

## Differed Thoughts, Different God, and the Shame of Being

11/11/2021

Existence justified within the system in which we survive, that allows survival within the system through itself, and through the others working in it. Hence, justified existence through the others, for a man-made system only is able to exist insofar as multiple individuals operate within it, and operate it – as much as it can justify itself through those “operators” and operating cogs.

Existence alongside other beings, as they live through the same systems we live in. The same universal, unified system, dependent on those met. Rather, a system within a system, for the first one is natural and not made by man. That of survival, in which the vital needs are taken care of. But those that develop their man-made systems within the natural systems pollute the latter as much as they make the former survive in return. And pollution is a word of choice, for to breath and live within it, inevitably wavers any individual’s soul. The eyes slowly wince, and the ears go deaf whenever the door opens and closes to the rings of consumption, and when manufactured ambient ephemeral joy transverse with the flesh.

It is in the choices I have made, to work within man-made systems, that I would pursue a form of peace. A peace of mind, and a peace of soul. A \*certain\* feeling of peacefulness. A peacefulness that would later reveal itself to be a state of existence that removes itself by differing itself from all states of (*the*) being. As in, it removes itself from other states by removing; by being said removal of states.

Yet in this pursuit I forget myself in the systems I attempt to work with. I forget the natural systems in which the sole operation of the individual is its existence and its observation of said natural system. My ontological writings operate within the active observation of this natural system, that itself is allowed to be transcribed through layers of man-made systems, with the final one reaching a potential listener/reader, as an instrument of transmission/communication as they were written on a computer program functioning in an operating system. Said computer system working in conjunction with the assembly of different pieces of hardware, assembled in different parts of the world under different processes, different materials, with said materials the transformation of a more raw state of the materials used, themselves extracted with a machinery made from very similar flows of production.

A shape of a shape, of a reshaped natural shape from a natural material place that took space to be a place to touch, and see, and feel; now both less and more than its origins: In ways, a ghost, in others, something alien yet not, that became more familiar, over time, than even a singular tree.

Let us not forget however, to go back to the processes and computer operating systems, that they were assembled by mind of numbers and letters, by individuals that thought of them, may their thoughts be the end of a chain that went on for decades or perhaps centuries; of a logical authority derived from creativity and mathematics. Mathematics that originated from reality, and displaced from it to be itself in its own container, outside of actual reality, which made the world as we know it today a matter than could be understood – insofar as to what they wanted to understand, under the terms they wanted to understand it in. A form of truth, in that the information processed is deemed to be truthful, yet isn’t, for by virtue of separating it from its basis in reality, it reshaped reality while it necessarily wasn’t it to be so. Proof of it is the retraction and redo and verification of the “truthful statements” that these containers would prove to be – such is the case in anything

modernly scientific, though by itself this statement is neutral. Its operation as ruler and decider of material reality is determined by its so-called neutrality, even though this very neutrality has lost itself to corruption over time (*and today it tries to cling back to its vows made in its beginnings, with increasing chance of failure, as any man-made system would subject itself to the irrevocable fate of cycles*). Yet when a system, like mathematics, are unfinished, how truthful truly could they be?

Going back to virtual “reality”, derived from the container reality that mathematics operate in: the shaping of a thought to the creation of a new, beyond the thought of what could be, then. Now they make up part of this reality, by the creation of their own reality, and the human adapt to work within this new reality, yet may tend to live more within this false reality. As it operates within both abstract and material reality, the virtual exists more as a material that passes for an abstract reality.

Observations are made and transcribed upon these pages. My mind, these past few months, has been set upon the entertainment of itself rather than the entertainment of the world through its thoughts; by this I mean it would rather consume to forget its own reality in which it actualizes itself and exists in, instead existing within a virtual reality, deciding against facing the desolation of the real world when seen naked – a wasteland of reality. Perhaps it is because it trained itself to see it as it is<sup>1</sup>, rather than as how it portrays itself to be; or as others may portray it to be. The virtual proposes exactly the opposite of this state. Yet I cannot forget the decimation of the world after each day; that it does it to itself and births again soon after. In doing so forgets itself to be what it should not be, to forget the fact that it shouldn't be. Some individuals have talked about the shame of being a human being. That there is shame in our existence as such. While there is understanding and agreement, as I keep wondering on these widely shared thoughts, there I keep wondering more about where they stopped. And I do not believe the shame to be Man is just that. Were it “solved”, where that shame were to disappear, another one, a deeper one, would reveal itself soon after. And to solve this one, a singular solution would exist, that none would heed. The shame of Being, and the pity to see any form of life thrive or not; the mere fact of life, of being alive, hence of Being (*even though to be technical, it is less about consciousness and more about the technicity of life*): that is the shame behind it all.

And in all the systems we operate in, man-made or natural, they are built upon the forgetfulness of this shame. Nature, it seems, was not meant to lead to the birth of thought. Ontology was not meant to be, for it would inevitably transcend Nature and lead itself to see beyond it all. In the true state of things; in Truth: Ruin – and this void, this non-existence of Nature is the shame. The error that all life exists. Yet it cannot be rationalized, since it cannot be “solved”. It can only be ignored. Perhaps the shame of being a human cannot be rationalized either, but there are attempts to sidestep it. Through the transposition and reification, automatic or not, of the self and others to be something else than they are, to be more or less than they are, they would “solve” this shame. But again, once that is gone, to ignore the primordial shame, the awareness of the primordial nature of life, then it would simply mean the end of Ontology. It would run in circles and not be more than History. A historic fanfare of past schools of thought, that would masquerade as an ever-evolving matter of the spirit. Perhaps the most important school of thought, Ontology cannot stumble and fall. If it did, then all manners of growth would be limited (*as it proved itself to be in academics. Yet ultimately, academics seem to be a failing as a whole, which is unsurprising*

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1 See the essay [“To See It As It Is”](#)

*considering its origins, although that is another discussion*). Yet, perhaps this limitation is justified. Indeed, if one were to go beyond this limit, what would it find but the full understanding of my hesitations to dive fully? As I live now and during times here and then, I cannot speak of the feeling, the state of the mind and the soul. It shuts itself off to the stimulations of the world, and so, by extension, of all the systems the world may host. The image that is projected in my mind is not to see a tree or a road or a thing or a being, but rather to see the nothing as it should be; as it will be. To see it in the back of my mind without replacing the real. And it is cold and emotionless, tasteless and almost lightless: lightless not in the sight of it, but in the “soul-speak” of it. There is a part incomprehension to this projection, but there is still a part comprehension of it. And it translates itself in this very state of timed existence. The projection beyond Nature and the existence within Time through eyes of a terrorized natural being; of Nature.

That it all is better if forgotten in due time, for one that lives constantly as such is not living at all but is dying at a faster rate than anything it could be birthing, abstractly or materially speaking. The inner void grows for each minute spent in such a state, and the aura of rejection amplifies, causing the individual to inevitably reject the world and all it may encompass. And the dreams and the hopes and the sights of the world, of its systems, of Nature, of beings and everything around it all, they slumber and drown within this rising obsidian sea of Truth. And the Truth shines brightly as rays are reflected upon its unbending blackened steel tides. But the reflection is blocked by the being as long as it is alive, ‘less one finds a way to translate Truth in perfection, that to understand it all cannot be “simply” felt (*and perhaps ironically, this feeling is that of perfect unfeelingness*).

As I walk through the days, and work and enjoy the systems laid out by Nature and Men, I am inhabited, permanently, by this reflection of Ruin. The constant repression of it is done by the existence within all of Nature and nature, and while my soul fares better outside of the living and growing ruins of technology, the cycle of nature itself reminds me of the constance of evolution and its stagnation. Stagnation for it cannot be anything else; as if it was anything else, it would disappear: The rejects of stagnation were human beings, as they developed both consciousness and the ability to create. Today here we live as proofs of this rejection. Mind you, a rejection not of Nature but of the stagnation that was supposed to exist within it.

For a while I saw Nature as a form of “cancer” in the way it worked (*an old friend of mine would consider to use her concept of Thorns*), but human beings, comparatively, are this way. Not in the destruction and drain of the natural systems they exist in, even if that is without a doubt true, especially post agricultural revolution (*heavily accelerated post second industrial revolution*); but more in the way that they differ in the way that they exist in. In the way they work. How come humans are able to develop complex, previously thought-of impossible systems, to co-exist and exist within Nature (*even if it is to be a very limited time*)? Now, due to this rejection of evolution, it cannot still sustain it. This rapid growth has an equally rapid decay, and as I touched upon this in previous essays<sup>2</sup>, man-made systems are the very proof of that.

Nevertheless, to go back on this repression of this becoming aspect of Ruin; I forget myself in both the world and its “beyond-world”. Yet, for how I exist in both of these, I do not exist in both as well. And so I cannot fully interact with the “active” world, this one in which I write and in which my body moves, as I cannot fully feel anymore nor understand the complete nuances inflicted by Men. The added complexity promulgated by humans has been lost in favour of the

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2 See the essays “[On the Death of Man](#)” and “[Dreams of a Wrong Past](#)”

simplicity of the rawness found in cold winds. An event, no matter how small, will integrate itself in my being as an abstract sensation, and as an experience for the future, as long as I live; Time and Nature do as well within the forward-flowing time. While of course time cannot go backward, let us still be precise enough on this.

And so, as I half-exist, yet more in this reality, I forgo the stimulations and the calls of Nature towards myself. And myself changes to be less of the self and more of an unknown, or perhaps simply to be less of all. The body functions, but the issue is my being is that I **Be**, and I am **human**. And beyond the shame of Man, a deeper shame exists: the shame of Being and being. In the active world, more superficial shames may occur, but they are limited within the scope of this very world. And they are relatable, and they make one feel part of this world; they are grounding, and the experiences of this world justify this world as well. The beyond-world / the ruinous world (*I would have to decide on a proper term, eventually*), do not justify themselves since they already are justified by their own existence as matrices, or rather non-existence as considered present models. For they not only predict the conclusion of life, but also precede the nature of life. As such, and as the nature of what is around life, it holds itself as a sort of constant threat towards life, and towards all it encompasses, and all that stemmed and stems from it. May one not exactly ponder it, there is a primal, unforgettable visceral fear that occurs from the forming of the beginning of understanding of nothingness as the wasteland of reality, more-so than a mere concept to be thrown around as a word. As a word, by itself, we attribute it certainly meaning, but in this meaning we do not attribute it the truth it holds. For a concept described through glyphs to be deciphered by eyes or by ears, much like a number; an information to be read it is, it does not hold reality of it. I think it deserves to be clear onto it / to refresh our memories when it comes to the specific concepts we touch upon here, for they are more important than a passage in writing.

But there is an interesting matter to discuss, in the nature of the flow of time. The only one that matter truly, is the present moment. The past has gone and is of no importance anymore. The future has yet to arrive but has already, unless one projects it to be further than another point, but eventually the future will become present, then will pass. The present moment has one point that goes, and the translation of it is made by the mind by according both the future and the past. Especially, however, the past. Yet I would contradict myself after saying that it has no importance. The far past has a lot less importance, yet does. But it has happened, hence this lack of importance to the present in this way. Now, I just wanted to point this out, but the subject of the flow of time has been discussed time and time again already, and I would not be able to speak of it well enough. Rather I will stay on my philosophy, one that may make me unable to function within the world as well as anything alive on this very moment and possible future.

- **An attempt at a more technical explanation**

In the aim of understanding, I have made clear of the need for rejection and reconstruction. But rejection comes at the cost of losing footing and bearings – All of them, for that matter. Yet as humans, we still carry the remnants of our past. And in the rejection of old, we make devoid of meaning the meaningful object (*abstract or material*), while still retaining some of past meanings, which may not necessarily be the ones of the object we made devoid of its meaning. Through the act of deconstruction, we enable the understanding of how things are, and what things are: we understand the fabric, and by extension, we come to understand the meaning of an object with meaning.

As meaning, itself must be filled in by Man, or it has no purpose but its own existence as object: It may be an idea, it may be something material. But the idea with no meaning is as abstract as anything naturally abstract would be: its primal form as abstract. The object, however, through it being filled with meaning, comes from abstraction and fills itself with it. A life forms to be what it wasn't, a link to the possibility of what it could be, yet isn't, for there is no exactitude in the abstraction of things, as they are by virtue of being abstract, devoid of a possible existence. It could end here: The explanation of how things come to be. We experience them and we wield them as they were purposed to be wielded, as intended by their creators or not: And here we stand still existing with the knowledge of these objects of meaning, however meaningful it may be, however useless it may be: Ultimately, as all things, nothing is. Remembrance here of the constance of a renewing-yet-decaying world still is to be held true to hold onto the detachment required for understanding the world; it does not come – the detachment – by itself.

A natural being, born into its world and culture, and logically then for us, a human being, will be flooded by the pollution of an already-decided world of meaning: all objects are filled with meaning, and the new will be met with the pollution, and meaning will be drawn from past knowledge and experiences with the pollution. Even when one may break the chains of Man-made meaning, still, as previously mentioned, the remnants would be carried. And for all we may want to reject it all, even in nothingness, nothing would still be something, for nothing can only be nothing for itself by itself, as it cannot **Be**, as it is the very antithesis of it. Nevertheless, while it is impossible exactly to conceptualize at all times the essence of what isn't (*because it isn't*), we can attribute it as meaning of what isn't because we can't think of the abstract of nothing otherwise. It is, in essence, utterly ironic and seem to be counter-intuitive. As well, to try an understanding of nothing is the exact opposite of the role of Nature: for Nature can only **Be**, and so us too. And anything that lives would not have the pre-supposition or ever be able to understand the ontological conclusion to life: ergo never to conclude any ontological school of thought, less one cuts itself from what it is, which then would go against the ontological by manner of not accepting the whole of ontology. For nothing still does not form something, as something wouldn't be able to be with nothing (*nothingness is, simply put, negation of life*). Yet it is not entropy, as entropy is “merely” an action that falls into the hands of Time. It is a natural course to anything related to Nature, as Time supersedes Nature. Where Nature supersedes life, in-between these two primordials there exists the space between that separates the two clearly, entropy being one link. As well, let us note that while entropy may be noted as the decay of things, could it not be that entropy merely is a constant link between Time and Nature: The rapture of Nature through the ends of Time by Time as it stands to

be the reality of Nature, as Nature stands to be the reality of us? That is to say, entropy was born as Nature came to be, because Nature needed the link to Time to exist, and as such, started its own end timer through the acceptance of said link. As it couldn't be otherwise, a bargain of sorts, to exist for a while until it cannot exist anymore. And in the void it would find peace to not Be, as it already existed "enough", perhaps. Yet Time will not be the one to say "enough", Nature will by its own volition – Time would not have to care for it cannot care, as it permits the existence of things, and Nature cannot be the exception to it, as it is below it.

But the order of primordials are the ill of them, or rather the ill of Nature to trouble itself with, if one could even call it an "ill". In any event, we ought to trouble ourselves more with what supersedes us. Of course, it would be a mistake to not trouble ourselves with Time as well: We act in both at the same time at all times. But the order of importance is different for those "Children of Nature" that life is. To exist is to pay respect to both simply by virtue of existing. But here we come to give meaning. If anything, we give meaning to it all: Nature and Time could not be, as they are concepts made out to be by our ancestors. But they always would be, our past only gave them name to be adopted as concepts: concepts that always existed in abstract since their existence. Here we work on the past meaning that we deemed inappropriate to destroy. We deconstructed it through the tools we were given by our cultures, however we ought to make our own personal cultures, if one could say as such. Yet, why all of this? Is there any worth to doing any of this? That itself could, and should, be deconstructed, and so we will.

As we stated, ontology cannot be "solved", as though one were to see it as a problem – simply because, first, it is the essence of existence, and the essence, to mention it again, is bound to **Be** and to not **Be**. Nothingness makes itself known as soon as life ceases: A living thing, a plant, animal or human, ceases to Be once it fails to be alive. What is alive is biological in its nature. For a human being, it would be the complete unresponsiveness in brain functions. That claim poses the wonder of something like coma patients. Not all organs for a human are needed for it to function as an existing being, but the problem stems from the fact that by itself an organ cannot interact with the world. An argument could be made that a lung changes the chemical structure of the air it inhales, and exhales it as something else to be used by another form of life, but that would be to pick on details, as well as to simplify the human function towards the world to be singular rather than its multiplicity. If a human being could only think, then it would be no different than only breathing. And it is this multiplicity that make it so the human being can interact with the world. And it is through tangible interaction (*to eat, to walk, to run, to lift, even to "simply be" is interacting*) that the living being makes a mark; however minor it may be. The human has the greatest potential and capacity of any living being. Perhaps the biggest proof of that is its ability to create, and to shape the world to something close to absurd degrees. Not quite absurd, as it would be considered an impossible change in reality, which by its nature is of course impossible. As here I am, may it be within a second-hand reality, it is nonetheless real in the state that it allows to make itself real through what it displays (*however that is not the subject of this*), and so I create a tangible piece that holds the meaning the writer then the reader attribute it to – the meaning dictated first by the writer but shaped, eventually, by the reader, individually. Cutting short on the example, and going back to the initial statement of nothingness making itself known.

The end of life brings about more life in many cases, but the birth of life is and always will be subject to entropy, as Nature is; there is no discussion to be had on the cycle in this specific essay.

The absence of life *is* felt, as the presence of Nature withers for the moment it fails to be as well. It changes the air of the surroundings for a time, and impacts it with the inherent memento mori that comes with the end of life. May it be one or multiple, the width of the impact also varies from one form of life to the next, and the meaning it had for the living being beholding of this (*or these*) ending(s).

In all of what we stated, does it not come clashing with the Truth of Ruin? There still is to wonder about the drawing of a line on this. A vulgar and false way to speak of this Truth is to label it as a belief. But there is nothing that says that Extinction cannot occur. And were it not possible to “see”, or “experience” the beyond-world at the cost of existing in Nature and the world, then there would not be any belief to be had. In this debilitating choice of the integration of Truth within oneself, is it wise to even process it all? No. I do not believe it to be so. It is wise insofar as one seeks to “*understand the world*”, but a limit is set for a reason. When one speaks of understanding the world, they speak of understanding nature and its systems. Perhaps they desire to understand the systems of Men, and how they came to be. Maybe the systems of nature and Nature. But they never mean that they want to comprehend the very essence of Primordials, and hence, of it all. Yet even if that were to be breached, if one pushed Ontology and broke the limits set by Nature before the end of stagnation of evolution for humans (*that may resolve itself as the human devolves itself, or destroys its own kind*), there still may be a need to understand nothingness. Until then, there would be a need to see the world as beyond-world in a vivid abstraction. Almost as a predicting dream, or perhaps as the parallel that goes away with the implantation of Nature onto reality. After all, it could be said that Nature made its own reality on top of the reality of the Nothing.

Ultimately, it is my belief that there is a distinct lack of consideration for the constant model of emptiness. Due to this lack of consideration, there is a great missing – even empty, amount of thought given by my peers on how to live through Truth. Besides it, is the flow of Nature as it exists, the true state of all things (in which things are of Nature):

The true state of all things is a waterfall  
With no bottom crashing end  
And no ledge to plummet off  
Full of debris and flowers, never not falling  
And in it we swim and fall  
Sometimes beside  
Often apart  
It's just chaos heaving

*Phil Elverum – The Microphones in 2020*

Even if one were to be one with the rawness of Nature in its simple yet complex chaotic endeavours, it still is here a deal with life, and life has a certain understanding and drawing to it from the standpoint of... well, anything alive. And of course it does, as it is a manifestation of life by default. And by simply Being, life itself has the draw of understanding itself through the rejects of Nature’s stagnation. Yet the infinite parallel to it is hidden, voluntarily. Perhaps because it is impossible to “truly Be”, and to be in tune with nature, Nature and / or what other concept have you, without sacrificing a part of what it means to be alive.