

1

–God is exactly the death of everything finite. Time is the being that exists as the negation of every other being. That kind of thing.

–Fun.

2

–The kids talk about nihilism. But what exactly does one mean by such a word ? It's not that we have no idea at all. It's just fuzzy.

–Because in fact people continue to care.

–Right. They aren't without beliefs or values. Things are meaningful. But there is something profound or profoundish being almost said.

–Hevel.

–Yeah. All is vanity. All is vapor. A sense of the general futility. But a playful layer of such sense, on top of a layer of the usual, animal investment in the world. In staying warm and safe.

–Is nihilism fake ?

–No. It just comes in different levels of intensity and development. It goes with a vision of a godless wheel.

–Schopenhauer, pessimism.

–Right. History is not building up to anything. Repetition or drift. It doesn't matter. The lack of progress. That lack of justice or “meaningful” accumulation or payoff.

–I like the image of an animal who was awakened to its nullity.

–Right. The other animals are asleep. We are awake to our futility. Then various religions and philosophies install what's missing. The world machine is given a meaning, a purpose.

3

–Your grim analysis has its own payoff though, right?

–Yes. This self-mutilation (of hopes and dreams) is motivated, aimed at something.

–A sense of power ?

–I think so. The power of the negative. Maybe an identification with the white flame of god. God as the death of everything finite.

–Is there a love for nonbeing in that ? A love for nothingness ? A hatred of being ?

–Something vague like that. Freedom as a devouring white flame. A fire that eats itself. An ontological shark. Continual parabasis. The cruelty of an infinitely thirsty irony. We need fools to humiliate. Critical thinking is aggressive, corrosive, subversive.

–Violence.

–Symbolic violence. Contempt, elitism, a claim of the heights. Lust of the eyes, lust of the flesh, and the pride of life.

–The Christian tradition is deep.

–Aware of monster, right ? The reformed sinner, the gentle serpent.

4

–Lately I think about novelty industries like the art world.

–That’s a good topic.

–The personality industry.

–Right. The manufacture of poses. A form of fashion, images and ideology.

–And the critique thereof.

–Right. So art is like philosophy. It is turned violently on itself. You and I right now are included in its system.

–Even as we try to picture that system from the outside.

–Exactly. And that’s part of the continual parabasis. The movement of self-consciousness. What I uttered in a naive way is almost immediately made an object which I hold at a distance as *no longer me*. So I am fundamentally a flight from own myself. From my own nature as nature.

–“Freedom” as a kind of activity.

–And then the self becomes aware of its self-fleeing structure. An end of history moment. That cat has its tail in its jaws. I am a sort harried vain nothingness, trying precisely to be such a nothingness, something infinite. And yet the trail I leave behind is always of somethings. Mere entities. Mere traces. The life was in the motion.

–We might think of the writer trying to stuff that infinite motion into a finite static performance. A dead crystalline text.

–Which comes alive in the soul of the reader, for the communion of ghosts.

–Exactly.