

death? Conception, rather than the transformation of the light that enters the eye into energy that is transmitted to the brain, instead finds its proper meaning as the re-birth into truth, a truth situated in an eternity beyond appearances, in the *One*, that is always mirrored at least twice, once by the god himself and once more by the philosopher or 'his' apprentice. Let us dare to question this image of philosophy, using the reflected light of the moon and let us conceive of a second image of philosophy, not an imitation but a transformation of the material and natural elements, an image more difficult to obtain. So much has been lost, so much appropriated. The pre-Hellenic Pelasgian account of creation survives only in the most fragmented manner, but the standard interpretation of even these fragments overlooks the wide-wandering goddess Eurynome and seeks to establish the patrimony of her creation Ophion. His eventual banishment by the Goddess does not prevent the resurrection of his myth. In the tales of men, Kore is abducted. How else to fill life with shadows? But what if what happened in Eleusis was the separation and reunion of the dual goddess Demeter-Kore? Thus, Kore is the reflected light of Demeter, and Demeter is the life-giving light, the photon whose energy is transmitted in diffracted light rays. Demeter-Kore is the story of the reflected, refracted and diffracted energy of that light, wandering in the world, transmitting its energy. In this cosmos, Kore returns from darkness to her origins, light and energy are conserved. So, let us be skeptical of the philosopher, for whom Demeter-Kore is the origin of the philosophical receptacle of all becoming, the wet-nurse of the cosmos. Let us instead propose, imagine, theorize that the Goddess and Demeter-Kore are themselves concepts, concepts that constitute a first philosophy, a description of the nature of reality and of its creative structure. Let us not forget that energy is not lost, that light is absorbed and emitted, that sensation comes to sensibility from out of the past. And let us consider this new image of philosophy.

### Notes

1. See the excellent online entry by Marc Foglia, Université de Paris I/Sorbonne, at Marc Foglia, 'Michel de Montaigne', *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (Fall 2004 Edition), ed. Edward N. Zalta, <http://plato.stanford.edu/archives/fall2004/entries/montaigne/>.
2. Eric W. Weisstein, 'Torque', *Eric Weisstein's World of Physics*, <http://scienceworld.wolfram.com/physics/Torque.html>. Wolfram is the producer of the software 'Mathematica.'

## Philosophy and the Limits of Difference

### *What the ears hear*

A story-teller tells a tale. We hear it, fascinated or irritated, completely in agreement or completely in disagreement. Either way, it is a question of what the ears hear.

Summoned to lay down the rules for the foundation of Perinthia, the astronomers established the place and the day according to the position of the stars; they drew the intersecting lines of the decumanus and the cardo, the first oriented to the passage of the sun and the other like the axis on which the heavens turn. They divided the map according to the twelve houses of the zodiac so that each temple and each neighborhood would receive the proper influence of the favoring constellations; they fixed the point in the walls where the gates should be cut, foreseeing how each would frame an eclipse of the moon in the next thousand years. Perinthia – they guaranteed – would reflect the harmony of the firmament; nature's reason and the gods' benevolence would shape the inhabitants' destinies.

Following the astronomers' calculations precisely, Perinthia was constructed; various peoples came to populate it; the first generation born in Perinthia began to grow within its walls; and these citizens reached the age to marry and have children.

In Perinthia's streets and square today you encounter cripples, dwarfs, hunchbacks, obese men and bearded women. But the worst cannot be seen; guttural howls are heard from cellars and lofts, where families hide children with three heads or with six legs.

Perinthia's astronomers are faced with a difficult choice. Either they must admit that all their calculations were wrong and their figures are unable to describe the heavens, or else they must reveal that the order of the gods is reflected exactly in the city of monsters.<sup>1</sup>

The Great Khan remains suspicious of the many tales of many cities recounted to him by Marco Polo. He asks the explorer if he will repeat these same tales to people in the West upon his return there. The explorer replies calmly that 'the listener retains only the words he is expecting . . . It is not the voice that commands the story: it is the ear.'<sup>2</sup> What the ears hear, what the eyes see, what the

skin touches, what the tongue tastes, what the nose smells, what each sensory organ expects is what each commands; what is it that the senses independently and *in common* expect and command? What was commanded for the rules of the foundations of Perinthia, whose very name alludes to an intimate, if not obscene feature of the body? Was it the projections of the astronomers or the monstrous order of the gods? Was it the fixed point in the walls where the gates should be cut or the cripples, dwarfs, hunchbacks, obese men and bearded women? What was said of Perinthia is that its rules of foundation would give way to a city that reflects the harmony of the firmament; that nature's reason and the gods' benevolence would shape the inhabitants' destinies. Harmony, reason and justice would prevail. But this assumes many things. It assumes that the state of affairs external to the calculations, to which the calculations refer, is coherent; it assumes that reflection is real, that nature's reason is amenable to human calculation. It assumes that the calculations of the astronomers are not other than those of the gods, that the monstrous offspring of the city are not themselves the inevitable progeny of harmony, reason, and justice. What it does not assume, what it does not take into account is the idea that these assumptions are a view of the world. This view, in accordance with common sense, is a view long in decline. The astronomers' ideas appear to us more and more to be the remnants of a faded dream, so more and more we abandon them as the fairy tales of a worn-out logic, no longer operating anywhere in the universe, no longer aspects of our past, no longer prospects of our present.<sup>3</sup> Such calculations, we believe, have failed to be adequately universal or perhaps they were misapplied, mistakenly referred to a scale in which their effects could only be disastrous.

We, like the Great Khan, assume that the world can be known, that we are capable of thinking the world. Relying on his extensive atlases with their renderings of countries and continents, the Emperor charts the world. In accordance with common sense, he concludes that our senses and reason provide us with knowledge of species or beings. He believes in the fundamental rightness of determining their identity in a genus through the opposition of predicates, and of substantiating that identity through the judgment of analogy with other genera which are themselves grounded in resemblance through perception.<sup>4</sup> *On the other hand*, in accordance with our own good sense, we believe that our observations and expectations correspond to the real. But insofar as we continue blindly to affirm identity, opposition, analogy, and

resemblance, insofar as we complacently await the equalization of all inequalities, then, along with the astronomers of Perinthia, we may be viewed as little different from the uneducated simpletons of Plato's *Republic* who believe that sight is in the eyes. For, as the philosophers proclaim,

'sight may be in the eyes, and the man who has it may try to use it, and colors may be present in the objects, but unless a third kind of thing is present, which is by nature designed for this very purpose, you know that sight will see nothing and colors remain unseen. – What is this third kind of thing? What you call light.'<sup>5</sup>

The philosophers know that it is the sun that causes the light, that causes sight to see and causes the objects to be seen. And the sun itself is caused by the Good, it is begotten as analogous to the Good, but in the world of sight and things seen. Thus when we conclude that identity, opposition, analogy and resemblance still operate as the conditions of knowledge, we may be seen as turning our eyes to objects whose colors are viewed in the dimness of night; when the vision is obscured and the eyes are nearly blind, clear vision is lost.

Yet, it might be argued that identity, opposition, analogy and resemblance, along with the habituation that makes the future more like the past, and so apparently more and more truthful, remain useful in some limited contexts. Perhaps as forms of distribution, these categories still orient limited spheres of life and thought, whether those of recognition or those of prediction. Beyond this, they provide the occasion to formulate eccentric thoughts by means of their perversion or distortion.<sup>6</sup> Already for Plato, sight and things seen, hearing and sound, touch and things felt, taste and things tasted, smell and odors, all the senses are said to need a third element to see, hear, touch, taste and smell, in the absence of which, eyes, ears, skin, tongue, and nose are nothing. Often we do not even begin to understand the series of relations that condition our sensibilities, our perceptions, our knowledge, our thoughts and acts. If, however, we have already called our common sense and good sense into question, if we have found ourselves enfolded within a new structure, a structure characterized by discordant harmony, the open-ended interplay of the faculties that provides a solution to problems posed as *Ideas*, when the being of the sensible perplexes the soul and forces it to pose a problem, then we think we have moved beyond the dimness of the night, the coarse operations and categories yielding prediction and recognition, good sense and common sense.<sup>7</sup>

So it seems that the failure, the incoherence or insufficiency of the ancient rules has exposed an exquisite opportunity, one that allows other concepts, other structures, to be entertained. The common sense of the astronomers has long since given way to the good sense of the philosophers. Overwhelmingly, the good sense view has been that, given a world 'endowed . . . at the creation with a store of energy . . . that divine gift would persist for eternity, while the ephemeral forces danced to the music of time and spun the transitory phenomena of the world.'<sup>8</sup> By this means, a new set of calculations, a new point of view came to dominate the philosophers' rules. The principle at stake here is one which avows that the total quantity of energy in nature is unchanged as its distribution changes irreversibly. In society as in nature, the point would be to maintain the minimum of rules, the simple acceptance that jostling atoms pass on their energy at random, purposelessly tending toward uniformity, equal distribution under the laws of nature. When a great deal of energy is stored in one segment of the society or in one part of the universe, then allowed to wander aimlessly through the system, the energy will spread uniformly throughout, reaching, finally, a uniform distribution, a steady state. In spite of the fact that throughout the system there will continue to be areas where energy accumulates, where individual atoms are not evenly distributed and inequalities proliferate, for the observer possessing good sense, an observer far enough removed from particular segments, the system uncontroversially reaches a steady state, a uniform distribution.<sup>9</sup> In principle, inequality disappears, differences are canceled in a process of self-negation, and in place of Perinthia, with its ancient ideals, we have built Los Angeles, the expression of the ideology of the middle classes.<sup>10</sup>

But now, another point of view is emerging into the present out of the past as common sense and good sense are melting into a groundless ground, the depthless depth, the extensive magnitude, the space as a whole, the manifold that rules over all, the inexplicable at the heart of thought.<sup>11</sup> So we are driven by a kind of desperate necessity into the unequal, the affirmation of difference, and implication, 'the perfectly determined form of being.'<sup>12</sup> 'What if?' we ask, over and over, each time with a different emphasis, a different vocal intonation, a different cadence; what if there is a world only insofar as the calculations which form it are inexact and unjust and the world is ineluctably the remainder of those calculations, the *perineum*? What if every phenomenon refers, not to an ordered set of calculations whose outcomes are knowable in advance, but to an infinite disparity, the sufficient

reason of *all* phenomena.<sup>13</sup> Or, what if the world were still differently ordered or its ordering changes in ways which can be theorized but whose actualization is unknown and remains unknowable in any current terms, or if the only terms in which it can be accounted for are those of a vast number of Marco Polos (or Markopoulous), each of whom has her own ontological unconscious, her own constantly changing journey of subtle influences that modulate and modify, informing her receptivity, illuminating her cognition, inciting her actions?<sup>14</sup> What if the world is the result of some spatial and temporal contingency in which what is neither true nor false today only becomes true or false tomorrow, or some time after tomorrow, or never? If this were to be the case, then certainly the carefully constructed categories of good sense ('on the one hand,' this, this and this are current states of affairs, but on the other hand, only 'that' results) as well as the resemblances and representations given by and for our perceptions and cognitions leading to actions would be as little reliable as the astronomers' calculations. Perhaps also, the reason of the sensible, the condition of that which appears, that which is not space and time, but which determines the indeterminate object as this or that and individualizes a self situated among objects, perhaps this reason too has its limits.<sup>15</sup>

We have, in the past, relied on recognition to make the world intelligible to us for the sake of thought and action; we have defended equilibrium as the law of harmony, reason and justice, and now, we presume the problematics of the Idea will provide us a place among the astronomers. Given the unfailing usefulness, the explanatory power of these systems whether those of recognition and habituation or that of faculties and Ideas, how is it possible that we could be mistaken? In fact, we are not mistaken insofar as we place ourselves on a plane of consistency, where every system-series of heterogeneous and coupled concepts manifests the problems its components were created to resolve. But to cling desperately to modes of thinking whose philosophical intuition has long ago evaporated or to embrace a single structure as if it were the final power, the last limit, unable to be overtaken by any other point of view, or more provocatively, unable to be connected to other structures which lie on its boundaries, is to cease traveling, to stay in the same city, the same house, the same room.<sup>16</sup> Thus, if what is yet unknown, what is completely unexpected, were ever to be able to take form, to emerge as the creation of a new perspective, an unforeseen aspect that is frightening and shocking or fascinating and beautiful, we would have to venture to risk vulnerability,

for the sake of musing and imagining, interpreting and illustrating concepts and realities whose scales are not univocal, whose reach may not be that of the gods, but which nonetheless are constructed as something new.<sup>17</sup> Like the explorer, we would have to ceaselessly visit new cities, but also, ceaselessly stray, distracted and diverted from the very rules that bring us there, impressionable and supple, tractable and pliant to every touch, taste, scent, sight and sound. And each and every telling of tales would have to be attentive to the manner in which every site endlessly makes and remakes itself and us.

Such precautions may not yet be enough to calm the authority of the discursive intellect, whose power to know through reasoning, discussion, internal debate, dialectic experimentation, deduction, language or proof constantly threatens to silence any more immediate apprehensions or intuitions.<sup>18</sup> Nor can we be complacent about self-referential, non-discursive concepts whose consistency, intensive ordinates and resonances with other concepts seems to guarantee an endless becoming in relation to all concepts situated on the same plane. For if we pay attention, we see that every system of thought has its limits, it is simply a matter of time.<sup>19</sup> If to seek rational explanations means to think and speak in terms of known discourses that can be generalized and universally applied according to the accepted rules of pure intelligibility, binary logic, the transcendental or transcendent thinking subject, dialectics, historicism or universal rational communication, to name only some, then the force at work in reason is much less thought than it is repetition. In our quest to evade such repetition, perhaps it is necessary to try everything new. But can we confidently situate ourselves in our travels by grasping the Idea of the world? Not simply the Idea as the unconditioned cause of continuity, but instead, the Idea as the universal for individuals, the continuum in which Ideas are differentiated, that refers to the annihilation of objects of intuition and concepts of the understanding in favor of the universal and its differentiable appearance? For even these new worlds, these new Ideas may likewise turn out to be structures operating in some of our wanderings, but not necessarily in all. In short, not confidence but fragility, not conviction but sensibility may be our guide.<sup>20</sup> Even non-discursive concepts are able to be enunciated; created, signed, performed by conceptual personae whose power and force is commensurate with the power and force of the concept they wield. Do you long for the power of a concept of self? Simply repeat after me, 'I think, therefore I am,' and all the doubting, thinking and being of the *cogito* are yours, your persona.<sup>21</sup> Given the multitude of

forces at work, each ready to claim sovereignty, we might have to embark on a more hazardous outing, another spin through the world which puts philosophical intuition into play and which recalls us to our finitude in order to construct logics and languages influenced by the unperceived, unknown past that nonetheless inhabits us, like light rays diffracting into spectra.

The citizens of Perinthia conceal their hideous offspring. Having constructed a city, a world, a plane of consistency which maddeningly fails to manifest its anticipated outcomes, the citizens are incapable of altering their assumptions. They do not acknowledge the varieties of individuals, the random effects of their reasonings, so alien, so arbitrary as to lack consistency sufficient to form species. The explorer is so little surprised by this that he does not comment. Weathered, in his travels, by the profusion of landscapes and domiciles, creatures of the land and sea, vocal articulations and tones, physiologies and physiognomies, epidermal textures and tints, and odors, redolent or rank, the explorer intimates that on the other side of the astronomer's assumptions lies the realm of the insensible, the unthought, the zones of indetermination, the constructions and structures of relations that give rise to unfamiliar scenes through absolute points of view. And while it may be the case that each sensory organ is simply a habit, a slow-down, assembled on the body in response to claims arising from the milieu, nonetheless, it may also be the case that each of these habits – not only every ear, but every eye, skin, tongue and nose – may in the end uniquely command a different story, but only insofar as all of them are themselves elements of a one-way arrangement, structured by contingencies, causal influences which are possible from their point of view. Of course, we readers and travelers have expectations. We may ask for the story of all stories, the One story that anticipates and accommodates all stories, those known and those yet unknown, in which case each story is discredited as it bleeds into the next, truer story. Or, we may revel in the story-teller who synthesizes one story into the next by a magical process of cancellation and redemption. Or, we may request a universal story, but one that would be spoken differently in every expression, always another language, location, time, always new characters, unanticipated circumstances altering in relation to one another, forming and deforming at infinite speeds to accommodate a seeming infinity of points.

But is there a philosophical intuition which allows the traveler to exist in a universe where each story begins with some unique

yet interconnected duration, a perspective constantly altered by the intimations of light, outside of which no transmittal of information is possible, but whose very limitations provoke a dazzling, radiant and resplendent sensibility? In this proximity, it is certainly the case that discontinuity guides behavior; infinite speeds are unreachable and smooth space-time breaks apart. In return, spatio-temporalization reappears, photons traveling from near and far make of every state a view of the universe, a chance to gaze but briefly from a past into a present constantly altering with every new influence. In this glance, the future cannot be predicted, and intensive processes as much as intensive relations take on the appearance of icebergs, frozen in space-time. In this glance, we are invited to peer into the past, a past that has never been present, as the discrete interactions between past states may influence a present 'now' or later or not at all in relation to whatever other states they influence or are influenced by along the way.<sup>22</sup> Is it possible to become, in this duration, like the traveler who arrives so late at night that she forgets not only where she is but who she is and how she arrived there, who falls asleep in one world and wakes up on a newly forming earth, a discrete space and time, a view of the universe never previously intuited, never anticipated in perception, never analogous to any experience, and never before postulated by thought, but which initiates a life, a milieu, a point of view?<sup>23</sup> Is it possible to open one's ears, eyes, skin, tongue and nose to a series of innermost, insensible conditions that are neither expectations nor commands but are indistinguishable from the dreams, pathological processes, esoteric experiences, drunkenness and excess of the night before?<sup>24</sup> The Idea of Perinthia, expected and commanded, friend to the Ideas of truth, harmony, reason, nature and justice, and to the Idea of philosophy, forecloses such a principle of adventure, advising against it, fearing its pathology, its deviance from known laws and postulated principles. This makes the bizarre effects of the astronomers' calculations all the more bewildering. The astronomers pose a problem, they set the faculties in motion; out of what they trust to be the determinacy of existing conditions, they project a set of determinate expressions for Perinthia believing that they have posed a true problem. Likewise, if we philosophers pose a problem, if we set the faculties in motion, and if this problem is an Idea in which difference is thought in place of contradiction in order to overcome the concept-intuition duality, then perhaps we too have posed a true problem. If posing this problem allows us to pass the other side of the mirror, if something has been *created*, something whose source is outside of reason and also, outside

the empirical field, do we nonetheless assume that this is the mirror of all mirrors, the only beyond, the only thought?<sup>25</sup>

In the midst of all these efforts, what light brings to us might be a completely different kind of problem. It is a problem that might arise if there exists a sensibility whose processes are so finely scaled that they cannot be said to constitute faculties; a sensitivity for which concepts that force even unfinished faculties to their limits may be tantamount to habituation or worse, to capture, to inescapable tedium. Be careful! Even the free play of faculties may result in an axiomatic whose abridgment of all order and organization defies fixed modes of being but whose absolute reduction of all semiotic systems to zero manifests itself overwhelmingly in the sublime Idea, the defeat and destruction of the very vulnerabilities that gave it birth. We have been looking for an Idea of difference according to which difference *gives* the world, distributes the world as diverse rather than as reflection, resemblance, representation, habituation, identity or as equal, but also an Idea of difference whose transcendent function, whose power to force thought to problematize does not in the end obscure the myriad durations and minute sensibilities that first gave rise to it, obliterating their infinitesimal influences, victim to the power of the superior force of the differential continuum. 'Difference,' 'diverse': if these are not just words, they must be shown to be concepts resonating in the world, inhabiting systems and milieus, space and time, actualizing what is obscure, including those states incapable of being expressed in a differentiating continuum.

The concern here is with the origin and efficacy of concepts. The concern is with the neglect of tiny, discrete relations in favor of smooth continuities; but also, and in a preliminary manner, the concern here is with the repudiation of the conceptual and effective slow-down and of sensible vulnerabilities in favor of infinite speeds, the motion of faculties and the Idea which drives them in the production of concepts. We might attend then, not only to the extent to which concepts are efficacious but, more crucially, to the manner in which they intervene in the world. On the one hand, we have come to accept that if what is given, created or evolved is *diverse*, producing what is expected or commanded would appear to be increasingly uncertain. But beyond this, we might also consider the effects of any newly proposed structure which claims universality.

In the progressive determination of the conditions, we must, in effect, discover the adjunctions which complete the initial field of the problem as such – in other words, the varieties of the multiplicity in *all* its dimensions,

the fragments of the ideal future or past events which, by the same token render the problem solvable; and we must establish the modality in which these enclose or are connected with the initial field [and] . . . we must condense *all* the singularities, precipitate *all* the circumstances, points of fusion, congelation or condensation in a *sublime* occasion, *Kairos*, making of the solution some abrupt, brutal and revolutionary explosion.<sup>26</sup>

Given this prescription, perhaps we could ask in what manner this differs from what we have always, already done in the past?

It has become commonplace for us to argue that if what is given, created or evolved is *diverse*, then the attempt to guarantee resemblance or reflection is doomed, and the drive to construct identities and equalities may just as likely end in a world or a city of terrifyingly deformed inhabitants who can never measure up to the Idea. Moreover, if what is given, created or evolved is *diverse*, the methodology of expectation and command – which is to say, the rational process of producing the diverse as identical and equalizing the otherwise unequal – stands opposed to the apparently irrational and reviles it even though it is nothing more than the resistance of the diverse to the identifying and equalizing processes of nature and reason.<sup>27</sup> Thus the unequal necessarily appears monstrous and the unorganized, a nightmare. By means of commands and the emerging resistance to those commands, we arrive at an entirely false problem according to which the diverse appears to be utterly irrational and unintelligible while that which looks identical or equal is commonly accepted as the very definition of the rational and the intelligible. Not only do expectation and command, identity and equality confirm and so define the rational, they are given near universal respect as commensurate with what is harmonious, just, good and true. This would be the case no matter what the concept is. We have seen again and again how the drive to identify, to equalize, distorts even the most nomadic concepts. Yet, there are always new demands, demands that might be more terrifying than the old demands. There might be new demands that the limited relations between states and their alterations, which together construct an ever-changing point of view, be foregone so that all may enter into the indeterminate Idea, celebrate its *n*-dimensions consisting of variables or coordinates, maximize its continuities, the sets of relations between changes in variables, and become defined as elements, effects of sets of relations, which do not change until the Idea itself alters its order and metric, until a new Idea, a new problem is posed.<sup>28</sup> It remains to be seen if this force, so new, so unanticipated, is as powerful as the previous ones.

### Vulnerable sensibilities

There are many questions to be sorted through here. Let us attempt to work our way through some problems, beginning with the problem provisionally described as that of constructing anything; the problem which mathematicians might take to be a version of 'projection.' I am suggesting that although the conception of the problematic Idea that undergoes continuous differentiation/differenciation is a conception that undermines the recognition, representation, habituation, equalization nexus of classical, modern thought, replacing it with the Idea of difference and the diverse, it may nonetheless do damage to conceptions of receptivity and interactive networks, particularly where these operate on a micro-scale and particularly where they address questions of spatio-temporalization. In responding to this new interest, that of vulnerable sensibilities, the first question might be something like, what do we mean by extreme vulnerability? There are *many* ways to address this question, but since we have cast this problem in the realm of the coarse and habituated senses, the ears, eyes, skin, tongue and nose, let us begin with sensibility. What, after all, are the ears, the eyes, the skin, the tongue, the nose? They are, apparently, habits which form on the body to enable various creatures (including humans) to function within their milieus. The senses are habits arising with the evolving needs and interests of unique creatures. Monera, spiders, fish, cats, primates, humans, each have evolved certain sensible habits that allow them to interact with and to survive in their environments and, without being subject to too much ridicule, perhaps the same can be said of all plants, of all strata, both organic and non-organic in the traditional sense. For creatures with sensibility, such habits are formed not only in the syntheses driven by what the senses perceive, for what interests the senses, what creatures attend to is already ordered to a great extent by previous syntheses, by previous relations in apparently unlimited differentiable processes. This is synthesis in the realm of physiological, chemical, biological or social processes, the multiple motions of every individual, since every component of every milieu is in motion and appears to influence other components through its motions.

Nevertheless, it has been argued that survival of the organism depends on a collection of biological processes that maintain the integrity of cells and tissues throughout its structure.<sup>29</sup> For example, biological processes such as respiration and feeding require oxygen and nutrients that rely on neural circuits to control reflexes, drives and

instincts, thus ensuring that respiration and feeding take place. Other neural circuits for drives and instincts are connected to fight or flight behaviors to avoid destruction by predators or adverse environmental conditions. Still other circuits are related to drives and instincts that help ensure procreation and care of offspring. Generally, drives and instincts are thought to operate either by directly generating a particular behavior or by inducing psychological states that produce behavior, mindless or otherwise. Virtually all such drive- and instinct-produced behaviors contribute to survival. This includes emotions and feelings which are powerful manifestations of drives and instincts, but only, it appears, insofar as drives and instincts are no less habits than ears and eyes, organized in relation to other elements of the milieu, even though emotions and feelings, unlike senses, are more likely to be the habits of individuals or groups of individuals in milieus rather than simply of groups evolving over long periods of time. Indications that such biological functioning is habitual lie in the notion that a significant change in the disposition controlling basic biological functions would be detrimental to the organism. Many dispositions operate at a covert level and are never directly knowable by the individual. Nonetheless, there are more overt behaviors which imply the existence of these others. Again, when some of these are called *instincts*, this may indicate not an innate drive but simply the *tendency* to organize in relatively invariable patterns whatever is at hand.<sup>30</sup> Instinctual regulation of functions such as nutrition or flight tend toward sustaining the body. It has been roughly described as government for the body and by the body, sensed and managed by the body's highly organized but differentiated processes. In humans, the systems regulating these processes can be triggered viscerally (from inside) by, for example, low blood sugar, from the milieu (outside) by any surprise, or from the so-called 'mental' inside through the realization of some impending state. Although many neurophysiologists claim that neural circuits operating these cycles constitute a *pre-organized mechanism*, in other words, a foundation which can then be tuned to the surroundings while the surroundings serve as a superstructure, it may well be the case that given the appropriate scale, everything is superstructure. The so-called foundation becomes a foundation when ordered by evolved relations, which in turn are forms or structures of behavior that organize themselves originally in individuals and groups involved in milieus.<sup>31</sup>

No matter how many connections and constantly changing relations are involved, if the regular connections of habituation were our only mode of organization, all living things could be assembled in relatively

invariant species and each species would be constructed along with senses and habitat in a manner that would be unfailingly uniform. The slightest alteration of conditions – if such an alteration were even possible – might well destroy everything.<sup>32</sup> But *difference* differentiates as an absolutely necessary solution to posing the problem in this manner, simultaneously producing altered milieus and altered individuals. The forms of expression and forms of substance of these types of structures depend on the ultimate determination of the differential elements of the milieu and on the type of relations between them which, as a whole, constitute a system of virtual relations that then are actualized, incarnated in organisms, according to determinations of species but also according to the differentiation of parts.<sup>33</sup> In this system of planes, self-constructing perspectives, like the irrational and the unequal in the system of identity, could never show themselves. How is it possible to claim that any sensibility can be a changeling, an intrinsically modifying point of view since it seems that ears, eyes, skin, tongue and nose are inescapably the limits of sensibility, that we do not sense sensibility yet sensibility performs sensation, so it is said to awaken memory and force thought? Drugs, alcohol, vertigo, the tools of sublimation convince us of this, carrying us to the *limit* of sensibility, beyond which the being of the sensible collapses, a snarling confusion, so capricious that psychosis arises at the boundaries, looming, imminent.

Nonetheless, if it is possible to slow down without being caught by the force of connectivity, to linger for a moment with the prospect of some non-continuous states that gradually permeate more and more of one's sensibility, that are not a structure of behavior, but also not a continuous multiplicity, if this is possible, then let us begin by thinking a simple form of discontinuity, limited by its existence in smooth space, but nevertheless, preliminary to more adventurous concepts to come. Try to contemplate the situation of susceptible sensible trajectories, oriented by attractors, and moving – always in motion – given the necessities of such spaces. Search for some organization that is not quite a faculty, not the energy that unfolds unequally in quantity, in the open place in which actualized beings are composed. Search for something that is not the actualization of an Idea in the qualities that can never be sensed or perceived (except possibly under the influence of hallucinatory drugs) insofar as they are not things but differentials, differentials covered by qualities that contradict the differential process and are given as something to be sensed, as temporal in a limited manner. Search also for something that is not the unfolding of actualizations of the Idea which nonetheless demand distance from



one another so as not to be run together; and finally, something that is not the implicated energy of continuous processes, energy unfolding in the actualization of actual beings.<sup>34</sup> What if, in the midst of some milieu, some process of continuous differentiation-differenciation, characterized by rapidly changing events and personages, a sense of expectation – what if there is a glimpse, a shudder, a leap, something else? What if there emerges some evanescent darkness, some momentary shift invested with the misery of an onslaught of distressing reverberations? Responding to this in confusion, perhaps you construct an Idea, a structure, a multiplicity, a system of multiple, non-localizable ideal connections which is then incarnated. It is incarnated in real (not ideal) relations and actual (physical) terms, each of which exist only in relation to one another, reciprocally determining one another. What is essential is the movement from ideal or virtual structure to actual incarnation, from the conditions of a problem to the terms of its solution, from differential elements and ideal connections to actual terms and diverse real relations constituting, at each moment, the actuality of time, the time of processes, of differentiation, of connections.<sup>35</sup> So you slip into the construction of an Idea whose intensities produce appearances redolent of harsh wind, dark days, gloomy landscapes.

What solution does this Idea offer? It might allow you to encounter a physical Idea as the distribution of shuddering disturbances and to go on with your life. After all, you *are* a busy person with a lot of responsibilities and important work to accomplish; people are listening to you, counting on you. In the mean time, you reach for an umbrella, whether you need it or not. Or, you might slip into the construction of a different kind of problem, a biological Idea, one whose ideal elements are oriented by the varieties of sublimations generated by the affinities of their anti-depressive *pharmakon*, in which case, you reach for zolofit or make an appointment with your therapist. Or, you might slip into a social Idea, wherein the ideal connections between production and property as established by labor or the owners of the means of production incarnated in diverse societies condition its actualization in your society, with the result that certain sectors enjoy guilt-free lives of leisure, while others dementedly drive themselves to labor, dedicate themselves to every imperative of production, every rule of law, and embody this as the highest virtue. Each of these trajectories is a possible solution to a possible problem whose form of expression and form of content intertwine, determining one another in the system-series of signs that emerges in space and time.<sup>36</sup>

But what about a girl, raised by her mother's parents, denied access by her mother, left waiting, left alone or left behind by her again and again? This girl does not learn French, though her mother is fluent. Nagged by the mother to lose weight, she defines thin for herself, becoming anorexic. Yet she remains riveted, fascinated, inexplicably drawn to the woman who keeps her out. When she is twenty, no longer a girl, her father, forced by the grandparents to disappear nineteen years before, re-enters her life. Eyes filled with tears, he weeps his regrets. 'They didn't let me hold you . . . Not at all.' 'They had you on a schedule. It was sacrosanct, it was absolute . . . If you cried no one was allowed to pick you up . . . They didn't even let me say good-bye.' At the airport, again, 'I love you. I lost you, but now I have you back, and I'll never let you go again.'<sup>37</sup> She is captivated, fascinated by what she naively describes as her likeness to him, his likeness to her; their symmetry. He vilifies her grandparents, her mother. 'I defend them, but they have hurt me too,' she concurs. Now, she only wishes to have conversations with her father as one despot steps in for another. Seeking her own definition, she nonetheless hovers, uncertain, between one trajectory and the other, she does not plunge into the orbit of the mother who attracts her but only so as to hold her at a distance, keeping the daughter circling eternally around her. Maintaining her distance from the mother she hedges her bets – she wins and she loses. Improbable events occur. The space around her curves and twists, huge discontinuities emerge and, having nowhere else to go, she falls through the cusp, from one reality to another, it is 'a kind transforming sting, like that of a scorpion: a narcotic that spreads from . . . mouth to brain,' it is a catastrophe, a catastrophe that saves her but also condemns her as it hurls her onto a completely new plane.<sup>38</sup> This perilous interruption, discontinuous and isolated in space and time, overtakes her, paralyzes her and stands like a 'vast, glittering wall' between her and everything else, 'a surface offering no purchase, nor any sign by which to understand it,' a screen through which she can see her past but which separates her from its continuity, its multiplicities, completely, seemingly endlessly.<sup>39</sup>

Had this happened to you, you might try to problematize, to slip into an Idea in order to resume your busy life and evade this precipice before falling across it, but even so, the existing tendencies of the field will always act on you. Or, having failed this, you may, like the woman, simply stop there in a cold torpor, a sensation like being hit by a car, your knees drawn up to your chest, protectively, your voice



internal, and you, unable to vocalize, everything taking more energy than you can possibly imagine; a life of idle enervation seizing you.<sup>40</sup> Now, you wait; you move as little as possible, no matter how terrible the process in which you find yourself. In this new world, even after a perfectly discontinuous break with the old world, if you have not been destroyed in the suspension between two manifolds, you barely move; you proceed but only with exacting slowness, sensing displacement, sensing that you could plunge into another powerful trajectory that pulls you toward it with increasing ferocity, or perhaps you will simply slow down and die. Situated here on this *separatrix*, this site between attractors, the in-between, extreme sensitivity to initial conditions makes your flow irrevocable, irreversible, and what took place in that discontinuous and isolated moment *is* you and nothing but you; it feels as if there will never be release for you.<sup>41</sup> The capacity to love and hate, to gather together the ordinary or singular points as well as the capacity to explode uncertainly but probabilistically into the actual all but evaporate. Here, nothing happens. Not the infinite probability of the sublime, but nothing; no discordant harmony, no faculties, no stupidity, insofar as there is no refusal, only a great deal of silence, waiting . . . for something. The young woman's father attempts to speed up and dislodge her infinitely slow course. She is stretched but not torn. Viewed somewhat differently, her slow-down appears as so-many wild flights, here and there away from the line of attraction, crazy attempts at escape that return her to the same point and the effect of which is the same as no movement at all.<sup>42</sup> Attempting to return her to the old trajectory, to return her step by interrelated step to her place prior to the fall, the leap, the gamble, the mother takes her to her own psychiatrist. 'I sense my mother's doom there in the dead brown color of the walls, in the way her doctor's hand perspires, even in his skinny, dotted Swiss necktie. She will never escape *her* mother,' which is to say, the leap or fall onto another manifold is the only way to escape this attractor, this deadly orbit.<sup>43</sup> 'I'm just going through a stage,' the young woman tells them. 'She's right.' 'I am in love with him, but it . . . I'm not . . . I wouldn't do that,' and they believe her.<sup>44</sup> The father offers to support her while she writes. Now, on this new manifold, following this new trajectory, she believes that apart from him she has no life, that is, no will. Once again, nothing but capture. Stricken with pneumonia, she prays for death. 'Everyday is a drowning. Except for brief spasms of weeping that leave my face as wet as if I actually have, for a moment, broken the surface of some frigid dark lake, I feel nothing.'<sup>45</sup>

Even in this nothingness, this glacial existence, light travels, photons move, information spreads from state to state. Something is happening, shaping itself, influencing and shaping whatever its light rays reach. It is not the differentiation of an Idea, not the actualization of a physical or biological or social Idea, but something. The young woman secures admittance to the hospital morgue. She expects to be frightened by the corpse of her grandfather. 'I touched his eyebrows and his cheek, the white stubble of his beard . . . I sat beside my grandfather's cold body, touched and smelled and embraced it . . . The hour I spend with my grandfather, kneeling by the long drawer, changes my life. The kiss I place on his unyielding cheek begins to wake me, just as my father's in the airport, put me to sleep.'<sup>46</sup> Facing real death, the ultimate slow-down, something subtly alters. It is a kind of *sublimation*, a critical point like the jump from solid to gas, from ice to steam. Having spent years absorbed in cultivating and caring for her hair, extremely long blonde hair, the woman unexpectedly cuts it and tosses away the two-foot-long ponytail. The mother dies, the father exiles himself from her field. Unpredictably, all her parameters are altered. Her passivity, her diffusion, her slow-down, have kept her from being absorbed by processes forming in any direction, until the field alters. Had this been you, had this been your discontinuous break, your passivity, your slow-down, your kiss, your ascent from solid to vapor, invariably, albeit imperceptibly, these moments might have arisen in the context of another structure, once defined by discrete spaces, discrete times, influences shifting in relation to one another, contributing to your heterogeneous duration.<sup>47</sup> This might be your awakening into a perspective, the emergence of a spatio-temporalization, the genesis of a context, the ontological past reaching you, yielding for you, at any given moment, a remarkable view of the past of the world, a point of view shared by no one and nothing, yet overlapping with that of others insofar as their pasts and yours have intertwined wherever you and others have been exposed to the same influences, wherever you have influenced one another.<sup>48</sup> If, in this trajectory, you did not instantaneously perceive, conceive and act on what interests you, your conventional responses, your responsibilities or your important work – or, on a less coarse level but what would have been the same thing, if you, meaning what is provisionally 'you,' were not simply enveloped by the myriad forces competing to compose you, the singular points and differential connections forming and reforming on the continuum – you may have entertained an interval in which to contemplate and to pose a question from out of your own duration. Not transcendent contemplation, but

contemplation from inside, a discrete life, the duration of an ontological consciousness without a soul. Is it possible that neither the perception-conception-action nexus nor the conception of continuous relational processes smoothly assembling and reassembling in space are the whole story? As Marco Polo insinuates, it is all a matter of what the ear hears.<sup>49</sup>

If you, philosophers, theorists, writers, inventors, whomever, if you sustain this slow-down, if you abandon your romance with intensity and multiplicity, your preoccupation with your individuation, your subject status, your personality, your fascinating contacts and connections, with the infinite and n-dimensional ideal and actualizable relations overtaking you continuously, you may exist elsewhere than on these trajectories, in between their virtual existence. You may exist in the slow-down as Idea or as event, without these multiplicities actualizing you, actualizing others, actualizing the world. Eventually, yes, something will have to happen. Something, some motions, some perceptible flow or immanent becoming, some increase or decrease in power, immediately influences the plane of immanence that constitutes your processes, affecting this emptiness, this consciousness without a subject, this life without an object.<sup>50</sup> In this sense, on your plane of immanence, there is no opposition between the beings you are and the beings that inform you. The virtual multiplicity, the Idea and its actualization as actual beings unendingly connected, implicated in and implicating other beings; ceaselessly affecting one another, operates as a universal, yet nevertheless fails to consider your vulnerable sensibilities, your perspective, your zone of indetermination. It has been remarked that,

We are used to the idea that a physical theory can describe an infinitude of different worlds. This is because there is a lot of freedom in their application. Newton's physics gives us the laws by which particles move and interact with one another, but it does not otherwise specify the configurations of the particles. Given any arrangement of the particles that make up the universe, and any choices for their initial motions, Newton's laws can be used to predict the future . . . Newton's theory describes an infinite number of different worlds, each connected with a different solution to the theory, which is arrived at by starting with the particles in different positions. However, each solution to Newton's theory describes a single universe.<sup>51</sup>

Every trajectory is defined by these same laws, laws that specify the movement and interaction of particles. For dynamical systems, the rules of motion are given, what may be contingent are the particular

particles themselves, that is, which particles enter into any given trajectory and in what order? Which affects? Which percepts? Which concepts? Which prospects and functives (the objects of logic and mathematics respectively)? In an open system, as opposed to Newton's closed universe, this cannot be predicted, thus every configuration of particles produces not only a different world, but an unpredictable world. But what do not alter are the rules themselves that specify the movement and interaction of particles. Moreover, in these worlds, space and time are given not emergent. They are the pre-existent manifold, and time in particular, is simply a parameter of space, of any space whatever, a fourth dimension, a means for differentiating different spaces, but not a temporalization. Where the space-time manifold is always, already given, duration disappears.

But what if it were possible to theorize a world in which different observers 'see' partly different, partial views of the universe, partial views which nonetheless overlap? Would this imply a dependence on the location of the observer, on the observer's unique sensible duration, not the flow that constitutes her, but the information that constructs her perspective – her *spatio-temporalization*? Recall the image of a cone, so intimately identified with Henri Bergson's concept of ontological memory, that memory created by the imperceptible influences of states in the world on a vulnerable sensibility. Under the sign of this cone, the entire past coexists with each new present in relation to which it is now past.

Memory, laden with the whole of the past, responds to the appeal of the present state by two simultaneous movements, one of translation, by which it moves in its entirety to meet experience, thus contracting more or less, though without dividing, with a view to action; and the other of rotation upon itself by which it turns toward the situation of the moment.<sup>52</sup>

All of this occurs, as if these memories were repeated a vast but not infinite number of times in the many possible contractions of any past life, but always altering, altering in each so-called repetition under the influence of intersecting networks of states. These *different planes* are myriad in number but not infinite. They stand in relations of simplicity and contiguity, influencing one another and influencing the present for the sake of action or restraint. For any present, for any perspective emerging from this past, there is the influence of the many layers of the past and of many interactions, networks of interacting states. How like this is to what is called *the past light cone of an event*.

The causal past of an event consists of all the events that could have influenced it. The influence must travel from some state in the past at the speed of light or less. So the light rays arriving at an event form the outer boundary of the past of an event and make up what we call the *past light cone of an event*.<sup>53</sup>

But what if, rather than a single cone, a single event, we think about a causal network of interconnected states for which every perspective and every state consists of a multiplicity (not an infinity) of cones linked to one another, influencing one another, 'combinatorial structures' that have been called 'spin networks,' networks giving rise to self-organized, critical behavior?<sup>54</sup> Under these conditions, the causal structure of states evolves and the motion of matter is a consequence of evolution.<sup>55</sup> This brings forth the following conjecture. What if, we conjecture, what if smooth or continuous space-time are useful illusions, and what if, from the perspective of a different system, the world can be said to be composed of discrete states, states on a very small scale, but nevertheless, states discrete with respect to both space and time on that very small scale?<sup>56</sup> Under such conditions, what would be observed, what would be discerned?

If, in the midst of a certain trajectory, one characterized by gloom and darkness, you enter a slow-down, evading speed, eluding intensity, if you are pushed or fall into the conflicted space-time of a catastrophic discontinuity or, if the parameters of your global field simply shift, if you dissolve under the influence of a change of scale, then something unexpected, some unforeseen influences may permeate your boundary. Perhaps, you begin to feel the earth to be no longer callous and unsympathetic, no longer full of conflict and indifference, and a sort of gracefulness and ease envelops the world. If you feel buoyant, delicate, and all your gestures, imaginings and thoughts proceed from this grace, then, perhaps what is taking place is an emergent, critical organization, a spatio-temporalization. As states seemingly far into the past of the world approach, pure light radiating across the spectrum, transmitting and influencing 'you,' by which I mean, your sensibilities, sensibilities that precede yet give way to not only what sees and is seen but hearing and things heard, touching and things touched, taste and things tasted, smell and odors, and beyond this, influencing all the imperceptible particles, particles influencing particles, bodies working on bodies.<sup>57</sup> By their motions, these illuminations have 'altered the shade of a thousand perceptions and memories, pervading them.'<sup>58</sup> Imperceptibly, perhaps improbably, your 'I' itself becomes incandescent, your fissured identity radiates its own

luminescence, you are not forced immediately or mediately into the multiplicities of some lonely trajectory gathering itself together out of fragments of ideal differentiated connections immanent to their explosion, but you too become light, subtly altering, reflecting, refracting, dispersing, influencing. You have traveled to a new world. Beauty, the unpredictable, might be once again thinkable.

The continuum of differentiation-differenciation is the field of pure immanence, as a system, its primary processes are not the same as those being proposed here.<sup>59</sup> These processes involve the construction of a vulnerable duration, a sensitive contingency, an ontological spatio-temporalization, an ever-changing perspective in the heterogeneity of space and time. Such a perspective, if it is thinkable, if it is real, could manifest itself as a sort of history, not a linear, causal chain, but a complex causality, layers and layers of states, always susceptible to realignment, to patterns and particles resolving their scintillation and constructing an ontological memory below the speed of light. These primary processes, often imperceptible, ephemeral, evanescent, influence one another and in this, they influence the sensibility of human beings. This is not yet perception, for it does not yet imply typical perceptual prerequisites, thought-like mental processes such as description, inference, and problem-solving, no matter how unconscious or non-verbal.<sup>60</sup> Rather, given that this is something much more difficult to situate, it is much more likely to be overlooked. It is the manner in which states (including very tiny states) influence and alter one another and so influence and alter human sensibility, all sensibility. These influences are not the objects of perception nor of consciousness; they cannot be experienced as increases or decreases of power, as the raising or lowering of intensities. They are, in some sense, passive and primary. If they are noticed at all, it is usually only insofar as they are *felt*, felt as pleasure, felt as pain, as expansion and diffusion, as discomfort and distress. Their influence on sensibility comes via the sensory system, but as ontological not personal memory, it is manifest in the exceptional absorption and emission of each state-organism – purely contingent, subject to alteration, but circumscribing what is characteristic of each sensibility as an original spatio-temporalization. It is the way, all of a sudden, your eyes crack open when you smile; it is the unnecessary bow you often add to the ceremony when you are introduced; it is the way you cut your hair, in between for the moment, neither long nor short; it is an absolute, immediate, non-conscious consciousness, an ontological unconscious whose passive existence no longer refers to an individual

or to a being but is unceasingly suggested in the reflection, refraction and dispersion of light in a spectrum.<sup>61</sup>

Discrete processes infiltrate even perceptions, percolating through them, saturating them with their coloring, their diffractions, prismatic and spectral, stunning in their range. This is not the same system as that of the catastrophe, which forms without connection in place of adjunct fields gathered together and singularities exploding, but the catastrophe, a discontinuous space-time, prepares our thought for this more ephemeral, shimmering construction. Persisting on the cusp, the edge between attractors, in the intimacy of a life, something like the creation of a new spatio-temporalization is already thinkable, for the spatial and temporal dimensions of a cusp are that of a change, be it separation or unification.<sup>62</sup> This is not the personal memory of a subject, not the memory of a resemblance, nor the memory of intensities, but the ontological memory of a new life that begins again, completely new, at each discrete place and moment. Ideas on continuous manifolds exist as multiplicities; they determine everything in multiple trajectories; they actualize worlds; they form a vast field of virtualities. Their actualization may be called creation, insofar as actual beings do not resemble virtual Ideas, but the rules governing their trajectories, their formation and deformation, do not change.<sup>63</sup> And yet, between the first kiss and the second lies the abyss – the realm in which nothing occurs – no movement, no intensities, no individuation. Nothing gathers together the adjunct fields, nothing connected to nothing – thus there will be no condensation, no sublime explosion of the ideal into the actual. Still, all around you, such activities, such actualizations, seem to continue unabated; unfolding the universal, each Idea connected with every other, busily varying themselves, forming new multiplicities and breaking them up, oriented by the dream of complete determination. Morning arrives; imperceptible neural circuits prepare habitual responses, so called automatic reactions or involuntary movements. Yet alerted by the beginnings of the intensive sensations, something may yet intervene. Your body, your ears, eyes, skin and nose, your neural circuits, your elements, all radiate the myriad imperceptible processes reaching you, contracting them in a perspective. You lie in bed, awake but not moving, as the past gathers itself through you. You may be asubjectively conscious of the emergence of something unanticipated, unspecified, yet inevitable. Not only is your response altered, your existence is now reforming. These incidents, altering, reflecting, refracting, absorbing, emitting, are not the expression of a concept but the construction of

a spatio-temporality from out of the light which reaches you from the stars. This is not the world of good or evil, subject or object, problems or solutions but the world of non-intensive, heterogeneous movement-moments assembled from the relations between myriad luminous influences by a universe that views itself from within, and you are its eyes as well as its ears, nose, skin and mouth. When the resulting spatio-temporalization, the effect of myriad minute sensibilities is realized, brought into the present out of the past that never was a now, encountered in that present as pleasure or pain, expansion-diffusion or discomfort-distress, it becomes real. Out of this, is it possible to construct a life whose sensibilities are vulnerable and subtle, vast yet circumscribed, where pleasure and pain arise from radiance and obscurities crossing over and interfering with one another, rays of light, not a number but particles, energy, acceleration over unperceivable yet sensible distances?

### *What danger lies here?*

What is the danger here? What is it that threatens our philosophical interests? Transcendence? Subjectivity? Or, is the danger that of not reaching a sufficiently universal universal? Does the claim that Being is univocal and that the chaos that the multiplicity of planes of immanence generates satisfy our craving for a multiple world, a changing world, a startling and beautiful world, a world of pleasure and pain, love and hate? Can we think the universal as this multiplicity, or do we fall back into illusion? If we stay with the ontological claims of the univocity of Being, does it yield no more than a monotonous repetition of a limited repertoire of concepts? Or, are we to imagine a more abstractly universal production yet, an ontology conceptualized in accordance with something like set theory, *the* foundational discipline of mathematics, in the sense that any mathematical proposition can be rewritten in the language of set theory?<sup>64</sup> If the danger is transcendence, we think it is at least a familiar one. The transcendent subject or object falling outside the plane of immanence, actualizing the plane of immanence, then attributing it wholly and entirely to itself seems to be among the worst philosophical errors we know.<sup>65</sup> 'I' feel this or that, we claim. 'I' am this or that. 'I' am aware of, thinking of, acting on some object, some thing, place, person, emotion, some thought which 'I' claim is 'mine.' This 'I,' as well as this object, thing, place, person, emotion or thought all have taken their cue from the Cartesian plane which attributes to every person an independent existence as a