially appears as pure poison or meaninglessness. Maturation becomes precisely this expansion of metabolic range: learning to digest stronger and stronger doses of unsalted reality until we can finally subsist on being itself without the mediating supplements of human meaning-making.

The roach encounter becomes a genuine philosophical experiment in *ontological nutrition*—testing whether human consciousness can learn to subsist on unsalted being, to find sustenance in neutrality itself. Can we develop the metabolic capacity to break our chrysalis ourselves, to undergo the necessary decomposition that allows genuine transformation rather than mere reformation?

A new form of knowing occurs: our unknowing-sive-knowing. A knowing that is closer to a kind of touching, an encounter contact with the divine that feels as a confirmation of ourselves with God. Being becomes communion. Being at that state is a pure nakedness before God. And after everything is burned away what remains is an entry into the palace in a union-in-difference. Our neediness is replaced with peace. We are already forgiven.

Coda: The Question of Companionability

The journey that began by asking how we might become companionable to what threatens to possess us finds its answer here. Agapeic love is the name for that perfected companionability—a way of being with the other that is intimate without consuming, and porous without being destroyed.

Companionability is still also a question for the questioning of autonomy versus heteronomy. Is there a point at which autonomy as we know it collapses? In the text, there is a deeper selfhood that emerges in non-duality. But as the cycle of departure-arrival-return reveals, our “arrival” is one part of the pendulum swing and the amnesia from the “return” challenges us to remain at the metaxu. On the one hand, we do not want to constantly be exposed to excess, we couldn’t go on living. Yet simultaneously we do not want to lose touch with overdeterminacy. This is the kind of ongoing practice that never stops. Walking the thin line between eros turannos and ouranios, between self and other, between the finite and infinite.

The question, then, was never how to avoid the ordeal, but how to bear it. We learn not through mastery, but through metabolization. We learn to receive the “superplus” of being by becoming porous enough not to be shattered by its grace. We learn to find nourishment in the very shadow of our nothingness, to discover that the pharmakon’s poison, when fully tasted, is the medicine.

The journey that began in a “sweet and abysmal vertigo”⁵⁷ does not end in certainty. It ends 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 learning to sing in it.

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Endnotes

1. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 91.
2. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 331.
3. Desmond, *Being and the Between*.
4. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 26.
5. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 65.
6. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 67.
7. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 107–8.
8. 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 (*dharma*s)." And elsewhere in the *Shobogenzo*: "To practice and confirm all things by conveying one's self to them, is illusion; for all things (*dharma*s) 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)
9. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 70.
10. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 83.
11. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 21.
12. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 331.
13. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 3.
14. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 331.
15. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 4.
16. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 76.
17. Van Bragt's choice to translate *soku* as the Latin *sive* captures the

paradoxical identity-in-difference at the heart of Kyoto School philosophy. Unlike “or”(which separates) or “and”(which merely conjoins), *sive* expresses simultaneity and mutual constitution—A-sive-B means A is B precisely in not being B. This translation proves useful for articulating metaxological structures where opposites oscillate without collapsing into synthesis or remaining in pure duality. (Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, pp. -intro-xxx)

18. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 135.
19. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 199.
20. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 179.
21. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 158–59.
22. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 41.
23. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 8.
24. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 8.
25. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 53.
26. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 151.
27. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 82.
28. Rilke, *New Poems*, pp. -archaic.
29. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 121.
30. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 7.
31. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 174.
32. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 4.
33. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 6.
34. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 36.
35. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 172–74.
36. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 173–74.
37. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 8.
38. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 175.
39. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 178.
40. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 89.
41. Desmond, *God and the Between*.

42. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 265.
43. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 231.
44. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 273.
45. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 273.
46. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 320.
47. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 59.
48. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 173.
49. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 165–66.
50. Nishitani, *Religion and Nothingness*, 166.
51. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 119.
52. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 340.
53. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 175.
54. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 158–59.
55. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 257.
56. Desmond, *God and the Between*, 164.
57. Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*, 29.