

On the death of Man, and the modern human

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While civilisations and their inhabitants argue between themselves about what is socially acceptable and what is not, their justice systems will, due to their complexity and the speed at which the world “progresses” both technologically and socially, devolve to rely on the “good will” of mob justice, whether they want to or not.

Where this makes for an interesting woe of our generations, what this is, in fact, an attempt at hiding an overarching change to the world, and a localised devolution to Western civilisations, and not only them: to the world as a whole. Whereas the origin point might have been the West, this degeneration touches now (*although it is a relatively recent development*) the entire globe. These changes occurring around the globe are an evolution as much as they are a devolution: Where societies deconstruct themselves over time, all the while fearing the passage of Time, and inevitably rejecting Nature, leading then to reject their own nature. What this begets, is a world-wide schism between different driving forces, and a growing schizophrenia in modern systems themselves; where one example would be debt-based economics and the non-understanding of its mechanics by money lenders towards, most notably, countries.

The end result of inter-dependant systems is the inescapable and complete decline of what was before the rise of the second industrial revolution – such as it already happened – as solid as past frameworks may have been, in favour of what may be, yet it always acts as a trojan horse, rather than promises with no in-between. After all, when rulers and their substitutes are living and breathing dishonesty machines of extreme selfishness, could a world of honesty really exist? Where progress *lies*, quotation marks appear to expose the irony of the word in modernity: Where are these new, modern, solid foundations, supposed to make civilisations... And what are they exactly?

On a common use, or rather the one we are most familiar with, *progress* translates itself to both technological and societal advancements. But here is the first problem, in the use of words themselves: “progress” and “advancements” only truly apply to the technological level of the world. When it comes to morals and ethics, and even more importantly to individuals themselves; which while may go through a faster transfiguration due to the inter-connectivity of the world – still they slog heavily behind the pace at which machines and progress evolve, and have been for many decades, at this point in time. No solutions have been found, and Humanity as a consciousness has destroyed its own roots to attempt to bridge a specific gap. What humanity has found itself in, what the individual and its soul, communities and societies have found themselves in, is a growing divide between *what will be*, which in turn is *what is*, and *what was*, which is *what is*.

The difference between the past and future tense, which leads themselves to the present, is the subject matter: Where the past tense has the human subject as its primary focus, and its secondary focus being the soul. The future tense has as a primary subject the creation of said past tense, minus the soul. Which, for all intents and purposes, is technology. Now I understand that demonizing technology is in itself an outplayed “what-would-be” joke that has been running for longer than the first industrial revolution. However much like many jokes, they have a basis in reality. And the more I learn about it, read about it, hear about it, think about it, the truth becomes blindingly clear. It is deafening in its own honesty, and its veil gets ripped apart for those willing to

look past it. And I suppose that the realization that there is growing divide, a *Promethean Divide*¹, that has grown more and more since the second industrial revolution. Proven by Günther Anders in 1956 once, and has been proven right, and even more-so, as time passed by, even after his death in 1992.

This Promethean Divide that is caused by the past and the future meeting in the present, ends up ringing quite loudly in heads.

There is an intrinsic lack of meaning that occurs from all of this: Where the soul sees itself searching for how it can live within the future, that the human created for itself. And, it is still clear today, that Günther's truths will still ring as such: Truths. There is seemingly a morbid outcome to all of this, one that has already started to drip decades ago.

Indeed, this *sudden acceleration* took place as soon as Humanity created its own world, even if it happened to be virtual. Where machines were already too much to catch up with in a singular century, this added a new layer to the infirmity of Humanity towards its own deeds. Today, it is very clear that virtuality wishes to become reality, as obvious as it can be seen with the... sadly aptly named "*Augmented Reality*", all at whatever cost. And, whether we like it or not, and I cannot deny this common trope from most regularly transhumanists, that we are all a part of this push, simply because societal progress became completely dependant on technological *progress*. But again, this increased dependence only ultimately plays in the favour of technology, for when Humanity needs reflection, its creations only need resources.

Progress declines itself in two major categories: Technological and Societal. The former finds itself fulfilled in what it deems to need. That is because pure logic and mathematics pave its road, whereas societal progress tends to rely heavily on abstractions, that often takes the form of morals and ethics. Technology "needs" and finds an increase in effectiveness, so that deeds are rendered easier. Where initially said deeds were supposed to be human tasks, where machines were only tools there to assist, it evolved to a point where the principle line of human thought that is innovation lead to machine innovation: The inert took onto itself characteristics from its creators, and the tool became in mere years the monolith to build, and to live around. Such as it is, as it was allowed, because centuries before, the road was already paved for it to be the case. But we will come back to that point when we will touch upon modern science.

Machine innovation: Its purpose became not to exist as tools, but to be the next driving force of reality; Humans then were relegated to either mere spectators / consumers of a growing machine empire, or specialists that create and maintain said machineries, to which they themselves have no idea how to create from the ground up. Where the multiplication of parts of all processes happened, knowledge of the singular was lost, and a *leviathan* created itself for the sake of simplicity and effectiveness – effectively rendering its own purpose meaningless, for it deprived the *singular* to be as it was, and now no *single* individual can be *singular*.

And, of all things, where effort became of a lesser strain on both body and mind of the individual, the complexity of machines expended, and specialists needed to specialize more. While even primary / raw resources jobs needed technology to keep up with growing demands of locals,

1 **Die Antiquiertheit Des Menschen** – Über die Seele im Zeitalter der zweiten industriellen Revolution
Günther Anders

(English translation: *The Obsolescence of Humankind – On the soul during the second industrial revolution**).

* Note that the French translation contain most of the essays in its two different books.

then national, then international systems, these primary jobs needed to have some form of specialization.

In a sadistic twist of events, what is required as primary or raw for everything else, found themselves required to use what they helped to birth, and now these cannot go back to ground zero, where zero is what would be considered to be *traditional* tools.

Previously, one could do all, but now due to a still-growing complexity, multiple are needed to do the whole, through its declination in different tasks. Ironically, the time required increases because the means must meet the ends. Indeed, if the ends are not met, the system cannot survive – and will lash out violently if not kept alive – unless it decides to be local.

However, competition dictates that the local system still cannot durably compete with larger ones, especially *globals*. Not only due to the massive difference between technology and manpower required to run large systems of production, but also due to economics of what today is consumerism. The local would pride itself on close proximity and the lack of need to rely on the external world (*which in itself is impossible due to how the local comes to be in modernity*), but price and costs of globalism, as well as globalist consumerist society: all still play a part. But how does this happen to be?

Because the new replaces the old, not through fortifying and improving, but rather by dismantling and destroying, the human becomes a weaker and weaker component of it all. And, because its role is understood in terms of production, it transpires in its role as a consumer. The duality of a human living in modern societies is as such: Where its role as a number replaces its role as an individual. All of this to satisfy artificial, implanted needs created by industries that wanted to (*and still do*) shape reality as a mean to acquire *capital*². And, as a concept, even “capital” evolved to include more. While at first money and holds were considered as such, the latest became data. In which the data of a singular human being has more value than its life. In turn, this leads to an increased devaluation of human life, justified perhaps by an ever-increasing population on the planet, where its resources are pillaged with no time to regenerate what can be regenerated, as well as what cannot be. Truly, as long as the drive of progress is accumulation of capital, the flaws of “progress” on humanity will not cease to grow and wound what even Humanity **was**. And I give emphasis to the past tense in this case. The old, the ancient world died decades ago. Since then, we have been living in its remnants, clinging onto parts of its carcass that reminds us of our origins, of what felt natural, good, right. Where abstraction of the universe and all that it encompasses were accepted and treated as necessity to live well. But when Nature became a mere equation – an unjustified one at that – centuries ago by progenitors of modern science, what else could have happened?

One of the driving forces of the modern world is domination. “To dominate the competition; to dominate the market; to dominate the race...” As many iterations of it as there are systems in which domination can occur, even in relationships and status. Is it then surprising that the deconstruction of the old was met by those who wanted to dominate? *Capital* translates easily to domination. It is a human drive, a natural drive. A flawed one, perhaps? It does however sound like a necessity to “better oneself” in many ways, if one wishes to take the individualist route as I do; and even on routes where community is as its centre, let us be reminded that the whole has no real tangible meaning, if its pieces are fragmented or incomplete.

2 Where *capital* would mean *power*. *The idea of power runs deep within nature, within humans especially, and this would only be a declination of its primal origins.*

This innate drive of domination corrects itself into a form of perversion if left unchecked. This is where progress comes in. In an environment where Time is feared and death is not seen as natural or good anymore, hence removing an important part of life, thus of what makes a human *human*, what does this quickening do to entire societies, that proved themselves to be more and more reliant on technology, to the point of being utterly dependant on it? Sociopathy becomes an implicit, a symptom of a modern-day functional world, and the aforementioned domination can only be achieved if one forgoes its own humanity. None will complain, because the human is now a simple word, not even a name, but a number.

It is a considerable find, to me, that I had the realization of the Death of Man. Or rather, of the Death of the human Man. In all the pursuits I did, whereas << *The pursuit leads, the pursuit feeds* >>. But what about the conclusion of pursuits, where there is supposed to be one? What is the pursuit in this case? It tends to be, which was the case for myself, << *Finding oneself* >>. Its conclusion is that there is none.

What I have found, during personal experiences, in literatures and in talks on the subject, in findings, this conclusion that was supposed to not be, exists in a state of non-existence, hence denying itself a certain right of existence: Man is dead.

Now that “*Man is dead*”, let us be clear: *He* died by *His* own hands, and *His* own ends. Mirroring, in part, with a certain humour this (*in itself, ironically*) the death of God. Or that is simply the death of God, as Man became to itself what it believed in, and transmuted its will to what had no life. A Frankenstein type deal, except life still does not exist in what is lifeless.

What feeds onto the corpse of Man now is what became of it: a consumer. The consumer exists to do what its name tells clearly, however, luckily, we are all, with no more exceptions, as these have extinguished thanks to “progress”, such as the latest industrial revolution. But all of this did not exist because of the past, of the foundations put in places even thousands of years ago by a multitude of dead civilisations, that carried in some form their knowledge to what was left. The culprit of this entire cursed existence of the world in many forms is what replaced the wise: modern science. Although, there is to admit here, it did much good for understanding the inert, up until it decided to trifle with life. Obviously even for that to happen there had to be the desire for it to happen, which dates back centuries, when mathematics perverted itself to eventually be more than it was. Kepler, Galileo, Descartes: as guilty, in Time, as murderers.

Where modern science ended up being a logical conclusion to logicity itself, through the rejection of the abstract reality that gives life what it *is*, *it* being its own essence, taken from a primordial pool, in name which I give it, though it is as common as an oak: *Nature*.

Modern biology proved itself to be a perfect fit for modern science. Teleology was relied to a false non-existence. A mistress to cover for, otherwise it cannot be without it³.

Philosophy eventually became a relic of the past, an unneeded field of science: a part of the ancient. Mathematics became the thoughts that would grow Humanity, rather than actual, *abstraction-based*, thoughts. This field came to eventually be the realization of, perhaps it was not meant to, its own aims, as they were dictated by those who practised and learned from it. The abstract was given a logical meaning that contradicts itself even in its own definitions. Where “life” has many different definitions, where none is truly definitive, it may be because modern biology decided to forsake life in favour of another schizophrenic multiplicity of factors, where even a *selfish gene* justifies

3 See: *J. B. S. Haldane* (attributed) on Teleology and Modern Biology.

abstraction, but the author decided to yell at himself to say it is not⁴, that is would only be a manner of speaking. An irony in and of itself, defeating the purpose of his rhetoric.

Biologists gave up on abstraction because they wanted to understand the world through logic, even if logic would be illogical in this scenario. They knew and decided to spin their abandon of philosophy into something “good”. And, where both science and politics took the place of ancient beliefs, who would dare to question prophets, except prophets themselves, points that do not have to do with the reality they had forsaken?

It mirrors the centuries-long debates that rose from Christianity on, for instance, the *Holy Trinity*, or even the *Eucharist*: a shaped reality, and so by definition, a corrupted one, being argued on what is more incorrectly correct. And the cost of failure, to go back to domination, is not the loss of life, but rather the loss of status and credibility that extends to all manners of fields. In other words, and not strictly to those aforementioned, the loss of *capital*. This could be akin to a loss of life by modern standards, though not a physical life. The rise of modernity came from a burning Christianity, starting in January 1417, after the discovery of Lucretius’s poem⁵, by Le Pogge (*Poggio Bracciolini*) in a monastery of Fulda. Its origin point is the ashes of another perverted view of life, as proven by its own History. But to feed on the ashes of perversion does not cancel or subtract said perversion. Merely its beginnings may have been cemented in certainty and goodness of heart and soul, still, the tools of now (*then*) do not correspond with the tools of then. It was only a matter of time before the iron eroded. And it did.

To note here, by itself, the individual has meaning that needs justification, by proving itself as unique to the world he inhabits directly. Meaning it does not have to know of billions, but of its immediate alongside approximate surroundings and peers only. What modern science highlights well however, is the difference in individuals. And yet, as usual, it gets to a point where even specificity needs to be multiplied, mirroring the organising nature of the modern human. But before we arrive at an increasing number of specificities, we stumble upon “new” findings that do not exactly apply to the whole. When it becomes as such, when everyone is to be classified under a category, the individual as well as the systems it is a part of, atomize. Whatever abstract was meant to exist by decree of Nature through the passage of Time has been lost in this manner: the drive of the human to understand, something perhaps to be praised for, by Nature itself. What purpose there was in it, there I do not understand, but the results of this, as well as the future, are as barren as a brutalized mountaintop where two different air-currents meet.

Under the guise of modern science, here as well Man died through the analytical of minuscule parts. Of things that make sense within a logical context, as long as said context is bound by whatever laws were elevated by logic. To categorise each and every single possibility as to the iteration of the human is impossible, and while still many try to do so (*looking at psychology*), what occurs from this ordeal is the end of the individual by breaking it down. In which every state of being, every ill, every *perceived* ill, has a name and an origin. Where it fails flat however, is when what is in place does not fit with what they thought should have been, and the being shines in its truth: For the human is not – if it seeks finality – only flesh and bones. Even then, beasts have *life* to them, an unknowable that is attempted to be quantified when it cannot be, already proved by what makes modern science *modern*, and what it accomplishes in turn.

Due to that, let us be reminded that the human is social, minus some who can do with none;

4 See: **The Selfish Gene** by *Richard Dawkins*; First edition’s preface.

5 “On the Nature of Things” (*De rerum natura*)

or perhaps they displace their social needs onto *life* that is not human. Whatever the case, the death of the individual translates onto the death of communities, of circles, of what gave a sense of belonging. Because where psychology deals with the individual, sociology deals with the greater picture it inhabits. But it has the same aim and flaws as psychology, which by its own admission is logical.

All of this feeds a *now* lie, where the individual is considered still as such, even though most systems in place, even on local scales, prove that the individual died long ago. But the lie is fed, because somehow somewhere it is understood that the soul still seeks to reach back to the present, to not be trapped in a past that keeps being pushed back. And through this understanding, itself twisted to fit the benefits of machine and machine-like mechanisms to keep the future churning ahead, humanity accepts this, in essence because it seeks what it will: *Itself*. And where the soul is the concern of the individual, the whole is what makes humanity, *Humanity*. **But** its diminution, its abuse and its eventual morbid laceration, make it so *Humanity* is as past-tense as the definition of life today: *Ancient*.

This past tense, this destruction of all Natural meanings it may have had in the past, of all abstractions by the stubborn and psychotic willingness to keep going, has an interesting system itself:

“With the exercise of domination conduct to the destruction of what is dominated, and the master wants itself to be absolute, finds itself to be the master of a field of ruins. And not exactly master: by undermining the conditions of a decent life, it grows anew the empire of necessity. As well, the links between human auto-comprehension and nature comprehension make it so that the tyranny exerted onto an objectified nature, inevitably tend to include human beings in its sphere, permanent menace to submit them to the same processes of objectification.⁶”

When meaning is derived by Man rather by the abstractions it itself created to navigate both life and the world, the system in place for the material to reign is bound to be, under little time, corrupted due to the nature of the human being. Inescapable as it is, even though it is believed nature itself can be changed, though they only did so on the inert, and what was alive would always eventually die out. There will be no difference for the human. Deriving authority from global systems of *knowledge (as in modern, under the guise of the sciences of today. One-sided definition including only what can be touched. And if it cannot be touched, it has to be seen or heard)*., the singular actors that create authority while being birthed from a previous version of said authority, do not take the time to ask the why, and if they do, the question answered is, and has always been, the wrong one. For they cannot answer the right questions, and have given up on this fact. Once again, pointing at modern biology as the prime example.

Meaning included the acceptance of abstraction. It was shown, over and over, all throughout the ages around the entire world, in cultures abound, pre-(*second*-)industrialisation. When modern science aimed to emancipate the world from old, what *it* considered, woes.

We are all *products* of our time, where *products* has multiple meanings to it, especially today.

So, when Man lives in a world, where the world’s meaning has been butchered through lies that do not even hold up to those who originated modernity, where does Man stand? Nowhere and everywhere at once. Not to go back to the increasingly potent Promethean Divide, but to stay on the

6 **Leurre et malheur du transhumanisme** (*English translation: Lure and woe of transhumanism*)
Olivier Rey — p.145 (*Desclée de Brouwer*)

rift of the Old / of the Ancient, and what is:

This perpetual search for the self, for the soul, has no limits today, that much has been made clear. Old generations would argue, even with, ironically enough, factual evidence presented in front of them, that meaning can still be found in this world. That is true, but only in half. It is only true if the individual blinds itself to the reality it inhabits. Where the corruption has not reached the senses, even though it has since childhood breached the soul. An irrevocable ill, less one could travel to the past itself... This fiction presents itself as truly remarkable: only one direction of *Time*, unreachable as the nature of it is, could make things right for what Man is and was. But it would not, still, change the outcome: the present we inhabit in. Only a short experience, a fictional one at that – where the Old will find its place soon enough – could make due for what has been lost.

This corruption of reality extends itself to the world as a whole, and takes even physical form: Where villages become towns, towns become cities, and cities mere manifestations of the gluttony of consumerism, engendered by a lifeless life of steel then of code; of a corrupted world-view, a virtuality that has no Natural or Divine right of existence.

Nature itself is dominated by Man, with machine-cities, industries that raze the green, all justified under the name of progress, in itself justified under the concepts of comfort and ease. Obviously, when the nature of the human involves hardship, as demonstrated and argued times and over around and since found records of our Ancients; the individual will inevitably seek hardship elsewhere. Perhaps the internet of today, this global and permanent social near-infinite space, became a symptom of that; even if it was not intended to be so.

Meaningless debates about meaningless concepts and things based on a perversion of reality, religious or modern, become this fulfilment of an intrinsic human need. Yet, when suffering is not sought, when comfort is a constant rather than a reward, when technology crushes human need for itself to even simply survive, when what dictates an unreal reality dictates even how one is *supposed* to feel (*justified through the perspective of modern biology*), where is the individual led to? A meaningless world is bound to be full of meaningless meanings: an artless world full of art. Where time is currency, yet is the most feared concept and money. Truth loses itself in an abyss that deepens itself, eventually to become bottomless, at which point, and I have no doubts that it will occur, Humanity will cease to exist, and Nature will only exist in a wholly corrupted manner: Only alive within what were humans, but now only as in name. Seeking a complete logical understanding of the universe as beings from Nature can only lead back to Nature in a worsened, inescapable state. This desire for domination inevitably leads to the express and explicit show of vices, fit only for humans. Where we were supposed to achieve a finality as individuals, and then as communities, finally as societies, all of modernity has a logical conclusion, its own finality: the end of Humanity.

Those who bath in the petrified blood of the carcass of the old, do so because they understand in at least some way, that the human, as it stands still somewhat today, is going extinct, like many species we forced to extinction. Species, cultures, traditions. All considered relics of the Old, an impediment to progress, as both nature and Nature are now “mere objects” and only the *material* in which we swim.

Perhaps this is a form of justice there, but only on a surface level. The new extinguishes the old and its knowledge, because it **needs** to justify its existence. Much like the rulers need to justify their rule, and individuals their own lives. All do so, first to justify themselves to themselves, from machines to humans. They all have the same point of origin however: Humanity. And when this disappears like the rest had, is, or shall, what then will be left?

In the past I always had words of hope and optimism for the future. Thanks to that, I pushed myself to be more and to experience, to reflect and achieve my ideals. Now I'm at a point where I understand the fate of our species, of the world itself. Of a humanity that wanted to justify its domination of nature, but forgot its origins. And it is clear that, in perhaps only a few generations, anti-humanism will be the only way, and the old, with those who thought they could compete locally with a global system that only reinforced itself year after year, even with its failings and obvious flaws, this locality of beings, in plurality; as it touches not only a system of business, but of a society down to the individual; they will die down with the knowledge they may have had, of all that kept them to be who they were, not only as identity to englobe *specifics*, and *specificity itself*, but as well on the whole: to, put simply, be human.

And even natural resources will lose their status, and even all will be none.

The present may be bright to some, yet the future has no place for what could have been considered *good* to all – and, eventually, even to some.

If one sees the human as a flawed creature, that they justifiably want to play as God or support those who do, then I would congratulate you and your clear victory over Nature. But because of it, realize, even though it is too late, that you have marked the end of all that is.

For those who consider themselves to be pragmatic, the help of people has roots within the origins of life, within the Ancient and still exist today.

But where Man died, the human – retracted to be a consumer: a change in nature of what was.

While on one hand, individuals have never been less reliant on themselves to survive, because they don't really need to survive anymore; so much so where *laissez-faire* was taken to an extreme all around the world, most notably widespread morbid obesity.

In theory, what should have happened was the emancipation of the individual, to be whatever it decided to be. In practice, we discussed already in part, was the incessant pursuit of the soul. The other was the use of the human as a number, transforming it as a consumer and manufacturer of its own production and consumption, but *always* consumption.

In exactitude, what this degradation of the soul and the Being on multiple fronts does, is the reversion towards animal/beast-like tendencies. Where what is taken as good characteristics, like empathy, is much akin to that of any other living animal. Because logic was allowed to take the reign, even if it has an integral place in Man, any long-term sustained unbalance results in, eventually, catastrophes. I made the case for that in part: in shortened terms and by glossing over many specifics that are worth delving into to understand better. But the bigger picture stems from these details, and the understanding of some of the origins should be enough to understand reality as it is, rather than as what it is attempted to be portrayed as by what amounts to, today, mere consumers: animals relegated to a half state between the past and the Ancient. Perhaps that is what the modern man is. The uppercase disappears here. The mixture of an unending progress that could never be comprehended because of our Past and the origins of our beings, and the limitations of our Beings. And what else could be a living being, when it does not understand the world that surrounds it? An animal, simply. While animals are still a form of life, their complexity and understandings are much different from what Humanity *used to be*. For now that everything has been burned, it is set in our own skin itself (*and soon, it seems our DNA as well*), what awaits a species that devalued itself in more than just classifying what was supposed to be more. Where all beings were supposed to have finality: to Be, simply put. Unproven logicality justifying itself through the roads that pave the access to the human mind. The touch upon the animalistic parts of ourselves, and the rhetorics of specialists, first of words, then of the lies of their predecessors, to create a sprawling empire based

off what is not real.

Yet, the belief of their own words is so strong, that even in face of their soul, they would deny it, either by ignoring it, as they have a habit of doing; or by trying to quantify the unquantifiable.

An additional point on Modern Science here is required however, to put to sleep dissidence on the topic: Where the science of the old had no exact judgement on the Nature of things, perhaps because of philosophy, before it became the land of rhetoric around the start of the Middle Ages, was recognized as a science as well. There is however no argument to be made about the practice itself as it stands today: Philosophers, “professionals” especially, are merely carrions that feed upon the past. And so am I. But of course, again, so is everyone. At least, in part.

Those who think on existence, today where the soul has long missed the train stops it made for itself, however they should have this sense of something being amiss. Heidegger perhaps is a symptom of this long standing growing problem. One that existed already within the intellectual circles⁷, before it existed in the broad (*because directly economical*) physical reality.

And it makes sense, truly, that Modern Science took everything and twisted it perversely, by pretending it merely improved everything and understanding it logically. Where one had a loss of spirit in the midst of the unknown abstraction, unknown because it itself had been corrupted through centuries by, mainly, Western and Middle-Eastern Religions; one had this spiritual seeking through different systems that looked more “logical”, because it is tangible. But tangible only as long as it is material, because it is the nature of what is material. Mathematics made the most sense then, but to replace a muse for another doesn’t change the core of the subject, merely its adjectives.

What this corruption and eventual snuffing-out of a smouldering Ancient *life* and wisdom gave rise, to remember, is this current reality that based itself off, while it claims it not to be, again: a corrupted abstraction. But I would be amiss if I did not praise at the very least, honestly this time, the actual progress we have made as a species. One based off the one it murdered, certainly, but one nonetheless. In this pursuit of an omnicide, we have given ourselves the means to enact this annihilation. Now, to remember, we used poison, one so potent that it does not stop at its host, but bonds with the offspring as well, until it loses its sense of balance, then its mind, and finally its *life*, in all its meanings, “logical” or not. This easy access to comfort, as animalistic as it may be, while it gave way for deep suffering, for said comfort denied the attention required towards the soul, it is to remember that even if that were to not be the case, our progress has departed to planes of existence we will never achieve.

In this way, transhumanists are justified. They may have good intentions in part, but the mere fact that it is based on themselves, as product of their times, for they willingly indulge in modernity, the results will – and are already – catastrophic. Once again I use this term. As propaganda, Modern Science is perfect. A master of rhetoric, acquired through the destruction of the Old, has no equal in the entire History of our known universe. A master of capital, for it finds new ways to acquire it, and creates even new forms of capital, where it wasn’t previously possible. And so, yes, there is something to give to the modern believer. To the moderate, the extremist, the apolitical, the right wing or the left wing, the ideologically-motivated, to the technician, to the scientist, to the artist, to whomever, to the living modern human. To the consumer:
To pursue the theoretical secrets of a universe that would abstractly give itself away in small ways,

⁷ Here pointing at *Galileo* himself.

has no purpose towards progress. Towards the help of your fellows. Maybe even to other forms of life that are not similar to yours.

But what has modernity, logic, science, machines... have done to us all? I hope that somewhere I either planted the seeds of doubt, or convinced somewhat that there is something besides the ground we walk upon. Stained with the desecrated corpses and thoughts of a world that lived in peace with its universe, however small it may have been. Yet, by the belief that the universe must be understood, the machines exponentially and, not too long ago, infinitely improved beyond the physical capacities of our lives. And the belief that stems from that, the hope that we could be more than what we are now; so that we can understand and do more, to progress more, as would be a logical step towards this exponentiation, our emancipation has already come and gone.

Again and again, over and over, it seems I repeat the same findings that even my past and present fellows have found. For while I have no speciality or no special role to play, there is still attraction to the soul for as long as it is here, for as long as we cannibalize our old wisdom, and where it became lost wisdom, we still retain a fragment of it. A fragment of what was, but one nonetheless. While in its youth it cried, it did only so briefly: The Atomic Bomb muted it permanently. A sentence that originates itself from the Cold War, although it would seem to stem from the Second World War, it took years for the soul to understand its predicament: its own end had occurred, and its decay started.

Is it then, clear enough in the expressions I use? Our own doom prevails and we cannot stop it, because our survival – one that I would like to **importantly** point out has been made priority over everything else – depends on the pursuit of “progress”, even though it bulldozed our foundations that most certainly already assured our survival.

And when growth becomes a term to associate to progress, and so, *logically*, to survival, will it not take a turn at some point, and become a liability to our dear survival? It is to be seen clearly, this year of all decades, that the turn has been taken long ago now. And so, in the mind of a logical... consumer, such as you and I, does it not make sense to attempt to see a logical emancipation from this exact emancipation? Yes, to cure technological ills with technology. To help people with progress. To heal ills of body and mind, but not of the soul, because the soul does not exist. It is a wonder then: Art in many forms are said to be the language of the soul; music especially. And so I wish to understand, where modernity will attempt to explain even what it changed with the tools that it changed it, could it explain the changes made to the aesthetics of music? Where the body and the mind changed, has it changed so much within just a few generations that the lines of music itself multiplied themselves? Is it not a point of the souls of many seeking themselves in a world that abandoned itself to the monoliths of its own annihilation? Those are rhetorical questions, of course. The Being still has enough sense to understand the abstract: something that modern science does not have. And through indoctrination of even the general world population, most people became blind to their own abstraction. But again, no matter how much is told, written or experienced, is it not all noise to the deaf? Fairly, yes. Yet it is not blind, perhaps that is why it looks upon the far horizon in fear, and find a schizoid-type comfort in what it can theoretically build. And it will build. But it should not have done so. Nature yells not for itself, but for your sake. Still...

In the end, there is light in darkness: Ruin is the name I identify it with, and would have occurred no matter whichever path Humanity took. It is a sad thing still, I believe, to know that what could have been, will never be.

But I find solace in inevitability – in fatality, whether or not it is accelerated by corruption. An end such as this will always be deserved, the final act however defines its worth in the universe: much like it, ours is cold and unforgiving, while it could have been warm and welcoming. Funnily enough, I always thought entropy would be between purple and red in colour. An association of both coldness and warmness.

The only thing left for me, is to live a life that plays between the ancient and the new, to not forget the beginning or to be blind to the end. This is the meaning of balance in the 21st century: a schism of ways and of ideals. To exist with both what is loved and hated: To accept. To never Be.

The Old has died. We live on the remnants of its carcass, and nothing exists beneath it.