

When the overwhelming power that makes me feel that something used to be there,

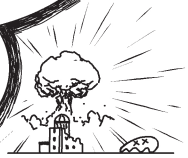


Traces



though all that appears before my eyes are traces,

comes at me from these remnants,



I call this overwhelming power the past that springs up into "now."

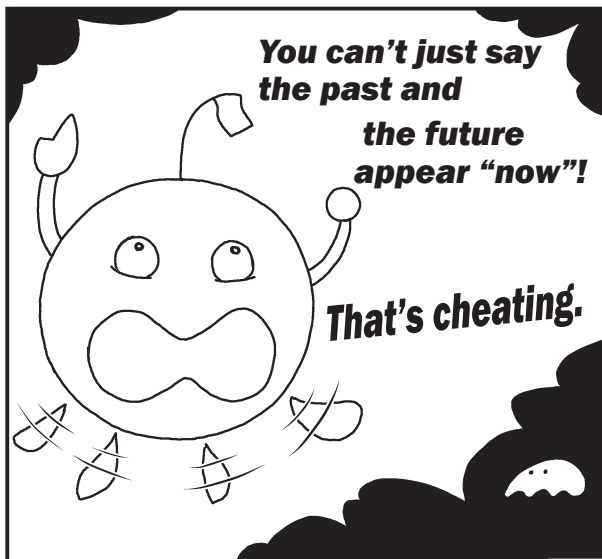
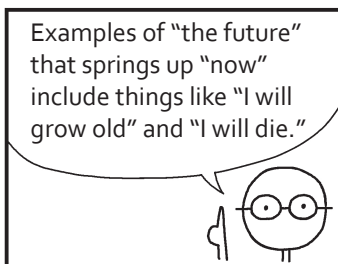
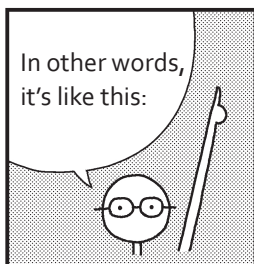
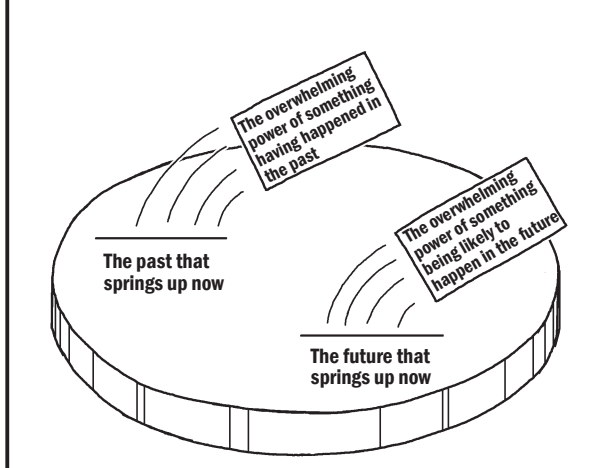
The past that springs up into "now" is this "power."

It is not past events themselves.



The future, too, springs up as power. Both the past and the future overflow into the arena of "now."

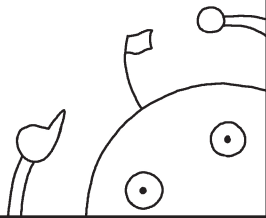




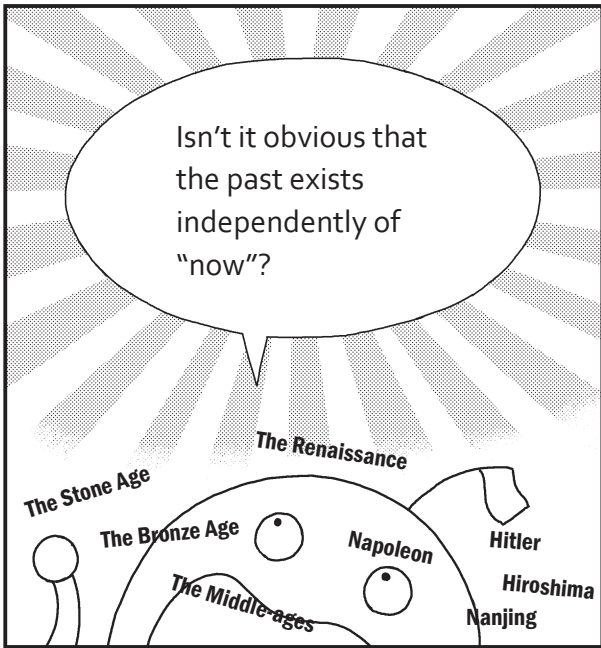
Hasn't time been flowing since long before I was born, and hasn't history been continuously unfolding?



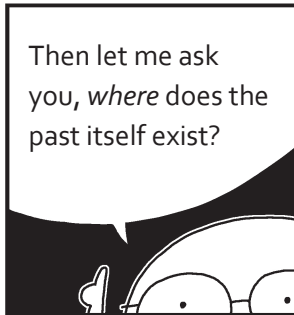
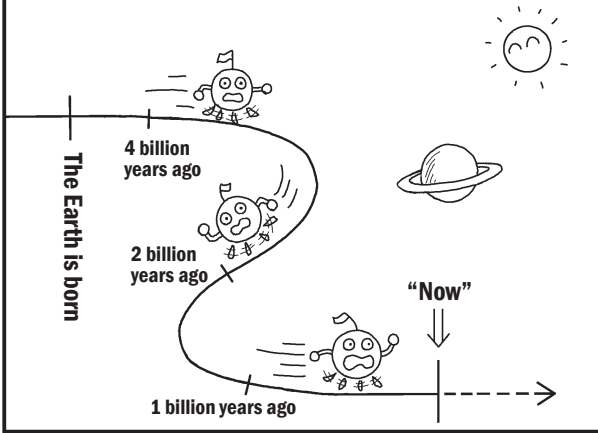
Time has been flowing objectively since forever.

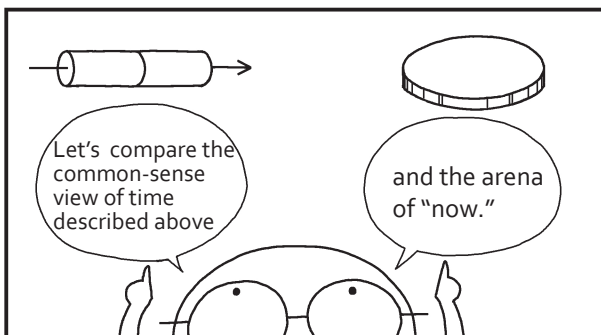
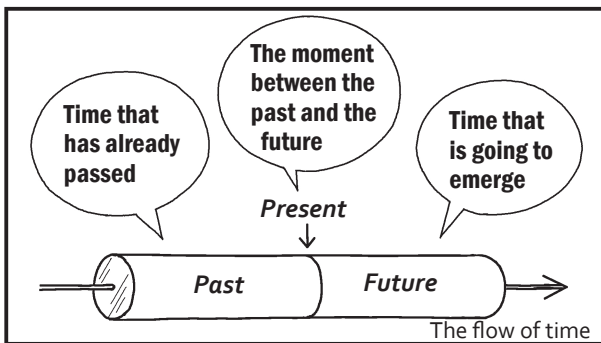
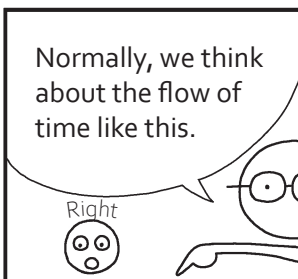
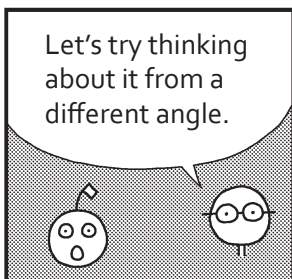


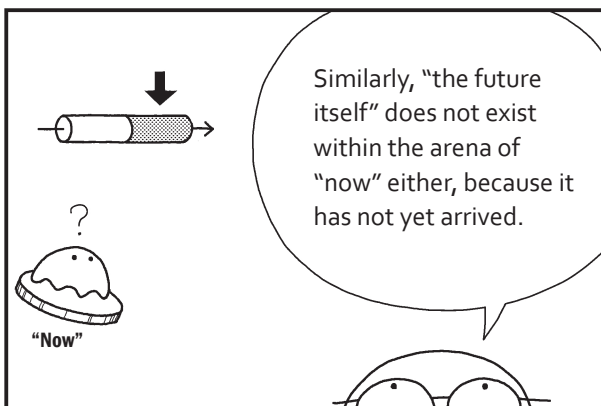
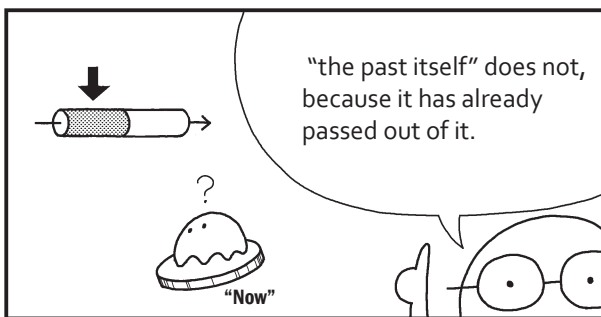
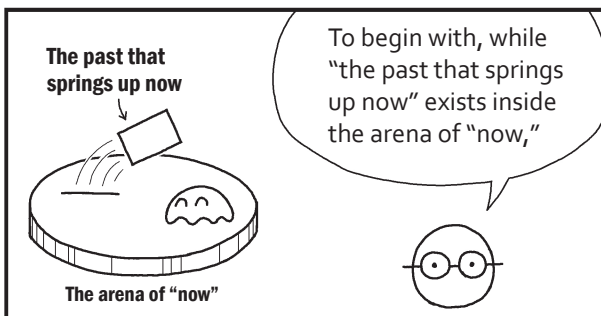
Isn't it obvious that the past exists independently of "now"?

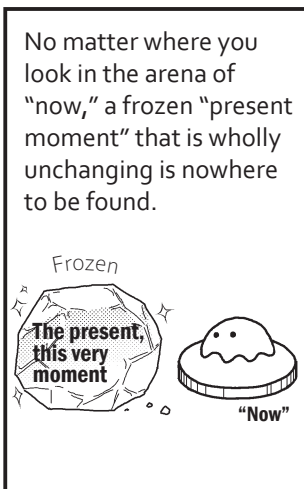
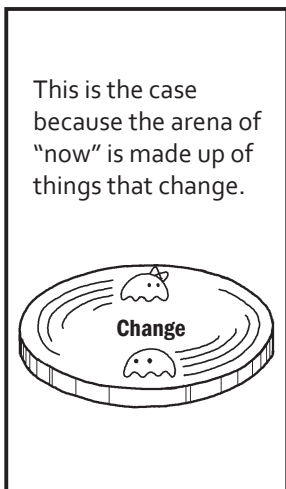
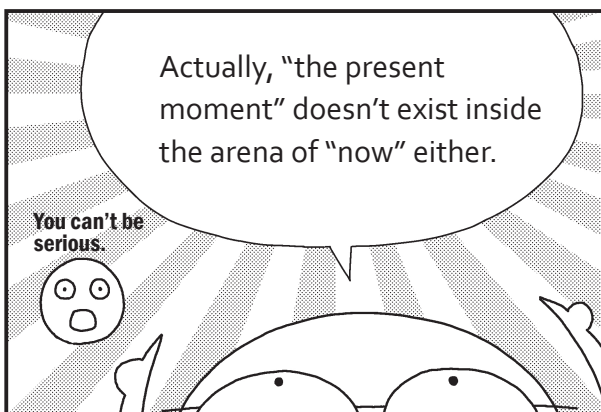
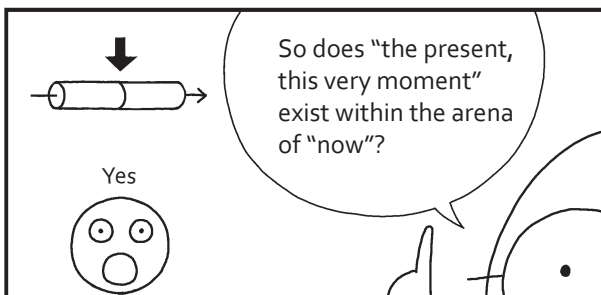


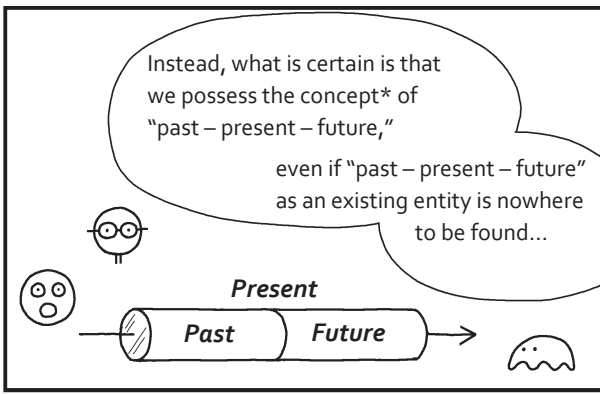
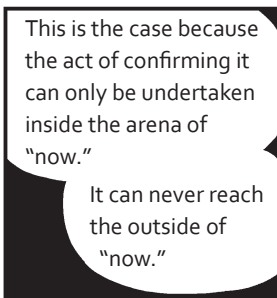
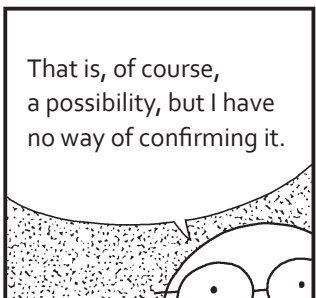
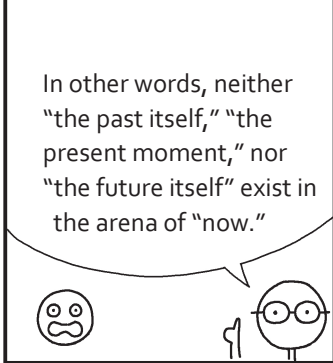
Doesn't "now" stand at this end of the 4.6 billion-year history of the Earth?





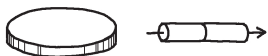




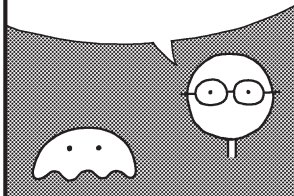


*Concept means "an abstract image in your head"

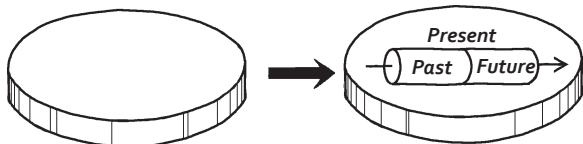
And to understand time we need both the arena of "now" and the concept of "past-present-future."



In other words, we end up with something like this:



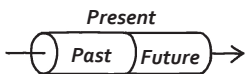
First there is the arena of "now," and then the concept of "past-present-future" springs up into it.



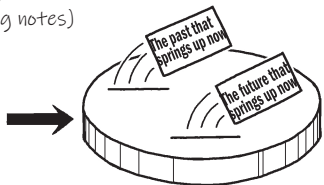
The arena of "now"



(Taking notes)



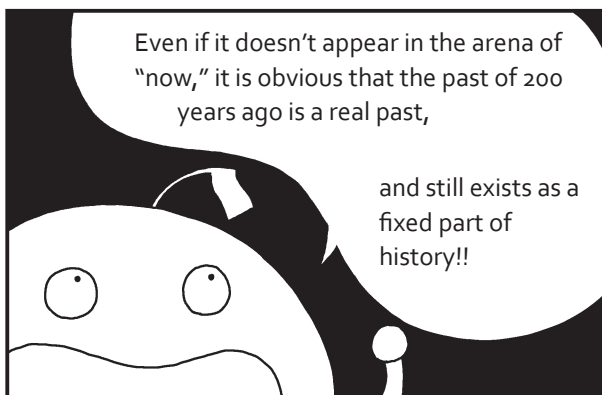
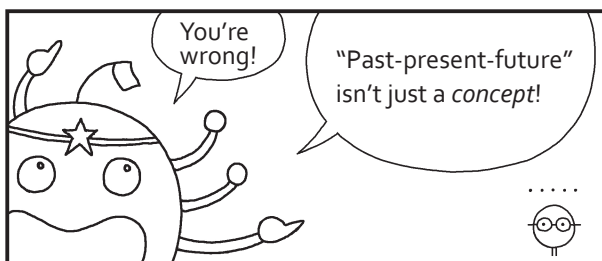
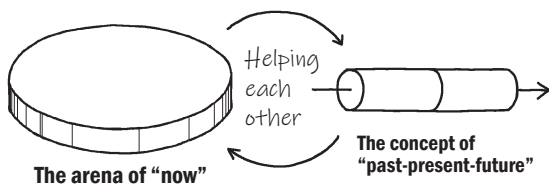
The concept of "past-present-future"



The arena of "now"

Once there is a concept of "past-present-future," it becomes possible to grasp "the past that springs up now," "the arena of now," and "the future that springs up now" as a three-part set.

In other words, these two conceptions arise with each other's help.



You want to say that
"past-present-future"
isn't just a concept of
some sort, but really
exists somewhere.

That's right!



I understand.
Let me explain.

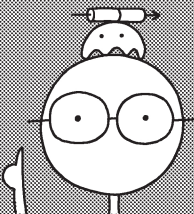


"Past-present-future"
itself cannot be seen
or touched, and its
location cannot be
determined.

But we cannot help
thinking it really
exists.

Day by day we live
our lives believing
that it really exists.

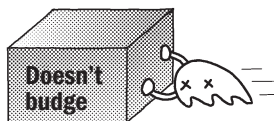
In other words, we live
with a strong conviction
that there really is a
"past-present-future,"
and that this is no
dream or illusion.



Well then, what sort of conviction is "the past really exists"?



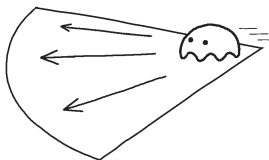
It is a conviction that what has passed enters a world of things I cannot change and becomes fixed.



Next, what sort of conviction is "the future really exists"?



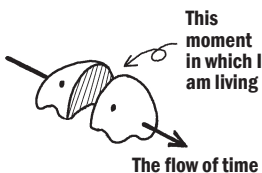
It is a conviction that going forward there is a limitless horizon that stretches before my eyes.

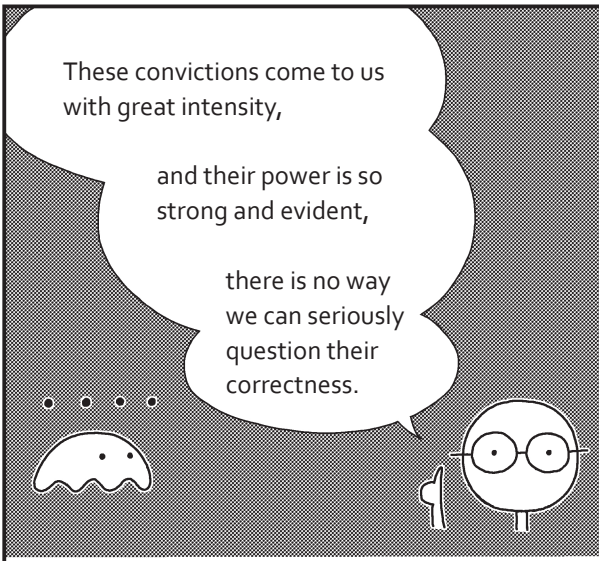
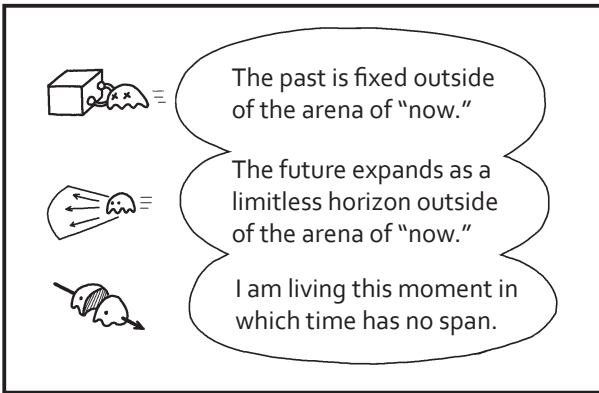
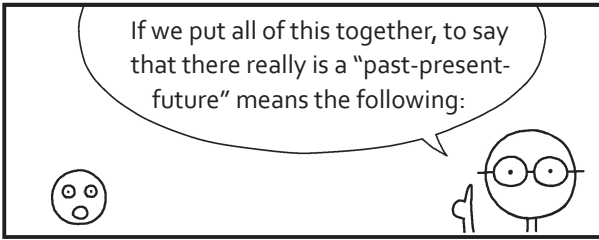


Finally, what sort of conviction is "the present really exists"?

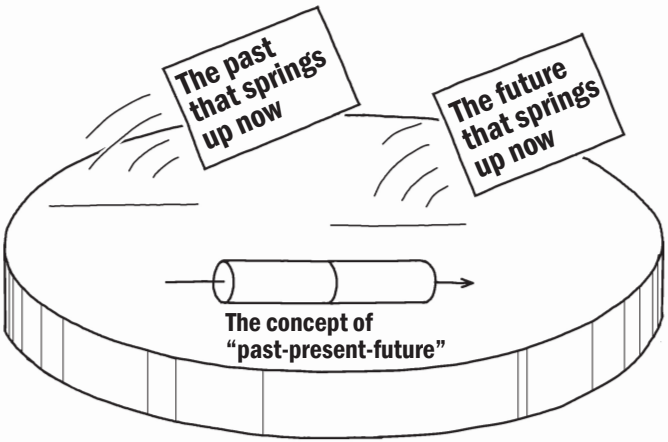


It is a conviction that I am living in this very moment in which time has no span.





The arena of "now"



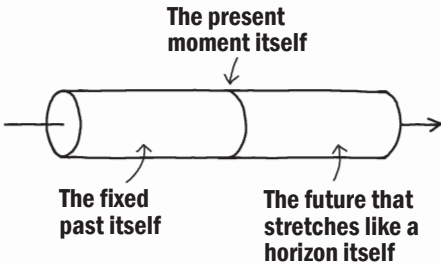
If we think about it rationally, what can be said to actually exist is only that which appears within the arena of "now."



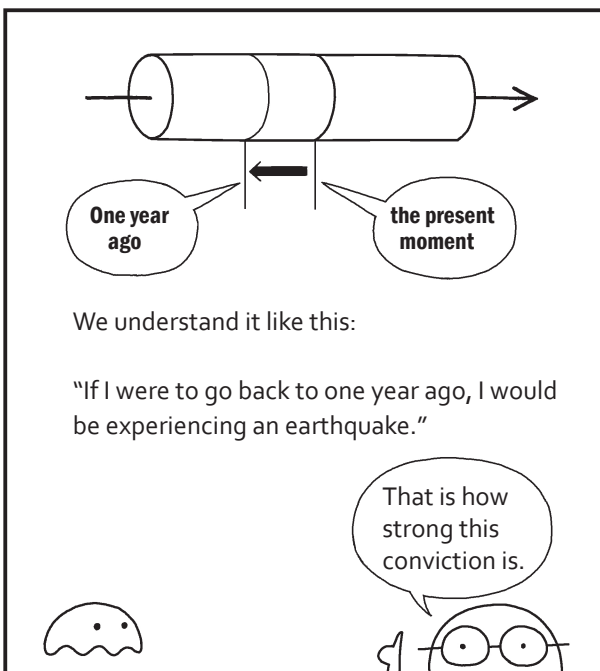
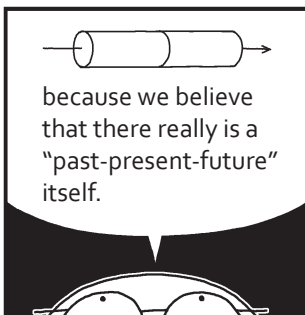
(Taking notes)



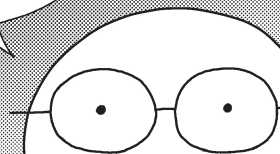
"Past-present-future" itself



As a conviction, however, we cannot help thinking a "past-present-future" itself that does not appear in the arena of "now" also really exists.



So why does the "past-present-future" itself come at us with such intense power that we cannot help but think it really exists?



Because it is a social construct.

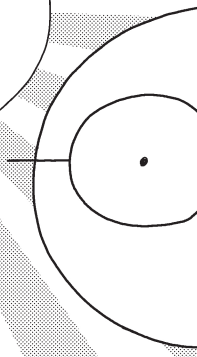
Because it is a product of time tenses in language.

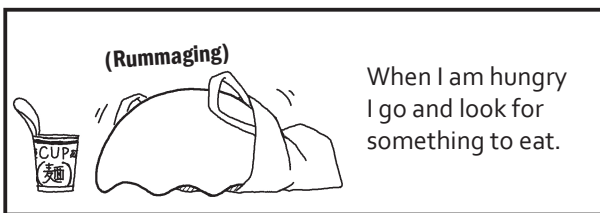
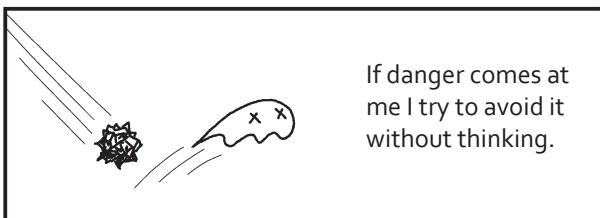
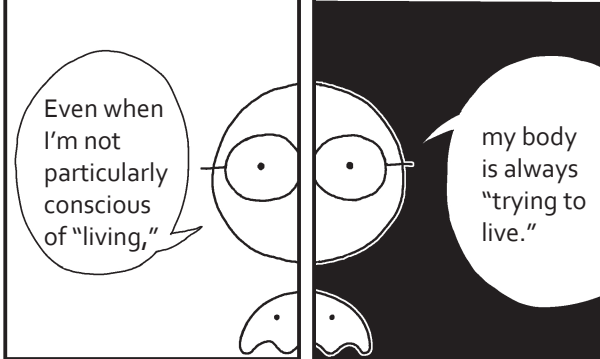
Various ways of thinking about it are possible,

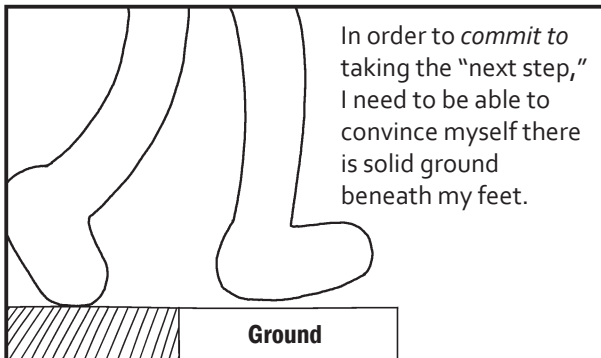
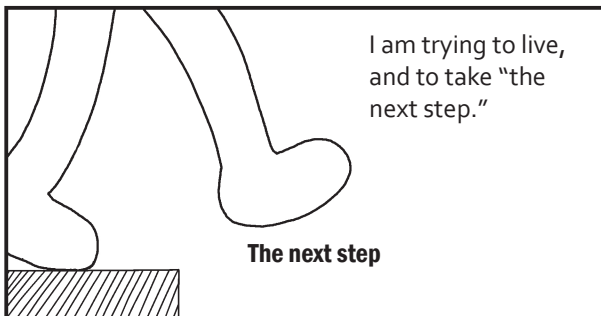
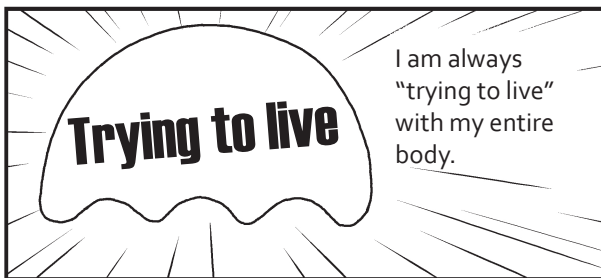
but I'd like to take the following approach:

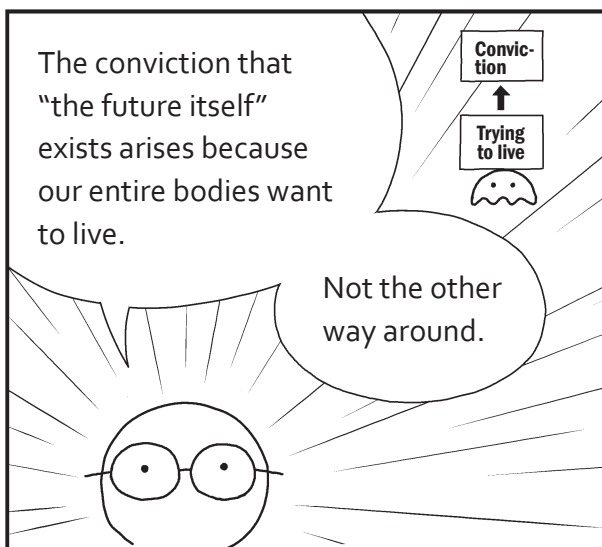
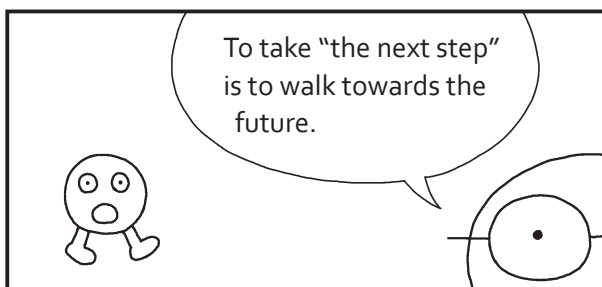
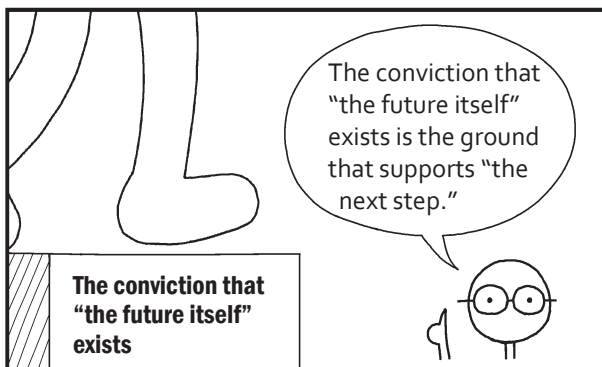


This intense power arises because I am "trying to live."









The conviction
that the future
itself exists

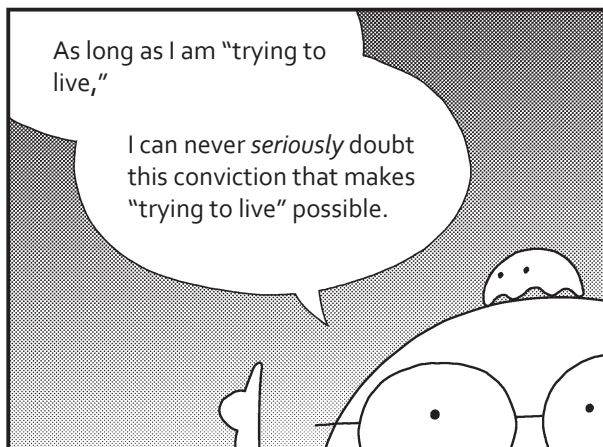
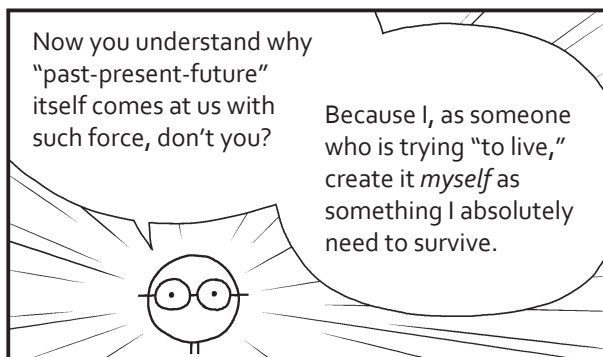


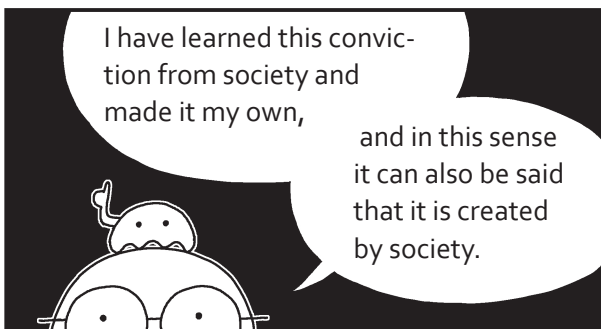
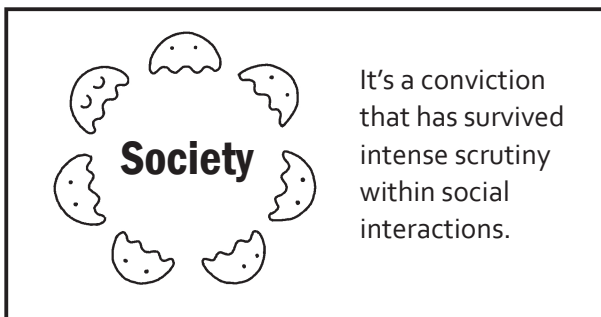
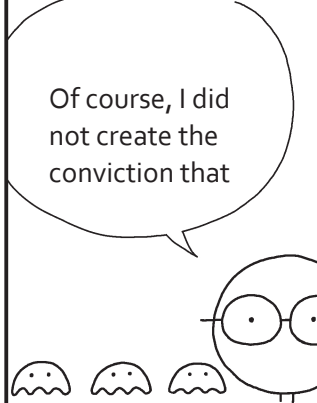
The conviction
that the past
itself exists

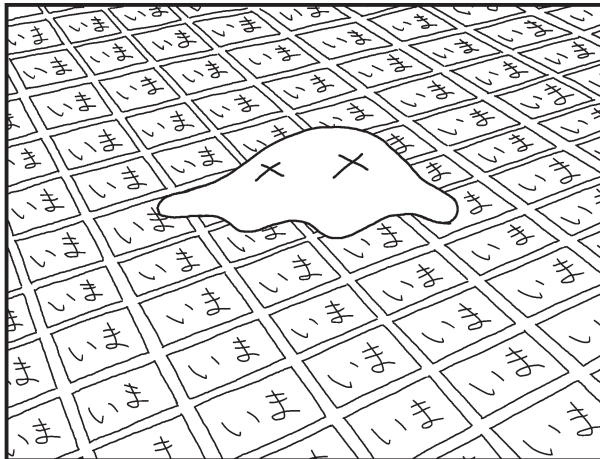
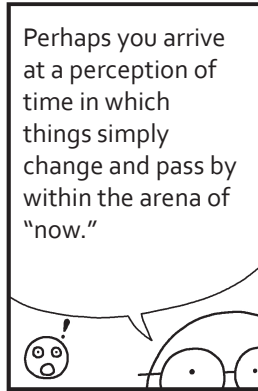
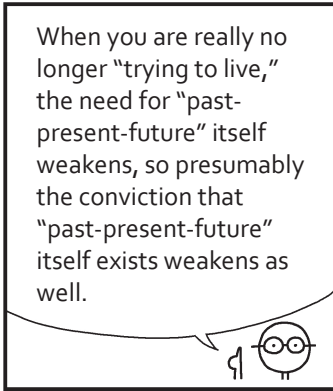
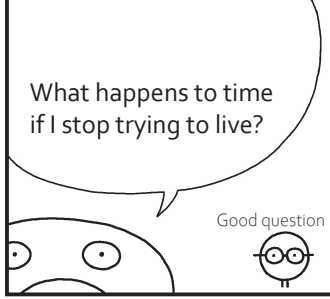
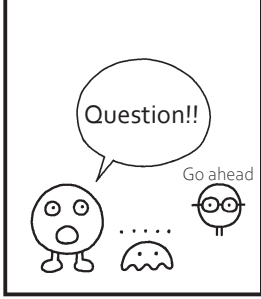


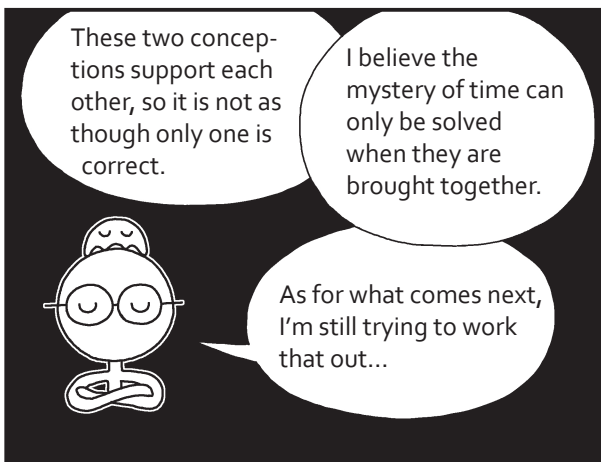
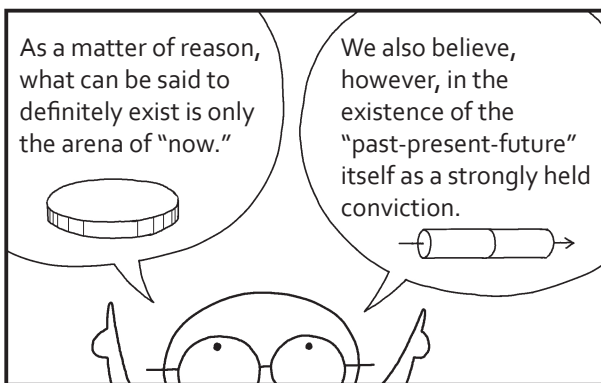
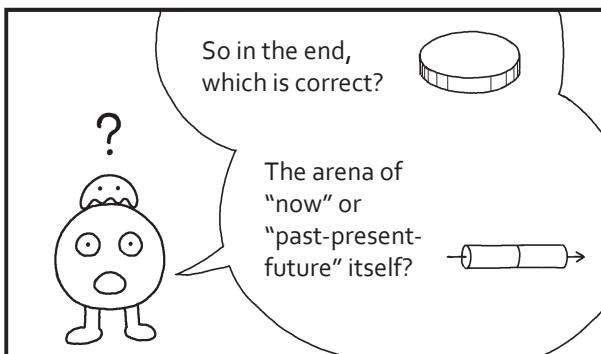
The
conviction
that the
present itself
exists as a
link between
the two

In this way various convictions
then arise one after another.





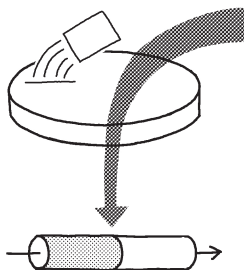




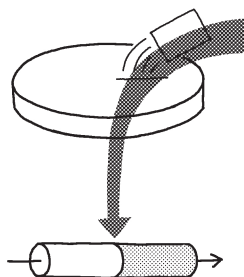
So what exactly does it mean to "try to live"?

It means trying to take the next step toward the future,

and to build new things on top of the past.

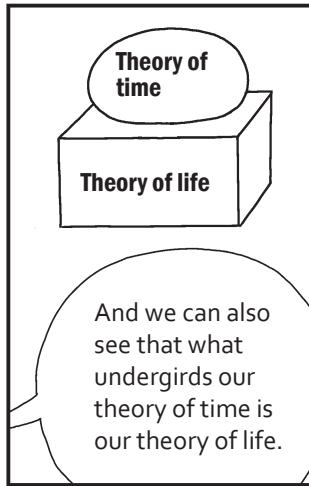
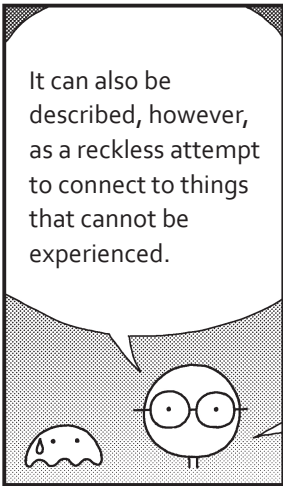
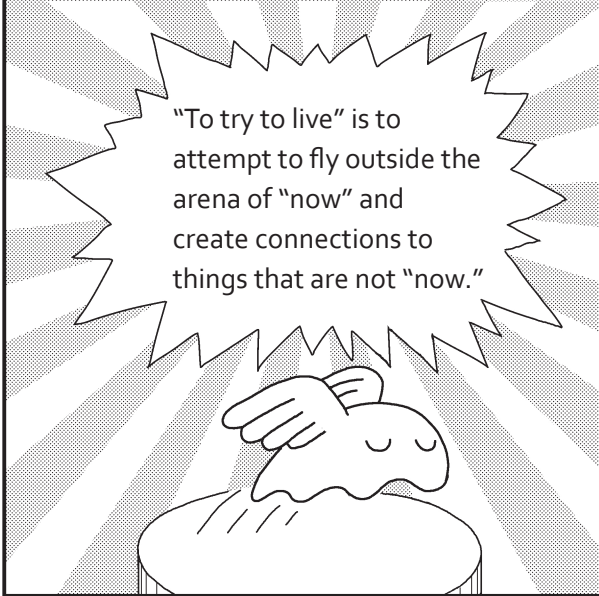


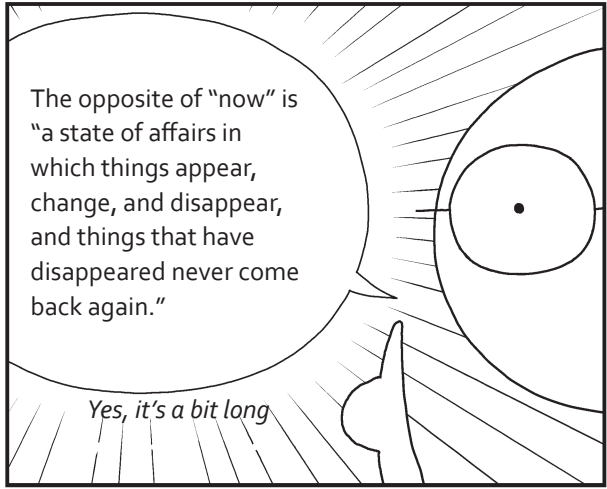
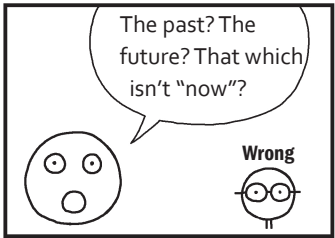
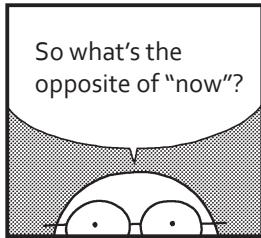
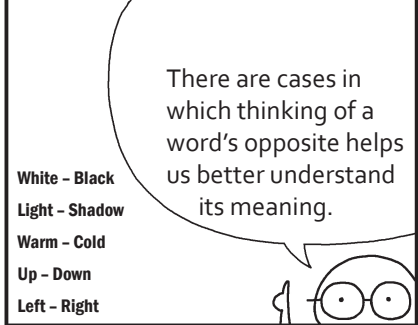
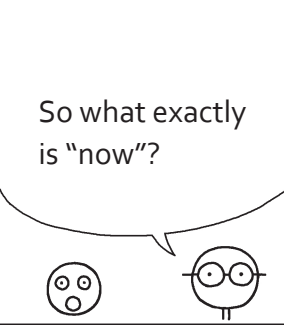
In other words, it means trying to create a direct connection to "the past itself" through "the past that springs up now,"

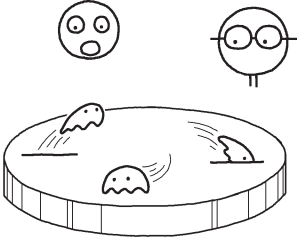


and to create a direct connection to "the future itself" through "the future that springs up now."

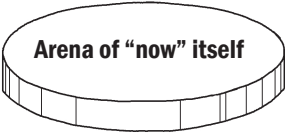








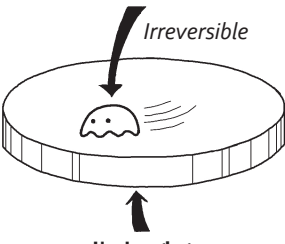
In other words, within the arena of “now” things appear, change, and disappear, and once they have disappeared they never come back again, but...



this arena of “now” itself never changes or disappears.


Emerging/Changing/Disappearing

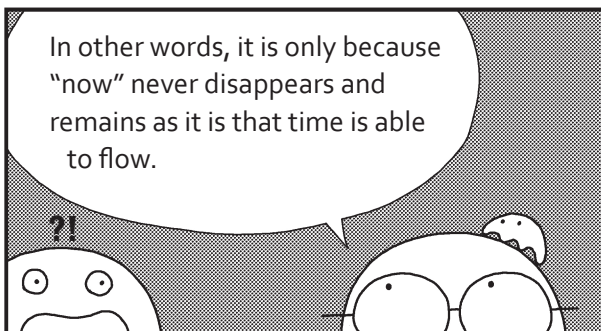
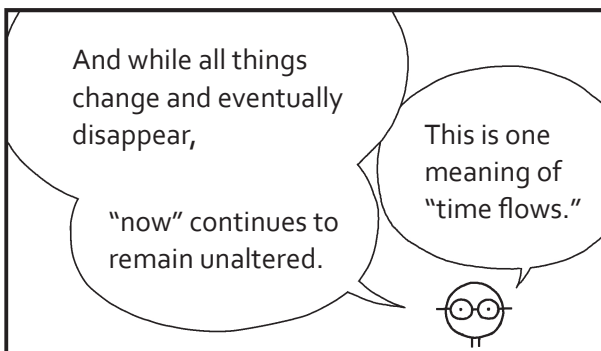
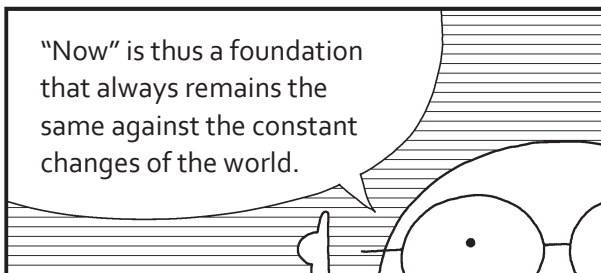
Irreversible

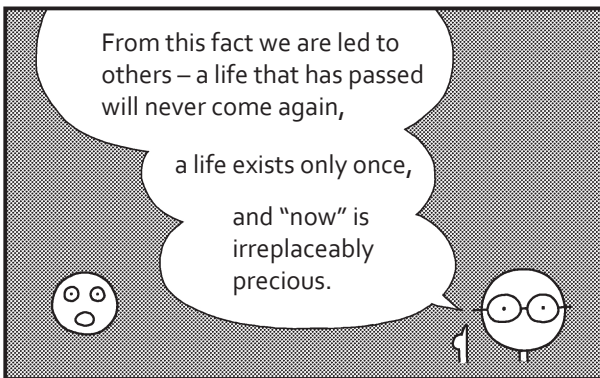
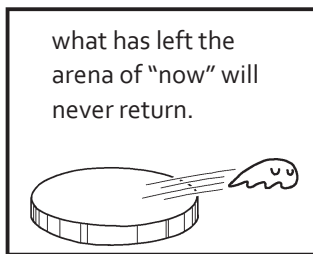
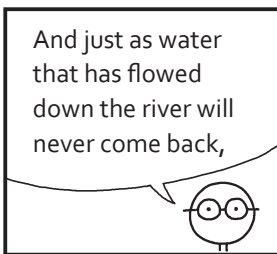
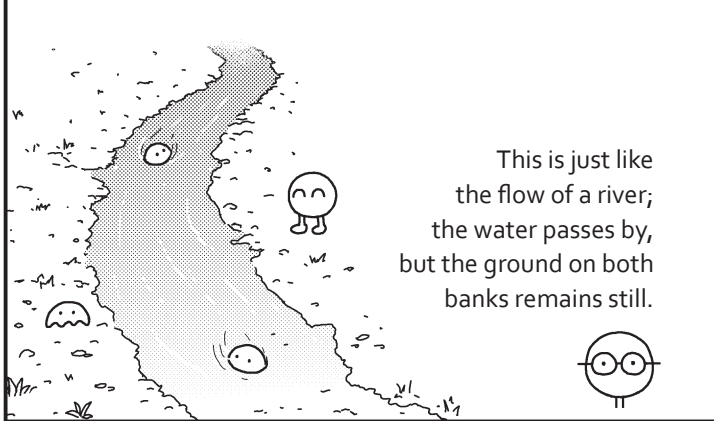


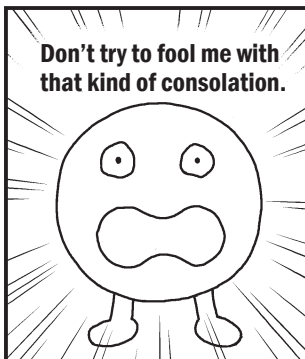
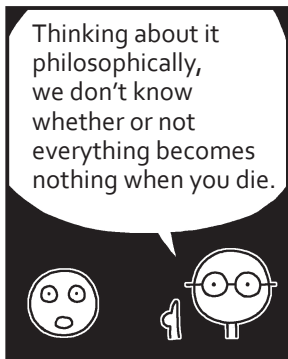
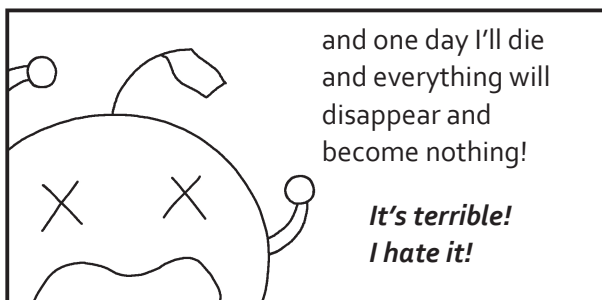
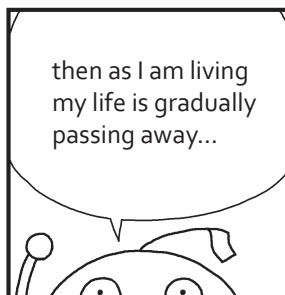
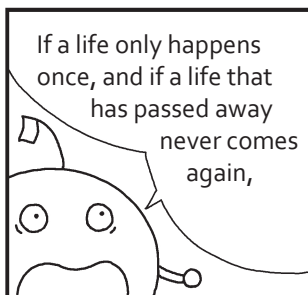
Unchanging

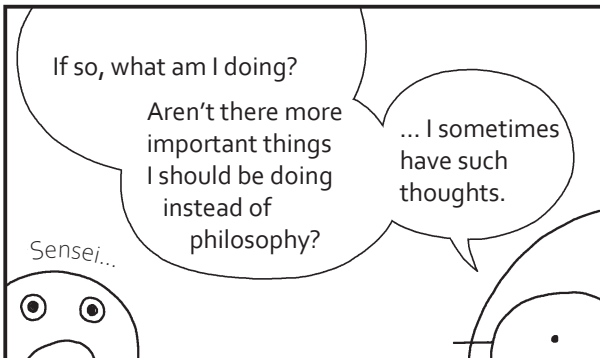
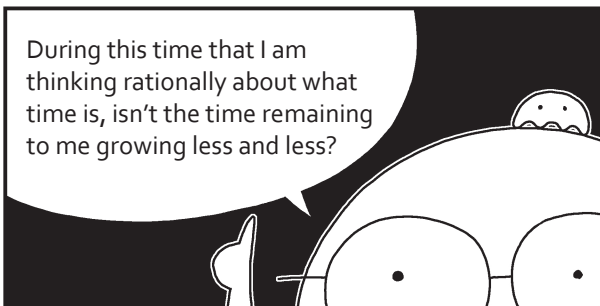
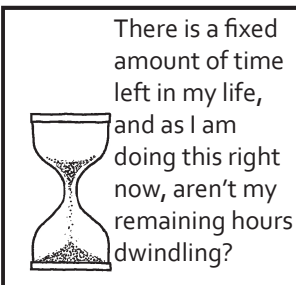
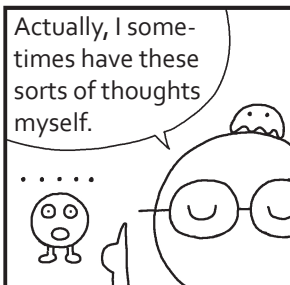
No matter how many things appear, change, and disappear, the arena of “now” itself remains as it is, unchanging.

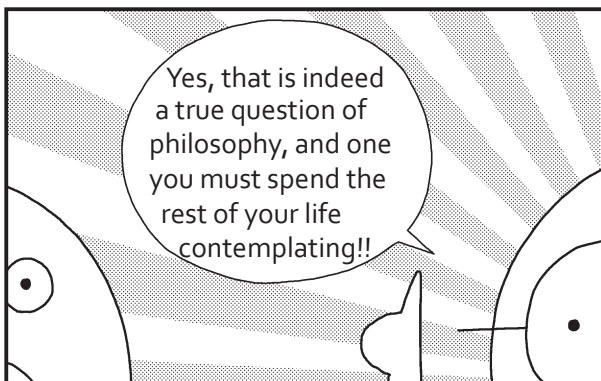
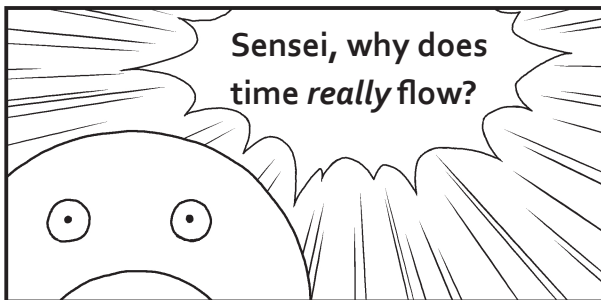
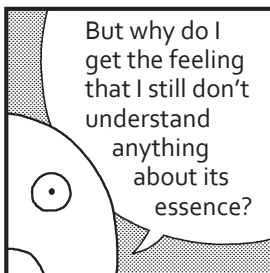
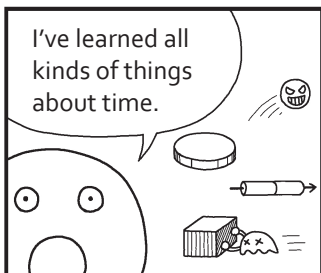


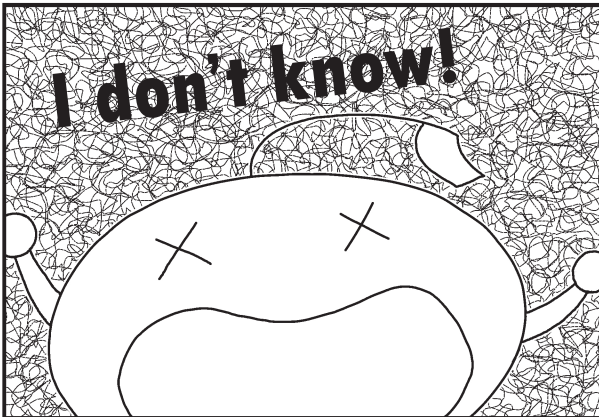
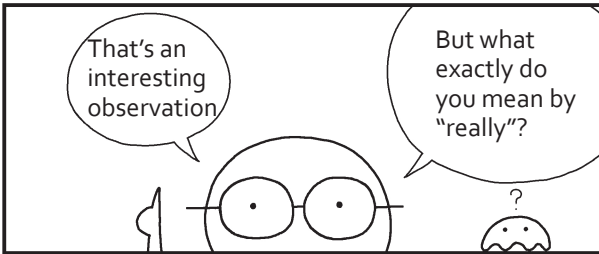
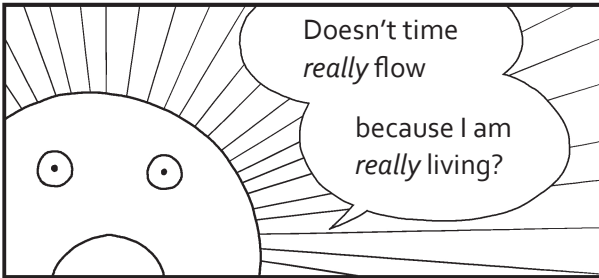


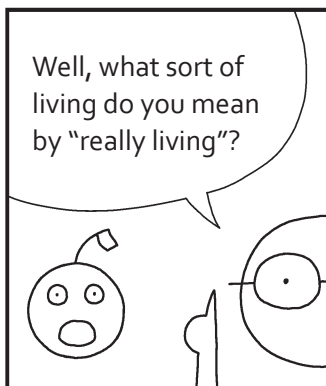




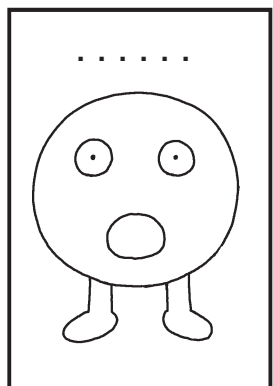




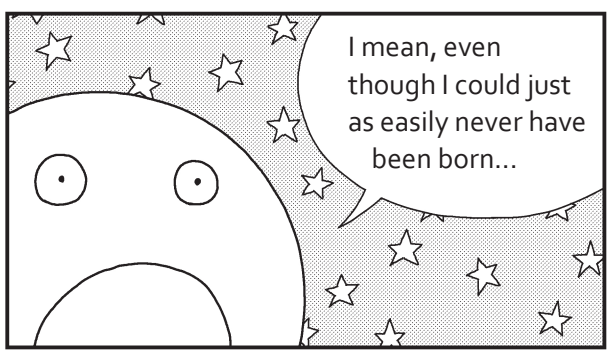




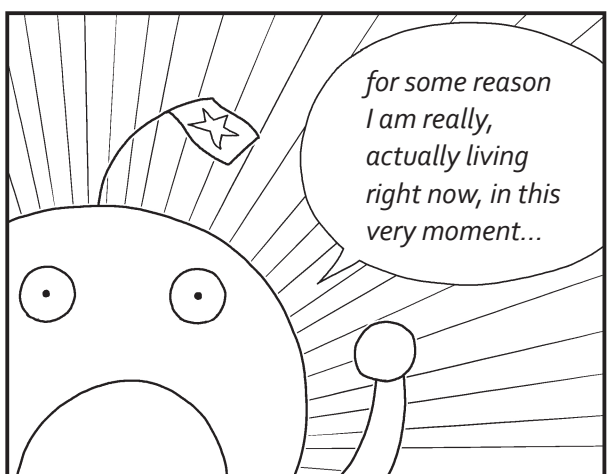
Well, what sort of living do you mean by "really living"?



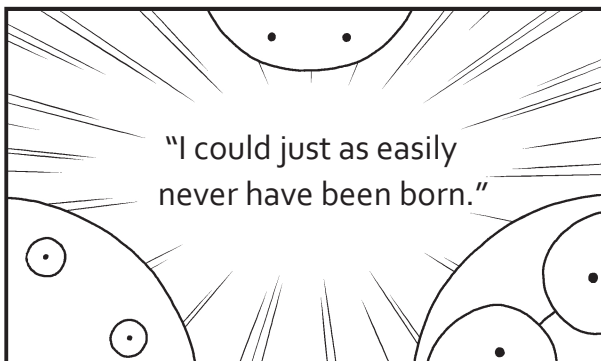
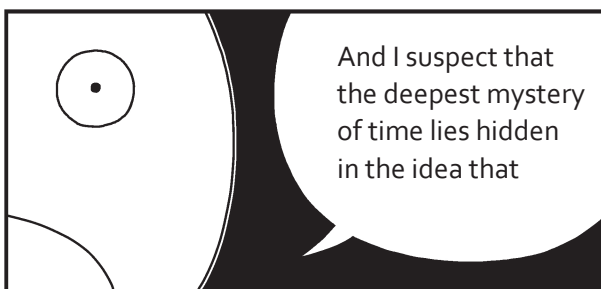
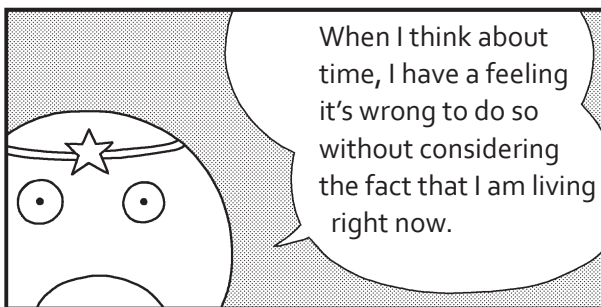
.....



I mean, even though I could just as easily never have been born...



for some reason I am really, actually living right now, in this very moment...



Manga Introduction to Philosophy

An Exploration of Time, Existence, the Self, and the Meaning of Life

Masahiro Morioka

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Chapter 4 What Is Life?

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The author’s website:

<http://www.lifestudies.org/>