

PETER HUTCHINSON

## For Wittgenstein

When a pious Jew tries to speak of God, He cannot. No Name is applicable; out of reverence, no Name possible.

One Day, such a One noticed, as He walked on the Seashore, that God was in the Sand, the Waves—Everything. There were many Reasons (including personal Safety) for never divulging this indubitable Fact to Anyone, but the first was: “Now I cannot speak of Anything without blaspheming.”

He ceased speaking altogether, out of Piety. But then, alone in his Cave, he had a Dream in which God said: “Now that We are Friends, I wish You would talk to Me. I am very lonely!”

The pious Jew was confused at first, but then another Dream came.

“I have infinite Names. Please use as many of Them as possible.

All Combinations of Letters and Numbers in all the Languages are My Name. Please play with Me!”

The Jew awoke and went out and shouted to the Hills, and They shouted back for Joy. He became a kind of Scientist, the better to discover more and more Things to name. All the Names made Him laugh, and all the Things laughed back. He learned the Languages of many Tribes, and his Tongue tripped gaily over many new Names.

All these Names were of the same Thing. Best of All was talking Nonsense to Children who took delight in the Names without asking Anything more about it.

The Jew had a Dream. In it, God said: “You will die Tomorrow Night and become Part again of the Unspeakable.”

The pious Jew awoke and now gave away his Dictionaries,  
His Collections to the Children and for twelve Hours told Them  
the Names of everything He gave Them. That Night, He died.  
Do you know his Name?