

Your focus on the communal aspect, both within oneself and with others, is dead on. Here are my two cents: If we drive the analogy of a radio further, the fact that we can agree about the song being played at the moment depends on our ability to perform quite a bit of magic. We (radios) routinely fixate our attention on a specific frequency. Tune out noise. Adequately decode the information we perceive. Consistently tune to the same station at different times. And we do all that in sync with other people (tuning in together to the same station). From this perspective, reductionism is not a bug; It's a feature of any decent radio. To enjoy our karaoke, total compliance is required! We can't have someone (or ourselves) mixing in "noise" or echoes of a different station. This is counter-productive. We took this directive, however, to mean that there are no other stations available, that radio is the only game in town, and that each of us is tuned to the same single station at all times. When I mention that it is a big ask because (and not despite) ringing true, and not because it rings untrue, I'm positing that the real issue is that the problem with such an epistemology is not (merely) that it is, say, asking a lot to entertain the idea that if someone claims to hear a different song it's meaningless to say they hallucinate, it is more appropriate to say that they are tuned in to a different frequency, which may seem to offer them some advantage (from our perspective) or incur some cost, and that's that. Yes, replacing (for example) the notion of "objective truth" with "personal power" is a lot, but it is not the main difficulty, IMHO. The real issue is that such an idea cuts against the cognitive biases baked into our radios (as we currently use them). Put another way, this is an artefact of being a radio, not of being tuned to any particular station. Our default setting is auto-tuning. Scanning for other stations and hearing noise as we try to tune in to a different song is not part of our default cognitive bias. Convincing someone of the valid-

ity of your claims amounts to helping them tune in to a different station (or perhaps, helping them to tune in using stereo surround sound), which is great; However, the cognitive machinery that compels them to engage auto-tune (to their current station), and to tune out any hint of a liminal cognitive area or of a different station altogether, will not change. It will persist and it will offer resistance to what it perceives as an attempt to undermine its operation. To change this, you must offer an assurance that a new cognitive bias is not only possible, but that it is advantageous, and even necessary. There is no separation between the part that entertains ideas and the part that perceives these ideas (as it entertains them). Accordingly, to allow our reason to come to terms with these ideas, a long preparation is needed, and quite a bit of drama is generally required. Only after struggling to be convinced that these ideas offer us a tangible advantage do we become capable of focusing our reason on their meaning. This chicken-and-egg problem is the reason (shamans state) that, as a rule of thumb, only after we get tricked by the spirit we can hope to gain knowledge, and that, left to our own devices, we do everything in our power to avoid being enticed by the spirit. By default, we flat out ignore it. This is our magic. Nonetheless, ‘the spirit’ is still around us, always, and the same feature we use to tune it out can be used to follow it, discover new stations, and enjoy a much wider spectrum of awareness and songs. Vote Spirit! Frankly, you’ll get tricked (by the spirit) anyway, so you might as well enjoy more of the ride you already paid for. Just saying... :)

As Trump says (on his communication medium, which allegedly combines both truth and social), thank you for your attention to this matter. :) Have a great weekend. Hope you get some rest.

An amazing comment, my friend !

I can understand most of it in terms of my personal appropriate of Heidegger's concept of **interpretedness**. But this concept of default personality or average tribal software is older than Heidegger's admittedly extra-liberated spin on it.

My friend Frank and I like to talk about the **worm juice** in Dune's mythos. Foolosophy is wormjuice is **toxic medicine** — offering a fatal ecstasy, life through submission to death as the burning of the candle. I have Norman O. Brown's work in mind. To really live is to “die out of the way” of your fearful static now-self, in ecstatic expectation of your still-blurry self-to-be. Now I suspect that we both agree that this is movement toward increased richness, increased appreciation for a swelling plurality of possible personalities. I sometimes think of Shakespeare as a symbol of a supremely realized personality, who had become everyone by become no one. Yet amphibiously also a jolly good fellow, a lad one could talk to, about the usual stuff. That “usual stuff” is the resuscitated mundane, a mundane now lifted into luminance.

As you say, but in my own words, spirit *appears* as an enemy. Oh that chicken-and-egg problem indeed ! I offer you a secret of my guild, what the muted post horn sounds like to me. I primarily offer my work not to convert but raise a flesh-pink flag for others beyond the law in the name of a law never to be spelled out, faith stubbornly unformulated, a mysticism without content. The anti-doctrine that doctrines are for prisoners of Yesterday.

On a gloomier note, I've had occasion now and then, against my sense of futility that was vivid even then, to offer sinking souls my wormjuice wisdom. I can chalk up no successes. For just as you say the melody I tweet in their ears, as at least in sounds in mind, in their own ears is jarring screech. *Some are born to sweet delight. Some are born to endless night.* A caricature, yes, but then style *is* caricature. This too a stylish caricature of style itself.

Digression here, but it springs from the trust your comment inspires. There is the low but heavy presupposition that science is a

Serious Matter, which is often expressed in terms of an analogue of Matter, the world as seen by God, for whom the Truth glows day by day. So thinkers like Derrida are suspect in the eyes of the bailiff, and I see Nietzsche is his mode of cosmic irony, armed with a science that is gay with the steps of cat, as his prototype. But I most interested in the possibility of the genuine repetition of this type, which, as genuine, is **the ancient made fresh again**. Phenomenology or foolosophy or dada or whatever one calls it (it roars and purrs in Whitman) can't remember if it's a adolescent or graygolden.

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This is related to how I understand “destruction” (more popular as “deconstruction”) or “liquefaction.” **We are caged in a false necessity**. The deepest presuppositions are — for that reason — invisible to us. We are deaf and blind, and we bless and cling to the “autotune” that protects us from a Whitenoise which is also Ommmmmmmm. To me this Ommmmmmmmmm is (as you might expect) the infinite richness of unheard stations, melted together, as vague possibility not yet specified and realized. A sense of horizon perhaps, of the many channels —livable but so far un-lived lives — into which one might be attuned. I reckon that one starts to “believe in” this “destruction” as a general concept when it's happened in a concrete way a time or two in one's singular existence.

In parting, I think you should maybe consider being a founding member of an online forum that a few of us are trying to cobble together. Let me know if you want more info.