

Krapp hovers over his tapes, bored with his once-grand-seeming insights, thinking only in the lost little women.

I've mostly laid my insectuous eggs, relentlessly assured of certain certainties. You are my last friend, Joe. The small last light of day is shrinking.

Funny thing is of course that the loop wins, because there's nothing more durably interesting than little girl's underpants, metonymphetically speaking off course.

En passant, Gary Gross said those infamous photos were supposed to be offensive. Who *was* that motherfucker? What a name for a man who craved to be offensive. Bolding showing what no man had shown before, or not in public and signing his name. That oiled bathtub torso is our prayer, by which I mean that wicked contradiction is there complete. Impossible daughterwife virginwhore. Also an alien who hath transcended sexuality. The presexual-postsexual childflesh. Confusing the brain, in the case of those photos and their like, with signals of nurture me bed me nurture me. Hence the outrage. Pulling back the stinky blanket of the life force, the way it reuses everything. I come where I piss and piss where I come. I kiss where I vomit. The woman in the child. The child in the woman.

For your wife who may somehow read this I'll add a disclaimer. A self-certified psychoanalyst yes. A monster no. Tho more exactly the psychoanalyst is a monster in some sublimated sense, because it's one of his tricks that he can call downstairs where the evil ooze lives. Downstairs in his soul, of course, as you well know. And that is monster enough to get a man disliked. The truths of sex and death. That simple maybe. Not infallibility or anything like that, but the cold diagnostic eye. And even "diagnostic" is a little too warm and therapeutic, as if science has to be justified practically, sentimentally.

In the world of nice people, one has a credential permitting thinking and, more importantly, a quiver of good intentions. The kind that pave that famous highway. Not that people really believe in this system. Forgive them, for they know just what they do. Zizek and all that. I don't believe but the other guys do, so I have to play along. Another delightful simplification of what can be stretched out into a book full of allusions to Hegel and Lacan. But I like Zizek. The right way, as a

brother and not a daddy. What's his secret doctrine ? If he has one. Do they have serious doubts, these performers, when they are away from the stage ?

You are right that I too am a performer doing my bits and routines. I confess. I like to think I try for ragged honesty. I get closer than some, maybe most. But I'm programmed to survive, just barely, because the tribe needs flesh-risking soldiers to, and dark philosophers as delayed sublimated suicides are thereby made possible. That's my theory. But I got a woman and a cat. I got bills to pay. Should I have gotten married ? Funny thing is that it took me a long long time, more than a decade. Do I believe in it ? What a question friend. It is what it is, or shall we jump ahead and say it might have been what it seems to have been. It's not exactly clean to be so entangled, but that's life, seriously, entanglement. The proud asshole living in his cabin in the woods, if he's writing his glorious personality down, is intensely fucking entangled. Just clawing for immortality.

2

I promised to blabber about the man, Paul the man. Mr. The Nothingness of Human Things. The idea is that this letter, for instance, can be me just fucking around, having created an entire character (this voice) as a joke or an artifice to communicate something that's not there in a more literal bland sense. The text is a string of words, and you can always project a different hypothesis or expectation of meaning on it and see what happens.

Another grand idea you can find in De Man, and let's emphasize that maybe he didn't invent it and who gives a fuck, but the idea is nice. And it's the perception that Freud and Marx and tomorrow's trendy cynical reader are all themselves writing poetry. I mean they depend utterly on figures of speech. On metaphor. So it's one poet slapping another poet with more metaphors. My metaphor eats up yours. And the game goes on forever. But what *is* metaphor ? Which is like the question what is myth. Or what is thought. And maybe it's finally like what is color, in the sense that metaphor like color is just a dimension or aspect or channel of this world. Personally I think De Man was "enlightened" in my own perverse sense of the word. That just means he saw the darkness, the vanity, and the futility. That all was *hevel*,

which is to say vaporware and mist.

Now I say that spirituality old man is precisely the man that sees this. The death-ready ancient with blazing eyes. With grazing eyes for that matter. But he's scientifically erotic or he wouldn't have got there. And he's lusty enough to cling to this world even after detecting its lack of substance. He don't believe in no revolution no more. He don't even believe in pussy. Not in that grand final way. But he believe in science. He believe in his disbelief. Those he's mostly ready to leave it behind. Not that he wants to really, but there's no use whining. And he's a contraption assembled from recycled parse anyhoo yeah.

3

What is it about phenomenology ? It hacks away popular nonsense, leaving the lifeworld naked.