

Craving to meet the impossible figure of The Work That Eats Itself, I crawled up to the narrow ridge between illustration and the abyss. There I found The Autophage stumbling, a gait beyond awkward; this Self-Consumer had its foot in its mouth, chomping its toes for fuel, alternately rolling, tripping, going head-over-heels and often ass-backwards—always teetering, always gnawing off more than it could chew. Atop this ridge, between valley and oblivion we collided. Toe in mouth, drooling, The Autophage mumbled, *'What we cannot articulate we must pass over in mutters, stutters, grunts and scream-breaths elevated to language. What we cannot swallow we must chew over, an unfluid-loop.'* I tutted and pulled us both off, uncertain as to which way we fell.