

## June 18

Good morning. The sun is shining through my window. It is Sunday, and the first nice day since I arrived here. One of my two adopted cats (or am I the adopted one?), the red haired one, was occupying my chair. I carefully carried it to the second chair, and it didn't even bother to move or open its eyes. maybe it is a porcelain cat... I decided to write a little before breakfast, because I still feel guilty for yesterday's poor achievement, as far as my writing is concerned. Before I fell asleep, I thought of the concepts *number*, *cause*, *possibility* and *necessity*, which I touched in the end of footnote 31. It occurred to me, that these concepts, alongside several others, are what Kant termed *pure concepts of understanding*, or *categories*.<sup>32</sup>

Speaking of Kant, I cannot resist quoting one of his pupils, Johann Herder: "*I have had the good fortune to know a philosopher... In his prime he had the happy sprightliness of a youth; he continued to have it, I believe, even as a very old man. His broad forehead, built for thinking, was the seat of an imperturbable cheerfulness and joy. Speech, the richest of thought, flowed from his lips. Playfulness, wit, and humor were at his command... He was indifferent to nothing worth knowing. No cabal, no sect, no prejudice, no desire for fame could ever tempt him in the slightest away from broadening and illuminating the truth. He incited and gently forced others to think for themselves; despotism was foreign to his mind. This man, whom I name with the greatest gratitude and respect, was Immanuel Kant.*" What a role model! It is much, much easier to **believe such** a man!

I just remembered that Mercury came out of *retro* yesterday, and is back on its forward course. No wonder the world seems so much brighter. I wish I knew more about Chinese and Indian philosophy, so I could conduct a reasonable conversation with Gaya about the deep abyss separating it from western thought. I only know a little about *Zen* and *Tao*. Both emphasize the role of **contradiction**, or the principle of **polarity**, as the basic building block of reality.<sup>33</sup> When I was sitting down at my favorite table at the window

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<sup>32</sup> Kant's twelve categories of the mind<sup>61</sup> were considered by him as the basis for understanding any **experience**. Kant considered these concepts **innate**. As **conditions** for understanding, of being human, rational creatures. The claim that emerges from the preceding discussion, is that these categories may be **reducible** to a simpler structure; That concepts such as negation, quantity, cause, contingency etc. can be **constructed out of** the syntax of P<sub>1</sub>, coupled with a presupposed notion of **objectivity**, taken as membership in the subdomain especially constructed by the speakers for the purpose of communication. Another category, that of identity, is nothing but the relation of **mutual entailment**: When two properties entail each other, they are considered **identical**. I am not yet sure whether this reduction of Kant's categories is in fact possible, so I shall, for now, settle for a weaker claim: Each of the speakers S1 and S2 **assume** each other's domains to include properties that correspond to the categories, regardless of **how** they were (originally) constructed.

<sup>33</sup> Now our two speakers already converse freely, talking **about** the objective world they take to be shared by both, and about inexistent properties that are not objective, but can nevertheless be discussed with the help of predicate logic, or the subject-predicate structure of their *wffs*, or **sentences**. In footnote 28 I maintained that there is no point in any of the speakers' uttering a **contradiction**, whereas they both know the property F intimately, and reiterating it serves no purpose. However, let us now assume, that after the

for breakfast, I saw Gaya standing outside, on the small bridge over the canal that was flowing by the guesthouse. She was talking to a small group of people, standing or sitting on the bridge, and painting the scenery. They were all oriental, like Gaya. before the waitress had the chance to come to my table, I got up and joined Gaya outside. She was speaking what must have been Japanese. The painters were facing different directions, some were drawing with a pencil, some in water colors. Gaya greeted me with a smile and said a few words in Japanese, probably about me, because the men smiled at me and nodded. I nodded back, and a moment later Gaya and I entered the house and sat down for breakfast. Gaya said: "They came for the day; A large group of Japanese amateur painters. They are scattered all over Edam." "This place must have a world reputation" I said. "Although I never heard of it until a few months ago." "You never heard about Edam cheese?" "No, I haven't". "Well, I agree that this place **should** be world famous for its beauty, not the cheese" said Gaya. "It is a lot like some beautiful place in Japan. Strange, but Dutch people share many aesthetic values with the Japanese." I tended to agree. Many charming corners in Edam very much resembled Japanese gardens. "Do you know what these people are doing?" I hesitated before answering. They were evidently drawing or painting, but apparently this was not what Gaya meant. "What?" I asked. "They are **speaking**" said Gaya with an enigmatic smile. She knew she had to elaborate: "You must be aware of the fact that **language** is not limited to verbal or written words and sentences. If I approach a stranger and offer him an object I am holding in my hand, without uttering a word, he would no doubt understand my gesture as, at least, an offer to **pay attention** to the object I am holding. There exists a 'universal' language, based on the senses of sight and sound. A language that is based on the well known fact, that almost all humans see in three dimensions and hear sounds." "I understand. Please go on" I said in anticipation. "When we are in the vicinity of what we take to be another normal **person**, we already have a whole lot of things we **know** about him." "Naturally." I agreed. Gaya continued: "We know, that if we suddenly feel an itch or a pain, the other person will not share this feeling. On the other hand, if we suddenly see lightning and hear a thunder, the other person would share our experience. We know, in advance, what is **private** and what is **public**. Everything that we take as the **public** things, is nothing but a **language**. I once knew a Frenchmen that built a career on this simple fact." I tried a

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objective world was successfully constituted, S1 and S2 each have (in their respective conceptual schemes) a subdomain they considered shared. Each of the two believes the other holds an identical subdomain. Still, there is ample room for **mistake**: The two supposedly identical subdomains may be different: a **discrepancy** between what S1 and S2 consider the objective world: S2's objective subdomain includes an object, C, which is **not** in S1's objective subdomain. This incident is the paradigm of the concept of **mistake**: a misunderstanding between two interlocutors. What was hitherto considered **the** objective subdomain, **is no more**: There are two, **different** subdomains: One in S1's conceptual scheme, and another in S2. They are not aware of this fact, whereas if they were, they would no doubt try to mend the situation, to avoid further misunderstandings. S1 and S2 are aware of the **possibility** of such mishaps, and may even suspect that such discrepancies may prevail, but they nevertheless continue to **assume** (what choice do they have, except for loneliness?) that their objective domains are **isomorphic**.<sup>62</sup> It is irrelevant who of the speakers is "responsible" for the discrepancy, for the occurrence of the **mistake**; whether S1 did not articulate properly, or S2 did not receive the message properly. It is also meaningless to claim that one of the speakers is "right" and the other "wrong", because there is no external criterion by which this could be determined. S1's and S2's objective worlds are just **different**.

wild guess: “Do you know *Jacques Derrida*?” “Gaya smiled. “The one and the same. Quite an arrogant fellow; but brilliant!” I got excited. I didn’t know much about Derrida, but I read some of his, and admired his flamboyance and temperament. “You know him **personally**?” Gaya laughed at my excitement. “I am an old woman. And Derrida wasn’t always as famous as he has become. In the sixties I was teaching in the *Sorbonne*, and I met him quite often.” I took a mental note to return to this surprising piece of news later, but I still had to find out how the Japanese painters were **speaking**: “So all humans ‘speak’ an *archlanguage*<sup>34</sup>, which they take each other to understand.” Gaya continued: “We have **private** things: Feelings, thoughts, ideas, and in using language, we make them **public**: We articulate them, phrase them into something another person can understand. These painters are admiring the beauty of Edam. Their feeling, their sensual experience is completely private. The way **you** articulate this private thing, is by uttering sounds; sounds I heard you utter yesterday: ‘How beautiful, how pretty, how nice’. You intended to convey your private feeling, or private thought, just to **me**. And you were successful: I understood. You translated your private thought to public language, when this **public** included just you and me. If you wanted another person to understand, you would have to phrase it into language **again**. The nature of the sound waves you produced by speaking is such, that it is accepted as **inaccessible** to any person out of hearing range. Audible, verbal speech is very practical if the audience is to be **limited**. If you wanted to make your articulation more public, you could have shouted it, or used a megaphone, or posted a billboard...” I interrupted: “Or written a book!” “Precisely. What these Japanese painters were doing, is to **create physical objects**. They are very aware of the fact, that physical objects are the most universal means of communication. They are accessible, durable, and are even easily duplicated.” I interrupted again: “This is exactly what the concept of **book** or **document** is all about!” Gaya lost her smile: “Don’t be so obsessed with your book! **of course** books are a paradigmatic example of this principle. No one contests the fact that books are composed of, or are **part of**, language. My point is, that a drawing is **exactly** like a book: It is a physical object, hence **public**. When viewed, it is **understood** as an expression; like all expression, it is an expression of something **private** - something that privately “belonged” to someone, and he **wished to make it public**. When these painters return to Japan, they will show their friends the pictures they painted. It is their way to share with others the experiences they had here. They could write a book, like you, but it would be much more imposing, to expect a friend to read prose in order to understand what they have been through; what private experiences they encountered. They could, of course, do a variety of things: They could write **a poem**. A poem is usually short, less

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<sup>34</sup> Derrida’s *archlanguage* or *archwriting*<sup>63</sup> is a key concept in his *worldview*. Although he is considered a relativist, of the ‘continental tradition’ (if there is such a thing), I prefer to understand him as a radical objectivist. It is my version of “mini-deconstruction”, applied to Derrida himself. I think of him as an objectivist, because he only accepts what is included in the (arch)**language**, the **objective** subdomain of human speakers. Like Gaya, he considers all **objects** as *wffs*, turning the whole (objective) world into one great **book**. Where he differs from Gaya, is his disregard for anything **else**. Or maybe it is not disregard, but just **keeping quiet**, as Wittgenstein so eloquently said: *What we cannot speak about we must pass over in silence.*<sup>64</sup>

imposing than prose. They could write **music**; Or they could write a long book. It has been done, sometimes successfully.” Gaya stopped speaking, and we ate in silence.<sup>35</sup>

“I am sorry to have criticized you. I hardly ever do this. But you **really** are obsessed with this book of yours” said Gaya. “It’s all right” I replied. “You are perfectly right. Besides, I am delighted you feel free to criticize me. Please don’t stop.” Gaya seemed relieved. We finished breakfast and went for the morning walk, that was hopefully to become routine. The sun was peeking through the clouds, and it was much warmer than yesterday. After fifteen minutes of walking, we sat on a bench facing the main canal. In less than a minute, we were surrounded by a dozen ducks, some of which approached Gaya and rubbed their necks against her leg. Gaya patted their feathers gently. I said: “They behave like cats.” Gaya replied: “They want to be fed. Tomorrow we’ll bring some bread from breakfast and feed them.” She had a thing with animals. They seemed to love her.

On the way back, I was looking around me, observing all the beautiful *objects* that were everywhere, and wondered which of them qualified as **art** and which did not. Some of the objects were the creation of nature: cats, ducks, storks and endless vegetation. Some were man-made, but still not art: The intentions of their creators were clearly not to convey a feeling or a thought: cars, boats and the like. On the other hand, many objects were pure art: pictures, statues, sculptures. But I concentrated on the objects that seemed to be on the border between ‘art’ and ‘non-art’: Things that seemed artistic, but also had another purpose, such as houses, walls, windows furniture etc. I asked Gaya: “You said that art is nothing but a **word**, or **sentence**, in the language of **objectivity**. right?” She replied: “Yes. This is a nice way of putting it.” “But people **create** many things that are definitely **not** considered **art**. Do they not?” “Of course” said Gaya. “Does every sound you utter constitute a **sentence**? An object can be considered a part of **language** only if it used for **communication**.” I wasn’t satisfied. “But looking at the objects around me, how do I determine which is, or was, used for communication, and which were not?” Gaya stopped walking and looked at me. “How do you **determine**? How do you determine **anything**? You **decide**, of course!” She resumed the walk. I thought of what she said. I have already learned to take her seriously, not always at face value. If it is a part of language, if it is an articulation of someone’s feelings or thoughts, it is **art**. But if everything around me, **the world**, is **the** shared human context, it is **all** language! could **everything** in it be considered **art** by Gaya? I was ready with a question. I made a wide gesture, pointing at everything around us. “All of this is *Derrida’s archlanguage*, right?” She smiled: “Not his. **ours**. I doubt that he has ever been here. In **his world**, Edam is probably just a brand

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<sup>35</sup> Painting, poetry, (some) prose, music etc. are not just different manifestations of language; They are all known as **art**. The question “what is art” is still wide open, and Gaya basically offered a broad definition: **Art is the creation of an object out of a predicate**. (‘object’ and ‘predicate’, of course, as defined in footnote 31). The artist has a property, a predicate, that is of course **not real**, not in the objective subdomain. In order to communicate it, he needs this property to become **objective** - to become an **object**. He therefore **constructs**, using objects like paint, canvas or magnetic tape, an object that is his **artwork**. This object **includes** all the objects that were used to compose it. An artwork is nothing but an object, as is every other property in the objective subdomain. What makes it **art**, is the fact that it is the **creation** of a particular speaker: As an articulation of his **private** properties.

of cheese.” I was surprised, and took another (then private) note to ask her what she meant by **his** world. “So in what way is the objective world **shared**?” Gaya gave an unexpected answer: “Did you notice the name of this street?” I looked around, looking for a sign. I spotted one on the next building. It said *Kant Straat*. I couldn’t believe the coincidence, but I was more interested in what she had to say. She said: “You must know Kant well enough to remember what he said about **space**. What is **considered** shared by all humans, is their **perception** of space, not the particular objects occupying it. It is an accepted feature of human *archlanguage*, that every speaker is only acquainted with a **part** of the totality of objects occupying space. What is (considered) shared and objective, is the spatial *form of intuition*.”<sup>36</sup> I rephrased my rhetorical question, repeating the wide gesture: “All of this, around us, is part of the language in **our** conversation, the one we are conducting now. Right?” “Right.” Said Gaya. “Then, it qualifies as a **work of art**, does it not?” Gaya stopped and sat on a bench. I sat beside her, and she spoke: “I understand a work of art as something that was **created** by **someone**. Who created **this**?” She repeated my gesture, pointing at our beautiful surroundings. Now it was my turn to smile. I said: “I did.” Gaya was as serious as I’ve never seen her before. She answered slowly: “In this case, it is a work of art. It is a **magnificent** work of art, and I thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for presenting it to me.” She closed her eyes for a moment, took a deep breath of the fresh spring air, and leaned back, enjoying the indeed magnificent surroundings. I felt **extremely** proud - like I have just successfully performed a great achievement. After a few moments of blessed silence, she spoke again: “A work of art must be created with the **intention** of being a work of art - as an act of **pure communication**. A pure work of art is an object created by the artist for the **sole** purpose of **communication**, with no other motive. More often than not, works of art are **also** something else; A means to make a living, for example. In order to classify something as art, it must be assumed that it was created with the intention to share, present, **communicate** a feeling or a thought.” Gaya offered a **criterion** for classifying (something as) art. If I am lucky, she might also produce a criterion for its **evaluation**. I asked: “Is there such a thing as ‘bad art’ or ‘good art’?” Gaya answered without hesitation: “Is there such a thing as ‘good articulation’ and ‘bad articulation’? again, I think it depends on the **receiver** of the communicated message. If the message is **understood**, it is a ‘good articulation’. If the work of art is well understood, it is good art.” I was a bit disappointed. ‘Understanding’ of art as a criterion for its value seemed like explaining the obscure with

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<sup>36</sup> Kant considered the human spatial perception as an **innate, apriori** capacity. **Logically**, it is the **condition** of the **possibility** of our spatial sense data. I agree with Kant, that this *form of intuition* is a condition of spatial sense data; But I **disagree** with its proclaimed **apriori** nature. A human, rational creature **need not** have spatial perception. Picture a paralyzed, blind person: He is not in a worse predicament than Helen Keller, who could not **hear**. Our blind paralyzed speaker could still be a brilliant musician, and live a full, **comprehensible** life. He would no doubt be very **different** from many others, but still completely **human** and rational. I don’t believe space is an essential condition of perception; Just of **spatial** perception. I cannot say the same thing about Kant’s **other form of intuition: Time**. Time, I believe (and contrary to both Einstein and Dunne<sup>39</sup>) is very different in **kind** from space. **Conceptualizations, deductions, take time**. The process of enhancing one’s conceptual scheme, of acquiring knowledge, constructing new concepts (properties), receiving more *wffs*, **happens in time**. I can understand **awareness** without space; I **cannot** understand it outside the realm, the *substratum* of **time**.

the more obscure. “How do you mean ‘**understanding**’ the artwork?” Gaya looked around, searching an example. She pointed at a statue of a small baby angel: “What do you think about this statue?” “Nothing much” I replied. “Then it is not good art. If nothing ‘happened to you’ when you looked at it, you apparently did not get the intended message. There **is**, of course, an intended message, otherwise it wouldn’t stand here on display like that. Besides, maybe it is a bad example. It is almost certain that the artist who created this object had more than **communication** on his mind. Can you give me an example of **remarkable** art?” I searched my memory banks for a good example. Art wasn’t my strong side. I picked something indisputable: “Beethoven’s Fifth symphony”. “Excellent example” said Gaya. “And I believe he had **nothing** but communication on his mind. Do you **understand** the Fifth symphony?” I didn’t know if I did; Gaya helped: “What I mean is: **Is it beautiful?**” “Of course” I replied. “I would not have picked it as an example if I didn’t think so!” Gaya summarized: “I think **beauty** is a measure of **degree of understanding**. If something seems very beautiful to me, it leaves a strong mark. I **remember** it. It invokes **feelings**, it leaves me **thinking** about it. When exposed to excellent art, one always has the feeling one didn’t understand **enough**; that it is **loaded** with **meaning**. I believe that good art is nothing but a case of successful communication.

Walking back home, I noticed that I am clearly starting to get acquainted with the streets and alleys of Edam. It is a beautiful, **sunny Sunday**, and there are many tourists (some of them Japanese painters). But they are all **very** quiet. How nice! It is the time of Sunday services, and faint harmonious hymns were flowing out of the churches we passed. On my first day, the village seemed like a labyrinth of streets, alleys, canals, pathways and bridges. They were all slowly ‘falling into place’ in my mind. I smiled to myself, remembering the last time I thought of the expected evolution of my concept (of) *Edam*. Gaya said: “It is wonderful to discover and learn new things, is it not?” I didn’t know what she meant: Was she reading my mind? I repeated her words in my mind, and considered the possibility that she meant our mutual discovery of each other, or at least **my** discovery of **her**. But before I had a chance to check which it was, she continued: “It is up to you, you see.” I was flabbergasted. Is this a **conversation**? but then again, she might simply have continued the preceding sentence - nothing mysterious. The strange moment was not over. She spoke again: “Do not look for the answer **outside**. It doesn’t matter, or rather, **meaningless**, to ask yourself what I **mean** by what I say. Rather, ask yourself **what you understood**. You must force yourself to accept the fact that it is **you**, no one out there, that endow the sentences with **meaning**. When you are in a mystical mood, mystical things happen.” I exhaled. The air must have gotten stale in my lungs. I knew better than to say anything. It was one of those rare, but unmistakable **magical moments**.

Gaya went to her room and I remained outside, in *De Fortuna*’s exquisite blooming garden, watching the two cats bathing in the sun, and was **happy**. A while later I started

coming down, and examined the state of my thesis. Maybe I should start getting to the point. So far, I deliberately refrained from touching the concepts of **truth** and **falsity**.<sup>37</sup> I took another walk, alone, and had a late lunch. I already know my way quite well; In the first few days I deliberately got lost, just to find my way back. I cannot get lost any more. Edam is acquiring clearer shape and form every day. The same seems to be the case with my footnotes. They are still confused, but a vague picture is starting to emerge. I find strange pleasure in making the analogy between those two completely unrelated and distinctly different processes. Or are they? I am walking slowly, looking people in the eye and nodding a friendly Hello. I once read a sci-fi story by Larry Niven, about an extremely advanced civilization of creatures called **Puppeteers**. The Puppeteers had two small heads, mounted on thin, long necks, like that of an ostrich. Their brains were not in the heads - they had large brains safely secured under a bony hump on their back. They had three strong legs, and each head was equipped with two human-like eyes and a strong beak, acting as a hand. What reminded me of the Puppeteers was their habit to hold their two heads opposite each other, and stare **themselves** in the eyes, in moments of amazement, puzzlement or reflection. I had a strong attraction to the Puppeteers, and was intrigued by their ability to look **themselves** in the eye. It is not looking at your own eyes in the mirror. The image in the mirror has no separate presence (at least not according to the *worldview* I own these days). It is like looking at **yourself** and **not** at yourself at the same time. The two heads functioned independently, although governed by the same brain; As a kind of ‘very connected’ Siamese twins. I remember the visual picture I constructed in my mind while reading this book, of the Puppeteer’s two heads turned towards each other, looking each other in the eye and **sharing the same thought**. This is how I felt after lunch, looking the friendly Dutch in the eye and mumbling “Good day!”

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<sup>37</sup> Let us start with **falsity**, rather than **truth**. The last significant contribution our speakers S1 and S2 made to the proposed understanding of **language**, was to **tell a lie**. In footnote 33 I considered it a **mistake**. But if we assume that, for some reason, S1 **deliberately** uttered the misleading *wff*, it is a plain and simple **lie**. Be the source of this mishap intentional or not, it results in the creation of a discrepancy between the objective subdomains, the corresponding “objective worlds” of S1 and S2. After this breach, one of the speakers still considers his objective world an exact replica of the other’s. Now, if he should suddenly discover that it is **not**, he may consider the other speaker as **having a mistake**. Were he an undogmatic liberal, he might admit the possibility that it is **he** who is having the mistake, not the other. In any case, a need would arise to reconcile the *worldviews* and converge them back into identity, or isomorphism. Now, who should be the one to change **his** system to make it conform with the other’s? Who will win this battle between two *worldviews*?

At this point, let us enhance our vocabulary a bit. Hereafter, *wffs* or sentences will sometimes be called **propositions**, and *wffs* denoting **objects** will be called **beliefs**. Beliefs are therefore speaker-dependent. And so is falsehood: a proposition cannot be “objectively false”. It can only be false with relation to some speaker, that has a system of properties with an objective subdomain. if the proposition in question is not one of his **beliefs**, it is **false**. Now, **truth** comes naturally: If a proposition is not false, it is **true**. The paradigmatic case of a false proposition is the affirmation of existence of a predicate, or the denial of existence of an object. Traditionally, it was viewed as the paradigm of **contradiction**: To say that a predicate exists, is to say that it is what it is not, and to say that an object does not, is to say that it is not an object.

I took the liberty of calling Gaya on the phone, to ask her if and when she wants to have dinner with me. She was surprised about the **if**, and we agreed to eat at eight. I came prepared, and before she had the chance to take the initiative, I said: “I am now writing about the concept of **truth**.” Gaya was as unexpected as ever: “Now you have a new kind of article? A truth, **the truth**, and **the concept of truth**?” Before I had a chance to reply, Gaya added, smiling: “No, no. I’m just kidding. I understand. Are you writing about anyone in particular?” Good question. “Well, I’ll probably have to mention a few. Tarski<sup>38</sup>, Davidson, Quine...” Gaya interrupted: “In your book the history of truth starts in the 20th century?” Bingo. She’s right again. “You didn’t let me finish; I was listing them backwards.” She was teasing me: “No you were not. If you were, Davidson would have been first!” I was surprised, for the nth time: “You seem to know quite a lot about quite everything” I said bitterly. She was pleased with herself. “Come on, I simply had very many years to accumulate all this stuff. Besides, I hardly know anything about neither Tarski nor Davidson, except for the fact the former preceded the latter by several decades. I know more about ancient philosophy. Don’t you think you should start there?” I already had the answer ready. “Plato is my **destination**”. She seemed interested: “Really? You are a Platonist?” Was I? “Not in the common sense of the word. But in some respects, I am.” Gaya was proud of me. “Well, I guess if one is confined to western thought, he might as well be a Platonist. He doesn’t belong in the western tradition anyway. Charming fellow, Plato. Second only to his master.” Gaya spoke as if she knew them both

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<sup>38</sup> No discussion of **truth**, however superficial, is complete without **Alfred Tarski**.<sup>65</sup> I will start with him. Tarski’s truth theorems make explicit the connection between meaning and truth: Between a language and what it is **about** (what its terms refer to). Contrary to some interpretations of Tarski’s writings, his T-sentences do not “connect” *wffs* with “the world”, neither does he advocate an objective reference. There is nothing of the **world** on the right side of a T-sentence. Just another sentence, expressed in meta-language. This sentence is taken to carry the **meaning** of the *wff* that appears on the left side of the T-sentence. The *wff* on the left is a proposition, that can be either true or false. If (or when) it is **true**, its **meaning** appears in the right side of the T-sentence. Tarski has elegantly spelled out the connection between meaning and truth.

Tarski’s truth is theory-dependent - “internal”, as is Quine’s.<sup>66</sup> No theory-transcendent “objectivity” is claimed for it. He limited the scope of truth to a particular theory, while only its **nature** is considered universal, due to the universal **structure** of T-sentences. a Tarskian T-sentence has the following form:

Proposition P is true **if and only if** fact P obtains

The right side of this equation supposedly carries the **meaning** of P. This explicitly spells out the situation of our two speakers of P<sub>1</sub>: The **correspondence** between a *wff* and a property in the objective subdomain. Three terms participate in this equation: An **object** or **relation** (on the right), a **proposition** (on the left) and **truth**, acting as the equal sign in the equation. Note, that according to such a notion of truth any two of the three terms determine the third: Given a proposition P and the fact that it is **true** determines its meaning, namely, the denoted object; Given an object and the requirement that the resulting proposition should be **true**, determines the proposition; and thirdly, a pair constituted by a proposition and an object, determines the **truth** or **falsity** of the proposition. If **truth** be understood as I suggested in the preceding footnote, it is **speaker dependent**. I.e., the identity of the speaker **determines** the truth value of a given proposition. According to my interpretation, Tarski’s T-sentences demonstrate a three-term relationship: Between an **object**, (a fact in the world), a **proposition** (a *wff* in language), and a **speaker**: Any two of the three determine the third. This exposes the **speaker** for what he **is**, in the context of truth: A speaker (or specifically, the content of his objective subdomain) is nothing but a living **truth theory**.

personally. I was beginning to doubt whether she really knew Derrida. Maybe she is just playing games. I decided to be more skeptical towards her. I asked innocently: “Did you know them too?” Gaya examined me suspiciously, probably reading my mind. Then she said seriously: “What does it take to decide that someone was a charming fellow? Do you think that Albert Einstein was a charming person? Kennedy? Paul Newman? No. for you I have a better one: Wouldn’t you say that Immanuel Kant was an **extremely** nice man? Do you necessarily need to have dinner with someone to establish that he is charming? Don’t you think that by reading **everything** that someone wrote you get to know him much better than by having dinner with him? Or did our long conversation from this morning already evaporate? And the answer to your impolite question, taken literally, is: **yes.**” This time it hurt. And I deserved it. She did nothing to deserve my skeptical attitude. She really put me in my place. I hope I didn’t irreversibly damage the relationship. And on top of all, she **had** to imply, at the end of this strict rebuke, she couldn’t resist implying that she **did** know them personally... and yet, not conclusively. I didn’t know how to react, so I waited patiently until she spoke again. She defused me with her bright smile: “It’s over. You may come out of the bunker.” We both laughed, and I regained my pulse. I said: “I agree about Socrates. He was **really** a charming man. Plato was a divine writer, but I am not sure he was **charming.**” “Good point” said Gaya. “But compared to **his** pupil, he was an angel.” “Aristotle?” I wondered. “Who else? He was a mean...” She hesitated. “No. I am exaggerating. But Aristotle was definitely **not** a nice guy. Plato knew him very well. No wonder he refused to nominate him as his heir in the academy. And Aristotle was so arrogant he couldn’t bear it. He left. It was clear that he would become a fierce competitor as soon as Plato died. He was a coward, too. He fled his trial, because ‘he didn’t want the Athenians to commit the same crime twice’. Much did he care about the purity of their souls” she sneered. After a moment’s pause she added: “His biggest achievement is educating the greatest conqueror in history. The guy had absolutely no conscious.” Gaya seemed personally disgusted with Aristotle. I’m not a great Aristotle fan myself, but for different reasons: “He is the one who first separated ontology from ethics.” I said. Gaya shrugged. “Isn’t that what I said?”<sup>39</sup>

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<sup>39</sup> Aristotle was the founder of (or, at least, the most significant contributor to) the objective subdomain of what is known as western civilization. His writings, especially the *Organon*<sup>67</sup>, are a detailed description of the content and prevailing rules of **reality**. In a manner of speaking, he was obsessed with **existence**. He literally changed the meaning of this word, as Plato before him denied the **real** existence of things that **change**. Aristotle introduced a **truth** that was **a-moral** - that had nothing to do with **good**, with human interests. By doing so, he significantly enriched the objective subdomain he shared with his fellow speakers, but in the process, he sacrificed morality. He maintained, that **good** things and **bad** things existed side by side in the objective world. Speakers from him on were forced to accept into **their** objective subdomain, things that they did not **wish** to exist. Needless to say, his contribution to the contents to this world was immeasurable, but by enriching it he imposed heavy restrictions on human **freedom**. A speaker could no longer decide, if he wished to communicate, what to accept as having objective existence. It was **forced** on him by the growing community of speakers.