

FOR SIMON

Below I respond to what you wrote in some YouTube comments. You joke about having written bad poetry, but I am so delighted by your best lines that I have to respond to them. With probably too many words. I think we both do a kind of jazz poetry, that is basically unsentimental, though informed by passion. I'm guessing that you trust yourself when you write, let the stuff gush out, and reliably find an aphorism that points at it. This "it" is what I think about when I'm not working on the related but relatively "safe" face of my foolosophy.

Splash, the canvas and the painting are one. One doing, dare I say, doing itself. I read something in a bad poetry book once (and this is coming from a bad poet) that actually ended up sticking with me, for humor and reminder. "The universe is one big fuck. Fuckfest." I'm paraphrasing, but that's the gist.

Yes, the canvas is the painting. William James says something *like* that in "Does Consciouness Exist?," a great little essay expressing phenomenalism. "A world of pure experience." Where "experience" (which sounds subjectivistic) is *intended* in the "proper" way that emphasizes W O R L D.

As "consciousness" or "experience," I am W O R L D. With its from-a-point-of-view-ness "implicit" in the visibility of this rather than that side of the coin being manifest. But, as dynamic "worlding" of the world,

I *am* time, a local rivulet. Not, of course, personal-empirical proper-name me but as the shining always-partial presence of a world soaked in infinitude, punctuated with shadows, horizon, and ambiguity.

The fuckfest metaphor is especially appropriate for the Nietzsche-Whitman-Emerson foolosopher who is tuned in and turned on. Erotically taut and humming. But only perhaps because he or she has survived a “baptasm” of nausea and horror.

oh and what you said about the “foolosopher” is peak. I like to refer to Robert Pirsig on this idea; Academic Philosophy is not philosophy, it’s what he instead calls “philosophology,” a strange mutant indeed which calls for the student’s silence in the face of “The Greats.” Study what they say, understand what they say, and then shut up. With Pirsig, he sees actual philosophy as something like rain or a derby, as an activity which can only be performed in the world, as these bodies, speaking and inquiring and questioning with each other rather than a clever-dressed idol worship.

I like Pirsig. I read *Zen* about a year ago. The past-tense manic madness of Phaedrus is a great metaphor for the dark side of foolosophy. The danger is that one can lose one’s sense of humor. Nietzsche, for instance, is at his best when he is beyond any demand on the world. Like many young men, I read Nietzsche (initially) in a crude way. The profound was mixed in with an unsophisticated selfishness. There are bet-

ter and worse ways to play the lion. What's beautiful in life is genuine community, high love affairs, high friendship. Elitist, yes. But lonely monster, no. Speak with the dragon, but lay down with lambs.

Classroom pseudo-philosophy is to philosophy what gossiping about the sex lives of others is to fucking. Note that maybe there's a continuum here. Talking about sex is sexual, erotic. But it's the pastel prelude. A continuum that runs from alienated gossip into the burning core.

The teacher controls the space, teaching through this *deed* and the structure of the situation the *opposite* of foolosophy. Wheels spin and institutions indoctrinate. It's the same with psychiatry. I don't hate psychiatry, but I don't think it's pure. The dominant norms "enforce" the "true" framework that governs a field of therefore relatively trivial questions. Radical thought is thought crime, not because it is malicious in intention, but because it rips the lid off the abyss. The deathflower fuckwheel, this great stage of fools, the insight of The Fire Sermon. These motherfuckers are full of shit. Personally they might be cool, but we are caught up together in a performance, all of us, perhaps more than ever, self-marketing products. (Even here, I remain in the game, at the edge, because I'm a slave to the grind, worried about my honesty being used against me, not by who, but by the Other who haunts all honesty in a world fundamentally false. And my residue of caution reveals my own role in the maintenance of this spectacle. My complicity, which I forgive, when inspired, as I forgive the rest of this

Heaven-Hell world-coin.)

People *want* to be lied to. So we get a society built on the white lie of the mob's innocence. That's what politicians sell, a story for children who have not looked inside themselves. Hobbes opens *Leviathan* with this. If you can stand to know what people are, look in your own secret heart. Don't be fool enough to believe the public faces of pundits, who exist precisely as the official substitute for this toxic-medicinal necessarily marginalized gnosis. Idol worship is exactly it. Existentialism is iconoclasm. Of course the word "existentialism" isn't THE word. But only a pointer.

Tried philosophy in college, did all of my truth formulas, and left empty handed out of spite. Naive of me to expect an officially accredited institution to break down the walls for me (seeing as they're the walls).

I really really like your pointing out that **they are the walls**. It's the stuff that touches on existence that can't be institutionalized. Sociology, for instance, is also bent (of course) by ideology. Strong spirits may hold their nose, conceal themselves, and push through. Or they may just exit. In either case, they remove their unwelcome voices. So the real shit happens elsewhere. I'm a big fan of the beat writers. Check out the style of Burroughs. Compare with academic say-nothing onanism. The generic prose that oozes from the "educated" who didn't perhaps even *see* the narrowness of that education. Who of course magnify the significance of credentials, as if they were

not naked in their wit or ignorance in what they say and how they say it. It's like someone mistaking the stoplight for the speeding car. The WALK sign only matters to the degree that it predicts whether or not a truck will mangle you as you cross.

And what a privilege it was to walk away. And what a delight to find other wanderers. Philosophy is the heretic-talk between wanderers. A folk thing. Something we've done forever. Something quite average. Sharing the mystery as a pot of tea. Warm. But necessary. How could I be alone when you're confused, too?

To walk away with a good conscience, as you clearly have, is the heroic thing, IMO. The same people who applaud yesterday's rebels, the one's they've been instructed to revere, will turn their nose up at today's rebels. The institution fattens itself on the rebels it then shits out as neutralized caricatures.

I agree that it is folk and average. In the sense that honest talk, real talk, is something that all people have, I think, when they have someone they trust. The real stuff is a secret between friends. People "know" this, but (like I also sometimes do) forget or ignore this. They "fall into" The Said. They mistake this spectacle, a genuine aspect of the world, for the entirety of the world. All The Experts Agree. But the "experts" are *chosen* as the public face of the status quo. "Chosen" game-theoretically perhaps. But in any case a mere face, and a face that may function primarily to distract, alienated, castrate.

Thus, over thousands of years we can still be connected. When they break open our tombs to find what words we spoke, our heresy, they will be too late. The mystery is again something new, something untested and unquestioned. “You can’t step in the same river twice.” Our wine of confusion will be shared amongst the gods, our tea the soil of the earth.

Yes. *The mystery is again something new, something untested and unquestioned.* The river is the same and yet never the same. The singularity of my existence, which is strangely lit up by traces provided by others. Others can strangely refer me back to the terrible-ecstatic singularity of *my* existence. Formal indications (Heidegger) point me at *my* stream, to see this or that feature that streams seem to have in common, despite their differences. What is this play of the singular and the universal ? My personal relationship to foolosophy ? Which I *want* to transcend me, because I want to share and even build with others ? I used to be in some bands with people I loved as band-mates. Genuine musical friendship. The “jazz” of co-articulation and being in on a hard-won secret. The overcoming of alienation, of the idea that “jazz” has to be safe or famous or certified to be real. The Fraternal Order of Patricide. Where the “father” is the fetishized projection of reality and value Elsewhere, away from Us Here Now.