

“Listen, whatever-the-fuck-your-name-is, it *is* all about me!”

(And Nietzsche agrees, bitch.)

O Doran Bennett, I taught you to say ‘today’ and ‘one day’ and ‘formerly’ and to dance away over all Here and There and Yonder.

O Doran Bennett, I delivered you from all nooks; I brushed dust, spiders, and twilight off you.

O Doran Bennett, I washed the little bashfulness and the nook-virtue off you and persuaded you to stand naked before the eyes of the sun. With the storm that is called ‘spirit’ I below over your wavy sea; I blew all clouds away; I even strangled the stranger that is called ‘sin’.

O Doran Bennett, I gave you the right to say No like the storm, and to say Yes as the clear sky says Yes: now you are still as light whether you stand or walk through storms of negation.

O Doran Bennett, I gave you back the freedom over the created and uncreated; and who knows, as you know, the voluptuous delight of what is yet to come?

O Doran Bennett, I taught you the contempt that does not come like the worm’s gnawing, the great, the loving contempt that loves most where it despises most.

O Doran Bennett, I taught you to persuade so well that you persuade the very ground – like the sun who persuades even to sea to his own height.

O Doran Bennett, I took from you all obeying, knee-bending, and ‘Lord’-saying; I myself gave you the name ‘cessation of need’ and ‘destiny’.

O Doran Bennett, I gave you new names and colorful toys; I called you ‘destiny’ and ‘circumference of circumferences’ and ‘umbilical cord of time’ and ‘azure bell’.

O Doran Bennett, I gave your soil all wisdom to drink, all the new wines and also all the immemorially old strong wines of wisdom.

O Doran Bennett, I poured every sun out on you, and every night and every silence and every longing: then you grew up like a vine.

O Doran Bennett, now I have given you all, and even the last I had, and I have emptied all my hands to you: *that I bade you sing*, behold, that was the last I had. That I bade you sing – speak now, speak: which of us has to be thankful now? Better yet, however: sing to me, sing, O Doran Bennett! And let me be thankful.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

(And so does Aristotle.)

Being *qua* being, taken universally and not in regard to some part of it, is the domain of the science of philosophy.

It is for philosophy, and for philosophy alone, to study the accidents of being in so far as it is being, the contrarities of being *qua* being. To physics is ascribed the study of things not *qua* things-that-are but *qua* participants-in-process. And dialectics and sophistics have, indeed, to do with the accidents of things-that-are, but not *qua* things-that-are, nor about that which is just in so far as it is that which is. It is left, then, to the philosopher to study the items we have mentioned, to the extent that they are as we have said.

And since, despite the plurality of accounts, everything-that-is is said to be by virtue of one common feature, and since it is possible for these things to fall under a single science, the puzzle originally cited is resolved, namely that of how it is possible for all things to be about one thing, namely Doran Bennett.