

The fool said (and he asked to be referenced as a fool) that his “position” (anti-position?) ought to be presented from the outside. Hegel and Shakespeare and self-overhearing and Hamlet and something. It was noisy and windy where we were talking. Then there was something something the serious tone is a con. He had achieved ironic distance from the spirit of seriousness. He had achieved ironic distance from ironic distance, but I think he was fucking with me at that point.

We talked about *Ecclesiastes*. The preacher says all is ...some Hebrew word for vapor and fog or something that was being used in some undecidably metaphorical way in the original text. Vanity or emptiness was one reasonable translation among others. Well the fool was tickled by this. “All is X, where X is undecidable.” So it’s a blend of “all is empty”, “all is blurry”, and “all is temporary.” Necessarily approximately! For the speech act itself, precisely in its elusiveness and lack of definite substance, is a metaphor for that existence as a whole.

Fool went on to say that his unnamed project was being called *X* by a few critics who had somehow stumbled upon it. He showed me some of it. At least half of it was very dirty jokes that, most of the time, had to be explained to me. He did squeeze a genuine grin out of me with some of them. The rest of the stuff was more cosmic, but in an ironic mode, lots of gallows humor. He mentioned Schlegel’s *transcendental buffoon*. He wanted to flash a little salute to others who could “see through” the circus – not to some ultimate substance but to the absence thereof. This involved seeing through themselves too, which meant the loss of self-righteousness, the acceptance that one was mostly the same old sawdust. But there was a gleam in the eyes of the damned worth celebrating. Or maybe not. Maybe that was saying too much. That was too “decided.” Oh but bothering to write is a decision.