

It's weird (but pleasant !) to find a young person who'll write an email like your last one. Seems to me that you are also already an old man. Despite a battery of persisting juvenile tendencies, I became an old man when God died for me personally and I picked up Freud's *Outline of Psycho-Analysis*, a yellowed pocket version from the 80s probably. I bought it in the "big city" from a used book store, long since closed. This is the dramatized and simplified version.

The "old man" cries out (or rather murmurs to himself) that all is vanity. The world is the roar of experience. A tale told by an idiot. And so and and so and. Actually I continued wrestling with this or that angel through my 20s, but in an atheistic framework. I was greedy and adventurous. I'd undo this or that if I could. But I much bother with what can't be fixed. We all go into the dark.

I've spent too much time on anonymous philosophy forums. I've talked you just about every kind of clever boy and fool. The old man in me calls me a mere clever boy too. To boyishly forget the void, project substance. Some would call the old man a boy. He's the phantom *toy* of the clever boy. Perfection of slave ideology. But the old man who sniffs the black flower has said it all to himself. And his accusers set the alarm so they won't be late for work. Is there a final word to be had ? Is there an infinite meaning in bringing up children ? The ghost of Schopenhauer stalks. The life of the child is the death of the parent. But Schopenhauer was also a parent. Of his foolosophy of course.

One can say that a true pessimist offends himself, but that's not quite right. Schopenhauer, despite his thirst for attention, saw through the veil of personality. The death of Arthur Schopenhauer doesn't break the mighty wheel of the world. We come of course to Nietzsche's eternal return. A "pagan" vision, some might say. Optimistic naive Christians awaiting some Result.