

*Fragment*

Saxophones. A city street, near dusk. The protagonist stands in a doorway, a cigarette hanging from his lip.

“It was Spring,” he says.

He thinks about that one.

“I didn’t know what love was. Maybe carnal knowledge, but then I wasn’t too sure about carnal knowledge either. Maybe that was just carnal reminiscence.”

He pauses, seeming to reflect.

“I didn’t know what truth was. Maybe *adequatio rei et intellectus*.”

He seems to smile.

“I had some ideas about beauty, though. I thought they needed work.”

The cigarette is finished.

“It was still pretty early, and I had twenty left. I knew a little bar down Pearl, where they knew their Heraclitus and they drank their whiskey straight. Maybe the Count would be there tonight. Maybe not. But it was worth a try.”

He turns, and walks into the gathering night.

More saxophones.

There enter a chorus of gorillas, bearing cream pies. In a short speech, given with a formal dance, they draw some neat conclusions.