

I totally agree. We are “holes”, you might say. Peep-holes. Fields of vision, not the visible itself. And yet not other than the visible. Rather its flow. We are *time*.

I’m pretty amazed to find someone on this page with me.

*I exist as my wife over there on the bed just the same as I exist in this chair, because “her” absence is absolutely identical to “mine”.*

That same idea is what I’m trying to get at by describing objects as “scattered” over a “system of torrents.” My being is scattered among the torrents of others. As you say, we (as perspectival presence or “nothingness”) *are* the chair, the spouse, the concept of justice. But these “torrents” are “fictions” in a certain sense. They are *themselves* “constituted by ideality.” One could even make entities and their moments fundamental. A torrent is a polyphony or continuum of such moments. One more manifold of moments among all the others. A way of organizing moments. So this “phenomenalism” (which might sound like idealism) is also (surprisingly) an object oriented ontology.

*But, like barbershop mirrors creating an optical illusion of infinite barbershops, the act of absence looking at absence creates and reifies the apparent existence of infinite so-called personal continuums, and the rudimentary existence of a kind of “logic” or “description-base of interdependent relationship.” The presence of the world, the presence of objects and their relationships, is in this way a kind of optical illusion or hallucination.*

I completely relate, and this reminds me of “dependent origination.” Semantic holism. Inferentialism. *Ontological* rationalism. What I like about the term “phenomenalism” (and the related “immaterialism”) is the way it captures the philosopher’s sense that all is dreamlike. Schopenhauer has a great line on. Whoever hasn’t had a sense of this dreamlikeness is not a born philosopher.

I got this line I like. Time is the nothing on which entities are projected. Time unveils only by veiling. To see one side is to not see the other. No complete substantiality is possible. Nothing is perfectly and finally there. “All is vanity.” All is HEVEL. A fascinating Hebrew word, meaning breath or vapor. But already richly metaphorical. The meaning of HEVEL itself has no center. HEVEL is also HEVEL. We are the “circuminsubstantial” protagonist of Finnegans Wake. Even the hero comes in aspects, comes in spurts. Falling to rise and rising to fall. A face from the ancient gallery. The world is a mighty wheel. A breathflower skinwheel.

*When I look at my absence, the presence of her fills the gap. When she looks at her absence, the presence of Simon fills the gap. Absence is what ultimately links us, what ultimately creates us. Love, real love, the kind of love that Rumi talks about, is the purest and most honest admission of the absence of oneself.*

Damn. You nailed it. As you say, as “nothingness” we create one another’s somethingness. The empirical subject lives by the grace of the various ontological

subjects that aren't really subjects but the perspectival presence of the world. I haven't read Rumi, but what you write echoes Schopenhauer. He thinks ethics is ultimately based on an intuitive overcoming of the illusion of separateness, the delusion of personality. I think we agree that it has a virtual reality. But what we are doing now, in my view, is articulating a theoretical distance from this virtual-symbolic and mortal-flesh personal ego. Interesting to me that a very "secular" empiricist like Ernst Mach expressed nonduality and the overcoming of the mortal ego in a book on the science of sensation. He basically thought that are valuable "substance" was inherently universal and transpersonal. Though this journey in the flesh gives us the drama of waking up. Hegel has a brilliant passage on this in the aesthetics. And this goes back to Pythagoras and Plato. Philosophy remembers the future. Bergson or someone said that.

*Trying to protect myself is to project myself, to establish the boundaries I have habituated to since indoctrination is to project those boundaries*

I agree. This connects to my recent claim that angels only come with wet wings. As incarnate beings, avatars of the "Darwinian nightmare," prisoners of "Moloch" as a personification of crooked incentive structures, we are caught between planes. This indoctrination, the technology of selfhood itself, is a stubborn meme. Which I don't think we can do without as a species. I like the metaphor of "black flower" for a transcendence that is always rooted in a world that it depends on. One can think of "gnosis" (or

whatever you want to call it) as a counter-meme to selfhood, dependent on what it transcends. You might imagine that the completely selfless would fade away, be “eaten” by a hungry world. A certain sane selfishness, hopefully sublimated, seems like a necessary compromise. Wise as a serpent, gentle as a dove. (I’m pretty fascinated by gnosticism.)

*Absence is the hole which accommodates the “filling in” of the world. When I peer into the hole, all I find is the presence of the world. When I peer into the presence of the world, all I find is the hole.*

That’s a great expression of a profound idea. Presence is “nothing but” the present. Or rather the present *and* its negation. That which is present can be grasped as projected on the “nothingness of time.”

Very fascinating how all of this ties into ideality and negation. I’m starting to think that much of this was already in Plato. But we inherited indirect dualism — the idea of consciousness as *other than* the world — which obscures this. So we think that idea is merely psychological. In the skull.

Well this is so long that I should stop there.