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Mr. Gorsky had just spilled the tea when he realized he would never be the same.

"Stupid!" – he thought – "in fact what I want to say is that I'll never be one and the same..."

How can I explain it?"

I feel just like an iceberg. The vast majority of everything is not remembered and not visible.

And at the same time – everything is remembered.

Just as this dawning – which is between the day and the night – and at the same time is both of them without being either in particular.

When he spilled the milk, Gorsky knew he could never be at only one place.

Never be able to identify with a single story.

I've been everything.

People who come to me, come in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are wolves.

Or the other way around.

I'm the same.