

There is Art and there is Organization.

Art organizes people, while organizations produce art.

Sometimes they produce intermediate parts of art, collect raw materials for it. But it is all for the art.

Art is self-expression, and it is what organizes people. Organizations exist in a hierarchy, in which individuals are disassociated by the art of narrative. The higher in the hierarchy the greater the individual approaches and is consumed and disassociated as living art, a figurehead, in the mind of members. The organization forms a distributed consciousness, which expresses itself in the art it creates.

Art is all forms of self expression. Dancing, singing, writing, biking, are all forms of art. Art comes from inspiration, to the man in the ludonic state of anxiety. For now, let's term ludonic as being present. The man takes a risk and expresses himself. Once he begins and repeats expressing himself, he enters a spiritual state without anxiety. One piece of art can organize across time and space as it organizes people using the narrative form, disassociating them into organizations.

In the human mind there is the rational, and spiritual states. When a human being is in one, they cannot comprehend the other without actively putting themselves in the state. A man dancing, looks absurd to a man who has never danced before, up until the music plays.

The spiritual states are the Prime States of **Insecurity(Repression & Rationality)** , **Security(Expression & Art)** and the **Ludonic(Empathy)**. In addition, are all the states of self-expression which are subdivided under Security.. The **Insecure** state is the Organizational state. It is the state in which someone can be labeled. One is fat, one is tall, one is lanky. People have value according to the narrative of the organization they are a part of. Relationships are one of value.

There is the **Ludonic State**, which is one of Empathy, which is not feeling what others feel, it is seeing through their eyes. It is saying if I am in their exact same situation, with the narratives they have, without the labels of intelligence or race, how could I imagine myself acting exactly like they are. What would I be seeing? What would I be feeling? What would I think. It is a state reached after the expression of emotion.

When one empathizes, the status of narrative begins to make little sense. The Insecure(Organizational/Narrative) State interferes with the Secure( Empathetic) State.

The **Rational/Insecure State** is the spiritual state which produces language and narrative self expression. It is a state created through the repression of emotion, of anger. Thoughts are seeds of narrative. The Rational State can create narratives and produce relations within those narratives about all other spiritual states of self-expression and Insecurity/Security, but that is all it can do, and those states cannot be comprehended except when in them. To the rational state, some actions like

dancing, or exercise, or cooking, or hanging out with friends seem ridiculous. This is because they are outside the rational state. The spiritual states of self-expression (snow boarding, painting, dancing) are all supplemented by the rational state (how far to measure, how long my board is) but the state of snow boarding *is not* the state of reading a narrative of someone snowboarding. It is not even the state of producing a narrative of someone snowboarding. It is a state which can only be comprehended while snowboarding.

How does one tell where one state begins and one state ends. What makes the spiritual state of basketball different from that of being in the crowd watching a basketball game.

There is no one differentiator, except these states are in a family resemblance structure of games. Just as a card game is vastly different from a board game and different from hide-and-seek, the spiritual states of painting, cooking, lighting a candle, screwing in a lightbulb, bird-watching, are all states of self-expression that don't quite make sense outside of being in their respective state.

Prior to all these states is the Ludonic state of anxiety, which is the state at odds with the state of narrative, of which one sees out their own eyes and is fully present

## Ludonics —

### 1 Introduction

It seemed like there was this Ludonic state— in which reality was played in the first-person, like a game. There were many abstracted games within the ludonic state, managing your breathing, contracting and extending your finger muscles to hold a pen, walking and such. It was such that that these minigames could be abstracted into automatic processes at any given moment. They were nested games. This Ludonic state was existential, random, and could end at any moment. Things happened as other agents played their ludonic states as well. This Ludonic state seemed at odds with the state of narrative. Like is mentioned in “Nausea”, the narrative state is one in which events happen one after another, the end necessitates the beginning, and everything, even things that happen suddenly with surprise, are predetermined. At any given moment this Ludonic state seems constrained, assaulted by narrative. We have a voice in our head that tells us what we must do, we have anxieties and pains that guide us toward this or that action, once something is rawly ludonically experienced, it is encoded in a narrative that is pulled from a cultural metanarrative. Beings of flesh are turned into characters and raw experience is abstracted into settings and situations. Drama is created out of thin air. In fact, our attention is guided by these narratives which makes us not present after we focus on them over the ludonic moment. These things seem to have the ability to guide our action, but only if we allow them. This state in which narrative dominates the ludonic is what we term disassociation.

Every time we do something, not out of habit, but according to a plan in

which not we, but the narrative is in control, we are disassociated. Habit seems to fall more under this minigame abstraction mentioned earlier. Why do we disassociate or submit to this narrative?

To embrace the ludonic state can be a cause for rejection. If one acts as themselves, and they mess up, then why play the game at all when it seems to make more sense to allow a proven player, the narrative form, in control of life. Why think at all? Of course this inevitably leads to depression as there is no reason to live at all when not in the Ludonic state. All actions are excused once adhered to a narrative form.

Once someone is disassociated, they are no longer invested in their relationships. As people interact with the disassociated self, regardless of whether the partner truly loves the ludonic player, the player is unable to feel it from within the guise of disassociation.

Ultimately disassociation caused by this ludonic loneliness, in which the player feels that to assert control over their bodies, over their lives, to express themselves, would be wrong. From the lens of this loneliness, all assemblies of people seem false, insincere, mirrors of the player's ludonic state. Assemblies of people seem as assemblies of loneliness in which people controlled by malformed scripts frantically sewn from others act according to function. The actions of others are graded along this narrative script, and the players are turned into a misers. A miser is she who values people as assets according to what they can provide and according to their adherence to the script of narrative. Unique expression dies as other artists' self-expressions are used as self-expression.

But this Ludonic Loneliness is so painful that the player must have some outlet. Usually this is in the form of some subgroup or subculture. This subculture forms an area of unique expression. These subgroups provide modified narratives for interacting with the world outside the subgroup, aiding the player in coping with their isolation, as well as a community of equally lonely players. Their loneliness combined with unique expression assures authenticity and the player is once again able to assert control of their existence. But this does not come without a cost.

The player cannot afford rejection from this group or would lose all means of self-expression, and would be forced into the falsity of the outside world with nothing save the narratives that drove her to the place in the first. They would lose their authentic connections, the people they love and who love them for them as they are able to see the player's unique expression. Or perhaps they would be forced to express themselves authentically in the real world and, oh no, see the wealth of people who relate and understand their loneliness. Regardless, out of this fear of abandonment the player is forced to adhere to the dogmas of the subgroup to keep their friends regardless of whether they believe in the rules. This is the case for everyone in the group, even the ones who implement the rules. As members of the group become isolated, they in their ludonic loneliness inflict these very rules which all obey, this radicalizes the

group, which is isolated from the world under the seemingly harmless masks people wear in life. From this these invisible subgroups of radicalization infect all as no one is willing to play themselves in their own lives. This is encouraged by corporate atmospheres and such, but does not originate there.

No, this grand ceasing to play oneself in one's own life stems from the bombardment of narrative from pop culture. Social Media, Books, and such bombard populations with narrative after narrative until there is a master-story in which to live one's life. A master narrative which guides relationships, business, and leisure until disassociation runs rampant as everyone allows this monster control over their existence and they flee to subgroups which allow authenticity but ensure that which would destroy it, "a fear of abandonment". Regardless of whether society is a sea of falsity, which it is not, it is inflicted by a disease of how-to, a disease of "should", a disease of "act-this-way" that necessarily invisibly affects its inhabitants.

But there is a reason for optimism. For it only takes one person, the Ludonic hero, relentlessly acting oneself. Relentlessly seizing control of one's body, relentlessly playing oneself but, not giving into the siren song of lonely peanut galleries firing shots at the rest of the world, or the grand narratives that alternate between exposing truths enslaving the listener and necessarily demanding that one stay inside the story. And if the false faces around us will pretend they do not hear us out of fear, we must create art that even if they will not read or listen to publicly they will worship in recesses of their room. But equally, we must not let them replace their narratives with our art or transform their expression into enslaving narratives of their own. We must destroy the practice of narrative altogether through a higher form art that mirrors reality. Ludonics, or games that mirror reality.