

Through the experiences of this world, as reality presents itself within a matrix in which its former self may have been, whenever it may have had a “true self” a century ago, the individual shapes not truly his own vision and his own self, were he not to have awareness of the false identity of the reality present in front of him, but instead the reality that was presented to him by his own kin; shaped by his fellows, as his now is as well. And, to further the point of untrue paradigm based off what would now be considered “old deprecated reality” (*using computer-related vocabulary sadly fits perfectly*), the self lives not in material reality but virtual as well.

In perhaps its own material reality, for it runs off what is to create shapes that aren't true to the reality it originates from. Yet in the truth it presents – the greatest human construct – As much as it is to be hated, it can, and perhaps should, be celebrated in the same vein: The achievement of a reality, utterly removed from the real world in its technicality (*although hardware limitations do exist, software has a tendency to scale improperly with hardware over time, for those that create within this universe have less and less incentives and will to be efficient and proper in their creations*), is to be seen with no reprieve as the last touch of Humanity.

It would be difficult for me to imagine what else could exist that would be able to completely revolutionize everything as this one has. Whatever exists afterwards, and has existed since then, is built off using this new reality as a tool and as an end; yet never to be or do more than what it is. As well, the wishes of many is to remove themselves from material reality completely, and exist only in the virtual. In part, it is already done, but their corporal entity still has to exist and be taken care of within the reality they despise so much (*if they didn't, then why the desire to exist elsewhere?*). Yet in all of this potent desire to exist elsewhere, still it is a desire to exist nowhere, for this reality of our creation is, and always will be, less than what it originates from. Less because it doesn't want to be more, and in its 1s and 0s, or anything in-between, simplifies itself. The complexity of life ends where this reality begins, and any form of difficulty or perceived complexity within the forms of this virtuality end up only as such: perceived. They are, for all of that is in there, artificial by the nature of their form, because they were created as artificial constructs. Never could they be, and as such never will they be natural. There is as well no argument to be made for them to somehow be natural:

When the first waves of industrialisation happened, Man shed its old ways, traditions and links to Nature started to die. First the Western world, as it adopted this mass production of everything first, and due to the advantage that a daily pillage of the planet gives, a leviathan appeared in every way and extended its heads and tentacles in every direction of the world and of nature. Then the soul shattered, and every newborn now that grows up to live in any place that allows us to exist within our systems, whatever they may be, wherever they may be, exist solemnly to feed the core of an insatiable machine. Hereby as well may I say that none that lives now or afterwards, until modern machines (*and therefore systems*) stop functioning forever altogether, will upturn in any major way. Now no human-driven actions will topple any major system in place Due to them being replicas of replicas, due to them interlinked within themselves, and to have twisted the human soul to be so much less than it was. With so much weakness present within the average or above-average human now, they would be declared as mediocre by our Past's standards. All this to say that due to the inherent ever-growing Promethean Divide, it would be impossible to make the case for this alternate reality to exist as natural, or any in it as such; less one twists it and say that whatever is created in it is natural, because it is natural to create within it for nothing would be otherwise. In which case yes, within this limited frame, it would be natural to create artificially within an artificial space. Certainly however, a simple step back to compare it to, for example, the Ocean, none of it would seem natural. But at

the same time then what modern creation of humankind would seem natural even in material reality? Certainly a city is the furthest call from nature. What of roads, cars? All this efficiency and extreme comfort (*that ended up merely as standards for a new way of life – modern life, hyper efficient, hyper maximized, hyper controlled, utterly autistic*), mixtures of technology and “advancements” at the cost of everything a human may have been. Could be. Could have been. And so on, all this is not news, but here we quickly remade part of the point as to these modern realities may be akin to a fragmented dream of Old.

This apparent fragmentation can be seen or heard clearly in the Arts of now. Music mainly, hear more than what could be seen: The sounds made in experimental music, the music created from fragmentation, or the textures from synths; most music now created through tools of tools of tools, that can only be if the tools that were there to make it still are here to operate it; plus the human being, existing as tool-operator. Nevertheless the place of instruments and operators is not exactly of importance in what we try to say here, but they do justify the why of these products. And products they are, less one torrents/freely shares music or create it (*and here we go back to virtual reality*) – even if concerts exist, and speaking of, lots would record the event that they exist in were they allowed to, so that they can prove that they existed in it – but in recording it, they put perspective in the middle of the event and the self, and by such not existing in the moment, but as proxy of what is. If an event were to be recorded, even existence within it would be compromised if the individual present in it were to know of this recording. Would they then need to enjoy it fully, if they could relive it eventually through a screen? Even subconsciously, wouldn't there be a tingling feeling that the perceived immortality of a recording is enough in itself to satisfy the individual in its worries of memory loss?

To see a recording as eternal is more to the folly of humankind to see itself and the world and all that lives, to be eternal in their existences. A memento mori is inherently temporal in its meaning, yet it is seen somehow as eternal. I wager it is because the intended effect has been lost or twisted to be a pressure to do more within the frame of life. To render oneself eternal through the actions one does: the easiest one would be to record where they have been, who they were. Yet none of this would be creations, but merely reproduction of reproduction: for the modern human is just as anyone else. For nothing is more unoriginal than attempts at being original, and here the individual would naturally attempt this very thing, and it cannot be blamed for it. In ages where matrices are paradigms, and paradigms are born from a false reality for it needed to be twisted to fit the creation of models of replicas, the soul would instinctively attempt to surge as above reproductions by making itself genuine. Yet this attempt at being genuine has been usurped by the very system it was born from, and rendered itself vulnerable to reproduction – which of course made it a product as well. And today we see this search of uniqueness, this product, be mixed in with the virtual existence through virtual reality. Social media, most commonly, serves as this bridge, and sometimes as a whole in itself. Existence in social media means existence in the real world, and the real world, while it may be slowly shifting to be virtual rather than material (*and in which those that live in the material will inevitably control the structures of the virtual, although here is not a writing against powers*), still makes itself real by making the human think it to be real. And identity through social virtual reality is as well a reality for the self. But for the world, when an interaction is a simple paragraph, whom lives truly in it but the self? And in cries of complete egocentrism/selfism, itself more of a result of the mixture between genuine identity and (*public – virtual or not*) social identity, that is also a result of these waves of industrialisations and destructions of old ways of life, of old discomfort that were taken as comfort, of the eradication of the soul of all, for all is a product, and what isn't product doesn't exist: for it cannot be exploited economically, and what cannot be exploited has no place to be, because none knows what to do with it; it has no justification for its existence within the systems in which the human *thinks* it lives.

Differentiation of patterns, discernment of their aim and the result of their finalized purpose, to and from the singular individual, all towards a whole: A whole that changed from the betterment of one's peers

and of the self, to that of “something bigger than the self”. Such a saying changed from the non-abstract and real, to that of an abstract due to the size of the “outer-self” in question. In as well, and in simplification: from the family / the tribe, to the state, to the country, to the business and corporation. Motivations related to these systems evolve and change to fit the need of said system, from their previous iterations. In addition, the development of the human mind and spirit, shifts and is influenced by systems so that they would interact in accordance to the needs asked of the system’s survival. Men therefore gave shape to a system born from abstraction, by reviving the titans of old myths to usurp their form.

One line of thought simplified and put forward as introductory paragraph to this essay. However this will not be a dissertation on the perceived “evil” of powers in the Nth century. All of it is predictable and unsurprising if one knows their History (*even as it presents itself*), and empathy (*not sympathy*) is a natural process.

And the shape of a human is not their physical appearance, rather it is the shape of a mass: the shape of humanity’s soul, if you will. While yes, individuals may look different and are different from the great majority, extremes only would be taken into account. A little difference, a little shift from the usual “normality” of the ongoing period, a little “go back to a few years/decades ago”, a little “technology will fix this problem created by technology”... all of these are excuses to differ from the norm, but in doing so, they become an alternative norm, for they are not individual thoughts and states of Being, but mass-produced patterns of belief and untruthful forms of the self.

For a while now, no real form of the self has existed, especially in a world where truth in most forms is hidden, or wilfully ignored, or even disregarded for being exactly that: truthful, and so, perhaps ugly. Perhaps some may reach a close to the “true self”, but as well, the attempt to reach a “real self” falls into the same conundrum just pointed out. A singular surviving Being can claim its individuality and truthfulness of itself, for it would be the only one alive. Even if that individual was the most inauthentic, untruthful human, such a distinction would be the result of being the only one alive.

In opposition, the most unique, perhaps in all senses of the term, human being alive amongst eight billion humans, would still be similar.

The mere fact of being alive alongside others is technically disqualifying of uniqueness. But on a less ontological status, a truly unique individual would distinguish itself by not being considered an individual due to this exact uniqueness. Too different in too many ways, and so, impossible to be considered as a peer, ergo impossible to be unique amongst the same species. But it would, certainly, be unique in that it would not be, in such a way, part of the same species.

Yet why would one desire to be unique or simply another cog in the wheel of obstructed sorrows? The magnitude and overbearingness of the modern human world<sup>1</sup> make it so one either suffocates from the eventual crush of being found out as not compatible with whatever system claims the targeted being or resource (*or both in many cases*), otherwise they suffocate from the crush of simply being in the system that claimed them; be it at birth, by choice (*uneducated choice*) or by being forced into said system. Now a person can be part of multiple systems at once, as they work on different operating levels. To be part of a country, to be part of a work environment, a corporation/business, to be part of a family (*or rather the illusion of a family – as modernity saw it to be fit to usurp and destroy ancestral ties*), a group of friends, like-minded individuals, or simply put, a tribe. The solitary individual would still have to make due with one man-made system, that supersedes him in some way. It would be independent from a tribe or perhaps a corporation, but it would still answer to, for example, a government (*although in this day and age the*

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<sup>1</sup>: Do consider it to be a **human world** rather than just **world**, for the human considers itself to be that world, as it considers itself to have the tools to manipulate what it inhabits – Even if it doesn’t have them now, even if some humans say to consider the world as singular and above them; still God exists not from Earth but from humans. And in this great display of unbound arrogance, they would even dare to claim to protect nature and Earth and even the universe. A false sense of sympathy: empty empathy towards anything and even themselves. Self-righteousness towards Nature and towards even themselves. And all man-made systems work on the same level of arrogance (*or similar*), otherwise they would not be needed.

*government is beholding more to the corporation rather than the other way around, but a shift in power is only that: a shift, yet all remains the same in essence).*

Let us be clear that culture is not a man-made system. Rather it is born from one or multiple systems, and is shaped alongside the passage of time through these systems, and as human beings live within these. Of course, all these systems are dependant on humans, on individuals, to exist. Compared to systems born from nature, that simply exist with no pre-conceived notion of arrogance. Existence in its simplicity, even if simple existence still contradicts what precedes it and what is after it. The arrogance of Natural systems does not exist: they are systems born from anxiousness and fear of what this primordial doesn't want to be. Even though we, as humans, are born from Nature and exist in it and beholding to its rules, still we are granted the possibility to push through the limits<sup>2</sup> by anomaly. And we would almost be closer to the nature of the anomaly rather than the nature of Nature, for all we make is in some way deeply flawed, and in some way greater than what would have been natural: made abstractly, or materially.

Through the knowledge of the freedomlessness intrinsic to the human being, and the unceasing excuses found by carrying on with the limitations implanted by our birth as anomalies, and the increasingly cracking flaws with the modern human, there here I reject the notion of simply being content with the state of things. A deep observation of nature should, for the uninitiated, make things clearer. My thoughts are not unique, for they are a cumulation of all that I learned, themselves perhaps not unique. They and I state, and we see things, and we name them to be what they are, or potentially what we think they are. In great hope, we are right, and someplace in my mind says, I hope that I am wrong, and this growing gnawing void ceases, and disappears eternally for as eternal as we may be.

These writings are perhaps born from the anguish of existence and the realizations that the sight and smell and sound and touch of things act only on the simplest state of existence: the material. And the simplest form of existence, of dealing with reality, is to blind oneself willingly to the other states of existence. Their abstract, that in turn form the material, and even beyond abstract, which could be considered, I suppose, the well of Nature. Beyond that is Time. Between the latter two, matter and emptiness may exist. Or perhaps emptiness is beyond Time itself. You can see here the hierarchy<sup>3</sup>.

All of this brings me to wonder about the life of a human being. How it interacts with the world, and how we deal with the knowledge of, for those that agree to possess it, perfect emptiness (*i.e anything similar to Ruin*).

I would like to put forward an example: At the moment, I work in forestry. Recently, I decided to spectate a literature course that I did not have to participate in, during my free time. So, it was out of curiosity that I went (*and also boredom*). There, a professor and two students were speaking of a movie they just saw.

Now, before we go further, a movie or a picture or a documentary; anything recorded is by itself a "prédicat": In the context of modernity, it is the packaged vision of something to be consumed as product. Documentaries and news especially are guilty of this notion. Even if their aim was to be as truthful as possible, to show all sides of a matter, they would, inevitably, be amiss somewhere. Something can be understood fully in its complexity if the individual is alive next to it / in it to understand it. For curiosity is a perfect tool to extract all informations, and interact with all notions that stem from it: painting a complete picture of something then (*even if it is born from a reproduction, and so itself as reality being a reproduction – merely reality is that of a paradigm by result of an encroaching modernity*), requires not to be fed the information by someone or something else (*created by someone else*), but rather to go seek it in its raw state. If it is human in nature, as many things tend to sadly be these days, then humans are the source of the information. But a third party cannot translate the truth to be truthful. It will inevitably dilute it by the nature

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2 See [Differed Thoughts, Different God, and the Shame of Being](#)

3 See [Rebuilding the Self Towards Truth](#)

of it being a third party.

Going back on the example. These people were discussing a movie about the fast food industry. First off, a movie, so something that is by its nature a false representation of reality, made explicitly for consumption, more-so than other mediums of capture. Yet here these three were discussing it not just as a matter of entertainment, but also as a consideration of reality.

Yes, it represented part of reality. But not all of it; far from it. So much so, in fact, that it couldn't have been reality. They were discussing their perceived reality of an unreal (*by the nature of the capture, and by the additional nature of the entertainment movie*) product that aimed itself to be a critic of an industry. Nevertheless, it did not stop them from exclaiming their outrage and disgust over fictional characters and imaginary businesses, even though it had a base in reality. Again, not actual reality. No, a movie by being as such does not take itself to be truthful, it takes itself to be a product, and people would have normally went in as a matter of untruthfulness; as entertainment; as a product to be consumed. So why would they take this as matter-of-fact? Is it because the product attempts to pass itself as giving a light to a reality of specific systems? Why are they judging fictional characters with exaggerated traits? Is it because the actors are so good at being unreal they become genuine? Could it be both of these, and in addition the scene at the end that makes the movie feel "legitimate" in the eyes of the consumer? Legitimate in the sense that it becomes more real than a mere product?

At the end of this movie, there is a scene shown as a documentary would take it. Real footage, rather than an act. The slaughter of animals and their transformation into a different type of consumable/eatable product. Unsurprisingly (*in my eyes*), two out of these three people took their eyes off the screen and could not stomach it. That would be a professor, perhaps closing on her 40s, and a student in his early 30s. The other in his mid to late 20s, watched it, perhaps because he already knew and did not want to shy away from seeing a splinter of truth. While such a scene still falls still into the category of *prédicat*, by the nature of it being footage, it also then indeed legitimate the movie into something realer than it really is. Or, on the contrary, it delegitimises reality by being at the end of something made to mimic it, but still by its nature of being a movie (*and so, a product*), and as it is understood, by not attempting to display even a part of reality.

It is interesting to see that people desire not to see truth, may it even be a splinter of it, when it is shown in front of them. But they would instead watch a false reality displayed on a screen: a screen, tool used to display, ultimately, a second reality that is inevitably not real – or even less real than what would be presented in front of us as real, were it to be actual reality within the matrix is lives in.

What I know of the world, and what I went through to exist as I am today, as much as I attempt to and as much as I hide from it, still I see that reality is worse than anything any product would show. It is first-hand experience that will, without any mistake, be reality, and show reality: be truthful. Man-made systems are, however, inherently deceitful by simply being man-made. So, even if what is seen for an instant speaks louder than a thousand words, the individual must think beyond what he learned, to learn. And it is most definitely not going to happen if one physically hides away from seeing fragmented truth, does not endure pain, and is unwilling to "stand naked in the cold". Weakness comes not from existence itself but from the desire to avoid the suffering from life, born from existence and what exists within it. And weakness creates more pain, and suffering cannot be dealt with until one sees reality for what it is. Yet the longer one drags about their ignorance, the harsher will their pain be, to the point where they may force their own onto others. For all the flaws of the human being, the anomaly we possess is the same that permits us to exist simply, simpler than even a deer, but not as a consumer (*as the modern man wants his fellow to be like him: to consume and to ease their pain to co-exist*). To simply exist is to exist within Time as an entity that realizes it is merely temporary, and all that is (*under the guise of Nature*) will be forevermore be, eventually, extinct. And if one is shying away from their ends, then what are they but an arrogant bag of flesh, where

even a cow would be worth more (*and due to this self-deprecation<sup>4</sup>, they are worth more*) in the arrogance of man (*the arrogance to exploit anything that exist materially – and perhaps even anything abstract*). And in individual arrogance, the one that thinks that the self has something more than his next-of-kin, they could be standing next to a tree and watch cars pass. Wonder what it is they do in life, where it is they go, who did they love and who did they hurt. If they have any hobby – a “hobby” itself being a new term invented post-industrialisation, where the time of the individual was fragmented to be that of mostly work, and to make money where its own worth would be so much more within their circle, were it not in the service of any industry. No surprise then that many end up identifying to their work. And no surprise now, that many young people refuse to identify to their work, and instead would rather consume or exist within systems that support their decadent, overly-comfortable lifestyles. Where is the middle ground in all of this?

- **In abstract notes**

Questions to ask with no information to gather on the spot, and no information that is desired to be sought after either. Existence without questions for the existence of the other, merely the acceptance that it is as it is in which state it represents itself in the present moment, as a reflection of itself through the form it displays. And the native and automatic acceptance of this fellow being, reciprocated, is enough to go on to not wonder for “too long”. Yet these questions, the representation of the human being through one human being I never saw and will never meet; what is the worth of it, and the ignorance of a simple greeting while within a city; is it a rejection of the individual, a degradation of what they may be? And as soon as they become a “met person”, is that degradation towards ignorance elevated to a known status?

Nevertheless this wonder of the unknown and the, ultimately, superiority complex of guesswork and coldness of heart, is not even training in existence, but rather a distraction. While it is good to be aware of what exists in front of us and between squared walls, certainly there is no reason to know on a case by case basis. While one would perhaps desire to have hopes for humanity, even though they keep being shattered year after year, what is the purpose of knowing of a singular unknowable individual? None. Still, through experiences and the passage of time, I now sit in front of something, but I see nothing. My existence in front of a blizzard or in front of a fire, burning both, or a wall, or a sea of cloud; but they are as they exist there as results of movements of physicality, without life, though they may somehow be the result of it. And even in front of life, of a tree, grass, of a green mountain, of a deer or anything alive, still all it is considered as seeing nothing. For these exist as they do, and they pay no mind to me, and I pay no mind to them, apart from acknowledging, in this moment, the fact that they are here now, as they do towards me. And in the purity of simple existence, through the removal of questioning and deep acknowledgement, the complexity of untruth and unrealness that passes for reality then upholds itself and dives into its own abyss.

The result of it, nothing and ever will I know nothing even after experiencing more than most and knowing reality as it presents itself naked; with no conception of paradigms and systems on the back of one's mind to shape it as it is not. For all of it is as it is, and as it would be, and as it would have been without my existence. Observer not only, as well here I transcript what it is that I exist in, and what it is that I desire to exist within in the future. And it would be, as it will be, wherever whenever, but all of it on my own terms, unless nature decides to launch its waves of destruction at a time when it decides it to be fit. In this comfort, and discomfort shifted to create strength of Being, my actions are to be within the system permitting me to write this and be this; but not to give my whole to it. Nature exists and somewhere, below my primal desires, my needs of escapism, part of me wishes to elevate itself and regal to ascend. Poise itself as a monk of Ruin, and to exist simply with no regrets and no fear, no anxiety. And in the sideline, even now, I fear of missing

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4 While I hear those that say that self-deprecation is the strongest form of humour, it's also being taken advantage of by anyone else who wants to. There is a difference between knowing the shortcomings of oneself, and wilfully shooting oneself in the foot for the sake not of others, but for the self to be accepted by the others. If anything, it is an argument of utter and complete insecurity within one's mind and life; in one's existence, yet still is a form of complete selfishness.

something; because I exist at the same time within the world I reject. And this false reality encroaches my mind and soul both, disgusting as it is; and still I escape it within it, inevitably, and a feedback loop creates itself for a while, until the next time clarity hits.

*In moments of cold shivering awareness,  
Existence takes on a feeling of empty omnipotence;  
And the wasteland of reality makes itself known:  
Where all is none, and nothing is everything,  
And where the self is less than anything.  
But something apparent still to uncaredness:  
An acknowledgement of existing everywhere  
As to exist nowhere.*

It is then to the beats of economical needs, of a system that wants part of us dead so that it can have it all, to possess all it can to be more than it is, day after day. This life of mine is the sad attempt to live between this man-made reality, and the reality of things as they are: nothing. And so, as my poem states, to exist somewhere as to exist nowhere.

Yet in the same heartbeat, interaction with my fellows is required, and adoption of a social stance is needed. And as it is needed, and words and moments are shared, a growing perceived need of social interaction exists. May it be fulfilled through material or virtual reality. And in those times of existence, man-made complexity rises. First through the use of language, even as now, and then as actions and the relevance of the state of the world we live in as a group. Part of me finds itself there for it lives there, but the other in desire of peace of mind, and peace, at the cost of everything, does not want it. And this perpetual conflict of interests within the soul plagues even my dreams, and in them not one wins. It is between duty towards others and duty towards myself that I miss the duty towards the naked world; the reality in truth, unbound by the shackles of man, calling. And the call falls unto one clear ear, and a deaf one. It is with a loss of aim that, inevitably, I walk through corridors within obsidian water. Drowning yet not, seeing yet not. Confounded, with a clear mind of what to do, with half doing it and half not. Truth to the world is truth to me, arrogantly, but is not truth to man's world. Yet I am so much more familiar with the latter (*again*), and there's aversion to change: which change takes place so quickly, it wouldn't hold, so it does so slowly. Perhaps eventually, through the sudden loss of some of my belongings, will I switch to seeking fully this spiritual state of nothingness, and appreciation of a "void self" where nothing is everything. All of this in preparation of ends, and of my ends. And the world of man is ultimately a world of suffering, for it always seeks something else, or someone else, more and never less; which should inherently make oneself true to itself, reject it.

Soon will I vow to never take heed unto my fellows to be within their life as a major element to it, and vow to never take comfort onto flesh, as I already half-vowed to never bear children onto this world. For it is plain to see, to create new life capable of so much punishment through the simple act of existing as a human being, could be considered as a "rightful evil" for it is the perpetuation of life: but a life of complete suffering nonetheless. As stated over and over, to live happy is to lie to everything and everyone and to the self as well (*perhaps that is why it is so sought after and encouraged*). To live with satisfaction hovers over the same concepts of lying, but satisfaction is not happiness. But a lie will remain a lie, no matter how beautiful and comforting one makes it to appear as. Suffering hidden in compartments of a soul taken apart by modernity, ever-growing alongside the age of the individual.

Heed onto one may you seek falsehood, and may you find happiness within the woes of your fellows – as undeserving for them to exist, as evil as all of my fellows are, as I may be, as unnatural as we all are.