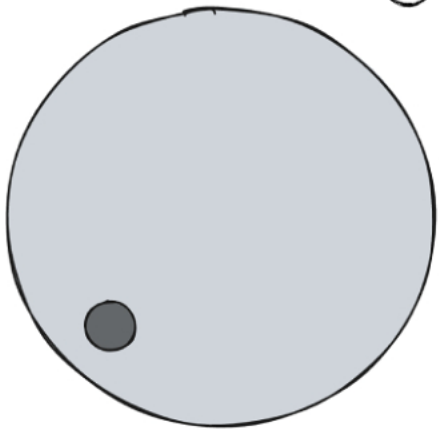


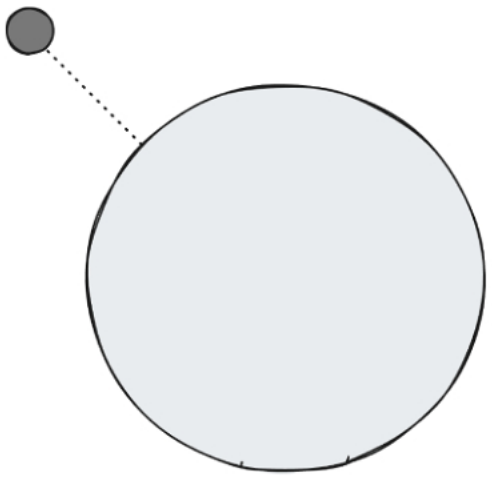
Thought Tinnitus

①.



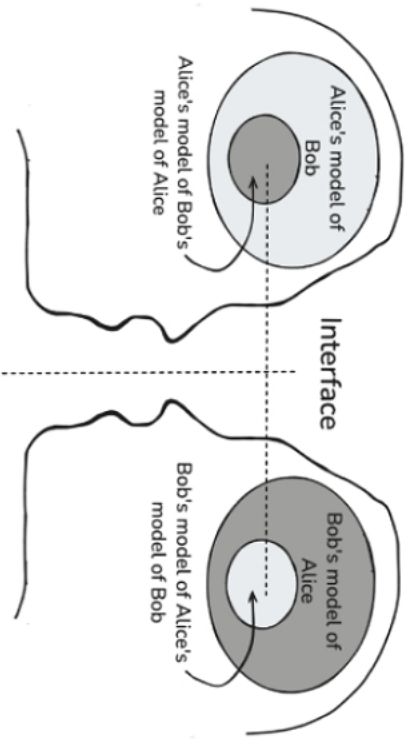
I am the world itself
[the microcosm]

5.632- "The subject does not belong to the world, but is a limit of the world."



-Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus, Ludwig Wittgenstein
[Ogden Translation]

What is the world?
If I were to stand at the edge of the world,
the edge of the very edge, would I be able
to see the limit of the world?
The limit of the world would be the same
as the limit of my world.
I knew nothing of the world before "I"
came to be in it, and I can know nothing of
it after "I" am gone.
Were I to abstract myself from the
world, the whole of it should fall apart.
If the world begins with me and
ends with me, would that make us
one and the same?
Wouldn't that mean that my life and the
world are the very same thing?
So... Is there a difference between me and
the world?
There is no difference.
I am the world.



Alice

Bob

Even though we stand beneath the same sky, we see things differently.

The sky I see is different from the sky you see.

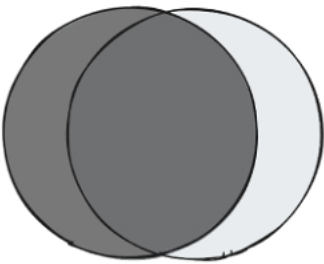
If I were to stand on the edge of the world with you, wouldn't the limits of your world also be the limits of my world?

Our limits would converge with the limits of the world itself.

If our worlds were to converge... would the view I see be the same as the view you see?

From the very edge of the world;
The furthest point.
Would we be able to see the same scene together?

[1] (I forget that) People (other worlds) are more than/(not tantamount) to my conceptions of them—which exist only in my head (my world)—and it may very well be outside the realm of possibility to truly know each other outside of our own worlds.



What about the worlds of other people?
If I am the world, how can I account for other people? Other worlds?
Do other people have worlds? Are these worlds separate, or can they intersect? Can every single soul see only one world?
And... Can I ever come to know these other worlds outside of my own world? [1]

What about external objects? What can I say of their existence?

The flavour of my morning earl grey, the scent of bergamot, and its distinctive vermillion colour...at what point do these become external qualities, and from which point do they become a part of my world? The moment I use my senses to parse the world, is the moment an object becomes part of my internal world.

If that is the case, the only world I can ever come to know is the world I'm looking at right now.

My inner world is the world.

