

Generations of beautiful women, come and gone. Cycle of flesh. The pretty little girl becomes a mother. The mother becomes a crone. The crone dissolves.

This is the great and terrible wheel.

The philosopher as witness is a parasite on the beast. A moment of the beast, examining the mirror. But this philosophical moment, in its terror and wonder, is an exception. For the pessimist who interrupts this cycle is removed. Those immersed in the accelerating spin of the wheel replace their failing flesh with children.

So human nature is *filtered*. Darwin. The moist robots of Dawkins. But Dawkins misses the *consciousness* of these robots. What is this so-called consciousness but the visceral *being* of the splintered world ? Ontological perspectivism. One world but only through many pairs of eyes, pairs of nostrils. In many pairs of hands. Not merely perceived but *felt* in the chest and belly and genitals.

Lust of the flesh and the pride of life. This lust, this pride is our immersion, our entanglement. All is burning, monks. The one they call Buddha said. A sermon on the fire. But this fire is also the wheel. Terror and wonder and placid contentment and the ordinary misery of acid reflux.

“Experience is world.” Experience is the being or presence of world. Some of this world is felt to be more “inside” than “outside.” But it’s all more *world*. But it’s also part of the way the world worlds that some of the world is lonely. I can be alone with a vision of the world that for now is only *mine*. Or at least it can feel like it’s only me who sees it. Especially when one is young, and has not understood the old books. One wants to be alone with the vision, to own it. So one is deaf to all the other ways of saying it.

The young lovers are sure that no one has ever loved like *this*. Generations of pairs of arrogant lovers come and gone. The

flower of life. Opening to wilt. So that the next generation may repeat the game for the “first time.” For them it is the first. So let us praise death, some will say. For only death allows the game to be genuinely repeated, genuinely because it is endlessly the first time.

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Am I a determinist, in *some* sense, despite my celebration of the self-responsible attitude ? I suppose so. I don’t pretend that my belief is like a mathematical theorem. But, yes, I think our species can’t help moving in one direction rather than another. As if we are dutiful agents of the Heat Death. Do I believe in the heat death ? I find it plausible. But it’s just a belief.

The entropification guy on the forum, a rational mystic of systems theory, intrigues me. I suspect he’s more right than wrong. But my own pessimism is derived from a gallon of the worm juice and a contemplation of the evolving incentive structure. In 2025, it is easier than usual perhaps to look at those in charge and see the manic death trip. As if humanity is the explosion of nature. Beautiful and terrible.

But what of other species ? Intelligent life on other planets ? Why not ? But if it’s life as we know it and I understand it, in general terms, through Dawkins, then I expect they are part of the same explosion. Of their own biospheres. So I use “nature” here in a sense biased toward *life*.

I am a phenomenalist, after all. Consciousness is the very *being* of our splintered world. Is this a mystical claim ? Yes and no. For mysticism is perhaps more about the *way* one presents what one presents, and not what is presented.

For spiritual types the hard problem of consciousness is an *opportunity*. As I understand the situation, Kant’s system is designed to make room for faith. He leads those who trust him to a bomb shelter. Let us concede this phenomenal domain to Newton. Let us renounce the “proofs” that God will grant each

of us personal immortality. But let us also protect our faith that he will do so, by hiding the spiritual realm from critical scientific rationality. We can even do so by *using* what at least looks like critical scientific rationality. A cynic might call it an elaborate rationalization. But Kant probably felt a great sense of relief when he pulled off the trick to his own satisfaction.

As Nietzsche saw, a philosophy is a “tumor” that grows on the philosopher who is, after all, a human. This “tumor” is a *personal* solution, a *map* of the world. We humans tend to experience our own achieved map as the map that others should also use, if they have any sense or decency. But some maps — some philosophies — are exceptions. For instance, transcendent gallows humor pessimism understands itself as a necessarily *marginal* vision of the world. It’s a map *by and for* a type that will never become prominent. If we think of philosophies as potions rather than maps, then some philosophies are medicinal for a few but poison for most. Or not even poison, but tasteless and harmless. Not really ingested.

Hamlet is poisoned through the ear by the story the ghost tells him. The ghost, his father, tells him of a poisoning through ear. This telling of a poisoning through the ear is itself, metaphorically, a second poisoning through the ear. The tale of the ghost, through the ear of Hamlet, inflicts death on most of the major characters. We *could* trace these deaths back to the literal poisoning of Hamlet’s father. But did that really happen ? Or was the ghost a demon sent from Hell after all ?

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What is the deeper meaning of Freud ? Of Whitman ? Of Emerson ? What does Freud with his psycho-analysis symbolize ? How is Freud like Hobbes ?

In Dawkins we find an incoherence. As theorist of moist robots, enslaved to genes, he is a pessimist, a determinist. But Dawkins also preaches his Enlightenment atheism. He’s a humanist. A

laudable faith in its way. Free and responsible moist robot slaves. Who ought to believe that they are moist robot slaves. And not temples for a spark of the divine.

Do I *believe* in my “black flower” ironic pessimism ? More or less. I’d even connect it with a radical detachment that contributes to thinking through the problem of mind and matter. No theistic bias and only the perhaps self-cancelling residue of humanism that lives in the very idea of science as *rational* inquiry. But does Stirner count as a humanist ? Can philosophy become sufficiently personal and remain rational and get beyond humanism ? Perhaps not, for rationality implicitly invokes an ideal virtual *community*. Yet one can of course redefine “philosophy” so that it’s not “rational” or universalistic. One can speak of beliefs that intensely situated. One can abandon the duty of justification. This gives us another “thinking” that is *after* metaphysics. Is that what I’m trying to do ? No. But it’s an intriguing possibility.

My work presupposes readers who are also me. Or close enough. Repeatable gnosis. The meme wants to live. As Schopenhauer said. the insect lays its eggs so it can die in peace. So it’s another version of the wheel, the mimetic wheel. Entangled or just a component of the same one wheel discussed above, the cycle of flesh. Of sex, vanity, and death.