

## 1

Things are “shattered.” Things, entities, beings. All are broken and scattered. As the forest to its trees, the thing to its aspects or moments.

## 2

A thing of this world appears (sometimes) in the same phenomenal stream more than once, each time different. I see the same pretty girl on the bus, on Tuesdays perhaps. But I don't even think about her until she's there again, always different and yet understood to be the same. Which is the real girl? Today's girl, last Tuesday's girl, or next Tuesday's girl, if she manages to arrive? All of them, and therefore none of them. And we do not know the future. And (no small thing) the girl exists for others too, for some of them in a much more intense and familiar way. To me she is a stranger on the bus. To her mother something much more.

## 3

I might also talk about a Volvo I used to own. It's long gone now, but I can still intend it. It exists at least as this remembered Volvo that I can summon to mind, reason about, use in an informal essay about the shattered way in which things exist. I remember picking up friends in the rain once in my old blue Volvo. No longer friends. Haven't seen them for years. Old enough to accept that I may never see them again. And that “time is the fire in which we burn.” Look back and you turn to salt.

## 4

I intend the thing, discuss it, draw a picture of it. It is that enduring thing, which is also that same enduring thing for others, that I can somehow repeatedly intend. That's just how it is. A basic feature of human life. This ability to mean the enduring object, to unify all the ways that object has and may yet appear or be of use. I still have (almost by chance) the first tool I remember owning. A large, heavy adjustable wrench. A gift from the old man. Didn't care much to play handyman at the time, but I like the shape of it, the idea of it, in the enduring, heavy steel. Every so often I see the same old wrench, next to different tools maybe, but definitely in a different life context. It never means the same thing twice. But it's always the same thing that doesn't mean in the same way, except in this sense of pure recognition. That's the wrench, the one you've had forever. And know you've somehow even been using it for more a decade, to fix that annoying leaking faucet.

## 5

Confession: I made that wrench up. I do have an adjustable wrench, but I bought it myself. But that imaginary wrench, the one in that story, has its own kind of transcendent being. Perhaps I'll mention it again. If anyone reads about it, that

wrench will have a specific identity. Simply because they can refer to it, grasp it logically, it is already beyond them. Already communicable, out there in the world, with faces that it gives to others but not me or you.

## 6

The spatial object (like the wrench) shows different aspects, facets, faces. Depending on the light, the relative position of the eyes that see it. And of course it's an entire person who sees, an entire personality, bringing all of their experience so far to bear on the perception of this adjustable wrench, which is perhaps on the kitchen counter next to an apple, shiny and red, the kind that teachers get in old television shows. The real object, the actual wrench, is not hidden behind this appearance of the wrench. It looks about 4 feet away. But I can step closer, the wrench "looks" bigger. Another appearance. But not a representation. When the rock star appears in concert, that's not a representation. They are truly there. It's an appearance. That's how it is with other things too.

## 7

As the forest is not hidden from us by the trees, the object is not hidden from us by its various appearances. Of course the forest is given to us by the trees. Yet one tree does indeed conceal another. And the object can't show all of its faces at once. The coin can't show both of its faces at once. One face occludes the other. Time is necessary for the thing to show itself in more detail. Memory accumulates in its strange, virtual way, the moments of the object so far. The same specifying intentional core of concept grips the object, so that it *is* **the** object, but its meaning for us is widened and deepened, as we accumulate memories of its expressed moments. The same girl we married then is our wife of twenty years now.

## 8

The thing is the logical-intentional unity of its moments. It shows itself "over" time, against the background or horizon of time. Temporal shattering. Time is prior to beings. Perhaps, as some have said, time "is" being. Time always hides and reveals things simultaneously. Which is another way to say that things in their "transcendence" "refuse" to show themselves all at once. That's just the way it is. The point is not to explain this but just to bring it forward, to see it and point it out, this relationship between beings and time.

## 9

But the thing also shows itself to others and not just me. The object is the interpersonal synthesis of the moments it scatters over many phenomenal streams. The meat loaf for me. The meat loaf for you, her, and for everyone at the dinner. Or the televised speech of the controversial politician. There is no real speech, no speech behind all the

many experiencing of the speeches. Even the politician who gave it is merely another witness, another stream over which that speech was scattered.

## 10

All rationality depends on us being in this world together and being able to talk about **the same things**. The transcendence of the “logically intended” is not a hypothesis. It’s the logic we live in. To deny it is a performative contradiction. For one needs genuine reference in order to affirm or deny. One

## 11

So the object is a temporal and interpersonal synthesis of its moments. These moments are facets, aspects, appearings. And all of these synonyms are themselves an attempt to hint at an idea that organizes and animates their use. This idea is not behind all of these metaphors. But none of these metaphors exhaust the idea. Perhaps “moment” is the best term for expressing the temporal shattering of every type of object. But aspect was the metaphor that led me in to the idea. The spatial object and its aspects works as an analogy for the object in general and its moments.