

NOTES FROM T. SCHUMPF

1

It all lives together in a clump what I'd like to say. This'll be a jazzy Joyce/Kerouac spiel.

2

For time to reveal it must also conceal. At the same "time." The spotlight must choose. No foreground without background. This aspect occludes all the others. The thing hides behind itself. Logically unified as a set of actual and possible aspects, it needs time to show this side then that one. This is equivalent to the nondual-neutral phenomenal stream *being* a stream in the first place. Different "aspects" of the same fundamental situation. Existence as time as the "nothingness" (and the "being") of every entity. Time as the *variable* being-entity-thing-existent. The stretched "present" (temporal and spatial) is the x takes many values. Aspects of entities, more typically grasped as the entity. For to grasp the entity as such is to thematize and foreground it, so that *it* is now itself an entity with its *own* aspects. Aspects of aspects. A whole can be a part can be a whole, as we zoom in and out.

3

To grasp the entity as such is a "logical" operation. Logic is trans-fucking-personal. Fundamentally inter-personal, sub-personal. Being-with-others is not two stones sit side by side. I who speak. I who think. In a language not my own. Softwhere I inherit. Soft-*where* as in soft (dis-)location. I who speak as speaker am softwhere being-with-others. I run the OS of my

tribe. Form of life. *Geist*. Inferential semantic norms. The ontological horizon. My phrase. And an example of how the thin client, the individual person, can mutate “its” inherited operating system. Crowd-sourced. Download and upload. Mostly download. Mostly play along as the Anyone or “who of everyday there-being.” Mostly run the familiar loops. Soak in the lazy sedimented pre-interpretation of being here. What everybody knows. And for just that reason don’t know. Stochastic parrots. Proximally and for the most part we are bots.

4

The “foolishness” of “ontology.” Ontology as art. As sculpture. As elucidation for the hell of it. Virtue as its own reward. Style. A firm grip on the lang wrench. To know what one is talking about. Not ever finally and exactly. But more than before, and more than those without the drive to get things right. Neurotic sensitivity to handwaving fuzzplay. The enemy is our old friend sophistry. Oozing forth from the mouth of politicians. From publish-or-perish posturing. That atrocious “pomo” doubleplusgoodspeak. Which is not to say that Derrida or Deleuze or who-the-fuck-ever is worthless. But what some can pull off is sometimes imitating at the level of surface or style. Lacking the insight that encourages the shrewd reader to tolerate the indulgence.

5

The ontological forum. A frays that have never been undered before. My yet unrecognized I-hope-it’s-a-contribution. The gist of a time-binding rational tradition. Or its core or the condition of its possibility. A minimal concept of the world which is radically *and tacitly* presupposed. Tacitly. Which is how so much

confused and hopeless ontology is possible. The kind that does not appropriate its own initial situation. The affirmation prior to the question. Any question. The affirmation prior to any negation. That one can mean, intend, signify. About something in the world. About the world itself as a whole. A world in common. A world with the others. Primordial being with. I'm more we than me. My me is built on the chassis of a we. Feuerbach's demystified Hegel. The individual thinker as thinker is only barely individual. Running of course that speech-enabling inherited softwhere. An agent of Geist. Thin clients all. If you see it, you won't forget. And you'll tragically find it hard to show to others. They sleep in inherited representationalism. The weak (or just green) foolosophers. Your fellow ontologists, weak in their kung fu at that time. Like I was. Like all of us who drink from the zeitgeist. Who start with the default buggy code of a not-yet-updated OS. Mostly we are bots. Stochastic parrots. Heidegger articulated it. That we in our average mob mentality were already AI. And he got it from Kierkegaard. Who got it elsewhere. An example of the workings of geist. Download, modify, upload-inscribe. Or look at Kojeve/Hegel. We have to liquify the substance. Internalize a pile of dead metaphors. Heat up the wax.