

If you demystify truth, you will be mistaken for a self-subverting irrationalist. That's how crude we are these days. It's all culture war cartoons for those who haven't put any time in. Fast food philosophy for the busy consumer.

For an age of rude rhetoric, rude rhetoric:

To call an assertion "true" is to say that you believe it. Belief is fundamental. "True" and "truth" are handy devices for talking about belief.

Truth, beyond its mundane mostly harmless use, is a sentimental and superstitious concept. It's a concept that weak philosophers drown in.

With the confused pseudo-concept of truth comes the confused pseudo-concept of truthmaker. These "truthmakers" are often conceived of as Physical (not just physical). They live, these mystical truthmakers, in the magical land of Reality-from-no-perspective. Often described by the nonsense phrase "objective reality."

This critique of objective reality will tickle the pomophiles and poke the sentimentalists, those white knights of Lady Truth. (I'm a gray squire of that lovable old slut Rationality.)

—But seriously bro isn't that just like *your* perspective?

—Now you are getting it, professor. It's like seriously always a particular person who tells like they see it.

Can we agree on that much ? Probably not. Foolosophy (critical thinking) is an elitist endeavor. Rational conversation presupposes the norms of rationality. Which is to say *ideal fucking conditions*.

So do not waste your time on fanatics. Nor on clowns who pretend to doubt the existence of our shared world, which includes a sharing in the meanings of public concepts.

To foreground the forum suffices. For those who pride themselves on (trying to) “listen to reason.”

The problem with self-anointed “intellectuals” is their vanity and idolatry. We read famous and “difficult” books. We are in the habit of trying to intimidate and seduce through the invocation of the magical names. You know the names, the Famous and Profound writers of Famous and Profound books. This is *our* dirty little secret.

As Ortega brilliantly puts it, the first thing we do when faced with a question is check what Everyone Knows. This is a good policy, for the most part, in matters of technology. But philosophy is special. Philosophers are stupider than other people. If they do manage something profound, their insights are diluted into trivialities for the busy consumer. Translated into fortune cookies. Into pompous pseudo-profundities.

Why was Wittgenstein such a dickhead in his preface to the Tractatus ? Because he *figured some shit out*. He solved the fake mystery and uncovered the

real mystery. Weak philosophers wallow in the fake mystery. They make a career of it. They don't know any better. They aren't malicious. They are just confused. They pile words on top of words, hoping that a tall pile of words is proof of productivity.

But that pile of words is proof instead of continuing confusion. Does a culture of "publish or perish" contribute to this ? Probably. But let's be generous. Sometimes you write ten thousand sentences before you find a solution that fits into one. It fits into one sentence *for you*, because *you* understand it. You may need hundreds of sentences to help others see that solution.

What fucks people up is what they assume. What they assume on a deep level, so that they don't even notice they've assumed it. A *conscious* assumption can be put aside. This is why philosophy advances by digging out unnoticed assumptions.

For instance, I'm using rude rhetoric to point out the *vacuity* of the concept of truth. Yes, people can indeed waste their breath for centuries on a bogus issue. Truth is theological. Truth is the last fart of a dying God. Or last breath if you prefer.

"Consciousness" is a related mystification. **Dualism is stupid.** It may seem clever, because so many clever but confused "intellectuals" have piled up so many intimidating words on the topic. Physicalism is trivial and misleading at best and even stupider in its crudest form.

All these confusions are related. The "truthmaker"

is “outside of consciousness.” But there never was a truthmaker and there never was a stuff called “consciousness.” Yes, we have the nouns. We have the concepts. But they are bad concepts. Like the concept of a round square. Like the rational square root of 2.

My rude rhetoric should not in itself convince you. That’d be sophistry. My rude rhetoric is a tire iron for prying away the “obviousness” of these faulty concepts.

If you see it, you fucking *see* it. But this is not mystical gnosis. This is like understanding one of the proofs that $\sqrt{2}$ is irrational.

It is not a positive or speculative theory. It is a denial. A restriction. A demystification.

It is not idealism. There is no consciousness. But it acknowledges explicitly the perspectivism that is already tacit in rational conversation as such.

We assume nothing that is not already assumed by rational conversation as such. Indeed, we *swat down* the theological projection of a “truth” that is other than someone’s *belief*.

When I believe, I do not “take as true.” This is like deriving horses from unicorns. As unicorns are magical horses, so is truth magical or theological belief. God’s belief. The Party’s belief. The “world from no perspective” is a counter-empirical concept. Is anti-empirical mystification, brought to you by fanatics, dogmatists, and (accidentally) by confused philoso-

phers, who haven't found the exit of the maze yet.

—But surely you aren't more clever than all the famous professors ?

—It's not about being clever. And who cares much about *philosophy* professors ? Some of them are great. Many of them are just all confused in the same way.

—That's arrogant.

—Like Socrates Nietzsche and Wittgenstein ? Outsiders celebrated by insiders ?

—Don't tell me you are comparing yourself to them.

—No. All I've done is understood finally what others understood long ago. I'm just paraphrasing. But the point is that sentimental deference to institutional insiders is not the doing of real philosophy. Instead it's the opposite. Philosophy is special. It's a game crowded with fools. It's personal. It's a risk. That's its glory and its shame.

That dialogue above shades into the existential. Confusions dominate because we all tend to be superstitious. We start in the swamp of What Everybody Knows. An engineer whose gear doesn't work is ejected. All a philosopher needs to do is convince other people to share his or her confusion. Like a theologian. Peer review doesn't filter out nonsense. It filters out *unpopular* nonsense. It "filters out" what it doesn't *like*.

That example should emphasize that "ontocubism" is

not idealism. A complicated machine works or does not work. This machine doesn't not live in the magic land of "reality from no perspective." It is there for Joe to see and Jane to see. Each from their own perspective. It is outside of Joe, outside of Jane. The world out there resists us. Much of philosophy is a comforting fantasy. Even confusions offer an escape, because a false solution isn't recognized as false by those attached to it.

Is it "false" in "reality from no perspective" ? No. By "false" I mean **inferior** *from my perspective*.

I am also not a sinful relativist. Some beliefs are less stupid than others. Some beliefs are less confused. I care about my beliefs. I don't like using words that I don't have a good grip on. Genuine philosophers are bothered by handwaving, by holes in the plot. So they keep trying to be less stupid, less confused.

They work on fundamental concepts, so they don't prove their achievement with technology that works. They have to use words to try to point things out. Most people don't need philosophy. Immersed in practical life, they just need the gear to work. They want to think about the world, not about the basic concepts that one uses to think about the world.

Philosophy is what happens, for instance, when you think about science. When you think about the most basic concepts that science takes for granted. That practical life takes for granted.

Hard, thankless work. But there's a deep joy in the sudden reduction of confusion. When the clouds part

and the sun makes everything bright and clear.