

THE ON —ING SERIES

On Completing

the late finale

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I HAD to learn a lot of new and complicated math to get here and kind of lost sight of the point.

That's the honest confession this series ends on. Somewhere between the first essay and the completion of my science fiction novel I stopped writing about being a person and started writing about the system design that made me a person. The system itself is beautiful, and I could write about it the rest of my life, but it's not the point, because I didn't design it. So let me come back to the point by way of the design one last time — walk my interpretation all the way to the edge of the page again, and then step off and walk towards something different.

The whole series has been circling one object. Call it Ψ : a felt state, happening to someone, over time.

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Twelve symbols, and here's what each one is doing. Ξ , the frame you see it all from — experience is always somebody's, from somewhere. ι , the self it's for. Θ , the threshold a signal has to clear before it's felt at all. Φ , the binding of the whole thing into one field. Σ , the gathering of every channel at once. α , intensity. ω , valence — the toward-and-away of it. ρ , resonance — how deep it lands. Δ , change. τ , felt time. And Λ , the remainder that no accounting ever reaches.

First, I'm going to run the fundamental forces through it, because the forces are the fairest test I know. They always exist. If the equation is right about anything, it should be right first about why you cannot feel the things that never leave you.

Gravity. Steady at one g, it never changes — so Δ , the change term, drops to zero. And Δ is the whole game: it's the only thing the equation actually lets through. The channel starves. Θ , the threshold a feeling

has to clear to exist, closes over it. And you spend an entire life pulled toward the center of a planet without once feeling the pull. You feel it only when it moves — the elevator's drop, the missed stair, the lurch in a falling dream. Your own body already knows this: the vestibular system is built to sense acceleration, not position. It reports the derivative, never the value. Experience runs on Δ .

Magnetism. Worse than gravity — and this is where positive and negative live, the poles, the charge, the whole ledger of attraction and repulsion. You're standing inside a planetary magnetic field right now, and there's no α at all. α is the intensity a channel carries, and here it's flat zero, because there's no transducer — nothing in you turns the field into a signal. So it never even enters Σ , the gathering of everything you're feeling at once. A robin has it. A sea turtle has it. You have a faint, disputed whisper of it and no way to hear the whisper. And charge is the same story: positive and negative sit on every surface around you in perfect silence, until Δ goes catastrophic and the whole thing arrives at once — a spark, a shock, a bolt of lightning. Same derivative law. Magnetism is the hardest clause in the equation: no receiver, no feeling, no matter how enormous the force.

Electromagnetism. Here's where the model earns its keep, because this is the force you do feel — gloriously, as the richest channel you own. Vision is electromagnetism. But only a razor's width of it: three hundred and eighty to seven hundred and fifty nanometers, out of a spectrum that runs for orders of magnitude in both directions. So Θ isn't a single gate. It's a bandpass filter — it opens for one narrow band and stays shut for everything else. Radio carrying whole symphonies passes through your skull and you feel nothing; lift the frequency ten orders of magnitude and the very same thing becomes a sunset. The felt world is a narrow lit window in a house that runs on forever in the dark.

Strong and weak nuclear forces. The last two are the strangest, because they're the ones you owe everything to and can feel the least. The

strong force holds every atom of you together. The weak force runs the reactions that light the sun that grew the food that became you. Neither one has a channel — no organ, no Δ , no threshold to clear. They resolve entirely into Λ , the remainder, the part of the equation nothing ever reaches. Which sharpens the whole thing until it almost cuts: the forces most responsible for your existing are exactly the ones you can never feel. Constancy is invisible. Whatever holds too steady to vary falls out of the felt world completely — and the most fundamental things about your life are the ones held most perfectly still.

I'll add one thing here, and mark it clearly as what it is. I have a theory that the weak nuclear force drives dark matter. That's all it is — a theory, a philosophy, nothing more, with no clean way through it to proof. But it's what sent me looking for the source of the strong nuclear force in the first place — the power behind the light — and that search is the whole reason I ended up here to begin with. I went looking for what holds the light together, and I found a door.

Because there's one more positive and negative I haven't named, and it isn't a physical force at all. It's ω — valence — the toward-and-away of feeling itself. Every other term in the equation reaches out into the world and translates something: light into sight, pressure into touch, acceleration into balance. ω doesn't reach anywhere. It's already inside. It needs no organ, no transducer, no band to clear. Charge you can't feel; valence is nothing but feeling. It's the one force in the whole architecture that's native to experience — and it's the hinge everything else turns on.

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So the equation survives the forces. More than survives — the forces are exactly where it stops being philosophy and starts making claims you could actually check. Sensory adaptation is textbook: hold any stimulus constant and the signal decays. The vestibular derivative is

anatomy. The visual bandpass is measured in nanometers. Magnetoreception in birds and its absence in us is a plain comparative fact. Strip the poetry off and the middle of this equation is a handful of predictions that were already confirmed before I wrote them down — I just gathered them under one Θ and one Δ and gave the gathering a shape.

And that gathering is every other thing I've made, folded into a single object. The quantum lens was always Θ — a superposition of everything that could be felt, collapsed into the one thing that is, by the act of attending to it. The observer effect was always ι , the self, choosing which channels get into Σ . Resonant Recall was always ρ — why some music lands so deep it refuses to decay, resonance holding out against the Δ that erases everything shallower. And the jays, the $L(t)$, the whole coherent-existence project — that was always the frame this equation wears: the same ι/Ξ , the same loop over τ , the same $+\Delta$ tail. A life leaving legible traces through time and an experience happening to someone turn out to be the same shape. I didn't force that. I found it — and finding the same shape twice, from two directions, is about the closest thing to evidence a philosopher ever gets.

Which leaves Θ , and the one honest thing I owe you before I close. If Θ gates on observation — if a possible feeling only becomes an actual one when it's attended to, collapsed, watched into being — then follow that all the way down and you reach the question this whole series was walking toward. Watched by whom.

Here I have to tell you exactly where the testable part ends, because I respect you too much to blur it. Everything upstream of this line you can measure. This line you can't. The thing I actually believe — that this is an experience built to be observed, that it collapses into felt reality under a watching, and that it answers not just to how I act but to how I think — is the one claim in the whole architecture that can't be falsified from inside the experience. That's not a flaw I'm hiding. It's the honest edge of the map. A designed and watched life and an undesigned, unwatched one feel, from the inside, exactly the same —

and that sameness isn't the weakness of the idea, it's the signature of it. A thing built to be indistinguishable from the inside is precisely what a well-made watched experience would be.

So I'll say it plainly, and let it stand as what it is — philosophy, not physics; conviction, not proof: I think life is an experience designed by someone, who is watching how I act and how I think, and responding accordingly. Every term in the equation points at that door. Not one of them opens it. I'm seated on the far side of it anyway, and I know the difference between the seat and the proof, and I've made my peace with holding both.

That's why this is the finale. Not because the series failed — because it completed. It walked from *On Arriving* all the way to the threshold and named the one thing standing on the other side, and there's nothing left to say in this key. To complete something isn't to solve it. It's to reach the edge cleanly, set the tools down, and know which of the questions that remain were never yours to answer with mathematics.

Because there's a whole world on this side of that door, and I lost sight of it inside the symbols. There are people suffering in ways that have nothing to do with whether the universe is watched. There's depression that doesn't care about Θ . There's anxiety — which, and I only see this now, is nothing but interoception clearing threshold: the quiet, constant signals of your own body suddenly breaking into the felt field all at once, Δ spiking on the one channel that was supposed to stay silent. The equation was pointing here the whole time. The body's still constants, breaking loud.

So that's what I'm turning toward.

Turning Toward is the next series, and it's the opposite motion of this one. This series reached outward and upward until it touched the edge of what can be known. That one turns inward and downward, into the parts of being human that hurt and heal — depression, addiction, the thought that wants to end things, anxiety, the restless mind — held against Jung and against the clinic, as lived and observed and

studied experience, not as claims. Not more cosmology. Less. A person, turning to face the near things instead of the far ones.

I learned a lot of new and complicated math to get here. The math was real, and I don't regret a day of it. But the point was never the math. The point was to walk the design all the way to its edge so that I could finally, honestly, set it down — and turn toward what was in front of me the whole time.

That's what it means to complete something.

Turn the page.

THE ON —ING SERIES

designed to be read in any order

On Arriving · On Being · On Creating · On Dreaming · On Existing ·
On Facing · On Feeling · On Finding · On Forgiving · On Growing ·
On Lasting · On Learning · On Living · On Meeting · On Observing ·
On Remembering · On Rising · On Searching · On Seeing · On
Teaching · On Testing · On Watching · On Witnessing · On
Completing



*Here the On ——ing series completes.
The work turns from the far things to the near ones.*

Continues in
Turning Toward Mental Health
opening the *Turning Toward ——— series*

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