

1

–The tender anguish of a pedophile. For the missing object.

–That old thing.

–Yes.

2

–But the object isn't exactly missing. This or that girl. Or boy if you like. Not that they are available. I just mean that they are in the world.

–Yes. You can't have them, but you can see them. This girl on instagram, for instance. Poses in bikinis. I've desired her for more than a decade. She's there on the fringe of my life. A few interactions. A grown woman, but she didn't have kids, so she's got that youthful skin.

–Oh don't even start.

–I won't start. In fact this is still the case of the missing object. Because we all know that the real woman, however great, is not "the image." I mean the promise, the projection. Nothing puts out that white flame. Though one can be immersed and delighted and relieved by contact with the beautiful woman. I've been lucky that way. But that luck helps one understand Plato or something like Plato. That the form or the image is unfuckable. It cannot be consumed. Sartre also wrote about this.

–Now this is an opportunity for an essay.

–Unfuckable pussy. Final pussy. I'd have to put it in the mouth of a character. And, given constant parabasis, I already have.

3

–Let's turn the page. *He was not saved by these transmissions.*

–He was not. I was not. And yet I was.

–How so.

–I lived mostly with a sense of greatness. I don't pretend to have been recognized or embraced all that much. Sometimes yes. But mostly I've lived quietly, anonymously. Me and my wife in this idiotic world. And we've watched it change together. Born before the internet, I've seen

it eat the world. And the idiotic noise that drenches us, that is new. What the algorithms do. Resentment industrial complex. I imagine AI will take over making the content soon. Tho in a sense it already does, inasmuch as AI is Heidegger's idle talk or interpretedness. Or chugging along in language.

—Let's back up. So there was something in you that seemed worth writing about.

—Yeah. Paraphrase update my influences basically.

—But life is still questionable. You can relate to the antinatalist.

—I relate to the pessimism. Personally I did not have kids. But one can be more pessimistic still and see that it doesn't matter that I in particular did not. Or if I had. The ego doesn't mean much precisely in the biological loop.

—Fatalism.

—Yes. So technically I'm not a determinist and the only impossibility is logical impossibility. But emotionally or temperamentally I'm a fatalist when it comes to the world at large. It's too fucking big and old. I very much believe in personal responsibility. Whether or not we are free, bad faith is ugly, etc. But that's local. And even locally one is the victim anytime of chance.

—So a pretty gloomy attitude.

—So gloomy that I'm usually pretty happy. Because I am not afflicted by dreams of utopia. I take the wickedness of the world for granted. And I have for many years now. You're in the jungle, baby. For no good reason. For no god reason.

—I think this side or style of you is pretty relatable.

—Thanks. It's important. I mean getting to this stable point was crucial. But it's just tapwater normality for me. So I end up thinking about other things. Like Ernst Mach. Or, when I get in the mood, math like cryptography.

—But no one cares.

—Correct. I'm into obscure difficult stuff. Obscure to most people. And even people I went to school with. They didn't care about philosophy.

Not the old books. Probably they could talk around a campfire.

–So you don't take it personally.

–No. But I have had some friends let me down. Hard not to feel that personally. I blame it on my level of development (I can read books that look like nonsense to outsiders), but it's also my "wickedness" or scientific ruthlessness.

–An "evil" disregard for proprieties.

–Right. In a word, psychoanalysis. Which I got into as a young man. And I have lived under a regime of ruthless self-honesty. Which doesn't mean I don't still lie to myself. But I am confident that my interior monologue is unusual — in a good way or bad way, depending on your values.

–Who would find it bad ?

–I'm a pessimistic atheist. I love science, but I'm aggressively unsentimental even about that. Corrosive sarcasm, irony. Then the sexual license, *though only within the imagination*. I live an acceptable life.

–I suspect we'd all be fucked if people could see our sex fantasies.

–I think so.