

Fairy-go-round the burning maze you wrote. Which amuseth much. I do confess. My rumored stylistic rebellion is regenuine undeed. You find me a repentantalized (reinfantilized ?) lover of that great whore of babble on, princestuous Sophia. No more pouring from these lips the word ontology. A novelist I. Retired from the fray. Expired by the fey.

The more I sniff the asshole of the lifeworld, the more futile it seemeth to argue therefore. It's all so pompiculistic. Not empty, not that, but secondary. Suck on dairy. Or maybe I'm frustrated with a market so thin, a genre so obscure. Fans who toy with the paraphernalia of the scholar but risk no paraphrase.

Kerouac and Husserl. A recent thought. I found myself obsessively finding only slightly new words for the same vision of radical intimacy. The same triumph over an alienated dualism. Which continued to feel like an accomplishment and yet was so hard to communicate. As if the others, who even sing the song of phenomenology, had missed the main thing. The phenomenalist basis. Which, he gesticulated maniacally, was tacitly neutral, nondroll, despite the disposable idealistic chatter ladder typically needed to climb to such to cloudy height.

There I go again, despite my retirement from the fray. Husserl and Kerouac. With hairy Kerouac a phenomenologist. Fleas to me chew. Of lust, sorrow, confusion, reckless absurd dingy ambiguous maybe heroism. Definitely selfish self-expanding consumption. Dirty white boys on an endless thighway of semen and cunt. Foregrounding description. The attempt to get that raw stink in the face in the reader. That red-juicy joyous mound against the lisp of the professor. What did it all mean ? What does it all mean now ? The mammary of Dulong ? Vanity of vanities. Man's life is but a shadow. Straw dogs. Find ye another stone to suck.

The loneliness. Would onlyone everstand the sorry lad ? He alone had been spared. Primarily lucky. A sniff and a whiff of the old black flower. Transcendent pessimism. Trance end it pessimism. Beyond every Cause. Our lard Jesus Christ on the cross, a symbol of beauty entangled with horror forever. Of something wrong with the world that is wrong all through. "Wrong." "Right." For he was a jolly good fellow *behind* language. A smell he could follow.

The bloodflower sinwheel. One of many names for that wheel which is also a zero. Black flower, vision of that mighty rolling zero. Deathflower

fuckwheel forever. Generations come and go, pounding the walls of Jericho. These days he wakes up and his first thought is that he wouldn't have noticed if he died in his sleep. And his is a good life.

I need to get into movies. I'll just write the essence of the plot. A team on a spaceship. Something goes wrong. One guy in particular is especially brave and creative and self-sacrificing. At the end they all die anyway. The ethical beauty has to be its own justification. Not dependent on results. The true result for all is disaster, what gets called disaster by those in the grip of the master madness. Terror in the face of that final peace. Why did the mud wake up at all ?

Vanity wakes. The vanity of Duluoz. Grimy aging Kerouac, going out in an ugly way. He was not saved by his transmissions. So you might say. But he was saved while he was saved. He was saved while in the grip of a long gestation. Saved in all of those friendships, while they lasted, while the lust for contact was steady and ready. But all that resides subsides. The tide withdraws. Moist entirelessly without substance. A sense of the senselessness of it all. Of a doll. A scent of the scent-less-ness of a doll. The presence of an absence. Where is that flag Pierre these daze ? The fluxion of the offer. Function of. Bite the object like a false coin. You will not find it. The insubstantiality of our situation. Reflectivation on this sensitive matter reveals much to be inspired.

Some loony fuck said that belief was taking to be true. I do not like it, this weird word "truth" and the mischief it gets up to. Belief, I preach, is fundamental. Irreducible. The form of the aspect that is ours. My personal continuum. Stream of phenomenal consciousness. Polyphony whose notes are the moments or aspects of objects. First-person nose-in-the-picture shape of the situation. As Ludwig said in the *TLP*. But these theological truthers swarm the gates. As if there is something more, something deeper than myth == belief. *My* myth, *my* belief. The one I live in as the structure of my aspect. A world given only in personal aspects. No residue. No truth-maker peep-show for that theological fantasy, an omniscient narrator. Who determines, please do, the transperspectival reality of the situation. I understand the confusion. Intention. Logical intending of an entity is trans-perspectival (trans-aspectual), transpersonal, transcendent. I know the object through these and you through those aspects. Both of us know the object has faces it shows only to others, or perhaps to us but not yet. The object

is the temporal and interpersonal synthesis of these aspects (aka moments.) My by-now-familiar recapitulation of the tedious breakthrough. I think my black flower spiel is more marketable, however black as the shadow of night w/ its ancient gallows-humor absurdism. Repressed shadow of foolosophy. End of history pointless resolution to shit or get off the pot.

Sartre. Existentialism. Boiled down. Freedom is (of course) responsibility. Lucky's sandbags. What you should do in the first-order sense we will not tell ye. What you should do in the second-order sense is take fucking responsibility for whatever you decide to do in the first-order sense. Is it more or less fun spelled out like this ? Any highschool dropout could follow. Which's good I think, since virtue has a certain depth — is not cheaply reducible (of course) to familiarity with learned middle-class references. Vanities of the genteel. Idle talk. And of course it'd be the little genuine redneck to point all of this out. Our dear departed Mr. Heidegger. Still indeed, fuck em all, a hero. Love that early Heidegger, you know ? Stuff that Van Buren and Kisiel wrote about. The environmental, the lifeworld stuff, of course. But also authenticity and death. Absurdism. Futility. Heroism of some perverse kind in the face of that. Not so far from William James. We might pass bourbon and smoke cigarettes and discuss why Heidegger was so slippery on this issue. Because I think there's something simple beneath it all. That maybe you can't out with the gist of it in an academic setting. For death comes also for the professor. Laughter of the gods at the men who profess to know. James contemplated suicide during his spiritual crisis. It was the bravest response he could think of. It seemed brave, resolute, definite. I remember the stormy daze of my youth. I get it. Faced with the death of god, the sky abandoned. Faced with time as the blind devouring mother. Having never noticed your existence, she wipes you away. Shadow of smoke. Sign the water with your snowflake toetag improper name. Themes from *The Passenger*.

Kerouac and Husserl. Returning again those dogs to their vomit. Returning again to the transcendent as such as a target. No phrase final. Gesticulate that felt immediacy. That intimacy. That opposite of alienation. Yet also the universal insubstantiality. For the alienation is exactly the projection of Matter, some trans-human truth-making Stuff. Something beyond the strangling hands of the clock, away from the fire of time. Time the fire in which we burn. Or, as Heidegger implies,

*as* which we burn. Time, yours truly, the nothingness of every entity. God, forgive us her skin, the death of every thing finite. Precisely that negation ? Time as the flowing scene for entrances and exits. Exist, exits. All the world's a stage. Dramaturgical ontology. (I swore I'd drop that habitual word.) John Stuart Meale. An adjusted phenomenalist, now equipped with a sassy ironic absurdism. Routines of Mr. Burrows. And seriously Burroughs was radioactivated cancerous "Hegelian" in my questionable private sense of the word. Time-binding virus. You and me and everyone we know the hosts for memes. Or, considered not as flesh but host, monadic mounds of such memes. Pre-personal logic, a tower of termites, a mountain of memes. The hoo of over day dasein. Every gay dasein. Cities of the plain. One thinks these days of Spengler, said the professor on that sinking ship. One thing thee stays of eyes gleam comes.