

Enè Ioh

by Kog Zadare

Hello, I am Enè Ioh, I have come to tell you a story that takes place within the place. I start at the place; I go to the place. Here we are, at the place. I am now at the place. I know what I say is of no consequence and I will be killed for it. It means so little, nothing.

I am deeply attached to the place. My name is Enè Io. I make progress through the place. I will die for making these notes. Are we to throw up a hand in the place with a laugh or with a sigh? In the end it means nothing, very little.

There are no walls here. Sometimes there are walls. The industrialists call them fleeting walls. I am told the term 'fleeting wall' has a particular meaning, but I am not told what it is. Sometimes the walls seem almost in my way. There are no walls. Nothing interferes with my progress, never.

I understand that if one tries to know beforehand what the place is all about, one will not know what the place is all about. You can only know this afterwards. If while one is in the place and wants to know what the place is, one will not know about it. Only after you have gone from the place can you hope to know about the place. One always starts and ends by going to and from the place.

Now I am at the place where there is nothing great. I am at the place where there is nothing beautiful. Here I find nothing great nor beautiful. At the place Enè Ioh finds nothing great nor beautiful. No. No.

I do not believe that the industrialists mean any harm, but I must go away from them. I do not dislike the industrialists. There is no

danger; I simply prefer to go elsewhere. There is everywhere and then there is the place. There is everywhere else and then there is here. I, myself, am here.

You must be fond of the place to bear with the place. If you are not very fond of the place you will not bear with it. I stand in the place and walk to the sides of the place.

I find the place ugly. I make allowances for the place. Over to one side of the place the industrialists are passing a hat around. They pass a hat from one to the other. In the hat they have written names. Many names are written within the hat that the industrialists pass from man to man.

The bestiaries and the shady streams of the place will not go unnoticed by Enè Ioh who is of the place. I will die for all this. It is of no matter, to no one. Not even the Pingüino Rojo will be moved.

I am told that particular terms such as 'the place' have strong, singular and deep meanings. They have hardly come into existence for their own pleasure. They are, believe me, items which offer us the temporary use of great utility. They have for me an allure, the allure of the foreign. There are those who call me simple minded on account of my views. These terms are fleeting but yet valuable, very.

It astonishes me that no one has made a proper report about the place. If it is possible to know anything about the place, it is just as well that I put down some notes about the place. My intention is to write with a firm hand and put everything down about the place that I know of the place.

It is said that women cleave to certain terms, hoping against hope to copulate with them. If you want to fuck a term of temporary use but of great vitality then you must enter the place, this is what the

industrialists have said time and again. They say that only in this way can they have the illusion of vital creative power.

The nearer one gets to the place, the further one is from the dark degeneracy of the place. It is better that one avoid the place or in any case one can go out from the place and come to the place at last. I stand and it touches me to see the place about me.

When I was out and traveling. I went to the place. Some people began to tell me of the walls which were on all sides and getting more and more obtrusive. There are no walls. I have noted and transcribed the walls. I theorized that if I met with the walls a great number of times this would verify without doubt there being here, and forever. Some of the industrialists mocked my simplicity. In my view the walls are fleeting.

If you notice that there is happiness in the place you will go to the place. You may also go away from the place. I find that here I am not restricted. I notice that there is sorrow in the place and go to the place. I do not feel in the least bit restricted in my movements. I go to the place and walk at my leisure surveying the place. I go to and from the place and I walk around in the place.

Some times I see the hat going from man to man and filled with names, travel across the place. The industrialists meet in their council chamber to fill the hat with names. They sit and transcribe names on little slips of paper which they put into a hat. There are as many as three hats going from woman to woman around the place. From time to time they remove a name from the hat and place a ribbon around someone.

I must say it is frightening when you go into the chamber. If the walls are there, it is somewhat more mortifying. There is no end to these great flights of fleeting walls. I must go now to the chamber but will be back with you.

There is no chamber or so I am told. The walls are the only things that can form the chamber, but they seem to come and go. I believe the industrialists refer to the walls as fleeting walls, but the meaning of this term eludes me. I am a simple man and of short birth. In my earlier days they called me Enè Ioh and I was short and tall. I was short in the place and tall around the place.

If I hear the voice of one of the walls hearken to me, I scramble and hide. There are no walls. Some say when they call us it is to delude us or to somehow work some mischief. Some people in my youth used to refer to the fleeting walls but it made so little impression on the face of a youth.

I perceive that in order of likelihood it is still more likely that the voice of the wall is a beckoning without design and to no one. For lack of meaning this reminds me of the story told of an object that had no colour and was strung up along the side of a void. I know for certain that there are no obstructions or walls. When they call to me I laugh and cry all at once becoming confused and fearful about the matter of the voice of the fleeting wall.

Enè Ioh sits and wonders, at times, shall I ever reach the place?

I stand at the place. I go to the place. I go and stand in the dark and light places within the place. Here in the place I make my home and resting place. I do not mind it if the place is too far from home; I only know it here at the place. I know well enough that the place is here before me although some perceive and mock my simplicity.

Sometimes I scramble about the place without aim. I see everything in the place. I see the edges of the place and the undersea parts of the place. I ask why this anxiety holds me powerless before the great powers of the place and all their nefarious agents. I feel my

simplicity and understand nothing and retreat to the place to regather myself for the next scramble.

I do not like it when the industrialists began to walk about the place. I know that they are not out to do us any harm. I prefer for them to go their own way, and stay away from us here. This place is well sized and big. I stand at ease and stretch my feathers and don't perceive any difficulty. Some call to their mouths the industrial imperatives and begin to name them off. I know for certain that many who have at their finger tips lists and statistics concerning the placement of the walls are no more wise than I. Let them go to the Caterpillar with these footnoted lists and statistical towers. I doubt they can mean us any harm. It is a long journey to go to and come to the place; Even when you have left from the place.

Sometimes I see the industrialists with a hat when I walk about the place. I walk through the place and down under in the place. The place's long parts and its short parts are known to the Pingüino Rojo and to Enè Ioh. I see the hat passed from man to man and ribbons being placed around the necks of some industrialists. I see the council room of the industrialists where the ribbon clad industrialists gather in their symposiums. I and the Pingüino Rojo see these things.

I, Enè Ioh, am at last at the place. I like being at the place at times such as this, and it is dear to me.

If I go away from the place and come back from the place I recognize the place. If I go for a long time away from the place and return after a great duration to reach again the place I recognize the place. If I travel along the roads and highways of the place I come to the place and see the place and it remains unchanged. What a stranger she must be within the place who does not know the place. Sometimes I see the ostriches fluttering around the place.

How I wish to see the place on a day, when late in the evening, I return to the place.

There are no walls here at the place. I go about the place exactly as I please. I move to the right and then again to the left. No walls get in my way and I move about all the contours of the place with perfect freedom. Long ago some people, no doubt well meaning, invented a glorious term called 'the fleeting wall theory'. I have no doubt that they were not lunatics but thoughtful folk such as ourselves. I walk about the place and encounter no difficulty and nothing gets in my way. If I hear a wall calling with the strange power of voice, I only curl up my tail and listen in silence and voided space without colour and then I go along to the place.

It is so very quiet in the place on days such as this one. I sit in the place and notice out of my window the place.

When I am in the place I dream of the place. I dream of being at the place when I stand asleep in the place. I lounge on the outer parts of the innermost labyrinth of the place and far away aspects glimmer through my dreams of the place. The sight of the place is wondrous and I see it with tongue, foot, wing and scale.

Enè Ioh travels through the wind of the place and dances with the women of the place. If you see the beauty of a passing mosquito in the place you notice that in the place it has no faults. Enè Ioh sees a beehive in the place.

Look at the ribbons of the industrialists if you have the chance. Look at them closely. There is a ugliness in the industrialists but I bear them. I walk around the place and meet with them. They call me by name Enè Ioh. They call me by name Pingüino Rojo. I walk about the place and make my notes. I walk around the place and see everything in the place. I walk about the place. I go to the place.

I see the place with not only my eyes, but my teeth, and claws.

The place is pregnant with stupidity, and wickedness, and is meaningless to Enè Ioh. Who would think that the industrialists who are all wise would have missed all the subtleties of the place? At times I find that I am really very simple minded and need to find the path to the place. How many times have the walls and the corridors saved me. I am told that these are only fleeting walls. It is true that the exact meaning of the terms is beyond my reach. I go about and bump my face into the walls. From time to time I run into a wall. There are no walls in the place. I go here and there and to all manner of nooks and corner spots.

I suffered much and my name was Enè Ioh of the place. I turned from the place and went again to the place. I left the place and entered the place.

The other day I was explaining my life to my neighbor and all of the sudden she starts to tap her foot on the floor, unabashedly thumping a hoof, and her feathers got all into a terse and menacing expression and she blurts into my face the old adage "Go tell it to the Caterpillar."

I start to walk around; ostensibly in a circular motion. My toe and my penis are against the floor and I am in the place. I go forward only to at last reach the place. My classical education has finally payed off - I have reached the place at last. So, I have reached the place at last, the place.

My name; Enè Ioh.

Ostensibly and so far as I am able to notice, there are, and can be, no walls. Nothing subverts my travel operations in the environs of the place. Some of the industrialists mock my simplicity. There are

no doubt fleeting walls. I note, in my notebook, the observation that there are no fleeting walls. I will be killed for this.

Look here, my name is Enè Io and what do you want of me?

I believe that at last I have reached the widest area of the place. I am tempted, like some, to call it a vast and futile expanse of wicked degeneration and a place of dry starvation. It is very, very odd when you notice that you stand at the very part of the place which is most like the place proper. Many mock my simplicity but I keep my own council. I shall be killed. It is a small matter, little.

The place itself is little and large. I, Enè Io, note this fact.

If my name was Enè Ioh, I must have had this name for some time. I don't know properly if that was my name. Enè Ioh is my name and I am of and at the place. This is Enè Ioh the same who is present at the place. Enè Ioh who stands before you at the very place. Enè Ioh of the fulcrum without wall or walls. Enè Ioh of where the fleeting walls stretch on. I do not believe I had this name Enè Ioh. It could be that I am describing another man's life. Enè Ioh of the place.

Who will settle all my accounts within the place? When the birds strike me in the place and I go to run to the place, I see all the sides of the place at once. When I claw at the place and go to the edges of the place it is I Enè Io who is telling you all of this. What I am telling you now is that I am Enè Ioh and that this is my story.

Do not be fooled by the light of the place. It hides a sort of darkness. As I walk through the place I am prone to reflection.

My feathers begin to wilt when I go to far along in my journey and reach the place. If I do get to the place they will fall out completely. I reach the place having journeyed, a long and goodly way, from my origins at the place. My feathers themselves show no sign of ware

and are no worse for the travel and hardship of the long day and night of winter, and the hot hours.

If the industrialists are disappointed by the place and their prospects within the place, they will be sorrowful.

I go then to the place, under the questioning eye of an industrialist task master. He is standing now atop a high place. Hardly can he hope to see me. I doubt if he will even attempt to admonish me. From such a distance what could he hope to achieve? He stands in the place and I stand in the place. No doubt I am a simple fellow. Some of us stand in the place under the fury maxed eye of the industrialist. I know for a fact that they can not harm us.

If I see an industrialist passing a hat I know that a ribbon will soon be passed out. If I see a hat going around I know that a symposium will soon be held in the industrialists chamber.

Who can know what is in store for a poor badger who travels alone through the place? I go through the place, my shoulders prick up and my fur picks up dirt. The place is a wicked bone of contention with the ones who go about the place. I go into the place and burrow towards the place. I see the place and the voice of the place makes me drunk within the place.

I make notes on rose wood and sand wood, on beech wood and elm.

I am in the place at last. I bask in the sun and drink in the waters of the place. When at the place I know no thirst. I taste of the place and there are no walls. When I go about to each side and to the high place and the low I meet no obstacle. I go about in the place and travel from the place to the place and encounter no wall. The lack of obstacle within the place makes the place into an absurdity; It is no place at all.

There are some walls, fleeting walls. At the foot of the industrialist's I notice some fleeting walls. They call the walls there fleeting and say that this term 'fleeting walls' has a particular meaning. The meaning of this term eludes me, but I notice the walls. There are no walls to prohibit or preclude my free walk about in the place. I walk about the place freely. I notice some naked women cleaving to the industrialists. Feathers puff about and plume in great heaves all about the place and by the industrialist's feet and against their talons. Some of the ostriches are molting and some are in heat.

What a bitter and misunderstood creature I encountered today while traveling through the place. I saw the old beast whaling and toiling in the place. I was deeply touched and stood in the place a long while after the beast had gone from the place to go to the place. I stood in the place and was looking to the revolving and burning sun. Some of the sunlit places within the place extend a good way until they reach the place at last.

There are, and have been always, those who do not feel at home in the place. I see some who tell me the place is too ordered for their taste.

When voices call from the walls it does not bother me. I only stand still until I can reach the place at last. I always go to the place at times like this. I stand in the place. I go into the place and its far corners and notice everything about the industrialists and what they are up to. I am very sure that the industrialists can not harm us although we are simple folk. I see sometimes that the path is clear and I go out to the place to relax and recline. I run through the place and go right into it. I know for sure that the industrialists can harm no one but still I prefer to go my own way and stay in the place. I travel to the place. I go still there to the place and don't fear the industrialist's wild claws.

What I am saying is that my name is Enè Ioh. This is a story from the place. I am telling you a story from the place. It is of little importance. I will be killed for it. Some say I will rest at last within the walls of the place. I have never seen any walls, none.

Enè Ioh wishes to learn a little more about the place. Enè Ioh is burdened with the serious problem of unhappiness in the place. The predicament of Enè Ioh is too much to bare.

They say my name is Enè Ioh and that this name has a particular meaning. I am unable to discern the meaning of this name of mine, Enè Ioh. I am only going to tell you a story for which I will die. It is of very little consequence, small.

It is possible not to ruin everything again and again in the place. If one clings to this possibility it will hardly do not to make the attempt. I search in the place and strive to reach the place. I see the place full of industrialists and open aired expanses. I put down words to beechwood parchment.

One day one of the industrialist was mocking me while I stood in the place. I wondered about to the side and to a corner of the place. I said to his protruding antler "Go to the Caterpillar with you." I turned and without waiting for a reply walked over to the place. I walked to the place and didn't look back. From the place I heard something which could of only been "Fuck You!" I went over to the place and stood silently within my place and at my place. I turned and spied out over the place and lent my gaze across the place but the industrialist was not seen by me.

I went on a journey that same day and at long last arrived at the place. I went to go to the place and came back to the place. I saw no one at the place. At the place there was no one except myself.

I heard the low voice of one of the industrialists plotting, as in a whisper. I walked out over the plain and saw the extent of the place. The burden of the place absorbed me from morning until evening.

I crawled up an enormously high place. I gained a foothold in the stones of the place. I rubbed my antlers against the crags and outcrops of the place. I went to the place and stood in the high part of the place. The fury of the place threatened to engulf me and throw me down to destruction. If I would crash down from the place, I would be lost to the place.

One must like the place a good deal to bear with the place in times such as these. I walk about the place. I went then to the place. I see all there is to see in the place. I hear the murmurings of those who are complaining about their lot in the place.

It is striking to see the place on a morning such as this. This horizon extends to the place. The place is the most beautiful and it is the place. In it everything reaches itself and is itself within the place. I am or am not Enè Ioh of the shore and the place. I see the nature of this place come to life in it's bullish fury and suffering and in the endless sorrow of the place.

Here I am in the place. I go out to the place. Enè Ioh is here talking to you. I go to the place. I Enè Ioh am here to tell my story, not by choice, but I must. I am in the place and the place is where I go. If I, Enè Io, go along the way and encounter a wall then I know that there is a wall. In the place there are no walls at all, none.

Is one to dream of emancipation from the place?

I could never know my face if not for my lodging at the place. There was, there, a mirror. I stood before the mirror, as a man stands when he is before the mirror in his lodging place. Before I went out of the

place to go to the place I stood a long while. There I was at the place of my youth. I stood there and a knowing look glimmered over my face. The tenor of the light shifted so slightly. The place which I had always know grew a bit dimmer. I stood and went out and into the place. I sojourned and I journeyed until my paws were raw with soot and dry scabs.

Although I am a simple man, Enè Io, the place is no home for simplicity. No one has every yet got to the simple truth of the place. I look about the place with my teeth and claws and simply tear the shit out of the place.

Someone leaned very close to me and in a raspy voice said "Whistle if you want the Aardvark to come a call'n" I don't know who this Aardvark is. If I did I would not whistle for the beast. I am a simple man. I have no interest in Aardvarks. If I were to meet an Aardvark at the place I should at once turn away and go away to the place. Why should I whistle if I don't wish to. I simply will go to the place and find a nice place to sit.

Enè Ioh is my name. I have written. I stand and jot down my notes on tall scraps of beechwood paper that are long and short. I will die for this. My name is Enè Ioh.

I see the faces of the industrialists in my dreams and know that they too are of the place and used by the place for the purposes of the place. I see the natural order of the wicked industrialists who can never harm me. It is best to go away from the faces of them.

Some of the industrialists seem to be preparing the ground around the place for a picnic or a barbecue. I see several of them at the place now. The can not see me; I am hid. I do not need to hide but I do. I hide in the place. I spy them and their actions. The Industrialists can do us no harm but I do not like them. I go from place to place. I go from the place to the place. I go about and see

what they are all about. Just now the industrialist are eating potato salad as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. It seems that they have built some benches but I know full well that there are no benches at the place. In the place, so far as it extends, I know what is and what is not.

I am Enè Ioh and I find myself immersed in the place. I go to the place and from it. The influence of the place is total and I can not get free of the place.

I do not think my name can be Enè Ioh. If my name had been Enè Ioh I should have known it. Some of the industrialists have cleared my head on this matter. I see them all around the place these days. I feel sure that they mean us well. I would prefer to get away to the place. To go far from the industrialists is a fond hope of mine. Something in my stomach tells me I am not Enè Ioh. I know that I must die for this report I am forming up.

I am the only one who can make this report. It is of little consequence, none.

I am a chronicler of the place and as such what I do is of great importance and I know it. My words will last forever, though the industrialist's spys should wish to burn them. I, the caterpillar, do not even notice the industrialists. Nothing can shake me from my course which is mine alone.

I stand and whirl and am at the place. I whirl like a dervish for the sheer joy of being at the place. Some of the industrialists mock me a good deal. I pay them no heed. I go from the place and to the place, I arrive. I stand and spin in the place. I am at the place and am spinning. No wall interferes with my spinning. There are no walls here. Some of the industrialists consider me simple minded. I go from the place, to the place, and encounter no walls. Some times from the walls a voice beckons in a fleeting manner. When I am at the place I see the fleeting walls and hear their voice. I know very

well that my name is Enè Ioh. I know that there are no walls at the place. There are only some fleeting walls at the place. The industrialists taught me all about this point but I am simple.

I journey a far way to reach the place. I rest and recline at the place. My face and my ass touch the floor. I stand and sit at the place. I am always at the place either standing, running, or jumping from the place and to the place. I do many things at the place and then go forth to the place and breathe the air. The place is wide and small. I stand and recline at the place.

I felt stirrings along the outer regions of the place. The steely industrialist eyes extended even to the place. I went along the roads of the place.

If I may dare to say it this way, even the Caterpillar can not be so happy as I. I stand in the place. I go to the place. I take to my report and put down words. For this I will die. It matters ever so little, not at all.

This day made a strong impression, due to a Brontosaurus intrusion. Undoubtedly one of the large herbivores had entered the place seeking lush vegetation. I saw a giant foot print over by the place and stood for some time examining its contours. I stood and looked into the footfall by the place. I listened to the voice of the footfall by the place. I stood at the watering place. I took note of the position of the foot mark and looked at the place of it. I went away from the place to the place. I sought the Brontosaurus. I came to see with my gaze the all surrounding girth of the Brontosaurus. The industrialists never came to meet the wondering traveler. They had no commerce with the scavenging plant eater. I believe he was headed north, away from the place and towards the place. I believe he was headed away from the place if I may speak metaphorically. The industrialists mock me saying I am simple in the head.

I dream of the island of the Brontosaurus while I sleep in the place. I do not know how long I have been here eternally dreaming within the place of island of Brontosaurus. With Enè Ioh the Brontosaurus is a dazzling and anguished friend. I stand in the place and see the place. I wake from the dream of the Brontosaurus.

Someone told me that during yesterday's commotion they spotted the tail of the Brontosaurus. I doubt this. It would have been much too distant to see. What usually happens is that people expect to find a tail because they see the trunk and they fill in the blank with the tail. Sometimes I see Brontosaurus tails myself, so I know about this phenomenon. Brontosaurus have no tail. They have only fleeting tails. No Brontosaurus ever came with giant steps to see me at the place but I saw some at the place. I recline and observe the giant steps of the Brontosaurus in the morning during the last of a night's dreams. I wake and stand about the place and go out into the place and do commerce with the place.

I feel strongly that the industrialists are up to something. I am sure of it. They are more often around the place, all around. I see them in the place and around its environs. I know they can not harm me. It would be better to leave this place and go to the place. The industrialists seem to be too distant and removed from the place to harm us. I walk and twirl about the place. I spin and twirl and they call me Enè Ioh.

When I am at the place I strive to reach the place, and against all odds I go to the place, and arrive at the place. I go to the place. I strive to reach the place and go out from the place. Against all difficulties and the odds I go to the place. I strive and stretch out my fingers and ruffle my feathers and bear my teeth. I tell my story to the place and listen to the place. I notice the place and spin on the back of the place. I spin on the soft spots and the thin parts of the place. I notice the place and note it down and for this I must die. I know it is of little consequence, tiny.

If my name is Enè Ioh then at least I am at the place. Enè Ioh, I myself am telling you this story. I am at the place and I make my report from the place. I make my notes and report my story on strips on beechwood gathered from the place. It does not matter at all, is nothing. I will be killed for my story. My name is Enè Ioh of the place. I stand at the place and survey the place.

