

MONOTONOCUBISCUIT

Dear reader, if you for some reason want to grok ontopubism, *forget about “consciousness” versus some kind of “physicality” that it represents.*

As a first approximation, monotonocubism is a flavor of neutral monism. As a second approximation, it's a radical pluralism.

As far as I can make out, it is an object oriented ontology, but it has its own flavor. What might give it a whiff of idealism is its embrace of the “reality” of “ideas.” These “ideas” are not psychological, not “in” “subjects” *but between them.*

All intentional objects — including empirical objects — are “between” what you might call “us.”

“We” are, as “rational-linguistic subjects,” are “components” of a “Forum” that “precedes” us. In other words, “being-in” is “being-with-others” is “being-in-language” is “being-in-ideas.”

But such linguistic subjects are *themselves* transcendent-intentional objects. We find an expression of this, more or less, in Sartre's *Transcendence of the Ego*. “Absolute consciousness” is the “field of vision” and nothing *in* that “field.” Existence (the perspectival presence of world) “is” time, but not “physics’ time”, which is a “spatialization” of time.

What, we might ask, is this “field of vision” *apart from* the “visible”? What is presence apart from things which are present? A worthy question.

How do we learn to speak of this “field of vision” or “presence” in the first place? Things come and go, but the “now” of revelation tarries. Time is (the) no-thing. The indeterminate thing. The negation of all particular “content” of a “Now” that only thereby becomes accessible.

An object is a manifold of its moments. The ideal unity of its moments. The logical-temporal synthesis of these moments “into” a definite, enduring, interpersonal object.

The “depth” of the thing (object, entity) is the potential infinity of faces or moments that it “holds in reserve.” The “same” thing can come and go, show itself differently to him and her, show itself differently tomorrow than it did yesterday.

Is time conceptually accessible without the “idea” that glues the “moments” of an entity together? The “thing in itself” is indeed beyond any of its particular moments, but these moments are its genuine if always only partial presence.

Time is horizon. To grasp the moment of an entity *as* that entity is to grasp it as a partial showing, as one face among others of the entity. This “recognition” of the entity involves a “constituting ideality.” This “ideality” is the articulation of what is otherwise continuum. This ideality is an imposition of the discrete on the smooth and qualitative. Bite it like a false coin, you will not taste this ideality. We need not postulate a secret organ in the “mind.” It suffices to foreground the brute fact of this “legibility” of the world.

Reality needs no witness. In a certain sense, *things* are primary. “World” is primary. As a first approximation, we can think of the world as a plurality of “phenomenal streams” that are neither mind nor matter or even some neutral “stuff” but simply the perspectival “presencing” of an unbounded number of kinds of entities. In other words, each “Dasein” *is* time.

Time “uncovers” or “discloses.” Now this face of this entity, not that face of that entity. Recognized as this entity and then that. Time is world. Time is the “variable moment,” everything and nothing. Time is *horizontal* perspectival presence. Our “Now” is not punctiform but stretched.

As a first approximation a system of torrents of naked reality. But what gives these torrents their unity ? The idea, of course. We *intend* the “stream of consciousness” of a person who endures changes. Identity is presupposed in change. We can see how intimately time and being must be related. Time is revealed by being, revealed by the “idea” that “constructs” from moments that thing which is the manifold of such moments. Being is idea. Being is ideal.

The world is of course not *only* its speakable articulation. It is a “sensual plenum” addressable thereby. Blare of horns, the blue of the bluest eyes in Texas. The agony of a rotten tooth. The ecstasy of copulation. The *beauty* of a face. “It values.” The “value” or “beauty” is in the object, not in a subject that has been “emptied” or turned inside out like a sock.