

1

As I was saying when smoked those handrolled cigarettes, which I couldn't take after all these years away from smoke in my lungs, belief is fundamental. "Truth" is just one more way to express belief. And beliefs can change. Like Ayer says in his brief beautiful book, *all* synthetic propositions (empirical propositions) are fallible. Even analytic propositions are fallible in a certain sense, given the evolution of concept and given the normative intention in various definitions. Like right now I am suggesting that "truth" is really just a way to talk about tentative beliefs. One can doubt my analysis of this concept truth. Is it even an analysis or a suggestion about how to proceed ? In any case, we always start speaking differently, deciding we were wrong or incorrect or not so right before.

2

All of that is almost trivial, right ? It's easy to think so when one is around experienced people, experience in that crucial way, in the ways of talk and mystification, including self-mystification. Which we usually learn about the hard way. Any-fucking-way, let me re-insist that I too am fallible and intermittently aware of that status.

3

I like your "tunnels" metaphor for my ontological perspectivism, which isn't mine at all, but maybe I dug it up. The stream (of experience) is like a tunnel through the world. Aspect as tunnel. My path your path. But all through the same shared world. I have finally found at least one person who also sees it. But initially the bozos I tried to share it with on a forum were deaf. If I had a higher opinion of them to begin with, I'd have found that more depressing. I like to think I learned something about human nature by hanging around there over the years. Something about male vanity in particular. And I've seen the same few types come and go, with differences that tend to be unimportant. Which recalleth unto me the theory of Harold Bloom, about the fear of being an abortion, a neverborn imitator, the shadow of smoke on the wall. To be born is to have jammed an erect poem into the canon, which is the same as injecting oneself as tumescent poet. The vast majority of foolosophers wriggle around in the same old mud,

repeating the same long refuted positions, too vain or ill equipped to see not only their logical errors but also the tediousness and lifelessness of their repetition.

4

There are a few bright exceptions, but Reddit is mostly a nightmare for philosophy. A few are brave enough for conversation, but most of these few are children in terms of their exposure and development. Others are able to quote scripture or dispute facts. I don't see much of the *anxiety angst* of influence, the ambition to make genuine progress, even if (as in my case) that is primarily running threads from node to node. For instance, J. S. Mill's phenomenalism seems under-appreciated. As if no one was able to read it charitably. We can maybe chalk that up to theological polarization. Most thinkers who climb the ladder of idealism are only interested in getting up to Jesus or Enlightenment or whatever you want to call it. On the other side, people who are bad at philosophy but OK with numbers gush at the paradoxical but popular pseudo-sense of scientific realism. Because it sounds good. And technology always wins. A safe choice. Not that I am against technology, etc. I was once tempted to define science as technology that works whether you believe in it or not. But now I'd just discuss why certain beliefs are more likely than others. I don't like the idea that the truth is whatever it is good to believe. I love William James, but that was fuck up. Seems at the moment that his psychology and religion books are his best. To be more fair, he might have said and perhaps he meant that we tend to believe when such beliefs are helpful. A belief that always gets us killed is maybe not so popular in the long run. But there's no need for mystic truth syrup in this. "Truth" is not a profound word unless we insist on it, and that's fine, but it's bad science. Save it for another mode of being.

5

You like to ask me about Kleiss, but I am almost afraid to go on the record about that guy. Kleiss has this theory about *Ulysses*. Stupidly simple and to me plausible. The book is a confessional exhibitionism or justification, right ? Offensively perverse, but Poldy is made a basically harmless cuck. Joyce was more Luciferian, with Stephen's learning and

arrogance, along with Leopold's sensuality. And perhaps also Molly's sensuality. Kleiss has it that Joyce as "internally soiled" as Freud, as in a major pervert. Who wrote a coded document about it. Even in this coded form it was banned. What is the *decoded* version? You ought to hear Kleiss tell it, but I'll get into it next time we are passing around a bottle of bourbon. I don't pretend to be squeamish on such matters, but times have changed. I think Joyce is safely mostly forgotten, and then sanctified by institutional embrace otherwise. But perhaps that book is still coming alive. The protagonist is "really" just Joyce himself, the clever omniscient and omni-guilty god behind the puppet show. Am I evil to enjoy this theory of Joyce? Is Al on *Deadwood* evil? He's gray. Grayer than Joyce in deed, but Joyce lived, it seems to me, so much in an unlimited imagination. As a "shaman" figure in Campbell's sense, if I remember that first volume of *Masks of God* correctly.

6

I get your distrust of Heidegger. But I blame the average dufus who drops this or that mystified / sacred name. I'm sure you see your share of it in your more literary world. And I don't make some grand distinction. Joyce is a philosopher who uses an indirect method. Simple message, but the better messages tend to be simple and yet inexhaustible. All is vanity, but what is hevel? Hevel is itself hevel. The dog of metaphor. The metaphor of fog.

7

But Heidegger is also awkward as fuck on the issue of death. The mystified won't see this, maybe because they prefer to tangled-up version, because it's therefore more clever. Though, to us, this false cleverness is of course in bad taste. It's even the dominant bad taste of that kind of "boy." Then there's the high-production value but shallow YouTube videos. Schoolboyish inanity. Sprinkle a few soundbite insta-profound phrases.

I do think Heidegger is profound at his best, but his death stuff is not his and not that well expressed. Profound yes, but death itself is profound. Heidegger is brave for working it in, making it central. For being less fake than just about everyone else. Toxic masculinity. Also known as (also none has) philosophy. Brought to you by a mother

of three who is terrified of being insufficiently anti-racist. I mean it's funny, if sometimes great anyway, academic philosophy. Professionals. The respectable sanitized priesthood. Secure income, but they can't say much, right ? Keep it dead and technical and obscure enough and you can sneak it in. Which is much better than nothing. And some of them are clever enough to deposit the esoteric payload. And I love some of them. They have given me great books. But the role itself is absurd in "the light of Hell." Dead Nietzsche can be studied. That's interesting. Dead nazi Heidegger. But current "racist" or whatever who happens to be a genius otherwise ? He won't even be allowed to speak. I know you know that I don't like racism (including the "anti-racist" version). The point is the distance provided by death and few decades.

8

So what the fuck am I getting at with this talk of Joyce and Heidegger? Joyce on sex, Heidegger on death. Heidegger with that background too of revolutionary violence. Of facing death as a soldier, for a Cause that is not the prototypical worst choice. "Authentically" perhaps. Not that Sartre on Mao is better. If memory serves and so on. Twats for nazis, twats for commies. Pick your flavor of stupid and counter-stupid-but-also-stupid. But I digress. What the fuck am I getting at ? The image of the knowing man, the "nothing human is alien to me" type. I've used Shakespeare as a symbol for this before (which I learned from others of course.) Shakespeare too is safely dead. I guess Milch (*Deadwood*) "got away with it" to a large degree. The magic of drama. We love consciousness of evil when it's projected on an avatar in the magic circle. Is the question whether we can tolerate a barbaric imagination and self-knowledge in a civilized man (civilized in terms of behavior ?). Or rather admit to such toleration ? Is it only fitting that such Shakespearean consciousness be offered in code, esoterically ?