

## June 23

°“Let us go watch the dogs” said Gaya after breakfast this morning. “What dogs?” I asked. “Just dogs” she replied; “local dogs”. We went to the southern corner of the village - no more than a five minute walk. On a large grass yard, by the intersection of two main canals, about ten dogs were scattered: From a huge Great Dane, to a tiny pocket size dog with ribbons on its little head. It was a lovely sight. The dogs’ owners were no less interesting to watch than their pets. They all came here for this sole purpose, to accompany their animals, and they were constantly busy with them: One kept pulling his dog out of places the dog wasn’t supposed to go to (at least in its owner’s opinion), like close to the canal, or across the bridge, or even becoming too friendly with other dogs. Another man, who came with three dogs, was constantly busy collecting their droppings in plastic bags, with which he came prepared. Our ‘ugly’ dog was there too, his owner busy with the tennis ball. The people were **working**, and the dogs were having fun (well, maybe except the dog who wasn’t allowed to go anywhere). Gaya picked a bench that was relatively distant from the action. I asked her why, and she explained that she is following *Heisenberg’s* principle: She does not want the observer to affect the subject of observation. Very witty. I guess she knew that if she came closer, the dogs would gather round **her** (animals always did that to her), and **she** would become the subject of observation. Gaya was an **observer**, not an **observee**.

I thought *What is it like to be a dog*. Strange experience. I have two dogs at home (and a cat), so I know dogs. I always thought that dogs have a full mental life; That they **think**, and even make decisions. Watching the dogs there from a distance, this opinion became certainty. Their complicated behavior could not be explained any other way. I even detected **psychological** problems in the behavior of the dog with the hysteric owner. They **must** have consciousness. How **arrogant** on the part of so many philosophers, to deny animals a **soul**.

The dogs started to disperse, when two cars pulled by and parked. One of them had flowers and ribbons all over it. Out of it emerged a wedding couple, fully dressed; Vale and all. In addition to them there were three more men and a young women, and two cameras. They came to take pictures by the large willow that was bending over the water.

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° After having written the last footnote, I returned and read the footnotes dealing in the distinction between objects and predicates, and I feel there is a point that requires clarification. There is no **‘real’** difference in **kind** between the two. The **only** difference between them is (the assumption of) the objectivity of objects, in the sense that they are **shared**. I explained that properties in the domain may either be "on" or "off". But in the case of objects, there is a constraint: **All** speakers are expected to change the state of **objects** simultaneously, otherwise objectivity is lost. Changing a belief regarding the state of an object must be **synchronized** between all speakers: All speakers must be aware of the **rules** according to which they are allowed to change their beliefs regarding (objective) **reality**. These **rules** are commonly known ‘laws of nature’, laws regarding the (publicly agreed) ‘evolution’ of the objective subdomain; Rules that are closely associated with the passage of **time** (which will be discussed in due course).

The place was in fact a beautiful setting for a series of wedding pictures. We were still pure observers; However, a large tree was standing exactly between us and the action, so at any particular moment a certain part of the scene was blocked from view. I moved to the end of the bench, to get a better angle, but the field of vision wasn't better from there either. Gaya was amused to see me try to overcome the optical obstacle: "The tree bothers you? There are at least two things you can do about it." I turned to her: "One of them is probably to ask them to move to a place where I can see better, right?" Gaya laughed. "No. But you could **move** them, like have the photographer suddenly discover a better spot. Or, **you** could move. I will follow you." This reminded me of a story: "I have a friend, who had an extensive eastern education. He spent years in India, and was very close to a famous *Guru*. Anyway, he came to visit one day, and we sat in my upstairs room, the one I spend the most time in. This room is facing my back yard, which is quite a beautiful sight. However, the whole bottom part of the view is blocked, because the window starts only about one meter above floor level. I told him that I am contemplating knocking the wall down and replacing it with a glass window, so the field of vision will be completely clear. However, I added, it is not a simple project, because it is a thick concrete wall. He said: "Why knock the wall down? You can have a painter **draw** the missing part of the view on the wall!". It sounded like a very original idea, maybe even a good one. Anyway, I still haven't done anything about it: I haven't knocked it down, nor had it painted."

Gaya must have suspected the story was not yet complete, because she said nothing. I continued: "Listening to you talk about this tree, the significance of my friend's suggestion suddenly dawned on me; If he had your way with words, he would probably express himself so I would **understand**. What he meant, was 'Make the change **inside!**' like this photo session here: The experience I am now having, is **one with a tree in the middle**. So what? What is so important in seeing every detail of a photo session of a strange couple? The tree is **part of my** picture, and a pretty picture it is! If everything was always in clear view, there would be no **curiosity**, nothing would be **interesting** any more!" Gaya finally spoke: "Don't blame your friend for not expressing himself. For two reasons: First, you seem to **now** understand things much better, or, rather, very **differently** from the way you used to. You would not have understood even if he phrased it differently. You interpret things differently now. Besides, You are talking about **your** experience with your friend, not his with you; **He** had nothing to do with it in the first place." Gaya's second reason wasn't completely clear to me, but before I had the chance to say anything, the photo group **moved**. They took a few pictures behind the tree, and now they moved all the way to the right; Not only was the view clear, they also came much closer. I kept quiet, thinking of boats in the canals. Five minutes later I had enough, and said to Gaya: "Let's walk". Gaya smiled and said, while standing up: "First you wanted to see everything, and now that you see everything you want to go." She did not say it as a question, neither as a complaint. I replied: "Well, I'm not perfect. Blame the teacher."

We walked by the canal. We could see a man by the water, busy doing something with a bucket. As we approached, I saw that he was a painter, painting a nearby house. He was

washing his brush from the paint. He did this by filling the bucket with water from the canal, and using it to wash the brush a few meters away from the bank. He went back and forth with the full bucket maybe five or six times, every time spilling the dirty water on the ground, not to contaminate the canal. I asked Gaya: “Why does he not wash the brush directly in the canal water? He could have done it in two minutes, instead of going back and forth like that!” “It is not done” said Gaya. “If everyone washed brushes in the canal waters, you know what would happen”. I decided to follow up on the subject: “I see. But consider this guy. Say he is here **all alone**. There is no one in sight. This one instance of brush-washing will not make the slightest difference to the quality of the water. And by doing it he will save maybe ten, fifteen minutes of work. Why does he **still** do the right thing? What makes him so **moral**?”<sup>59</sup> “It is the **right** thing to do” Gaya replied, and continued: “And I don’t mean from **his** point of view. I mean **yours**. Suppose **you** could decide what he does. What would you decide? No. wait a minute. Let me ask you another question first: What would **you** do, with a dirty brush in your hand, and no one in sight?” “Well,” I said “In my **present** state of mind, and under your influence, I would use the bucket.” “Here you have it!” said Gaya triumphantly. “You can understand why **you** would do it, and you are asking me why **he** does it? Why?”

We walked back, watching the small boats in the canal. I reflected on yesterday evening’s surrealist conversation, and said to Gaya: “I am still thinking about **God**. What is God’s gender? God **could** be a woman. But I suspect God is not a woman. Neither a man. “What do you mean?” She asked. “From a logical point of view, God is a ‘super synthesis’: Something, or **someone**, that, **within** it, **resolves** all the contradiction. It is another consequence from my LDG seminar<sup>60</sup>. God is neither a particular nor a universal,

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<sup>59</sup> It will be a **crime** not at least to **mention** Kant<sup>100</sup> in this context. In a nutshell, Kant’s deontological ethics maintains that: (1) It is **only** the (subjective) intentions that render a deed **moral**, not the (objective) consequences; (2) For the act to be purely moral, the intention behind it must be motivated **just** by morality itself, not the circumstances or particular context; (3) Moral rules (categorical imperatives) are inherently **general**: they apply generally, to any hypothetical person. Here is my interpretation to these three principles: (1) There **are** no ‘objective’ consequences. Objectivity is just a means, a **tool** to facilitate **language**. (2) ‘Morality’ is ‘wanting the good’. It is the only (‘real’) motivation. Everything **else** is just **means** towards this end. (3) Human conceptual schemes, or **worlds**, are **coherent** (P<sub>1</sub> syntax!). For the quest for good to succeed, consistency is required. A person must be consistent with, abide by the rules of, **his world**, to be moral (and consequently happy).

<sup>60</sup> Here is a passage from the concluding section of my ‘LDG paper’:

*“...Is **God** a particular or universal? Let us apply our Aleph-rule to the conflicting propositions “God is a particular” and “God is a universal”, and see what sense may be derived of it. I opened the discussion of universals and particulars with the claim that concepts could be **either** universal **or** particular. Now we are faced by the possibility of a concept that is a synthesis of the two contradicting concepts; A concept resolving the contradiction between ‘universal’ and ‘particular’: their **genus**. Let us name it **Divinity**. Divinity is the genus of ‘universal’ and ‘particular’, and is **neither** as it is **both** (just as ‘animal’ is neither ‘dog’ nor ‘cat’, but **both**). To conclude this discussion, let us examine the relations of **Divinity** to the concept ‘**God**’, the ultimate universal, and the concept ‘**Nature**’, the ultimate particular.*

*This relation, naturally, is one of **inclusion**: ‘God’ or ‘Godly’ was, until recently, at the **top** of my conceptual scheme: It was the synthesis of all my predicates. **Nothing included it**. Now, it is included in*

but their synthesis: something that is **both** (or either, which is the same). Similarly, God resolves the ‘contradiction’ between male and female; like he does for all **dichotomies**. God is a different gender, a gender that combines, or is made **of**, the contradictory **combination** between male and female”. “But you are talking about every baby that was ever born!” said Gaya. “What is a newborn baby, but the result, or combination, of these two constituents?” Interesting. “Yes; We really refer to **babies** as ‘**it**’. Not ‘her’ or ‘him’. A baby could be considered a third gender. But before long, the **it** becomes a ‘he’, or a ‘she’.” “How exactly does this happen?” asked Gaya. She is asking me? I tried to imitate her way of thinking. “Its parents **teach** it that it must have one, particular, fixed gender?” I tried. “Yes. And more! **they** make the decision for it. They don’t ask it whether it wants to stop being **it** and start being ‘she’ or ‘he’, and they also **tell** it which it will be! Small wonder that homosexuality flourishes.” “And why are there more male homosexuals the female ones?” “Are there?” she asked; “If there are, I guess it is because parents much more frequently try to **force** malehood on their boys, than femalehood on their girls. You said you have three daughters. **Why** do you think you have three daughters?” “Well, that is not hard to explain; Not even **your** way. I am a proclaimed feminist.” “You mean you **wanted** daughters?” “Yes.” “How odd!” she wondered. “Why ever?” “I’m not sure” I answered. “But I think the age of male domination is over. I think it is evident. I have been saying it for years, but no one believes me. I think for the next couple of millennia, society will be **matriarchal**. Not a *coupe* or anything like that. I believe that the male gender will voluntarily give women the lead. It will realize that this **dominance** is more of a burden than a privilege.” Although Gaya seemed to me **above** petty male/female quarrels, she seemed very pleased: “How **Socratic**! It is a beautiful thought. I mean the ‘voluntarily’. I tend to agree. I’ve heard astrologers say that about the age of Aquarius. You are **Pisces**, right?” “Does it show?” I asked. “Clearly” she replied. “Symbolic: You **Pisces** turn over the lead to us **Aquarius**’s.” **You** are Aquarius?” “Yes. Does it show?” “I have no idea.” I replied. “But I have a funny story about that: Several months ago the papers were filled with a bizarre piece of news: Apparently a **thirteenth sign** of the zodiac was ‘discovered’ by astronomers: A hitherto undetected star system, that supposedly changes the structure of the zodiac: Every sign ‘moves’ a little bit, to make room for this thirteenth sign: the sign of the **snake** I think it was. Anyway, the papers were full of it for a few days. All the astrologers protested loudly, stating that it is absurd, and that astronomic discoveries have nothing to do with their trade. It was a topic of conversation for a week: Lots of TV interviews and debates between astronomers and

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*one new concept: in **Divinity** (as a **universal**). But examining **Divinity** from its second aspect, its **particular** aspect, takes **Nature** as the species of **Divinity**. The new top of my conceptual scheme is no longer **God** (a universal), neither is it **Nature** (a particular); It is **both**, and it is **neither**: It is the only concept in my (present) conceptual scheme that is outside the universal/particular dichotomy. Accepting one of these species automatically denies the existence of the other, hence the endless quarrel between Theism and Pantheism, between Spinoza and the Jews, realists and idealists. **Divinity** is **above** the universal/particular classification. It encompasses the idea, the abstract, the potential, as well as the material, the concrete, the actual. Naturally, the two realms are in contradiction - but there is no use in trying to fix **one** of them as “real”, as a **permanent** concept, while permanently denying the other’s existence, or **possibility**: It is just a question of **point of view**: When considered as a particular, **Divinity** is simply **Nature**. When considered a universal, it is **God**.*

astrologers. It was amusing. The fuss died out in a few days, and I didn't hear of it since. But within these few days, everybody was going around saying 'I used to be a lion, now I am a Scorpio'. I, myself, 'moved' from **Pisces** to **Aquarius**! What can you say about **that**?" It was a good story. All true. "Well, I'd say you were turning from a man to a woman..." she answered with a smile. "Really a bizarre story. I never heard of it. I suggest you look into it. It sounds as if you let this extremely strange occurrence pass without paying enough attention. You just remembered it now, for the first time since it happened?" "Yes." I said. "I'm not really into astrology. I am not **against** it or anything; I don't even doubt that it has significant **content**, but I am not into it. At most, I read an occasional horoscope" "Well, get interested" she concluded.<sup>61</sup>

After a couple of futile hours at the keyboard I was on my way out to stretch my bones when I spotted Gaya on a chair outside, reading a newspaper. I asked her whether she wanted to go to lunch with me, and she said she'd eaten, but she will gladly join me, if I want. I did, as I was stuck on my writing. As we were walking in the beautiful street, it occurred to me that in our long conversation about **art** as expressions in language, we casually touched on the concept 'beauty', but she did not explain, at least not explicitly, **What is the beautiful?**<sup>62</sup> It seemed like a terribly banal and worn down question, but with Gaya nothing was banal, nor worn down. I asked. She answered immediately, directly, without playing games: "The **beautiful** is to the **good**, what the **word** 'tree' is to **this tree** over here. A beautiful **piece**, be it visible, audible, extending or not, is a piece of **art**, which in turn is nothing but a **sentence**, an **expression**, of the **feeling** of **good** that its creator wanted to convey. Beautiful things are different descriptions of **the good**. They are simply descriptions in **different languages**. You speak many languages: music, Hebrew, philosophical jargon and many more. Each has **its** way of being beautiful, **its** way of describing the only thing worth describing: The idea of the good; or the **feeling**, if you can tell between the two. If something is beautiful, and it was **made** by someone, then you have to take it as the **word** denoting **Good** in this someone's **language**.

I was hypnotized by her clear, completely intelligible and extremely eloquent answer. "Did you **understand**?" she asked. "Loud and clear" I replied. "Just one question: And

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<sup>61</sup> Astrology, as well as other phenomena that are considered 'super natural', cannot be ignored by philosophers. They **may** be ignored by various branches of science, but only because it is not their subject matter. Philosophy is supposed to be **general**. It cannot willingly leave significant phenomena unexplained.

<sup>62</sup> The *Beautiful* is traditionally considered to belong to aestheticians. I believe that it belongs in the philosophy of **language**. I believe that **beauty** is a property of *wffs*. Suppose S1 wrote a beautiful **poem**. This is a simple example, because it is made of **words**. But it can be made of musical notes or color on canvas. What is the **meaning** of the (beautiful) poem? What does it **denote**? I propose that by creating the beautiful *wff* (provided he intended it to be beautiful, which is a fair assumption), S1 wished to denote the predicate G. The beautiful **denotes** the good. Plato was rather vague on this point.<sup>101</sup> He was a metaphysician, not a linguist. He understood that these two terms were somehow on "the same level", but he didn't read Frege, and didn't concern himself with **correspondence**. The reason for the infinitely many **varieties** of the *beautiful*, is the parallel variety of **languages**, or (Davidsonian) **idiolects**. Every idiolect has its own *wff* to denote it. The *Good* is (in) the **world**; The *beautiful* is its corresponding counterpart in **language**.

when I see a beautiful flower in the field? Something beautiful that is not a work of art, whereas nobody **made** it?" She answered without hesitation: "It still expresses the **good**: The very **good** feeling you have when you look at something beautiful. Miserable people do not see beautiful things." "I understand". Again she was bright and clear. "It is not **I** that spoke more clearly than usual" she read my mind. "It is you. You are now opening up in incredible speed. I have never seen anything like it. And I have seen quite a lot. Let me catch up on this moment - you now have great reception. Let's capitalize on it." She sounded almost like an American businessman moving to close a deal: "I want to clear up another point which must be bothering you, although you haven't asked me. You already realize that it is all **you**. You can almost feel yourself **doing** it. But you still have a feeling of **duality**: The **outside** and the **inside**. They seem to stand **across** from each other. You still think **about** things. You cannot get rid of the distinction between '**this bridge**' and '**this thought** about the bridge'. What you need to realize, is that **you can never have both at once**. Imagine you are sitting somewhere, say, inside a moving train, with the landscape passing outside. Now, say you are looking out, but are in deep thought; about your book, for example. Freeze this moment. Which is it? What is your experience? The landscape or the book? Which **are** you? The landscape? There is no landscape! If I asked you to describe the landscape, you wouldn't be able to. There **was** no landscape! What there was, as always, is just **you!** Your **thoughts**. Tell me what your thoughts were, or are, and I'll tell you what **reality** was, or is. When you are **observing** the view through the window, when you pay attention to the passing landscape, when you see the houses and the trees, when you **notice** them, you **cannot**, at the same time, think of your book! You cannot do both at once. Your **intentionality** has the nature of being able to focus only on **one** thing at time - there is only one **you**. You were trained to believe, that things go on existing even when you leave the room. Of course they do - they do not have to be **watched** to exist, but they **do** have to be **thought about** - what other meaning has the word 'exist'?"<sup>63</sup>

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<sup>63</sup> Gaya's way of thinking may be perceived as a version, or variation, of **Husserl's phenomenology**,<sup>102</sup> a **view**, or 'procedure', based on the examination of the contents of one's own consciousness. Phenomenology concentrates on **mental acts**, and consists, as described by Husserl's student, Heidegger<sup>103</sup>, in step by step training in 'phenomenological *seeing*', while putting everything besides the present experience, particularly the infinity of beliefs regarding the 'objective world', into '**brackets**'.

Husserl studied with Franz Brentano<sup>104</sup> at the university of Vienna and was greatly influenced by him. Brentano maintained that what characterizes mental acts is the fact they always include '**an object intentionally within themselves**'. (Brentano's use of 'object' is of course different from my use of the term). In other words, **thought** is always **about something**. This 'something' may or may not be material. (It is unclear whether Brentano's 'object' was necessarily **shared** by all speakers). Like Gaya, the main thing Husserl wanted to eliminate, or at least 'suspend' in brackets, was what he called 'the natural attitude' (I suspect he meant 'natural **objectivist** attitude'). He refused to submit to the supposedly unquestionable notions of space and time. In his own words: "*I can shift my standpoint in space and time, look this way and that... I can provide for myself constantly new and more or less clear and meaningful perceptions and representations... in which I make intuitable to myself whatever can possibly exist really or supposedly in the steadfast order of space and time.*"<sup>105</sup> He sounds as if he took lessons from Gaya.

Husserl tried to carry out what he termed a "phenomenological reduction" of the 'regular', objectivist point of view, to pure phenomenological experiences, as they are directly grasped in the mental act, without the imposition of organizing concepts or abstracting from them. In successfully performing this reduction, one

She took a deep breath and continued: “Now look what’s happening to you: You pay much more attention to your surroundings. You are less closed within yourself; You open up. You are in beautiful surroundings. You look **around you**. You **notice** the things around you; In other words, you **think about** what is around you. **That** is what you are - what you pay attention to, what you are focused on; In this case, the things **around** you, namely Edam. You did **so** right by picking a place that **you** considered beautiful! You needed a reason to pay attention to **outside**, to focus your attention on it. Most people who have gone the way you are, went the opposite direction: They almost completely **eliminated** their outside, and gained control over their world, that was almost completely private. I like your way more. It is more **social**. Others can benefit. I feel a strange resemblance to you. You remind me of when I was young.”

I wanted to say “I’m not so young anymore”, but didn’t. I said nothing. I had multiple reasons to remain quiet, one of which her touching declaration of affection. Listening to her was another occurrence of the *magic moment* I had a few days ago by the church. Then I said: “Thank you”.

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discovers one's own '*transcendental ego*', providing what he calls 'the Archimedean point': a pure consciousness, a distinct entity from the 'psychic self', the subject matter of psychology.