

1

I lay my eggs in wicked self-belief, sure of my “resurrection” in a new host, some handsome misunderstood lad who will discover too late that he rather carelessly got himself born.

2

I read the dead, and I write for the unborn. I wrote a friend that once, and that “friend” is gone. I’m too poor and unconnected to be so arrogant. That might be the consensus if I were a loud person and this wasn’t no one gives a fuck ville.

3

The time is out of joints. But I don’t like weed anymore. Jack me up with coffee and whatever else you got. White light white heat, a lick of something unendurably sweet, like a pretty little female’s feet ? In theory, psychoanalytically, but not in fact. A white little right little type little bear of panting. Her face sunk forth my sole.

4

He told them of impossibly final pussy, of the lethal lips could never be kissed but only pre-originally missed. The presence of an absence, the void within. The little girl with skin as white as snow, lips that are pinker than promises.

5

–Duffenhauer then Stumpf. Now Frydowski ?

–Yeah. Marginal figures all. Thin clients too. A foot in the grave. Friends turn away, uncomprehending. I’m like Bukowski in the age of TikTok big mommy sentimental madness. Every one is vain about their mental health issues. Faux maternal solicitude.

–Because we live in the waste of Antarctica.

–Fuck yeah we do. Flap your flippers, son, for we will let you drown. And yet our murderous apathy is candy-coated with the platitudes of social workers, the bumper sticker delusions of breeders who live in safer

neighborhoods.

–But you don't really call them out.

–No. We're all pigs at the trough in some sense. I want to be left alone to think and write. I was careless enough to get myself born. I'm down here now on the killing floor, slipping around in the viscera. As mean as any of us in my way, but directed on a project that keeps me friendly.

–But haunted, if that's the right word, by a “shamanic” awareness ?

–My shadow or the devil or whatever you want to claw it walks with me, hand in hand. Wise as a serpent. “Knowing.” But “innocent” in some sense. I can't make myself chase down bills, dawg. The self that I'm supposed to infinitely protect and enrich and promote is a dying host, a cardboard applicator. A disposable thin client.

–And that's what kicks the bottom out of crude egoism.

–Exactly. Who the fuck is the ego supposed to be ? What is language ? As replicators, the ego is the nuts and ovaries, right ? The code. But these biological foundations are only the foundation. The edifice includes the “software” of culture, of bound or woven or crystallized “time.” Thousands of years of research and development speak in me at this very moment. This body is a flash. The softwhere running it is something else.

–But you don't celebrate the relative immortality of this “softwhere” ?

–But I do, at least implicitly, when I write this stuff. I am the softwhere explicating itself here, right ? Yet life is also tragic and empty, in some elusive never-finally-specified sense. I feel what Schopenhauer was getting at. That's the foot in the grave that gives me leverage. I can see the world as a spectacle, that could not be and maybe “should” not be. I feel the horror of its overflow. But also the ecstasy.

–Your aging is part of this.

–And my loneliness. I have had “the breakthrough” in some sense. But it doesn't depend on me. Doesn't need me. So the body starts to run down. And I'm fine for now but on the lookout for the beautiful or proper moment to walk into that darkness. Yet I'm tied to a good woman, so it's complicated. The “ideal” philosopher shouldn't depend on or be depended upon. In some elusive sense. Ephemeral witness of

a show that is projected on a temporary mist. These our actors.

6

–Are you really such a heretic ?

–Yes and no. I give myself to the white flames, till those white flames fill my eyes. I respect nothing on earth, in a certain sense, but this white flame itself. “Critical thinking” is a mundane synonym. Sophistry or bad ontology or whatever dominates the high places, because it’s good for replication, good to the acquisition of prestige and capital. An ancient story.

–But you reject resentment.

–Right. So the “wrong” or boring way to react to the world is to whine and ignore one’s own complicity. Now that’s a heresy. Institutions pretend to accept their complicity, but the people in power do the opposite of abdicate. Instead they purge. I’d be purged, for instance. If I was naive or pure or honest or stupid or whatever enough to “speak truth to power.” Which for me would be speaking sincere belief to power, bringing up issues in a rational discussion.

–But you don’t believe the rational discussion is there.

–Institutions aren’t completely corrupt. Or only at the end is the ideal completely absent. So instead there’s distortion, the stupidities or pieties of the age. Actual scientists try to keep going, within a structure that, down here in the real world, was always imperfect. The perfect circle is an ideal, right ?

–So Frydowksi, for instance, is not truly a pure philosopher ?

–Right. But I’m trying to write Frydowksi as pure as I can manage. I am striving toward that blurry goal on the horizon.

–So is Frydowksi writing Frydowski ?

–Yeah. Implicitly a philosopher is performing the ideal philosopher. The philosopher enacts how one (in general ) ought to pursue insight, and present it. And what those insights are.

–So the problem of philosophy can be described as the problem of the philosopher.

–Yes. What the world “really” is...is what the “real” or “ideal” philosopher should or rather does believe. A specification of the world is a specification of the hero, and the reverse.

–Can you prove this ?

–I’m a hermeneutic or poetic positivist. I don’t speculate. I explicate.