

18 JUN 2025

18 JUN 2025

The pretense of philosophers to offer not just articulations of the world as given to them but truth-for-all. Assumption that their speech acts represent a truth-making substrate above which jars of so-called consciousness hover. Assumption that their speech acts are apart from the projected substrate. That they look down from above on the way things are. The situation as an apathetic god surveys and maps it.

The absolute space of mathematics. The "true" gap between two worldly things. The location of an atom in this space. Hard final whether-you-like-it-or-not thereness or not-thereness. The atoms of Democritus. The dream of primary qualities escaping from a dream of secondary qualities. The INVENTION of "consciousness" along with its other. The "realist" implies that MY world and YOUR world is a dream. The phenomenalist who denies such isolating ghost consciousness strangely sounds subjectivistic. For we have all grown so familiar with this theology of the ghost in the meatpuppet.

Yet I speak of red-for-you and red-for-me along with pragmatic-red-for-us. I must account for an eerie situation that inspired the dominant ghost story. That seemed to force on us the myth of consciousness. Indeed philosophy assumes a single world but also the collision of beliefs, perspectives. For many the True World is X. And my ghost that hovers over this True World is  $f(X)$  while your ghost is  $g(X)$  and so on. Ghost as image of X under this or that function. The brain (the Real brain that lives in X) generates, they say, all images of brains for me. And the blue sky crowded with floppy clouds. The face of my lover too a pink phantom in mindstuff.

What happens if I insist on the reality of the sensual present object ?? And also on sharing the world with others ? For them too, I believe, the world shines & screams.

Those I cannot see that shining as them, thru ~~themselves~~ that shining pair of eyes that are not mine. We agree that ~~violets~~ <sup>xixxix</sup> are "blue." But what exactly does Heidegger mean to you ?- "I gotta use words when I talk to you." Sounds & shapes

that "radiate" and "inform." "How almost true they sometimes almost ring." But always a word in your ear or mine. I cannot have the word in <sup>YOUR</sup> ~~your~~ ear. Or rather I trust without proof that it's the same word yet not the same hearing of it.

The world we share between us. To speak we believe of the same rotten apple. Or I believe that we believe. Living as I do in "my" belief. Living in believing that you too out there live in your belief. But surely, one objects, there is Way The Things Really Are. I suspect that this is a mystification of our hope for consensus & a reflection of the coherence norm that each us lives into. A murder case, hard to decide. But what if I could hover invisible over the past at locations of my choosing? Could I not see the Truth then? My friend you'd be another eye witness ("I witnessed") on the stand, subject to cross examination. At least I can only make sense of such witnessing as through a pair of eyes and ears. MUST the world show itself to each so that their stories join without wound? To finally ask the question , it seems to me, suggests an answer. Or a new question. How would this ontological thesis get itself "proved"? The Truth is what God believes. This "God" an expression of our desire for certainty & the babypink purity of correctitude. Or so I ~~retentatively~~ situatedly believe. In hope and risk these signs I launch. Like stones . Feynman (spelling ?) sd that photons ~~are kikexkxwaks~~ stony whispers ~~whisper~~ between electrons who have deep pockets & an infinite supply.

The anti-realist is to the realist as the atheist to the theist. "Aspect theory" is weird and sounds like a wild "positive" theory because life is weird. "Theistic" (indirect) realism adds God-articulated-substrate to "experience" that then becomes emanation or "consciousness." Phenomenalism "believes in" what is THERE , including ambiguity and ~~sing~~ agreement. Like Feuerbach, I insist on the "immediate." If there is what I call philosophy then others are also in "contact" with "quality." I dont have a phenomenal field. It has me. I dont know what it means to talk to you if you arent also had by THE WORLD for that is what such a "field" is. If there is philosophy, as I personally over here can make sense of it. Those who accuse others of nonsense (certain logical positivists) should ~~bx~~ be more careful, IMO. To me, nonsense-from-no-perspective is itself nonsense-from-my-perspective. Is itself a nonsense-to-me leaping-out-of situatedness. How easy it has become for us to speak as if gods who can police the sign system & survey the world omnisciently. See how it hovers in absolute space, frozen and exact, a castle made of ice.

18 JUNE 25

LEE EISENGOG

We are seduced I think by mathematics, lords above the chessboard & by the triumph of our technology which is based on its applied variant. Ray-tracing. I myself used GoldenEye as a metaphor, but the metaphor fails finally. The gameworld "is" (more or less) exact in absolute space, and then given thru raytracing to each player's POV screen. Because we built it that way, expressing our theistic metaphysics. "Theist" in the sense of belief in a what-really-happened substrate, as seen by the demurge. As expressed by the scrolling green source code ( laws ) and the values of environmental variables ( state.) I always loved creating games and modifying popular games. I cant rememeber not being the dungeon master, builder and show-runner of worlds. Let others settle for playing a mere mortal in such a world. For me the role of transcendent god, throwing dragons on my friends on a whim. Green dragons breathed toxic chlorine-gas. ~~Ixx~~ I was also in the game anyway as all of the NPCs. Unkillably polyfaced. My job to keep the world infinite and surprising. We used dice to bend the world with chance, etherwise to fateful.

But here in the so called real world, we are all of us PCs --- characters forced to play. I cannot see around my own beliefs to peak at that mystery Truth. I cannot believe that you ( abstract reader ) can peek around yours either. I cannot believe in the ressurection of the dead. Except in the metaphorical kind. I believe indeed that others believe that they find "meaningfulness" in phrases Ive come to suspect. I ask myself why the redundancy theory of truth is not FELT by more than a few foolesphers. But this is like asking why more priests arent atheists. Why the blind dont take up painting. To "feel" (assimilate) the redundancy theory is to become playful and ironic. Probably to become a novelist or poet. "Inside" "earnest" foolephy the "delusion" prevails that foolesphers have a method or a code that lifts them above the novelist. The fetishization of formalization, a glass bead game of mechanized symbolic logic. To ~~mixx~~ hide from the problem of GROUNDING those symbols. The ground is an abyss, the abyss of others, who somehow lurk where the signs I send arrive.

The problem of "immediate presence." "Ineffable." Trust against the lemons of language. A mouth a mouth for river you are. The signs themselves that point at "presence" themselves are "present." A word in your ear, a mark in your eye. Present yet present as "absent" in the sense of transcending that moment. The sign that rings and glows for others. The cat that purrs also for others, gives its furrysweet texture to the hands of others. I am "with" the others thru these present signs. But the others are often long dead or at least not bodily there. Yet they are SOMEHOW present in the presence of their signs. Of the signs we assign to them, to their belief as a speaking of the world thru their eyes and fingers and noses. The garbagetruckjuice at 6 AM. "Divinely" "presnt" in its too-fierce quality, beautiful in its exuberance. A "moment" of "God" as world-between-us but strangely also world-always-through-this-particular-nose. How does it smell for you, this eye-watering juice? I ask also perhaps what it was for you to fall in love for the first time. This one phrase "falling in love" somehow collecting an infinity of "experience."

He tries to say it. "My embodiment is real. I see what's in front of these jelly eyes." I too have learned to project a "model" of "objective reality." But that model is "only" there-for-me like falling in love or the meaning of Heidegger. The "sacred" signs -- the partial differential equations --- are promises. More than most I believe I have searched out the black soil of the so called real numbers. What we almost have is the computable numbers, with a measure of 0. The "continuum" demystified is a vapor of points. A vapor of rational numbers, more exactly of fractions. Typically floating point numbers in the nose of rockets. Even this a sort of projection on inexact voltages. Even the counting numbers are primarily hopes and promises, a ladder that stretches up up and away from our mortality. But this is the clay of our divine substrate, from which our illusory lives are said to emanate. How strange. For the trading and application of these signs is itself "there" in our shared hallucination of the world, in the fools' matrix that floats like the smoke of a burning city. The phenomenalist suggests that the substrate is perhaps the "hallucination." The atheist believes that God is an intentional object, but finds no use for this object. Likewise I claim (express my own risky belief that) the idea of a "True Reality" isn't much help. That it EXPLAINS nothing but only comforts. Or is a misreading (less coherent & illuminating belief about) the world we share.

