

1. Imagine that you wake up one morning to discover that you have become a fully fledged egocentric subjectivist. Describe your process of conversion, and your present state of mind. What is the philosophical challenge posed by such a theory?

The whole world is just my world. What a wonderful life I have in egocentric subjectivist view. The road that I used to ride my bicycle along every day, seems like what I see right now, depends on how I feel, experience or have memories of a road like this. Yesterday I still used this road as normal, not noticing it in any detail. I never paid much attention to it. But this morning it seems to have its own character. It is completely unique and has a memorizing story with it. Because I realize today that I just picture or decorate this road from my imagination alone. How this road looks depends on my experiences or impressions of it, or my attitude toward it. Every road seems to bend and be white. The centre of every road seems higher than the shoulder of the road. They all seem to bend together at the far end of the road and should have the tree on the road's shoulder in every road. Maybe I picture it from my childhood memories of my hometown where I grew up.

It's all an imaginary world out there, from an egocentric subjectivist perspective. I imagine in my own mind me as the only subject in this world. There are no other subjects. Memory builds in my mind over time and space. So this world looks normal to me, like a mixed collection of movies. The great classic adventure movies mixed together into just one movie. This one movie contains movies from the last 50 years. But I watch it like just one movie. At work, my office looks like a blend of my childhood and teenage years. From my childhood comes the memory of my fear of the dark; from my teenager years, living in a tiny room full of my personal stuff. These two periods from my memory can be the recipe for my creation of my office look that I imaginary created. This office may look brighter and also seem smaller than normal.

The world may be likened to a movie theatre for egocentric subjectivists. The movies that are shown in this theatre are specially produced. First of all, the directors will visit imdb.com or other well-known movie collection websites. These websites collect movies from various eras. The categories of the movies have also been created. But all the movies on the website only come from my own private collection. So a director may choose several movies from the website and use her artistic direction to create a new movie from the movies that are selected. I will enjoy watching this movie in my seat with popcorn after finishing my directing role. The parade of impression may keep show up in the movie. I may laugh, cry or impress with this movie, but I never track the validity of the content of the movie.

Because our memory is not perfect and the world is just in my mind, my world will not be perfect either. So how good my world will be depends on the quality of my memory. If I forget something that occurred in the past, it will disappear forever from my world. This happens often when the unclear picture of our memory pops up in our mind. The longer that situation goes on or appears to us, the greater the likelihood that it will disappear from our mind. I only remember some important events from my childhood. But most of them have gone. So in this unreal world in my mind, most of the memories will be built from the influence of my adult world.

My memory can't just store everything as I would like. It has to choose what it has to keep when it runs out of space. My road may lose the tree when I ride my bicycle along it

tomorrow. The pattern of the road that I had before may need to change, if I want to save my memory. So that is one of the weak points of egocentric subjectivism – my memory isn't perfect.

For me, I think the way egocentric subjectivism thinks with the world is not difficult to understand. It's our nature. If we think from another perspective. We always stick with ourselves all the time. We think in our own world all the time and we only have ourselves as a best friend. All other things are outside the world and never really feel or understand what I feel myself. I only can guess and imagine what others feel or think.