

I tried to explain this “ontocubism shit” to Bill, and I don’t think he understood or found it interesting. Which I can understand. To some degree. Bill works hard, went into tech, piles up hard-earned coins. I went to grad school, experimented with that full-time developer job, but now get by as an underemployed adjunct. In short, I’m a useless theoretical fucker, possibly toxic with my black silk glove full of ontological candies. Or should that glove be made of white silk? Do you know the song “Hot Black Silk”? There’s “nothing short of Wisdom” in hers.

You ask what it means to me or for me, more interested in that than the idea. It may be my “good idea.” Heidegger made famous the notion that a philosopher obsesses over one thought. It *may* be. And (as it learned the hard way on the inside) no thought is ever really one’s own. I think or like to think that I’ve plucked a rose from my influences, moved something from the background to the foreground. A small thing perhaps, and yet maybe that’s what they all do, with “they” being those who are remembered. Of course this is ultimately about recognition, including self-recognition, because I’ve given so much of my life to theory, when I was clever enough to pile up coins. I was studying AI at grad school, before it was so huge. I could do the math. I could write the code. But I was becoming bored with it as others were becoming more and more excited. Because I didn’t care much about the applications. And, once I understood the math, I wanted to think about something new. I was good at math, but I’ve always really been a “poet”

and/or a philosopher. Is this vanity ? Maybe. To be one more tech guy who is good enough is less exciting (of course!) than doing something far more original, far more “mine.” I also joke that I’m already my own ghost, as if I’ve already missed the boat and chosen my fate. (You know my strange story, my redneck roots.)

So, anyway, I want to think that I’ve had a moment of insight. I’ve been talking foolosophy online with people for maybe 15 years. But, about a year ago, I grasped some ideas so that they all fit together. It excited me enough to write a bunch of papers that nobody wanted to read. But I still had fun writing them. I didn’t bother to try to get them published. Probably some shit journal-for-profit would have charged me for the pointless vanity service. What I really wanted/want is conversation with someone who understands what I’m saying, even if they disagree. The right amount of disagreement is even desirable.

I’ve had the free time (in my voluntary semi-poverty) to keep up with fools and sages online, mostly fools of course. And many of these “fools” choose a questionable hill to die on. As in they lose themselves in a fallacy or a novel terminology concealing a triviality. Or wild outright speculative crankery. So of course there’s a worry in the background that I’m another one of these fools after all. We are social beings indeed. Recognition matters. At the same time, I like to think that I’ve faced my death in the abstract. *The fire and the rose are one / The fire and the rose*

*are gone.* This “spiritual” whatever is thoroughly universal. I could claim a piece only as a poet of the same old theme. And my “surreal graffiti” has whatever value it does have via the novelty of technique. The material is traditional as fuck.

But in ontology we have something like mathematics, a definite content of beauty and significance to some, which is not immediately universal. It’s got to be tested by the flame of other minds. So if my “ontocubism shit” is substantial (however practically irrelevant), then I’ve “made myself” as a “poet” in this ever-questionable realm. One good thought, one good poem. That’s all it takes. One more brick in the wall, and the brick very much depends on and only has meaning in relation to that wall.

The wifey don’t understand it, nor has much interest in trying. Actually she’s tried to read one of my better papers, but she couldn’t make sense of it without the presupposed background, so it’s a whole unpleasant thing if I push her. She’s great mostly on the “existential” issues, though she gets caught up in tribal political bullshit more than I would like. She sometimes reads my detachment “transcendence” as opposition. To me these figures of The Spectacle (ye olde “Resentment Industrial Complex”) are less of a direct threat than colon cancer or a broken arm. Or the ordinary madness that comes with seething at what is out of one’s control. So I know in an intimate way that “transcendence of the world” is “uncanny.” All that “world-transcending shit” (the “black flower”) is my “secret doctrine.” Because it’s “the secret that

keeps itself” anyway.

It might amuse you that some stranger detected schizophrenia a few minutes into one of my videos. If you ask *me*, my “idea” is “concrete as fuck” and insists on the reality of our shared world of mundane objects, as they meet us (or we them.) The dominant view is that we live in a realm of phantoms. Of course people only “pretend” to believe this dominant view when they switch into a theoretical mode. So my “recovery of the lifeworld” is merely theoretical. It is unfamiliar and so gets read by those not really interested as something wacky. Of course it *is* strange, and it “has” to be, or I couldn’t hope to squeeze out any credit from purveying it.

Without dowsing you in the theory itself, I can describe how it fits against the horizon of such ideas. In short, “German depth” and “English style.” That’s the idea itself. I also wax psychedelic on Hegel, as a side-piece. But the idea itself can be presented in a dry, technical language. It fits in as a twist on logical positivism, basically as an updated phenomenalism, with an emphasis on the “mind-meld” implicit in sharing a language. (This is where the Germans sneak in.)

While I am accused of obscurantism and schizophrenia, I see myself as a relatively honest philosopher on the level of style. I try to use no more jargon than necessary, and sometimes a neologism is necessary. I worked in “torrent” recently. I seem to also be attached to the phrase “constituting ideality.”

I don't have institutional cover, of course. I have my graduate degree in STEM, which might buy me something. But I don't expect much sympathy from the struggling philosophy grad student. I remember discovering in grad school that academia was just like the rest of world, a hustle for attention. Self-promotion, networking. The way of the world. So, clown that I am, I took my "ontocubism shit" to YouTube, having tried to rustle up some conversation on Reddit, mostly achieving nothing.

I did make one friend, who lasted for a month or so, but we politely ghosted one another as it became clear that he was into Spirituality. (To be fair, the last thing he wrote was a sort-of critique of this, maybe.) I'm not *against* spirituality. But all of these guys like Hoffman and Kastrup and Vervaeke and Gilchrist turn out to be cult leaders. If not in an intense way, in a mild way. And the aroma puts me off. I don't judge them personally. If Satan tempts me on the mountain, who knows? But, as I see it, you don't get to be a cult leader without shifting into a tired old spiritualism. Vervaeke is now talking about Spiritual Visitors. I was delighted to see it, as if vindicated in my initial suspicion that he was whoring out phenomenology. All of these guys get their respectable credentials and then go to superstitious mob, playing upon their scientism. As if a credential guaranteed more than mediocrity, like a high-pass filter that cuts out only the completely unable.

I hope I don't sound *offended*. I believe in affirming

the world. Fuck it. So it goes. So the above is just me as an artist turning my nose up at commercial acts. And these “commercial acts” may be 100% sincere. Maybe they were *always* basically cult leaders, and they played the long game to realize their dream. They may be helping people even. No hate, just distance and difference. I like to see myself as someone who wants profound friendships, and I have *had* profound friendships. But they faded away for the usual variety of reasons. Another reason that I am my own ghost, even if in some ways I am peaking, or still on the ascent — though doomed to dissolve.

Compared to them, I’m a local band, authentic perhaps, but reliably marginal. In our days of playing our weird rock-noise for 15 or 20 people, we’d get (every once in a while) a warm comment that demonstrated an understanding of what we were trying to do. That one guy called it “postmodern blues.” Not a phrase I would have chosen, but he said it in a way that made it fit. Well I occasionally get a response like that to my foolosophy. Which matters, because there’s a big difference between the echoing void and few souls who are genuinely present.

As in my surreal Joycean graffiti project, there’s always the idea of leaving a basically anonymous mark for unexpected lonesome travelers, who may arrive when this flesh is burned and scattered (I tell my wife to cremate the fucker. I’m the animating breath, not this bag of pulsing guts.)