

## Duty and the Death of my Fellows

02/07/2022<sup>1</sup>

May, May of another year, today now, until June passes by, and until the year ends. In these times of another year, reality sees itself to unravel again around what I've known, and reject once more conceptions of the strangest of worlds. It's often after dreams well remembered that the call to action is heard, and is either heeded or left to amplify silently. And so, before it becomes deafening and debilitating, let us be accompanied by the music it provides, as ambience to daily emptiness; filled or left as is.

The faces of the many, spirits broken or inexistent, fuse with one another and forces the self to come into contact with a reflection of an attempt of the real, where contradictions emerge and stay afloat amidst raining acid through town smog. These faces, these people, are a remembrance of a broken chapter of Humanity. The now, as it stands, blind to the writings on clay walls. Yet still I am enamoured with their life, their deeds and their words. Permeating through an uncomfortably warm fog, intoxicating body and soul into comforting ways of their meaningless woes. In the grandeur of all that is beyond the flesh and spirit, 'tis the vast expense of a void that echoes beyond meaningless meaningfulness: The *want* to be more than what they were yesterday, or the desire to do nothing, or to destruct themselves however they desire.

This old wound of mine<sup>2</sup>, that hole in the chest that bled every time moonlight was shining through the skies of darkened blues, the hues of red and yellow, or rather the abstraction of it whole – even though the pain was indeed, realer than what was shown, has healed. The scar of it, permanent – as permanent as mortal life would allow it – encompasses the trappings of that pain, and distributed it throughout to numb and, eventually, to transform suffering into a lullaby where a song is sang during each trial, or whatever can be seen as such. Yet, as always, the question is the origin of that wound, and has been entertained since it gushed out discoloured blood: the Why of all, and the wonder of what is beyond the veil. Beyond it all, except statements already made by the Ancients, and the rambles of those that succumbed to what could be considered madness. Still to this day, hardly ever do I stumble upon any that seriously and truly question the ontological and the teleological. Only the details born from that, all those that allow to “live comfortably”, however comfortable can be a metric to the humans of today, as well as their disgusting beliefs of saving those that are not them, and all that can be touched by them.

But my disgust, where does it come from? Cut from the same cloth, and going through the same world as any, and the similar experiences as all. Is it a desire to be different, to reject my fellows in an attempt to adhere to a simple “going against the current” movement? Or is there something beyond that primal mindset?

Away from pettiness, questioning and experiences forge one's existence like nothing else would, as life would be intended to be lived as for many an individual. Though modernity allowed weakness through utmost comfort, as well it showed a weakness of the human mind: its inescapable desire for strife, as small or as meaningless as it might be. Which, without surprise, has irony

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1 Half of this was written in May, the other in July of the same year.

2 Old hand writings, essays written during a “full winter year” in a clinic

printed over all those seeking meaningless combats in the lines of what their civilisation pertains to. And it is also through this meaninglessness, the “incompatible want” to do what nothing was designed to do in its natural state, that one can find a complete opposition to their very little petty wars of what amounts to nothing (*in a living sense*). Attached importance to the material and attached worth to flesh, as if their coils could not be severed within the next day. And their defences of the future, as if it was eternal and/or bound to happen no matter what. Such sayings are only true if one removes truth from it all, and especially from an ontological perspective, which should naturally and logically be the basis of any decision a human could make. Anything else comes as secondary. But then, when teleology comes to knock and wants to take time to discuss Nature with other disciplines from the mind of Man, it only is met with scepticism or outright rejection. The worth is attributed always to the living and to the present (*and sometimes the past*), yet never to the dead and the future. And, again, if of the future, then a distorted view of reality taken from dissipating Natural rules and by forging the temporality of what they would represent the future to be as.

In all this, I question: Is it duty they seek? A meaning in a life well forgotten – Only would it not be logical to adhere to biological imprints and insure that our next of kin, and our peers, live a “better” life? It certainly is enticing, and very easy to seek (*and find whatever meaningless meaning*) if one is living within more modern societies. Still, defining “betterment”, in the twentieth century, implies an exaltation not of the spirit, but of the flesh. The comforting of the body, shown especially true when looking into the mores of our fellows (*such as sex being a casual hookup affair, or the pathological constant lethargy with a million distractions for the mind and soul*). The ability to grow the physical for the sole purpose of vanity or simple shows of strength (*bodybuilding or weight lifting*) without functions or utility beyond these very things.

One consequence of this, is the specialization of all within very specific realms, and the disappearance of the individual that can do many things. Where the familiar saying “Jack of All Trades” now adds to it the suffix “Master of None”.

But so far we’ve been more or less echoing a part of previous essays<sup>3</sup>, which is not the purpose of this one. We however re-introduced some of the actuality of the world of today, without any specificities to look into, like a *prédicat* would have loved to.

It is duty that we wonder about, that comes from a cascading effect.

From an ontological stand-point, existence is as bare-bones as Nature could theoretically be. Which, comparing to the Nothing, is multiplied by many a number (*plus one*). In this sense, Nature seeking complexity would simply create concepts to justify its own existence. And the first one would be to insure its own existence. Survival and procreation becoming the foremost desires of all forms of life. And that was the case well until the human came into being. Its ability to think, and its ability to *Be* outside of the natural realm, thus creating and maintaining soul and faith, made it so the first rule came to the verge of being questioned, and eventually, on the verge of breaking down and nullifying itself. Modernity perhaps is the latest chapter to that, where the dam is not on the verge of, but rather is directly breaking down. While justifications of the “why” range from the following: living situations, projections of the future; self-awareness confined to, once more, what their civilisation pertains. More rarely is the rejection because of existential (*nihilists would know of*

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3 [On the Death of Man ; Dreams of a Wrong Past](#)

*this more than any other*) doubts and certainties. There is a saying these days, which is a reverse of “what world are we leaving to our children?”. Indeed: “what children are we leaving to the world?”.

Though I question here both: What world and what children; what children and what world? Is it the world that you so pre-emptively attempted to domesticate at all costs, and the costs became so high that economists even limited their scope of work? Is it the children that feed onto critters and dirt and take onto bestial aspects that only reflect a below-animalistic core of what humanity was? Rather, is now? A pale truth to the manner of what everything is: Either ‘tis the justification of a world dead to not even itself, or the justification of people apathetic to their fellows. Love nor hate but simply factual in its nature, so much so that still to this day modern science still looks appalled at philosophy when all it did was give it meaning (*except geometry*)<sup>4</sup>. So where the factual became rule was the time when the soul died alongside God, then and there truth to the bearer of an extinguished torch.

But my inner spiritualist is in an inner conflict of his own with these very things that were just said, and so as such I will leave it at that, for now.

Now, herein lies a problem of duty: Its inherent hierarchical nature. In most affairs of the human, it is duty towards either a person or an ensemble; an entity, still real as it encompasses people, created and maintained by the human.

Now, to define duty by the needs of others and expectations from them to the one that will carry on assigned duty may be encompassing and blinding. Serving another, however short or long, can tread onto the realm of passions. Some seek duty for they love that very feeling of usefulness, of belonging, of something tangible – as abstract as duty is, even though some may create writings and expel words from their throats that make the concept of duty more than a concept and a real (*as real as it could be given it would be an idea emerging from the soul*) possibility.

Therefore, duty is an affair of passion for the human as a whole (*physical, mind, soul*), and it sees itself fulfilling a craving inherent to all: conflict<sup>5</sup>. Yet conflict is not to be taken as strife in a negative term – conflict is the animation, in however form it may take, of the passions of the soul. And conflict arising through duty purifies and dignifies the negative connotation given to conflict as we learned it in our era. In this, it gives birth to offshoots of what duty is, namely loyalty, and creates a new form of love: a more solid, whole and cleaner version.

Duty can as well be, and first tends to, these days in this age at the very least, the duty to the self. Although the self, and the knowledge of it, pertains to more than experience without reflection, and thus the duty would find itself rarely formed in most. As most are at fault – their own for they lack will and spirit – to give themselves to comfort, be it as it may appear to them. In which case the duty may very well be simple “survival”, as much as this tends to be a contrived word then.

Others find duty in what is beyond the realm of man. Yet, their abstracts does not matter: Duty remains as such, as we described previously. What is created from it, the transformation of love; if it is duty that is felt to be right and real, then the individual will justify it and its emanation will fit the image of the angel birthed from the womb of a saintly craving.

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4 **The Natural Right** (*introductory chapter*) – G.W.F Hegel

5 Conflict taking different intensities depending on the individual.

In this day, humanity may have committed deicide multiple times, and will keep doing so until all its creations are on the same level or below its own height, and lost faith towards its own celebration of a self-divinity, a fake self-righteousness; Yet the individual, may one rise to be more than animal, can learn from a History being erased over time, and reach through a gaping void (*that is more hellish than the hell it tried to ascend from*<sup>6</sup>) to be as mortal divinity was described and lived through in ages past, since the dawn of man. The ideal human is saintly, and the saint is angelic – understanding the nature of the world and the God it descends from, and understanding the why of things in ways indescribable by the creations of man. But the soul knows, and the mind is satisfied, finally satiated.

And yet, even after saying all of this, and understanding the nature and consequence of duty, the reality tends to be different. The questioning of the worth of it. The exaltation of duty towards a man or a group towards the whole of groups. Or of the duty towards the metaphysical. As we are today in the West: the age of entitlement, where the human decided it to be fit to consume what was given to them. Where the tomorrow merely is not built but chipped away bit by bit, with framework rotting but only seldom repaired or replaced (*and, if replaced, with weaker materials*). The duty to fill the role of our Fathers and Forefathers, put into question.

And yet, civilization never really was different. Reading through the subjectivities of Saint Augustin, or the tirades of Epictetus, human nature has not bulged. Still part of a population willingly succumbs to its own sins, and still a part of it rises above and forges. Part of this forging process always allowed for a constant substitution towards consumption. And, when the consumption grows to outbalance the creation, or when the creation merely is here to satisfy a vanity or something equivocally equal to a nothing or a subtraction of matter or other, the existence and function of a society is put into question. It may very well exist for decades or centuries still, yet eventually, like all others, when Time finally transforms all of it into another grain of sand, its decrepitation will be more vile and violent than perhaps should have been, were they not to eat it all. Creation... Under duty towards more than the self – unless the self is seen as more preponderant towards the metaphysical (*in which case 'tis anyway more than the self*), will always lead to a consideration of good.

Still! What is good, and what is not. Subjectivity pertains to the mind of man however rich in experience and wisdom it may have. However much wisdom from ages it learned and built upon. A consideration then indeed. Life seen as good, yet none would explain why. And death seen as not, and the same applies. Merely, life would be good because we are alive? Simple answer, but simplicity tends to be the answer. Ontologically however, simplicity is a complexity that seeks explaining. This then where we apply the primordial existence of Nature and Time, where all the shackled beliefs of man are ripped apart by the sheer reality they inhabit. The questioning is shut down by all living under the veil protecting the world of man, perhaps even the natural world. Shut down either by pre-existing limited concepts explaining the existence of something living, or by another simply asserting the pointlessness of these perceived drivels. Seen as such because they would lead to unending existentialism and prevent the achievement of a personal good. This very revelation of the character saying this, is a bold flaring of selfishness. They speak of good but do

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6 *While waiting for the end of the world* – Baudouin de Bodinat | Although this is not taken from the book, this is more of a reading suggestion

not know what is good simply due to the fact that there is no questioning of it. It is the subjectivity of good, the feeling of it, that defines it for them. Intrinsically animal then, and by such, succumbing to a form of comforting satisfaction. A poisonous well drunk from, leading to a path that is little different from those consuming the existing, and those creating in acts pertaining more to vanity, a vanitas, a death.

Questioning again now: the perception of the future still, and the achievement of what would be good. But what is good? Today is July, today is another day, today is another essay. And the essay is an ascertainment of things rather than a solution. But perhaps there's an idea there somewhere that already has that solution, in which case development will eventually arise of it, and be presented whenever it becomes clear. And, if not, the questioning will change to fit more onto the reality of the whole, rather than a specific sub-reality such as that of man's reality; Which is better to avoid, as all those presenting solutions to human issues always work under the guise of the world of man, never even realising that the problem trying to be fixed was birthed from the same reality they try to solve it from: inevitably then creating an amount of issues equal or superior to before solving it.

But all this feels like repetitions, perhaps I've already written on this. Is this then stagnation? Still unable to find a light after all? Perhaps experiences and reflections have not been enough. Perhaps more needs to be done, more needs to be had. Creation, perplexion, duty, peace, endurance and hatred. A penance blinding my right eye and shivering the spine – restlessness until the sight is red and the body reflecting the summer sun appears under a heavy day of rain. But I must admit, joy is found in this state, and a sense of worth inflating the ego. Vanity appears and holds onto my human nature. The world of man recognizes me, but beyond it all, can the Gods see my flickering light?