



AUTHOR OR THE PLAGIARIZER OF SOMEONE ELSE'S PAIN

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History is the object of a construction whose place is formed not in homogenous and empty time, but in that which is fulfilled by the here-and-now.

Walter Benjamin

Il faudrait dire je. Il voudrait dire je. Mais, quel "je"? What I wanted was to plunge into my dreams. My creations. My falsified memories. Enchanted. Bygone. Who is the author here? Is the author dead? Who is this / who writes the book? /, the narrator, and /, the author. Am I responsible for what I have written? Am I responsible for what I write? Am I expressing my opinions here? My political views? My view of Literature? Of fiction? Is my romantic *intention* as an author thoroughly clear here? Can an author be completely neutral? May I write something that is foreign to my experiences? Distant from my art? Away from Literature? Here, is literature independent from history? How about therapy for the author? For the narrator? For the character? For the /? Is there a deep feeling here? An allegory? Pierre Menard, Author of Quixote describes a text written by two separate authors who often had opposite purposes, considering their individual contexts and intentions. Here, there were many authors. Many collaborators. My story has kept me company. Literature came in and filled in the gaps in my memory. Or the gaps in literature were filled in by my life. Who owns literature? The author from the beginning of this book isn't the same at the end of this book. He goes through mutations. Evolves. Regresses. He sees literature and memory in a different way. This author continues to be /. This / is a pretender. A plagiarizer. A plagiarizer in foresight? Can the meaning of a piece be found within the author alone? Within the reader alone? Is it in discovering the I? In identifying all the pretenders? In revealing what has been created and what has indeed been experienced? What is an Author? Here, we have multiple purposes and authors – including a lack of purposefulness and the absence of an author. An empty ensemble can be found in any ensemble. Everything here can and should be interpreted according to a historical factor. However, even though History oftentimes cries out for the truth, it is also a creation – therefore, the story that is told here is part of the larger context of History. Here, many parallel passages may be identified in the diversity of authors in this work. In the many versions of the /. In the canon. A literary chain is created. Debated. Structured. Controverted. Deconstructed. Intentionally ambiguous. The work comes to life here. It becomes art. And I experience my work of art. My art. My creations. Frustrations. Daydreams. We cannot fully appreciate a poem if we don't understand it. On the other hand, we cannot fully understand a poem if we don't appreciate it. I don't understand my literature. But I appreciate it. I appreciate the mystery. The secret. The unknown. The foreignness. I so appreciate the literature made by others simply because, at a first reading, they made me uncomfortable. They were foreign to me.



They bothered me. I wanted to scrutinize them. Expose them. Discover them. And I remained bothered. I still feel restless about Literature and the entire network of references it creates and plagiarizes. It reminds me of the same love I felt for all the women who have made me uncomfortable. Who, at first did not expose their beauty and charms to me. Women who have made me suspicious and excited me. Just as literature has. Literature, here, is like a Buddhist mandala. Some Buddhists create beautiful images using colored sand. They are beautiful works of art. It requires attention to detail. Exhausting. They take a lot of time to create these mandalas. To find them. To design them. To sculpt them. It's a painstaking work. They take shape slowly. They slowly reveal themselves. What were the intentions of the mandala creator? Did he think of all possible ways to shape it? Did he know how they would turn out from the very beginning? Was he bothered by it? Is he like a puzzle maker? Was he actually able to imagine all possible combinations? I believe Buddhists aren't concerned about these literary issues. They know how to let go. Utopia. When they're done with their majestic work, they take it all down. The pleasure is in the making. The path. Just like one of the *authors* can only come to be while their work is being written. The pleasure of making it. This *author* is alive while writing the work. The book. While creating these moments. These fictions. When the work is finished, so is the *author*. The one author who wrote it. Who poured some feelings into it. Who suffered and smiled. Who created mysteries, beauty, problems, and solutions. The Buddhist author. Devoted to writing and creating something beautiful. Artistic. And who, in the end, set himself free of his work. The book then exists in another dimension. Another plane, another author, another reader. The making of the work no longer exists. There's only something that will be read and interpreted by others. It's like taking a picture of a Buddhist mandala while they're being created. Interpreters of a moment. Weaving relations. With other moments. With their own moments. Or not. They just enjoy reading it. There are those who welcome works of art according to their possibilities. They love it, they hate it, or *on s'en fout*. They find it nice or ridiculous. Mandalas are beautiful. It's a work of labor. But beauty isn't in the final result – it's in the process. While I'm not writing, I'm dead. I let go of literature for life's sake. For the will to live. While yearning to reinvent life. Reinventing a literary creation. A fictional autobiography. A literary autobiography. Autofiction. Rediscovering and recreating fiction that comes to an end with the *disappearance* of myself.