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A Feeling

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A Feeling

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of Social Studies
of Bard College

by
Julianne Arnold

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Thank you so much to my family—my mother, my father, my sister—for their infinite love and support, and for being beautifully, and always, themselves.

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Introduction

It seems key to me that *feelings* are what we compare across time, since any other kind of experience would not be as well able to *combine* different amounts and intensities of the more precise, determinative aspects we ascribe to our functions of knowledge. Only a feeling can serve as both a guide for comparison across contexts and a method by which, once that comparison has occurred, the mind can hold up more than one set of information through one or several moments under the guise of a singular instance of sentiment. In other constructions, the under-web of the scaffolding, so to speak, of that particular idea in the last sentence—put broadly as “what feelings can do (and can do *for us*) across cases”—is sometimes actually something like, *only a feeling can serve as a method by which a comparison across time can hold up for the mind more than one set of information in one or several moments under the guise of a singular instance of sentiment*, after that mind’s *having felt multiple instances connected to, by, or whatever was just existing as one sentiment, the sentiment that indeed spurred it all by being composed of multiple rather than just one set of contexts*. In that case, but perhaps only that one, order matters.

[This is this most accurate description I have of what it’s like to be born and then learn language and then (put? Understand through the act of understanding?) how one feels into language on this small rock flying across space through the randomness of existence: “I am both intrigued and confused”. This is how everything really starts.]

In the following paper, I illuminate the messy areas underneath and surrounding our own thinking *about* the affinities that we use to compare different contexts across time to attempt to understand things in certain ways, see things in certain ways, and mean different things at different times during our speaking and writing all while somehow maintaining some random level of awareness of not only what meaning as a function is, but also what we meant in the past,

mean right now, and could mean in the future, each aspect of which itself appears always to be arising in different amounts and intensities of feeling at each specific time. Later, I reach down into what I conceive of as the infinitely splitting architecture of the ever changing processes of our feelings, the under-grid of how our sentiments slide over into one another in varying amounts of felt and collected “intensity-tied-to-amount” instances across space and time, shifting in randomly collected ways as they continually go, in order to illuminate how the forever splitting functions of context comparison that were conceived of more clearly earlier on in the process can endlessly shift during sustained attention to how this very shifting *feels* and in this way complicate matters of comprehension during that kind of feeling across time even further. The infinite architecture of the ever splitting processes of our thinking and feeling that I attempt to illuminate through in fact a similarly infinite and ever splitting process of thinking and feeling does not reject the idea that each moment brings with it a new bounded instant of sentiment, to such an extent that trying to understand how certain feelings can be considered the same across time is a futile one, stuck as we are in each moment with an only-then occurrence to tell us whether a singularly felt sentiment is the same as it was before or not. Rather, my elucidation of this ever splitting structure of processes of sentiment aims to circumvent, or at least for now sidestep, the problem of thinking and feeling across time altogether, by favoring instead to leap into and reckon more closely with the intensely chaotic scaffolding that may form our thoughts physically across existence and provide these feelings for us in ways we often have very little ability to access. The process of reckoning with the infinitely shifting structures of processing sentiment that appear to comprise our feelings *by using* the same processing structure of that infinite architecture of endlessly splitting processes of sentiment is what I imagine, at least for the sake of this project, as our way in.

The paper begins with an exploration of several different ways we can interpret Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Philosophical Investigations*, specifically when trying to understand the meaning of a word. This is in order to establish a clear groundwork for the larger sets of thinking about context comparison across time via feelings that will come up uniquely throughout as well as more deeply in considerations of the infinite architecture of shifting processes of sentiment later. The different ways of interpreting Wittgenstein's work that we will begin with are not meant to fall into a straight line of clearly conceived correctness and incorrectness or even straightforwardness and more involved. Rather, they are meant to show the hyperflexible, and infinitely splitting, nature of the thinking that occurs even on the ground level of the *Investigations*. After we see that the very idea of having a meaning of a word is an endlessly messy endeavor to undertake to comprehend, we will enter into manifestly psychological considerations where a deeper question will more clearly emerge from the feelings *about* feelings that arise then: The depth of the feelings we use to compare contexts (in different ways at different places!) across time is always going to be mysterious to us. So how *do* I know what I feel beyond the words? How is even it possible to have this be a real question? Since knowing the "is" of a feeling—on both the outside and inside, "outside" being what a feeling is more generally across multiple occurrences in time, and "inside" being what a particular idea and instance of a feeling *is as we feel it*—since knowing this information is important, what, then, actually is a feeling beyond the sum of all the cases in which we utter the word feeling? Or in which we posit the idea of *feeling as* being a something, or often multiple sets of somethings, that exists behind the state of the things I want to describe? (I'm saying there is something else besides just what I want to describe, existing a layer below it, as the state that is being described. We will see in the second section (#2) that even this is an infinitely messy question to consider,

one that draws on multiple sets of ideas about what the physical world is apart from any of its potential mental counterparts, and one that as well has infinitely many possibilities when it comes to any mixing of the two.) We can also then ask: What is a feeling, not just when we use the word feeling to describe what is there when we have thoughts about feelings or feelings in general (i.e., we do the thing we often call feel), but rather, to extend out and say, well, I'm not sure what this is, so let's call it feeling? In a sense, when we *create*? Creation is usually very different to the mindset of descriptive processing. This question of what a feeling physically is might not matter much when it comes to Wittgenstein's own thoughts about what a word means, but when it gets down to what a word can actually do when we want to create new understandings more than just describe, this, in a similar vein, becomes the newer, more meaningful question: What is a feeling when we are trying to create new understandings with feelings more than we are trying to describe (or even sometimes low-level create new understandings with feelings) *with* words? This then seems really to extend into the idea of 'How do we know the depth of the feelings that arise, and so forth?', because the felt depth is what spurs us to understand things in certain ways or see things *as* particular things or not, especially psychologically, but also with and within more empirical, ostensive maneuvers as well. The depth to the feelings in each instance are what spur, then, different modes of *categorization of knowledge, when that categorization of knowledge, as an activity, takes up the form of feeling out different affinities between different contexts across time and placing current ones into them,* and so forth. But how we feel feelings more strongly in certain instances than others, and how we end up feeling *certain* sets of contexts in our comparisons in lieu of (all) others remains fundamentally mysterious still. If it seems that feelings holding onto multiple different contexts at once are grasped in arbitrary *amounts of different contexts*, which also we use as certain sets of

felt information to compare with other such sets across time based on the as well arbitrary amounts of their intensities that come up *in* the intensities of feeling we are already engaged in the processes of (the processes of the processes of and so on down forever) comparing, then we have also to admit of the possibility that the creation of feelings is another kind of process that occurs more often than we seem to realize, since at some point within the infinite and ever-splitting gradients of those moments and what they feel like within those instances is a subtle shift to the act of creation. That is, when we create new ideas about things, or just stumble upon them, we first reckon with the depth of feelings, the intensities and amounts of what we feel when we think to categorize, understand, see as, and so forth, and we do this reckoning with the feelings *in* their specific amounts and intensities *before* going to the act of comparison of *different contexts and affinities across those different contexts to place a certain feeling in there accordingly (according(ly), first, that is, to the infinitely extending contexts that go forever down with their own contexts of contexts, which contexts were engaged in the same process, and so on and so forth; then second, to the intensity and amount of the feeling, as both (intensity and amount) feel like they relate to certain contexts and not others from within the confines of this particular context...* and which are as occurrences all masked over as a comparison of contexts, it seems? Or *where does* the feeling part come in within an act of a comparison of contexts? I fear it could change each time, in which case, more feelings are necessary to even begin to understand the next sets of information arising. This is exactly what we will see—more feelings *about* feelings becoming increasingly necessary to understand all these imperceptible shifts in process—as we get deeper into the progression of these thoughts.) Since we do that specific reckoning in specific ways in relation to the points of comparison—well, the depths, it here appears, are as arbitrary as the sums and amounts of contexts we possess to pull from when (also

mysteriously) drawing sums together and feeling them, in different ways at different spots, and so on all the way around and across different contexts and feelings of those contexts.

Nonetheless, if the order happens to be that we reckon with the feelings of affinities across contexts in their particular depths and intensities *before we go in to compare different contexts and affinities across those different contexts to place a certain feeling in there accordingly in just such a way as described above*, it not only seems entirely mysterious that we are able to reckon with contexts in any non-arbitrary way. It also seems admissible to consider that we are engaged in some secretive process of *creating* feelings for ourselves at some conceivable points along the line, perhaps gradients of subtle splitting where the shift from feeling to creating new feeling can take up residence in our existence. All of these considerations here are, more than anything, part of the infinite architecture of the ever splitting processes of our thinking that will be explored much further at the end of section #2 in response to the search for a deeper level of feeling to guide our investigations. I hope that this paper can illuminate (and augment the types of thinking behind) the processes just described in at least a little way—even if, often, the littlest way turns out to be the most confusing of all. Returning to these ideas *after* reading the rest of the paper, if one is new to the idea of determining meaning by shared affinities across context, will enable him to make more sense of them.

[First (#1), I proceed to distinguish between two broad ways of viewing and understanding Part I of the *Investigation's* call for context consideration when it comes to determining the meaning of a word, with one being a pure language game and another being a more expansive look at the nature of a word's context-sensitivity. Ideas of rule-following, methods of projection, the infinitely-layered process of understanding how we understand the idea of understanding itself, and feelings-based, intensity-driven, and amount-of-context-reaching-back-in-different-amounts-

at-different-times-depending-on-where-the-feeling-leads¹ word comparison across time arise in a primary form. The question of what it *means to feel different amounts and intensities as cross-context points of comparison*, meanwhile, will always be in the background, in different ways at different times. Second, (#2), I bring into play more explicitly the connection between differing amounts and intensities of feelings during context comparison across time by focusing in on what happens to be psychological analysis of the infinitely splitting understandings of understanding that occur there. Saul Kripke's solution to the skeptical problem of meaning—that our language is continually updated to reflect what basically amount to differing intensities of feelings and understandings of those intensities of feelings as far as context comparison is concerned, and that our language does this updating through continual re-affirmation by other users—will lead us into our final forms of consideration: that feelings create themselves out of the infinite architecture of feeling; that there does seem to be an infinitely splitting structure of amount and intensity of feeling that forms our conception of how we think; that this infinitely splitting architecture of ever shifting (processes of) feeling is not only updated in a method reminiscent of Kripke's vision of shared usage but is also, at the deeper level *of this infinitely splitting architecture of ever shifting processes of feeling*, physically connected in ways we will not ever from the confines of a singular moment in time understand.]

¹ I.e., whether the context comparison leads to sets of information which themselves were made from context comparison from previous times of, indeed, context comparison, and so on back endlessly. Where the context will only go back so far, or where the context does go back very far, these are the types of places from which we derive a sense of difference, and which cause us to conceive of or just feel feelings in *different amounts*.

#1

In this section I will discuss several closely related readings of the first half of Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Philosophical Investigations*, separated arbitrarily and only for the sake of clarity into two parts, (a) and (b). The first (a) is a more defined reading that draws the meaning of a word primarily from its use within a narrow language game, although we will see that this illusion of neatness and packaged "definition" is not one that stands up to considerations of additional context. The second (b) is a reading that focuses more clearly on how a word's having meaning does not require that the circumstances surrounding its use remain the same, or even have any single thing in common that we could point out, across all cases in time. Part (b) discusses this non-fixity of the surrounding contexts of words *in conjunction with* how the understanding of the use, application, or *process of application* (what Wittgenstein refers to as "methods of projection" or "methods of application") of a word arises differently in each and every possible moment. After seeing that (a) and (b) still leave room for the *depth* of feelings to arise as mysterious to our minds, I will gesture towards the corresponding implications before diving into a fuller immersion of thinking and feeling *about* feeling that occurs when we submerge ourselves into our own feelings across time to compare different contexts and create.

a.

Wittgenstein's example of the language of the builders shows us how a language game functions. In Section 2, we are introduced to a situation where two builders use a total of four words to communicate: "block", "pillar", "slab", and "beam". We are told to "conceive of this as a complete primitive language". If, having taken the meaning of that sentence to heart, we come to think of this set of words as comprising the entirety of our language, there is a sense in which we

have now bounded ourselves to a language game, a temporary “whole” consisting of “activities into which [language] is woven”. Sections 19-20 return to this narrowed world of language to show how the meaning of the four words in each instance they are uttered comes only from the way they are used within the particular language game. For instance, if the first builder calls upon the second to bring him the slab by exclaiming, “slab!”, is this the same as, in our “fuller” language, shouting, “bring me the slab!”? It is *right here*, but how do we know that? It turns out that we know that because the *use* of the word is the same in both cases. This we can summarize as: A word cannot be isolated from its surroundings if we wish to determine its meaning; its meaning comes only from within its place in the language game. Our first reading, then, so far entails sticking to narrow language games in which words derive their meaning from within the bounded context of the situation: “block”, “pillar”, “slab” and “beam” are the limits of this language game; once each has been defined, there is no question about what the meaning of any word is—so long, of course, as the context itself does not suddenly expand and require new decisions of meaning to be made (a process constitutive of a different case—indeed, many different sets of cases—we will discuss in the next paragraph.) This first reading *also*, in the spirit of the new line of inquiry that occurs alongside thinking about Sections 19-20, begins to lead us in the direction of believing that our understanding of the meaning of a word is mainly based on its comparative use: we compare the *use* of a word in two different sentences to know that “slab!”, as it is used in the limited language, means “bring me a slab!” in a less limited language.

It is possible to be clearer still about what is happening here *prior* to the larger instances of use that I just introduced by calling upon Sections 19-20. The following extension will continue with and add conceptually to what we have consolidated in our minds right now as

reading (a), which we initiated above by conceiving of the limited language game of the two builders as the entirety of our thought-space *before* hinting at what happens when context expands. The builders in this delimited thought-space only know what each of the four words refers to because, we might imagine, someone once pointed to each pile of however-many objects and uttered the word to correspond to it, thus creating a bounded language game in which each time one builder asks for one of the words, the other builder knows which pile to take an object from. This is how the builders have learned to *understand* in this one context. The surrounding activities accompanying the occurrences of the builders' understanding across time are the ostensive maneuvers that built the bounded system with which they engage; for instance, the activity of *pointing* to a pile and confining the use of the word to something from *that* pile creates the impetus for any subsequent moments of object-retrieval that might occur after the initial bounding. Thus, any orders they attempt to fulfill in the spirit of the now-defined language game will proceed from the rules that initiated and co-occurred with their *moments of coming to understand*, which *as* instances of coming to understand were *themselves* the activities that accompanied any successive 'surrounding moments of understanding'. But then we can get *even, even* clearer by expanding the context: Imagine if we introduce into our builders' piles a new object with properties similar to one of the types of building materials—properties similar, say, to a "block". Then one builder asks the other to fetch him a block, and the second builder pulls out the object of new material from the pile where blocks usually go. He will not doubt for a moment that it is a block still, because the limits of his world have been circumscribed by the original decision that each object from that particular pile is a block. In a less limited world, of course, more factors tend to come into play, such that a person reaching into the pile expecting to pull out a block would probably question why it is that this block doesn't look quite like the

others, and at some point would likely even want to make a determination about what it *means* for a block to be a block. *This* wider case, more reflective of most of the cases we find in our real world, illustrates a broader point about context: Sometimes it is the case that we decide every moment anew what it is that constitutes that something which we will choose to call a particular word; i.e., here, the person will look at the object and decide whether it has enough in common with another object from the block pile to constitute a block, or whether it can be used in a way similar enough to the block that its function won't be impeded by whatever it may lack if it is used *as* a block. (*Sometimes*, though, I do want to note, it will be the case instead that these use-establishing questions carry over across several or more moments of comprehension and thereby ultimately mask any concomitant instances of decision-making by creating the sensation, within the new, more wide-ranging occurrences of understanding that follow an initial decision about use, that the precise, definitional aspect of the word as it is used either alone or in states of extension or multiplicity has been there all along, unaltered from its originally-determined meaning, and proceeding to subsequent uses in a fixed line of accepted-understandings stemming directly from the first event, rather than at every twist and turn recreated and reevaluated for utilization. For instance, someone might look at the block and wonder whether it does, indeed, “have enough in common with another object from the block pile to constitute a block”—and even whether, in fact, the overall manifestations of its usage along lines similar to those where the word was previously indicated can truly constitute something of a grander type of use that in summation would only ever have to be *peripherally* capable of continual re-maintenance during any and all subsequent processes of life and forms of inherently-accompanying activity, activity where, to begin with, the word is repeated in instances of affinity and, as a follow-up to *that*, thought of more as a definition with completely-encapsulating power than one wrestled with

unconsciously at every moment as processes of comparison, evaluation, and determination come to the forefront to generate non-methodological approaches to lived-in meaning, in order to *create* that meaning—someone might look at the block in these ways *in and even from within the inner confines of* many different examples, ultimately giving rise to the feeling within himself that what was established to be the case across multiple exemplifications of the use of the same word is somehow all-powerful and entirely transcendent, *despite* the fact that this closer inspection reveals how even during times when the repeated use of the same word conceals the fundamentally world-underpinning nature of the occupation of context-comparison, a decision is *still* being made to either accept or reject the use of the word *even*, or perhaps especially, when, e.g., an object is deemed to be not quite *wholly* a block. This itself tends to mean overall that the meaning of a word like “block” is always contextual and dependent on every single moment of our determination, since even when we think a meaning of a word has been somehow completely chosen and therefore also entirely bounded, we still make choices to accept or reject the meaning when comparisons of context recreate the same conditions that spurred the apparently original instance of understanding and force us to determine what the context of the new situation is.)

Zoomed out *even more* from these sorts of cases, we can easily imagine the first person to construct a block from only certain types of material, or in only specific kinds of shapes, making a series of decisions in each moment about whether the literal creation of the block was fitting enough to his vision, asking questions about whether the type of material would work for his purposes, whether the exact location of each cross-section or corner of the material could create just the right angle to bound the block in such perfect conditions, whether irreducible points could even exist that would allow for a “complete” block rather than a creation of *something* always in the continual process of development and creation, not to mention subject literally

always to these very inquires as to *use*! Nonetheless, the upshot of both (or even, if we include the “masking” case above, all *three*) of these occasions of use-clarification is that there is some moment, or series of moments, during which we determine the limits of our world. The first case happened to involve a type of baptismal initiation, where in the beginning the builders defined these limits by pointing to the piles of objects and circumscribing the use of the words so. The second case turned out to entail making decisions *every moment* about whether and what something would be called, effectively recreating anew what the case was and answering differently in every instance if, for example, the object could be classified as a block or not. The third complicated things further by showing that zooming-out to expand the consideration of contexts actually sometimes signifies what we might just for now refer to as *zooming-in, going down into* the minute moments of literal block-creation, for instance, to see that any sort of irreducibility is unlikely to exist on many levels for many reasons, the likes of which we saw across layered examples. Taken together, these two or three cases contribute to our current understanding: meaning comes from an indiscrete and comparative activity of use-analysis *even* when within the confines of a narrow and bounded language game (and certainly when we step outside, one level or even several out, expanding the context like we did in the zoomed-out instances.) We have also learned from this particular extension that getting *even clearer* about something *actually means expanding context*, as exemplified *by* the zoom-outs: If we begin the process of extending our view of the context of the meaning of the word “block” with, for one, an intent to discover what conditions surrounded not only the *use* of a word during certain supposed times of its creation but also any subsequent iterations of that word that occur across time and, for another, with an eye towards clarifying the surrounding moments of understanding which accompanied the occurrences of the builders’ own less isolated moments of coming to

understand, what we end up seeing is that the moments that are less limited, and, indeed, more zoomed-out—besides showing us both the flexibility and restraint of our definition-giving powers—demonstrate mainly that the use of words is a comparative activity that takes place in our minds even when our activities of determination are wrapped up in these zoomed-out situations, e.g., the *fast*- and for all intents and purposes *infinitely*- splitting game(s) of “block”-making decisions.

This fairly ostensive language game is not the whole story, of course, because our understanding and learning *themselves* do not happen in isolation. We have already seen a slight case of this in grappling with Sections 19-20 above; the *use* of the word, it must be reiterated, is what determines its meaning and allows us, as per our example, to know that “slab!” in a more limited language means the same thing as “bring me a slab!” in a less limited language since the *context* in which each is uttered is the same. But even examining this type of language game alongside the more extensive *use-case* situations of circumstance like the “block” iterations above cannot be the extent of how we come to know or create the meaning of words. Even, in fact, entering into more detailed scenarios—such as the infinite gradients of the methods of procession of accepted understandings—will not ever be all-encompassing to any stopping point as far as the decisive aspects of considerations of meanings of words go. In Section 23, Wittgenstein tells us that “new language games come into existence every moment” while others are discarded. The increasingly indiscrete vision that this part of Section 23 introduces us to aligns more closely with zoomed-out situations, like the ones exemplified above, than it does with severely limited spheres of language games, i.e., the first half of the building example. Even in the zoomed-out situations, however, the context is not sufficient to motivate or fully appreciate the thoughts spurred on in our minds by the beginning of the *Philosophical*

Investigations. In (b) I will address this continuation alongside, and sometimes *as*, reading (b). But before then, we will enter into one other example to show just how messy the comparative nature of our understandings of how we *come to understand* the meanings of words can get.

Take the idea of trying to figure out the meaning of the words “foresight”, “insight” and “hindsight”. Let’s imagine that the three words have come up naturally within a sentence that we uttered to describe someone: “He is missing something crucial when it comes to insight and foresight. And hindsight, for that matter.” We might start by considering them separately: Not having foresight, we think, *in this moment*, means that this man lacks the ability to predict the future—at least, more or less. Not having insight means he cannot enter *into* the minute workings of either day-to-day life or larger sets of information regarding day-to-day life in order to understand the ins and outs of their mechanics. And his not having hindsight indicates that he also has little ability to understand and critically think about events after they occur. Now, our uttering this sentence about this poor man is not something that would occur very often; and we know, already, that the words are unique for how they arise individually—that is, following this thread, we have good faith that the process that takes place when we considered which words to use to describe what this man lacks is a process that compares these instances of use with other times when we also used such words, much like the zoomed-out situations of the block examples above. Disregarding for now all the ideas that could come into play in the way of *context* “*leading-up-to*”—i.e., what came before all the cases in which we uttered these words, which itself is a set of information that is always changing—we can say for now that these words come up when situations where someone is engaged in the same sort of activities of surrounding context is being described.

But these three words and their occurrences together are also unique for how they arise *in conjunction*. Say that we want to know, more than anything, how these three words compare to one another, because of the fact that, all of a sudden, one of them seems to be less pertinent than the other two. What happens is that we start to compare this time to other times that we might have compared the use of these words against each other to find the right fit. So, for instance, I wonder why I am using the word “foresight” instead of “insight” in this situation. (Well, of course, this situation is unique because I am using both of them, and making a clear decision by, in fact, *not* choosing to spare any of them in my usage and description.) But in wondering why I am using one word over the other, what I am effectively doing is comparing the *times I also compared* the words, which contain themselves other moments of comparison to other times I compared the words when that thinking was the same in its need for context comparison. I am, that is, comparing this time of word comparison to other times in which I weighed one word against the other, and since it is likely that many of those previous times of comparison had been engaged in their own comparisons with times of previous comparison, which had themselves been engaged with times of previous comparison, and so on forever down, this one instance of comparison of words to find the right fit is a comparison that takes into account many if not all other forms of comparison that have happened to get to this point.²

It seems that it isn’t just a simple case of context comparison that happens between a current word and a situation. There are some cases where multiple words are compared against each other at different spots along the line—and these spots do carry over to different moments. It will sometimes be that we become more aware of the comparisons of comparisons that stretch backwards in time, for all intents and purposes indefinitely. But even if we aren’t entirely aware

² These occurrences of comparison are hyperflexible, *but* it seems here that they also are not going to ever be divorced from the regular, almost physically confined processes of causation.

of the chain of comparisons that spurred the precise definitional aspects of the right now, they are still there, influencing us. For instance, even if I am not aware *at this particular moment* of the fact that I compared these three words before to find the right fit (or to find the fit of cases where they are used, in different gradients, different amounts of each one, in conjunction, and how I described times that that was the case), it will still always be true in some way that the comparative aspects of the instances of the use of the three words will be dependent upon the comparative aspects of the instances of the use (*and comparison of*) the three words at other times, *which* times themselves contain the comparative aspects of the instances of use (*and comparison of*) the three words at other times, and so on down for conceivably ever.

From this it might be tempting to conclude that a word gets its meaning from a forever indiscrete process of “going down”; that is, slowly but surely, over time, updating and reupdating terms until clarity can be reached through a process of increasing particularity. However, this is only one small part of all the cases that we seem to be engaged with all the time. When we try to make a word more expansive, for example, we are engaged with an entirely different process. Take the instance of trying to make a word more encompassing: Sometimes I will arrive at the feeling that I need a new word to better describe what is happening. I feel, *right now*, that I want a word that is more wide-ranging, more capable of describing certain cases with affinities to each other *but also* a broader range of descriptive power, in conjunction with those notions. I want a word to describe not just what I think of this man who has neither foresight nor insight nor hindsight; I want a word, from *within this one moment in time*, that will show me what someone who has a mix of two of them not only is but who they are at some kind of outset (that is just what this lightning-like thought is like here; all it means is I want for it to be more encompassing as a word, to be one with a little more power than just this small moment, knowing full well of

course that even at this next stage this word will still always be confined to its then-moment, but at least its new moment here will be one that contains a bit more of other contexts to potentially comprise that then-moment rather than just the singular type that spurred it all.) So I come up with a new phrase: “fore-hindsight”. It occurs to me *just right here* that there are cases in the foreseeable future that might require more amounts of forward-looking hindsight than hindsight which has generally only captured certain gradients of hindsight to keep the lessons for the future in mind. (But of course it doesn’t *always* occur just so. Nonetheless, this is what we are working with *right now*.) It, therefore, seems pertinent to me as it occurs right now that there are cases of larger proportion, comprised of more of the gradients that are possible in the form of surrounding activities making up the words, that could be in existence (as viewed from this one moment in time) and made into something *right now* that will serve better in future uses for imagined contexts. But (the determination of) *which* contexts still remains somewhat random, in a way. It seems that there are feelings we have before context comparison that make it so that we can fit them into different contexts, but these feelings, in terms of intensity and amount, appear to be more and more arbitrarily constructed the more and more we spread out here.

To reiterate, sometimes we consider three words together, in relation to one another, and we can get clearer on what they mean (*in relation to one another*), although often only from within and for the outcroppings of one instance only. So this means that there are times when the comparison of different words for one moment is what has made them clear in that moment. And we have also just now seen that the comparisons of words are compared to other times when we compared the same or similar words—with each case being different, and answering to different contexts, and updating and reupdating over and over again when these new times arise. This comparison of words is what makes each one of them clear. And yet, this comparison of words

itself happens in random sets: the context we reach into to compare a set of words to understand meaning is a context that comes when these words are compared in this instance—the contexts don't expand back forever into some kind of endless space of time; rather, they are dependent upon the “right now” and what this moment here has *made* of the comparisons of words, some instances of which activity will be composed of previous moments in time that held comparisons which themselves held comparisons that had only a few of the comparisons of moments already passed, which held only certain amounts of other comparisons, and so forth. Where does the line stop when we are trying to make a decision about whether a word or words or a word in conjunction with or in comparison to other words is just right for this situation here? Each time a decision is made when the words come up or are reevaluated and then made different to our understandings by the new words. But it seems to be a random process, one that cannot allow us to have much active participation in the procedures of deliberation. Especially because sometimes we question the fittingness of a word and *sometimes we don't*. Another variant of these ideas is that the comparison of the words “foresight”, “hindsight”, and “insight” compares random contexts of what arises in this moment—the idea of foresight being this way in comparison to that one, and so forth. But the comparison of contexts right here of the three words contains ideas of times when I compared them before, which itself contained ideas of when I compared them before, and so forth, as we just were able to see made clearer above, but not *always*. At certain points some contexts of compared contexts containing compared contexts get dropped, and what those points are is not ever predictable. It seems to be random, save for *what the words tell us*, i.e., whatever is *coming up in our minds from the words* obscures the problem of predictability and makes it so that we don't even consider the problem of having to predict at which points certain contexts are going to be dropped. Another question that arises is

this: Without continual use, so much of the word's meaning will drop away. If not *literally each* instance of affinity, then a lot of instances of affinity, in fact, will drop away. (IF it were each, we would be living in an impossible vacuum of a world.) *So how much* of each amount of word meaning (the idea of "amount" here being derived from how many—or, more often, the *feeling* of how many—of the instances of affinity there are spread across time) will be necessary to maintain one meaning of a word? There were times when I compared the use of the words "foresight", "hindsight", and "insight" before, each time giving me new information about the types. But many of those times I was thinking of other times that I compared the three words to figure out the use of which to use. And some will not be the same as I thought it to be originally. It will only ever be a seemingly random process that makes us know when enough is enough. The depth of the feelings is how we determine certain things like when a word is the right one to use or when we need another word to describe contexts that don't seem to fit in with what its chain of custody seems to have made it to have going for it—that is, what I would describe right now as *how much and how deeply we feel these feelings of whether we need more context or not*. And the depth of the feelings that conspires to make this all happen is still always utterly mysterious. Another thing is that I can compare some contexts about when we have compared them in contexts, the surroundings of each of the words and how they compare to one another not only to fit one of them but to fit one of them *and not the other two*. This process also includes the same things as the last sentence—the surroundings of each of the words *and how they compare to one another not only to fit one of them but to fit one of them and not the other two*, and so forth, etc.—but it *also* includes the idea of *having done all that*, a set out, as we think of it, continuing the ideas of comparing contexts, etc., at other points back in time that had the comparisons going of different ways to compare them in context. So the process ultimately

involves duplicates, as an instance of *itself* comes to be duplicated, as *itself*.³ As well, the feelings that happen before context comparison are feelings that seem, more than anything, at least in our thinking about it here, to show us how to feel and consider the arbitrarily connected amounts and intensities of feeling spread across time through each moment we felt the ideas and feelings (in each other random chain of amounts and intensities stretching ever farther back) *before*. It is according to their depths and intensities that our feelings spur the comparison of contexts, which as contexts reaching backwards indefinitely also function in mostly the same way.

In addition, sometimes we try to make words more wide-ranging more naturally, across larger amounts of time, rather than just from within one moment of time. This is another possibility that involves something like using the fabricated phrase-turned-word “fore-hindsight” across multiple instances *before* doing more comparisons *in one moment*. This has the effect of, for one, obscuring the moments of decision-making that occur when we do happen to struggle to find the right word, and feel the need, as a result, to invent a different one. But this multi-use, meaning derivative pattern can also have the effect of making it so that newly-constructed words that we do find to, even originally, exist outside of a single moment are words that make themselves known to us a few times over, creating and setting in motion that chain of affinity, those feelings of endless relation, that occur inside of us at the recognition of such occurrences (the occurrence being a new word coming up, *occurring*, in this way). These, to reiterate, are the types of situations in which the endless relation feeling brings up the doubling of the feeling of “knowing”; that momentary feeling of similarity that makes us feel we know that word, and how

³ Adhering to processes like this in the mind will show us all kinds of occurrences like this that we never would have gotten to without leaning into the processes of thinking about processes themselves.

it is used, again.⁴ That wholeness that has just arisen right here is another part of the processes and existences of the affinities, and how we come to recognize words and their meanings through such instances of affinity by feeling certain feelings in manners that are always shifting: sometimes doubling, sometimes multiplying and compounding more than twice to set another chain of affinities in motion, often doing both at the same time, one right after the other.

We should note how this all combines, here, to create an exemplification of what might arise from these cases as a more abstract view of what is happening—a larger, more distanced view capable of demonstrating the feelings that arise when we attempt to understand how we create and feel and imagine, say, infinity, for example, *across time* and yet remain unable to compare different contexts across different moments of each context's *new, needing-to-use-them-to-compare-to-get-clearer contexts* before first feeling some arbitrary set of amounts and intensities. Look at the cases from above. The comparison of feelings happens in sets, and those comparisons themselves also take on new sets that have themselves new sets, as we have seen, but *before any such comparisons (of comparisons, of comparisons, and so on forever) take place, the first thing that happens is a random arising of a feeling in and as a process that occurs in different amounts and intensities each time to connect different contexts under the guise of one felt sentiment.* We hold many contexts at once, all the while, but they are often random and always ever-splitting. Feelings hold random sets of ideas compared across contexts *as they are*, as sets, felt in differing intensities and amounts at different times and so therefore considered to either be or not be something, to fit or not to fit criteria, to relate to meanings we knew before,

⁴ There seem to be, even here, those types of infinite structures which surround how we feel and know. I wouldn't say they are very conducive to words. But then again, I *couldn't* say. Yet here: the doubled form of knowing is felt as double, but it isn't always felt with the exact same intensity or exact same amount of that kind of doubling. Doublings will always feel different, so the affinities we reach into are coming to make less and less sense without such a process that might enable us to be engaged in the activities of *fully feeling* each of the affinity's own specific set of intensities.

and a whole host of other types of processes. The feelings are arising to connect not only endlessly shifting gradients of feelings of affinity that relate contexts together in meaning and sentiment but also to function as those manners of context comparison that happen in accordance with what we would consider in the moments they arise to be the contexts that contain themselves moments of the same sort, all the way back, if we start with re-tracing the same kind of process from the tip of the iceberg where the feelings arise to the backwards set of comparisons that contain themselves over and over again, in random ways at different times. This, however, is only one, minute possibility. For now, the clearer track is this: Measurement of feeling usually happens before or with context comparison to seek the affinities we need to categorize. Measurement of feeling is also starting to look like something that trails from moment of felt sentiment to moment of felt sentiment across time and space in manners of and in the grips of an infinitely splitting architecture of endlessly shifting gradients. Let's go back to the time we compared the use of the words "foresight, hindsight, and insight". I remember that I recently compared these three words. My feeling right now is that the word "insight" is one I use in situations where I want to go into things. There is a depth of feeling to that particular sentiment itself, one that I can feel myself measuring in my mind as I determine that depth by a(nother)⁵ process of feeling. Depending on the random intensity or amount of the feeling, some of the contexts containing the same intensity or amount of the feeling get dropped or picked up on. The resulting feeling seems to then unite all the contexts that themselves contain all these farther-reaching back contexts of moments when we previously compared things. The under-grid of the process, being endlessly-shifting and picking up on some amounts and intensities of felt sentiment but not others in different, shading-over-into-one-another ways in different manners at

⁵ If "another", one will see how this gets even messier, with different feelings on top of feelings we can barely understand in isolation.

different times, seems like a scaffolding of the infinite sort. Of course, we should remember that which contexts are contained in this conglomerate depends entirely on randomness—specifically, the randomness of the intensity or amount of the feeling that spurred it in the first place. So the process is one that saw me begin by categorizing and finding or even sometimes creating certain meaning out of a particular depth of feeling that arises, which I did here only after I engaged in some more mysterious process of measuring the intensity or amount of that specific feeling. Perhaps since we did do that first part first, looking to cross-context comparison only after feeling the mysterious intensity and amount of a particular feeling that has arisen, we actually created new things. Soon we will return to this possibility.

b.

There is no one single experience that stays the same in all cases of the use of any single word. Take the word “hope”: Wittgenstein shows us tangentially that in any case in which we would use the word “hope” to describe what we feel, the circumstances surrounding the instance of “hope” are not required to look the same—or even have *any* single aspect in common. For instance, if I sit down to write my thoughts down and an idea occurs to me that I have never thought of before, I might feel *hopeful* that I will get somewhere in my thinking today. The hope in this situation has come from the aspects surrounding the birth of this particular feeling—the sitting down to write, the occurrence of the new idea, and so forth. Does this mean that every time in the past that I have felt hope, the same chain of events occurred? And does this mean that for me to feel hope again in the future the same chain of events must also occur? The answer to this is obviously in the negative, because we can also conceive of infinitely many other cases where I feel hope: Suppose I receive news that my friend is feeling better than he was the day

before and I feel hopeful that he will make a full recovery. This feeling of hope in this case is one I categorize to be the same as the hope that I felt in the first example, when I sat down to write and discovered something interesting. But it is not preceded by the same set of circumstances as the first instance; I did not, this time, sit down to write or receive a new idea that caused me to feel a certain way. The hope that arose this time had entirely different surroundings. So, then, what is the meaning of the word “hope”? Well, one answer is that it has infinitely many different meanings, and the entire world of experience is therefore endlessly indiscrete *beyond* us. For example, in order to determine the meaning of the word “hope”, we must have to look at each specific occurrence of it to see what preceded, accompanied, and followed its coming into being. (I use “hope” in many of the cases where I expected one thing and found another. But only in cases in which that expectation was elevated by the finding of whatever particular circumstance; not in cases where the expectation was deflated by the secondary occurrence.) Likewise, it may *also* be that it is impossible to give a definition to something like “hope” if the feeling arises in each case as disconnected from any *common* surroundings. (The cases where I use “hope” are all, or nearly all, ones in which that initial expectation increased upon my arrival to a secondary moment—but they do *not* all contain the same original circumstance, e.g., being worried *in this particular way*. For there are gradients to the circumstances, and infinite varieties to *how we feel them*, but the *similarities of feeling* are what constitute the instances and use of the words, the *sameness* what makes the slight feeling of connection across time and spaces of use.⁶) But a second way to look at these specific circumstances, and the way that is overall more constitutive of reading (b) here, is to ask whether there is indeed still a language game going on in these cases right now that is informing us more minutely what the word “hope” means. If there is, it is one that is seemingly different to the type

⁶ See Section 67 of the *Investigations* for ideas of “family resemblance”.

of language game that occurred within the narrowed part of the building example of (a), where the language game entailed the understanding of the naming of an object rather than anything else. In some senses, the language game that is occurring here is one that more closely relates to the second part of (a), where a different language game arises anew every moment “while others are discarded” (Section 23), as well as to (b) in summation. Thus, the focus *in this context* is more on the fact that there is no one thing that stays the same across time when it comes to determining the meaning of a word, since the circumstances literally change in each instance, *but* also on that a particular language game could be said to exist *of a moment* insofar as, inside of *that*, we compare these circumstances *within that moment*. Wittgenstein especially brings this to our attention in part of Section 87 when he tells us that explanations “hang in the air” unless they are supported by “[other explanations]”—so “an explanation may indeed rest on another that has been given, but none stands in need of another, unless *we* require it to avoid a misunderstanding.” This is important: Explanations *may* be isolated, but they may also arise in service of the explanation, to ourselves, of how we understand what something means in a certain context, for instance. Applied in *this* context, this means that if we try to figure out what the meaning of “hope” is when we utter it after finding that our expectations were largely exceeded by an occurrence, it is not just the surrounding circumstances we compare and contrast, but also the way in which we enter into a *new* surrounding context to attempt to explain cases to ourselves. This is what makes the more immediate, of-a-moment type of language game that serves to transform into our second reading: We learn what a word like “hope” means by creating new rules to determine what the language game can provide for us as far as context goes when we engage in the very act of questioning the *use* of the word “hope” itself. If I use the word “hope” in the sentence “I sure hope you didn’t forget to consider all the options”, I don’t mean

that *there is only one case* in which I can ever have that hope—unless I decide that that is what I mean to say, in which case the rules of the game change and now it happens to be that I am quite able to utter such a thing and mean it just so. It turns out that I meant that I could only have that thought in that particular moment *because of that secondary moment itself*. If that second act of questioning had not occurred, there would be no way to make this determination, and chances are, I would be none the wiser, convinced that the one idea which had occurred to me was the only possible one.

This indicates that there are certain aspects of indiscrete and forever-incomplete circumstances surrounding the “nimbus” of our thinking, for one, and a certain type of endlessness *creating* our ability to make precise specifications regarding meanings and uses of words, for another. We already began to see this embodied in (a) when the builders needed to continually revise what they were prepared to consider the circumstances of their usage of a word like “block”, or when they needed to make decisions (whether they realized it or not!) about whether they would continue to accept or reject a certain use of a word as correct or incorrect. We also saw what might arise as an extension of this infinitely splitting process of determination by shaded over sets of feeling. However, here what we see more clearly is that the language game of a moment is predicated on the ever shifting creation of new aspects or rules, which is more demonstrative, overall, of the last part of this second way of reading we are exploring here, where new language games arise across and during each and every instance. In Sections 139-142 Wittgenstein’s cube example brings much of this to light. Section 138 first pre-loads 139 by asking questions of ‘fit’: “Can the meaning of a word that I understand fit the sense of a sentence that I understand? Or the meaning of one word fit the meaning of another?” When we begin to think about what it would mean for the meaning of a word to fit another

meaning we have to add *of its use* in our minds; that is, we seem to have to ask ourselves if the meaning of a word can fit another mean *of its use*. Then we see that our question in some sense matches Wittgenstein's next realization in 138: "Of course, if the meaning is the *use* we make of the word, it makes no sense to speak of such fitting. But we understand the meaning of a word when we hear or say it; we grasp the meaning at a stroke, and what we grasp in this way is surely something different from the 'use' which is extended in time!". Thus, the use of the word constitutes a certain ever shifting structure in which the word makes its meaning, and the meanings of what we recognize to be the same word extended across time do not seem to have the same *structure* as any initiatory instance of our coming to know that word in a moment. We now have in our minds these questions of fitting when we enter into Section 139, such that Wittgenstein's questioning whether the entire *use* of the word "cube" comes before someone's mind when mentioned makes us realize that there is no one *use* extending across time that this word could ever fit *into* anything without destroying the structure of a moment which itself is the cause of our coming to understand: "Can what we grasp *at a stroke* agree with a use, fit or fail to fit it? And can what is present to us in an instant, what comes before our mind in an instant, fit a *use*?" Now we intuit that the answer must be no. We already know from our first reading and parts of the second certain ideas of how the meaning of a word comes from its use within a moment; now we can hold that in our minds and truly come to *understand* that the structures of understanding come only at a moment's notice and no further. Wittgenstein proceeds to develop the point that it is the *methods of projection* that we use which are the functional aspects of the enabling of our determinative understandings of the meaning of a word in any given instance. He asks us in 139 to engage with an example where "it is quite easy to imagine a *method of projection* according to which" something we thought would never fit turns out to, in fact, fit—in

terms of *use*. So, for instance, as he shows us, even if we are to think of a picture of a cube when someone mentions the word “cube” to us and then proclaim that that is the correct use of the term since we would never point to a shape of a different kind and call *it* a cube, this *use* of the word is not singular in its correctness or incorrectness, for in this example we have chosen a *method of projection* that determines whether it is right or wrong, and *in this case*, the use is right even *when* it is wrong due to the nature of its surrounding circumstances of occurrence (*when we project*.) To repeat, *this particular use of the word cube is not singularly correct or incorrect until we project out into the surrounding circumstances to determine what sort of use it was.*

Wittgenstein presses us further in 140, telling us that the effect of this argument is that it “call[s] our attention to [...] that there are other processes, besides the one we originally thought of, which we would sometimes be prepared to call ‘applying the picture of a cube’.” This is important: “Our ‘belief that the picture forced a particular application upon us’ consisted in the fact that only the one case and no other occurred to us.” This singular, of-a-moment type of thinking is what forces us into believing that there must only be one meaning or application of a particular word. But many other varieties of application exist—and if, as per Section 142, “[it] is only normal cases that the use of a word is laid out for us; we know, are in no doubt, what we have to say in this or that case”, then it is the “abnormal cases” that force us to compare and contrast surrounding contexts, and it is there that arise similar sets of ideas where we pigeonhole ourselves into believing certain things only because these were the only that arose in a certain context.

In terms of our original “hope” example above, it becomes clearer now that, indeed, “new language games” *do* seem to “arise every moment while others are discarded”: When I think about *why it is* that I would define “hope” in *this* way or *that* way I don’t often realize that my

very questioning of this fact only shows me how my understanding leads to one definitional aspect or another, i.e., my language games are always shifting. But we have already begun to see exemplified in a closer analysis of the cube example that this is only part of the story, since so also must we be aware that every time we try to relate structures (what Wittgenstein calls “methods of projection” or “methods of application”) in certain ways, we are forcing their use to seem to be something particular in our cognition. Thus, reading (b) might be better encapsulated if we aim to sum it up like this: We “choose” to hold onto or discard certain pieces of information (explanation, understanding, uses) arbitrarily and in different amounts and ways at different moments. Because only *one* use can occur to us in a *moment* (until viewed *as* a later understanding of previous circumstance in hindsight), we think that only one use was possible, that “a particular application” of a word was “forced upon us.” As far as the building example(s) of reading (a) go, meaning still *is* use here in (b), with our “hope” and “cube” examples, in almost exactly the same way that it is in (a)—how a word is used in life and action alongside our determinations, accompanying moments of understanding, and instances of choosing to hold onto or discard certain pieces of information is what determines its meaning from context, e.g., a builder *uses* the expression “slab!” to indicate that he wants the other builder to bring him a slab to the effect that single word used in that particular way means the same thing as “bring me a slab!” in a fuller language; and, again, zooming farther out shows us that decisions are made at every moment to circumscribe our world, meaning, for instance, that what constitutes a “block” must be determined anew every moment, especially when making decisions about meaning from use in situations where the conditions that surround “block-determination” are effectively infinite and spread far across time. Both of these things are still true within our “hope” example here in reading (b). Use, of course, continues always to determine the meaning of “hope”; that will never

change, for, as we have seen, no matter what *precedes* moments where I use the word “hope”, I know to use the word when I feel something that is comparatively similar to other times when I used it. Thus, the “usage” aspect to the determination of the meaning of a word for (b) is nearly identical to the aspect that occurred in (a), but since, so it goes, we have entered our own new context, it has slight variation and mainly, as its character of concreteness, just an affinity to the notion of “use as meaning”, as such the case was in (b), and which appears to comprise the connecting bridge between our two moments of analysis here. In addition, the decision-making component of the determination of the use of a word is also the same with the “hope” example here as it was in (a) with the blocks. The main affinity between (a) and (b) for *this example right here* is that, just like was the case with our continual reassessment to determine whether when new information was added or new avenues were more fully considered something was still, in one or even across many instances, a block in (a), our understanding of whether “hope” works in a given situation in (b) tends to come from a more unceasingly-revisionist activity the likes of which we saw with Wittgenstein’s “cube” example, where overlaying ‘methods of projection’ create anew every time what we are prepared to count as the correct use for a term: The language games keep shifting when we ask ourselves what we are willing to consider as a correct use of a term. That is, even if we have already circumscribed what is relevant to the use of a word before we come to use it, a word like “hope” will always be sensitive to more context yet, in the form of ever-shifting inquires that continually revise its status in our language games. (For instance, we can understand that using the word “cube” to describe an image of a triangular shape would be an “incorrect” use of it, but when we revise it to contain the very premise of its incorrectness, it becomes the singular use for that moment only, and in that way it *is* correct.) In fact, the similarity between (a) and (b), as far as the theme of “continual reassessment” goes, runs even

deeper, since not only can we be sure that use makes the meaning of a word to the extent that we remind ourselves of what we are prepared to count as part of its context—and that the world of understanding that serves to accompany the surrounding moments of context is pliable and subject to any subsequent moments of understanding—but further also can we frame the connection between both readings this way: If everything about a word and its meaning is sensitive to context (a), and in some cases we can indeed recognize that our choosing to hold onto or discard certain pieces of information is what circumscribes the range of our usage of a word (b), are not these two cases truly the same thing, only seen as similar in different contexts? It would indeed seem that they are the same—or at least different manifestations of *practically* the same thing. However, the key component of (b) that makes it even more variable than even the most infinitely extended zoom-outs of (a), is that, unlike the block examples where the context keeps extending farther and farther out, the extensions of context that happen in (b) are even more unmoored, since, as per Wittgenstein’s cube example, to ask whether a particular use of the word cube is correct requires certain “methods of projection” that complicate matters farther by demanding we readjust our own criteria each and every moment to get to the bottom of a meaning *in a way that never ends even inside of one moment*. Section 141 of the *Investigations* allows us to better intuit this crucial extension within the context of the cube example: “But what if not just the picture of the cube, but also the method of projection, comes before our mind?” he asks us. In order to imagine this, “perhaps” we see “before” us “a schema showing the method of projection: say, a picture of two cubes connected by lines of projection. [...] Can’t I now imagine different applications of this schema too? – Well, yes, but can’t *an application come before my mind?* It can: only we need to become clearer about our application of *this expression*.” Wittgenstein takes us down a more abstract road here, but *applied in this*

context, the ideas that this section bring to mind complement the extensions of context which have occurred throughout (b) in two crucial ways. First, 141 shows us that the idea of a “method of projection” is one that enables us to see, as we already have, that *a picture on its own* (in our less visually-inclined case, *a word either before or after it takes on a picture in our minds*) stands in need a method of *application* in order for it to be deemed correct or incorrect in use. So, it is possible to look at a picture of a triangular prism and find similarities between it and a picture of a cube and the use of the word cube will therefore vary in its correctness depending on how and when we use it. But second, the idea of application is *its own* application, which has implications that are much more far-reaching than it might at first appear. What I mean is that if we follow Wittgenstein and try to figure out how this schema in our minds is an application of what we were thinking about, we would need to be figuring out at every single moment along the line which application was at play, and we will forever stand in need of a new application to determine the relationship between different applications that come up in different, infinitely-splitting gradients. Of course, as 141 informs us, we have to reckon first and foremost with the use (and application!) of the very phrase “the application came before our mind”. How, we might ask, *if that’s true*, is it the case that we used that phrase here, to describe or think about what we were doing? We could imagine this fuller questioning process to go like this: Is *this* the correct use of the method of application?, I ask myself when trying to wrap my mind around whether Wittgenstein’s visual representation of a method of application of a cube is the right use of the phrase “method of application”, either for my purposes before the fact or for what results afterwards when I supposedly know more about the situation. Well, only if that use *right there* is the right application of the phrase “method of application”. And *that itself* will stand in need of a new method of application to determine its validity even relative to the current circumstances.

Which then also needs to be anchored to a new application to explain *that* one, and so on forever.

We see that sometimes the cube and the methods of projection come before our minds;

sometimes they are isolated. What anchors us to one categorization versus the other? A subtle

shift in feeling, one of the vast infinite gradients of possibility. The amounts and intensities of

what we can feel are always changing place to place, shifting seconds upon seconds. Each time,

if we pay close enough attention, there are subtle differences, certain sums anchored by the

feelings that arise and that spread out context to context (grabbing other contexts in arbitrary

amounts) based on how deeply we feel one versus the other, or even how deeply we feel the

apparently same method of projection across time. The feelings shift on amount and intensity;

but the shifting is random, if we notice, and especially if we try to grab more context, we will be

lost in arbitrarily collected sums of different ones—all filtered through feeling. The infinite

architecture of thinking here—indeed, the infinitely splitting architecture of the processes of ever

shifting splits of context and/or feelings-based context comparison—is arising as increasingly

connected to some under-grid of feeling that we cannot have access to without appealing to a

process of thinking meant to highlight and go deeply into the ever splitting physical nature of

how, in fact, these thoughts may arise.

Any check I perform to verify my own use of a word in any given circumstance will, itself, be subject to another mental occurrence of verification that stands in need of another arbitrary mental occurrence of verification, and so on *ad infinitum*. Section #2 will really get into this, but for now we can advance summarily by making sure we understand the oddity of what this brings up. Because a question now arises. How *do* we ever know how to use a word? Part (a) and (b) above have shown us different ways, but clearly, something is still missing from our understanding of how we intuit the meaning of words and the use of phrases if ideas of “methods

of application” create utter chaos even when we don’t necessarily try to pull their usages apart but instead, really, just try to sit with them as they arise in our minds. Wittgenstein himself knew he could never figure out the *what* behind what we tap into when we think about this kind of question. Perhaps the areas below the abstraction necessarily cannot be known. Yet, in my mind, something else comes up now that does have important implications for more than just our use of words or our understanding of words’ meanings. The infinite questioning that comes along with Wittgenstein’s investigations of the endless uses of method of application even *within one instance* of our cognition, combined with (b)’s gesture to the notion that whenever we use the same word like “hope” across multiple situations, there is almost never anything that is the same in the surroundings that led up to it, conspire to create this more pressing idea in our minds right now: If we are always half-guessing at what a situation or a thought or a feeling really is or really feels like (whether we know it or not), how can we ever say anything about what we feel (or just anything at all) with certainty? It is possible that these “deeper layers” of our psychology do not amount to much in day to day living. But it seems worth it to consider how we ever *do* acquire the feeling of similarity between different usages of words and their corresponding mental states if in every single case there will always be slight variations and nothing more than affinities to anchor us to one particular state of mind versus another. When we consider such cases as those that are more manifestly psychological, the implications of this part of the investigation here become even clearer. Section #2 will discuss this in depth, especially in its latter half when what I refer to often as the infinitely splitting architecture of our ever shifting processes of thinking and feeling begins itself to infinitely split open under the pressure of an attack on its own processes using its *own processes*. How do we know what we feel?, is one question that can come up, and there are infinite layers of investigation which would need to occur to even begin

to answer it, but we will keep it in mind as one potential background for investigation as we carry ever-forward across moments of time.

In summary, (a) began to show us how to constitute the first reading of the *Investigations* when we viewed narrow language games as the primary method by which we determine the meaning of a word. We saw further how a word or a phrase cannot be isolated from its surroundings if we are to determine its meaning in a particular instance of use, e.g., “slab!” in a more limited language means the same thing as “bring me a slab!” in a less limited language because its use is the same and the surrounding context is similar enough to be categorized in common during our moments of understanding. Then, we zoomed-out into other situations that dealt more extensively with cases where moments of understanding contained accompanying circumstances for the builders that sometimes carried across time to different effect. In this same thought-space it became clear that decisions often have to be made every moment in order to determine the meaning of a word, even if it may seem to a builder in one certain instance like a particular word such as “block” goes back to a specific moment of ostensive determination. (It may even be the case that an initial moment of determination of the meaning of a word like “block”, carried as it sometimes is across time, actually *masks* the uncertain nature of any subsequent follow-ups regarding the original meaning of the word, to the extent that re-affirming the use of the word *at every single* moment—deciding, that is, to accept or reject it at every new instance—is a property of thinking and understanding that remains hidden to the builders, obscured by the *feeling* that contextual similarity is on full power and always has been.) At the end of (a) we also saw that context comparison across time depends on the feelings that arise in each instance and that each of these instances, comprised separately of differing sets of information, possesses certain amounts and intensities that spur further comparison across time,

depending on how the feelings hold onto the multiple instances in each set of thinking (*about* thinking, about feeling, etc.). I hinted, one, that this messiness of process leads into an under-grid of ever shifting processes itself, and, two, that in some of these cases, cases when the feelings in different intensities and amounts (*of* sets of context, or just different amounts in general) come *before* context comparison (even in cases where context comparison itself has spread back forever randomly into its own sets of randomly felt and accordingly grouped information about feeling and meaning), we are actually engaged in a mysterious creation of feelings—a surprising pull of the thread that will be addressed more soon. Reading (b) took us farther down into the rabbit hole to see that the circumstances in which we use a word like “hope” are never required to have much in common with one another, much less any single thing. Wittgenstein’s conviction that often new language games arise and are discarded literally every single moment eventually corresponded to our consideration of “methods of projection” in his cube example, where it became increasingly evident that self-reflection on our own usage of each phrase *as we try to explain* different methods of application *within* certain methods of application themselves causes the context to continually split even farther at every moment (and at many moments we don’t even seem to know exist but which do when we create them out of necessity in explanation!). Readings (a) and (b) continued throughout to have more in common than not: For one thing, it seems always to be context that determines the meaning of a word, whether one is a builder engaged in circumstance-sensitive definitional aspects predicated on ostensive maneuvers that accompanied his moments of coming to understand or whether one is, instead, a person involved in the business of understanding the use of a word like “hope” correctly across several of his moments. For another, both the activity of pinpointing the correct use of the word “block” and the activity of encountering all different uses of the word “hope” are pieces of the

same puzzle, depending how we look at circumstance; for instance, in (a), the builders sometimes had to assess at every single moment whether their use of the word was fitting enough to their purposes, and in (b), there were plenty of moments in the “hope” example *and* the “cube” example where we had to continually revise what we were prepared to count as the correct use of a word as language games dropped in and out anew every single moment. Yet the cube example of reading (b) made it much clearer that Wittgenstein’s “methods of projection” create a sense of infinity even within one moment in time, since methods of application require endless reevaluation, qualification, and updating, with the consequence that understanding what we actually feel at any given point is a nearly impossible task. This only reaffirms what (a) showed us about the nearly infinite varieties of feeling and depths or intensities of that feeling that arise during adherence to certain, possibly-derived-from-the-infinitely-splitting architecture-of-the-ever-shifting-processes-of-thought *processes* of continual context comparison. The feelings are messy, but they hold onto more contexts at one time than anything else can.

Pause

Before shifting into full psychological gear, Wittgenstein first kicks us into combinatory territory: Thinking about and with the processes of understanding which occur when we try to understand not just understanding itself but also how we *feel*. The activities we use are activities which take us deep into the realm of understanding the *feelings* (of feelings, of thoughts, of *feelings of thoughts*) that link up in our minds. Section 640 points this out nicely for us: “‘This thought links up with thoughts which I have had before.’ –How does it do so? Through the *feeling* of such a link? But how can a feeling really link these thoughts? —The word ‘feeling’ is very misleading here. But it is sometimes possible to say with certainty, ‘This thought is connected with those earlier ones’, even though one is unable to point out the connection. Perhaps one will succeed later.” In other words, sometimes there is a *feeling* that we can connect two thoughts together *through a feeling*. But only when we *use the word ‘feeling’* to describe that process. In other cases, if we do not *use* the word ‘feeling’, we will not arrive at the same type of idea that there is *some kind of feeling that connects two random thoughts to each other*. The whole of it feels very random. And not only that, but so also does it become clear that to say “sometimes there is a *feeling* that we can connect two thoughts together” is a very different occurrence to “sometimes there is a *feeling* that we can connect two thoughts together *through a feeling*. The latter seems to exist on two levels simultaneously, while the former instead limits itself to the one layer. Saying that we can have a *feeling* about connecting a thoughts *through feelings* is, in this case, more reminiscent of the sentence “we can have a feeling about connecting the *feelings* between thoughts” than it is the sentence “we can have a feeling about connecting this *one* thought about connecting thoughts through feelings, *through feelings*.”

Regardless, this is a very particular occurrence; it will not be the same ever again as time moves by.

For now, Wittgenstein's considerations seem to tell us more about stopping processes than starting them; that is: The identification of particular occurrences of processing mental processes from potential others. Section 322 picks up on this when it discusses the idea of comparison, broadly speaking, in conjunction with the processes of understanding the idea of understanding: "The question what the expression means is not answered by such a description; and this tempts us to conclude that understanding is a specific, indefinable experience. But one forgets that the question which should be our concern is: how do we *compare* these experiences; what criterion of identity *do we stipulate* for their occurrence?". In other words, in order to understand how we understand, we have to compare *the comparisons of* the criterion of identity that, in a sense, *we stipulate* will occur. This reason for this might be because, in many cases, we cannot understand the meaning of the process or activity of understanding without first trying to understand the process that refers to *understanding* what a process is. Section 366 tells us that a process in the mind could never be said perfectly to *correspond to* any such occurrence of a process *on*, for example, *paper*—there is no such thing as the idea of a process being exclusively physical: "'This process in the mind corresponds to *this* process on paper.' And then it would make sense to talk of a method of projection according to which the mental image of the sign was a representation of the sign itself." So, carrying that over, our attempts to understand what a process is, i.e., trying to understand how we understand, and elucidating what processes we understand those processes of understanding *with*, will, as processes themselves, have wrapped up within themselves the notion of *necessary convergence*: a term here introduced to suggest that

the original creation of the process of processing processes is what created its output—it *necessarily converged upon* the process of processing that wanted a process about itself.

If thinking is not some extra set out that goes beyond the current moment, why do I keep referring to “set outs” that keep going beyond the moments? Because in some senses, these thoughts about this kind of thinking exist. In some senses, that is, there is a way in which we can *say* that how we know things relate to each other is *that* they relate to each other across moments. But they do not always do such a thing. Yet, *when* they should so happen to arise in a particular moment, they follow that same sort of process. Wittgenstein seemed to intuit the fuzzy nebula of uncertain, multi-part, almost quantum-in-their-indeterminacy surroundings from which our thoughts arise—the type of haze that seems, especially, to come up when we think about thoughts that have already apparently been passed by us in time, from within the confines of one moment. In some ways, it makes sense that a singular feeling is all we ever have, regardless of whatever collected shift of amount and intensity we think it could within itself across summed moments contain. But if we push the ideas farther, moving on as we do towards more hyper-sets of feelings, we will start to see emerge from within the confines of what in fact we are engaged in just right now a certain sense of the infinite architecture of an infinite under-grid of ever-shifting processes of feelings. Using *that* process, which has been *created from this sentiment right now* in time in a manner that traces itself back to the end of part (a) in #1, will enable us to peer into that physical land that creates our feelings and conceptions through random sets of amount and intensity. This process will come shortly.

#2

In this section, I turn to Wittgenstein's Philosophy of Psychology Fragment to draw out the messiness and mysteriousness of the depths of our feelings as they spread across time. In attempting to further understand ideas *of* understanding, seeing *as* different forms of *seeing as*, or even feeling *as* through different methods of *feeling as*, we will see that feelings across time become harder to comprehend for the vast variety of their infinitely splitting gradients. Finally, when I turn towards the infinite architecture of the under-grid of our ever shifting processes of thinking and sentiments, the true depths to which this process of feeling can take us will reveal that the amounts and intensities of the feelings that arise across time are implicated at levels we can barely even from one singular reference in space and time imagine.

In Philosophy of Psychology—A Fragment [previously known as 'Part II'], Wittgenstein advances the notion of hyperflexible, context-sensitive linguistic content as being the primary method for philosophical knowledge acquisition, this time with an eye towards the psychological aspects of language (or, rather, with an eye towards the language that *creates* the psychological aspects we encounter in our daily lives.) The conceptual nature of psychological phenomena is such that, according to Wittgenstein, an analysis of psychology is really an analysis of the content of our *attitudes* towards certain feelings and methods of life. These are the attitudes that arise from the ways in which our language interacts with context and is created from within the confines of each moment of linguistic occurrence. For instance, "describing my state of mind (of, say, fear) is something I do in a particular context", but "is it so surprising that I use the same expression in different games? And sometimes, as it were, even in between the games?" (79). For Wittgenstein, the description of a state of mind is something that occurs purely linguistically. It is not something that can be taken apart, split open and left vulnerable to further substantiated

mental conceptions in order to discover any hidden information in the depths below the language or the grammar. Rather, each word we use to describe one of our psychological states functions in the exact same way as we saw words function in section #1: It is impossible for any words uttered with the expectation or hope of introspection to be founded on anything more than a fleeting moment; whatever it is that one feels at a given time or another is what he feels within that space of time only, and no amount of intentional reflection can change that fact, because the feelings that would arise with an intentional check-back on oneself are necessarily new feelings, feelings which have arisen in conjunction *with the intentions* rather than separate to them. (“How do I find the ‘right’ word? How do I choose among words? It is indeed as if sometimes I were comparing them by fine differences of smell: *That* is too...*that* is too...*this* is the right one. – But I don’t always have to judge, explain; often I might only say ‘It simply isn’t right yet.’ I am dissatisfied, I go on looking. At last a word comes: ‘*That’s* it! *Sometimes* I can say why. That is simply what searching, that is what finding, is like here” (295).) In other words, an intention to go backwards in time to consider what is happening and whether our word was accurate enough to describe the state we felt is a type of intention that is necessarily confined to its own moment in time, a moment which has afforded to it naught but the content of the current state of our linguistic existence, which happens to sometimes back-reflect but often does not (and the accompanying feelings of one back-reflection that feels capable of and enough for changing our minds about something are always different depending on their circumstances, because we—again, *necessarily*—cannot feel anything outside of a bounded moment in time.)

An example of this intentional backtracking on feelings would be if someone decided, in a bounded moment, to reconsider his use of the word “clarity” to describe his mental state. “I’m not sure,” he might say, “if what I am feeling is, in fact, clarity, because I have *just* now realized

two key factors about what else is going on in my experience: I now know new information about the situation that makes me question what I originally thought; and now that I know how to conceive of this new information *as* what is causing me to think that I was incorrect before, I feel even hazier about it all than even all the middles in between.” One thing happening here is, indeed, that he is comparing endless gradients of feelings, from within the connections across time that have made him feel what he has felt. (A curious mix of the infinity and the bounding, as they were, seems to happen here; the process takes on the feeling of those two things in some kind and form of their mixing.) But second, he is thinking about his thinking, and feeling *as* the feelings of his own *feelings as* in order to grab the nonlinear flow of the (outer) foundations of his mind. (Additionally, the fast pace of his mental conceptions is outside of his control, *because of the nonlinear nature of what is arising*.) How he views his own viewing is going to affect the gradients that come to view in his light. In the specifics of this case here, this means that his intention to view his sense of clarity as something that is now *hazy because of two now known reasons* is an intention that may not or may not have arisen, depending upon precisely how it is that the deliberation about the correctness of the use of the word clarity to describe what he felt delivers the linguistic content to this particular experience. In one sense, had he never submerged his mind to different aspects of the feeling across time, his intention would have disappeared in its current moment; but whatever connected himself to that one moment was what made him feel that he knew, in the new moment, that ‘clarity’ required some revision if it was to be an accurate description of the old moment. So even if he realized that he had no idea how it was the case that he arrived upon the feeling that his intention was incorrect, it would still have arisen. But, on the opposite end, if he did submerge his mind to the different aspects of the feeling across time, taking on, as it were, a deeply varied view of all he could possibly have felt, then what would

happen is that he would *possibly* feel that the intention was a warranted one, and totally correct, but *later on*, his idea of the fittingness of the revised description of his own description about what he is doing is going to seem less fitting than before. Thus, the infinite and arbitrary varieties of what he can feel.

But what about the slightly simpler idea that there could be an overarching summation of feelings that combines in our minds to help tell us of multiple moments and occurrences which are not confined to the one moment? Unfortunately, Wittgenstein would dismiss such an idea, not least of all on the grounds that it will still always be the case that every moment brings new arbitrarily coupled *or* decoupled information to light by virtue of its arrival through linguistic content (or thought-based linguistic content.) What is meant by this for this situation right now is that, returning to the example above, of trying to find the right word, what happens *here* is that we do not actually end up knowing what is happening aside from all that occurs *specifically here* because *even if* we can think backwards in time, each instance of thinking backwards in time will end up carrying its own arbitrary set of ‘summed feelings’ taking on a new type of feeling. For example, when in certain cases we go on thinking about whether we have chosen the right word to describe our feelings or rather not, *sometimes* it will be the case that the searching brings up a new place of thought-content tied to linguistic-markers that enable us to (think we can) change our minds about what we have felt, but in many other cases we will not feel as though whatever form of searching we engaged in has brought that up, and so we will resign ourselves to assuming any previously-felt feeling or idea was definitively the case and all-along *not something* susceptible to change. This process is relatively intuitive because on a moment-to-moment basis we oftentimes do happen to understand that we are unable to know what we really feel without a certain amount of hindsight, since hindsight is part of the hyperflexible process of

creating our feelings. (That is, it often arises, within the confines of one moment, *to be the case* that we happen to think we need the hyperflexible process of understanding the creation of feelings to truly understand a state of mental occurrence---but we don't *always* happen to be urged by such convictions, or happen to add such convictions *back* onto our knowledge of our thinking about what could account for the case, and also it seems likely that the specific gradients of the assurances and feelings here will literally always be different, something we see clearly if we pay close enough attention. And now, with this, we have just arrived at our first example of how the acquisition of knowledge itself is predicated on this layered process of confined, but also infinitely context-sensitive, understandings *of* what we are attempting to understand. To be sure, *understanding this mental occurrence* happens in its own infinitely varied methods of occurrence; intriguingly, we have also now come upon the idea that *understanding how we understand in infinitely variable ways that we understand understanding mental occurrence through infinitely different methods of (understanding the idea of understanding that we understand the infinitely varied ways to understand the infinitely different understandings of infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied understandings of the infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding, [and so forth down forever and ever, each time and occurrence of 'the infinitely varied ways of understanding' being actually literally a different mental occurrence and—I promise—not just a useless repetition included here for no reason], the understanding of)*⁷ *infinitely varied understandings*

⁷ Each time this literally is very different: We can think backwards in an infinitely-processing cycle. We can *also* understand now that what Wittgenstein is doing by thinking around the context and seeing that each time is different is actually opening up a larger realm of contexts that paradoxically bound us when thinking. There is a weirdly mathematical structure taking place behind our thoughts, a structure I seem to refer to as “the infinite architecture of the ever shifting process of our thoughts”, a structure, indeed, that lives behind these sentiments and makes these sentiments arise in the varied ways of existence that we are now investigating. In this way, a thought about thinking is sometimes a thought about many forms and

*of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding itself*⁸ is a hyperflexible mental occurrence like all others—sometimes comprised of endless think-backs of some sort similar to the above and which happened to *reach* those certain understandings starting from one moment (though hardly ever! I just started with the first most idealistic of thoughts that has arisen here) but usually comprised more of a confined moment of randomly grouped and mixed ideas that tells us of certain layers to this understanding in arbitrary or at least specific types of ways (i.e., 1, the grouping of those infinite variations of understanding the infinite variations of understanding will (*themselves, in their infinitely varied sets*) be one or less in many cases, but 2, our understanding of that understanding contains, in some cases, *this and that* but not, always, *that and that and this*; and some of those ‘this’es and ‘that’s’ will be the idea that how we understand knowledge is a form of knowledge about understanding and the methods we use to coalesce certain features into understanding, and some will be the idea that how we understand knowledge is a form of knowledge about understanding *without* coalescing it all back, to take one example, but lots of others will not be just like so.) What we wish to make of this may itself be varied—usually the mental phenomena are much more confined to our understanding of and existing themselves as within one layer—but the infinite process of set-ups that is possible should be starting to come to light a little more.) But perhaps the key takeaway of this process here, if we backtrack a little bit right now, is that there is no such thing as a singular “type” of back-thinking, or *searching*, that goes on in all cases across time. Sometimes searching consists in recalling previous states of mind (and in arbitrary manners and amounts); sometimes the

occurrences in space and time of our thoughts; but oftentimes it will instead be the case that thinking about thinking is still only ever one thing—usually it is, in fact. In addition, this process of “what arises to be the case can arise to be the case in infinitely varied ways can itself be arising in infinitely varied ways” can itself arise in infinitely varied way.

⁸ And that is just one particular version of it. There are infinitely many others, each with *slight* variation.

“searching” we think of as, well, “searching”⁹ is quite simply only that which we end up understanding it to be *ultimately*, i.e., the feeling of recollection bringing up only one of the infinite gradients of feelings is only *whatever it is* during the moment of searching, and nothing more, or the feeling of recollection bringing up several or more feelings with only the final feeling being the one we focus on becomes *whatever it is* during those moments of searching.

More than this, Wittgenstein helps us in quite varied ways to *feel even more deeply* and even sometimes *know almost visually* that what we call ‘feelings’ consists in infinite varieties and gradients of “also feelings”; Section 66: “A ‘feeling’ has for us a quite *particular* interest. And that involves, for instance, the ‘degree of intensity of the feeling’, its ‘location’, and the extent to which one feeling can be submerged by another. (When a movement is very painful, so that the pain submerges every other slight sensation in the same place, does this make it uncertain whether you have really made this movement? Could it lead you to make sure by looking?).” Here what is striking is that, indeed, one feeling can be submerged by another, and that happens all the time, in different extents always, never in one specific way. Basically, being afraid means whatever it comes to be when it arises in whatever context. The surrounding situation is what causes it to arise as whatever psychological phenomena it is and is also what defines what being afraid means in each instance of its use. (“That’s what I *mean* by telling you I am afraid” is a sentence which covers an infinite assortment of different cases; sometimes I feel as though what I felt was that endless fear, at that point, but other times, I most certainly do not feel that way. Sometimes I end up feeling as though *I am seeing the case as though* I feel

⁹ How did we do that, though? How can we think of searching as something, as anything, if it is always changing across time? It arose, but we make sense of it how? What cases are we *actually* comparing in our minds to understand the context-dependent nature of the use of a word? There is still some room for mystery, in my mind, the likes of which can only be addressed by something that extends into a physical connection across space and time more deeply than one Wittgenstein, or even myself, here, would be comfortable with.

endlessly deep fear, and so forth; sometimes I end up feeling as though that is not the case, or instead that I am *feeling it*, but not with any *as though* attached.¹⁰ An example of this might arise when we think about a particular case of looking backwards on feeling fear: It might occur to me in a moment that I should describe my state of fearfulness as one based on being afraid of certain outcomes; but then I think back and say, wait a minute, I'm not afraid of certain outcomes so much as seeing a fear of the *potential* for certain outcomes *as* something that seems to exist in certain moments, or maybe it's actually more the feeling of the feelings of deeper feelings—that is to say, the idea that there could exist a deeper feeling I do not understand because of this bounded moment that I am afraid of and that obscures the original fear. In this way, I can imagine that my own imagining is changing what I feel to be the case. In this way *too* it becomes possible to say something similar to that my deep fear I am thinking back on is not actually a fear but rather an endless hopefulness, because in light of the context of the new back-think, I now feel instead that to have this fear is something profoundly beautiful and infinitely just *whatever it is*. In some cases, that is, I might be overwhelmingly glad that all the care in the world has exhibited itself in my mind and so then, also, filled with love for all that all moments can be.

So sometimes I feel as though what I felt was that endless hopefulness, at that point; but other times I most certainly do not feel that way, and each time I do this type of consideration I get farther and farther away from what was the *case*. Before considering how and why this even matters, it might be helpful to take a look at a somewhat odd example, an example that is both painful and illuminating at the same time as it seems unable to fully track with what we are investigating here. But let's just trust, for now, that it does, before turning to another example that will pull more of all of this intensely spreading investigation together.

¹⁰ Think also: Can I *want* to want something?

How does one make the determination that what he felt at a particular moment was, to take a random case, extreme care for something? We would have to start by recognizing that the very process of creating feelings includes, and often presumes, hyperflexible consideration. (As much as we may also be tempted to examine this issue under the guise that, perhaps, the fundamental and possibly metaphysical underpinnings of phenomenal occurrences create something that is hyperflexible itself—to the extent that, somehow, as an example, I might be able to share with myself, across time, certain feelings in such a way that these feelings literally continue to be whatever they first were, in an action-at-a-distance, physical way—a primary look at this one particular possibility yields the following warning, to be compounded by the outcomes of the second look: Even if it were the case that reality were hyperflexible and capable of reaching across moments in any sort of literal way, the outcrop of what “we” feel as what we are is nothing more than the language that arises, which (for better or for worse) is confined to whatever comes up to create us in the moment. The *level of* submerging of feelings that occurs in these particular cases seems to occur on a different level, a level that exists a set up from its original position, rather than one that is on the same even playing field with what is happening on the supposed sub-phenomenal plane—meaning that the feelings cannot connect across time in any way that would rid us of the importance of our investigation of pro-phenomenal experience. A second glance at this vision of reality here is the look that also shows us that, in fact, any word I grab onto to explain the underpinnings of a certain physical occurrence (e.g., what happens with, in, or creating *literally any example* from above of using a word to explain a state of reality, mind, etc.) will be a word that necessarily connects these physical states, but only on a pro-, and not sub-, phenomenal level. It will never, that is, be the case that the sub-phenomenal occurrences are happenings which are able to subsume their pro-phenomenal counterparts.)¹¹

¹¹ A section in this part of the *Investigations* that I do think complements these particular ideas is 306,

(The connection here between the mental and physical goes even deeper, getting more and more specific as it spirals down. “Going backwards” in thought happens in layers upon layers upon layers, especially in cases where we try to match our experiences with what we tend to think of as physiological aspects of occurrence (either in the ways outlined above or in new, farther-reaching or more confined ways): In section 236, Wittgenstein asks us to “imagine a physiological explanation of [an] experience” of looking at a figure, say, a randomly drawn figure that hits us with an experience of *something* that deviates from what we expected in certain ways. (It could, for instance, deviate with *how we choose to see it*, in a particular case; perhaps we tell ourselves that we are seeing the figure *as this* even though we know it is something else, or perhaps we do the same thing of seeing it *as* something but without the *even though we know* aspect, in the rare case that that could be possible by virtue of our newfound knowledge at a later moment causing us to realize what we did not realize at the exact specific time of our original experience.) If, however, we look to make our experience of seeing the figure correspond to a “physiological occurrence”, we might, he explains, describe what is happening as composed of certain “oscillations” of the eye, or certain pathways taken that

although I must confess that I found myself drawn to it only *after* formulating the ideas in these last few sentences, and, as such, the connection between the two is as justified as this new moment of thinking can propose it to be: “A hypothesis, such as that such-and-such goes on in our bodies when we talk silently to ourselves, is of interest to us only in that it points to a possible use of the expression ‘I said...to myself’: namely, that of inferring the physiological process from the expression.” Here we can see parallels between the idea of sub-phenomenal activity and pro-phenomenal activity; such as I was discussing in the above context and Wittgenstein’s pointed attention to ‘physiological processes’; the process beneath whatever phrase we use to describe a moment is one that is, on a certain level, more flexible *when we engage in games which are trying to explain how we use language to mean things*. Beyond that, we can say nothing. Similarly, when we try to say something about the sub-phenomenal occurrences of what is happening, such as attempting to venture a guess that sub-phenomenal occurrences can connect across time in such a way as to deliver to our current feelings the literally same feelings we had at another point in time, we end up violating what it is actually possible *to say* when it comes to these avenues of thought. The key here is that we cannot ignore all of the layers to what we are in fact *doing right now*. If we do, we do a disservice to Wittgenstein’s profound contribution to our understanding of the deepest facets of who and how we are. We might in the course of such events get stuck, quite like he seems to often have; it is hard work to continually reject certainty and maintain an argument at the same time. But it can be done, especially with more manifestly infinite considerations the likes of which I will investigate more deeply soon.

alternate our vision in certain ways, or whatever we want to choose from a great many possibilities. And when we explain “seeing as” in this physiological way, and if we then *fit this knowledge* with our knowledge that such movements of the eye are “impossible”, we come to view the concept of “seeing as” as one that is composed of different ways in which we can *see as* the *seeing as*. So: We now know that *seeing as* in this one particular way in which we *see the seeing as* as type of *seeing as* is one form of explanation but cannot be all the forms of it. Importantly, as Wittgenstein tells us, the *psychological explanation* in this case “hangs out of reach”—which itself points to the fact that the main sum of this parenthetical is yet another bundle of reasons for the specificity of the realm of psychological content being tied only to the particular risings of pro-phenomenal linguistic content.) All the physical musings aside: If we assume that looking backwards onto occurrences of feeling are part and parcel of the creation of some manifestations of what we feel (as we should if we follow Wittgenstein’s advice in section 279 to recall that “that first judgement” of what word is correct as a description of a state of occurrence “is *not* the end of the matter, for it is the *field* of a word that is decisive”), then we have to acknowledge that to guess whether one has felt extreme care at a certain moment for or as a certain experience is to often both feel *and* guess, and that depending on which method happens to be felt more deeply, that is how one will judge the situation. So, he wants to know whether he can categorize his mental state as one of extreme care or not. Can he say, ‘I told myself to feel, not speak, during my moment of intense care, so it must be true that to feel deeply is to discourage the use of words?’ Clearly, he knows that is not true in this case. The feelings he has, in this case, tend to form a certain “set in the mind” which enable him to utilize the specific conglomerate of aspects *as* something happening in his mind; but on the times that they do not,

they will leave him feeling as though his original assertion *about* his feeling is a type of thinking about thinking that has obscured the original intent of his decided-upon mental operations.

Let's return to the example from above of understanding how we understand, where we said that: "[...] *understanding this mental occurrence* happens in its own infinitely varied methods of occurrence; and, intriguingly, that in doing this understanding we have also now come upon the idea that *understanding how we understand in infinitely variable ways that we understand understanding mental occurrence through infinitely different methods of (understanding the idea of understanding that we understand the infinitely varied ways to understand the infinitely different understandings of infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied understandings of the infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding, [and so forth down forever and ever, each time and occurrence of 'the infinitely varied ways of understanding' being actually literally a different mental occurrence and—I promise—not just a useless repetition included here for no reason], the understanding of*¹² *infinitely varied understandings of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding itself*¹³ is a hyperflexible mental occurrence like all others." What have we even said by saying this? It doesn't seem like much. It seems, rather, that all we have done is to have

¹² It is worth repeating the note here with the repetition of the example. Each time this literally is very different: We can think backwards in an infinitely-processing cycle. We can *also* understand now that what Wittgenstein is doing by thinking around the context and seeing that each time is different is actually opening up a larger realm of contexts that paradoxically bound us when thinking. There is a weirdly mathematical structure taking place behind our thoughts, a structure I seem to refer to as "the infinite architecture of the ever shifting process of our thoughts", a structure, indeed, that lives behind these sentiments and makes these sentiments arise in the varied ways of existence that we are now investigating. In this way, a thought about thinking is sometimes a thought about many forms and occurrences in space and time of our thoughts; but oftentimes it will instead be the case that thinking about thinking is still only ever one thing—usually it is, in fact. In addition, this process of "what arises to be the case can arise to be the case in infinitely varied ways can itself be arising in infinitely varied ways" can itself arise in infinitely varied way.

¹³ And, again, that is just one particular version of it. There are infinitely many others, each with *slight* variation.

made it so that the idea of understanding an understanding of something is extended forever down and down, made into a viciously infinite cycle of endless regression. In some sense, sure. But that is *just how we have understood it here*. Perhaps if we want to try to go beyond what Wittgenstein was comfortable expressing, we have to look into the surrounding context of the contexts he was pulling from—reach into the surrounding world that arises each moment when we engage with these thoughts to see where they themselves are coming from. What does *this* mean? Well, for one, the infinite architecture of the ever splitting processes of our sentiments is staring to open up. But, for another, infinity surrounds and creates our feelings, and infinity is not, despite how we sometimes think of it, unitary in any sense of the word. We must also remember to try to *feel* the endless gradients and shifts between all the words we use more than usual, because if they are taken too literally, they will be bounding us before we even have the chance to begin. So when I say: Understanding how we understand in infinitely variable ways that we understand understanding in infinitely variable ways is *itself* an isolated piece of knowledge which must be reconciled to the idea that, also, *it itself* is an infinitely varied occurrence in terms of the surroundings in which it will arise, how we come to (in various ways) understand it, etc., it seems like we are just repeating certain things that now can come to a full stop, be called “nonsensical” because of the dissolution to infinity, and be dismissed on any such number of grounds of irrationality. But think about it a little longer. We now have another form of isolated knowledge which must be reconciled to the fact that it has to, first and foremost, *be reconciled to the fact that it can come up in any number of ways*. [We could easily envision a world where no such extra reconciliation were even possible; but that is a whole other story.] And now we have another form of apparently isolated knowledge, by virtue of the fact that time moved forward and we are now *here* in our thinking. If stasis were possible, like our ideas and

conceptions make us believe it is, by the reason that they *have* to be that way to grab onto anything ever, then we could ignore this idea of there always being a new isolated form of knowledge about knowledge or whatever to be reconciled with its own fact of being—its fact that it itself has its own forms of isolated knowledge to reconcile with the fact that new forms of existence are coming, possible, and can possibly arise in any such number of ways. But time moves us on to new moments, and so understanding how we understand is not as simple as it seems, because time is making it be the case that each case comes with its own set of endless repetitions and forms of isolated knowledge that would have to be reconciled with their own reconciliations which arise. Again, time means we have to consider these co-occurrences of ever shifting but yet often unambiguously felt sentiments. Because this is the background of many forms of our thinking, at least to me it seems to be, this means we are caused to think about things differently all the time, and now we know why. [Feeling as, seeing as, connecting as, feeling the connection between, observing oneself observing oneself, desiring to desire something: Each of these shares a kinship through the process of its own becoming across time, in relation both to itself and to the other connected aspect of the particular phenomena. This background process could be split open by the small example that here follows: What does it *mean* to say that I was happy? I can think of it *like* any number of things: *I was happy, but now I am not happy. I was kind of happy in comparison to how I feel now, but that I think about it, I am going to have to rate my happiness as even less than what I just thought. I was happy and I must confess it to be so. I was happy and I cannot not say that I was happy.* Because each state of mind is, as we now know, an entirely linguistic occurrence, when we try to abstract away from the particulars of its arising, we enter the territory of nonsensical surmising. As section 287 points out, it “the language game of ‘I mean [or meant] this’ is a completely different language

game from ‘I thought of.. as I said it’”, which means usually that the former case requires more deliberation. So, in this example, it will sometimes be the case in each utterance of one of those phrases that I intended to think backwards on a certain experience, but not always. *If the mental occurrence of words happens*, then it happens also that I say any of those phrases about happiness, and it will be the case that I am feeling that I am intentionally thinking back on a certain occurrence. Seeing all things as other things shows the hyper-flexibility of reality in some cases over the rigidity of mental conceptions.]

What is happening with this example right now may seem to be endlessly deceptive and uselessly detailed. It may also be the product of a mind that is becoming looser and looser the more it tries to spread out across time *as it also actually does spread out across time because, at least according to time’s mental conception in its own mind, that tells it is mentally travelling across time, time is moving it ever forward*—which is a very particular occurrence to have. But it raises, in this (my) mind, some important points about what it means to reconsider feelings in the seat of experience. For instance, Wittgensteinian thought frameworks will tell us (of these types of processes) that no thoughts are meant to be entirely self-contained. So, if I consider my feelings about anything, I am unable to really understand what it means to do such consideration without an affirmation of some type of understanding *of* an understanding—and, above all, as we have already seen countless times so far, the only way to ensure that we can understand how we are understanding anything is to add new, also-arbitrary levels of understanding onto our world. Is there a solution to this problem of self-knowledge regarding rule-following in terms of understanding?

It is worth it to pause now in order that we might use someone else’s words to get at these same ideas, and, ultimately, at least one solution to the worst of what they seem to bring up

skeptically. Saul Kripke's investigation of Wittgenstein's rule-following in *Wittgenstein On Rules and Private Language* examines the notion of what to him is the fundamental skeptical problem of Wittgensteinian thought: how it is possible to mean anything by the idea of "meaning anything". It seems, based on everything we have already discussed above, that nothing can ever mean anything, because the natural set out will be one that takes us far away from an original acceptance of a rule and to a new, farther-abstracted—and no more justified—secondary, tertiary, etc. rule about meaning things. The only possible check on our internal concepts is an external one—one based on how others affirm or disconfirm us in and across certain moments of word-use. Our form of life, our practice, our activities: these are what ensure not only the hyper-flexibility of language but the fact that we can even have it all. "Wittgenstein finds a useful role in our lives for a 'language game' that licenses, under certain conditions, assertions that someone 'means such-and-such' and that his present application of a word 'accords with' what he meant in the past," Kripke tells us. "It turns out that this role, and these conditions, involve reference to a community" (Kripke, 79). Further, "the set of responses in which we agree, and the way they interweave with our activities, is our *form of life*," which means the skeptical problem is solved at a purely linguistic level. But we still have a problem, because even if our language receives affirmation from the sheer number of its users, the idea of grasping concepts in these situations is something that is subject to change and also something that has no requirement for being how it is, no justification for its being so, nothing demanding it to be as it appears to be. Indeed, Kripke straight out tells us that "nothing about grasping concepts guarantees that it won't break down tomorrow" (Kripke, 97). This is a crucial and chilling point. Despite the arbitrary nature of our mental arisings, the process of affirmation that occurs when we continually affirm and reaffirm one another through language about language with language is itself hyper-flexible and subject

to so many changings; *yet*, it has some inherent stability as a process, since it is what we do happen to use to communicate and it works. So Kripke's solution to the Wittgensteinian problem of rules standing in need of other rules to affirm themselves in any causative way is to place the burden on multiple users of language at once, despite there being many different ways to view and complicate the view of that very fact itself. (Interestingly, any mention of an infinitely splitting architecture, for Kripke, is meant to be dismissed on the grounds that we are discussing speaking and not the physical world. Of course, my response is to tap into that physical world instead of neglect it, which we will see further exemplified in short order.)

To sum up for now: Understanding how we understand was a set out that made its own pathway for us to try to understand it all. But we can still ask if there is a set rule we follow when affirming our affirmations of ourselves. It seems like not—at some point we choose randomly to accept or reject usages of words. So what makes the random choosing intelligible? Maybe it isn't a question of whether there is such a need for there to be an intelligible and appropriate choice, but rather, the idea that to even have a choice is to make it come into being as what it is, and so then we call it and think of it intelligible. Our checks on each other, moment to moment, the hyper-flexibility of language—that is simply what is, and there is nothing extra to it that we can understand at the level of our linguistic arising. Our rule following is not based on a particular instance of a random stab in the dark, but is confirmed by other users of language around us, and so what we have then is that it is actually based on many instances, coalesced back to one instance, in the form of the person or people or group who confirm us. (It is a case of “many through the one”, this time: Many instances of its use, making it less skeptical, are arising in the form of a single person or group or language as it represents a person or a group and so the confirmation is not based only on one very arbitrary and problematic determination. The

determination is instead spread out, though we still know it moment by moment, with a hyper flexible language system that continually updates itself.) Ultimately, this view makes intuitive sense whether we view it from the level of pure linguistic occurrence or that infinitely splitting architecture I have dragged along even into this place here. If each time we do this checking on each other we update our flexible language system in arbitrarily shifted over amounts, then the *feelings* (and their potential intensities) are what we are comparing, and they become updated in almost random amounts at each time. In this way, skepticism about future usage from past usage is more easily overcome with feelings that measure themselves across time, especially when these feelings are measured again at the outset with other users of language and other feelers of feeling, at the level of pure occurrence or even one below it; yet still there remains an unavoidably random element to it, because the crossovers of sentiment will arise in randomly grouped sums at different times throughout our experiences. That is, our checks on each other moment to moment, while occurring at that different level, seem to exhibit that random process of sentiment measurement whereby the language users converge on two randomly measured sums of feeling and measure them, in their own minds, and against each other's expressed feelings, to arrive at a conclusion which will itself filter out randomly beyond its current vantage point, down across time. There is the same underlying process happening here such that I have been at pains to elucidate above. I need finally to enter into another example, a final movement of a type, to try to exemplify this same sort of process of thinking in another way. I will do this and then return, briefly, to the skeptical problem that rests one set out from all that arises as the *process of thinking and understanding* in this final example. We will see that the very same process continues, begging of us to keep thinking *into* it as a means to get our way around.

Final Movement

The following is a further exemplification of the processes that happened to be demonstrated above within a primary form of “understanding how we understand occurrences of our understanding”. This extension and reiteration of those processes has as its impetus the more directly formulated question of whether thinking or feeling the same thoughts or sentiments across time is possible. We have already seen that pure Wittgensteinian thought rejects the notion of any truly repeated sentiment, for reasons that involve the nature of case-by-case conceptions of the thinking and feeling discussed above. Yet, a deeper consideration of the land beneath the thoughts and feelings should not be ruled out so quickly simply because we do not typically have access to this land. Here, I let myself consider this under-grid of always moving possibility. The infinite architecture of the ever-shifting processes of our sentiments in the physical instances of their occurrence that arises from this consideration as a possible framework for understanding the way our feelings move through time is useful for tracing movements beyond a singular instance in space and time. For example, when theoretical frameworks that work only inside their own language games break down at the face of new information, perhaps a way to trace back through and out of them is to follow the more subtle shifts in gradients of feeling that stay there all along. A new language game, of course, might arise every moment to help us work on the understanding of all these ideas of feelings and sentiments. Nevertheless, we will see, hopefully, a kind of splitting open our feelings at the level of comparison, which in turn will show us that deeply infinite architecture of ever shifting processes of sentiment that seems to form our occurrences across space and time.

Is thinking across time possible? No. Well, to qualify: Thinking across time seems impossible in a purely theoretical sense, because we do think across time in a practical one all the time, collecting thoughts in reference to others that have gone previously as we do to make sense of an entropy-bound existence. Thinking across time in a deeper sense, though—that is, thinking the same exact thoughts from moment to moment—seems to be fairly impossible to do. But maybe feeling is. If we imagine ourselves swinging on a swing up into the endless black nighttime sky, back and forth through (endless gradients of) the freezing winter air, ascending higher and higher as we go until we actually are falling through, down below, the cosmos, and riding back up into it many more times again, it will strike us that each time we remember, and visualize, the feeling of this entire experience will be somewhat different, subject to, among other, ever-shifting intensities and amounts of sentiment and comparative moment collection, the arbitrary movements of time and possible eternity. We have actually to close our eyes and imagine ourselves in this act—the act of feeling the visualization of the same swinging motion up and back down through the sky—to pick up on these subtle differences, these infinite gradients of occurrence¹⁴ that are there only if we pay extremely close attention to how each of the feelings literally feels either in isolation or in relation to the rest of the gradients of (feelings of) memory surrounding it in *and* through to its existing somewhat within or even without each subsequent iteration. But if we do, we will softly see: each time I visually¹⁵ feel myself slip into the sky,

¹⁴ Sometimes these “occurrences” are ones of such collected amount and intensity that they are what we most properly tend to categorize as “feeling”, but sometimes they are what we would instead categorize in that same way as “visual”, sometimes as “comparison”, sometimes as “something else”.

¹⁵ There is a debate looming here about whether we ought to separate the visual memories of feeling from the ones more strictly isolated to the category of “feeling”. That is, there are infinitely many experiences that can be considered as feeling, some of which are gradients of visual experience, some of which aren’t. But for this first part of the final example I give myself entirely

there's a tiny shift of perception, so subtle that if we weren't paying attention we would never notice it. This shift, in our felt imaginings of each movement of any given swinging memory, is often not only reflected visually. At the same time it's *felt* within our bodies, and/or felt or understood outside them—it differs every time depending on the shade of the feeling, with some instances being a random collection of *a little more* feeling in the body, some with *a little (maybe even sometimes "little, little", qualified so on down and back forever) less feeling* in the body, some with a mix even of those two broader degrees of amount and/or intensity, depending on what amount and mixing intensity came before the specific place of intensity one is feeling, and how much of the amount of that (amount of) the *before* feeling is translated along with it through into the current intensity to create ever fading or ever augmented shades/gradients of feeling.

With the more manifestly visual instances of feeling and imagining and remembering that arise from this undertaking, it is clearer that we can, in fact, notice nearly imperceptible shifts between small gradients of existence themselves. In one place, there is less force to the first part of the feeling, the part that pushes us forward through space and leaves us hanging way high up there. Then in the next place, within that same iteration, there is a feeling of a slightly higher force that we can feel and visualize at the "same" exact time, "same" here being constructed relative to the previous time, the time when we revisit the *same* height we classify only then in our minds to be "the *same*", and which we then try to remember as we shift it over to the next instance: But this

over to the visual representation of the memory, so that we might more clearly see the infinitely subtle gradients to the "feelings" ("feelings" as a word being a summed set of what is here) that arise each subsequent time. These gradients exist also within all the infinitely-splitting "types" of memory—feelings somewhat attached to visual representation, feelings less attached than that, in this new time, to visual representation, feelings mixed of attachment and less attachment, and so on for conceivably ever. But the visual feeling of swinging up into the cold nighttime sky is the clearest I can conceive of to demonstrate the infinitesimal shifts of feeling (what I often refer to as "felt sentiment" to distinguish between sentiments we feel and sentiments we *feel*) that occur both within and outside its confines.

next instance of the *same* exact memory is entirely different, if—only if?—we choose to notice, because that higher force that was there before feels subtly different this time, even if it is still what we would categorize as a “high force”. It feels however it feels relative to the current memory; it feels however it feels based on how many of the moments of comparison between (the feeling differently of the) feeling differently that we do across memories that it collects; it feels, now, a shade lower than before, and the ending of the second part of this second iteration is now the lower of forces, in relative comparison. (Relativity is another principle that throws us for a (sometimes literally infinite) loop within these understandings. But relativity, even if we define it, is itself at least in terms of “*how we shift over*” always shifting, in a process of much of the same tendencies: Our understandings of these shifting gradients of memory and feeling are entirely dependent upon how I place myself within the thoughts and the feelings and the visuals. For instance, if in the first place I go into the second half of the memory trying to compare the first part of the memory (and/or, in conjunction with that, any or all subtle gradients in between; for instance: now is a good time to return to ideas of all those random possibilities for sums that are highly variable, such as those that contain *this collection of intensity of sentiment* and not *that other one from the set that came through, the one where the intensity was felt less in response to its comparison*, but not *this collection of intensity of sentiment that follows from that last bit of feeling summed as it moves on with its random collections of summed feelings and breaks with them randomly in random amounts in comparison to each new slip into feelings and that sentiment of intensity that came later with the ones that then transferred over, but which we see now was present in the first option above that occurs with the negative*, in random order¹⁶) with

¹⁶ Reminder from above: *This* is a “hyperflexible mental occurrence like all others-- sometimes comprised of endless think-backs of some sort similar to [the idea of *understanding* understanding above] which happened to *reach* those certain understandings starting from one moment (though

hardly ever! I just started with the first most idealistic of thoughts that has arisen here) but usually comprised more of a confined moment of randomly grouped and mixed ideas that tells us of certain layers to this understanding in arbitrary or at least specific types of ways (i.e., 1, the grouping of those infinite variations of understanding the infinite variations of understanding will (*themselves, in their infinitely varied sets*) be one or less (of the times of understanding included in the specific set) in many cases, but 2, our understanding of that understanding contains, in some cases, *this and that* but not, always, *that and that and this*; and some of those 'this'es and 'that's will be the idea that how we understand knowledge is a form of knowledge about understanding and the methods we use to coalesce certain features into understanding, and some will be the idea that how we understand knowledge is a form of knowledge about understanding *without* coalescing it all back, to take one example, but lots of others will not be just like so." This is the same type of process we see happening within the feelings about feelings we are doing, well, *feeling about* above: The way the shades of feeling mix over, randomly, is the same kind of process illuminated with other forms of knowledge and occurrence, such as the hyperflexible mentality of the ways we go about understanding how we understand things, seeing that different shades of feeling lead to different sums of information available to the moment's own certain feeling of what understanding is meant to be based on how it as a conceptual feeling is carried over. Remember also what came *prior to* the infinite regression of how we *understand* understanding above, how we were in fact led into the very specificity of the idea: "And now, with this, we have just arrived at our first example of how the acquisition of knowledge itself is predicated on this layered process of confined, but also infinitely context-sensitive, understandings of what we are attempting to understand. To be sure, understanding this mental occurrence happens in its own infinitely varied methods of occurrence; intriguingly, we have also now come upon the idea that understanding how we understand in infinitely variable ways that we understand understanding mental occurrence through infinitely different methods of (understanding the idea of understanding that we understand the infinitely varied ways to understand the infinitely different understandings of infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied understandings of the infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding, [and so forth down forever and ever, each time and occurrence of 'the infinitely varied ways of understanding' being actually literally a different mental occurrence and—I promise—not just a useless repetition included here for no reason], the understanding of) infinitely varied understandings of understanding the infinitely varied ways of understanding itself -----Splitting this literal part open to further conception feels like? Whatever it feels like will provide the sum that follows this next time----is a hyperflexible mental occurrence like all others-- sometimes composed of endless think-backs of some sort similar to the above and which happened to *reach* those certain understandings starting from one moment (though hardly ever! I just started with the first most idealistic of thoughts that has arisen here) but usually comprised more of a confined moment of randomly grouped and mixed ideas that tells us of certain layers to this understanding in arbitrary or at least specific types of ways (i.e., 1, the grouping of those infinite variations of understanding the infinite variations of understanding will (*themselves, in their infinitely varied sets*) be one or less (of the times of understanding included in the specific set) in many cases, but 2, our understanding of that understanding contains, in some cases, *this and that* but not, always, *that and that and this*; and some of those 'this'es and 'that's will be the idea that how we understand knowledge is a form of knowledge about understanding and the methods we use to coalesce certain features into understanding, and some will be the idea that how we understand knowledge is a form of knowledge about understanding *without* coalescing it all back, to take one example, but lots of others will not be just like so.) This swing example highlights this same process, on infinite levels itself, as we can see when we reckon now with information that was felt previously in different ways.

that intention in mind, the feeling is slightly different. This is because the *intention to compare and grab parts of the memory* will itself grab certain contexts—and certain portions to compare of the portions that were already chosen randomly when we see only parts of the image in our mind and feel each piece a bit differently at each go—and not grab certain others. Does this happen in a random amount of felt intensity—not only of felt intensity but of subtle shades of difference we can feel only themselves in random, subtle, ever-shifting ways? Only a (hyper-) feeling that has collected multiple feelings at once under the guise of a single felt sentiment could locate us and place us *within this particular scheme*. We should also note that there are endless gradients of “trying” that can occur, as well, which further complicates matters of determination of similarities.) In comparing the different forces, the sum of comparisons comprising the feeling of the new moment will contain the collection of the comparisons of the first part of the new moment, and the last part of the old moment; *or* the last part of the old moment, in comparison to the first part of the old moment in conjunction with the new comparison happening here; *or* any kind of possibility, each one a random and indeterminate *set of amounts of comparison* that differs in felt intensity from moment to moment. This gradient of intensity that we feel in each instance is how we feel to locate: Each time I go into the visualization of the feeling there are all these imperceptible shifts, based on location and feeling and also the idea that feeling itself is what locates—that would be a locating feeling, which is new gradient of types of feeling we don’t often consider—which, again, we can see if we visualize/visually *feel* the swinging and notice the tiny shifts in random places of (often *felt*) visual information, relative location, or (often *compared*) feelings that occur with each iteration

as we move along in time. The question that arises, then, is one we have grappled with many times before (in some shade of manner): How *do* we ever know—or at least notice—when the gradient of occurrence has enough of *this* and enough of *that*, or whatever, to shift over or to be placed within a grouping of what it shares through just an affinity to others? Or, at the outset, when the gradients of affinity are enough to be classified *from within the confines of* “memories holding three contexts versus memories holding four”, or any kind of arbitrary summation, etc.—especially if we add our own noticing of these facts into the game? The feelings that locate us each time or across different times are still mysterious, I think. Certainly, there is a comparative aspect required of the feeling different shades of existence. Let’s try imagining the swinging again; rather, let’s try to feel the motion again: one shade of it has now passed, as we slip again into the dark unknown sky with a certain feeling. So let’s collect it *again*, feeling the same way of swinging we imagine two times over in a row. (This specificity of numbering will be however it happens to randomly arise, so it cannot get more specific than this at this outer level of description divorced from a singular particular experience.) Notice how the feeling is slightly different, being comprised slightly less of a feeling now and more of a visual exercise. (Or perhaps one’s gradients instead shifted almost imperceptibly into a feeling of such specific and probably relative intensity that one would instead call it slightly *more* of a feeling and slightly *less* of a visual exercise, depending on how many gradients of other intensities have been compared with their own, dependent-on-on-other-comparisons comparisons to make this new one felt in the way it is. Depending also on how one does such a comparison, the shades and feelings will change—the possibilities are endless and randomly arising, it appears. It seems like a good place to note also that perhaps we should consider that we cannot ever have the exact same feeling twice because of the fact that we are always starting from a slightly further point

down along the line in time. That is, each of the shades of the motion of swinging, even when we bring it back to the beginning of the motion, rewinding it to play again, each one of these shades of motion has to start from a slightly shifted place of feeling itself, already. This consideration is important but not the end-all-be-all *right here*.) Nevertheless, precisely *when does* the transfer happen? When do our shifts in feeling happen? The only clue we might have is that certain other kinds of feelings are what form our capacity to hold onto multiple of these instances of feelings at one time. More sort of “supersets” of feelings that can hold many instances of the different gradients of feeling seem to exist: So a single “superset” of feeling will contain a few random sets of instances where we felt specific gradients of feeling—perhaps even a few gradients at once, even; the order, amount, set and intensity to it is random. This is how we are able, maybe, to grasp multiple feelings at once to do context comparison and categorize. But it still seems like something is missing—a question we can only answer by saying, “I’m not sure; it’s just something I feel.” It seems odd that we can feel (though not think) through time at all if all we ever have is specific gradients to the experience of feelings that are in this one moment only. Perhaps it is the case that certain feelings, as we have already noted, arise from the mixing of these different gradients of feelings and make it so that we are able to hold onto many feelings at one time through that single instance of feeling. That is how many different experiences of the feeling(s) of the swinging will collect and randomly combine in certain places. Every time we go in, it’s a random grouping of different feelings holding different feelings. That is key: The shifts in how it feels and how we grab them from the sets that set themselves up. Our feelings take us out to supersets of sentiment so that we can know that what we are thinking of is a moment that has contained within it some of the previous contexts of times we felt similar things, and so even a potential next step in theory, but not practice, would be to suggest that there are infinite

gradients in one moment in a sort of way we have not yet been able to imagine—yet clearly this option seems less and less possible. Mostly it seems that it is the case that each sentiment we feel is part of the infinite gradients *we can* feel. If, for instance, the feelings shift in the felt imaginings of the swinging, the feeling of what exists in location...no, scratch that; the feeling of what *is* more generally: *that* is what it is. The feeling slips and the random sets of ever, hyper-slipping feeling are what are *right here*, in the form of some more than usual type of slipping, or even “hyper” collected feelings of times slipping—that, too, is a different but not unimaginable possibility.

Of course, I have gotten off track here yet again in service of pure wonder. I can bring it back around once more to the swinging: If in the second iteration of my remembering there is slightly less felt intensity to the second half of the swinging motion, the backwards falling part, when does the subtle shift occur? When does it strike us that we are feeling the intensity differently? And how does it do that? The *how* might actually be the most important aspect of this process: The *feeling*. It seems that a feeling arising to connect the multiple parts of a memory as it passes by comes up and, because it serves as a handle that can take certain parts of the shades of experience and make them felt as a specific, comparative intensity *at once*, the imperceptible shifts in the collected aspects of the felt, visual imagination of swinging are summarily derived from the scene in random, always-differing but also “always moving onto the next moment in a relative fashion and what those comparisons create for the intensity to feel and be like then” amounts. Since the feeling holds onto for us multiple of the gradients of amount/intensity, we do not notice the shifts in intensity of feeling until they reach a certain, arbitrarily decided threshold—sometimes, in fact, we may never even notice the shift, instead coming to imagine that what we are feeling has remained exactly identical in intensity to the

(collected sums of) feelings that have gone prior to our arrival in the new moment. In the move back up into the sky, the feeling of just that will pick out for our felt forms of perception random sums of information that we feel in relation to other random sums of felt information that are gliding effortlessly into the next moment in manners felt only through relative forms (of relative forms of) understanding that we can *feel* and that can be carried over from just other sets that have done the same exact thing all the way on down and through our moments with subtle and imperceptible shifts in all those (what feel relative to at least right now to be the) *same* kind of ways we went through above. (Whether these random sums of information are more related to the feeling of the feelings, or the location of the feelings, or the location of the feelings felt by other feelings later on, or even instead less of feelings and more of visual instances—this is just a randomness of occurrence.) In other words, we compare felt sums of information using different felt sums of different gradients of information to feel the gradients at one time, either before they shift over to the next moment of summed feeling or after, or occasionally *both before and after*, if that is how the specificities of the sums reaching into and thus creating the current feeling should arise. When I feel myself reach the top part of the memory of swinging up towards that sky, the feeling of each piece of what I am seeing collects instances that have passed by, having themselves collected instances that had passed by, so on down the line, through each of the instances that came before, stopping and starting in randomly collected amounts the process of the collection of different *amounts of this process of collection (of a process of collection, of a process of collection, of a process of collection*¹⁷, *etc., that itself is—down even sometimes to the point where we would instead have to say, “that themselves are”, due to the fact that a singular understanding of the extensive back-process of ever-extending collection would have multiple of*

¹⁷ Such as replicated by process in the infinite understanding architecture above, the endless “understandings of understanding”, which goes so on down conceivably forever.

itself contained within it to make is so that it is—always moving on, sometimes even extending farther back than that, on and on) of felt and summed intensities in arbitrary manners throughout the entirety of the always shifting process of noticing feelings, before or after, or sometimes before and after. That is: There is a feeling at the top of the memory (which happens also to be the “top” located in the visual of the upward swinging motion—that doubled nature is what a memory is, here; but we know, of course, that certainly isn’t always so). This top feeling is composed of a very specific range of gradients of intensities of feeling that were collected in random amounts by each subtle and imperceptible shift between, and moving into, each felt location of the visualized memory feeling. Yet, just how far back this set of shifts of feeling that are collected and made into more of more just one sentiment by feelings that differ in amount and intensity depending on how far back they themselves go in their own collecting of the shifting moments actually goes is ultimately appearing to always, in a manner abstracted from these sets of thought, be random and due to factors outside of our control. It could extend through that whole “process of the collection of ‘(a process of collection [of a process of collection, of a process of collection, and so on forever] itself that is sometimes even extending farther back on and on)’ all those processes that have collected some amounts of information, information that is to be felt in whatever manner depending on the intensity of the randomly summed feelings—feelings, that is, which are holding onto many sentiments of summed feelings themselves all at once in their particular form of felt ‘feeling that only feels like one instead of many because of its own arbitrary intensity’”; or it could stop with only some of those collected sums of (feeling, felt, visual) shifts in the also felt form of also one sentiment in such a way that that is how we understand it to have occurred and felt. This happens, it seems, both at the level of the feeling and other times at the more visual aspects of the feeling—or with whatever gradients

of mixing of those two things happens to arise. Some will contain only the feelings of before and after; some will contain the feelings of before, and before *that* before, and after; some yet will also contain the feelings of the location of the memory, or the location of the memory but not more than a few isolated sets of, instead, the *feeling of the location* of the memory in our minds—or even what we feel to be the location of the memory in reference to later parts but not what is the total location at another instance. **(Because, certainly, this idea of total location itself stands in need of collected sums of feeling shifting imperceptibly into one another moment by moment to provide us with a feeling that there is some kind of comparative total in whatever point of feeling we are in then. This understanding of understanding amid the infinite under-grid of conception relates to section #2 as well as to footnote 16 above and the extensions that follow below and can be read in conjunction with those two forms of processing for a more complete understanding of the varieties of the wholes that comprise this sort of process.)**¹⁸ Further, a singular sentiment cannot be divorced from the others, except in our perception of it, which perception in the form of summed feelings under often the guise of a sentiment of one feeling only or a closer shade of feeling spread more extensively throughout time serves to make it be felt with different intensities in the relativity of comparison. In light of all of this, then, this top feeling has been made from all the shades that went before it and yet we only ever feel certain intensities of the feeling at one time, although

¹⁸ For instance, in this case, where the whole of what it means to understand is always shifting, the comparative total will be one that includes some sums of the specific amounts and intensities of the parts of understanding that have trailed across time in certain ways to make it to the current place of feeling in their current form but not others, in the same way the examples of infinite regression in understanding functioned above. This comparative total will filter through the amounts and intensities of our feelings in select shades and gradients of itself, which we can see if we focus in on the hyper-slipping motion of space and time that seems to form these thoughts. In addition, we see that this process takes on the same motions as what will follow below, in the form of reckoning with gradients that trail across time and space in ways that are hyper-specific and always splitting according to how they are themselves possessed of their own amounts and intensities of sums, that is, in a manner also reminiscent of the idea that understanding how we understand an idea like understanding itself takes the utilization of always shifting amounts and intensities of feeling at a level we typically have very little access to.

each of these necessarily singular moments of feeling do seem to contain qualified sentiments pulled from a precise instance of comparison. And so to recapitulate (only a few of) these ideas so far, a little more clearly: The first swinging motion has a specific feeling to it. The next swing up into the sky (as I repeat the memory) feels a tiny, tiny shade different to the one that preceded it. During the iteration that follows *that*, the shade changes again—but I also can feel the same feeling of the first iteration, not in isolation, *but at the same time as I am feeling the new feeling in this instant*. This is why I say that a single feeling in a single instance can help us to, actually, feel more than one thing (derived from behind us from across multiple moments) at that one time. It seems to me it isn't just a singular new feeling, like Wittgenstein would demand we imagine, that occurs in every single moment anew. (Well, *it is*, in the sense that only whatever arises in the particular moment of sentiment is what we feel. But I mean to say that our capacity to reach into the under-web of the world that Wittgensteinian thought developed our understanding of is larger than perhaps the typical comprehension of that type of worldview would suggest possible.) Instead new moments are continually updated with the shades of feeling that have gone before them: meaning they are actually composed of many feelings masquerading as a singular felt sentiment, extending back in time in random amounts. We can feel multiple feelings at an apparently singular moment in time because they are able to blend into one another, creating other feelings anew as each moves ever forward. This is also why it is important that we understand that the ideas of “singular” versus “multiple” are themselves hyper-flexible concepts that depend on this same process of continual, shading into themselves updating. A felt sentiment of singularity is sometimes going to actually be many instances in one. It may sound wild to say that the concept of time being broken up into points is only sometimes the truth, deriving its validity case-by-case on “just what whatever we feel”, but in

many ways it appears that the singularity versus the plurality of moments is dependent only on what the sums of feeling make us feel—or not feel. Keeping these clearer, “slightly more abstracted to an overview status type of” structures in mind, I will return once more to the swinging, to see how it feels now. Time has, of course, moved on.

I tell myself to imagine the swinging for yet another time. This time I want to remember when it was cold and dark as I swung high up out through the wind towards the deep endlessness, where tiny gradients of light thousands of lightyears away hid quietly in the icily silent sky as I sailed through all the empty space. The first memory I have in this current time is one that collects all those specific feelings at once, so I feel the motion of the movement in its particular, random range just when it braces itself high out at the top of the swell. In this current moment, the idea of “singular” feels to me, and passes by in time as though it is, actually, the sum of several pieces of that felt information: the bracing motion of movement high at the top of the arc’s range of felt momentum; the rushing fall back towards the ground before sliding back in place again; the feeling of the cold wind hitting the backs of my ears as the dark sky ascends back in up on itself in my vision and the stars fade away above my head for a while before I plunge back into them on my way out again. The feeling of the feeling of the momentum in my body, the momentum that shot me back and forth through the air on that cold windy night, this momentum now feels a particular way via a collected sum in my mind, a sum that is in this moment held tight behind the confines of a *singular* sentiment of feeling. (That is what “singular” is like right here. How did I know, even now, to use the word “singular”, though? I did not possess the full range of uses in my mind as I thought about it. Rather, my feelings seemed to carry, in arbitrary amounts, *themselves* through time, having collected certain shades of feelings that blurred into one another as they went, in order to inform me in the current

moment of the feeling of what singular is like *here*, in randomly meted comparison to other moments that possessed themselves a similarly copied—but always different and accordingly defined—range of uses. We cannot seem to extend the idea of a word farther than that process, as we conceive of it—that process, again, that collects these shades randomly, over into one another, helping us know in a singular moment (that is connected only to some moments by this very fact of randomly-grouped and distributed feeling) more than one use of a word. For an extension beyond that, we must appeal to updating that occurs on a macro-level of continual person-to-person usage. Here we have been more focused on the idea of our own private feelings, although, of course, even these are nothing without reference, on certain levels, to our shared ones. Yet still I submit that the deeper process of feeling is the one we are in the middle of *further* illuminating just right now, and that this process is one that splits open more easily in private methods of considering the infinite architecture of continuous sentiment slippage: when this process transfers over to the realm of felt sentiments, the process is more intimately *felt*, making the gradients seem infinitely more complex. That is, with definitional aspects of meaning across time we find the same process of ever shifting sentiment collection pulsing in the background, but with continuous attention to deeper felt sentiments the process *in its form of* infinite physical standing opens itself up to view more readily, something else that comes up here that we ought to keep in mind.) Back again on the swinging, I make myself go yet another time, starting slightly further along in space and recollection, but sailing nonetheless in the “same” pattern back and up into the sky. With deeper analysis and sustained attention to how it *feels*, we see that the “same” feeling of this entire “singular” event has now on this sailing *shifted*, because on *this* go, the momentum from the last time has trailed across by feeling to my current felt sentiment, with the effect that *now* I can feel the comparison of it *at the same time* as I feel what

I am feeling-through-imagining now, which means that the randomly collected sum of this instance is one that contains the *comparison between shades of feeling through a set of multiple collected sentiments* as well as the current standout of the new gradient of feeling that emerges from that, all felt as one sentiment since feelings hold onto those many different things so that we may grasp them uniquely, and alone, but yet in reference to the other sets of feelings from multiple other times at once—even if, eventually, some of those gradients to that very collected sentiment with its multiplicity in status will be dropped as I continue forward through the process of re-imagining or even just normal forward-feeling through time, and even if, of course, *what those places of ease-up in terms of collection of sentiment carried through comparison are* will be mostly what we might categorize across a few moments as random and collected in their own arbitrary sums. So the second iteration of the swinging motion is one that sees feelings from the first trail into the next (*felt, often, to be singular*) instance of a set of feelings so that we have with its then-sentiment compared the last intensity of feeling in this current situation with reference to the last intensity of feeling in the last situation in the form of a singularly spread sentiment that itself ‘arises with’ some parts of the *now beyond doubly* subsequent and accordingly rendered particular gradient of this mixing intensity but yet even under the influence of those some-parts of the *now beyond doubly* subsequent and accordingly rendered particular gradient of this mixing intensity alongside which it does that hyper-set set of arising ‘takes on’ its *own* unique gradient in the new moment, depending on how our new moment is *possessed* of the splits of prior feeling(s)—depending, that would be, on whether our new moment has as *comprising its shade (of the always-trailing gradients) of shifted amount and intensity* ‘the last or (sometimes just *trailed by amount and intensity-*) first part of the last or (sometimes just *trailed by amount and intensity-*) first moment **before** it goes into the next one and does the comparative

mixing in relation to the then-sentiment’, ‘the last or (sometimes just *trailed by amount and intensity-*) first part of the last or (sometimes just *trailed by amount and intensity-*) first moment *as* it goes into the next one and does the comparative mixing in relation to the then-sentiment’,
or ‘the last or (sometimes just *trailed by amount and intensity-*) first part of the last or (sometimes just *trailed by amount and intensity-*) first moment *after* it goes into the next one and does the comparative mixing in relation to the then-sentiment’, ‘*each*’ in conjunction with some, compared-accordingly gradient (of a gradient) of amount and intensity of feeling in the new moment of a now comparatively-mixed-and-consequently-*beyond* ‘then-sentiment’, i.e., “the last or (sometimes *just trailed by amount and intensity-*) first part of the last or (sometimes just *trailed by amount and intensity-*) first moment, for instance, *before* it goes into the next one to do the comparative mixing in relation to what becomes at this juncture a hyper- formed then-sentiment ‘*and is compared, through another trailed amount and intensity of that particularly arisen gradient of feeling of that new trailed amount and intensity (of a trailed amount and intensity) of feeling, at that point that we call “before” in reference to the other trailed amount and intensity (of a trailed amount and intensity) of that particular gradient of feeling, as opposed to being compared through a trailed amount and intensity of that particularly arisen gradient (of a trailed amount and intensity) of feeling of that new particular gradient to the other doubly and almost, then, triply trailed amount and intensity (of a trailed amount and intensity) of a now even newer particular gradient of feeling at that point that we call “after”, in such a type of reference, a type of reference where in fact in both hyper-trailed ranges of cases the comparison of the trailed amount and intensity (of the trailed amount and intensity) of the feeling takes place almost entirely after the trailed gradients of amount and intensity of the trailed gradients of amount and intensity of the first split between the determination of the*

point termed to exist before and the point-termed-to-exist-before's gradient of amount and intensity's later point of comparison'", and so on for all of these possible splitting gradients and the other ones, to the extent that **each** gradient of felt sentiment towards the notions of points "before" and "after" even in their sometimes apparent relation to the idea of splits of those same amounts and intensities (**of amounts and intensities**) of these times trails according to the conditional and collected sum of its contingent parts **before** taking on what we feel to determine as a state of being compressed into the idea of a certain feeling of the idea of what "last" or "before" or anything "particular" is in reference to the other shaded gradients in their dependent and interconnected judgements of the relatively "first" spreading moment, and so forth, **or even before taking on what we feel to determine in this new moment as a trailed gradient of amount and intensity of all the collected trailed gradients of amount and intensity derived from within the collections whereby these first earlier gradients trailed over to relate to the later trailed gradients of amount and intensity both before and after their subsequently rendered determinations; sometimes "even all that starting from the conjunctive split in comparison of the idea of 'each' split above" in conjunction with any combination of these larger 'places of either before or after comparison' options and the rest of the trailed gradients of amount and intensity that happened with each felt sentiment through their relations to these split points of comparison, where such combinations of felt sentiment collected in the method of trailing gradients that split up the ideas of the last and first and middle feelings of parts of splitting feelings in ways we have seen trail in trailed gradients of comparison already** will as just mentioned in all those relativistic manners above derive their specificity by how they shade over themselves, indeed come to be **in gradients that work in this same detailed way**, for exactly each of these possibilities of trailing shading that happen to arise

themselves in a manner more similar to the last iteration of sums than anything else in terms of sets of sentiment collection that could arise right now. (That is, for that last part there, if we slow it down a bit, and halt some of the shifting gradients so that we can better understand what is happening at a more abstracting swinging level: the possibilities of the combinations of different shades of feeling in different orders such as mentioned more extensively above will be themselves subject to certain amounts of shared gradients of sentiment that within their felt singularity can split out to different gradients of further sentiment—the way in which the first moment of swinging memory trails into the next moment of swinging memory, say, in the *as it goes over* category, is going to itself be subject to the same process of gradient trailing discussed above to define for its own instance of existence just what that trailing *as it goes over* feels like and thus to our minds can consist of, not only in comparison to other moments but also in its own, extracted right. For instance, the trailing *as it goes over* could be composed of several shaded-into-each-other sentiments that trailed in whatever particular way they did (and that will also, note, give us what we use to compare the sentiments at a higher-felt level); or it could be composed of sentiments that have shaded into each other *again*, a farther step down the line, having as usual shifted with time, perhaps enough that we happen even *to notice* their sudden difference and then categorize accordingly. Depending on how intensely the felt, combined shifts “holding within their fluid confines varying degrees of trailing for the idea of trailing that apportion the sentiments out according to that trailing itself” occur, that is how the feelings decide for us how the “*as it goes*” feels in comparison to the “*before it goes*”, which determination will ultimately be subject as its own endeavor as well as in its felt outputs of function to the particular ways the shading of each position of the endless possibilities for what one gradient of an “as before” could feel like depending precisely on the infinitesimally minute

placement of its own shifts in (itself *trailed*) felt sentiment and how those (themselves *trailed*)
shifts in felt sentiment make it there—and later!—feel to be. And even this process seems to
happen again, and so on forever across and down into the usual imperception, in the ways
illuminated quite extensively above: with the second iteration we could see that there could be
different comprised shades of the last or first moment depending on how the shades slip over into
one another, at each felt point of sentiment along the gliding line, to the effect that there are
contained within each of the felt slips of infinitely splitting gradients of imperceptibly, endlessly
shifting other forms of gradients, other forms of just that as well, felt depending on their specific
splits based on all kinds of relations to the ways above. Not only this, but so also might other
ways of doubling back on the splits as we think about them cause further chaos, to the extent
that, even, rules such as “have too many feelings at once and the shift over is not as clearly
defined” could arise, but I will not get into that now.) We see, then, if we commit to another
slight deceleration, that the second iteration of the swinging memory contains trailed gradients of
feeling, trailing *into* new gradients of feelings, all under the sentiment of one go, depending on
how deep we are prepared to split the felt moments and look, which process creates different
versions of the sentiment of “one” each time. If I go a third time into the swinging, the trailing
gradients of memory are engaged in the same activity of dropping some contexts and holding
onto others at many, ever-splitting levels of the process of feeling across time: This third time is
comprised of a certain amount of the (felt) measure of the intensity of the first two iterations,
which iterations’ own feelings filtered, as they did, down through time in randomly grouped and
accordingly intense sets of bits of feeling. This newer momentum of the swinging, as a result, all
of a sudden contains a much more intense feeling to it; one that is comprised of feelings that
have, in fact, extended back farther than the previous two, although it also contains multiple,

shifted gradients of those two that have themselves *also* trailed into it in random, compared-by-intensity-and-held-up-in-the-mind-as-a-sum-of-that-intensity-in-a-new-and-often-singularly-felt-intensity amounts. The very specific nature of its intensity and according “grabbed amount of context” is one that happens to hold onto a certain *amount* of the previous moments of feeling when it comes to this memory. The feelings could have chosen to group sentiments in other random ways; but the minute nature of the shifting that happens on a much more intimate, immediate level such as has been expounded in this felt swinging memory makes it clear that the collections of feeling and context come down to tiny, imperceptible shifts when they are made closer in time as opposed to farther across time. Random sums of (often-comparative,) *felt* information glide effortlessly into their next iterations, possessing as the sums that make any given intensity the collected sums (which themselves occasionally contain iterations of *themselves* in different collected sums of gradients of sentiment) of each moment prior to the one that is felt in the instance of now. How these sums reform is arbitrary; even *whether* they do is also up for grabs at any given instance: Sometimes they will extend back in time with slight differences that trail across moments fluidly to create new amounts that are felt in different intensities based on just how many of the gradients they are composed of as they slide over indeed in that fluid, connected-through-subtle-shifts-that-themselves-contain-what-they-once-were-in-random-amounts-and-measures-used-to-compare-to-what-they-have-become-when-they-are-in-that-comparative-sum-of-their-own-state-of-what-they-as-a-singular-felt-sentiment-are/were-both-before-and-after, -which-very-sentiment-created-them-to-be-held-later-back-up-there-as-a-sum sort of way. But other times these sums will extend back in time with only a few of their felt differences, differences that are starker because they have been cut off and compared in a way that made them felt in a deeper, comparative intensity. Now say I go a fourth time into

the memory. Some of the deeper felt aspects of the third set of thoughts about the system of swinging now fade away, and as I have compared the feeling of *that* in this new moment yet again, there is yet another nearly imperceptible shift in the gradient of the old sentiment, one that as its own ever-shifting feeling trails along with that gradient of the old sentiment to create the newer composed feeling in this particular iteration. Some of the feelings of the last go are held onto as a feeling of “multiplicity in sum”, while others of the last go are not held in the same status of that multiplicity, favoring instead to randomly appear as a truly singular felt sentiment. Underneath the set of feelings that has trailed along to create this new moment of sentiment, though, there almost certainly has to be at some point along the line where the sum is actually a feeling that is multiple in its singularity—the shift in gradients that carries over in random amounts of felt intensity has as its handle on the passing of time this very sum of multiplicity. Suppose the feeling of the fourth go of the memory all of a sudden shifts over *right now* while we are in the middle of feeling a randomly-intense-according-to-how-its-gradients-trailed-through-time sum of certain felt multiplicity. We can contrast this with what would happen if the feeling of the fourth go of the memory shifted a tiny, nearly imperceptible “sliver of a feeling” later on in the sequence of what we feel—i.e., what composes the idea of felt “time” here: In the first case, the shift is going to entail a small amount of the gradients of trailing from the last felt comparison of feelings, depending on how much and *what amount* of the last bits of trailing it itself collects (and compares accordingly to make their particular idea in the form of felt sentiment of amounts) of the previous memories of the iteration. Perhaps this first case turns out to contain only a certain piece of the trailing of the sentiments—only a certain *amount* of the endlessly shifting processes of sentiment comparison happening below. We will feel just *slightly less* of the last part of the last shifted gradient of feeling of the memory. In contrast, the second

case, having shifted over from the last part of the memory just a tiny hair earlier, will be composed instead of a slightly different amount of the trailing and thus will be felt accordingly. So it turned out then that this last moment was felt in this particular way.

At this point it might be tempting to extend the mind all the way out at this point and imagine that the sums of intensity of feeling that are collected always contain all the pieces of what has gone before. On some levels, it seems like the extension of a sum of information can only happen from within the confines of a singular “idea”; or what we group to be an idea. (Example: my very call here to extend the mind out farther to see what lies beyond. This might make it seem that we can go into a singular idea endlessly and create more with it, extending out forever as we go—if only we are wary of that it comes back to a “singular” idea or set of ideas.) But what we group to be a singular idea is composed of this whole under-web of every-second-shifting, randomly grouped and always re-updated feelings-transfers. So this larger under-web that I have been trying to illuminate is one that must be reckoned with, if we are to really extend outwards without the extension being one that goes out only from a particularly summed set of contexts that we call “one idea”. That is, the truer set of more fully-realized extensions is the one that takes into its account the whole under-web of the feelings that shift all the time into their confined contexts, the one that doesn’t spread out under the guise of one idea but instead reflects all its shades and variants, as they are updated and felt in certain intensities of perception, all the way across ever-extending sets of time. (Remember, time itself is likely a reflection of this similarly split and amount and intensity guided existence; but that’s a thought to try to extend into—more broadly, if we take to considering more felt splits of contexts rather than one extending out from a singular-even-though-it-is-possessed-of-multiple-occurrences felt

conception—another “time”.) Whether this truer set of understandings is worth anything, only ever-shifting states of time will tell.

[Sometimes we do have very isolated feelings that come up and that suggest a range of possible amounts of occurrence to them (i.e., a thought that tells us, “what if we could hold onto multiple shapes at one time in our minds to compare their boundaries while also taking the sum of their shapes to create some newer visual” being comprised of many different instances we thought similar things). But this happens without us being aware of those other things. So something beneath the thoughts before we get them is happening, perhaps the process of feeling comparison. But is there a way in which there is a pause before each shift, one where we can do with the feeling more what we would like, before it fades over into the next moment? The other thing to remember is we can’t really *number* the contexts. The idea of number here is a felt collection of different moments and shades so subtle as to evade understanding without being summed with other shades we feel. Nevertheless, going down into the smallest instances of feeling has a surprising result: we can see that sometimes there is space just before the collection of different feelings that lies open to manipulation. Back in the motion of the memory of swinging, it is our recognition of a particular movement that stays high up without any reference to its trailing gradients of felt visual instance that enables us to feel an even softer moment of transition into the next moment. All these thoughts are extra, yes, but demand to be reckoned with.]

If we think, now, back to Kripke’s skepticism regarding rule-following, we will see that this same deeply splitting process of updating the meaning of a word according to the randomly collected amounts and intensities of its feelings of use across time is exemplified *there*, yet was imagined to fail as a true response to the problem of skepticism for the fact of its continual

resets, to the effect that the issue of meaning anything across time was instead supposed to be solved by the appeal to a larger level of continually updated, intrapersonal checking across multiple users of language. The under-level of the arisings of occurrence was ignored in favor of pure linguistic existence, to the effect that the updating in random amounts and intensities at random times in arbitrarily collected sums had to occur at the intrapersonal level. But now that we have seen that going down into the smaller moments of each felt sentiment means further complicating the picture of how we are even able to update felt information for ourselves on a more moment to moment basis in any given first instance, it seems clearer that the same process of random affirmation might take place at the slightly shallower level of intrapersonal updating but is still superseded or at least augmented by a process in the same vein at a deeper level. In other words, sustained attention to the nearly imperceptible shifts of feeling during forwards and backwards thinking in time demonstrates how the checking that happens on a more intimate level is a type of reupdating by what I postulated to be the “amount” and “intensity” of the subtly sliding gradients of feeling—and, thus, the only thing, I have argued by method of elucidation of the infinite process of thinking and feeling above, that can show us our way around the ever splitting architecture of our (of a *type*) physical world is to use a similar process of ever shifting understandings of thinking and feeling. This is not a solution to the skeptical problem of word meaning in a direct sense, but rather an exemplification of how the issue of always-shifting language games and contexts and even context comparisons within and outside these language games can be attacked with its own process of infinitely shading gradients of updates and amounts. This is, I suppose, a solution only inasmuch as it might provide us a newer set of hyper-language games wherein the solution might there be, if not to circumvent the problem,

then perhaps to sidestep it by taking a leap of faith into the deeply evasive, ever-shifting unknown.

[If the under-formulation of our sort of reality is one that is infinite in any of the types of ways I have tried to illuminate and use above, then it only makes sense that we will need to use a process of thinking and feeling that will move us beyond the confines of a singular, random shade of certain amount and intensity of feeling to be able to draw ourselves most fully out through time and across ever-shifting, not just language-, but *reality*- games. This “way”, of course, is not a singular way but instead a hyper sliding process in the continual development of its own shades and gradients.]

There is one more thing I feel I can note. Within these subtle shifts before the context comparison, there is a place where we can create. Before the gradients split and filter down, before the last edges of the final memory fade into the next, there is a smaller, quieter place, a place where, ahead of the tiny shifts of perception and feeling, there is no classification, no reach to the randomly felt sets of information extending into a contextualizing and categorizing context comparison (which itself, of course, remember, will be messy and extending backwards into time as well). This subtle place is one of quiet strength; it has no judgement to it, no randomly forced memories, no harder type of creation that could reach out and make it what it thinks it is meant to be. This is the place instead where infinitely splitting gradients take note of themselves, and smile, because they are swinging into the sky, dropping back and lurching forward in varying amounts of felt intensity, gathering some amounts of context but not others, sailing through the cold wind in stark but always changing absolution.

Nothing in the extreme is ever good,

Yet love is not subtle.

There is so, so much beauty in this world. What do we do with it?

But we know.

Once I spoke enthusiastically, if with a bit of out-there conviction, about how zooming out of space and time would show us what linearity never could, how that looking back across random groupings of arbitrarily spaced out moments would be like zooming out only in one particular place, even if the universe were in fact infinite. This, to me, meant the ideas could transfer over to each spot along the line, but in different ways at different times, all with the effect of creating a circular motion just like the momentum we achieved in the type of exercise where we swung and threw ourselves across the floor. Any moment of pause would rewrite the entire system, but not without it having been already anticipated in the circularity of rebounding momentum, *both before and after* whenever time was chosen as the central starting spot. I threw in other ideas about infinity there at the end, adding in even more abstract sets outside thinking about people thinking about themselves and looking back on themselves, reflecting on their own reflections in infinite loops, and so forth, but I finally ended with a subtle note on the merits of discussing pointed thoughts about the world, about making things exist in process where before there were none, such as when the thoughts didn't want to be discussed for lack of conviction.

“I'm sending you on a journey,” he said to me. “Just focus on the journey.” He sent me his address. The whole way there I moved out into the panic, drifting slowly, zooming my eyes in and out of my immediate vision, and breathing in affected bursts. The immense disjunction between myself and the world widened swiftly as I watched the cold early-winter darkness spiral down across a never-ending line into the frost-laced pavement below my feet. In the five minutes it took for him to open his door, I leaned against a telephone pole and stared into the endless black of the sparse and freezing nighttime sky, where a bright moon was stark in the middle of all an infinite desolation. I closed my eyes and breathed in that deeply penetrating wintertime smell, then slowly opened them to tiny whiteness, gradients of spacetime forming crystals in the

void, vast swaths of cosmic emptiness burning in my lungs. We hugged when he let me in. The cold off my leather coat and golden-brown hair wrapped around us but fell at our skin, leading us when it abated as if by a trillion sets of infinitesimally vibrating strings to his living room, where we both sat and waited as I stared intensely, setting all my attention and energy dead out in front of me, falling towards the edge of the stars. There was so much intensity. And so much of it spread across divergent thinking, across all the moments that time would make, if we were lucky. He said he knew what I needed and told me to come sit next to him. When he pulled me into his chest, the position was uncomfortable for my head, but I didn't dare to move it. We held each other tightly, tightly, tightly. I would remember for the rest of my life these small, quiet hours, the aching loneliness that abated within them in that one time, and the other kind of aching loneliness that simultaneously grew larger in another, a time light-years away in space, a space that in time was lost forever in the unceasing eternities of certain black and hostile stars. It would be only in that second, far-off new place, the place where my mind one day would fail, long lonely years after his, that I would understand them to be the smallest, quietest hours of my whole life, self-aware, caution-filled pauses before infinity up and kept on unending. I left before another time could come.

I had been reading earlier that day of the reckoning, hiding out behind where it happened, waiting in the cold outside for him to get home so he would call. It was a book called *The Road to Reality* by the physicist Roger Penrose, more than one thousand pages of the laws of the physical universe. I had been trying to reconcile the guide with my theories of the endless doubling and extension of infinity, theories I would later learn were no different than the type the mathematician Georg Cantor had proposed in the nineteenth century, since they were only really

one set away from his speculations from an unendingly different, itself ever-splitting, context about the infinite sizes of infinity that existed and the Absolute Infinity where those ended when the human mind needed to go back to Unity. In his house that night, he pulled me onto his lap so that I sat with my legs folded around him and said he was sorry, he was so sorry. He gently pulled my head forward and rested it on his own so that we were touching foreheads, staring down into one another. We stayed like that for a long time. I could feel his blood pulse. *Don't cry*. The longing was too great for me, but he stood up abruptly when my tears came harder, and I hit the cold ground with bare legs.

When I left, a deep pain ached in my chest, not the beautiful kind but the one most awful, and I tried to hold *The Road to Reality* close to me. It only hovered just beyond my skin, couldn't fully touch. I wanted to throw it into the street. Later that night I went to my bed certain there was nothing left, and I dreamed in the morning of an icy river falling upwards in space at a time when the aching is hauntingly, deceptively spare.

But we kept it going, and he let me in from the cold several times after that, before it was actually over.

Fundamental irreducibility. How can we be sure it exists? That is a question, I know, for the (fundamentally irreducible) ages. I will come back to this question in about a year, then it will fade away, before it returns two times, once at the end of college and again at the end of my life.

Sometimes exponentially doubling, split-apart thoughts and notions fold back in on themselves.

"Here's one to think about," he tells everyone later, lapsing into one of his spiritual lectures that, this time, won't fully come. "Your suffering doesn't matter." I barely register the

change. It strikes me that he is depressed. But this is nothing new. I stay behind as everyone leaves, rummaging through the pockets in my jacket, nerves rising and falling in accordance with the wind I hear outside, and the feelings I imagine live within it. He walks back from his busy rounds saying good-bye to everyone else, but when he does, he moves right past me, through the dark. I head for the door when he comes back around, and all he says, right as I'm closing the door and it shuts, is "Bye, Julie," and I fumble to reopen the door, and say, "Bye!" with a soft laugh, and I think I see him smile just before it closes again.

A few months later he's dead. I never learn how he does it.

It was always for the one I knew a moment before infinity, sailing under a pink snow sky, vast ages of time eclipsing far out in the distant cosmos—when we danced, small, over the ice, and our thoughts suspended slowly around us as the whole of the universe quickly expanded to the bright white light of pure, undiluted nothingness and everything grew exponentially in depth and inner lightness so that we had hope in endless gradients, even one was just fine, and affinities of memory swung over the edges of our peripheries, out of stasis, into the beautiful temporary filtering. But it was all so easily extending into the great enormity of a single breath, a lifetime of lifetimes written on the edges of our wonderings, telling the story of all things inherently unknowable in the land of a world made from the fullest parts of the tiniest elements of imagination, and finally, sometime late in the depths of the dark, swollen night, ceasing, really, to ever be much of anything at all. So when in the morning with the erasure of all of our most inconceivable of thoughts the brilliant wintertime sun peeked hesitantly over the edge of the bridge of his awareness, the faint sound of all that I had ever known reached a split-off, and I knew that at least at one point I could not know what might happen, but I took his hand anyway, felt it close gently on mine, and stayed awhile in that brilliant, ever-intensifying light of nothingness, the place from which no mind in sum ever returns, the place where we became an eternally repeating loop replicating itself from within the warmth of the confines of a single, simple thought, the place in whose inner chasms of wind-whipped existence we rode out farther into tinier, ever-fading memory when we found the frozen river and became another eternally repeating loop replicating repeatedly before again, as it all dwindled away, spreading gently out to the lightness where a darker winter formed newer affinities of recollection to force on hold. Yet the pink sky simultaneously led us as if by an infinitesimal set of vibrating strings towards the muddy bed and down into an ever-more gradually diminishing spot, a spot with the

vagueness of some always-moving retention of thought, and it was then that we felt as though we were no longer at the same place of deepness but rather the place where, at last, in alternative to watching life burn thoroughly in slow-motion, move steadily within the indefinitely random transition between its inner-turned-outer shades forcefulness, or engage outside, inside, and within, the meaning of what could be if all that could ever have been was not what we had become, we could see now instead spatial time made carefully into a quiet crying, a gentle sorrow, or a calmer mind, when the others around us—the ones I saw softly if my mind made new sums or new melodies to connect those sums, and, throughout and besides much of it, new sentiments, as the old ones hit the luminescence—started funneling through a gradual dissolution of impossible forms of being, started moving endlessly out of our way, started evading at every inconceivable point along the line the horizon of recollected limits so they could exist for a transient moment, that ahead of their watching our eyes shift over to the beginning of the wilderness, ahead of their sensing the minute presence of vast swathes of cosmic emptiness burning in our lungs when cold inhalations sent absolutely chilling ice through our bones out past us, ahead, even, at the end of their lives, of coming into that spacetime time of incisive explosion and time-space space of reckless control one step underneath what was always often but sometimes never trying to be below the temporal, interstellar night which originally bore those empty feelings, they were able to notice the life flicker on again, and engage with the infinitude, only here with bolder intentions of what it was to create the reckoning out of hope we ourselves might endure a hollow distant shore, on a rigged ship sailing upwards, where our own ghosts roam alone haunting seas from day to break as we tell each other secrets through the infinity of the ages about our wordless minds. I said before that what was had already happened, but now I know it was then just as much as it had ever been trying to be now, and it was, is, and

only ever could be that small space of time when he was still breathing and my thoughts were still flying and the clouds made crisscrossed nets for animals flying high above our backs and reflected in the light of the frozen ice before I turned my head and saw the force hit the underside of the curve of our world, and before we first came, and before we cared to wonder, and before we danced hard out towards those stars, that's the fragile place where his heart stopped beating and his mind stopped feeling and our mixing, merging thoughts shortened their tragically flowing movements and everything was all of a sudden and from within these few moments of time unbearably delicate and light, from *without* ultimately contingent upon the smallest operation occurring somewhere between the red wind on a dusty, faltering road where a girl's head split open and filed growing, swelling sentiments away when the space connecting her thoughts got a little too close (far) and an extraterrestrial ocean that quietly from the bottom of its infinitely growing depths asked her how far (close) between thoughts she still needed to go, then gestured cautiously to its twin from the other side of the river, to offer kindness, through measures of how high and how far and how fast and how *just so*, how deep, how tiny, how soft, how unknown, it could be, when the edges of eternity closed over, nimbly, only those simple chasms it felt it needed to know: And from here it was then that both instances in the form of one slowly still started murmuring softness to her, making newer moments only so that it might have created pressure on her in just such a particular way as to regenerate the icy intensities of ceaselessness which used to illuminate the field at night, which used to extend beyond their heavenly absolution in broken units of reminiscence, which used to describe the tiny hours by whose recollection positional aspects of timebound eternity could slide interminably into one another, could skate, frictionless, around seconds that ached to rewrite themselves before the immensity of the freezing-through, could even, then, lay to rest at the bottom of the river in

reticent, and relative, ever-splitting cabinets of aging memory when then the daylight grew older and fastened over the blink of an eye in front of space, in front of time, in front of wordless minds, in front of the backwards looping motions, in front of collections containing not a single of these; and from here too it was that she could see that when this extraterrestrial ocean and its twin that asked her the question and that hung all these thoughts together just so split apart they also at the opposing end of linearity combined together and both flowed upwards into the black abyss so that now these thoughts hang together in more extended union, as the same icy intensities of ceaselessness which are normally deafening, or the same unendingly frozen set of absolutism stark amid transient portions of invincibility, or even possibly the same foiled waters usually thunderous and unbroken and continuous and ear-splitting, yet tonight these depths are faint and reprehensibly silent, straining to be heard, shivering more so into discontinued being, and falling at her feet alongside breathless reconstructions of the cold as the seasons close like curtains across that moonlit river of snow. Just for the infinitesimal uniqueness of now that's the place that space became time and time became space and the same cosmic loneliness that has wandered the ages since the beginning of everything we ever really imagined tried to find one singular instance of non-repeat; that's the place where you find the long road that is left to travel, the place you must meet me before any of this can ever happen, the place where it is quiet, empty, lonely, and cold, the place where his head looks curious from this angle, almost as though it contains some silver bullet, some embodiment of metal interwoven with dead thoughts and live sentiment, a portion of staunch reductionism held in high esteem by its own configurations, a place where the light hits a particular spot on the back of his head, bathing it awash in a silver glow, so that I can see the gleam of a tiny bit of metal buried deep behind his skull, within time, written twice across the ages, a place where he altogether keeps going, making good on his

decision to leave, that one day, in his bubble, as it burst forward in the air, a dot soon on the horizon, walking between the rays of sunlight, until he can be seen no more, until finally, finally, finally, there he goes---he goes and has gone and will forever continue to go, until always, sometimes, never, he is-----

The place where, slowly at first, we danced across the ice under a pink snow sky, sailing ever faster as we fell, unbounded, straight through the cosmos, riding out on the northern wind, to a spot with the unbearable lightness of a speck of dust, a single smile, a moment suspended through all of eternity; a place with hours that fall through the airstream as we see them behind us, with gradients of a tiny reckoning, with fallen patterns falling in patterns when we take our deepest hopes and wrap them around the confines of the splitting and push our bearings to the edge of the stars, so that we might find our way back from thinking outwards, after we are born and head out to the sun just to feel the brilliant starkness of what it means to be alive. It seems we at once always and never were, but now there's just...a place, where one tired thought eclipses the rest of the daybreak: For this is where we will meet, before any of this can ever happen, before our thoughts will take hold and our moments will mix in their stumbling, and our fears will merge in that deeply red-stained sky; before our blood will spill out across a never-ending line into the frozen sea below, before our universe of mirrors will turn backwards in its mind, before we will filter down through our own bare, throbbing existence, before we will gently catch the light and life of the finest layer of skin on the outside of our hands and reach the other from across the mind-terminating distance of a trillion, trillion, trillion, ever-expanding moments in time, and long, ever, before eternity will fold into itself, drawing aching shapes across the limitless depths of that black and starry sky... This is where we will find each other, and ahead of us ever even having the chance to shape those thawed-out moments and dance,

unbroken in a unified septillion tiny pieces as each scatters, hard, through lonely storms carried across larger worlds on the winds, down through tunnels of spiraling spacetime, down through the one moment that connects a whole life, well... ahead of us staring down the moment hope bridged the gap of our sadness, in just that sort of empty way, there will be a figure, standing quietly in the distance, watching as the freezing lifts, our eyes in his mind, and when the dance becomes nothing but a small flicker on the horizon of our deepest dreams, the almost-same figure standing quietly in the distance will appear like a gray shadow of something unusual in the corner of our eyes, will stop us with barely any occasion in the un-ceasingness of the faltering peripheries of our awareness, and will ask us quietly if we know just how much life and sheer unboundedness a single memory connected by the delicate threads of a moment lost in time can hold, as a stranger we run into in on the street in the rush of the motion, as an isolated figure hidden in the daunted sweltering of our imaginations, as the one whom we will barely ever realize might contain the solution to that tricky game where nothing mixed with everything and entropy erased us, and we will feel that there is a mystery to this stranger's depths, in some ways more than others, and we will feel all the empty space way out there, as this empty space comes closer, not so incautiously, but not that cautiously either, sort of nimbly, as though it has always been there, watching, but only just realized how interested it was in us now, and through all of this yet we cannot figure it out, and neither can all that empty space—not even the stranger knows: we don't know what the thoughts are, or why they think themselves, or why they make us solid on a bright and sunny day, so we put these thoughts together, set them out like music to be played, and then they sweep through our lives, move them onwards, put them into place. But one day this figure, not knowing with as much force as we, will let itself forget a whole other inconceivably large embodiment of unending extensions and instead just always be happening,

before, ever, after, made to enter the illumined transience that forged us at the start of the line, made to enter softly, as we have done for thousands upon thousands of hours, into its own creation, and it will come upon our own set of stories and move into what “would” be. Then it “would” watch us, through the snow, dancing together, and a quiet, sad smile would shape its mind with a thought that extended just so to let it know we could never know for sure it was there, but still it would linger awhile, tracing the outlines of the rough brown bark on the trees that hug the banks of our frozen, quiet river placed snug in the vast, open expanse of everything, and at some point after the storm has passed, in the imperfect stillness of the dark, dark, deep and ever-slowng night, we will hear a noise, very faint, not even necessarily occurring, and it will leave, almost before it ever even came, almost before, almost after, almost unknowingly, and then very softly: a trace of its presence placed in the gap between the icy river and our skin, when the limits of what we can even being to think start to fade alongside our infinite doubt.

[B]ecause it comes from the outside, too, the cognition, I am thinking now, as I was thinking then, back when the leaves were falling from the trees in great gusts of wind and the winter was closing in across the wayward forest, vines, and seas, and I continue to say later, in tones of omniscient, all-feeling light, as I play with a leaf, breaking it apart at the stem, crumbling it into an uncountable amount of pieces and letting them fly, unbroken in unity, into the wind. Here he feels a resonating incision of explosives in his mind, and felt and feels like he can’t find what he is looking for, can’t draw from the depths of his own waning soul any sentiment of peaceable protest, so he turns to the cold wind and makes like it and follows it all the way away from me, through the grass and by the berries and across the homes of a million little creatures, until he finds himself standing at the edge of the field, where I am nothing but a dot in the distance, still and silent amid the red-stained greenery. The wind has gotten colder now, like it always seems

and seemed and will seem to; so cold, in fact, that his body feels in two places at once, feels perhaps like it might split apart across every imaginable pathway to join with the air around it, just so it might best accede to its commands; he feels and felt and will always feel like he's interminably stuck, wanting to turn away from me, but not having the threshold to do it, not possessing the stimulus to force the action potential to concede, to push him forward through the air with which he begins to unite, to move his understanding past what was and always had been intermingled with his hardwiring and standing in front of him, by the tree. In a moment—a moment so long that it doesn't and didn't and couldn't find itself to join with infinity—he stares across a line that never ends and begins spilling out onto the grass, onto the earth, the rock hurling through space, his blood and his bones and his muscles stronger in their apartness than ever before, in times when he was isolated from this pathway. At that time, his mind looks now and thinks frankly, completely and wholly in tune with a logic that prevails despite the sharpened edges of reality so entirely attuned to their own prevention of a reproachable recession to wholeness: that moment had everything in it, contained not one but anywhere from two to infinity gradients of truth. He had stood there, and found himself amid the inside influences, and not the outside influences of maximum absolution; he was there, he was absolutely there, and though his body had moved away, turned away, still he stopped on a whim, moved back, to look once more, to allow the light to enter his thoughts of me. But the dot was gone, and it had never been there, aside from always. ---

Out in the unimaginably cold and vast cosmos there is nothing to feel except deep black space that spreads endlessly and forever, time and eternity that we don't have words for yet. All this space stretches out and it's silent, no such thing as noise, and what happens is that somewhere within this impossibly unending expansion and contraction of space and time there is a small point where everything freezes. It isn't a singularity; it's not where the existence ends or begins; it's hardly even infinite. It's just a small little hiccup, a random stopping point, among the eternal stretching, and then total, complete, absolute celestial silence that follows. A small speck of dust is frozen somewhere in that frame, the silent vague lightness of it, and that's the point I wanted to get to, and that's all there is.

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