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–Heidegger was talking about good old fashioned death, my death, the end of the world for me. I can pile up gold coins, but I can't take them with me. There will be no me when that time comes.

–Naked I came, naked I return.

–Naked I return. Naked therefore I stand when I virtually run ahead to that apotheosis.

–Glorified and dissolved.

–Lifted up, sucked down. The puppet drops like its string were cut. Burn before it stinks.

–The point being futility.

–Futility and absurdity, from the POV of an ego tied to that body. If I *am* the thing that lives in that body.

– *If* you are.

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–So the question becomes, given my assertion, why the complicated evasions of death as death as death ?

–And yet that's already in the theory.

–Right. Heidegger already mentions comforting evasions, derealizations of death. But it's not just that. It's the seduction of the obscure. It's the half-mystical half-quasi-scientific jargon of the schoolmen. But for this age of course.

–In other words, Heidegger is misread not just to evade death but offer something tantalizingly obscure.

–Right. Profundity based not on the primal (“simple” death is profound) but on effects of language, on presentation.

–You've talked about this before.

–I have. Because it's been a part of my own journey. I have studied Hegel too for the “wrong” reason. I worked to be able to play the game that I know try to describe from the outside.

–You say this is finally about taste or ethics.

–Same thing in a certain sense. I take Ayer to be a mature spirit in this regard. His *Language, Truth, and Logic* is just great. I like the content, but I refer especially to the style here. He does an honest job. For that reason, he is not elevated. Not by a certain gang who only really celebrates writers *because* they are obscure. Not that they'd admit it. They all share in the dream of their own not-quite-expressible profundity. But you'll see that they don't find community, because they are all rivals.

–What about Heidegger ?

–The logical positivists, some of them anyway, hated Heidegger. But I think positivism and phenomenology are on the same side. *Being and Time* is quite direct here and there, but in other places it seems very messy to me. And Heidegger's talk on death, which is great if one takes it in a simple way, is also embarrassing and "literary." Heidegger could have left it out or presented it separately. Dreyfus offers something like a simplified Heidegger, and I think Dreyfus is great. To me the meaning of death depends on whether one believes in a personal afterlife. I don't. So death for an atheist is different than death that isn't really death.

–So we are talking maybe about the death of God.

–Yeah, the death of God as it pertains to my own death being real and final. My finite lifestream becomes absurd in a certain sense. I hurtle toward a complete annihilation.

–You made a point about longevity once that seems relevant.

–Exactly. I ask with Hamlet: what is it to leave this place early ? Most of us try to keep alive, of course. But I don't see anything intrinsically sacred about longevity. Many arguments are made that take an attachment to or the goal of longevity for granted. The value of life, or of a "longer" stream, is taken for granted. And yet soldiers are celebrated for giving their lives in battle while still young men. There are things one ought to die for, or ought to pretend to want or to be willing to die for.

–Are you making an anti-natalist point ?

–No. But pessimism is involved here. To question the value of life. To question the goal of longevity. To question the saving effect of legacy.

As in this leaving behind a legacy is supposed to comfort us as we slip away. Or rather live knowing that we could always just go, be gone, be nowhere at all.

–So the question is how seriously we can take such a world.

–Right. The lifeworld. And, in particular, a lifeworld that is given only to mortals. To and through those who cannot last.

–But who are motivated to accumulate. Wealth, reputation, descendants.

–Right. And wealth and reputation are only valuable for descendants, for other mortals. So the whole serious world is absurd in a certain sense. It is built on the perishable. Sentience is built, it seems, on or with or inside flesh. And, you know my view, sentience is a synonym for the being of a world which is given only in aspects.

–I take it that you are only pointing out this “absurdity.”

–Right. Reminding people of it. It’s already in *Ecclesiastes*. So Heidegger too was just a reminder. Death is eerie and embarrassing. Not something for the classroom, right ? Unless the instructor is giving one of the many evasive spiels.

–This gets us back to obscurity-mongers making something complicated and elusive out of death as it appears in Heidegger.

–Right. And it also includes every kind of optimistic dissolve-in-the-group plan. I’m not saying that one should be gloomy or avoid contemplating the sociality of the ego (of reason and affection.) Not at all. But there’s something less beautiful or false or dissonant or hollow in the evasion of death, real death. And a transcendence is missed in such an evasion. Death pokes a breathing hole in the world.