The Dialogales — III.

THE MEMORY OF THE WORLD

On Forgetting, Transmission, and What We Owe the Dead

"Memory is the present of the past."
Paul Ricœur

"There is a secret appointment between the past generations and the present one."
Walter Benjamin

"The true paradise is the paradise one has lost."
Marcel Proust

Christian Mahoukou
Philosopher, Independent Researcher
in the Phenomenology of Interpellation

PRELUDE

A Room Full of Ghosts

Professor Verne entered that morning with something under his arm — an object wrapped in dark cloth, which he placed at the centre of the table without a word.

They looked at it. Some recognised the shape before he unveiled it — a book. Old, evidently. The binding worn, the spine weary, the corners rounded by decades of hands.

He slowly unwrapped the cloth.

— This book belonged to my grandfather. He had annotated it for twenty years — notes in the margins, underlinings, small papers slipped between the pages. He died thirty years ago. And each time I open it — I encounter him. Not his memory. Him. His way of thinking, his hesitations, his provisional certainties. His voice, silent and precise, in those tiny margins.

— This morning, we are going to speak about memory. Not in the technical sense. In the deepest philosophical sense. What it means, for a human being, to remember. What we lose when we forget. And what we owe — that strange, silent debt we have contracted toward those who came before us.

He placed his hand on the book.

— This book is a ghost. This room is full of ghosts. And the philosophical question is this: do we still hear them?

A silence settled — different from the usual silences. More inhabited. As if the question had summoned something into the room that had not yet been quite present.

— Malia: You are speaking of transmission. But transmission requires someone to receive. And I sometimes have the impression that we have lost the posture of reception.

— Yes. And that is precisely where we are going. But before getting there — I'd like to ask you something. Something very simple.

He looked at them one by one.

— Which dead person inhabits you? Not in the literary sense — in the literal sense. Who, among those who are no longer here, continues to think within you? To question you? To resist you?

— Thomas: My maternal grandfather. He was a worker. He never studied. And when I work on abstract texts, I hear something in me that says: what's the point? Who does this help? That is his voice. I have no doubt about it.

— Iris: Simone Weil. I never knew her, obviously. But since I read her, she watches what I do. And her gaze is uncomfortable. She always asks: are you living what you think?

— Noa: My mother tongue. I was born here, grew up here. But my parents came from elsewhere. And the language they spoke between themselves — which I heard in my childhood without ever really learning it — this language is missing from me like something I never had. It is a memory without remembering. An interrupted transmission.

— There. That is exactly what we are going to speak about. These voices, these gazes, these interrupted languages — that is memory in the philosophical sense. Not memory as the storage of information. Memory as the way of being inhabited by what is no longer there.

* * *

I. Ricœur and Just Memory — Remembering without Betraying

— I'd like to begin with a distinction that Paul Ricœur spent his entire life refining.

He went to the board. Wrote three words in a column:

MEMORY HISTORY FORGETTING

— These are the three words in the title of his major work — Memory, History, Forgetting, published in 2000, when Ricœur was eighty-seven. A book of old age, in the best sense — a book that no longer seeks to impress, that goes straight to what matters, with the patience of someone who has traversed a great deal of time.

— Ricœur begins with a question no one really asks. He asks: what is it to remember? And his answer is surprising. He says: to remember is to claim. To claim that something which is no longer there did indeed take place. Memory is fundamentally a claim to past truth. It says: this has been.

He wrote on the board:

Memory is a claim to the truth of the past. It says: this has been.

— And it is this claim that radically distinguishes it from imagination. When I imagine, I know that what I produce has not necessarily existed. When I remember — I claim that it has. This claim is what gives memory its seriousness, its dignity, and also its fragility.

— Sonia: But then — if memory can be wrong, if it is by nature reconstructive — on what does its claim to truth rest?

— That is the central question of the entire epistemology of memory. And Ricœur does not answer it with a method. He answers it with an ethics.

He went to the board. Wrote:

Just memory — neither too much, nor too little.

— Ricœur speaks of just memory — justa memoria. A memory that is neither in excess nor in deficiency. Too much memory — it is the rumination of the past, the inability to forget that paralyses present action. Undigested traumas — individual or collective. Too little memory — it is the forgetting that denies. The forgetting that says: this did not happen. Political amnesia, rewritten history.

— Thomas: But who decides what is just? The work of memory — who does it, who directs it, in whose name? Because collective memory is always political.

— You are touching something essential. Memory is always someone's memory. There is no memory without a subject. And collective subjects always have interests in the way they remember.

He went to the board. Wrote:

Narrative identity — we are what we tell of what we have been.

— And that is why memory is always political. What we commemorate and what we keep silent. What we teach and what we omit. The heroes we choose and the victims we ignore. All of this constructs an identity.

— Ricœur says there is an abuse of memory — when memory is instrumentalised to justify present claims. And an abuse of forgetting — when forgetting is imposed to protect the guilty. And between the two — the difficult, never-completed task of forgiveness. Not as erasure — forgiveness does not erase the crime. But as untying. The way of untying the wrongdoer from their act without denying the act.

— Malia: But this work of memory — how does it translate at the scale of societies? How does a nation do this work?

— Through institutions. Through truth and reconciliation commissions. Through memorials. Through educational programmes. Through literature and art. But Ricœur is lucid about the limits. These institutions can themselves become instruments of manipulation — commemorations that freeze the pain rather than traversing it.

He went to the board. Wrote:

Memory is not a monument. It is a practice. It is lost if one does not practise it.

— And that is what troubles me about our era. Not that we lack memory — we have more than ever. Infinite archives, gigantic databases. But we lack the practice of memory. We store without traversing. We archive without digesting.

— A memory that one does not practise — that is what Ricœur calls dead memory. The memory that does nothing to the one who carries it. That obliges them to nothing. That does not change them.

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II. Benjamin and the Debt to the Vanquished — The Angel Who Cannot Take Flight

— I'd like to read you something.

He did not go to the board. He remained seated and drew a folded sheet from his inside pocket. Unfolded it slowly.

— This text was written in 1940. By a man who knew he was going to die. Walter Benjamin — philosopher, literary critic — was fleeing the Nazis. He was in Port-Bou, on the Spanish border. The border was closed. He died that night — the 26th of September 1940. He was forty-eight years old.

— In his briefcase, which he carried everywhere, there was a manuscript. His final theses — eighteen fragments on the concept of history. Among these theses — the ninth. The most famous. The one I'd like to read you.

He read, slowly, with that particular care of voices that know they are carrying something fragile:

> *The angel of history must look like this. His gaze is turned towards the past. Where we see the appearance of a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe, which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it before his feet. He would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such violence that the angel can no longer close them. This storm irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows skyward. This storm is what we call progress.*

He set down the sheet.

Silence.

A silence of a particular quality — the silence of those who have heard something that needs time to settle.

— Iris: That is one of the most overwhelming images I have ever encountered in philosophy. This angel who wants to stop, who wants to gather up the dead, and cannot — because the storm of progress sweeps him by force toward the future.

— Yes. And this overwhelming quality is philosophically important. Benjamin wanted precisely to overwhelm us — not to inform us. To make us feel something that abstract reasoning cannot produce: guilt toward the vanquished.

He stood.

— Benjamin writes from a Jewish messianic tradition with a very particular conception of time. Not the linear time of progress — this idea that history advances toward something better. For Benjamin, this conception of time is an intellectual and moral catastrophe.

He went to the board. Wrote:

The time of progress — homogeneous, empty, continuous. The messianic time — heterogeneous, full, interruptible.

— In the time of progress, the dead are in the past — in the past, in what has been surpassed. They ask nothing of us. In messianic time, the past is not closed — it remains open, unfinished, in waiting. The dead are not of the past — they are waiting for something that only we can accomplish.

— And here is Benjamin's most vertiginous thesis. He says: there is a secret appointment between the past generations and the present one. What has been

transmitted to us — implicitly, silently — is a responsibility of redemption toward those who were vanquished.

— Not redemption in the religious sense. Redemption in the political and memorial sense. To do what history did not do. To recognise what history denied. To name those whom history erased.

— Thomas: But this debt toward the vanquished — how is it to be repaid? One cannot resurrect the dead. So what does this redemption consist in, concretely?

— Benjamin is deliberately vague on this point. It is not a political programme — it is an ethical disposition. A way of looking at history.

— In another thesis Benjamin speaks of splinters of messianic time — moments in the present where the past of the vanquished irrupts. These splinters do not follow chronological order. They surge up — in an object, in a face, in a work of art.

He wrote on the board:

Seizing the flash of the past — before it disappears into definitive forgetting.

— Noa: You said just now that Benjamin wrote knowing he was going to die. And listening to him — I cannot help but think that these theses are themselves one of those flashes. That he — Benjamin — is one of those vanquished he speaks of.

Professor Verne remained silent for a long moment.

— Yes. And that is perhaps the most overwhelming thing in reading these theses. Benjamin is not speaking of the vanquished from the outside — he speaks from the inside. He is in the process of becoming one of them at the very moment he writes.

He went to the board. Wrote:

Benjamin is his own thesis.

— Sonia: There is something in Benjamin that enters into direct resonance with our era. We live in a time of acceleration. And acceleration is precisely Benjamin's storm of progress. This force that sweeps us toward the future without letting us turn around. Without letting us hear the voices of those whom progress has crushed.

— Sonia: I think of my great-grandmother. She was illiterate. She spent her life in a mountain village, doing things no one remembers. She left nothing — no writing, no works, almost no photographs. And when I listen to Benjamin — I have the feeling that it is also of her that he speaks.

— Yes. Benjamin would have spoken of the nameless of history. His historical method — what he called brushing history against the grain — wanted precisely to recover these minute lives.

He went to the board. Wrote:

History brushed against the grain — brushing history in the direction counter to the victor's grain.

— This is not nostalgia. It is a political and ethical act. Refusing to let history be written only by and for the victors. Insisting that erased existences count.

He picked up his coat.

— Who are the vanquished of your personal history? Not of History with a capital H — of your own history. Who, in your lineage, in your community, in your tradition, was crushed by something — and was never truly heard?

He buttoned his coat.

— Benjamin says that this appointment — this secret appointment between them and you — does not wait indefinitely. The moment to honour it is now. It has always been now.

And he left.

The folded sheet — Benjamin's theses — had remained on the table. Someone took it. Read it. Passed it to their neighbour.

It made its way around the table in silence.

Like a letter that had taken eighty years to reach its destination.

* * *

III. Proust and Involuntary Memory — Time Recovered in the Flesh

— I'd like to begin with an experience you have all had.

He did not go to the board. He remained standing, at the centre of the room, hands in his pockets.

— You are walking in a street. Or you open a drawer. Or someone passes near you with a particular fragrance. And something happens — something involuntary, unexpected. A smell, a sound, a texture — and suddenly you are no longer there. You are elsewhere. In a moment of the past that rises entire — not like a memory one consults. Like a presence. As if the past had become present again.

— Who has experienced this?

Everyone raised their hand. Almost simultaneously. Like an evidence so universal it required no verification.

— Proust spent three thousand pages describing and analysing this phenomenon. Three thousand pages — seven volumes — to say what you just recognised by raising your hand. Not to explain it — to unfold it. To show what it contains.

He went to the board. Wrote:

Voluntary memory — I search, I find. Involuntary memory — it surges, it finds me.

— Proust radically distinguishes these two forms. Voluntary memory gives us only information about the past. It does not give us the past itself. Involuntary memory, on the other hand, surges without being sought. And in this surge, something extraordinary occurs. Time is abolished. The present instant and the past instant coexist — not in the representation, not in the mental image, but in the sensation itself.

He wrote:

In involuntary memory — the past is not represented. It is felt. It returns in the flesh.

— Léo: What Proust describes has a name in neuroscience — it is episodic memory with a sensory trigger. Smells in particular have privileged access to the limbic structures. It is not a mystery — it is neuroanatomy.

— Yes. And neuroanatomy explains the mechanism. But it does not explain what Proust wanted to point to — which is of an entirely different order. Proust is not interested in the mechanism. He is interested in what the phenomenon reveals about the nature of time and identity.

— The madeleine dipped in tea — it is not simply the memory of Combray that returns. It is Combray itself that returns — whole, living, with its streets, its houses, its gardens. Not as an image in the head — as a reality that unfolds. And this recovered Combray is — says Proust — purified of time.

He wrote:

Involuntary memory wrests a moment from time. It gives it a form of eternity.

— Thomas: But it is a very fragile eternity. A flash, you said. And then it passes. What is the value of an eternity of one second?

— That is exactly the question Marcel asks himself across hundreds of pages. And the answer he finally finds — in the last volume, Time Regained — is the artist's answer.

— Marcel understands, very late in the novel, that what involuntary memory gives him — these flashes of resurrected past — is the material of the work of art. Not the material of representation. But the material of a truth that exists only in and through the work.

He went to the board. Wrote:

Art — the only way of making permanent what life makes fleeting.

— Proust says something vertiginous. He says that true life — life fully lived, of which one truly feels all the density — this true life is literature. Not because

literature replaces life. But because literature reveals what life contains without ever revealing itself to itself.

— Iris: There is something melancholy in Proust that you have not yet named. This idea that true life only reveals itself afterwards. That while we live it, we do not see it. It is a magnificent philosophy — and almost unbearable. Because it says that we are always behind ourselves.

— Yes. And that is perhaps Proust's most difficult truth. But I want to nuance something. Proust does not say that lived life is a loss. He says that lived life and understood life are two different things. And art is the place where these two things can, exceptionally, coincide.

He went to the board. Wrote:

Proust says: we live forwards. We understand backwards. Art is the place where the two meet.

— Malia: I'd like to make a connection with what you said about Benjamin. Benjamin speaks of the debt toward the vanquished of History. Proust speaks of the debt toward the lived moments of our own history. And Ricœur speaks of the debt toward the truth of the past. These are three forms of the same fidelity — a fidelity to what has been, in all its reality.

— Yes. And that is exactly why I wanted to put these three voices in dialogue. Ricœur says: remember justly. Benjamin says: remember the vanquished. Proust says: let the past find you.

He went to the board. Wrote, slowly, beneath the preceding formulas:

We are inhabited. By the dead who made us. By the moments that traversed us. By the vanquished who are waiting to be heard. This habitation is our depth.

— Write something. Not necessarily long. Something about a moment of your past that found you involuntarily this week. Not to publish it. To trust it. To say to it: I heard. I received you. You matter.

And he left.

The grandfather's book was still there. Open at the same annotated page. And this time someone — Sonia, discreetly — took out a notebook. And began to write.

Not the notes of the course.

Something else.

Something coming from further away.

* * *

IV. Transmission — What Cannot Be Stored

— I'd like to begin with a very simple question.

He had arrived that morning without placing anything on the table. No book, no sheet. Just himself — seated among them, hands empty.

— What have you received? Not what you were taught at school. Not what you have read. What was transmitted to you — truly transmitted. What passed from one life to yours without your necessarily having chosen it, without your necessarily being able to name it, but which is there — in you, in your way of being.

— Noa: A way of being silent. My father didn't speak much. And I received from him this silence — this way of not filling the void with words. I realise it now — in this room, in the way I intervene little and weigh things for a long time before speaking.

— Thomas: A mistrust of people who speak too well. My mother had this mistrust. And I realise I have inherited it. That in this seminar — at the beginning — it was what I felt toward philosophy.

He smiled — a smile of gentle self-mockery.

— Thomas: I think I've made my peace with that since.

— Malia: A way of receiving people. My grandmother — when someone arrived at her home, even unexpectedly — she put everything down and sat. She gave her full attention. And I received that. This conviction that someone who arrives deserves that one stop.

— Sonia: A way of not complaining. My great-grandmother — the illiterate woman from the mountain village — she is not in my direct memories. But something of her passed through my grandmother, through my mother, to me. A certain way of holding on. A dignity without words.

— What you have each just described — that is transmission. Not information. Something of a different nature. A way of being. A posture before the world.

He went to the board. Wrote:

Authentic transmission does not pass through words. It passes through presence.

— And that is where the most urgent philosophical question of our era resides. We can archive everything. But something resists this storage. Something that is perhaps what is most essential in human transmission.

He wrote:

What is truly transmitted cannot be stored. What is stored is not always what is truly transmitted.

— Léo: But then — how is one to preserve what cannot be stored? If authentic transmission requires presence, contact, proximity — how is it to be protected in a world where presence is increasingly mediated?

— That is the question. And I don't have a satisfying answer. But I have a few leads.

— The first lead — it is what the philosopher Michael Polanyi called tacit knowledge. Polanyi distinguished explicit knowledge — codifiable, transmissible

through rules, texts, algorithms — and tacit knowledge — non-codifiable, which can only be acquired through practice, through apprenticeship, through presence beside someone who knows.

He wrote on the board:

EXPLICIT KNOWLEDGE — can be said, written, stored. TACIT KNOWLEDGE — can be shown, lived, practised.

— Polanyi had a magnificent formula. He said: we always know more than we can say. There is always in our knowledge a dimension that is in our hands, in our gaze, in the way we hold ourselves. And this dimension cannot be transmitted other than through direct presence.

— Iris: You are describing something I live in my own relationship to philosophy. When I read a difficult text alone — I can understand the arguments. But when I read it with you — in this seminar, with the interventions of others, with your hesitations and your certainties and your silences — something different happens. Something that is not in the text.

— Yes. And this something has a name in the philosophical tradition. The Greeks called it paideia — not instruction, but formation. The way in which a human being forms themselves through contact with other human beings who are themselves formed.

He went to the board. Wrote:

Paideia — forming beings, not instructing minds.

— And Plato, in Letter VII, says something extraordinary. He says that the highest philosophical knowledge cannot be written. That it arises only after long familiarity with the subject, after something has been kindled like a flame leaping from a fire.

He wrote:

The flame kindled in the encounter — what neither books nor algorithms can kindle.

— Malia: But then — what does this mean for our era? If authentic transmission requires presence and our era produces ever fewer of these conditions — what are we concretely in the process of losing?

Professor Verne remained silent for a long moment.

— Masters. We are losing masters.

He let those words exist alone.

— Not teachers — there are still those. Not experts — there are still those too. But masters — in the strong sense. Beings whose presence forms. Whose way of being in the world itself constitutes a teaching. Beings who transmit not information but a way of existing.

— And this loss is silent. Because the information is still there. The contents are available. One can learn more things than ever without ever encountering a master.

And one doesn't realise what one hasn't received — because one doesn't know it exists.

— Thomas: You are telling us that we are a generation of loss. That we have received less than we could have received.

— Yes and no. I am saying that certain types of transmission are becoming fragile. But Ricœur had a beautiful formula — the living tradition. A tradition that is not the repetition of the same, but creative reinterpretation. Like a river that keeps its identity while constantly changing its water.

He wrote on the board:

The living tradition — that which changes while remaining faithful to itself.

— Noa: This seminar — these months we have spent in this room — that is transmission. It is not information. What happened here took place here — once, irreplaceably.

— Yes. And that is perhaps the most important thing I can tell you about transmission. It is always singular. One does not transmit to abstractions — one transmits to people. To these people, in this moment, in this room.

He went to the board one last time. Beneath all the accumulated formulas, he wrote slowly:

One does not transmit to humanity. One transmits to someone.
That is enough. That is everything.

— Transmit something. Not a lesson, not a text, not information. Something you carry — a way of doing, a way of seeing — to someone who is not you. And observe what happens in this gesture. What you feel at the moment when something leaves your hands to pass into other hands.

— Because it is in this gesture — in this passing from hand to hand — that the memory of the world continues.

And he left.

The grandfather's book was still there. And this time — no one touched it. It was simply left to be there — present, patient, with its annotated margins and its worn pages and its decades of hands.

Like something waiting. Not with urgency. With confidence.

* * *

CODA

What We Are Going to Do with the Book

There was something different in the way they entered that morning.

No haste. No phones to place in the crate — they had left them elsewhere, spontaneously, without anyone asking. As if this habit had settled in them over the weeks.

The grandfather's book was still there. At the centre of the table. Open.

Professor Verne entered last. Looked at the room. Set down his coat. Sat — among them, not at the end of the table. And said nothing for a long moment.

Then he said, very softly:

> — I reread this book this week. Really reread — not consulted, not leafed through. Read. With its annotations. Trying to follow my grandfather's thought in the margins.
>
> — And I found something I had never noticed. On the last page, at the bottom, in a smaller hand than the other annotations — as if he had hesitated to write it — he had written four words.

He paused.

"So that you know."

Silence.

An absolute silence — the kind that arrives when something real has just entered the room.

> — Sonia: I did something this week. I called my mother. I asked her to tell me about her great-grandmother. The one from the mountain village. And she spoke to me for two hours. Things she had never told — not from secrecy, but because no one had ever truly asked her.
>
> — Sonia: There was a way this woman had of kneading bread. A particular way — the wrists, the rhythm, the way she could tell when the dough was ready. And my mother showed me over the phone — describing the gestures with her words. Something crossed the line. This woman existed. And now I know.
>
> — So that you know. Exactly.
>
> — Thomas: I tried to transmit something to my son. He is seven. I wanted to pass on something my working grandfather had passed on to me — this way of looking at what you make with your hands. So we repaired something together — a broken toy. And while we worked — I could hear my grandfather's voice in me. His way of being in the work. And I tried to pass it on to my son. Without telling him what I was doing.
>
> — Thomas: I had the feeling of being in a chain. Of holding something between two hands — my grandfather's hand behind me and my son's hand ahead.
>
> — That is exactly it. Transmission is never certain. My grandfather did not know that I would read this book thirty years after his death and find these four words. Transmission works in the shadows. It deposits something without any guarantee of reception — and that is precisely why it requires trust.

He wrote on the board:

To transmit is to trust time. Trust that something will arrive — even if one will not see it.

— Malia: What strikes me in everything we have traversed — Ricœur, Benjamin, Proust, tacit knowledge — is that everything converges toward something very simple. That people matter more than ideas. That what is truly transmitted is always someone — not something.

— Yes. And that is perhaps the simplest and most difficult lesson to hear. What matters in transmission — it is not the content. It is the relationship in which the content circulates.

He stood. Went to the window.

— I believe that transmitting is a form of love. Not sentimental love — love in the philosophical sense. This care for the other that makes one want something of what one has lived, understood, received — to continue. That one does not want it to die with oneself.

He looked at the book.

— My grandfather did not know me for long. But he wrote these four words. So that I know — what? Perhaps simply: that he was there. That he thought. That his life had a thickness. That something was worth keeping.

— That is enough. It is even a great deal.

— Noa: I'd like to return to the language. The interrupted language I told you about at the beginning. And I want to tell you something I hadn't yet said.

He paused.

— Noa: I started learning it. This week. It is difficult — very difficult, for an adult who has never had the sounds in their mouth since childhood. But something happens when I pronounce these words. Something that resembles what Proust describes — not a memory, because I have no real memories in this language. Rather a recognition. As if something in my body already knew.

Professor Verne looked at him with something in his eyes one had not often seen in him — an emotion he did not try to conceal.

— Yes. Transmission can be delayed. It can wait — years, decades. It can lie dormant in the body until a moment is created where it can finally be received.

He went to the board one last time. Beneath all the formulas, all the names, all the sentences that had accumulated over these weeks, he wrote — slowly, simply:

Receive what we have been given. Keep what is worth keeping. Pass on what can still serve. That is all memory asks of us. That is all the dead ask of us.

He set down the chalk. Remained a long moment before the board. Back to them.

Then turned around.

— I'd like to tell you something. Something I am not in the habit of saying in class.

He looked at them — one by one, slowly.

— What you brought into this room during these weeks — your resistances, your silences, your questions you dared not ask — all of this taught me something. Not about memory — about transmission. One thinks one gives. And then one realises one receives too.

— My grandfather wrote so that I know. I still don't know exactly what he wanted me to know. Perhaps simply: that thought is worthwhile. That someone, before you, posed the same questions. That you are not alone in this gesture.

He looked at the book one last time.

— You are not alone in this gesture.

And he left.

* * *

They remained.

As always — but differently this time. In something calmer. More settled. As after something that has truly ended.

The grandfather's book was still there. Its four words on the last page that no one had yet read — except him, this morning, when he had given them to us.

So that you know.

Sonia gently closed the book. Not to shut it — to respect it. To give it the form of something that has been said and can now be silent.

Then she left it there.

At the centre of the table.

Where something would continue to wait — patiently, faithfully — for someone to take the time to open it again.

* * *

Somewhere in the world, an archive was filling.

Somewhere in the world, an algorithm was learning to imitate memory.

Somewhere in the world, someone was erasing the past to move faster toward the future.

And in the room on the top floor, a closed book was waiting.

With its annotated margins.

With its decades of hands.

With its four words on the last page.

So that you know.
So that you know.
So that you know.

* * *

END

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"Memory is the present of the past."

Paul Ricœur

"There is a secret appointment between the past generations and the present one."

Walter Benjamin

"The true paradise is the paradise one has lost."

Marcel Proust