

Distance

Wednesday, 2017/04/05

The world is physical, or metaphysical. The subjective being, person, may be trained to either. The untrained person is subjective, living immersed in a metaphysical universe. The technology delivered by our human ambition populates this universe with the alloys of lead, gold, copper, tin, mercury, silver, aluminum, lithium, every element known and many unknown. Some have power. Some, voice. All, breath.

Each person, another world. Each expression, another language. Our babies cry in confusion. Some adults cry in confusion. Sometimes a crying out is necessary. Most times, it is a question unknown that none can answer.

When it is healthy, most are content and happy. When it is unhealthy, there may be war. The habit of war is a slavery, as is the habit of the tolerance of a poverty of education.

Irène's windows lit the sky. The light that filled my eyes was that sense of contrast that I derived from her sense of sight. Her transparency, clairvoyance.

A rainy day, cherries or plums just popping. Clouds full of billowed textures of grey. Strings of grapes laid on the ground as lifeless branches. The windows I sat before looming over head, monuments to chairs. Large rectangles of glass panes that could, in theory, easily pass the largest motorcycle or the smallest car.

Obviously the impact of Irène's pages derived from the foreknowledge of the writer's personal and historical context. That she could write any such thing, a miracle. While others were chewing fingernails, she composed a refuge with pen and ink that formed a shelter of justice. Her ink in the state of those fingernails, torn from her, and in that indictment, justice.

The crows and jackals of her time so similar to those of my own. Unlike Irène, I have cut their flesh into bite sized chunks and fed them to the fishes. The illness of the hyper-rational denial of metaphysical fact.

Obviously this moment is far more subtle than that of Europe during World War Two, or the South of France in 1941. The psychological structures are the same, but the American fascist malaise of the insecure who band together to squelch the sense of their illness has not manifested as badly. The hyper-rational denial of self combines, here, with the materialization of identity in contrast to the European actualization of identity. In our case, the self error is more contrasted. The ill know, and the error manifests outwardly through a

society that has not entirely faced the immersive qualities of intellect.

The crutches are words. The guilty parties include, most notoriously, “reality”, “money”, and “competition”. The collective unconscious is stressed by the experience of novel population and technology effects. In all fairness, it is a proper case of intellectual immersion – in the sense that self awareness on the social and cultural scale have not yet confided in a perspective or independence of intellect, independence of expression from conception, and the separation of faith from naïveté.

In other words, we have forgotten how to speak in our generations that have experienced a world dominated by its sensitivity to time. Ironically, it is a mature perceptual frame that is partly responsible for the dissolution of the juvenile and immature frames of understanding. An immature or insecure sense of maturity that confides in the skill to manage time with the intimacy of a second, while subject to an increasing sense of expiration.

It is precisely these metaphysics that we need to institutionalize, to culture and develop, teach, discuss, open, maintain, and preserve. We know the value of the independence of thought and objective, the fairness that preserves opportunity or occasion. We need to develop a far better sense of our personal metaphysics, and the metaphysical world they produce.

First, interpersonal interaction. We indulge love and affection and combat for audiences addicted to an

unknown immersion, rather than develop a conscious reflection on the immersions we are producing, and – personally and collectively – have produced.

Second, information handling. We indulge interpretation for audiences in need of condensations and reflections with far too small a sense of propriety, of independence of subjective and objective and self and other. The method of alternatives has demonstrated the value of fairness of occasion for millennia, while the application of the derived discipline remains a quality of scarce appearance. That is, scientific discipline and its derivatives including journalistic and judicial integrity.

Until we recognize the metaphysical skills necessary to a healthy metaphysical world, we will not have a healthy metaphysical world. Likewise, until we recognize the responsibility for a healthy metaphysical world, we will not have a healthy metaphysical world. And, following, until we recognize that the health of the metaphysical world is proportional to this metaphysical wealth, we will continue in the vanity of an intractable metaphysics.

Briefly, most concisely, we are afraid of our own evolution. Like any immature adult, we cling to naïveté waiting on the evidence of the experience of others. The point of conception, realization and actualization is individual. It requires faith in the independence of the mind-body identity from material objectivity, knowledge of the human condition as first subjective, and knowledge of the distinction of subjective and objective as emotional and intellectual, or spiritual and rational.

With these facts we understand the necessity of self balance to the pursuit of opportunity or occasion. And, further to the point, the importance of self awareness.