

March 30, 2026 - April 1, 2026

05.00, C. - Guys, Ezra, Tim; Honey; I'll tell you what:

*The narlocutionary act is everything.*

I realize how I can't get enough of repeating it.

It's great. And it's terrible at the same time. Because the narrative act, the *act of storytelling*, is actually disappearing. Which threatens *everything* that makes up our *social reality*.

In fact, the foundations on which the *power-politically truncated state* and *democracy* stand are *not scientific*, but *literary in nature*. The *esprit narratif* that comes with storytelling speaks "*Sir, give freedom of thought!*", *not* science with its *prioritization of methodology and method*. To this day, we are still reaping the fruits of a *former literarization of society*, a *dominant esprit narratif*, even if this harvest is probably coming to an end. Because, for example, something like the *public sphere* is coming to an end.

*Publicity* is something like an *expansion of the community of storytellers* until it encompasses a truly *impressive space*. For an entire era, this was ensured by *intellectuals*, who were usually *writers*, but who *also* made the new *newspapers* and *magazines* the place of their production. And thus produced the *journalist* who "*actually*" wanted to be a writer, but wrote for the so-called *media*. And who nevertheless cultivated an *esprit narratif* in this way - *boulevard or no boulevard* - for herself as well as for the readership; an *esprit narratif* that actually told stories that had long been circulating as *stories* and concerned *history* and *reflection* on it, for example. The most important thing, however, was that they continued the *style* of these stories; they still remained somehow *literary* and produced publicity *in exactly the same way*. Which, in a *formal sense*, was always a *literary public sphere*, the *public sphere of an esprit narratif*. With the *loss of narrative*, therefore, intellectual life also *disappears* and with it the *public sphere* associated with it. But without a public sphere, without the extended and expanded narrative of a group, there can be *no shared judgments*, no summary of the tendencies of a story. And thus not that which stands at the *beginning of democratic processes* and an *interest in democratization and democracy*.

At this point, all that remains is regret. Because it is clear,

that our society and democracies will not survive without *esprit narratif* and a *silent primacy of storytelling*, at least *not as humane societies*. Which is why everything here, all these lines, are just a *swan song* to a vanished world that will ultimately be swallowed up by *techno- and media capitalism*, which is always *also a techno- and media fascism*.

*Which is why it is even more important to tell the story.*

*Against social reality*, but for *keeping open* the essential *conditions of human existence* and thus of *human existence in general*. And probably not only this. That's why I'll allow the *grammarian* or *le papa* or both to snatch the word from me now, because there's actually so much to say again.

From last weekend, for example, when *le papa*, i.e. the *grammarian*, i.e. *le papa*, was closing the dishwasher when *maman* whispered to him from the side, "*Look at her*. Both boys walked on all fours, their bottoms stretched way up, with Ezra leading the way. *They invented a game*. In fact, they were playing, and the game was simply to move as they did, but stand up briefly in the doorway between the living room kitchen and the front room to slap against the doorframe. Before they were back on all fours towards the front door

The next step was to get up again, only to bang against the door itself. Ezra was obviously the initiator, but Tim was more agile, which is why he caught up with his brother on the way back and bumped into him, which triggered laughter and made them both sit down. *They've never played together like this before*, *maman* added, leaning in the doorway between the living room and the front room to watch. *Grammar games*, *le papa* replied without a voice, and it was probably indeed the first time that a game between the two of them had *taken* such a *clear form*, with a *definite rhythm* and *structure*. Which was, of course, a grammar *act*, because Ez translated *peculiarities of space* into *action* and so literally *continued* in action, whereupon Timmi again *indicated* and *repeated* him.

It was *writing*, *the simplest writing*, which had perhaps managed without a translation by Ez', but came about because *the flatness of the ground* had *touched* the movement of his extremities, had called for an equally *flat spread*, until they followed and Ez himself *became a surface movement* like a spider. And with him also Tim, whose hands and feet had perhaps again *touched* Ezra's hands and feet like a symbol in their *action* and thus *meaning*, which is why they had *joined in*; had *agreed to* the strange chorus of movements. Which is *why* the scenery now belonged to and was determined by *more complex grammar*.

*Le papa* liked such scenes, and he liked to talk about them because they

showed that in the beginning there was always *everything and much more*; that in the beginning there was always *grammar* and therefore *stories* that *wrote themselves* and that one merely *continued to tell*. And that you could only continue to tell them if you didn't want to completely *impoverish* the scenery. The young *Dschi Age Ääh*, i.e. the young Jürgen Habermas, called this effect, which was triggered by the *reification* of capitalism and positivism, pauperism; ergo the *treatment* of *literally everything* as a *commodity, thing* and *factor*. *Pauperism* would also have been the case if Ezra and Tim had *not* had their say in their whole game, which also included catching up and bumping into each other. And on the side, *maman*, who leaned into the door, and *le papa* himself, who read the game and thus perhaps also *touched on* and perhaps *changed the symbolization* that reading always was. Because then another round was immediately run and banged on the door when the parents' gaze was on the boys; more stormy and wild than in the previous round, of course. *No science wants that or does that or is able to do that*, so *Dschi Age Ääh* immediately confirmed; the *now endless Dschi Age Ääh* from the *Grand Directory*, of course. *Definitely not*, confirmed *le papa*, while Ezra and Tim now sat in front of the old apothecary's chest of drawers in the front building and began to open and close the drawers. *The Esprit Narratif doesn't need science, but they do*, he added, but by then *Dschi Age Ääh* had already disappeared somewhere. *In the end, science is just*

*a special case of narration*, it nevertheless continues to be written in *le papa*, and if that fails, *life still goes on*. In that in the *world of life*, to which the *esprit narratif* belongs and vice versa, there is also the wrong and the false, i.e. *the incompletely described*. Just as walking sometimes involves stumbling. *But that's probably what makes life and the living world, guys; that we also stumble. Because it is precisely in this t h a t we are free and not trapped in a barren cage of truth. Le papa* therefore said nothing when Ezra pulled too hard on one of the drawers, which then fell out of the chemist's chest of drawers onto him along with the toy inside. And he didn't say anything when the little boy yelled, stood up and came running to him. Instead, he picked him up and caressed him, while Tim, who had remained sitting in front of the chest of drawers, turned his head towards them and watched them attentively. *That's life, le papa* said as he looked back, and I really do want to defend this way *of life* and the way *of life* that goes with it.

I am less afraid of the *steel-hard shell of capitalism*, of which Max Weber spoke; I increasingly fear the *steel-hard shell of science - which is also Ki-driven* - in which nothing remains open and in which there is *at least* a *trend* for everything that already indicates where it will go. And in which it is therefore best to consult science for everything; even whether it is wise to let a child play in front of a chemist's chest of drawers. Increasingly, the thought settles in my mind that the

Human beings *are condemned to truth*, but not to science, i.e. not to an *absolute acquisition of truth*. This belongs to *administration*, to the *optimization of systems*, and these *systems* are genetically and historically known to come from *animal husbandry* and less from the *human living world*. I like the *Stumbling Man* because, I fear, only he *is a human being*; everything else is an *administrative system*, a new *life form* on a humanoid basis, whose actual *product* and "*subject*" is *THE SYSTEM*, i.e. the *state*, the *corporation*, the *scientific community*. Perhaps this is simply *evolution*, to which it then also fits that AI systems are becoming the *priority structure*; after all, they are the *better administrators*. And artificial intelligence is nothing other than a *perfect administrator*. However, evolution also includes the *niche* and this also makes it possible to defend *people and their living environment as a way of life*. *That's what* free, unorganized religion has been doing in its best moments for probably 2,500 years; as a *niche event of* as well as a *rebellion against* the *administered world*. *Poetry and literature* also do this, and they *really do* it *better* than religion in this sense. Because it keeps the *narrative* and thus the *essence of being human* open. Just like the *new psychoanalytical narrative*, which is always also a *revolt*, a *neo-existentialist quasi-literary protest* against the steel-hard shell of *AI-evidence-based-driven science*. That's why I'm working, the grammarian is working, *le papa* is working hard on

this storytelling so that Ezra and Tim can squeal in the morning before it gets light and it is not yet clear how the day will go. So that it remains an adventure to go outside, and so that the outside is a living world and not THE SYSTEM. So *that le papa* can run *out to the left* with the little ones to the apartment, where the pergola soon ends and the forest begins behind the broken fence; so that you can climb into it and then there is only forest; forest in which the trees then whisper.

*Come, come slowly, their striving and stretching upwards whispers to the boys; come and reach with us out of the dark for the sky, for the infinite blue.*