

The name “ontocubism” is a maybe a joke, or maybe I love it, I don’t know. I like to think that the idea signified has a certain beauty and even a *limited* originality.

So it goes like this: We can get us a real pretty fundamental ontology by unfolding the object in general. I might say the concept of the object, but the object *is* tautologically-essentially a concept.

The object or thing is a “system of faces.” These “faces” are (among the vulgar) known as “appearances.” Among the naive, the villains of this night piece, these “faces” are mere phantoms, strolling in the confines of the cranium, communicating some Obscure External Cause.

You can find less emphasized versions of this in Husserl, and then compactly regurgitated by Sartre near the beginning of *Being and Nothingness*. I must reluctantly admit that I am merely a picker and sniffer and polisher of cherries.

Objects are manifolds, polyply syntheses of their possible moments (with a few now and then also relatively actual.) They have their “genuine being” (every lost drape of it) in “phenomenal streamings” of “the perspectival presence of world.” In other worms, “phenomenal consciousness” — misleadingly called “experience” — is (just) *World*. The “unmolested” World — our designated molester here is the prejudice that constitutes us — has a “from-a-point-of-view-ness” which is usually stripped off like a two-piece at bachelor’s

party — without much hesitation, in pursuit of something more pressing.

Its “perspectival character” is absolute — the “World” I mean. This “only-ever-from-a-point-of-view-ness” is fundamental, not an accident of access.

Consciousness does not exist. Nor the physical. No matter, never mind. Only objects in their coy infinitude, stamped with an identity that is ideal or idea.

A shrewd reader will infer that such an ideal or idea is not psychological but rather a condition for the possibly of any silly-ology whatsoever.

“Concepts” are first-class objects, and even those boring empirical objects have a “conceptual” (ideal) “core.” The object is transcendent as such, “interpersonal” as such, the intended unity of its “visits” to this or that “torrent of naked reality.” Such a “visit” is a “face” or a “side” of the thing. Its coy infinitude is its refusal to give up its final secret.

Time is the revelation of things, the partial presence of a thing which is also always an absence. The presence of one face is the absence of all those held in reserve. The revelation or disclosure of the object is unbounded.

’Twas this no doubt inspired the famous equation of existence and time, with time cast in scarring role as the nothingness on which entities are projected. Have I done the coin bit for you ? To see one side of the coin is not to see the other. So showing is also hiding. Hence time itself is a coin with two sides, a kind of

concealing disclosure.

The “constituting ideality” of said object is not only “trans-personal” but trans-human, inasmuch as “human” ideality escapes its biological “host.”

Given the potential infinity of “presencing streams” (or “torrents”) constituted by an unpredictable variety of “sensory presence” (“the lady from Neptune has sonar”), the final revelation of the object is denied us. Even for me, one fixed human, the object is already infinite. Even if I were immortal I couldn’t squeeze it dry. *Bite the object like a false coin, you will not taste its essence.* That “essence” is receding and ajar.

Note that burning or shredding the empirical object does not help us here. The thing lives on in its invincible “ideality.” For we in the forum can continue to intend it, *as* (merely) empirically-materially destroyed and unavailable. Only forgetting lays it down for nap.

This “intendability” is the “glue” that binds its faces into a “system.” Any Cartesian-atomic bubble-driven conception of the “subject” will only obscure the radical “publicity” of the “ideal.” Existence is transcendence is “projection” (beyond the ashes of the capsule-naut) of this eternally unfair maiden. See Keats’ “Ode To A Grecian Urn” for more detail.

*But ain’t this some kind of Platonism ?* Adjacent and akin, but this “world-constituting ideality” ain’t eternal or fixed but evolving and mutable and self-

referential.

If we lose the magic consciousness stuff, then “ideas” are not “mental.” They are the “discrete” that is always-already-imposed on the continuous. World is quasi-discretized-continuum, Brouwer’s psychedelic real numbers perhaps, with ideality functioning as its digitality. The “sensory presence” that is “articulated” by this ideality is of course the “continuous.”

But it should be stressed that such hylomorphism is a theoretical projection on what is basically a unity. Our evolving “constituting ideality” has just found a way to name itself, to point at itself. In a never-final way, given that we are stuck with hieroglyphs. Here I refer you to Derrida’s “White Mythology” — which the advanced reader will have assimilated while still in disposable plastic diapers.

The world is a system of “torrents,” and Things are systems of “faces” or (more technically correct and the official terminology of the Ontocubism Foundation) “moments.” These are torrents of situations to which objects contribute their moments.

Are torrents themselves “absolute” ? Are torrents themselves “constituted by ideality” ? *Must* we articulate the world in terms of such torrents or streams ? One thinks of Locke, who understood personhood in terms of memory. One remember the fragility and mortality of these reconfigured monads. Perhaps torrents aren’t “absolute.” If “from-a-point-of-view-ness” goes “all the way down,” then this may be “derivable” from the polyply infinitude of the object. Am I start-

ing to understand fucking Whitehead ? I'll soon be even more friendless than I've already managed to become.