

“To live is to Fight” and its Autocratic Reification

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A few weeks back I stumbled upon a saying, from a piece of media to be consumed. While the origin of said media has more in its soul than most of the western style pieces of production to the public, it still is a product. Yet, the nature of the interaction one can have with it would incorporate legitimacy into it, and to label it as a piece of art. Nevertheless, art by itself serves no other purpose than the apparent aesthetic it gives to the one that lays its senses onto it. Do note, however, that my thoughts on aestheticism has yet to form for I have very seldom questioned this fact, and have not read much (*any, even*) long-form essays on the matter, to comprehend it better. But this is not a discussion on the nature of aesthetic or the purpose of art in general or in specifics.

Rather I wish to take this very specific sentence out of its context, and understand why its two seconds on screen stayed more than hours-long shows of entertainment. For it is not merely the entertainment here, rather it is the manifest representation of what said entertainment gives. It gave, through clever construction of the world, a character that emits this sentence: “To live is to fight”. While this character is very much bound to the realm of imagination, may it be transposed into a virtual world, it still is imaginary in its essence. It is, again, and to be on clearer terms about this, what this character represents that speaks of the possible resonance it may have upon the real world. The first image one would have of it, is of a great warrior shaped by training, battle and the shape both of these events gives: its own specific represented as a living carving of a (*virtual*) living humanoid. Its posture is of discipline and its words are of the warrior leaders of the old, old world. Philosophers of their lives in the long-gone past, of a world that never will be again. While I have shown great dislike, not to say outright hatred, of the modern world and its woes, it is still good that we remind ourselves and others of who were and who could have been. A fragment of this can be carried and shine through the dissipating light of a dying world. And sometimes, through the loudness of a painting or picture, through the taste of a moving display of recreated imaginary motions, a flame of Old is lit up again, for one’s lifetime, if the individual wills it to be. And so, this mythical-like great figure, displayed as pixels on a screen to show unreal information, transforming logical systems into art, imitating nature to be in its completed corrupted form, it ironically gives way to calling back to nature.

But in all of this, the application of the sentence “To live is to fight” makes itself to be a strange thought in context.

The source of it: a matter of easy consumption.

The application itself: its resonance with the individual, is therefore divided.

Could it be taken seriously? The creation of what a virtual piece requires is impossible to compare to that of the shaping of the body and its physical capabilities. The mind, in both cases, is engaged, but the virtual could merely be maintained by mediocre health capabilities and weak physical ones. In return however, the mental would have to be strong enough, making it almost incompatible to exist with a weakened physical health and form. Not wholly, for the end result could still be there, but half-hearted. In this specific case for the source of the object here, something stood out. Perhaps those that created this virtual warrior were very much in line, even minimally, with the mindset and health of what they represented would be. Some objects of the set in the presentation of the object,

in the background, stood out as well. Yet more as a decoration with little thought given, besides the coherence it needs to have to homogenize the whole. And so, they could be considered as the weak link in this piece. Yet they impact the relevance the object more-so than if everything was “perfect” (*in line with a great painting that would have taken months, perhaps even years, to make by a singular individual*). And, while we could speak of the role of the artist being divided and crushed through the machine, the management and eventually the virtualisation of the **art** of making art, this will only be taken as a passing remark in this case. The end result (*not product*) is not as impactful, most certainly, as a purely artistic performance (*in its result*) and static imagery, but it still is present as impactful “enough” to the one that may act as spectator to it, such as I.

Out of context, however, is when it becomes interesting. But the context itself first must be “good enough” to the individual to not treat it as a joke or a passing mockery of what it tried to be. Luckily, in this case, it had the potential to be extracted and treated as a serious object from its parent object. And so, the sentence “To live is to fight” came to be that object of importance.

Within the modern world, strength has been divided and reduced to be more of a story to tell than a virtue itself, and so, even less a virtue to uphold. Due to that, the **meaning** of strength has been lessened in Western Countries, that much is certain. I shall then not speak of the other parts of the world, that may still hold onto their teachings of old while wrestling with the poison that is modernity.

Strength, when it comes to both physicality and the mental, is defined as “*the quality or state of being strong: the capacity of exertion or endurance*”. To be able to lift heavy weights, to carry, to climb, to run, to endure. Military training also makes it known that to “put up with” a situation that incurs anything related to strength is about one of the worst thing you could do. Indeed, it lowers dopamine to such levels that it incurs a feedback loop that can crash the will to go through x situation. The spirit as well must be strong enough to endure. But to endure, to “put up with”, is by itself one pillar of salt. It needs to be combined with other factors to be more than it is initially, much like most, if not all things. Perhaps the state of nothingness is spared, because it can’t have something to be nothing, however there is an argument that could be made that it would require something before it could be nothing; and another argument that could be made that, as soon as there’s something, could there ever be nothing? Still, that is not the purpose of this essay. Endurance and strength go hand-in-hand. A bodybuilder may look incredible physically, but put one on the run and it will not hold for a long time at all. Much like anything related to our lives as human beings, a balance ought to be struck. The quality of “athletic” is a good baseline balance. A marathon runner may have great legs but still would be weak of arms. Incredible endurance, but limited to the lower part of the body. We will not speak about training either, except that the ways to train are a strange reflection of modernity:

The machines created to help the individual to “be fit”, the so-called “fitness programs” created to invoke the need for said machines, and the knowledge built up from the cannibalized bones of the old ways of structuring a strength course. Even the consumption of food and its preparation, complexed beyond the need for it to be as such. Every movement, every need, transient or not, scrutinized and minimally understood, only to be paraded as the most optimal way to become stronger. Optimally then I say, to box oneself into these ways, is the best way to become weaker. Certainly, strength will be gained, but the spirit will wane. Why the need for machines made of steel, made by machines (*themselves likely made by other machines*), so that one can be

stronger? Aye, perhaps that is why bodybuilders exist, and their use of medical enhancements. Adding complexity into something as simple as getting stronger, so that they could exceed limits. But the cost of it, what is the worth of it? What is the meaning of being more than they could be naturally, when the “being more” can only be sustained by the use of excess and corruption of matter? While there is respect to be had onto the amount of work a bodybuilder may put in to have the physique it has, it can quickly switch to grotesque due to the very nature of what it needs to take to achieve this physique. As well, there is no need for it in any event, except for the vanity that it may induce. Now obviously, if there were no market for the grotesque, it is highly likely that steroids and grotesque, unpractical (even unliveable) physiques would be very niche or non-existent. The consumers of the “picturesque” shows of the (*broken*) limits of the human body very much would crave excess, and revel in its display. Perhaps that is the nature of the human, that it allows for the corruption of nature to exist and to be enjoyed in such ways.

What does this have to do with strength as we talked about, however? It goes back to this “optimal” way of doing things. The modern human has a tendency to optimize any and everything, no matter the consequences of it. Its natural drive to go towards the path of least resistance makes it so. Yet strength fades away if one goes to set its mind to what is easy. However, there is one thing to note: In a natural state, a non-corrupted state of nature, the human that seeks to ease its existence would not lower its strength. It is through the corruption of the world, the industrialisation of it (*some may go as far as to say the agriculturalisation of it*), that the human finds itself growing weaker by the optimisation of life. That is the flip of technology. The balance tipped in the favour of the unwilling so that they would be more willing to do be comfortable. And to do something, would be to increase the level of comfort of itself or its fellows; no matter, again, the consequences. And as one gains something, and adopts it, it would be very reluctant to let it go. This is shown as clear as the heat of the sun in drought periods, when the world becomes increasingly hostile to the human, caused by said human, but Man itself, in general, is unwilling to let go what it already gained, even if it is cause to what will kill it, or help kill it. Its mechanisms of self-preservation have been removed with the clever use (*that it constructed itself*) of degrees of distancing and Time. Degrees of distancing, or the use of proxies, can be numerous. The most notable ones would be the reification of the human being as a number, as an administrative solution. Or, the rise of machines, and the creation of machines with machines, and the dependence of machines. The most recent perhaps has been the creation of the virtual world. While it could have stayed as another machine, another tool, it squared its degrees of distancing simply by the creation of a landscape that is dependant on machines and on humans to co-exist with said machines to exist. All in all, the results of increases in optimisation, of production, of the reification of the human to that of a number (*and not even a cog*), what would have been the result but the weakening of the soul itself? And so, the optimisation of machines and steel-made weights is one solution to this weakening. Only, it perpetuates it rather than lowering it.

Aye, it is true that to be physically strong puts one at a significant advantage amongst its peers. A sense of superiority can easily be born from it, and would be justifiable. Yet, when the “normal” is incredibly weak in body and spirit, strength is not bound in how it may have been in the long-gone Past. Modern warfare even adapted itself to be in line with the technology. The first to do so, in fact, but has always been seemingly much more controlled than in any other area that humanity may find itself in. Warfare and its preparation have been centremost of many a place since

the inception of tribes, and still has its heart in many institutions of war. Yet, when it has to take in the sons of weakening families, it has to teach back what it is to be strong; What strength is. And some reject the idea. Some half-accept it. But it **needs** total acceptance, else it lowers the whole, weaken the foundations, and eventually erodes the present.

When vice pulses like a heartbeat, when virtue is forgotten and its absence pressured by entrenched ways of life, all that grows are diseased trees and the parasites that feed on its crumbling bark. And they'd laugh and drink, make drugs to lower the creeping feeling that they are fading away, the knowledge of eventuality. Weakness becomes tenfold within a few generations, and risk goes out the window for both the weak and strong. For the weak perseveres in its ways, and the strong rises to climb the deeper gaps left by its peers. Hatred brews in those that see the signs, and lethargies those that do not. While today I would predict Ruin is near, in its fall I will only partake in its celebration. If one were to decide to clear out the excess that its species left, how much would it cut out of it? Where are the true leaders, if not that they decided to cast themselves off the places they could have been in, to better everything in? What is better now, has been senselessly proven to be, eventually, worse than before its inception. And until the dam breaks, this will keep happening. In this scope, we can see the rise of governments and authority to contain the weakness. But 'tis of perceived weakness rather than actual, and those governing bodies are, of course, exempting themselves from this perception. Yet they are the ones that allowed this to creep in, and are at the heart of corruption: for they may have been the corruption initially, now most are thorns, and even nature was perverted to contain them as well.

Aye, hatred grows in me more and more, as I learn and see; and I think not of the past anymore, but of what could have been. I may be strong physically and mentally, I may be enduring to exertion and what the world throws, but my soul questions it all whenever I take the time to ponder. And if I had the chance, maybe I would start anew, all again. But even then, how long until modernity happens again? The species itself, perhaps, for in all its glory of the past, and the fragment some hold today, that we ought to look up to; all of it was born with one great parasite that ate away at both itself and the world around it. Perhaps in a strange way, that abstract parasite synergized with the abstract human to be what we ended up being today.

And so, Nature left, and Time was indifferent. We were and we are, yet we will not *Be*. Those that believe in the respect of nature, those that take on diets, those that claim to be ecological, those that claim of their ancestries; those all are hypocritical. Yet it is inescapable¹, and so I do not blame them for what I am as well, as that would be very much what I accuse ourselves of. But it is in this truth that we live, and it is in the knowledge of this truth that I live as well. And in the doubts it gives, the justification for inexistence it radiates, the sentence "to live is to fight" takes on another meaning. It is not ancestral anymore, but adapted itself to be modern. It takes on, naturally, on the meaning of strength that has changed, but incorporates an element of rebellion. To go against not the government, not the system, but to go against its own next of kin.

The growing hatred of your fellows, born from ancestral strength, that roars back against oblivion, yet understands its need and accepts Ruin as it comes. And it, instead of excess, revels in the opposite of it. Yet, others would claim it is the excess of their excess! Weaklings these, all of them. Consumers of the world and the productions of those that create, and from those that create is the production born from consumption: a perverted ratio born itself from the corruption of all of this.

1 See: **Nature's Contradiction of Existence**

Even more-so, the perversion of the self and of the other: The relegation of the self, ergo the auto-reification, to that of a pleasure-seeking machine. To get the next dopamine release, to get the next pleasurable activity, of the mind or of the flesh. The natural progression of what an increase in weakness brings to the table.

And so here I point to those that see the opposite sex to be a piece of meat, or a something (*so not even the consideration of the individual in the “thing”*) to conquer (*there is something to be said about a lack or diminished sense of purpose and its consequences*), or anything related to seeing one’s next-of-kin to be no more than an entertainment for a night, a day, few days, few weeks, months, even years. Aren’t all those the unfiltered proof of the weakness of a growing pain that entire societies experience as they attempt to exist within the world? Or was it always present within it? If it was, then I have fear that the lack of respect of the human has grown tremendously over a few generations. Perhaps it has as well to do with the sight of the overseeing bodies of governance, and how they see and treat the individual. If one is but a number to those that keep it secure, why act like more than that? Yet even in a logical attribute given to it (*a number*), a human can relegate itself to be a beast, or even less: For at least a beast has worth to the world. The individual can be more than the worth of nothing, or the negative it may induce (*as many do*). It **needs** to have a positive (*or neutral*) impact upon its next-of-kin, for it was born from it, then inevitably it has to pay tribute to the world, for it exists within it. The impact on its fellows can be that as well, but let us note that the roads are numerous and wide for human beings. Or rather, they are **now**, for the problems we create need solutions, that seemingly create even more problems, in due time. The human borrows and takes and tries to give back, yet has to borrow and take more to give back. Perhaps the global debt-based system we live in now is taken not from imagination, but from our very reasons to exist as we do now.

Nevertheless, here I proclaim that those that see one’s next of kin not as an equal, in the sense that they are individuals as well, but no more than what may as well amount to a disposable trash that is to be emptied after a while, are extremely weak. For they need as well to diminish themselves to be, naturally, on the level of what they see so that they can interact with them (*why would they speak to a prey if they saw it as equal? They would only need to kill, and as well, the ritual is inexistent for they have no faith either way*). It is insidious for it would not make itself known, and even the mind would justify it as more tribal than tribes at war. Roles and castes need be warned, they have competition! How does it come to be, is not hard to explain, for we already did, in part.

The increase in comfort breeds the lack of will, for it is unneeded now to survive. With no will to keep going, but only the will to survive that is embedded naturally within all species, and complete security to exist; what else is there but to seek pleasure? And how to seek constant pleasure but to lower oneself to that of a mere “beast of consumption”? Even would it try to make sense of the world, and create itself to be desperation, perhaps eventually transformed into a force to push through – but to push through what exactly? Those that take on the will to live, tend to do so within the system they already inhabit. Systems that crush the need for the will to be strong, these that adopt such a way of thought realize before long they do not need it, and circle back to whence they came. Perhaps they have more than they had before, but what is the worth of it if it negatively impacts them? To invite beings born and bred to exist within systems of faithlessness, of sin and the virtue-less (*except those deemed acceptable perhaps for one to have a semblance of functioning decency and humanity*), what is their purpose but to be without any? In such a scenario, they have negative value over those that held positive value, first towards themselves then their surroundings.

The adoption of companions, life-long or temporary, have to be adapted for the one that venture into the world. Compatibility extends to all manners of life and not simply to the surface. As well, its opposite is true. Both love and hatred are of the same coin, but their application differs in action and consequence. Strength ought to beget strength, and not weakness. Elements of weakness have to be removed from one's life, unless one is willing to induce lethargy onto themselves. The worth of it? Zero. The temptation? Variable, possibly high enough, for all attempt to pursue comfort in some capacity. It is easier to find pleasure in the way of life of the mindless drone that consumes endlessly and does not know how to live, rather than push through the pain and go through the hells of the wasteland of reality. It is highly doable to make hardship pleasurable, and not simply in the result: the process can be attractive by itself, by doing it. A popular saying is to enjoy the journey and not the destination. Obviously, both ought to be enjoyed, but the destination is a lot more transient than the process that precedes it. Needless to say onto where the efforts are to be focused on.

I ask now, where is the divine? Where are the saints? What has come of the world that was? In all parts of the world, the crumbling touch of the start of modernity has taken roots in the pollution of grounds. Yet the children of Man are born from the same trees it needs to live, so why does it not respect the trees as well? It may say it does, but the same tree every meter is not a forest: it is the same as a repeated production; industrialisation; Modernity to the core.

In strength, **true** strength, it needs today to use the tools that modernity made to perpetuate itself to its advantage. The world is not the past, and it is now what it is. Before extinction occurs, it is the acceptance of the state of it, that will bring Man to lower the gap of its self-imposed *Promethean Divide*. While it never will close this divide completely, due to the systematic destruction of the methods of old and the know-how of life, and indeed of ancient philosophies (*due to their misreadings and misunderstanding that came from the disappearance of the Old*), Man can nevertheless adapt still, and achieve a level of individual divinity that will rival the heights of a sinful community.

Perhaps it is through misanthropy that the misanthrope can revert back to its previous state of perpetual love, and love its fellows once more. But not perpetual and boundless; a matured version of misanthropy, that will need a new name, for it will still carry the experience of boundless hatred in its core, but simply will have sharpened it to be lines of unbending thorns rather than an entire envelope of fragile spikes.

"To live is to fight", as a sentence, carries the will of the self, its virtues and its relations to the Old. But in modern times, it beckons the holder of this memento to shape its directly-surrounding world to fit in the image of what is to inevitably come, for the individual, as strong as it may be, is still just that: an individual. And a thousand strong individuals still would be crushed by millions of weaklings. After all, who would be willing to stand next to filth for years? If it is hatred that works as fuel for combustion to rip roots of diseased trees, one thing today may be certain: it will only run out when the modern human dies.