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I HAVE NO NEED TO THINK

I AM GOD. Have been forever, will be forever. *Forever*, mind you, with the razor-sharp glint of a diamond, and without any counterpart in the languages of men. When a man says *I'll love you forever* everyone knows that *forever* is a frail and flimsy speck of straw in the wind. A vow that won't be kept, or that in any case is very unlikely to be kept. A lie in other words. But when I say forever, I really do mean forever. So let that be clear.

I am god, and I have no need to think. Up to now I've never thought, and I've never felt the need, not in the slightest. The reason human beings are in such a bad way is because they think; thought is by definition sketchy and imperfect, and misleading. To any thought one can oppose another, obverse thought, and to that yet another, and so forth and so on; and this inane cerebral yackety-yack is about as far from divine as you can get. Every thought is destined to die from the moment it's hatched, just like the mind that hatched it. A god does not think: that's all we need!

A spiral galaxy is a spiral galaxy, a white dwarf is a white dwarf, a platyhelminthe of the class Turbellaria is a platyhelminthe, class Turbellaria, while I on the other hand am god. These are the facts. Don't ask me how I came to be god, because I myself have no idea. Or rather I do know, just as I know everything, but it would take eons to put into words, and quite frankly, I don't think it's worth it. My rank (let's call it that) alone guarantees a certain degree of confidence.

A god does not watch, does not wait, does not listen. Does not stomach, crave, or belch. A god takes care of something human language cannot express, composed of all the actions (and the nonactions) that all the languages together can pronounce, but also all those inexpressible in words. And thus surpasses both the first, and the second. You might say that a god *is*, if only the verb "to be" were a pale shadow of my real existence (call it that), which is above all *sense*. I am the meaning of everything.

Of course the platyhelminthe and the sun, which as everyone knows is a yellow dwarf, are in some ways also divine, given that I created them. If someone were to call them god I certainly wouldn't be offended. But if many past civilizations considered the sun a god, so far as I know not even the most radical animists among humans ever made a divinity of a necrophagous worm. I wish someone would explain me why; the way I see it, there's no reason at all why a paltry little star (the *sun*) can be a supreme being, and the platyhelminthe no. I mean, we need to talk about this. But for simplicity's sake (start nitpicking here and we'll never get anywhere), think of me as distinct from the red dwarves and the platyhelminthes. Think of me as god, period. Anyone can picture god.

I don't even know myself what made me decide to speak (or more properly, write). No one forced me, it wasn't a question of burning need, I wasn't feeling lonely, didn't have anything to give vent to, or to hand down. Wasn't bored, didn't feel a desire to hear (as it were) my own voice. Wasn't in search of a new experience (a meaningless expression for me), wasn't hoping to become a media star (media success being the paradise humans now lust after), wasn't even seeking to be understood. God has no need of such piffle. So let us say: I do not know. In truth, omniscience means that I do know. It would require about ten interactive encyclopedias with billions of entries and cross-entries to explain the matter with enough clarity and simplicity so that humans could understand (humans are not all that intelligent), but it could be done. I just don't see the point of such a hermeneutic exercise.

SODOMITE ON A BIKE

A GOD DOES INFINITE THINGS, as everyone knows, but at the same time, paradoxical as it may seem, a god has nothing particular to do. He's no layabout, but neither is he an accountant punching a time card morning and night, and even less a workaholic. He does what he must without stress and without fatigue, without making too much of it. In some ways without even being aware of it. A god in the first instance is simply busy being god. He watches, he listens, although his watching and listening have nothing in common with that of humans, however. *I am god*, he thinks.

I contemplate, I listen. I observe, for example, the galaxy called the *Milky Way*, and more precisely what is called the *Solar System*, and even more precisely, the planet called *Earth*. My eyes (if you know what I mean) fall on a very tall girl (everything's relative) in a very high-tech cowshed,

the polar opposite of a bucolic Christmas crèche. I see her introduce her gloved hand into a cow's anus and with a rapid rotary motion of the wrist, extract a handful of feces the consistency of mud from the big rectum. She then cleans off the animal's swollen vulva, spreads it open and inserts the point of an instrument that looks in some ways like a syringe, and in other ways like a handgun, pushing to penetrate the beast and rotating her hand from time to time. At the same time she once again sticks her left fist up the backside, this time following through with the entire arm, right past the elbow. The way you might lean way over to pick up some object that has fallen behind the sofa.

I really can't explain why, among the many, not to say infinite, possibilities out there, of late my gaze always seems to come to rest on the Milky Way. And why within the Milky Way, which is not really so tiny, my sights are trained on the Solar System, and particularly on that two-bit planet that's barely visible, Earth. And why on Earth, which infinitesimal as it is has many other attractions, my eye zooms in on the tall girl with two purple pigtails who at every opportunity is shoving her arm up a cow's ass. The universe teems with dazzling inlets and broad panoramas, with rarefied interstellar wastes, abrupt flourishes of incandescent gases, wells of blackest void. And yet without my being aware, my gaze (let's keep calling it that) darts down to the Milky Way and homes in on the arm in the backside, and the long, bespectacled face of the giantessa in charge of the operation, who wears the grave expression of someone carrying out an important task, of someone praying.

The big beanpole in farmworker's overalls has her arm deep in the cow's entrails, right up to the shoulder. The bovine allows herself to be sodomized (I can't think of another term for it, *fisting* sounds pornographic) without even a sigh, being a peaceful animal; among all those I created (even before the so-called *domestication*, which is to say slavery), cows were and are the most pacific. Many another beast would have mauled the sodomitrix or injected her with a deadly venom, or at the very least delivered a big kick with its hind legs, but the cow stands there patiently like a human waiting for the bus at the bus stop.

This is no gratuitous act of sadism: the big girl, poking around in the rectum, is guiding the pointed instrument forward toward the cervix. Her fingers correcting the trajectory, she directs it past the fornix and the endocervix to the uterus, where her forefinger has located a follicle nearing dehiscence (having watched this at length, I too have become an expert). Only at this point does she engage the instrument's plunger.

When you are a god, you see what's taking place both inside and out, that's your fundamental prerogative.

Let me repeat, and certainly not to boast (that would be absurd for a god): the cosmos is absolutely the most unbelievable work of art imaginable, and also the most tragic, most comic, most fabled. All flaming tropical sunsets, steely seas, glittering glaciers, and mighty waterfalls are by comparison mere tawdry sketches by some amateur dauber: poor, dull landscapes. The beauties of the cosmos literally take your breath away (a purely rhetorical figure of speech for the undersigned, alas). Not even the divine eye (let's call it that) can ever have its fill of the infinite variety of shapes and unending metamorphoses, the ever-changing choreographies that give life to its farraginous complexity. I have spent millions of years, billions, looking at the universe, and I've never had enough. And now I'm staring blankly at the Earth, its devastations and its dumps, I'm staring at the sodomitic biker.

The diehard unbeliever takes another dose of semen from the portable refrigerator and snaps it into that contraption that resembles a pistol, a ruthless hitman. She pokes a hand into the behind of another cow and removes the contents. Then back in she goes, aiding and guiding the progress of the pistolette (so it's known) toward the cervix. It's obvious she has done this many times, for her gestures, though measured and precise, are somewhat mechanical. Every so often she'll peel off her surgical gloves and go roll herself a cigarette outside the barn. With each puff, she tips her purple head back slightly as she exhales the smoke, almost as if she's blowing it in my face.

Cows are made to copulate with bulls, it's all worked out for that right down to the most minute details, and instead today human beings masturbate the bulls, and once they've obtained the seminal fluid, they dilute it and dilute it again to reduce the unit cost of each fertilization. Then they freeze it, like you freeze peas, or fish. Everything is *rationalized* and *optimized* (their terms) so as to get the best results and highest profits; they don't give a hoot about how yours truly has organized things. Now I am by no means one of those who has to decide everything (contrary to what you may have heard), and in fact I'm open to any and all proposals for change. However, it irks me to think they want to systematically alter everything I've done. How would they like it if I went to their house and moved all the living room furniture around or used the toilet brush to stir a truffle-scented béchamel? I mean, a little respect.

Even so, the cows are fortunate. Most of the junior bulls end up in the frying pan (with that system of theirs, one bull is enough to impregnate

thousands of females). I'd like to see their reaction if someone organized the same method for them, if the normal sexual act were replaced by a plastic syringe to the uterus guided via anal penetration, and there was just one male to every thousand females (the remaining nine hundred ninety-nine cooked up as minute steaks). Not to mention that out on the street you'd see mobs of children all looking familiar: thousands of half siblings, or at best cousins. And the widows, if we may call them that, all sleeping solo.

When she has finished plunging her arm up cows' backsides, the big beanpole straps the case containing her instruments onto the bag rack of her priapic V twin-engine motorcycle, and removes the blue overalls, beneath which she's wearing her normal neo-punk biker's gear. She puts on her helmet, mounts the bike, and takes off like a *hypervelocity star* (the typical frenzy of the atheist, if I may offer a personal—call it that—opinion). Pausing at a pastry shop, she wolfs down two cream-filled cornetti and a sfogliatella without removing the helmet. Back in town, she heads for the Institute of Molecular Genetics, where she works.

Statistically speaking (I've always wanted to employ that agnostic expression, it makes me smile), the probability that my eye should come to rest on that particular girl is far less than the chances that a particular grain of sand should twice end up in the hair of the same camel driver.¹ My eye could surely find many more interesting human specimens out there, with less repellent occupations. And instead my gaze falls smack on her, straight as a laser beam. You'd almost think it was seeking her out. As you might imagine, my gaze is not the exclusive and monomaniacal stare of a human being, who when (s)he fixates on something (all the more when sexual hormones are involved), that's all that exists. The fulcrum of my attention is, however, always her. It's something in many ways incongruous that's been *happening to me* for some time (I use those words even though technically speaking it is I who make all things happen). I tell myself I must stop staring at her, and yet I stare at her. Of course it's absurd that absurd things should happen to a god; but these are the facts. I myself imagined I was immune to any sort of *aporia*, and was convinced that certain gimcrack medieval theologians² were just making mountains out of molehills.

THE SELF-SERVING SIDE OF RELIGIOUS AFFLATUS

FOR TENS OF THOUSANDS of years men have worshipped river spirits, fish spirits, tree spirits, stag spirits, the spirits of hares, mountains, clouds,

and rain: every type of spirit apart from that of yours truly. Some raving tramps had the gift (they thought) of communicating with this mob of spirits, and so were held in the highest esteem (like rock stars and soccer players today). They would leap and spin around waving their matted hair until they lost their senses, then, eyes rolled back in their heads and foaming at the mouth, intercede for their clients (or so they thought), hoping to obtain stacks of game, cures for all sorts of diseases, assistance with various everyday problems. A pathetic spectacle. And meanwhile there I was, just waiting for them to notice I existed.

And then they finally did notice. *Better late than never*, I said to myself. For a few more millennia they still had a very limited notion of my capacities: they believed I had hung the sun in the sky to light up their days and the stars to make their nights more splendid. An eternity went by before they realized that their blessed Earth is a mere speck in the Solar System, which is in turn a piddly little mite in the Milky Way, one negligible molecule in the vastness of the universe. Only my great patience kept me from taking serious umbrage. And to top it off, rather than finally recognizing my merits, *rendering unto Caesar that which is Caesar's* (that boy of mine, the one reputed to be my boy at any rate, had a knack for catchy sayings, that I have to grant him), now they're spreading the rumor that the universe created itself. That it sprang forth from nothing, like a mushroom: *Big Bang*, and there's your rabbit, folks.

I was forgetting about the days of the votive barbecues. The intentions were excellent, don't get me wrong, but it was as if they were convinced their next-door neighbor would be pleased to get a blast of exhaust from their pyres. The more smoke they made the happier they were, the more they felt purified. Sometimes they even grilled up girls and boys, it was gruesome. All these offerings of their primitive culinary arts were in my honor, or anyway in honor of my supposed colleagues (they thought of us as a fleet). And they were convinced we would be tickled pink (what a turn of phrase). Not to mention that they almost always left me just the offal. Filet for the gentlemen, for me the acrid exhaust fumes and the bloodstreaked innards.

For that matter, many other more recent liturgical customs irritate me. If there's a class of buildings I never liked (just for example), it's churches. I find them dark and gloomy, too tall, too truculently monumental. Depressing, macabre. Full of chilly marble, ghoulish statues, sanctimonious paintings, furnishings and symbols in bad taste. And I could never bear the smell of incense; it gives me a headache (as it were) even to think of it.

But what leaves me most baffled is the self-serving side of their religious afflatus. It's pretty obvious that they pray because they want something in return, not just because I'm good-looking. They bow down to me and try to get on my good side the way you would pay an insurance policy, so that you're covered whatever happens. Or worse, they think of me only when things turn really awful, the way you call the fire department in an emergency. They praise me, pay me compliments, flatter me, but in fact their only concern is to cover their asses (apologies, but out of the small sample at my disposal that is the most appropriate term), and of course to improve their material situation. They'd like to be able to acquire larger quantities of shares and real estate, they'd like to have access to more liquidity, they imagine this will make them happier. And above all, they don't ever want to die.

It shouldn't be so difficult to understand that their lives are thrilling and tender *because* they come to an end. But no, to deny the facts, to stave off resignation, to fool themselves into thinking they'll continue to live on even after death, they invent a ton of cock-and-bull. They dream that once they've *passed* (their term) they'll find themselves in a beautiful park supplied with chaise longues and tropical fruit trees and the luxury hotel treatment. Utter foolishness, as even a child could see. You imbeciles, other animals also kick the bucket, and you can see in their eyes (those that have eyes) that they're not bursting with joy, that it's quite a nuisance, and yet they take it well, they simply lie down and wait to expire.³

Humans haven't learned how to die yet, and worse, the more time goes by, the more they think they've understood everything and the less prepared they are. It's the rare specimen who faces the transition to the decompositive stage with a modicum of dignity, and gets it over quickly. Most abandon that little restraint they have; they pray, they suddenly remember to pray, beseeching me to put them back together if only for a few days, or if there really is no hope, to make it easy on them. Even the ones that don't seem in such a bad way almost always can't resist the weeping and solemn declarations and crazy vows. They're ludicrous, these sad sacks.

NOTES

¹The comparison might have been more apt two thousand years ago, given that freight, including illicit freight, travels by truck and air today. But that's how it came to me and that's how it stays.

²If there's one discipline I've always considered smart alecky (forgive my frankness), it is theology. Theologians reek of superiority, as if the gods (in their surreal deductions) were *them*.

³We're talking about millions of billions of ants every year, of billions of billions of billions of microbes every second, not some piddling number. What if every insect, every single earthworm, began to moan and groan when its time came, to issue solemn declarations and beg to be granted the big pardon?