

ENTRANCE

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The Last  
question  
about loneliness

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You've been here before  
Not this room  
This feeling

# Keys to the Rooms

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## In Lieu of a Preface

At first, you believe loneliness is simply the absence of others. An empty apartment, no one to write to, no one to hold you. The solution seems obvious: find someone, start a relationship, join with others. Yet the book asks you to look closer. You remember being in relationships and still feeling lonely, standing in crowds and feeling the same emptiness. Gradually, it becomes clear: loneliness is not about whether bodies are present or absent. It does not cease when people appear – it merely masks itself, postpones itself, but remains.

Then you move to the next assumption: that loneliness is a feeling. You say, "I feel lonely," as you would say "I feel sad" or "I feel pain." And so you try to process it, cure it, dissolve it within love, distractions, or practices.

But the book reveals something more unsettling: loneliness is not a feeling. Feelings come and go, but this remains. Even in moments of joy, love, or ecstasy, there is something in the background – a subtle distance, a layer of glass between you and the world. You begin to see that loneliness is not what you feel, but where you feel from. It is the position of witnessing itself.

As this recognition deepens, the structure begins to emerge. The book introduces ideas – the horizontal plane, viscosity, friction – and you start noticing patterns.

## In Lieu of a Preface

All your attempts to "escape" loneliness are movements along the same plane. You change relationships, jobs, cities, therapists, spiritual paths, yet nothing fundamentally shifts. You move, but do not move. You circle, but call it progress. The realization dawns: you are not stuck in a place; you are stuck in the manner. Loneliness is not a place – it is a mode of being.

Then comes the most difficult moment. The book leads you to see that the "I" who suffers from loneliness is itself part of the structure. There is no separate self experiencing loneliness as something external. Loneliness is not something that happens to you – it is what you are. And here, something breaks. If there is no separate "I," then there is no one to suffer. Suffering remains, but without an owner. What dissolves is not the experience, but the identity that claims it.

From this point, something shifts irreversibly. You return to the world, but not as before. You begin to see forms as forms, people as expressions of the same structure, each equally embedded within it. The search for salvation loses its urgency, but so does the sense of tragedy – because there is no longer a central figure for tragedy to happen to. What remains is a kind of play.

## In Lieu of a Preface

Not because meaning was found, but because when all projects dissolve, play is what remains.

And so the "last question" reveals itself – not as something to be answered, but as something that exhausts itself. Before, you asked: why am I lonely? How do I cease being lonely? Is there someone who will understand me? After this journey, these questions no longer hold weight. Not because you discovered the "right" answer, but because you saw that the one asking the question is part of the very structure being questioned. Without a separate "I," the question dissolves. Beyond it, there is nothing left to ask – only to observe, and to play.

This is why the book works as it does. It does not explain – it shows. It does not give you knowledge about loneliness; it places you within it, like a labyrinth where every room reflects the patterns of your own mind. And when you pass through all the rooms, the labyrinth disappears. What remains is emptiness – and you within it.

What the author does is neither healing nor comforting. There is no promise, no reassurance. Only a mirror, held long enough for you to see that what you took to be yourself was a reflection.

## In Lieu of a Preface

And when the reflection disappears, what remains is light. So what do you ultimately learn about loneliness? That it is not your illness, but your nature. And when this is understood – not intellectually, but wholly – questions fall away. The noise quiets. And in that quiet, you recognize something unexpected: the noise was never distinct from you.

It was you all along.

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On How We Invented Ourselves

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On Viscosity

Recall now that low, creeping fatigue  
that arrives without cause.

Yet something settles between your shoulder  
blades – not weight, but waiting.

Fatigue becomes the backdrop, the thick air you  
choke on.

It lingers behind you, painting your day in  
shades of grey.

You wish to shake it off, yet cannot grasp it.

You wade through heavy snow,  
thigh-deep, calf-deep, still standing.

You call out. No echo returns.

Did you truly speak?

Are you even moving forward?



Now you label it a crisis.

Or: “I am stuck. O God, I must change something!”

The illusion that to name a problem is to understand it.

To understand, you assume, is to solve it, and so you rush –

into therapy, into new relationships, into new pursuits.

“I will reinvent myself in this new setting!”

Is this viscosity in the content, you, the operator?

Or – in the structure?!



You change the water, yet swim the same stroke.

See: you carry it all with you.

Not as a burden, but as a vow: "I see, and I do not look away!"

Still insufficient to cease the struggle, yet enough to remember: something remains unresolved.

Viscosity –

a wandering that mistakes itself for motion.

You take a step. It appears to be progress.

Yet your position within your own inner space remains unchanged.

Awareness changes nothing.

Every moment echoes the one before.



Different steps.

Same result.

You continue to accumulate,  
yet nothing leaves a trace.

You eat. You sleep. You run.

All becomes automatic.

The viscosity fades from sensation.

You cease to feel altogether.

Something stirs, something builds –  
all within the same horizontal plane.

Travelling inside a plane  
that leads nowhere.

Fear propels you forward.

You remain passive.

You do not dread the leap.

Yet the leap does not arrive.



It is not “I resist change,”  
but “change simply does not occur.”  
Viscosity is the absence of resistance,  
which is worse than resistance itself.  
In resistance, there would be a point of  
leverage.  
You remain suspended.  
Drowning in something that lacks depth.

The process continues.  
You fail to notice your own movement.  
You fall asleep. You wake. Again you sleep.  
Between lies only static.  
Neither living nor dying.

Why do you not depart?  
Perhaps you perceive no clear direction.  
Yet leaving remains horizontal wandering,  
and viscosity resides within it –  
indefinitely.



Not stuck in a place.  
Stuck in a manner.  
Where does your attention rest?  
Still in argument with what unfolds.  
No breakthrough occurs.  
Nor have you been driven to total oblivion.  
The intermediate state –  
is the most painful.  
And there is no exit.  
For that would merely be escape.

But viscosity is not a problem.  
It is a structure.  
You see yourself running in circles.  
The “solution” remains part of the circle.  
Even seeing becomes a circle,  
if it halts at “I see.”



You are not in viscosity.

You are viscosity.

And it is you.

Movement along a spiral that appears circular.

Appears. It is not.

Dense. Slow.

If you look long enough –

generating the tension of presence –

you may finally leap from every condition

that still holds you captive:

the fear of death,

the loss of meaning.

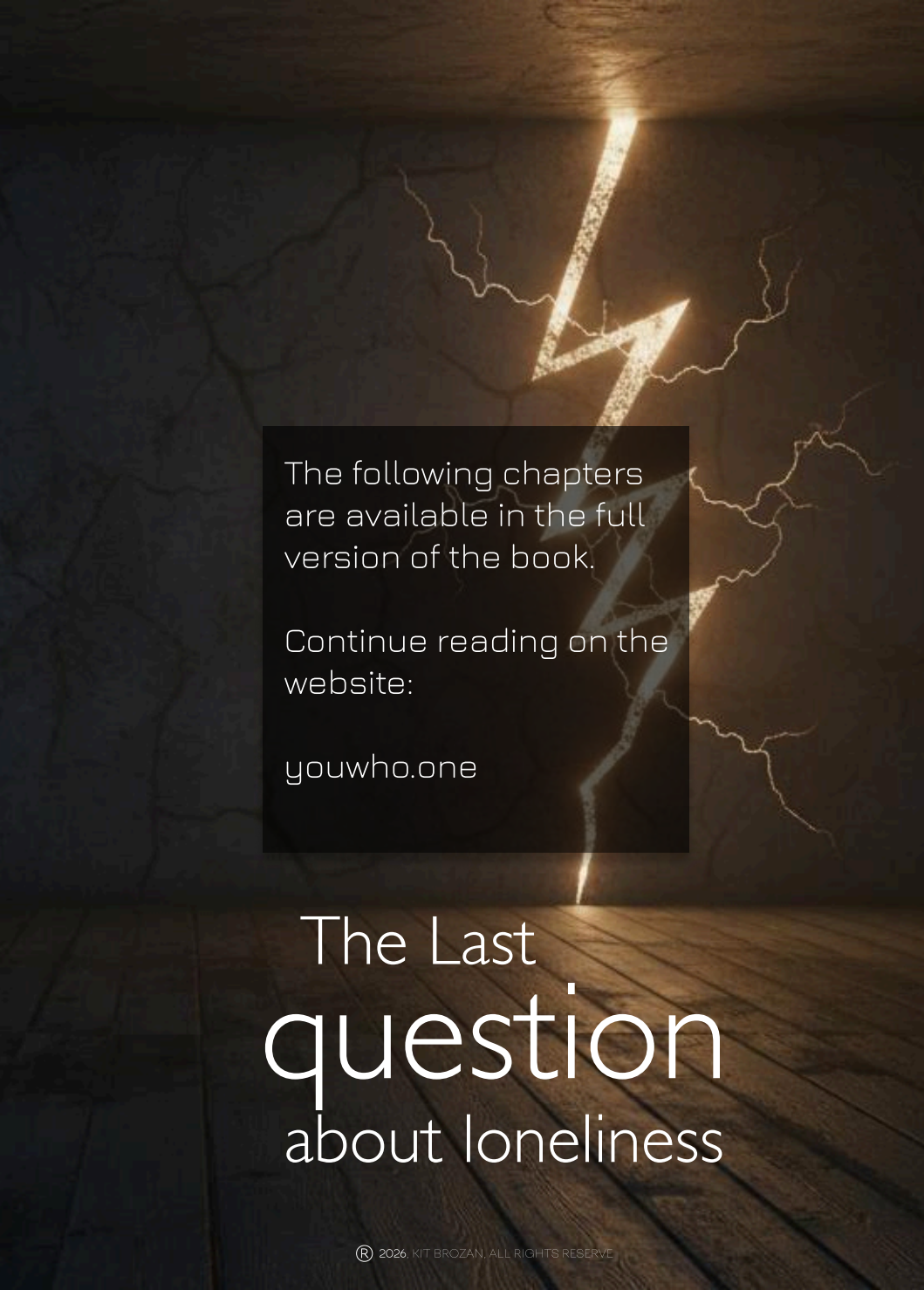
And then –

breakthrough.

Or not.



On Two Forms Of Friction



The following chapters  
are available in the full  
version of the book.

Continue reading on the  
website:

[youwho.one](http://youwho.one)

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