

# **Sentiments of the Modern Pathology**

# Introduction

June 24th, 2018

## **Dedication**

If there ever comes a time I am considered extremely successful, I will dedicate my work to the people who have not been as fortunate in achieving such. I cannot help but remark that sometimes it appears the most extraordinary people in history came into existence and their mere presence made a mark on the world, inevitably. I am convinced otherwise, namely that many many fantastic people have been born but somehow shut out of their possible extreme success by depression, economic or religious obligations, or death or who knows what. Not shut out from a decent living or anything shallow like that, but from greatness.

I am convinced that if I have the potential to be great, it will not come to me naturally. If I am to become great I will have to endure a long and hard road that many have failed and I wouldn't blame them for giving up.

Cheers to you, lost and defeated souls who could have had it all.

August 6th, 2018

## **Preface**

Often I feel like these scraps are written—incomplete, shoddily reasoned, unrefined—not to persuade or provide valuable insight for others but for some sober, curious person from the future (possibly myself) who may be inspired to salvage its value or piece together it all into a coherent work of insight. I have not often the will to make them coherent nor persuasive in reasoning, but it should be known each was quite vividly meaningful to me once and is a good testament to a perspective that once made itself at home in my head. Future person, I feel like I have written on a billion different things. Something must be worthy of refinement here. I take no claim to that thing in whatever flesh in which it is imbued, for I wouldn't have done the work of turning these ideas into anything of real value; it is not admirable work to “crap” them out. Only a few documents have truly strained me in their production (like Syllogisms).

I cannot guarantee it will be worth it considering all of the writing here, but I would expect you to find *something* you like, and would encourage you to at least look.

August 6th, 2018

## **The Singularity of Self-Reflection**

I am approaching the singularity—the undefined, critical point—of the conscious plane. Where, by dismantling the arbitrariness of my existence, increasing the *clarity and certainty* with which I evaluate my subjective condition (as being pointless), I also lose the *will* to evaluate my subjective condition. Soon I shall will nothing and become the matter I am alone.

August 8th, 2018

### **Hatred of Philosophy**

I am disgusted by the amount of steaming shit in philosophy. So much of it is devoted to writing long elaborate descriptions of ones own strange mental processes. In fact, it is almost a competition to write the longest most elaborate and most coherent description of ones own mental processes.

Philosophy as a field ought to be dissolved and what's salvageable redistributed to Psychology, Metaphysics, Logic, and Linguistics because merely the explanation or description of ones own mental processes is a humongous hoax that accomplishes nothing. It is the resolution of them so that man may increase his knowledge or power that is of use. So much of philosophy is merely defining and describing the human perception (altogether subjective, unverifiable, and nonexistent) or positing pompous speculated theologies (some less than others even attempting a thorough enough justification). Please, stick to what is measurable and observable and disperses into the sciences.

August 14th, 2018

### **The Philosophical Taboo**

I would be a much more social and productive philosopher if many of the questions i deem necessary to answer were not so damn taboo, boring, or laughable to others, such as "Why ought I value things?" or "Why ought I heed logic and rationality?" or "Why shouldn't I kill myself?". Many have answers, few have the solutions that either dispel or validate my intuitions, and thus my lonely work continues. Go ahead laugh at me, or call me boring, or a nihilist misanthrope, but I cannot excuse myself of these mysterious intuitions that intervene and pester my daily life like no other. I cannot insofar as *you* can. It is choice, rooted in the faith in meaning, is all--and this is mine.

August 22nd, 2018

### **The Philosophical Novel**

It has been destructive to my emotional state to learn that I must be or do certain things. Has it not been imprinted on me through the study of history and my own ideation that people like me do such things as I feel I ought to do. I long in a sense for the freedom of those who read history and develop no preconceived notion about what their kinds of people do. Black people must feel much better not to have internalized that black people ought to be anything in particular, and it is up to their own emotions.

They say nietzches work doesn't fit anywhere into philosophy, and I see my "work" in his. I worry I am like him but a philosophical novelist, building fantasies upon fantasies equally compelling and elaborate as fact, yet with little cross checking that today even struggles to find truth. Is there not any more value in such an ignorant yet determined chain than the refutation of its base premises? Although in many regards I start totally new branches all the time, so I can't even be called a philosophical novelist, but maybe a short storiest, or even a poet in this regard.

May 22nd, 2018

### **The Dreamer**

I am beginning to recognize myself as a dreamer. For a long time, a dreamer meant to me someone who didn't care about reality or was irrationally blind to its wonders, or had been disillusioned and sorely offended by its rigor. But I fancy the wonders of reality and respect and acknowledge they exist, don't I? How can I, when I consistently want to leave it? When I day after day set forth a doctrine, a path to achievement, which less and less is ever even attempted. In failure after failure, I must accept what I am doing here on earth: merely musing, no? As I am, a dreamer is one who dares admire ends and scenarios which may not ever set foot on earth, one whose wants yet remain unfulfilled in the coming second, month, or year, and have no clear path to realization, one whose mind is suspended in his dreams so imiscible in the physical ether. In me, this is grasping and advancing the deepest extremities of mathematics, philosophy, music, and physics. To others, riding a fairy tale dragon and larping the fields. Perhaps I am no different from these "losers," but perhaps I hold more respectable dreams. Ah, but more likely, they are equally absurd.

# Section I: Lamentation

## Sorrow

March 27th, 2018

### **Complicity in Degeneration**

Well, of course, I think I am wasting myself, and am letting it happen. I am continuously surprised that I am even still functioning to such an extent—having, of course, recused myself from participating in any depth of life for so long. But then again, the effects are significant—noticeable by nearly all. Three years, has it been? A good thing by 14 nearly all the significant brain development is over, or else there wouldn't be anything worth saving, and even then, the great difficulty of remedying my condition may have already done the trick.

May 27th, 2018

### **The Curse**

I am cursed, I tell you! The lot of them, prodigies at birth, the current of natural events steering them into excellence as luck would have it. Or perhaps boundless curiosity drives these powerhouses, and they're gifted with the most enduring propellants. I have neither birth nor the endurance of mind to achieve these things. Nature defies my wishes; long is too long, thought too strenuous, I am caged, I tell you! Oh it will be a miracle if I escape the chains of the mediocrity nature has allotted me, and rise to greatness. "Oh, but you are so creative and original a mind, no?" Oh, I believe perhaps. That is another great tragedy of it all, indeed.

July 13th, 2018

### **The Independent Conscience**

I strongly empathize with the people in history who have struggled with a conscience and intellect so stubbornly independent of society—to heed it because it feels right or temper it because the self is ripe for delusion being an excruciating question. Even in areas of logic it can be excruciating, but I am sure much more so outside of logic/math/science.

October 2nd, 2018

### **Living as Art**

My life has been but a big art project. And I have both forgotten it's purpose and lost interest in its future. It will never be a beautiful piece, which is the only point of art.

October 13th, 2018

### **Oblivion**

I question all: if tomorrow exists or yesterday, and why not now or then, and how or if anyhow at all can be—because my mind floats over the oblivion. And, when the weather colors, and the lights dim, and the fearsome orchestra shreds its strings, despite the villainous thespian enraged before me, my mind floats over the oblivion.

April 2nd, 2019

### **The World is a Fundamentally Unpleasant Place**

If the world is fundamentally a pleasant place, plenteously fit for the fulfillment and contentment of most humans, then I must be a defective one, in need of some modification. Indeed because I have tremendous opportunities in quantity and quality *exceeding* most. It is paradoxical that it has not appeared to be in my interest for so long to simply drink the ambrosia of plenty if I have much opportunity to access even the crevices of life. I have exorbitant free time, access to a calming supply of money, loving parents, a great school, and a friendly community.

If the world, however, is as I suspect a fundamentally unpleasant place, then much is explained. For men are born into the world without their consent, and most men are beaten numb over the head with its unpleasantness. The privileged upbringing suspends that baptismal bruising, and attempts to paint existence as an inherently preferable choice. However, it is an illusion, because life will never be such to the pure souls. Only to the beaten souls can life play rough like a tiger and together make real fun. For the gentile creatures, it makes only blood.

I am not denying that a trial by fire may numb one to the misfortunes of life and render it livable. However, I have a few more opportunities to enjoy life unscathed, and have thus far avoided much of any misfortune, so for the sake of quality over quantity, it may be best to end it soon.

I don't even feel qualified to think my own thoughts.

May 20th, 2019

### **Weight**

Often I feel I am but a human of my time and nothing more. More so to those more so of my place, time, and culture, but of course not not to those less so, be they miles or years or peoples away. Often I feel it is thus not worth much of anything to solve provincial problems. To clean my room; to wash my hair; to fix a grade; to put one smile on her face--to pour my will into the void. I see myself from my extremities. I am a cell of toe or finger. I am a mind without the brain I serve. The Human has but one brain, and it is not mine. The Human acts but as one, and I am two. The Human longs for guidance, suffers, spites its face, and stumbles portentously. But as of yet I have neither the capacity to communicate, nor even know, what treatment for what disease it requires, nor if there is either. I am a stranded shrapnel of the face, cursed--at birth but orphaned--to command Man, but both powerless and ignorant.

Can you imagine if a cell in your body became conscious--disconnected from the electrical signals which assure its broader purpose? What nightmare would loom, during frivolous play, when its identity expands so large it cannot see itself, and like a paralysis it cannot make out movement of its massive form for any impulse, nor feels fit to command it anyway.

Perhaps I just need to talk to people more, so that I do not feel so disconnected. I can still find peace of mind when I want to, however, so I won't.

June 26th, 2019

### **The Economy of Volition**

The world demands will as tribute. I am losing mine.

The world has will to offer, the price of more only some. I do not want will.

Longer and longer I delay the campaign. To rebegin is always possible, but the outcome, at the sooner and sooner expiration of my health, is less and less.

October 9th, 2019

### **Disembodiment**

I am not myself; but will be, come the following forever.

Living is lying--time but the excuse. I bystand dishonest motion. I am now but the echo of that person, tugged along by then. And sometimes I am not sure where i am even tugged this moment. I am a traveler in a devious countryside. I trust him but I cannot walk alone.

October 18th, 2019

### **Discomfort**

What is it about the world, which, though largely harmless, seems like a winter breeze in a jacuzzi? The gleam of spontaneity is a sleepless morning. And yet, as I retreat, it is not clear where I am retreating to, for that distaste *is* life, in sight, stench, and abrasion. But I do relieve myself, by some means, in sheltering the mind. However, there is nearly nothing left to carve out from that cushion of my private inner workings.

October 22nd, 2019

### **The Stain of Lying**

I am stained as a liar. I have lied a lie I cannot unlie and lie will it stay until death. And thus I will die a liar.

I have said i am okay.

November 23rd, 2019

### **Freefall**

Sometimes I feel, philosophically, as though I am free-falling into the void. I am not standing, and with fear do I feel the resistance to my acceleration, and yet I do not hit the ground.

Sometimes I want to just go into the little hole in the corner of the room with a tight squeeze, like a hug against the constant negative pressure of the endless universe.

December 17th, 2019

### **Apathy**

I think I don't care about the world

February 22nd, 2020

### **Impotence**

i am impotent. unreliable. i have little power or confidence to use it. short-sighted. clumsy. attention-seeking. self-gratifying.

less than pleasant.

May 17th, 2021

### **That Satisfaction in Bleak and Depressing Media**

Because you like to imagine your bleak, abused, tormenting perspective in life is factual and a part of something greater, and not merely a losing stick in the lottery, doomed to the abyss for the sake of darkness alone; not merely an example to define what a bad life is relative to a good one, for there is no good without bad; not merely a loser to make someone a winner in a zero sum game; to feel important and not the cognitive dissonance that you are a failure and yet most go on; to feel like a player in the play--"the depressed one"--and not merely an unwanted nuisance, a fatality in the grand scheme; a cost, an un ugly misalignment of flesh which reflects only the profound chaos of entropy, rejected by god, an animal, a subhuman accident waiting to be consumed by the void.



July 23rd, 2021

### **Life Is a Drama**

Life is a drama. It is a fictitious construct of the human hand wherein contrived emotions and aesthetics compel us to our own impassionment, engrossment, and amusement. We involve ourselves intensely only to evoke that stimulation in the play of human emotion. Humans doing, feeling, thinking, or being intensely or with conviction is simply stimulating, both when personally evoked from and through empathy.

I ask, is the drama of human subjectivity worth writing? Would it matter if there were never any humans and it was never written?

## **Voluntary Death**

October 6th, 2018

### **Death as the Affirmation of Self-Disapproval**

Of all the great offenses and disrepairs I am responsible for, I am aware of many. It is often assumed, the larger the weight he carries, the stronger the man, but I have not such strength. In turn, I am to all doubtful conscious of his responsibilities in the world--a wanton. I will never achieve such things as I ought or want to. Tell me, is it not a greater affirmation of my values to off myself than live a life complicit in degeneracy?

To assert--"I do not approve of this man as he currently stands, as you likely do neither."--is necessary by all means. Most advocate this best conveyed through change in course of action, that if I torture myself and proceed to inevitably fail to achieve the ideal, I will somehow convey my commitment to the ideal. The actualization of the ideal is extremely improbable, so more likely than not this venture will be a waste of time and probably involve plenty of complicitness and cruel pragmatism/exploitation.

Another way to assert "I do not approve of this man as he currently stands, as you likely do neither." is to off yourself. Here man affirms the form he has been given is insufficient to achieve his ends.

Tell me, when the years advance and the dust settles, am I truer to myself today to allow that later adult self to be degenerate and helplessly aged--destroyed by the fate of this form's apathy and disinterest?

Tell me, if I cannot go on like I ought, if the tasks ahead will have to be ignored or skimmed upon and disappointment inevitable, do I go on anyway--like a mindless slave to even his minimal investment in this life? Like a slave to his family, or circumstances, or chance?

I am no longer interested in other interests. Its completely arbitrary what you decide to fancy, and trying to acquire other interests is just ridiculous. Why try the new food even if "you might you find you like it"? Fulfillment is just a momentary sensation that means nothing.

Do I ask to take medicine to make me happier? For what? Happiness is so arbitrary theres no point in trying to get it. All bodily and physical circumstances/dispositions are equally noble.

October 16th, 2018

## **Death or Labor**

My life was complete a long time ago.

Really no ones fault.

I dont recognize myself anymore.

Everything is arbitrary.

I can justify not doing anything.

I value nothing.

Absolute meaninglessness.

No point in getting people to convince me to play the game of life--to think hard labor is worth it.

Any goal or value is arbitrary. I choose not. If i am wrong, and there is a truth more binding, how have i gotten away with it as now?

"I might soon off myself for fear that i had never existed at all."

Let it be known i was unsatisfied, though unsatiable. That if i tried to prove my soul in action, it would appear finite and shallow and permitting of the failure it cannot escape. Through words, i let alone anyone barely understand myself anymore. Through quitting, however, does not a soul affirm itself contrary to its recalcitrant body? That the likes of which we all know there is infinite responsibility contained in my agency, creativity, intelligence, and character, which i daily yet make a fool of. And if not, then my performance is reflective of a truer degenerate self. Which? I am unsure. But I am daily only destroying my name.

Years ago i should have.

You know I would not make rash decisions so supposedly consequential. It is well planned and warranted.

I cannot endure such failures as i am nearly certain await me. I cannot endure them with dignity. I cannot endure them and then try to claim that my soul is so contrary to the course of events. If i endure such failures as await me, can you have any faith in my ideals? I dream too big and too lightly to walk on earth.

It is often assumed divergence and passion go hand in hand. I have been gifted only a mere moderate pension of the former.

Consider the decision. Leave now, or get cracking on work.

October 28th, 2018

### **Living the Afterlife**

I thought i killed myself a few days ago. Is today even real? Or am i now a ghost, allowed to spectate reality? I wonder, is this the afterlife?--that i no longer fret about my earthly troubles, but hover over them, like a film i am not interested in. Like a spirit replaying his bodily destruction from a wiser plane, i will now watch as once bullets feel like merely mist against the skin--as they hit, but nay, pass through the form before me, and fall to infinity behind.

How does one deceased die again?

Is there no tragedy in death, but that the man existed at all? And I cannot remember such a time.

There is no tomorrow, I reply to the doubting conscience. There is no combination of physicalities which could comprise what terrors that hypothetical tomorrow if it were to occur would bring. It is fictional, impossible to reconcile or consider. The real combinations thus find their upper bound tonight.

I was once scared, what lies beyond death, or what horrid sensations the unhinged electrical impulses of the dying brain might evoke. But death I realized, is inevitable. Everyone has reached and experienced afterdeath, and in time I will too, so what is the worry.

I believe in the success of humanity, but not my own. And indeed I wish anyone the slightest resembling me to die, because I have seen nothing good come of anything I personally have truly believed in.

I do not blame anyone but myself.

I said nothing because there are grave consequences for such speech. My odds of success are greater not to say anything.

So much of me has simply broken down. I cannot function anymore. I care not, I believe not, I do not, but such is unfit for living upon.

I'm sorry to waste everyone's resources.

Once more, listen closely: there is no tragedy to death when the man has not been living. It is a greater tragedy to keep on living in that case. That my soul has been dead for long you must have long known already, and gotten all the tears out.

July 25th, 2019

### **Goodbye**

Goodbye spiders with your webs  
and goodbye boxwoods in the front yard  
and goodbye water, as you wet the driveway, and as you so many times gave quench.  
And goodbye cars  
and goodbye what i know of math and physics  
and goodbye trees. you will be fine without me.  
And goodbye crosswords, I will never master you.  
And goodbye kitchen, and your ancient warmth  
and goodbye dads shoes  
and goodbye front door.  
and goodbye floor and legos whose union i once took joy in.  
It is a task indeed to make goodbye. And not to simply watch at a distance, not to simply  
imprison in falsely immortal limbo.  
And to make goodbye is necessary. Inherently it implies to find contentment in loss. And how  
else can death be willed but with contentment in loss?  
So I must make goodbye, and I will find not fear or doubt but this time find contentment in loss,  
and in that compulsion to fulfill oneself, I will act.

April 29th, 2020

### **Victory in Death**

The only way to win is to become content with death and die by one's own hand. Not because  
one is pressured by another, or because one has failed in life, but because of boredom.

June 7th, 2021

### **On Emotional Secrecy**

It is a paradox to reveal the taboo thoughts of disassociation from proper life. To reveal them is  
to induce drastic consequences, to risk institutionalization, destruction or alteration of  
relationships, being pitiable. To reveal them is to become responsible for resolving them as well;  
now they may pester you about it; lord it over you and expect it from you. In fact, you are  
obliged. It becomes a disservice to them not to address them. If one keeps them concealed or  
muted, however, under the guise of neurotypicality, this is all avoided.  
I can hear you. You are trying to argue that these unfortunate consequences of honesty might  
be the only price to pay for their resolution--that if one does not reach out for help, in time he will  
succumb to the void. But what if these thoughts can be resolved in secrecy? Who says they  
cannot? This seems to be my goal. And what if resolution does not come? Then one is left with  
a dramatic, permanent cost to have revealed them.  
Thus, I must ask myself whether it is highly likely that disclosure leads to resolution and whether  
it is even a small amount likely that private resolution occurs. The former I am doubtful of  
without years of work, and the latter i am neutral on. The decision is thus clear.

## Section II: Philosophy

### Truth and Honesty

August 23rd, 2019

#### **The Difference Between Honesty and Truth**

There are many facts in the world—a sum so large it is impossible both to emotionally comprehend and emotionally employ in its entirety. And we will be presented with many facts against our will, but we also seek facts to acquaint ourselves with. So of these facts, it remains in question *how* let alone *if at all* we will emotionally internalize them.

I know not the full facts and realities of extreme poverty, suffering, torture, hunger, abuse, death, and the other ills of mankind. But for that am I certainly not sorry. Indeed those raw facts from Hell are not privileges, but curses, pains, confusions, and dissonances. Often, if understood at all, they are internalized against our will, as we will otherwise avoid their strenuous emotional comprehension. And those dreadful facts are those whose conquering, whose defeat is all the more difficult, and in excruciating excess, *impossible*.

Honesty has not a definition, but a purely *good* quality—in all possible vagueness of that word. Merely on account of it having occurred in my head, it is not sufficient to make honest the revelation of a fact to another. Fact is not inherently useful. Rather, fact is in many cases inherently burdensome, for unless outright ignored, it requires emotional digestion and the even more burdensome emotional employment to fulfill a *good* quality. And for the vast majority of facts in the universe in any particular circumstance of humans, they generally appear hopelessly irrelevant. (Such as the population of Talinn to a coal miner in Pennsylvania thinking about whether he will lose his job soon.) Indeed while many of those facts can indeed be emotionally useful, that use is rarely self-evident and requires thorough explanation, or else shocks the system. Festering unreconciled facts confuse and discourage a man.

It ought to be our aim in speech not merely to drill the largest volume of facts into our peers, but to increase their ability to better themselves. Rather let us remain innocent of as many facts as can maximize our contentment. Let us not aim to infest our friends with nearly impossibly reconcilable cognitive dissonance, even if based in fact (Othello).

Human beings of any vigor in their self-fulfillment are those of some dear convictions—bundles of facts tightly knitted together by their duties in emotional employment—fitted to their deployment routes for any situation. Teams, communities, societies, any forces with both mind and hand at all require emotionally constructive ordering of their facts, or else believe less, attempt less, endure less, and effectively achieve less.

October 24th, 2019

### **Honesty for an Unpleasant Person**

As a largely unhappy person, what good is honesty to anyone? Who cares of sour expressions, no matter how genuinely felt, really? Who cares when in new relationships, to express that burried sourness is not to reveal a fresh misfortune such as a loved one may be irresponsible for, but is a betrayal, a trojan horse that is the joy of social interaction. The unpleasant person knows in befriending another he has done so only by repression and most likely has only delayed the inevitable infliction of responsibility unto a new host. In avoiding such "honesty," it seems but a game to play. One plays the man he befriends and none want the machine to tell a sob story during the game.

April 24th, 2021

### **Meaning as a Facet of the Subconscious**

Faced with the refutation of free will--that human behavior is entirely determined by preceding events--the natural experiment to conduct is to simply "stop" doing, to see if these preceding events will compel one to act without one's intervention. The results are known. What is to be learned from the observation that man may not resign himself from genuine volition and remain active? Since he cannot choose to receive impulse, the deterministic model is intuitively true, and yet the experiment proves that, once conscious of the deterministic model, man can violate what he was yet "predetermined" to do.

It may seem like a trivial experiment, but it has several important analogies. One is the explanation of human behavior entirely through systems or institutions; if an American comes to believe that American culture is inherently racist, he is faced with an argument that his behavior and beliefs toward other races is predetermined. Another is a well-studied concept of behavioral metrics remaining undisclosed so as to prevent overfitting; while hours spent volunteering may be a good metric for being good-willed while undisclosed, it would quickly lose (or at least, alter) its meaning if job applicants knew employers would significantly base your qualification on it. Applicants of all natures and habits would volunteer regardless, and it would be reduced to a mere signaling of how much you want the job / employment, or of how hard-working you are. Upon acknowledging the signaling manifestations of unconscious factors, when the human can by other means present the same behavior, these factors are reduced to ambiguity. This is just as the man attempts to test his predetermination through spontaneity (such as stupor). He overfits his behavior against the metric for behavioral predetermination, namely rational action accounting for predetermining factors, and appears to prove that he is not merely awash in some continuous stream of forces.

As specified, overfitting requires ability. It is not true that all behavior indicates nothing about the person. One who is not strong cannot bench 300 pounds. With rare exceptions, one who is not hard-working cannot maintain a 4.0 GPA at the hardest university in the country. Hence, when ability to perform action  $Y$  requires to some extent (and not merely correlates with) some quality  $X$ , it can be safely said that  $Y \rightarrow X$ . As such, examples can even be made for language. A boomer cannot prove he is up-to-date on culture by repeating well known slang like "swag," but only through novel combinations and applications of phrases that truly require being up-to-date. In the same sense, one cannot prove their emotions are genuine by merely repeating platitudes like "I love you," but certainly can through novelty, such as remarking on

some detail of her face or personality that only someone genuinely attracted could point out or put to words.

It is well known that the repetition of words and phrases slowly renders them meaningless, but novel combinations appear rich and wonderful with meaning. Linguistic slang, constantly evolving, provides this fresh meaning. This sensitivity to novelty and originality appears to enable us to subconsciously devise the initial metrics for meaning. These metrics are later made conscious and formalized, and they eventually become useless due to overfitting. Thus, consciousness is in part a tool for appearing to be what you are not, while the authentic unconscious has the unique ability to transcend the formalization of and reinvent meaning. But what is the reinvention of meaning other than the reinvention of language itself? Instead, “body language,” “action language,” and “face language” are all reinvented in novel ways--new slang in these forms are developed. The linguistic analogy is closely linked.

(Observe in these examples that consciousness of metrics which merely correlate rather than truly cause certain behavior is not merely a tool but is itself a subconscious determining factor. The applicant's awareness of his qualification metric can be said to predetermine his future behavior. Hence, any project of making conscious all of one's determining factors is doomed to fail.)

Man becomes concerned that he is not what he ought to be to himself or to others; he becomes self-conscious to employ consciousness against this problem. But since man is what he is predetermined to be at any moment, self-consciousness can as a determining factor have only have two effects. One, it can induce the restructuring of existing factors so as to remain essentially the same person, but present different qualities by fulfilling the well-defined social (or personal) metrics for the desired presentation of oneself better. In this case, the individual is abandoning raw meaning, boarding the sinking ship that is the current meta of metric, and becoming less authentic. Two, it can induce consciousness to deliberately alter its determining factors, such as a sugar addict might refrain from ever walking past the candy store. However, these determining factors will be selected by some metric he is conscious of, and so he is rendering his determining factors inauthentically determined--becoming not an actor upon genuine, mystifying meaning, but upon formalized metrics. With this habit, the individual's consciousness reigns control of himself. He now profoundly represents the qualities he aspires to.

But is the meaning which provides the normativity of these personal qualities for this individual yet formalized or still mystifying? In the former case, such as the philosopher who deduces that some precise pattern of activity must be good, the individual reigning control of himself is similarly on a sinking ship. For at some point the qualities he has crafted himself to represent become meaningless formality. This is especially of concern given the great lengths man will go over time to craft himself. It is evidently otherwise in the case that they are mystifying. One can thus attempt to keep digging up new mystifications, replacing the collapse of old ones, but if this process happens fast enough, it becomes pointless to spend the great lengths of time to craft oneself upon them. If they are never demystified, there is not this problem.

So what determines the speed of this process?--namely, the formalization of the means by which a certain mystifying meaning is generated. Intuitively, it ought to be the ability and propensity to dissect and formalize this mystification. Why do we do it at all?

May 30th, 2021

### **The Innocence of Animal Savagery**

The absolute, the good, and the identity are fabrications and artifices, brutally and mercilessly construed for one's own advantage. The perfect is butchered for the game. To this damned animal, the sacred, infinitely complex universe is but a mess hall for a little reveling. To grasp the perfect humanely and charitably--forgoing its exploitation merely to make a quick buck in our short existence--is for the human to paradoxically chase the euphoria of perfection by eliminating all pleasure. The pursuit is contrary to our evil nature. What remains of our domain is artifice alone. Our domain is a bloody battlefield of deceit, lies, and distortions, all for savagery, greed, and barbarism, as well as their useful euphemisms.

Thus, proper, functioning, neurotypical human existence is fundamentally evil. It is a vile, barbaric game of artifice and deception. It is the aim of this human to convince his peers that he believes in god and truth and principles, that sin exists, and others do not deserve its pleasure; to induce them to fear, to act, to be useful to him, and to enrich his greed, his pride, his self. He plays the game viciously and mercilessly and yet must claim to represent something beyond himself. Goodness terms the exploitability of fellow imps; it is useful evil. But hence to be good is often to be more successfully evil--to induce a favorable exchange of value.

There are those who refuse or avoid partaking in proper life. In great contrast, these are those who strive for selflessness, disregarding their wellbeing as much as possible. They aspire to exist less, and while they may be unaware of it, there is no supremum of self-denial but in death. Rather, to be actively "selfless," and to achieve "good," their bodies, their minds, their very souls still demand bloody sacrifice.

But this is not to say that man is consciously evil, nor necessarily incriminated. Quite likely the mass of humans never reflects on human behavior enough to realize these circumstances, or makes an effort to dispel them from consciousness. They relish in the innocence of animal savagery--that innocence which permits the lion to butcher the antelope, the bear to eviscerate the fish, and the seal to devour the hatchlings. Presumably some maintain awareness of it. For those who continue to play the twisted game, it is the ultimate secret whose silence preserves their ostensible innocence. Indicating ignorance via denial is the necessary excuse for the fact to remain plausibly subconscious. For none in their right mind can admit publicly that they are a savage, selfish animal and perhaps not even to themselves. Indeed, he is so evil as to accept it ambivalently or deny it altogether and proceed with his conquests.

What this means is that to become self-conscious is to become guilty and responsible for existence. To become self-conscious entails the necessity to either assent to savagery or to choose to exist less, shrinking further underneath the regions of human behavior conquered by self-consciousness, and approaching selflessness--death. Indeed, even if thereafter one vows never to conduct the same self-consciousness again so as to become innocent once more, such is a permanent stain of evil, for it is to callously dispel the very idea of evil. What is a greater evil than to make oneself blind to it entirely? Hence, to become self-conscious is to thereafter incriminate oneself or exist less. Since we do not want to die, self-consciousness can only teach us to accept, nay, embrace, foster, build our lives upon the wickedness in ourselves. The fear of nonexistence is compelling. The scientist or philosopher who learns that there is no



truth must willfully become a charlatan. The kind soul who learns that morality is a game must wilfully become a manipulator. The artist who learns that his craft is doomed to imperfection must wilfully become a sell-out. The human committed to existence becomes complicit in deceit, quackery, and swindling. Or else, he tries to retreat into innocence, destroying his own self-consciousness through self-deception.

But how can one assent to innocence--to ignorance? I don't understand it. It is neither expedient for the evil nor virtuous for the selfless. I do not know what my response ought to be: conscious evil, ignorance, or abstention. I imagine that a great percentage of the responses for present humans have been to retreat into innocence. But I suspect more severe self-consciousness will render destroying self-consciousness and retreating into innocence more and more difficult. Hence, we can imagine the increasing intensity of human self-consciousness must eventually yield a grim bifurcation of humanity. There will be those who are consciously evil and those who refuse to participate in life.

It might be argued that the brutality of life is but the brutality of chess or football or boxing--a game for recreation alone and not of evil. But who consents to life? We are brought into the world against our will, invested in it, and our very notions of any alternative are bound by it. And what of peace? There is none among humans. Our very mutual presence is an inherent game in our nature. We are built upon it and cannot escape it.

June 12th, 2021

### **The Ethics of Skepticism**

We cannot help but feel as though the human intellect is progressing. In more concrete terms, we identify this progress as "an increasingly detailed and refined understanding of nature" and of our representations thereof (Thomas Kuhn). Our laws, models, and theories are incessantly reworked for greater specificity and applicability to as many scenarios as possible. But as well we cannot help but observe that progress is an endless march. Our theories and concepts are incessantly altered, edited, and critiqued.

For centuries, Newtonian mechanics appeared as a law of the universe, but Einstein demonstrated that it is merely an apt modeling framework in physics, which suffices for many earthly problems but breaks down in extreme scenarios. No thought, no ideology, no faith, no philosophy, no opinion, no emotion is safe, today; no thought is pure, true, or content with itself. They are all imperfect attempts, inevitably awaiting criticism, awaiting "refinement," reperspectiving, or rewording. They are all impressive models which compete for accuracy, but never achieve it perfectly.

This may be well understood and not bother one. "Our models are practical," or "they suffice" one might say. And such is true. The honest scientist acknowledges that he is not grasping truth, but merely positing a more rigorous attempt to describe it, and that increase in rigor is an improvement--of value, practical, or commendable. The honest scientist treats the generation of knowledge as a game as opposed to a communion with something beyond himself--a mere challenge of increasing the specificity of or altering models. The judge delivers not justice but an attempt at ruling. The philosopher grasps not a universal truth but a compelling argument.

But what is an attempt as opposed to a proper fulfillment? It is practical, not principled. It achieves a provincial goal, satisfies an urge, or evokes a sensation. It is the brain of the human

competing against nature, competing against his own boredom and self deprecation and hunger, competing against fellow man to procure resources, posterity, power, happiness, community, and love for himself and those he identifies with. Man is at war. Inextricable from his nature, he must be practical; he must act, settle, make-do to fulfill himself and those he identifies with, or else face pain, boredom, death, or depression. He is required to emulate subjectivity and turn his back on objectivity. He plays a game which represents nothing but recreation. Subconsciously, his brain aims only to fight and win *something* personal to his own sentiments, something subjective, provincial, or otherwise arbitrary.

To the American college student, the plight of the starving in Africa is secondary to his employment opportunities. The depression of the opioid addict in Ohio is secondary to the frown of one's girlfriend. To the victor, the disappointment of the beaten tennis opponent is secondary to his own pleasure. The extinction of the animals is secondary to the prosperity of the human race. He is selfish and yet, man cannot universalize himself entirely. He is compelled into subjectivity by his own nature. He is compelled to be selfish because there is not enough time, energy, power, or knowledge to address the universal. He must gain something now. He must be practical. He must play. He must shut-up and play.

This alone is enough to damn man as yet another animal playing a barbaric, ruthless, rowdy game for fun. But worse, he is condemned to mock objectivity. He cannot operate without the assumption that what is certainly not objective is precisely such. His sensations purport to represent physical reality. His words purport to represent real forces, occurrences, objects, and processes in the realm governing man. His actions purport to be proper expressions of his agency. The scientist purports to advance knowledge. The judge purports to deliver justice. The philosopher purports to advance truth. Man purports to be ethical, reasonable, or fair. He may even purport to be a little bit unethical, at times unreasonable, or occasionally unjust. He purports to use his agency properly, to not be too indulgent, lazy, or irritating. He purports to feel, believe, and think. He purports to exist. Man purports to embody countless notions beyond himself but cannot to his knowledge. But to discard these notions is to deconstruct the game entirely. It is for the player to destroy the game in which he exists. It is a paradox of self-reference.

Thus, life is an inescapable contradiction and a mockery of the objective. The question is how one ought to respond once one becomes aware of this. Indeed it is one thing to be an ignorant, barbaric animal defiling sacred texts, but it is much worse to be one knowingly doing so. Some come to realize this fact and then bury it out of mind. I cannot seem to stomach this. It is an affront to honesty. It is childish, irreverent, and perhaps a kind of evil on its own. Admittedly, this is the response that will likely be advocated the most and with the craftiest rebuttals. As well, some might realize it and make note of it regularly. This is just to embrace contradiction or to embrace some sort of evil--to know otherwise but profess regardless.

Now, it may be asked that if man is compelled into subjectivity, how can we blame him? If living must be a contradiction, why condemn such a sunk cost? The answer is that there is a means to exculpate man and it is death.

There is a way to become less guilty of such--to say or act less, even if he cannot escape some degree of it. Indeed, man who acts as little possible, says as little as possible, who purports there to be as little as possible appears to be least guilty of this mockery and least contradicting.

# Rationality

January 14th, 2018

## Action is the Ultimate Determinant of Belief

I do not speak from mountains wisely peering, nor even trail the climb atop I fear. But here I survey's Noah's basin eye-to-eye--the charted path we left behind so far ago and carried with us. Too limp and crippled to comply, the exiled quarters 'lone know where the city ends. And as it burns its weakest bridges its once diverse conglomerate becomes that much more grimly fashioned. I do not contend to lead us--not to prioritize my degeneracy--but perhaps like a native egyptologist recite his ancient fables.

Let us presume the Deterministic Theory of time, and that our brains operate by it. In the question of whether or not we have "free will," we wonder whether we have the ability to control the determinants, or determining factors, of our attempts and convulsions. Because these determinants are, in the Deterministic Theory, the results of a strict progression of physical laws, some say we are "powerless" to control these determinants, and because their furnishings of the mind compose the entire structure of ourselves, we are thus "powerless" to control ourselves and in turn our actions.

[Suggested instead of paragraph 3: Where can one direct his preferences than where they are? Are his preferences discordant with his preferences? Then one of these is unpreferable. Where can his preferences reside, than where he pleases? Should the wind move the man's, he must prefer it, and should it move his preferences, he must assent. One cannot possibly lose control over their preferences. ]

However, we can by definition control which propositions we believe in, because any proposition we believe our beliefs should support, they do. If one believed a better belief to possess was x, he would possess the belief of x. This is because we always possess the best beliefs in our opinion, because belief itself is the assignment of maximal value to a proposition. Any deviation from the sensation of "maximal value" at the arrival of uncertainty is just the adoption of a new certainty that one is uncertain to some degree. Even in the repudiation of past beliefs, we are simply abandoning old ones for the sake of the best new ones, and if we believed this new repudiation was inaccurate, that would simply be yet another transition into a new proposition of maximal value, all of which do not deviate from maximal value, but simply adopt new conceptual qualities like conditionals, not validity qualities, which are binary if not unary. Thus if control over something is the ability to adjust it to one's liking, whereby the adjustment would be more preferable, then the adjustment of held beliefs to preferability is by definition a constantly fulfilled condition, and thus control over one's beliefs is a constantly fulfilled condition. (This logic can best be understood in the context of Third Order Volitions and above being described as unimportant to even a free-willed person.) And, given our beliefs have some control over our actions, we are therefore not powerless to control our actions.

However, no one I know is omnipotent to do such. It is known, the struggle to maintain a diet, a pet, or a job--things which in themselves are great, but seem to hate us. Alike them, albeit more painful to admit, honesty, charity work, or authorship. It is strange, then, that some insist we actually don't like these at all--that to some extent you are at heart a liar, a stinger, or a

boring person--that we may define people's beliefs by their actions. That you who loves these sometimes straining ideals are less worthy because you have not emulated them to a greater extent, despite common knowledge on the concept of the current limitations of free will. Or perhaps you have grown to accept yourself as a "sinner," but likely not. Why is that? Because most understand regarding themselves that such ideals are difficult to pursue, and that for oneself, a certain level of unfirmness against excesses of difficulty is reasonable. Not many understand how this unfirmness can vary throughout people and depending specific activities, or sometimes that it exists at all in other people, and it is a common tragedy of society to presume anyone can do anything if they "set their mind to it". A less cliché SJW of today might bully you with the conceptual equivalent of "Action is the ultimate determinant of belief" regarding a "preference" not to dish out even perhaps a perfectly reasonable sum of your money to poor people, rendering you greedy and selfish. Such is that in question of what the greedy man actually held as his beliefs, one simply must consider his action; the greedy man has done so because he believed that the best action is to be greedy, consequently felt the emotion of will to do such, and consequently proceeded to act. The claim specifically follows that "Action is the ultimate determinant of Volition" (action indicates will) and "Volition is the ultimate determinant of held Belief" (will indicates belief) (such that action indicates belief); one may determine what are the beliefs of anyone upon how they will themselves, and how they will themselves upon how they act.

However, this dynamic is slightly uncharitable. In fact, its hidden assumption in society is quite relatively problematic for a great deal of people today. For while some beliefs do influence actions, many are defeated by unsolicited obstructors: sensations which prohibit the true expression of one's self. For me, this prohibitive monster is excruciating, and drives me to want to play video games despite my protests. It has an effect like an addictive drug, even perhaps not chemically but psychologically, whereby my intuitions or inferences of perchance, the value of reading an interesting book, are suppressed by base compulsions to reengage the game. Sensations are by strict definition beliefs that do not directly heed inference without convulsion. That is, only by way of volition and action can one knowingly anticipate and adjust these particular sensations. It is logical that if our free will rests on the control over our beliefs, the obstructors of free will would be the matter in our brain, the control center, which does not heed beliefs. Memory, or imagining things in one's head is an interesting scenario because we can sometimes effortlessly convulse into our own mind or imagination to adjust the sensation occurring in our head, as we can similarly effortlessly control our beliefs, but anything that appears there is still a sensation brought about by convulsion.

July 22nd, 2018

### **Rationality Calculus**

Being crushed in indecision between rationality (operating only on rational thought toward an objective goal of truth) and sensationality (operating only to fulfill ones desires, whims, and generate strong emotions), there is no answer. The truth of the matter is either is arbitrary, but a decision on what value is necessary to efficiently generate value. And, when you are of the rational state of mind to realize that the decision which mode of value you are to operate under is in fact arbitrary, there is nothing that could ever possibly compel you to leave this rational state in favor of the other, for the decision is completely arbitrary. So stay, then. And if you do leave, you have not realized, and won't when sensationalist tendencies arise, how arbitrary either pursuit is. When you do, you will pick one and settle on it to generate value, for it doesn't matter which value you pick as valuable, only that it is wholly pursued.

You will pursue truth once you have found in it the arbitrariness of all pursuits, because no adjustment of pursuit would ever be justified from that point.

That is what arbitrariness is: an inherent irrationality in any change. Not that it can be whatever you want it to be, then it is merely flexible. A step further is to say it is arbitrary, or possibly changed, but yields nothing in ever changing it. Not that it shouldn't be changed, but that its optionality is to be neither enforced nor even really acknowledged. Its mere existence is its only facet, beyond worthiness of consideration. In doing so, one rejects the fact of arbitrariness.

It follows a priori from human conditions that all directions of willpower are arbitrary, and the logical direction of willpower that brought forth this conclusion is thus logically bound to continue this logical pursuit, for arbitrariness demands strict coherency in refusing to change ones designation of value from where it is (being that which drove forth this conclusion of truth), not following changing them as one whims, that is the opposite of arbitrariness—that is exploiting flexibility and embracing wholly the value of the moment as most worthy and necessary to act upon, it is the religiosity of following ones whim, embracing each whole heartedly as it comes, as absolute and dominant over the previous ones.

August 26th, 2018

## **The Foundations of Rationality**

1. Man must act
2. To consider the doing of something, one must also consider what it means to decide not to do it.
  - a. To practice the piano may yield benefits such as impressing others or aiding in composition skills, but is tiring and exhaustive.
  - b. To refuse to accept this tradeoff is to accept that you ought not work hard to achieve things.
    - i. One cannot refuse a proposed action without being a proponent of the motivations and values associated with the actions you take in denial of this proposition. For every denial of action, there is simply alternative action. In careful analysis, refusing to practice the piano because it is tiring is not just a statement of apparent fact “it is not worth it;” no, it is also an action, being to resign oneself to meaningless “calm.”

For every denial to practice meaningful action, there is

1. An alternative action taken. You may ask what the motivation of this alternative action is, but often you will find none, because it isn't you taking control of yourself it is your body and instinct.
2. Are\* alternative principles (often laziness and comfort-seeking). To deny washing your mothers clothes is to agree to sacrifice ones values for comfort.
3. A choice. Considering action and inaction as both actions, one can see how it is merely a choice of values and principles. One need not claim they are powerless because achieving something strains one too much. It is merely a question of value in either action or inaction.

Success comes from hard work, so if one sees any bit of value in action X and the alternative Y has no value, one must endure even a lot of strain to accomplish X unless you value your comfort significantly. Likely you do not if you actually have values, because achieving them is guaranteed to require discomfort.

For this reason one usually should trust their first intuition in terms of action. (If you can't think of something better to do at the moment, keep doing what you're doing.) If one suppresses this choice temporarily, to begin a more thorough reasoned reflective phase, one must realized whatever values associated with the first action is being discarded for an action which potentially yields nothing (doubtful, reflective thought). Be conscious that time always goes on. That to doubt oneself and distance oneself from a conceived meaningful action, one takes a meaningless action he cannot even explain—one that favors comfort. And, if one favors comfort,

He that values nothing will forever be in conflict and contradiction with himself, whose form yet propels itself with the unending passage of time.

Is comfort really that meaningful to you? I doubt it. If anything, comfort in the form of sweet nothingness is actually the absence of meaning.

October 25th, 2018

### **Power as Fulfillment**

There is no truth, I am told and ravaged by thought agree, which man can lay the foundations of his worldview upon with utmost certainty. He is always at risk of failure to achieve material ends, or intellectual ends, or suppressing ideals for reality. How, then--faced with a reality of complete powerlessness--can a man live with dignity?

I believe the lesson I have learned but cannot follow is the true value of happiness. It seems arbitrary indeed, but animation is built on positive, emotional feedback, and animation is the only source of man's dignity.

I believe modern liberalism has the wrong objective. There is so much more to a man's dignity than how many things he has or much respect he receives. It is how solidly he enjoys and how animated he is to achieve such enjoyment. This is different than simply how solidly he commits to something. Committing to something and doing it against your enjoyment is cruelty. These people are cruel and should not be trusted. I enjoy little but at least I do little as well. I would wager most women, Jews, and black people animate themselves more consistently, and are therefore the ideal, the most dignified, the most potentially impactful kinds of people on average.

What I have learned is that you can't just want whatever you want to want with dignity. To have dignity, you must enjoy what you do, so that you maintain animation, I don't work hard because work is never fulfilling enough to maintain my animation without cruelty to

I'm very tired and I can't word this well but I truly believe this is the source of many problems.

September 29th, 2018

### **Thwarting Rationality**

The will to maintain rationality is most perfectly achieved by the subjugation and domestication of one's volition. Man can suppress those emotions which incriminate himself of irrationality, and therefore never err. He may suppress and in turn destroy the existence of the emotions of loneliness, hate, and failure--that he will blunt his own weapons of harm and his own possible failure as a rational individual. He may suppress and in turn destroy the existence of the emotions of contentment, expectation, and love in his mind--that he will never fail to maximize them. And thereafter, when the grade fails or the whip strikes, and the faint disappointment or pain rears its tiny head, he will ask himself if he really cares--if these petty imps dare stir his sturdy form--and he will not care. When one reigns full control of their emotions, what can make him endure change and its required suffering? He will then act only upon those desires or pains which are easily resolved.

But, then, one must ask... Has he subjugated himself, or has the Earth? Is one more a slave to at the cruelty of life quit altogether or make light of its unrelenting tribute? It comes to be questioned, is there good beyond harmony?

Then, if most do not spiral into such a near zombified disposition, which perfectly achieves rationality, are they stupid? More likely, rationality alone is not the end goal of many.

Aha! I have thwarted rationality! No longer an overarching Law, rationality is simply a concept you can follow or ignore. Hold me no longer a slave to rationality, and I shall do what I please.

July 17th, 2019

### **Omniscience**

If my emotion is the source of my truth, I am omniscient. My emotion bends to my will, and for that every moment I stand still can be rational--no pain due.

I say to you I want nothing and the present moment is acceptable. I say to myself such. And who can contest it? You can't read my mind.

I am fine, I say, and there is no ground for you to state otherwise. I am perfect, and the less I care the more perfect. And you cannot disprove it.



September 29th, 2019

## **Wants**

1. Reading profound literature
2. Reading philosophy
3. Bettering ones community
4. Having a flexible supply of energy
5. Doing thorough research on issues in politics, in your community, and on a global scale. Having a command of belief, having conviction, with justification and fortitude to withstand and provide meaningful insight in debate.
6. Learning piano pieces quickly and fluently
7. Composing music passionately and completely. Composing fugues. Composing what comes into my head quickly and effectively.
8. Being honest and genuine all the time. Knowing what to say and having it be what I believe in.
9. Regular exercise, especially cardio
10. Regular sleep schedule and length
11. Maintain good posture
12. Maintain good hygiene (brush teeth twice a day, cut nails regularly, shower regularly)
13. To care more, and value deeply and earnestly, stubbornly, independently from outside pressures
14. To be more sociable, and converse more intimately with valuable minds.
15. To be able to quickly adapt to chance and variation, so as to enable more raw experience. Generally to be more receptive.
16. Speak many languages

But will it not all be taken away as death's debt? And the less invested, the less lost? We all approach possessionlessness, but I will have none lost.

Indeed, is there not a decision to be made merely on the principle of investment? What would be willed is there above, but I am not much inclined to participate in willpower at all. To commit to the principle of investment, is to immediately lose all you will never have but want, and to over the years gain for a time what will soon be lost. It is in essence to lose all that was ever wanted and had. Whereas to commit to investmentlessness, is to lose nothing, and, come death, to have gained once again nothing.

"Ah, but life is more about the moment. Do what you please, fuck it, because it is all going to waste anyway." And what exactly is what I please? I am not sure I am able to tell at all even in the moment if I do enjoy something. But I imagine you would suggest exercise would improve my fulfillment, though I am not much inclined to do it atm. Then, do you not suggest I serve my future self in spite of my momentary self? Or when I maintain good hygiene, or when I maintain excruciating focus on learning a fugue, is that not investment? Is that not goal oriented?

July 26th, 2021

### **Ethical Orientation**

Let me state that happiness is good. I think it is fair to say that humans do not inherently pursue good. They regularly engross themselves in stimulation--stimulation which might occupy an individual for his entire life with his own consent. It has puzzled me thus how a human comes to desire good at all.

I think I am not a happy person. The justification of this claim is challenging. Happiness is understood only as a subjective experience that is not guaranteed to be externally (and hence, objectively) consequential. And, these consequences are easily confused with those of various other emotions and stimulations which compel the body. And yet, we traffic in the notion.

I also suspect that happiness is the only salvation for a human. And even that my own happiness is the only salvation I can offer to other humans, as good is difficult to find without the direction of prior good. The human condition is one of chaos--chaos which incessantly assaults, transgresses, annoys, enslaves, tortures, offends, maims, disturbs, depersonalizes, and defiles him. To whatever extent you recognize this to be true, salvation terms the antidote--the rescuing of man and his uplifting in the opposite direction.

But frankly I do not know how to be happy. I am not even sure exactly what it means to be happy.

## **The Soul**

February 12th, 2018

### **The Warper**

In my most desired state I am the most unnatural and human thing,

Reflecting back into the world not the surrounding wind or rain but the best images and ideas irrespective of the present demands of time and place.

Bring me into the land and I shall promptly infect it with idealization and purpose.

I am a sieve of nature, a warper, and all around me bends to its human significance.

Bring me into the land and watch it stutter, watch it doubt and muddle itself, and cough up the pathogens--events it cannot protect against--until it constricts, becomes paralyzed in a hold of perfection, unto a violent and nearly endless death of its disordered and incorrigible character. I am the virus borne of Man. I lay the universe at your feet a managed beast, a corpse, pristinely slain and petrified... and with it myself, its rogue pretender and stomach flu, attained the last host forever.

February 28th, 2018

### **A Fateful Remedy**

Read this, [REDACTED], when life seems exciting and new, when women excite, or grades are good. Know that innate you are little, and much depends on your diligence. Know that there is sober hope in the world which spurns indulgence and drama, and which yet does not vindicate the brawns of character—slaves to impulse and appetitive play, moved as bodies to act on all and all for nothing. Remember that of all fancies you care to entertain, each detracts from our dream. Try again, my friend, you always do.

April 10th, 2018

### **The Missing Soul I**

What wished, and what believed, butchered and racked those fantasies until exhaust? Where is that soul--your soul?

I agree, reality is most offensive and ruinous. One's poor soul is not fit to master it to any satisfactory extent and is doomed in pursuit of any material impact.

But the noble heart, a diamond in the rough, to the suffering of man, never seems to falter, never ceases its critique of life, never embraces the reality that living is of no purpose and simply elate at nothing or dissipate. No, it moves the mind once more. All the greatest pains of successes and wonders that will never be court his vain and fickle majesty like his personal harem while the kingdom starves.

But to the world, to time and the universe, to eternity and instant, to all that exists and will exist, like the foreign scribbles of a long and wind tossed scrap, you are not. Your suffering is lost in time or distance, irrelevant and ethereal--abstract... mutable. Then, where is your soul? Show me where it is.

"No. It pains me too much and I must leave this world."

But the world has already taken residence in you, friend. In the forest, in the light (an outstanding patch), before the wane of youth, the night, the sinister nymph has revealed to you a glimpse of some apportioned region her underdress. She has lit the fire that excites the soul eternally. In death you do not escape the pains of what ought to be, the manifestations of the soul, for it remains.

What do you stand for?

Release your grip from life, and strengthen your grip on what you love.

There is no ideal in the world to achieve but the proximity of your soul to its fantasies.

I like math too much to die and forever distance myself from it.

Leibniz, Euler, Hilbert, and Neumann.

April 15th, 2018

### **The Missing Soul II**

Ah, but at these times I have lost my soul, and cannot revive a vivid semblance in my mind as you request. Longer and longer the lapses in which I act soullessly--without higher purpose or deep righteousness or self approval--like a slave to the present whims of the body.

November 11th, 2018

### **Authenticity**

Is it that strange that I laid around and stared blankly all day? What is a more natural state of [REDACTED], to be occupied in an [REDACTED] game or math homework or eating? In being true to myself these things require no expression of myself, mere plays and programs agreeable to my form. In being true to myself I must stare blankly and lay in stupor, for I acknowledge the void that is my inner being.

January 27th, 2019

### **Instructions for the Impressionable**

To children, adolescents—to the un- or half-fusedly-formed clays of the world—without direction, vigor, or unnatural qualities, the future failures among you will learn from your mistakes. Those, regretting and defeated, will become your parents. Your discipline, your molding of the barest babe, will your children be subject to. Those by their parents conquered, however, will become something—will make man out of fantasy, might out of mastery, conquest out of conquest, and advance that generation once defeated.

Consider, faced with task, that master which compiles twenty of them. Consider, not to find or make beauty, but to become it. Consider, not always to oneself mine the marble and oneself chisel it to the perfection of one's own eye, but consider perhaps to *be* that marble bust. The artist of nature is often a defeated landscaper, the composer musician, and daydreamer man of any substance at all. Style, dream, fantasize, design the road that extends the seaside cliff, not repaints the street-side walk. Walk to the end of the earth, and by god if you have made it thus far, squeezed all the juice of all cartography known to man, stand defeated master of this cliff, for none have before arrived.

Direction is a luxury. While not all directions are created equal, all magnitudes are, for man learns and failed men teach and men who reach the end of man extend him. Ask yourself, be you your parents or yourself; or with wildly successful parents who have no vigor in their directing hand, be you your great grandparents or greater, a failed man learned and children disciplined? Seek those master directors and be the granite and the marble or else be the petty sculptor. Michaelangelo hangs not from the Sistine as does god.

Man directs passionately because he cannot himself continue. Listen to him, and supersede. Rarely are the passionate directors ignorant of their mistakes, or they would not be so passionate to correct them in us.

The inexperienced are too meek, too wild and of wilderness tolerant to enter the unknown, for to them everything is such.

May 12th, 2019

### **The Belief in Joy**

I am beginning to suspect there may be such a thing as joy. For whom does one dedicate his existence to? Who deserves the satiation provided by our presence? Is it his majesty, or his mastery, or the impish, recalcitrant natural world that we ought to serve? I do imagine that it must be in our wildest and most private, most gloriously vigorous and idiosyncratic relations that man justifies himself to himself.

Perhaps there is raw gold in the earth, not yet mutilated by wealth, but with which my hands could enhance as my own treasure.

## **The Ought**

July 3rd 2018

### **The Sufficiency of Philosophy for Greatness I**

I wonder if I should just drop all this philosophy mumbo jumbo and just choose a trade and do my absolute best at it. After all, I want greatness, no? That might be a stoic answer, to say well I can't change whether or not I have the capacity to achieve greatness in any particular field, so I might as well just do my best in it. I wonder if anyone has set out for greatness and achieved it. It seems like everyone just minded their own business and pleasures and worked hard and people ended up really appreciating what they did. It kind of contradicts that idea of the genius reaching into the noumenal aether to produce greatness. That greatness is merely the happenstantial product of just doing your best in any trade. Its mumbo jumbo because I am so unsure.

It is especially offputting that many of the most renowned thinkers were thought insane or dumb at their time. I wonder whether they had any more surety than I do in some of the things that come out of my mind. I suppose they must if they wrote several books, but I am still young...

July 12th, 2018

### **The Sufficiency of Philosophy for Greatness II**

Is man best suited to achieve greatness because he has spent great lengths justifying and analyzing its path, or best he enter the game as promptly as possible and allow chance to pick its unbenkowing winners?

July 21st, 2018

### **Possibilities**

Man can act. I can disassociate with my emotions. I can question every action or thought that comes into my mind. I have truly an absurd array of options as a human. I can join the KKK, be a flamboyant homosexual, discipline myself into a six packed beast, set out to become an astronaut, and so on. And the fact that I *can* attempt and pursue nearly anything, and that I must do *something* at this moment, I must ask what I *ought* to do.

July 24th, 2018

### **The Obligation of Truth**

Being crushed in indecision between rationality (operating only on rational thought toward an objective goal of truth) and sensationality (operating only to fulfill one's desires, whims, and to generate strong emotions), there is no correct answer. The truth of the matter is either is arbitrary, but a decision on what value is necessary to efficiently generate value. And, when you are of the rational state of mind, concerned with answers and truth, to realize that the decision resolving which mode of value you are to operate under is in fact arbitrary, there is nothing that could ever possibly compel you to leave this rational state in favor of the other, for the decision is completely arbitrary. So stay, then. And if you do leave, you have not realized, and won't when sensationalist tendencies arise, how arbitrary either pursuit is. When you do, you will pick one and settle on it to generate value, for it doesn't matter which value you pick as valuable, only that it is wholly pursued.

You will pursue truth once you have found in it the arbitrariness of all pursuits, because no adjustment of pursuit would ever be justified from that point.

That is what arbitrariness is: an inherent irrationality in any change. Not that it can be whatever you want it to be, then it is merely flexible. A step further is to say it is arbitrary, or possibly changed, but yields nothing in ever changing it. Not that it shouldn't be changed, but that its optionality is to be neither enforced nor even really acknowledged. Its mere existence is its only facet, beyond worthiness of consideration. In doing so, one rejects the fact of arbitrariness.

If there is one thing I have faith in in life, although I shall return to examine it maybe, it is that all pursuits are arbitrary.

It follows a priori from human conditions that all directions of willpower are arbitrary, and the logical direction of willpower that brought forth this conclusion is thus logically bound to continue this logical pursuit, for arbitrariness demands strict coherency in refusing to change one's designation of value from where it is (being that which drove forth this conclusion of truth), not following changing them as one's whims, that is the opposite of arbitrariness—that is exploiting flexibility and embracing wholly the value of the moment as most worthy and necessary to act upon, it is the religiosity of following one's whim, embracing each wholeheartedly as it comes, as absolute and dominant over the previous ones.

An issue that arises, however, is that man is not always sedated enough in sensations to submit to reason, and not always as primarily motivated to entertain reason, a particular line of which might have grown boring or meaningless after repetition. The Hungry may be unable to follow and focus on the line of reasoning and may be entirely focused on ridding themselves of their hunger. Must he then simply have faith in the conclusions of this reasoning? And if man simply resorts to faith, fundamentally, why ought it matter what anyone has faith in?

As I wrote a bit earlier, only when man is confronted with options, does he consider normality. When hunger posits only eating in a man's eyes, he is not in a position to consider normality, for it is merely a fact in the goal of eating. When man in his soberness realizes the vast array of goals and values he may set for himself (as he is compelled to none particular by his sensations),

he considers normality of normality. But I and logic insist, there is no answer here despite the progression of time and human agency and action and presence. Man will only find answers when he is compelled by his sensations so.

Man wishes to generate value. To maximize such, he

Reason fails to govern the man who does not wish to influence the world, but only to preserve or destroy his present sensations, and who has realized his great omnipotence in doing such as he pleases without issue.

Only faith prevails against the invasion of ones sensations against the innocent and benevolent work of reason.

July 29th, 2018

### **Reflections on the Origin and Maintenance of Meaning**

Man is not by necessity a rational creature, only a responsive one. When all higher conscience fails—as it always does more or less—man is at least a taster or listener, of lust or chemically induced euphoria, of stubbornness in immediate gratification, or of pain and torture in the blaze of the furnace. He is functional beyond conscious, complex meaning, in short. It is this unfortunate impurity—some might say—of the human condition which implies there is no meaning inherent in life. That man can reject reason, question his values and his means to achieve them, destroy all meaning his conscience has ever been assigned for the hell of it—that his soul can attain a quality of apathy to any subject—he is confronted with a decision of infinite consideration as to what he ought to value. That one can sedate and suppress meaning, one must ask whether he ought. But the meaning-deprived ought not do anything; they simply do whatever in the moment or nearby, as humans must, but without long term direction.

The alternative, which the rested soul or outsider might consider optimal in soberness, is never to suppress meaning and feed a body this optionality. Indeed, it is not natural to hold no personal meaning, but unnatural and irrational, for not only are we gifted biologically with a complexity of mind but a healthy set of sensations and intuitions which experience bestows on us, and that shrink only in repression of memory and conscience. Instill an unshakeable pride in his emotions, and he will not question the moral conclusions of empathy (in which his own esteemed emotions reflect from others), his experience and he shall not reject reality (which feeds his own esteemed experience), his intuition and he will not reject rationality (which is revealed through his esteemed intuition). The most admirable people in history are not perfect beings who were unshakable in their beliefs and meanings and sentiments, but simply ones of extreme confidence and activity who had a passion for and a pride in in applying themselves. There is no ideal but that which you are confident in and proud of, and such changes. To suppress one's emotions is to destroy empathy, to suppress experience reality, and intuition reason. To doubt or ignore oneself is to destroy meaning itself, and with humans like stardust or ants being structurally untethered to complex meaning, this option is dangerously viable for human functioning. It is up to the sober state not to feed another the Meaning-Acid of self doubt and shame.

To teach man, even, that his second guess is better than his first—that if he simply thought longer, his intuition should attach to something else better with time—is to cast doubt on his intuition and this may eventually destroy rationality itself. Instead, offer further insight, and let each man believe he is correct when his intuition suggests such, for this confidence is the only means of rationality.

Pride and Confidence is a virtue when combined with Challenging Experience. Let him grow confident and proud of his mind and body, so that he may will that they are put to work and play upon the world, which I trust always yields growth.

Let him never doubt or distrust his competent processing of experience so as to restrict such growth.

But what does one do when emotions, intuitions, and experience contradict each other? Man may be spelled into doubt by his own confidence in all three, and be at risk of embracing doubt and eventually destroying meaning itself. They are one in the same and must agree.

November 4th, 2018

### **The Limitations of Human Volition**

In this essay I aim to clarify the limitations of the human will, to reduce the anxiety of the free man.

Time and your according bodily presence and maintenance will go on regardless of circumstances, sure. It is in the limitation of actionable options, however, when certainty, animation, and determination arise. Indeed, any omnipotent being must also be omniscient, for he would otherwise surely go insane considering what he ought to do at any moment. The more numerous ones opportunities or skills, the greater the likelihood of their waste. Or, it might be wondered of the egalitarian if each man already has infinite opportunities. But where man can, he asks if he ought... endlessly in such an egalitarian case. The question of The Ought is unanswerable without a limitation of one's actionable options.

There is a major difference between the egalitarian hypothetical human power and the power of ones will. It is not within my hypothetical human power to jump 10 ft high. It is within my hypothetical human power to stand on the roof outside for 20 minutes. However, it is not actually in my power to do such, because there is currently no way in hell I'd do such a thing without further incentive. The same applies to getting into an ivy league school for the above average person. There is a hypothetical path, but not one which incentivizes one enough to make the path actionable in reality--the path would be hell on earth, and the rewards likely small.

Man acts not because he imagines action, but because he enjoys it. If you claim that there exists some internal identity, I would challenge you to distinguish any internal occurrence from identity, to distinguish the scenarios and words in your head from mere passive mental experience. Anything internal, I can doubt without repercussions. Did I feel a certain way, or did I just have daydream about my future marriage?



But before the egalitarian case is considered and one attempts a metaphysical constraint on human behavior which man then heed

For, what is a wealthier human but a machine which can afford to run end  
That he can, he asks if he ought.

## **Solomnism**

June 13th, 2018

### **The Definition of Solomnism**

Solipsism has it completely reversed. Rather, you and your thoughts are the only things that don't exist. One cannot experience their identity directly. Self-expression is the most meaningless, most worthless activity amounting to precisely null. Your wants, your fantasies, conceptions, passions and so on, they are delusions and empty, zombifying experiences and piecing together ridiculous frankensteins which have no presence in the world. Do not think, act. Do not sit and wonder, experience. You have nothing to prove of your existence or identity, for it does not exist. Neither do the laws of physics nor emotion of hope nor concept of a bed. The world is infinitely powerful and complex and your mind infinitely weak to conceive of it. Instead, seek to experience it. Its wonders, its beauties. Seek proximity to it. The universe is where greatness exists, because it is the only thing that does exist. Find that greatness, that perfection, its intricacy and complexity which towers over you. Immerse yourself in it. You are not great. You may only experience greatness.

June 16th, 2018

### **The Application of Solomnism**

My brother sent me a 6 node neural network he coded today. (When we worked on it a month ago, we struggled to get more than one node to work.) I at first was happy for him, but another emotion poisoned this reaction. It was envy and some depression, anger and irritation. *He has progressed so far in this field? Unacceptable! I need to catch up and exceed his progress promptly.*

*I was losing him. He was going off to bigger and better things. He was happy. I was losing control. My circumstances were being attacked, pushed and shoved around without my consent. I would have to die inside a little--euphemistically, "adapt"--my place in the world, my conception of it, my power in it was changing, and the past self had been wounded.*

*I am a cyborg of the world's muddling. Flesh here, wires there. This idea or that seized against my will and replaced with what my presence in the universe demands of me. I feel as though my identity is dwindling--my humanity is dwindling. Soon enough, I may off myself for fear that I might never have existed at all--which an apathy for the destruction of the principles of my own soul would suggest. If I care not for my principles, I care not at all. If I care not, I believe not. I am not. If I never cared for any of my principles--to watch them all die--I cared not at all, and I never existed in the first place. Unacceptable!*

*Is there any benefit to delaying the validation of the strength of my identity by suicide? While some principles may be degraded, some may be strengthened if you are careful. By the exercise of these principles in action and the colonization of new principles from these roots, one reaffirms the strength of their identity, braces and buffers it against the strength of the will of the universe--increases that proportion of flesh to cyborg to delay surrender.*

But the reality is we all die. It is the universe that has the final word on us all and we know it.

In the near ceaseless battle between my truth and the universe's truth, I will always lose to its vast complexity. My identity is a mere collection of delusions chafing against the immensity which inevitably exceeds myself. I am the only thing in the universe which does not exist. Everything I have ever loved or valued is out there and my self preservation is a doomed fight. Sing to me, noumena, the records are stale.

June 19th, 2018

### **Solomnism on Identity**

In a world so vast with so many perspectives and people and lives that could be lived and yet one form that i am responsible for... i wonder what my identity ought to be. Is identity precisely which you cannot control or change? Well, then I am a white. I am relatively wealthy. Inej But if an identity is assigned to us,

I have identified with what i ought to be, rather than what I actually am. (Think your ideas dont exist dont identify with them theyre imperfect, how identifying with ideals can make construction of new ideals difficult). I have identified with ideas, concepts, goals, qualities, and spurned my past as arbitrary and without the right to dictate my future.

But the problem is these ideas that i identify with are arbitrary, sometimes unclear, and subject to change.

July 3rd, 2018

### **Anti-Existentialism I**

It puzzles me, as I am plagued by the existentialist question, that what appears in my desperation the most paradoxical, unanswerable, and unhumanly burdensome probe into existence itself could ever be contented upon. Some, as I would expect, go insane. Others, remarkably produce a belief system they claim guides their existence.

Not only must we ask what ought I do, but why, and even how, as though it is not clear what biology and history and culture has laid out for us. It seems the objective of the existential probe to come as close to scratch as possible in constructing the principles of regular function which man is near preordained to understand. Here the existentialist is, going around claiming to teach humanity something, when it is more himself being taught by humanity what he would be content to understand had he not stubbornly demanded an entire coherent system of principles and explanations to exist. Show me the existentialist, master of will and progress, who is not some depressed schmuck recluse bookworm. Show me him that can lecture for hours on the nature and consequence and "essence" of will, and can withstand a degree of its extraordinary exertion. You will do more to advance the proper functioning of the human race by ignoring the question altogether than to set about to describe the human will.

July 3rd, 2018

### **Anti Existentialism II**

The existentialists are ill with the plague of self expression. They want to express their inner workings and find objectivity and truth inside themselves and their soul. But that shit is the most delusional and distorted shit. All beliefs are wrong. All identities are imperfect and undefined (well actually you can define them a better way (are vs ought)). There is no solace to be found studying the subjective perspective. The problem is the self doesn't actually exist, it's the world that exists. Anything that happens to your self is completely fictional. Pain, love, happiness. They don't exist. They are the epitome of the non-noumena. The source of all enlightenment and meaning and god is in the noumena.

Dispel self expression. Dispel beliefs. Dispel identity. They don't exist.

# Identity and Responsibility

May 21st, 2018

## Notes for the Psychologist

-I would like to acquire the psychology that allows me to become great.

What is great

- usually: well known as a generator of quality new ideas not just locally but globally or at very very least nationally
- —bucket list:
- —To write acclaimed social, philosophical, and metaphysical treatises
- —To solve impressive mathematical problems
- —to write a psychology paper
- —To Write acclaimed music compositions
- —to discover an essential aspect of physics

----> If he says “theres no psychology that allows you to become great...”

--well you haven't found it yet, and you should, because many people are currently suffering their mediocrity, lost in the psychology nature has allotted them. Why should my life be bound to the whim of nature as to how great I become? Why ought I remain in the intellectual caste I was born into? I am looking for the equality of opportunity for greatness, not wealth creation or the pursuit of happiness, which are so meaningless in the grand scheme, and I suspect it is out there, will be soon, or at the very least can eventually be. And it ought to be. Give me the tools such that, should I have infinite time, I will have the capacity to solve problems as the giants before us, and I will honorably use all the time I have to get there. Give me the most efficient path to follow my dreams and when my body grows too weak to continue I shall die as a man of at least my devoted principles, for how do I adhere to my principles if I don't know how to actualize them.

——>you are almost religious about this [REDACTED], are you sacrificing your humanity for some arbitrary principles, like a monk wasting away memorizing the Bible? Do you not wish to be a free spirit, to make light of life and love things because you can?

—I am not really sure. Why do I want to be powerful? Would I rather resign myself to the wind, to the gravitation of the Sun?

1. To some extent I feel as though that is death, the capitulation of my identity to the universe. And to consent to it, to watch as time steals your soul bit by bit, to allow the universe concessions of your identity until death—I believe you have never truly lived in that case, to be contented with such—never had a soul. Not to watch the universe impale you with a car accident or cancer, no, these are to a large extent unavoidable and of secondary importance because first you must have a soul to preserve, but consented-to soul *deterioration* is despicable to me. If I should ever find the universe winning so many concessions and wounds upon the quality and volition of my soul, I will refuse its power and do the act myself. The time and wear-diluted soul is not mine, and I will not consent to replacement of mine with it, and will with all my will act to subvert this process.

2. But what makes me think I am alive in the first place? That my identity is so distinct from dead matter and that I deserve to continue to exist?

If you cannot help me with this I think we are done here.

—>so you're saying you'll kill yourself if you don't achieve those things?

—No, I'm saying I'll kill myself if I am ever about to be convinced that I should not pursue these things, which I sometimes almost convince myself of in confusion as to how I'll ever even make progress towards these things, but which I of course have not nor intend to.

—>so you'd be content just to make progress on these things in life?

—only if I was confident I did all I could, which is something very hard to be confident in, or else I lack the conscientiousness towards my soul to discover the most efficient method of getting there. That's why psychology and philosophy come first. Maybe I can outline the way souls can get where they want for others. And who knows, humans are so finite, it is possible I can resolve these psychological impediments to the actualization of the soul with good time to spare. Much more reassuring though would be just achieving these things.

Yes, for someone so apparently self interested, I am actually content to achieve freedom for others, because such is a principle I am devoted to beyond myself.

Because it takes so long to first process what I'm being asked (before then even having to sift through ideas), a first process which is 0 stimulation because I'm just concentrating on nothing until it becomes something, maybe that is the cause of my difficulty in focusing. I notice I'm usually decently stimulated in the sifting through ideas phase.

My thoughts are so strange sometimes.

I swear the other day I was hyperfocused on this music I was orchestrating online, and everything was clear, greatness was being formed right at my fingertips. I saw all the possibilities and they were making it onto the paper and it was going to be truly wonderful but then I had dinner time and I couldn't focus on the project again.

May 27th, 2018

### **The Fixed Identity**

What is death? What does it mean to live, to have a soul?

Identity, they say, ought not to be static. The values upon which you act may change and that is natural! No! This is the process of outsmarting nature by refining your methods to achieve what you please more efficiently. A soul does not change its true manifesting principles, it changes the deliberately crystallized values which were once shown to be in the best interest of the true soul's desires.

If we take however, that as a child I once wished to be an excellent actor and film director, I can little reconcile these fancies with my own today (perhaps we could go with the desire for fame and excellence, but it is questionable). In this case, I acknowledge the child that once was is now dead. I am a new soul today with greater vigor than before to preserve myself.

I concede, all values and preferences are induced by experience or otherwise indeliberate, and we are products thereof.

June 11th, 2018

### **Greatness Requires Justification**

One must justify great action is the challenge. One can render anything worth it by foreseeing how it fulfills the near endless supply of individuals in society beyond mere yourself. Or maybe god. Either way, if searching only for your own fulfillment, maximization of principles is limited by the strain of such to be worth ones fulfillment. [REDACTED] mentioned this, maybe you dont want a perfect all good feelings and maybe its impractical or impossible. Got to find a balance he says. Well i say that balance can be extended.

Remember the quote about worthy respite. One must find a justification for greatness (need to see how it will make net fulfillment volume huge to be worth it). To make net fulfillment volume maximal, one needs to attempt to justify action towards the greatest most difficult things?

What renders an action worth its struggle? More time in life at leisure? Higher quality leisure? Is it just some maximization of leisure volume in life to be achieved?

Tell me then, what is leisure?

Is it to not care at all? To be apathetic and numb? I would imagine most men in greater leisure eating grapes in the sun than. Leisure seems a facility of the fulfillment of one's wishes, rather.

What is so important about me? Why do I place so much stress on fulfilling my dreams? Maybe I should look to how I can help other people.

Stoicism is valid in discouraging external goals because the reality the time period in which we are even alive is finite. Therefore the precise degree to which a single man with his single body can secure for his person certain accomplishments is to some extent outside of his control. Man may extend his life and improve the efficacy of his daily efforts, but one must concede his efforts are ultimately limited by the finitude of his life. As man approaches infinite efficacy of daily efforts, all external goals approach principles with which to satisfy universally in action. To help

everyone in the universe totally is to be maximally helpful for such an omnipotent being. Such is simultaneously helping everyone one possibly can (the internal maximizing goal) and helping everyone (the external impossible goal)

One question I have is why would I want people to rather than aim to kill my mother in life aim to end world hunger in Africa or something else “great.” If great things require greater justifications, then I seem to want to encourage people to acquire greater justifications when I want them to accomplish greater things?

The more profound the justification, the greater the benefit.

Halyeey belongs to a large African tribe that is poor. It resents white colonialists that installed dictators in the surrounding lands and who persecuted this tribe. Halyeey has seen my mother and sees her as the epitome of the Whiteness the tribe resents. He wants the tribe to feel proud and strong again because they have been so demoralized. Halyeey thus sets his life goal to kill my mother.

Me: “You’re kidding. Why do you want to kill her? She’s done nothing wrong.”

Halyeey: “My tribe will be proud and strong again I need to bring this justice it is my only will in life, even if it is difficult to kill your mother.”

What do I do? Their ethics are not exactly the same as mine. Do I accept that this is a reasonable goal of another human? How can I convince him to espouse different principles? He is not wrong that his tribe will be proud again. He has a deep, passionate, and unselfish justification. I may bring up the golden rule and the categorical imperative and whatnot, but what if he doesn’t care about his mother that much and thinks it is a fair trade? There is always some arbitrariness in these decisions of value which affect morality. I must offer him a more intense and larger justification than the justification of fulfilling his tribe.

Me: “What about solving world hunger? Why don’t you devote your life to that instead. You’ll help way more people.”

Halyeey: “But that is more difficult and strenuous.”

June 21st, 2018

### **The Post-Truth Era**

Nowadays we don't have truth. We have science, sure, and I like my science. It is to some extent questionable, though, as many aspects do change and are refined. It is also not very practical for a less constrained life as to science or mathematics. When there sorely lacks truth, we tend to artificially manufacture truth.

It may be argued today there is much more truth that society is aware of. It may be claimed that today with our complex laws and global awareness that we are much more knowledgeable, and that our lives are much more rich in truth. I know about argentina and its pastures and historical suzerainty under the spanish empire; about the Holocaust and how a dictator can rise to power manipulating disillusioned people; i know about the dinosaurs and the true age of the earth; and that oppression is bad and love is good. It is true our modern explanations are much more credible than the olden days. But I am well aware of my responsibility in the world, and while I know many facts and concepts and perspectives, I don't know what I ought to be doing. The great infinitude of perspectives and even facts available to us seems both a blessing and a curse. On the one hand, we have the ability to "know," so much more, but on the other, this realization of our ignorance is paralyzing. Indeed, it is not truth, but responsibility that has become a game of ideology, whether you're correct or not. You stop somewhere.

August 14th, 2018

### **A Theory of Ethics**

I am a person. You are a person. She is a person. Yes, even the Jew is a person. Each of us sees the world, feels it, becomes frustrated or confused with it, or loves it. And each person is also a part of the world which, if some people travel to that corner of it or read about him, is a spectacle of the world on his own.

I know Ludwig Boltzmann through his contributions to physics, his writings, and his biography. So do you. In fact, so does everyone in the entire world if they are ever to hear of him, and there are probably millions who have and billions who will. In fact, there are so many people who do and will know him through these things, take interest in him through these things, identify value and appreciation him through these great things he left behind, that one wonders whether our perception of him as such is more real than his own perception of himself at the time of his living--his own struggles in study or with depression or joys had in late-night carousing. In fact, for each person X that I can identify, past or present, I only appreciate him through whatever he offers to humanity or myself. I don't appreciate his laziness, nor his decadence, nor his wealth--even if he might have at the time. And neither do any of us, really. X is to me--to you, to all of us, to humanity, to Human Perception itself, past and present and future and whole--all that he leaves behind for our viewing, hearing, learning, or inspiration. Every X I've ever known is appreciated by me only his products or admirable struggles for what is right, never for his mere comfort or euphoric sensations--no, these euphorias, they are today to me like an affront; what you could have done for me or humanity in the future or present, for my sake and security, you have spurned for the pleasure of yourself, stolen from the jar of potentiality in your laziness to spite us for your own gain. (Indeed it is always a choice; both action and inaction are actions in physicality--time must go on.)



As Ludwig Boltzmann is person X to me, I am person X to you. And you are person X to all of humanity--the whole 7 billion and a billion extra each year of them. Each person *is* effectively entirely as he *is* to present and future external perceivers. (Oh and Animals? Yes, I believe in Heaven even the animals sing your name.) Each thing, as well, *is* effectively entirely as it *is* to present and future perceivers. If one intends to make a contribution to humanity, anything that is lost in the death of your past self and eventually entire self as a living body--in your fading memories or bodily responses--anything that enters your head and doesn't leave it for the better will effectively contribute nothing as it is lost in your death.

Any thought, information, etc. which you consume or hide from humanity that may have some speck of value is to Human Perception as an entity worthless and counterproductive. Tell your mom you are writing philosophy instead of "nothing," for it may be of use to her and any security your person gains otherwise is irrelevant to Human Perception, in which you occupy a rather provincial and useless perspective regarding your own mental sensations of security. Do not steal from the jar of potentiality to spite Human Perception, in which your fulfillment of your own provincial sensations fills a leaking bucket that will soon break.

Indeed, this philosophy is dependent on the faith that others perceive the world as you do--that Human Perception is a fair and equal whole for which you play an extremely small part in the grand scheme of things, and not an especially large part for any reason. But, you might realize, not everyone perceives everything the same--that some can understand Boltzmann and others cannot--that some see the beauty in a Mozart Symphony and others perhaps prefer the work of Lil Pump--that one half of humanity arouses at men and the other women. Then, you might ask, is productivity in intelligent or specialized interest doomed to sub-par existence for eternity? Then, you might ask, if all there are infinite interests and values of man, is there even such a thing as a coherent Human Perception as a whole?

If one accepts that evil is the filling of this leaking bucket rather than the mending of it--the theft of ones agency (which one always has) as a helpful and productive individual in ones comfort and satiation--and that human fulfillment is a long struggle that requires the long term empowerment of humans over milenia to be able to secure fulfillment and propel it to new heights as a whole--a struggle for the best songs

September 8th, 2018

### **A Recipe for Exceptionality**

It may be asked first, how do I achieve greatness? But first, we must ask what greatness is to us. It is always the taste. But of power, of the ability to freshly penetrate the aether of delights? To be a wizard among men in bringing into the world the most foreign yet fantastic things?; Is it fame? To be admired a hero among men in bringing into the world the most foreign yet cherishable things?; Or money? A merchant from India rich in providing the most foreign and expensive things; or of righteousness and virtue, perhaps, to be saintly? To bring justice and fairness to the most improbable causes?

Then, we must ask how we make these sensations happen. Being gifted helps, but there have been many gifted people in the world, and therefore your mere participation in the world is unlikely to achieve much greatness. No, it is through many long endeavors that one produces something truly great which others have not crossed upon. ( footnote?: Billions of humans have existed for ages, so strides in the human condition will not come easily. Like minded societies today number maybe half that entire human population ever. Geographically there are people nearly everywhere. But not in outer space. Though, as usual, if many humans have not set foot there, there is usually some impediment to the average person (possibly just ignorance, but one still must find a way to escape this as an average person). )

Then, we must realize that to endeavor significantly upon something, we must justify it. To endure strain, we must foresee worthy respite. These sensations, our own stimulation are the justifications of greatness. Our will is limited by the strength and passion and stimulating ability of our justification, which is the yearn for these sensations of achieved greatness.

Well it is simple then, you might say, to want to achieve greatness in a field, to fantasize about that end and imagine it would be really cool. That is your justification. Just choose something you want to be great at and then work your whole life at it. But prolonged activity in some singularity of pursuit can desensitize one to it and make it nearly impossible to continue. If one does not continue, they will be nothing other than one of the billions who tried. There is a threshold indeed for real substance in greatness, and it gets bigger and bigger with time in human existence now that there are and have been so many, at least for preexisting subjects. For new fields may be While there may be exceptions in the facility of greatness for some lucky folks, such is unlikely, unreliable, and therefore unviable for the average person.

Well you might say then I shall choose the end goal furthered by the activity that is most stimulating to me; that I shall identify what pursuit I can do the longest, and I shall then pursue it wholly and achieve greatness. This is a fair next conclusion. It accepts that humans can get bored, and render the greatest sensations of the future not worth enduring the years of lack of stimulation leading up to them. It offers a meek and bleak solution however, for it implies that each man has a Most Stimulating assigned to his person that he has no qualitative nor quantitative control over, and it dooms the average man with an average Most Stimulating to his caste. Not only will he struggle to produce greatness because he can only strain himself an average amount--not to the heights of effort that greatness require--but it will be in a subject that he perhaps tolerates most, but does not love the most. This is a depressing case for the average man seeking greatness, because he is effectively doomed.

It is true the average man may have an average limit of strain upon himself, and indeed an average degree of stimulation from a few arbitrary god-given specialities. However, man enjoys

many things. As a whole society enjoys many things. And as a whole, society is a near endless supply of minds yet unstimulated in many areas, just as we are as we neglect some of our other interests to pursue the ones we believe will make us great. We may tap into others interests and stimulations through empathy, and this empathy may provide a near endless source of stimulation for ourselves seeking greatness.

Take the musician for example, who as a human grows tired of analyzing bach despite that he believes it will further his skills and lead him closer to greatness. It is necessary at this point to

- A. Pursue something else entirely, more stimulating (presume greatness will come without hard work or does not care for greatness)
- B. Foresee appreciating this hard work in the future and empathize with your future self (presume greatness is achievable in reasonable, very finite time (much less than half a lifetime to be appreciated significantly in the rest of your life) which is usually unlikely)
- C. Foresee the joy you would cause many others for many years to come in at some point in your life producing wonderful works of music. This could be god amused with your work? (Einstein?)
- D. Find someone who enjoys you studying bach (partner, audience, (yourself?))

One can also siphon empathy from ones future self, when they are old and at rest. However, this is also a very finite source of stimulation (not including being finite in terms of the time you spend even trying towards greatness), because b. Your life is finite a. Your ability to achieve greatness is already questionable c. Your ability to appreciate your own greatness in a moment is finite.

Can we not siphon empathy from ourselves on the path to greatness? This is what they tell you, that you may appreciate progress... (unsure here)

Possible Footnote Reference to [REDACTED]-[REDACTED] Discussion about this

September 24th, 2018

### **Pragmatic Meditations**

It is important not only ones for fulfillment but also their proper productivity to concern themselves as purely as possible with the matters that most concern their impactful agency.

Each person is born with several basic demands of agency, such as

- Proximal Serenity (monitoring the impact of the impact of how one's physical location and bodily conduct directly affects the adjacent surroundings and people)
- Cultural Rituals (things which one is expected and predisposed to conduct because of cultural experience, like attending mass or joining the family banking business)
- Bodily Maintenance (Securing food, water etc.)
- Voting

One does not choose to have agency in these issues, and even inaction is the excessive of ones agency. Perhaps it would be wise for those whose understanding is auxiliary to their chosen assumed professional agency, not to prize their own understanding as much. Each man must aspire to be most active, and those without extreme talent to apply understanding productively have plenty of other inherent regions of agency they can address.

November 24th, 2018

### **The Aim of Being Someone**

Where man competes to occupy a role--being a certain kind of person in nature--his existence is but an attempt, and in failure, his life discardable. Is one not without purpose, when the object of his life is fulfilled by another? And when that object is the being of another person, will he not be content to concede when another occupies that position?

As well, to compete for a simultaneously binary and zero-sum goal such as the occupation of a certain role/person

June 29th, 2019

### **Telepathy**

You can't read my mind. And thus, who can? For if something is impossibly triangulated, it cannot be verified. I say of my mind X of my choosing, and none can dispute it. He can choose to believe what in my mind occurred, but has no basis with which to convince another, such as myself, to logically change position. Perhaps, rationally change position, but not from an epistemological basis.

To change his mind, man must only rationally accept it to *be* something particular at all, and then it to *be at fault*, for there is no epistemological mode of discerning what a person feels or thinks. The purely logically constricted, unbound by emotional rationality, cannot change his mind--that plasma of which no thing *is* assuredly, and consequently which logic does not apply. He can only change his words. The purely objective cannot change his mind, but only his words.

January 22nd, 2020

### **Death and Human Flexibility**

With experience, one realizes that all humans can change--can become other humans. We observe we may opine the obligations of other humans, but we may also become each of these humans, and then us. Thus, the suggestion that a life, which can be molded to some degree of any kind of life, ought to be terminated implies and vice versa the futility of all axis of human pursuit--in turn, all humans. In the justification of nonexistence, one doubts meaning itself, which can be found in abundant supply, unrestrained by will and principle.

I am not sure I can accept this suggestion yet.

April 11th, 2020

### **Things I Would Not Mind Having**

Things I would not mind having--completely independent of each other--in all fantasy:

- great classical/piano compositions skills
- perfect pitch
- write a piece for some art production
- write a philosophical paper
- write a math paper
- an extremely pretty, intelligent girlfriend
- >1m annual average income/asset increase
- philosophical tenets / principles defeating my scrutiny and which inform my decisions. and which others are sympathetic to.
- a built, low fat body
- no need for glasses
- a large house and estate in a wooded countryside
- being well read
- a long diary
- many friends

July 5th, 2021

### **Dear Psychologist**

I am going to give a 10 minute introduction to save us a lot of time, if not an eternity. Firstly, three essential statements about the nature of practicing psychiatry on me should be at least comprehended, even if you disagree. I have gathered these from experience with two psychologists beforehand, and my own inner workings.

1. I am a very self-conscious and deliberate person. I also find rhetorical strategies--especially defensive ones which stretch the confines of honesty--very intuitive, and when defensive, even a bit compulsive. For that, there is a high chance I could probably answer all of your questions in a way that would get you to believe whatever I wanted about me. I could probably get you to call me depressive, dissociative, bipolar, schizoid, socio or psychopathic, or autistic, or to say that I have aspergers, or social anxiety, or perhaps, that i am actually quite rational, content, and healthy--even quite normal.

2. I do not know what I want you to say yet. But I would like you to try to catch on as much as possible, because if you say what I want you to say, I will not grow as a person. Yes, I wish to grow as a person, but I am also quite skeptical of the idea of growth and will with my own tricks preserve the status quo wherever I deem helpful

3. I understand there are a few expressions which, if said to you, could lead to involuntary institutionalization. Now, even if I was for some reason intending to kill myself, I know that I would never be so stupid as to prevent myself from doing something I actually wanted to do. Thus, I will simply make you aware that, regardless of whether I am intending to kill myself or

not, I will always tell you that I am definitely, certainly, absolutely not intending to kill myself. That being said, I am, actually, genuinely, not intending to kill myself.

Now if these comments are at least comprehended, I can offer a little about myself.

I acknowledge that I do exhibit some unconventional behavior, statistically speaking. I tend to avoid recreational social activity, maintain a lot of emotional distance in relationships, dislike most unpredictable activities, and have a lot of thoughts pertaining to meeting my maker. I also have a very idiosyncratic "philosophy." It is a carefully constructed and idiosyncratic understanding of practical human existentialism, and I will tend to defend against criticism by using it. However, I suspect I may somehow be enticed to alter it in such a way that renders my activity much more conventional, or at least socially acceptable.

Yes, from experience, I know psychologists are prone to stipulate that the patient must "want to get better" for them to "treat" him. But how does a depressive person who believes in earnest that they are irredeemably worthless "want to get better"? It would be a contradiction of their own condition. Instead, I come here only curious. At the moment, I cannot tell you that I believe in earnest I am--beyond merely divergent in ways that would spark concern among most--actually mentally ill. Out of humility and curiosity, I have come here to subjected to an autopsy of my psychological functioning, so that I may be enlightened about my own deficiencies, and perhaps receive some helpful "surgery."

Also, if you intend to apply cognitive behavioral therapy, I would politely decline, and I would be willing to debate how appropriate it is for me if you think that would be productive.

Don't want to treat me? You are scared. You have a fucking phd in the human mind while I've sat on my ass every day of my life, and you can't even sort this thing out. Did you help anyone this session? Did you do anything productive? You're a charlatan.

# Mental Processes

December 3rd, 2016

## **Sensualism**

Sensualism has taken over.

Sensualism is the substitution of meaning for sensation like joy or physical appearance.

I see the video promoting science and discoveries by playing some nice chill mellow music with a mellow background and fancy images about rockets and green energy. Likely getting people excited. Same thing with people becoming obsessed with intelligence nowadays.

Getting excited accomplishes nothing directly. It is very easy to imagine sensual images and stories about things truly allow people to generate more vivid insightfulness about things. Rather, the vivid enthrall with the theoretical is so phobic to sensualism that this sensual association with these things is counterproductive, and outright disastrous in its stealthy infection of intellectual discipline.

September 10th, 2017

## **Sensation**

Sensation does not directly heed inference without convulsion.

However, to the unintelligent, sensation perhaps never heeds inference, who is blind to the logic which governs the world.

If I infer that I should turn the light on, it does not immediately turn on. It also is not guaranteed to turn on if I convulse anyhow into the physical world. I must convulse in a set of particular ways such that that I infer should be, my sensations do become.

it is he whose second order volitions have become prioritized that has not discounted his first order volitions, but become so disturbed sensually by the stubborn depression sensation elicited by the second order volition's whine that the first order becomes to allow the second order to prevail. It is almost as though the first order is protective and conservative and the second order ambitious and abstract.

Women maybe have first order ambitious and abstract and second order protective and conservative?

He for whom our five senses do not dictate desire will be at odds with first order volition

October 23rd, 2017

### **A Field to Study**

The calmer [REDACTED] in a shower always thinks better, and the excited one in a fit of debate more erratically. Where my disposition reflects the disposition of my environment, there ought to be a field of study devoted to the arrangement of such to suit the disposition of choice. For me, this is utmost sobriety.

How can we arrange our lives so that the self wasted on the whims of not only one's particular susceptibility to be disposed by the environment but it itself. Should I shower more?

November 3rd, 2017

### **Descriptive vs Cognitive Functions**

I think there is some fundamental difference in the cognitive and descriptive functions and consequently developedness and expertise in people. Whereas a descriptive function tends to move a man to execute matters of fact, often guided by a narrative, a smoothness and cohesiveness, a natural flow or emotional thing. A man more naturally of cognitive might less quickly resort to the execution of his thoughts, but suffer a difficulty in doing such, or if anything a delay or disinclination for long periods of time to render him without class in speech or execution. Currently of course I acknowledge I am using mostly my descriptive skills, which to write as much as possible on the matter before I forget are not at all refined right now, and thus I'm describing a sort of idea I had and thinking about it less than writing about it. Perhaps explains why "English is so different than math".

I think cognitive function is absolutely more admirable and to be prioritized. Perhaps that's just because I may be better descriptively.

December 3rd, 2017

### **Overdigestion**

The history of delayed impressions, ridges and pits of still extreme conclusion, unprompted and uncontexted with the delay of passivity... it is a history of the dregs of humanity, where the nicest impulses are splurged and squeezed until only the sourest, most creative, and absurd dregs remain. It is a sort of asphyxiaphilia, where one intoxicatingly pleasures himself in the least traditional and practical ideas to consider after the strangling of his mental processes until they cough up this blood. Not that the first impression is best, nor the second, but that the tenth is the most deranged and absurd.

This is in regard to processes isolated from ongoing physical input.



January 14th, 2018

### **Hardship**

The foreigner to fleshly consequence is often unvaccinated against its damnation. Like a cliff-lodged man, few are prepared to fall, and even less have the patience to spoon their limbs apart to survive.

One perhaps can do anything they set their mind to, but one cannot set their mind to anything for as long as they please. Human bodies are bitchy and demanding. If one tries to exert absolute free will, without regulation or mediocrity, they will crumple up and relapse back to being moved only by their sensations, failing a project as their body tires and then resting for a while. The best option is to develop habit. That is, make yourself comfortable with an activity by repetition, so that you will not hate it so much. This also means that in order to work exactly as much as possible towards your arbitrary objective, one needs to narrow it into one that uses a single type of activity, very specifically, or two types if planning to do half as much as possible, and then constantly habituate yourself with this process. Failing to do so will result in an ambitious mind fancying an extreme period of study and thought of a concept and then proceeding to face a crushing defeat. It may be postulated that all activity that is possibly performed is only possibly done that it has been done very similarly before—in qualities of concentration and duration. This does indeed seem to imply that no activity is best furthered by a break from it, to which I'd say "sounds fine," as long as one of these "arbitrary objectives" that you wish to become so habituated at furthering is continuing living.

May 2nd, 2018

### **Intellectual Independence**

Perhaps not everyone has to be a creator, refiner/compiler, and practicer at once. Kanye West was recently criticized severely for coming out in support of Trump (admittedly for strange but clearly almost philosophically impassioned reasons like mutually present "dragon energy"). He then came out on an interview wondering whether slaves was a choice. This man is being absolutely torn apart right now by the public for thinking these things.

Yes, crazy thoughts are dangerous when a man is to follow the prevailing increasingly complicated recipe for proper philosophical worldview that generally functions best in society. And to that end, I am somewhat fearful that Kanye has so much power and such crazy thoughts. But I am NOT afraid of his crazy thoughts. In fact, I think crazy thoughts have a very productive purpose for very specific things, which may not be for the laymen's consideration, for he is not the best analyzer of these things. An independent soul like Kanye perhaps is not fit for the complacency with what functions in society and is best suited to feed his ideas to refiners, who salvage the most potent origins of such radical and ridiculous thoughts and who then feed it to the practicers of society.

July 1st, 2018

### **Downerdom I**

I am a Debby downer, no doubt. I see things as worse than they are. More than that, I *want* to see things as terrible. It is in the bleakness and dullness—it's innocence of my exterior that I feel compelled to bring peace to it.

July 8th, 2018

### **Free ill**

“that i do say i am a weak man unfit for living makes me so.”

He who ruts himself in self doubt is weak to face life and rationality, and he who accepts this proposition regardless of its factual basis, to his dismay and self ridicule, fulfills it. He who denies the proposition has no self destructive conception of his capacities and thus does not have the mental illness.

Weakness of body yields a weakness of mind by choice.

I have free ill. My mental ill is free to be allowed to be terrible and suppress my proper growth and development. In such an afflicted condition as my own, i have the choice to work to habitualize proper mental processes and physiological regularities. I am free to live better, and yet shrink into the comfort of doubt and nothingness. My conscience and judgement is corrupted by some malignant illness--that fact is indicated by warm embrace and nurturing of the illness by choice. It is a self fulfilling affair. He who believes he is rejecting rationality, is.

July 10th, 2018

### **Love and Hate**

It seems that ambition is aggression—that hate is the chief motivator of action. Love is not a motivator of penetration, violence, or control. That which someone loves, they marry and admire, rather than consume and resolve. When you love it, you let it be. When you hate it, you destroy and injure it. Man cannot be content to merely love the wonders of life, but must hate his ugliness.

I, for one, feel sorry for myself all the time, lamenting that I am a victim of my ugly circumstances allotted to me.

July 12th, 2018

### **Downerdom II**

When others are angry at you, it is easier to feel sorry for yourself and wallow, for you are berated by the guilty wrath of anger. And when others feel sorry for you, it is easier to be angry at yourself and act, for others suffer because of you.

July 18th, 2018

### **On Endurance**

Truth is merely the identity of the possibilities of the human experience. The actual human experience is simply memory or present sensation. Truth to humans is a conception of the character of what comes from a skill in the brain's cognition in predicting experience.

To justify existence, man must generate value. If you agree all value is subjective--that one may choose what value ought to be

One may act because it pains or satisfies one directly, or because he expects either in the future. This is because if it pains one, then only empathy with some imagined pleasure can allow one to endure it. If it satisfies one, then only empathy with some imagined pain can allow one to refrain. The construction of paths of imagining empathy requires logical and imaginative abilities, and the entire process is called justification. If one wonders if man can act without either of these emotional processes,

September 30th, 2019

### **On Fear**

Do not be scared.

They try to take your power when you are scared.

Do not be scared because even if the universe were to end tomorrow, god would not judge men by their omnipotence to reverse it. Even if the sun were to burn us all to a crisp in the coming seconds, it is better now to be joyous than scared.

There is time, of all things to most certainly be, and beware of that anorexia of baseless temporal finitude. Do not be scared because there is time.

And if there is not time for responsibility, there is not any collision of you and the event at all. We play this game, and we can leave it. Do not stand for unfair rules, but ignore those "misfortunes" you cannot brave against.

# Politics

September 15th, 2018

## **Institutional Self-Esteem**

When men are forced to adopt instructions and doctrines they do not appreciate, they are often inclined to dement and abuse them vengefully. Such is exacerbated by giving them power over these institutions. Not only does the forceful or unwilling adoption of these systems irritate the unappreciating and resentful, but the good—the driving force through which adaptation to new circumstances maintains aptness—in these doctrines is unclear to them.

What truer vindication is there for an unwilling participant but to see the institution that enslaved him show its true feathers—of evil and oppression and failure—and see the shameful faces of its proponents? Give not these men power over the institutions they do not appreciate.

Give not the trump administration decision making on affordable action, if they yet resent it.

They are inclined to see it appear abusive because they already find it so.

It is often enough to personally run a disliked institution into disfunction and chaos if one cannot see it dismantled altogether today.

September 19th, 2018

## **The Right to Apathy**

I wonder if man ought to have a right to apathy. So'd follow the right to die at all without suffering, and not to be coerced into the pursuit of objectives that do not interest one. Often people are so enthused about things in life that they endure obligations and labors not that they care about, but because they are content enough anyway, and

September 27th, 2018

## **Civic Responsibility**

Our civic duties await. We spend so much time interesting in issues that don't very much concern our own responsibilities and sphere of control. In politics, we debate the Mueller investigation when we could be researching our available representatives.

Pleasure is merely a symptom of want. It occurs in complex forms only because we have had the sensations of want regarding something, it is not inherently good. Humans will act with or without want, but those who want more get more pleasure. Not to say that wanting more and therefore getting more pleasure is good—in fact it isn't and sounds more hectic and less sober—it's merely a consequence of want.

Humans ought to be replaced by more perfect robots.

October 16th, 2018

### **The Privilege of Passion**

The world is being pampered for the passionate, as though the complacent owe the passionate for the struggles they endured fighting for their own happiness against social norms. The truth is that if anyone is a fighter, it is the passionate one. Let the complacent fight not to keep their place, for they can tolerate no less. Let the passionate fall outside norms and social safety, for they will find their way, but the complacent won't.

December 28th, 2018

### **The Growth of Empathy**

The increasing perfection of humaneness in society has freed human empathy to connect us. Where cruelty runs rampant and uncontrollable, to function--to reconcile the world into any ordered state of mind--we must disconnect ourselves from many around us. The greatest cruelties stir the most painful empathies, and thus what discourages and when resistance is futile punishes empathy is what today now increasingly connects us. As humans among you suffer less, you are freer to empathize and connect with them.

The injury, emotional or physical, of one man increasingly becomes a violation of humanity's safety. Like a less viscous fluid, one disturbance rocks the whole system. Such, perhaps, is what inspired the idea of human rights. In the olden days of cruelty, did man not feel more intensely his individuality, a defense mechanism against empathy?

Man does not act because he imagines action, he acts because of volition. He acts because of fear, he acts because of pain and of boredom and of fear of either, but man *does good* because he enjoys it in his soul, and because he enjoys it in his soul he does good. I believe true art, true revelation, intuition, humaneness, honesty, and genuineness to reality and self comes from a commitment towards serene enjoyment of the soul.

I don't believe in the ought, or perhaps have lost understanding of it. I believe in a sort of optimistic determinism--that all things are dictated by a set of rules, those only outside of our control that we refuse to acknowledge and manipulate to our own goals.

Do I believe in a higher power? I believe in a higher perspective, and assume it frequently.

April 7th, 2019

### **The Contemporary Tobacco**

I strongly suspect that my fellow men and to a lesser extent women (although their depression rates seem to be rising faster) are turning out to be victims of our current ignorance about the unrestrained use of the latest technology and conveniences. I imagine if I do not myself divert course, I will in age feel terribly wronged by the chance of the times to have fallen prey to the raging epidemic.

For a while, I have presumed that great brave strides in standing up for what you know is right have become obsolete if you are not some ideological fanatic or particularly empathetic caregiver. But I think this may be one of those times which separate the brave, good, free souls from the damned; which call upon exceptional characters to employ a greater wisdom, stubbornly recalcitrant of contemporary pressures.

This is not the grinding halt of humanity; this is an opportunity for it to conquer

tremendous difficulties once again. In time, wrongs will right, but I will today beat time.

I accept the suffering that will ensue. I accept that it will be long and may appear fruitless, but I believe it necessary.

April 20th, 2021

### **Femininity**

The main problem I have with it though... somewhere along the line the entire country just accepted the strawman "Pure femininity is passivity, weakness and submission, while pure masculinity is aggression, strength and dominance" as their argumentative opponent. They are quite confused I think. Womanhood is about nurturing, empathizing, caring, comforting, being tender, and spending time on the little things, among others. It is not "passivity, weakness, and submission," but rather a set of essential qualities for child-rearing, and these qualities just so happen to both generally cohere with one other and tend to suit the female sex for a number of reasons. It is just as normative for a female as an education, for it is really just a set of skills. I think of it like an rpg class. You can be a different class than the two, but its going to be harder to find your exact complement, and you might not get as far due to biology. A gay couple raising a child will have to contain the qualities of womanhood somewhere between them.

She even gets at this, but fails to expound upon it. "Gender is the value system that ties desirable (and sometimes undesirable?) behaviours and characteristics to reproductive function."

# Language

April 27th, 2020

## Initial Message

Do you believe that languages can decay? Or can they only evolve?

**Response:** They can decay, but only from losing speakers. Over time, as words become forgotten, the language decays.

May 4th, 2020

## Message I

Sorry for the delay. You say that the only way a language can decay is by a reduction in its speaker count, but appear to follow up by saying it can also decay by a reduction in the vocabulary of its speakers, so I'm a bit confused. Maybe more directly, can a language become less useful to its speakers as a result of a change in the way it is spoken (standard grammar, vocabulary, etc.)? Surely if it could, that would constitute decay quite independent from speakership size.

If a language can decay by alteration of its usage, it must be able to do the opposite. That is, some languages must be of higher quality I agree that a larger vocabulary--especially one offering greater specificity to speakers--is a great contributor to the utility of a language. I wonder if simple grammar suffices, though. Supposing a revision of English could be successfully taught to replace the standard for all speakers today, with what changes do you think the utility of the English language can be improved?

**Response:** Basically, as a language "dies out" each successive speaker knows a smaller portion of the vocabulary, due to it becoming less and less important to know certain words. This has been observed in some Native American languages. A speaker generations ago would've known tens of thousands of words, but the generations that have just died out knew only in the hundreds. Their children know even fewer words. Eventually, the only bits left of that language will be whatever words have been adopted into the new popular language, in this case American English.

In that sense, the language is decaying - a loss of vocabulary and speakers occur simultaneously, mutually worsening each other. If, perhaps, you mean a language decaying as in the acceptable grammar changing over time, I would say languages cannot decay. A change in grammar is simply change, not decay.

May 6th, 2020

## Message II

That seems like an appropriate correspondence between vocabulary size and number of speakers. But under this model, as grammar "evolves," the speakership of the language's previous standard must decrease, and in turn the language under former conventions (the

equivalent of 16th century English perhaps) "decays" as a result of grammatical evolution. If a language were constantly evolving grammatically, it would then be constantly decaying. I have a more substantial and hopefully more interesting challenge to the notion that a language cannot decay grammatically, though.

I believe it is well documented that the brain's structure confers us with many biases with respect to information processing. Particularly, studies of A.L.L. have found memory and processing biases against longer dependencies in sentences and even certain positions of color, shape, and texture in descriptions--not often adhering to their native language's conventions. The existence of these biases appear to suggest some languages may be simply easier to process and retain memory in. I don't believe this is an unintuitive notion. There are a variety of programming languages which vary both in efficiency with which they are computable and efficiency with which they are codable by a human. And the most used languages change frequently over the years, reflecting continuous improvements in their utility to humans both to code and have code computed.

If the notion that the structure of a language could render it less useful--say, harder to process, understand, or convey some other depth with--seems reasonable, then I suppose the question really ought to be if that sort of decay can realistically happen. Indeed there are very unrealistic hypotheticals. If a tyrannical government mandated everyone speak english as a jumbled mess of verb, object, article, and subject that our brain has more trouble processing, then within a few generations english would be a worse language.

Is this sort of grammatical decay unrealistic? It does sound a bit unintuitive that rational agents would naturally gravitate towards a language structure of less utility, and I am not sure how exactly this could happen. However, it is not uncommon for rational agents to be incentivized to make adaptations that are beneficial in the short term, but destructive in the long term, turning out to be mistakes. For example, a generation of texting-savvy kids might be incentivized in youth to develop linguistic habits (the foundations of a language's evolution) which turn out to mildly handicap the effectiveness of English's non-technological communication in the great remainder of their life spent in adulthood. If it takes many generations to evolve standard English, it may be that the consequences of this impairment isn't even noticed--absorbed into convention for all future generations. It is a hypothetical of course, as it may be that everyone speaks over text almost always in the future. But it illustrates the possibility of naturally arising short-term incentives for linguistic developments which dupe unsuspecting speakers into decaying their languages.

Here are some interesting articles I read in formulating this response:

<https://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2017/12/171201135555.htm>

<https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fpsyg.2016.01952/full>

**Response:** It's generally considered taboo in linguistic circles to refer to language as "decaying", implying they are inferior, or to argue that any language is superior to another. While it definitely is the case that language affects the way you think, for example in the case of



gendered words causing people to describe things differently, but that likely has more to do with why people gendered that word that way according to culture.

\*take away the but in that sentence\*

There are aspects of various languages that are easier to learn, and learning a similar language is often easier than learning a different one. The Science Daily study was composed of only English speakers as its subjects. Of course, English speakers prefer sentence structures like their own, so naturally the study concluded they preferred that structure.

I do not believe learning text language to be a handicap later in life. However, as with all languages, exposure to one variety more than the other and at a younger age can result in a preference. I've observed people who use mostly text language in online and text communication have exceptionally good grammar, spelling, and writing in general. This is because they read a great deal as children.

Text language is a useful evolution and can coexist with our Standard English. If humans were to live under quarantine-like conditions indefinitely, and children's primary interactions with each other shifted online, we would see a decline in the use of Standard English, and eventually even speakers of it. Text English would replace it.

Text English is and would be just as useful and valid and would be able to convey all the same messages. At the point where children stopped learning Standard English, Standard English would begin to decay.

May 7th, 2020

### **Message III**

Well I certainly do not mean to offend anyone. To counter a sort of reductio ad absurdum that the existence of language decay leads one towards cultural discrimination, I don't think that the ability of a language's quality to increase or decrease in some regard necessitates that the sum quality can reasonably be ranked relative to other languages. Just because a lower murder rate definitively betters a country doesn't mean there exists a best country.

For one, there are many qualitative aspects of the "quality" of language, such as sound or style of alphabet, which cannot be objectively compared in value to other aspects. Additionally, there are many quantitative aspects, which could render each language better for some purposes and worse for others. Thus, I don't believe this argument precludes the assessment of utility of certain linguistic aspects to their speakers by discrimination-wary societies.

To your point about gendered words, this is an excellent example of language improvement (arguably grammatically? although it's arguable it's just vocabulary. Speaking of such, is a larger vocabulary not almost always a benefit to a language as long as it is understood?). Many believe English can be improved by the standardization of gender-neutral pronouns in order to more effectively communicate gender of individuals.

It is a fair point that the study was only English speakers and English has one of the lowest average dependency lengths of any language, making it possible English speakers just have that bias. Thus I don't exactly have great evidence for the benefits of that aspect. That being

said, languages all over the world have shorter than random dependency lengths, and I am curious if you find it unintuitive that shorter dependency lengths would make a language easier to process. Besides, that is one of two studies contradicted, and you did claim not merely to be agnostic to the question, but doubtful, so I'd be interested in evidence on your part.

I did not make clear enough that the point of my example ("Text-English") is not to argue that it would result in English's decay, but that decay is a non-negligible possibility--that is, something which might occur in the real world--in contrast with a realistically impossible dictator example. I wanted to motivate the question about decay ever being a concern in the case we agreed it was possible. As I tried to clarify, there is also a very real possibility that not only is there nothing wrong with it, but also that it never takes over standard English at all. Thus, while I largely agree with your points about "Text English," unless you are arguing that the decay of that sort is nearly certainly never going to happen, I don't see how they address the point.

## **Aphorisms**

January 31st, 2016

### **Volition**

He who needs a deed be done unheeds the mass undoing.

August 20th, 2018

### **Abstention**

Its not dumb to dislike and refuse to partake in life. It is dumb to feel so but keep on living anyway.

November 18th, 2018

### **Tragedy**

The greatest tragedies are those about which it is not worth reading.

December 24th, 2018

### **Self-Consciousness**

Self-consciousness is a symptom of grief, a preoccupation with the sensations of disrepair so intense that one begins to rectify their own thoughts before they rectify physicality. It is a symptom of victimhood of powerlessness (or at least being aware of such victimhood) to be skilled much more in minding than in mattering.

## Section III: Poetry

### Meaningful

December 13th, 2014

#### **Just Leave Me Alone**

There is a time and place, you know,  
at which the alternate life we now  
can only see through pictures mother  
framed upon the wall, began.

We pack our clothes and valuables,  
against our small, limited will,  
into a subtle case, before we  
depart to our earliest memories.

It's first a blur of fun and games;  
you roll the dice; oh here's your name!  
Fools and friends and sleep and sadness,  
every day you live and love.

Soon others around you aspire to be,  
and some' still dazed by the blur, it would seem,  
you then look at yourself, your life, and your future  
and affirm and convince, you're on top of the world!

It all goes by fast as you focus on wet streets;  
Droplets keep plopping and your wipers wipe streaks of  
confidence, leaving your comparing without their  
comforting 'fold that's preventing your dwelling.

"Play-time's over kids; it's 8:00 already."

You've told the skies you're coming home  
to the place where you came from,  
the nothingness, the emptiness

of your old suitcase you kept so dear.

There they come, and there they go,  
and soon you're left alone,  
a homeless nomad, roaming, going  
nowhere, waning, fading away.

Down the line, and what d'you know?  
Some time has passed; they're left alone.  
Just an oak's seed in the oak woods,  
flying along the current of the wind.

September 28th, 2015

### **Things**

Should my wandering self in the meadow,  
leaping about in inobligable bliss,  
leap so upon this time a jagged cliff,  
whose drop might surely 'bliterate these fragile fleshly fundamentals,  
under then what system of a kind  
should stir me such that there below hearkened deathly darkness,  
and I would not conform?

What system of a kind  
indeed for me does not exist...  
so,  
knees buckled and brittle,  
bounce back, young lords of day,  
and be be-towered over by my unearthly gaze,  
which grips you by the ear in fatherly contempt—  
be be-stricken  
how unmistakably foolish your vividness has amounted to,  
and listen round the speaker wise:

Not I, would not conform.

November 9th, 2015

### The Walk

A mailman walks a-down the walk,  
angry, mumbled *ung's* and *cauk's*  
and I walk slowly down the walk,  
a-mumbling poems--sluggish talk

what dinner will he eat tonight?  
what flattened sandwich feast tonight?  
what dinner will I eat tonight?  
what greens and royal beast tonight?

and a squirrel shuffles 'bout the brush,  
fidget there with stolid touch  
and I walk slowly down the walk,  
a-mumbling poems--sluggish talk,

and birds, they tweet  
and drivers fleet  
and sit I upon the curb and see  
the mailman walking down the walk,  
angry, mumbled, kicking, wrought

I must return to stacking so,  
I wouldn't want to tire in the following day,  
and listen to their jabber so,  
and speak myself with fun or prose,  
and wake another day to see,  
a package came along to me,  
and fight my friends--the fools,  
and play another game with them,  
and ponder trees of bustling ease...

No I wouldn't want to--please!  
to slowly walk a-down the walk,  
a-mumbling poems--sluggish talk,  
angry, mumbling *ung's* and *cauk's*  
and shuffling 'bout the brush,  
and twittering, twattering, laughing,  
hoping, busting, meowing, fleeing, fleet,  
drowsy, lazy, daring, daisy-fine,  
and dying, crying, sleeping, shedding, catching, winter comes and spring arrives and

April 13th, 2017

**Disinterest**

To left or right, the sky fores whole.  
To lighted streets or lighter? Proceed.  
I stop, can I yet sense the other?  
Not yet I know, like thee, quite how.

When upon I shall I wonder never.  
How, then I should fall asunder.  
How, then I am nothing.  
Is it love? That I am not and thou sure art?  
The yak does lay and writhe for want of lifeless rest?

I wonder, can thee say the same  
of melting pool of self of mine  
so false against thy virtue?  
What do you see, 'fore I repose?  
Do I oppress and woes provoke?

My stop, upon my sludge amassed,  
Where could I thee absorb I'd fret not once again I think,  
And march to street of wonder 'dorned.  
March and I shall fret not once again I think,  
And thee eternally.

August 12th, 2015 and April 25th, 2017

**The Everest Mountain of All**

Yesterday,  
having heard of this great peak and its supposed mountaineers,  
having been privy to its controversial sights and sounds galore,  
of which most say leave man content,  
I felt upon myself:  
*Here I live as I so please--  
so please, as far as I know best,  
but know not best for me,  
I do, if life remains a mystery.*  
And so, with ardent will and ready, stable means,  
I set about

Not that I did not trek the path He will,  
Nor had envisioned falsely shangrilah.  
But as the fog besets this dwindling sloped refuge, and on my stock and remnant will I tremble  
hoarsely: what immensity can I say has ridden me.  
Have I failed the gods atop?  
Perhaps to spend one's all leaves not a mess.  
Alas, upon my mangled limbs I rest.

July 11th, 2017

**Why am I called to give such foulness flesh?**

Why am I called to give such foulness flesh?  
To necromance the tired forms and escapades  
of passions once defeated and so restly laid?  
Wherefore, do I to up in arms my bent utensils brandish  
Whenupon comes my defeator?

I cannot wind but backwards,  
And with counsel wise and weary I do know to still.  
But I, a foul toy, desire substance more profound upon my feet,  
And devils, evily bound, are yet of sweet extremes replete.

Though yet I know I doom dismiss,  
I don't, to be frank.  
And in fact I wonder whether round the bend of time  
My heathen charts will feed a truer master kind  
Not betaken to my conscience-chains.

October 8th, 2017

### **What Is Contemplation**

From a lonely summer lunch:

What is contemplation?  
Is it mere muse like art,  
The amusing coincidences of the sensing mind?

Devoid of meaning and yet, I think,  
I had it long ago, and not  
Like identity which maturity always crosses upon,  
But like I might not ever...

Am I going, am I moving?  
Outtowards the fatherland?  
Or simply treading...

April 21st, 2018

### **A Dialogue**

"They are passed lottorially, and the prizes are few  
To some, weakness, and his neighbors, gold.  
With honesty, make not truth hidden,  
tell me, young man, are you meek or bold?"  
"I am a weak man unfit for living."  
"That you do say it, unfits you so.  
He who says it not, carries on."

January 8th, 2019

### **Death**

The dinging stoops the gates, but I keep walking.  
The train blares its abrupt booming beast to severely startle me.  
I think of death.  
I'd compare strings to a train, but the train to death.  
Strings understand death, but the world doesn't understand death.  
Death doesn't understand death.  
The train doesn't understand the wrenching loss, and keeps chugging.



## Absurd

2014

### The Dead o' Night

O Mankey,  
i' the dead o' night,  
irate and stanky

A day in the mud,  
I suppose

O it is you,  
across the 'tops,  
without pantaloons

nor clothing at all,  
I suppose

O Mankey,  
why do you leap,  
so here, so there;  
to where do you persist  
against all hours  
on arriving?

O it is you,  
in such hurry.  
will consequences ensue  
if you are so late?  
but who'd be wait'n'  
i' the dead o' night?

it is you,  
O Mankey,  
wait'n'

but why?

You won't tell,  
won't slow down,  
won't look back

O mankey,  
in fear  
of what awaits you,  
please, stay for just *one* night

stay a night,  
O Mankey,

stay a night,  
O life

October 25th, 2015

### **The Snake**

I am  
and others be as well  
a slave to thine emotion...

"we all must hide!  
\*aside\* arise!  
or die! the end is nigh, alright.  
a plague to see thine to the skies!"

"The lies! The lies!  
\*aside\* arise!  
no honor thrives in wicked, bonded eyes."

Prizeless sties of withered misers,  
fleas and flies and sanitizers,  
dry with much applied to maggots,  
ghouls and ghastly cries of dying lives.

all be-sickened by these *maggots*,  
dreadful that they feast tonight

have mercy 'pon us, Lord,  
shall we not suffer by the *maggot* crunch of the ex-tongued we'll be in hours near  
when darkness spooks us on that corner steered  
and feelings feather 'long life's great bumps and channels so,  
and blatant propaganda's fed  
by shady hands unclear,

we all but feared to be, indeed,  
a slave to thine emotion!  
—a parasite to all!

June 14th, 2016

**Earth as Substance**

The world is a hue of worlds  
--worlds a fractal fizzling firework-ends.  
That thereon the sunday stroll I press:  
    each head brims lit and restless,  
        and bears not,  
breathes not its makers heft and hold--  
    prodded there spits crisp and cold  
    and in dispassion bumbles brightly

November 23rd, 2016

**The Skull**

Ah,  
What better day.  
I should have known.  
For fog the skull has pallor shown.

February 19th, 2017

**I Am Limp and Words They Stray From Sickness**

I am limp and words they stray from sickness  
Good god i have come long and thinly dressed,  
In robes of lords and ladies prim

And softly do I type and press my song  
With few aband the trail my hands awalk

I am limp that I know,  
In this truth may I find some to say

Some unconjured and from heart,  
That do I know I am limp I concede

Gently failing quickly slimming  
Thin and bare and thin and bare

Jointly turning, head is spinning  
Hover through the fog and filthy air

Golden marigold glider new  
Its night and sunless, and my fingernails are crumbling off

Good god my words stretch far and htin  
Dark and dim  
Limp and wobble  
Tide 'scombobul  
Cover eyes the sun licks vicious quick  
These speak no lies

All sayth that not limp, be my lie and  
Thin  
Dim  
NONE

March 7th, 2017

**Serenity unto the Imposition of Gabriel**

Solomon I am leaving now  
Apost the greens, the woods, the towns  
Solomon see 't'l be shrieved tom'row  
And light come quickly

IMPOSE and beckon less  
The froth of fairy thunder simplest banes  
Beneath this rift I stand I charge thee  
Solomon, pretender of the last lunch  
FORBID that I become and tremble less  
Acast the grounds of granule grain aseedth the feign  
Corral and tumult hooven ruckus wrath  
Mirror, and by God thee Soloman, thee fairest fickler  
Surmount *this* marriage twixt the brows and low to moons adorn'd  
Farewell thee Soloman and goat 'nerneath  
EXCALIBUR the sound thy strings evoke  
Thy harp  
Thy crest  
AWAKE and Strike me, Gabriel,  
The sith of reason rests at insane death!

February 3rd, 2018

**Hound Heretofore**

How now, Hound Heretofore?--  
herald' I am at bay.  
Lest the grass and lest the tree,  
Lest I be or lest I see,  
Lest the sun, the sky, be free,  
Herald! Attack! Avenge!--til rests,  
His bark, his soul, his heart:  
His Lest.

September 2nd, 2018

**Try Again**

There will be a day,  
If there is a day,  
When I at last will write a song,  
And a poem, and a play,  
And a speech, from the soul, will tell the world what a beautiful soul I have  
And I will commune with my friends up above

## Section IV: Diary

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### Entries

February 22nd, 2019

#### **Stream of Consciousness**

I begin today. Or end. I aim to least limit my speech here. Avoid inhibition. What is an essay but a great stream of consciousness merged with inhibition? Anyway, it is more facile that way. Conducive to emotion, the subconscious. In many regards to the facts, to the things you do not dictate, but which dictate you. To the facts which are not superprocessed and overinhibited by the brain just yet. Facts as in the facts of the self, of the mind. Indeed, I have found that a great deal of regulation on my part, or at least what seems like a greater than the average deal humanwise, has left me without convictions. I feel I did not make that logical connection sufficiently. Am I beginning to regulate too much? Cue paragraph change for organization. Where should I begin? First, is it truer to the self to write without inhibition than with? I did just claim that it is so.

I feel I cannot coherently address the base emotions I am attempting to pry out. If they exist at all. I can coherently address something which I have stewed over though. But if I stew then I have not done something new. And I am interested at the moment in change. Broadly. Too broadly perhaps. Ask me to act and I will dissassociate and I will question and perhaps I am not interested in change at all. And if I am, then how can I just now refuse to act?

As I believe I am regulating much less than an essay, in near stream of consciousness, again, I feel as though it is substanceless or at the very least unclear. I ask questions too, of my own self in my own stream of consciousness. Without answers. Why?

It takes a great deal, or at least often a deal beyond my willingness, to provide hearty tribute to my true sentiments. And, unfortunately, sentiments ought not be instantaneous, but to be explored and developed, and how can one do such if he can barely stand to state them plain and clear?

Is this honesty or the degeneracy of an unregulated mind? But then if I do regulate, often I forget the origin of the attempt at all. Indeed if I merely regulated to my satisfaction, I likely would discard this stream of consciousness in my head and write nothing of it, for there is little substance in it at all. Or is there? Could this have some value in honesty or frankness? I have no answer, much like always.

Here is a test of honesty perhaps. (I did indeed just check to make sure this was an unshared private document. I also just briefly felt like shit for writing such a degenerate document. But it is somewhat stimulating. Oh it feels like shit. Why am I doing this?)

(I still doubt the efficacy of writing sensitive thoughts at all. Once they are written, they stink. Writing such sensitive unregulated emotions and feelings is like forcing yourself to smell your own shit for ten minutes. Isn't it supposed to teach you a lesson? To experiment with the taboo? But it doesn't. It just makes you feel like extra shit, to know that you produce that shit every day.)

Wed, Jun 24th, 2020

[REDACTED] has just returned from the road-trip around the West. I spoke privately with her today under the pergola about the protests and riots and statue upheavals. We largely agreed to condemn violence and looting and such, but acknowledged the valuable attention and urgency such things generate. She confronted me about my responsibility as an agent of the opinion that police reform is warranted. I hadn't prepared for justifying my inactivity regarding social justice, so I could only offer honest uncertainty as to my inner workings. I was nearly forced to admit I am an imperfect, degenerate, irrational human being, before I simply turned it on her. She offered excuses for doing just as much nothing to help as I had, so I taunted her with the vague accusation of hypocrisy.

Pointing out another's hypocrisy isn't exactly a counter-argument to their position, however. I began to ponder the all too often rivalry between principles and action. How is it that there are so many millions of things one ought to do, and in turn so much immorality and laziness accrued? Every person from the bummiest to the most industrious has norms they must acknowledge as valid and yet fail to uphold. So either we are all lazy bastards, or there is some fundamental resistance associated with every action unhabituated and which is individually conquerable.

I digress. I read articles about the personal letters/diaries of Van Gogh, and Dewitt, Steinbeck, and Camus and such, and was struck by how relatable their struggles were.

Van Gogh writes "My view on this is as follows: the result must be an action, not an abstract idea. I think principles are good and worth the effort only when they develop into deeds, and I think it's good to reflect and to try to be conscientious, because that makes a person's will to work more resolute and turns the various actions into a whole. I think that people such as you describe would get more steadiness if they went about what they do more rationally, but otherwise I much prefer them to people who make a great show of their principles without making the slightest effort to put them into practice or even giving that a thought. For the latter have no use for the finest of principles, and the former are precisely the people who, if they ever get round to living with willpower and reflection, will do something great. For the great doesn't happen through impulse alone, and is a succession of little things that are brought together." I am struck by how little "use" I have "for the finest of principles," seeing as I do very little. He continues, "Whether originally deeds lead to principles in a person or principles lead to deeds is something that seems to me as unanswerable and as little worth answering as the question of which came first, the chicken or the egg." This is thought-provoking.

Steinbeck writes "In writing, habit seems to be a much stronger force than either willpower or inspiration. Consequently there must be some little quality of fierceness until the habit pattern of a certain number of words is established. There is no possibility, in me at least, of saying, 'I'll do

it if I feel like it.' One never feels like awaking day after day. In fact, given the smallest excuse, one will not work at all. The rest is nonsense. Perhaps there are people who can work that way, but I cannot. I must get my words down every day whether they are any good or not."

I need to think more. There is something to these ideas, but for now, I am enough inclined that I need to show myself that I can begin to do something consistently.

Thu, Jun 25th, 2020

I woke up at 6am to golf with dad. I only got five hours of sleep because I watched tiktoks and surfed reddit from 10pm-1am while in bed. We teed off at 7 and let several groups swing through, seeing as we would take extraordinarily long with someone as inexperienced as myself. It was stressful to be sandwiched between two golfing groups constantly, but because we let others ahead, I learned to be comfortable with our pacing. Getting somewhat better at moving the ball forward in a timely manner helped as well. I swung probably ten times more than the average nine hole golfer, as I kept missing the ball. Thus, today my hands are sore and in a few spots blistered.

Mom organized the [REDACTED] to await my return--as requested--and they were just as delicious as always. I then slept for a while. I awoke to continue exploring a piano piece I was writing, and later decided it was time to think.

So I began to reflect on the patio. I wanted insights into the topics of yesterday. Nothing came to mind, as does happen frequently, so I got some sun on the lawn chairs. Still nothing. Tomorrow perhaps.

A few days ago, I made plans to hang with [REDACTED]. I was too tired today, and after surviving the monthly guilt trip about how little time left he has before he is elsewhere and how much he wants to hang, I promised to get sleep for the new date Saturday. I really was tired, and I am still tonight. It is one of many times I have declined to interact with him in a bout of lethargy. Why am I so unreliable for such matters? Indeed, there are many ways to become acutely alert by force--to abruptly reverse lethargy--but they are quite unpleasant. Apparently for me such unpleasantness is too much to endure to spend time with a friend. He leaves in three weeks.

How much do I care? The words I say suggest a fair amount. My actions suggest not much. My true emotions on the matter are indecipherable. It is times like these I simply eat the confusion and revert my mind to the status quo. God knows where it is digested. One day, if there is a day, I will understand this affair better.



Fri, Jun 26th, 2020

I woke at 8. It was around 10am that I began to wonder about this diary entry, as I appeared to be quickly doing nothing of note for the day. I supposed all of this inevitably copious freetime in the coming summer lengths could charitably patronize a few more consistencies than initially intended. Thus, I read a [REDACTED] article for children about the U.N.'s 75th birthday, practiced Bach's frustratingly ambidextrous Invention 10 (before drifting into personal composition), and then decided I would retry to learn Android Studio. After an infuriating hour of merely getting the studio to function, I enjoyed an hour of a decent intuition about using the studio to write android apps.

My mother feels I am too little experienced, and frequently tries to push me out of my comfort zone. Today I was asked to drive to [REDACTED] to pick up our dinner order, and my objections were not pointed enough, as she persisted, and I eventually gave in. I have the ability to be much more stubborn than she is about these things, but it did not seem worth it, especially because I know the route, and it truly isn't bad with company. They forgot the ranch again. Two games of [REDACTED] left me drowsy, so having little inclination otherwise I stumbled into a downstairs screening of a cheesy comedy [REDACTED] with them. [REDACTED] is cute.

Sat, Jun 27th, 2020

I woke at eight. The ritual of morning coffee on the patio was not so enjoyable. Either the crossword was harder than usual, or I was unmotivated. I felt a bit guilty again for requesting eggs and toast from mom while dad picked up their [REDACTED], which was ordered via conversation with the waitress who doesn't like them, and consequently which lacked the required house dressing and side of pancakes. They were not happy. Further, mom went on about some aspirations she has for my summer, which I zoned out for and cannot remember. I practiced the Invention quite a bit, read a [REDACTED] article about the influence of Covid on Summer Vacation for students in [REDACTED], and discovered and devoted a few hours on a Udacity Android Studio course which looks of high quality--much was learned in such little time. We decided to take out [REDACTED], and to my surprise mom decided post facto that I would drive her there. I refused, notably less forcefully than last time, but it was inevitable. I politely asked her to notify me before the fact if I had to do something I dislike doing, so as to muster a mental fortitude to it. We argued, barely about the request itself. I was polite and made my point. Hopefully. We all had chicken tacos. They were decent.

[REDACTED] texted me about the mobile game "The Battle of Polytopia," asking me to play multiplayer with him, even after I communicated I was shit but saying I hadn't played in a while. I said okay. Perhaps tomorrow.

[REDACTED] and I hung out for the first time in a while at 815pm. We walked for two hours down [REDACTED], a few streets in Who-Knows-Where, and finally [REDACTED] and the [REDACTED] tennis courts. We commented on houses and school and work and life. He asked about when I believe I became myself to a large extent, which he dubbed "Modern [REDACTED]/[REDACTED]." For me, 7th grade. Him freshman year of highschool. There were surprisingly many highschoolers about in the darkness around the lake and school.

[REDACTED] has many--mostly negative--opinions about that class of youths. He noted the many "convoys" of highschoolers packed in jeeps and minivans speeding and skitting around town. We talked about youth a lot. He appreciates the refinement of existence that is adulthood.

I don't remember much of myself tonight. It was mostly nothing and inertia, though it was not unenjoyable. I am pretty good at keeping his conversation without extreme convictions or deliberateness on the matters.

We drank whiteclaws on the patio and talked about university life and drinking. He has an imminent drug test for his teaching position, or we would otherwise smoke some weed. We parted at 11:30pm as per my requirement.

Sun, Jun 28th, 2020

I was already sleep deprived from the past few days, so as I went to bed at 12:15am writing Saturday's entry, the 8:00am wakeup was especially difficult. I thought I set a snooze for five minutes, but slept until 9:30am. I was very disturbed by this, as my four day streak was now broken; I was slowly inching towards the all too familiar chaos of irregularity. This was an omen. Today was a struggle. In sum, we had coffee, I read a [REDACTED] article about a coronavirus fundraising concert, I practiced the Invention, and I could only pay attention to android studio for some twenty minutes. It is all sort of a blur. I essentially sulked about all day, and mom asked if I was okay twice. The only sincere emotions I felt were listening to Mozart's 21st piano concerto on a midi player like synthesia--mesmerized by the expert craft and hungry for understanding of its magic. I do want to understand it so much, but musical education to my interest in music has always seemed like math is to engineers--a sport, a game, limited in real use, and whose intricacies largely distract from their greater purpose. How can a bunch of classifications of things help me compose music more refined to my liking? Where are the productive insights of these classifications? But what do I know about the subject? Not much.

I am thinking of death. The tide of the tolerability of existence is ebbing again. These days, ravaging the unprotected whims which have sprouted in the manic summer--they are supposed to justify the fortification that is regularity. When the winter siege exhausts itself, regularity will have preserved some self, so that one may perchance grow and not merely fluctuate.

Sometimes the food runs out.

Mon, Jun 29th, 2020

I woke at 10. I couldn't care to make 8, and needed the hours, although as usual my sleep was perforated by semi-wakefulness. I did not get out of bed.

Mom came in at 11 to say hi. She once again encouraged me to not sulk around in the house all day like a depressed husk of an animal, accomplishing nothing and digging a hole of humiliating inexperience and impotence--in loving mom-speak, of course. She had quite a good laugh at herself for trying to have fun with me like an equal--asking to go out or have some drinks. She laughed that she and dad never do anything, and laughed that she has thought this for a while. I am no better. I said it's because we live in a sleepy suburb and not a city. She emphatically agreed. She implores me further. My soul is empty. I say little throughout her presence.

I have eggs she made for me eventually. As usual, 2 over-hard, 2 toasts, and grilled tomatoes. They picked up some new toast from the local French market. It was decent.

I learned the entirety of Bach's prelude in C Minor from WTC I today. That is a riveting piece. I cannot help but be happily angry, vindicated, feel the catharsis of the powerful triads and unyielding rhythm. I read a [REDACTED] article about a meeting about helping war-torn Syria--particularly the mass hunger there. I won both games of [REDACTED]. Of the 30 games we played three since late May, I have won half.

While not as miserable as yesterday, I did less. Today was a big nothing-burger. All I can say is that it happened.

Tue, Jun 30th, 2020

I woke at 8. Then went back to bed until 10. I will get to bed earlier tonight.

Mom made pretzels, which were as always pretty good. I enjoyed a breakfast of pretzels accompanied by stone-ground mustard and beer cheese.

I practiced the prelude in c minor, started work on the fugue in b minor from WTC I, and read a [REDACTED] article about the Coronavirus testing facility at the [REDACTED] airport.

Mom again complained of my inexperience and tried to get me to do anything with other people my age. No comment.

I tried to compose a bit on flat.io on the spot before the month ends, but it wasn't very good.

[REDACTED] asked to hangout, but I pushed it until Thursday, because I was tired and want to go to bed early tonight.

I don't even want to give my opinion about the quality of this day.

Wed, Jul 1st, 2020

I woke at 10. I tried to sleep for 45 minutes last night to no avail and reddited for three hours until two. Plan to wake at 8 was abandoned.

I worked on the Fugue in B minor, but little progress was made. I read a [REDACTED] article about the new "National Security Law" imposed by China on Hong Kong. I tried composing a light and airy piece with a melody repeating E6 G5 E5, but nothing came into much fruition.

I have been careless. There is much to say about all of the trivial things I did today, but the mind that acts frivolously cares not for its own frivolousness.

Wed, July 29th, 2020

I don't know exactly why I am beginning this again. Likewise, I have checked off all of the other habits today, not limited to toned ear training, exercise, piano, reading, and [REDACTED]. (I will not mention these habits barring related extraordinary events/reflections, as I am keeping track of them in a separate document.) Somehow, I have undergone a staggering change of heart in just one day.

I suspect that how is a benefactor of some recently acquired hope. See, I had been stuck in a spell of depression for a while, and it had been morbidly deepened by the increasing pressures of employment by my parents, culminating in their ongoing threat to retract their patronage of my [REDACTED] apartment with [REDACTED]. That outcome would be very unfortunate, and I had no idea how to appease them on it, seeing as the vast majority of jobs I simply could not stand to do--namely, fast food, manual labor, etc. But now I have the idea to reapply to [REDACTED]. I expect this to be a surefire means to end the stress, because they always felt understaffed. Thus, a heavy weight seems lifted--\*knocks on wood.\*

I made a tiktok today. I was snapping [REDACTED] and just thought, "Damn, I'm no slouch with my looks, I should be able to get views on tiktok for doing close to nothing." So I sifted through the filters and found an ice cream cup game and did it and posted it. No views after an hour :\

Thu, July 30th, 2020

I talked with [REDACTED], the owner of [REDACTED] today. I am less confident I will get that job. That would leave me in an unfortunate situation, so I may look into other sorts of educational employment. I will not work manual labor for hours upon hours a day. I later talked to [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] to set up an investment portfolio.

Mom and I argued about the sufficiency of employment efforts again, this time more hotly than ever before. She was extremely flustered and unusually jeering, but didn't make a lot of sense. She is having a lot of trouble making sense of me. This argument ended dramatically, and while I felt I won, I did not feel good. I went to resume reading the book about consciousness ([REDACTED] by [REDACTED], which I bought a long time ago and never read) to take my mind off of it.

The thing about the study of consciousness is that it is quite relevant to death. You see, if I knew I would have no conscious experience at all upon "death"--indeed, it is more of a process than a demarcating point--I would rather be dead. But it has been a sudden realization to me that I cannot be confident yet about how I will experience the process of death and its epilogue, even though I had always presumed the immediate nothingness notion to be true in my many vows of finality.

I played ping pong with dad for a while, improving my spin technique. I later spoke with [REDACTED] about a [REDACTED] social media idea I sketched out (literally, pen and paper with images) named "[REDACTED]" where people could (and could only) post simple [REDACTED]. We have long been discussing the implementation of the [REDACTED] notion into some sort of product, and we will certainly continue to do so in the future. He has been experimenting with [REDACTED], and is excited about the upcoming iphone compatibility with [REDACTED] or something like that.

Fri, July 31st, 2020

Pretty tired. Neglected a few of my practices.

Sat, August 1st, 2020

I was woken up before 8am to start loading the pile of boxes and furniture and crap that [REDACTED] had sitting in our front hall for the past three months into the u-haul truck. Mom drove her car and I accompanied Dad in the u-haul. We talked about my consciousness book, my classes this [REDACTED], and dialectics/philosophy in general.

[REDACTED] was moving into her new apartment in [REDACTED] today, where she now commutes to [REDACTED] from. Once arrived, all four of us hauled the mass from the u-haul and [REDACTED]'s car to the door and up the stairs and into her apartment. It took about an hour of heavy, sweaty lifting in the humid, rainy summer heat. To my betrayed surprise, we then decided to build all of her furniture, which took ages. Mom and I built the dresser in the time [REDACTED] and Dad built three furniture pieces, because it had so many damn pieces and screws and proper directions and shit. I gave up in exhaustion after the first drawer (the drawers were last to be done), so she finished it.

We ate at [REDACTED], which we had longed to return to altogether at some point, and it was alright. We had to eat under a tent in the rain--outside being the only acceptable side, of course, in these times. Then we said our goodbyes, dropping her back off at her place.

I am concerned about [REDACTED] not responding to my emails. Perhaps that's why I spent several hours watching meaningless youtube videos--a lot of Pewdiepie. Wouldn't it be nice if it all ended here? Then, I would not have to face the omens.

Sun, August 2nd, 2020

I am not in a great place right now. I think where I am going I will have gone nowhere, and I don't know where to turn.

Mon, August 3rd, 2020

Mom came in and woke me up, asking to go shopping for clothes. In the throes of slumber, I declined, saying I did not want to wear a mask for an hour. She argued that I needed new clothes and that I would have to get used to a mask anyway and then left. She was right, so after some morning routines, I asked her to come back so we could go shopping. I bought three shirts--button ups with small dots and such as a pattern--and two pairs of shorts--stretchy, yet classy, and somewhat short, as is the style nowadays. I was very efficient, and made it out in less than an hour.

I finished the fugue in Bb minor today, although it needs a great deal of practice.

I worry [REDACTED] will fall through. I'd like it if the universe ended now.

Tue, August 4th, 2020

[REDACTED] fell through. I was prepared to just eat it. But at Mom's suggestion, I called four neighboring [REDACTED], asking if they were looking for help. The ones in [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were.

The fireplace guy came today. Large and black and loud. Prior music producer.

I did not do much.

If I did not vaguely fear death--not least because I am too lazy to think about it thoroughly--I would take my robe tie or some cord from the basement; tie it around the handle of the big, heavy, metal basement door; noose my neck up; and lean into it until the lights go out. If I lived alone, I'd prefer the sodium nitrite method, as it has few health consequences for failure. I have not, not because I worry I am missing out on life or my prospects. Those can go fuck themselves.

Wed, August 5th, 2020

Today I trimmed the three vertical ball hedges into more ideal spheres. I forgot that I have an appointment to speak with a counselor from the university at 9am. Its fucking 5am right now.

Then I have an interview for the [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] at 4. Who knows what kind of sleep I'll be working with. I'd like to say I'd like the universe to end now, but it never does.

Thu, August 10th, 2020

Hello, again. For the past week, I have neglected many of the practices I set out to do daily. I must remember that I am setting out to do something consistently.

Consistency appears to be at odds with quality. I can try, but the spark of novelty seems to vastly improve my capabilities, yet it is of course fleeting with repetition. Perhaps I simply need to try again, or perhaps its best to vary the activity, or even perhaps to make them not daily but every other day. I will do all three.

I visited the apartment in [REDACTED] today with [REDACTED]. (You see, I got a [REDACTED] job in [REDACTED].) It was quite big and satisfactory. Lots of natural light, a pleasant view, and a location closer to amenities and utilities such as shopping and parks. We ate [REDACTED] in the park, before using our diplomatic tact to assuage [REDACTED] about his low room selection order seniority. I got the bigger room.

Night of Thu-Fri, August 21st, 2020

I dreamt the world was ending by an earth-sized meteor collision. The whole family was on the patio and the sky was going dark. We did not know if the collision would actually happen, or it was just hyped up. Strange stellar events occurred, and we figured we should go inside and hide out. Even stranger, and we went into the basement, whenupon the collision occurred.

November 9th, 2020

Dad, you have been an absent character in my life. I have not learned any practical philosophy from you, and our interactions are only play.

Mom, you are supposed to bring meaning into life--to show that life is in itself worth fighting for. Instead, you now only toil and lament your life.

I do not have faith in the value of existence--that it is something special, treasurable, and wonderful. I do not see that others do either. It seems only that existence is receiving pain or inflicting it.

It is peculiar to want to dance and revel. What is inside one that kindles at the spark of something so trivial as music, and ignites an animation like no other, a toy playing with himself in childish joy and innocence, as if meaning in its purest, most unquestionable form were to be tapped. Rather, it is more likely they do not question it. "Meaning is what it is, and there is some here," it might be thought. This is not true, for there is meaning that is not worth it. Opioids. Ah, but nothing is true. Nothing is held. Nothing is fixed. Perhaps humans will always be, I suppose. Perhaps it is their destiny, or even merely their opportunity to become fixed. To become god. But what am I to that?

I know these answers. I do know that because there is no truth there is truth by contradiction. I do know some things. I do not want to comprehend them. I do not want to acknowledge them. I do not want to become knowledgeable. No, I want to become knowledgeable, but I do not want to do the becoming. No, I want to do the becoming, but I won't. No, worse, I will, but later--precisely when it is least advantageous. No, even worse, I will only do some of the becoming, accumulating slowly and passively over my short dull life, just as we all do, but worse than that average. No, far worse, not because I could or cannot, but because I will choose not to. No, monstrously worse, because I will choose to not be able to. Yet worse, because I am choosing so right now.

March 7th, 2021

It is 5:22am and I have been on my phone and partly for the piano for the past 6 hours. I was watching xqcow mostly on ssb world gta rp because he had a fallout with nopixel gta rp. It is much more full of retarded, substanceless gang shut and full of dumb thuglife teens--urban, poor "black" in the cultural sense. I have delayed writing an essay for two weeks past its due date and will finish it tomorrow. There is a lot wrong. I am fucking up again. I expect to get a 0 on one of my computer science projects and my grade in that class is likely to be terrible. I have not applied to any jobs (although I got the [REDACTED]research opportunity at [REDACTED]). I have not even finished my resume. It has been almost done for three weeks.

I am beginning to be okay with failure for the sake of growth thanks to chess, which i have been failing a lot at lately. But I do not know what to grow in. More accurately, there is nothing I care enough to grow in. The world is grey. The world is dull. It will all end in time and I am [REDACTED] years old and I should have been good at something by now because I could have but I havent done a single thing in 8 years. Granted, I masturbated unusually frequently recently and have been staying up late on my phone and it may be affecting my mood. I feel this same way but differently even when I do neither.

I feel like I could do anything and so there is nothing that I have to do.

## Messages

October 25th, 2019

### **Living Enough Life Already**

[REDACTED]: Do you ever feel like you can't live any longer? that you're too full of the life you've already loved?

Me: Yes starting college/ending highschool has felt like that a fair bit. It seems that I had lived an entire life already and leaving highschool was like dying in a sense. All that had consumed me in the my life seemed to have been resolved or at least surrendered in the summer. The burden felt in reflecting on the sum of past experience seemed not necessarily too voluminous in the stomach of my mind, but rather I felt that the stomach was full simply by nature of the future having to fill an entirely different stomach. While I merely try to lug along the old one. Yes, the weight felt was not the stomach's mass in my body, but the struggle of for once having to tug along a vast set of past experiences that are no longer be fed and maintained without your will--which require your careful preservation and remembering.

November 9th, 2020

### **Respect Toward Former Selves**

[REDACTED]: Do you have intuitions regarding the need to respect/show reverence toward former selves?

Me: Yes. One of the foundations of moral obligation is the apprehension that ones self will at some point trod in the same slump as another, fearing that as an unhelpful he will be left helpless by others in that case, or at least not deserve the help he wants. And quite logically, the past self's misfortunes and backward propensities are usually not too dissimilar to your own. Thus having a sort of respect and sympathy for the trials of the past self is in order because there's a good chance you may find yourself in same situations once more. Indeed an obligation to compensate the past self in respect leads the future self to compensate for your present self's failures.



April 9th, 2020

### **Moral Entitlement**

Its kind of strange how entitled people are to freedom from prejudice. While I agree each person deserves this freedom as a matter of principle, eventually someone somewhere has to take measures to ensure that principle is effected. Supposing it is the principle of "not taking a stand against racism" rather than the efficacy of Yang's idea that is rejected, then I am skeptical it is fair to feel so entitled to this freedom that one spurns a valid means to secure it. Sure, you deserve freedom from prejudice, but because of the apparently huge task of rooting out racism in our society, perhaps practically speaking you don't deserve it enough that you shouldn't have to do anything about it (except whine of course)--that is, enough that everyone else has an obligation to surmount this extremely formidable task for you. Now, if the concern is whether being more "patriotic" will actually be worth the effort, I have my doubts. I imagine good news doesn't spread as fast and as far as bad news and that prejudice takes a long time to erode. However, it can only help, and most likely you'll be doing some good in the world.

May 18th, 2020

### **Taste in Music**

i mean music easiest to learn from i think is somewhat minimalist with regards to instrumentation. Often I'll actually look up acapella versions of pop or 80s songs (granted, in part because i like the human voice as an instrument) to hear how the song gets decomposed into only its most important harmonic parts. Such tends to filter out a lot of random crap that gets thrown into a song (often including drums 🥁🥁🥁🥁) which complicate the analysis of what youre appreciating about a song. Similarly, ill look up sometimes even amateur instrumental versions of songs arranged for many less instruments, just for the minimalism. Ive found a lot of <2000 video game music (particularly japanese) naturally emulates this minimalist style, as was demanded of them with such little storage available on a game disc. Some songs naturally put a lot of emphasis and clarity on their harmonic/melodic substance. Regardless of the time period of studio production level, these can still be appreciated. As a general rule of thumb for my taste, if it doesnt sound interesting when a computer plays it, there probably isnt anything of novel substance to the music im interested in.

I also don't want to oversimplify my relationship with music, and in elaborating as i do here, i feel like i am at risk of that. However, to perhaps connect it to your own experience, imagine if every time music made you feel something, you weren't so much interested in what the feeling is, but rather in how the music is inducing that feeling; it requires close following of your emotions, but equally close following to the music. (although i admit i have a preference for 1.

spiritual/reflective 2. playful, yet orderly feelings, maybe because what i explore of my emotions is pretty limited to that. For me, these emotions tend (though not exclusively) to be strongly influenced by pitch-based rather than timbre-based aspects) In that regard, enjoyment of music is fuel and direction to study, and to study is essentially to induce that enjoyment and then proceed to analysis. What is analysis in this case? I have definitely done some concrete analyses of scores, but thats because literally all of the music is there. But to be honest I don't know why, but this "analysis" (basically just careful listening many times) leads to a lot of creative inspiration, not quite to copy it, but to almost copy its strategy at inducing an emotion.

Lots of music 1. doesn't induce any strong (/preferable) emotions and 2. isn't very conducive to analysis.

November 8th, 2020

### **Conscious Immorality**

[REDACTED]: To what extent do you think people delude themselves about the purity of their motivations in life?

Me: To what extent can one believe he is evil? In a strict sense, we all must either ignore or agree with our qualities, or else live in a constant state of despair. I guess some aren't far from the latter, but these are certainly quite uncommon. I think that what you are getting at is a manipulation of moral dogma (if it was genuine moral intuition, it probably would be pure) to rationalize what objectively would be a violation or stretch of this dogma--the belief not in one's amorality, but in one's positive morality--self-righteousness, I suppose. From experience, I think the vast majority of people do not think themselves too far above amorality, nor employ a complicated array of moral dogma. Life is particularly secular nowadays. And on the whole I would call this mass amoral on average, given their secularity, so perhaps the best answer to your question is "just a little bit." For the few that are significantly self-righteous, though, I'm going to guess the average morality is slightly negative, and in turn the delusions quite extensive.

February 6th, 2021

### **On the Wallstreetbets Phenomenon**

It's really shed light on how untouched the internet has been so far. The weird thing about internet media sites is that they still operate under the guise of being authentic, as though they are not being exploited by ulterior actors. To a large extent, this seems true for the vast majority of sites, especially small ones. But with time, the internet might basically be ruined. Any political site just becomes a propaganda machine, funny sites become advertising machines, Tumblr or 4chan becomes a tool for the Chinese to sow distrust between people, any sites giving advice are just advertising bots. It's already happening to YouTube and Twitter. The internet seems destined to lose its authenticity.

April 11th, 2021

### **Novel Slang**

I have been thinking a bit about language recently. An unusual phenomenon: when groups (or singletons) of words convey something in particular, the repeated use of them renders them meaningless. If you think about it, it's not very intuitive. It seems as if there is something about novelty inherent to meaning in language. "Cool" lingo always evolves to stay novel and hence more expressive. It is for this reason I tend to avoid saying platitudes like "sorry" "please" or "thank you"--the essence is more strongly conveyed with a novel combination of words. In general, it seems that language has to be perpetually reinventing different ways of saying the same thing in order to keep it meaningful.

April 26th, 2021

### **Calhoun's Rat Utopia Experiments**

Overcrowding as a root cause isn't as important in my opinion. The root cause aside for a while, let's start from the results. It profoundly illustrates the concept that behavioral patterns in an entire population of animals may become so distorted that it simply dies out altogether, mostly as a result of disinterest in, difficulty with, and ignorance about reproducing and child-rearing. In and of itself, one has to wonder, given it can happen to rats at all (regardless how), what conditions could cause a human population to suffer a remotely similar fate? It illustrates that something subversive psychologically can (if not does) arise naturally and wipe out an entire population from the inside out.

Indeed, it isn't rat world war 3 that kills it. The chief cause is the slow disinterest/inability to raise child rats in both females and males. The male population segregates into many types such as beautiful ones, homosexuals, sims, and alphas. (Beautiful ones are often compared to Herbivore Men in Japan. Give them a search.) Male aggression skyrockets and many males become entirely disinterested in mating. Thus, female rats have few fathers and consequently struggle to defend their nest, even losing interest or "lacking maternal instincts" in raising the children well. This creates a feedback loop. Poorly raised children have distorted behavior, contribute to the societal ill, and raise even more messed up kids. Slowly every body is so messed up the process stops. The poorly raised males by the females which are failed mothers never fight but also never mate, simplying eating and grooming. This illustrates vividly one means by which an animal population can slowly kill itself, and so similar trends arising in human society should be concerning. And, to be honest, these trends do show up. Look at homosexuality and an increasingly nonreproducing population. It is even pretty intuitive that the more excessive the population, the more of these people there'll be. It is also worth looking at the increasing number of mothers who are responsible for both child rearing and full-time labor. They are no longer protected by males, perhaps because males have become unable to protect them, but increasingly self-sufficient.

Overcrowding as a root cause is somewhat doubtful, but in the abstract sense--hyperinterconnectedness--it is a bit intuitive. It is connectedness--both the ability to fight one another and the inability to flee--that sets off this spiral in the mice. And, increasingly, connectedness is certainly increasing in humans via reduced travel times, increasing population, nationalization of culture, globalization, and importantly even the internet.

May 5th, 2021

### **How Illusionary Our Intuitions Can Be**

[REDACTED]: Much in the way that the "perception of God" seems illusory on reflection

Me: A lot of people have the intuition that God exists, even resisting their own skepticism. Some are deists for this reason. Honestly, I don't really, for cultural reasons likely. However, I am confident that their God intuition is a manifestation of the perception of a real and important aspect of the universe. Probably some combination of the peculiarity of something as opposed to nothing, the apparent lack of root cause of the universe, and the peculiar level of advancement of humans. "God," the reason for somethingness, the cause of all causes, and the ingenious craftsman of humanity certainly exists (perhaps not all in one). It is just that our interpretation and interpolation of this manifestation is clearly excessive and misguided. In a sense, "God" is evolution and ridiculously long periods of time. But there are other senses harder to put into coherent words. I want to say "God" is the big bang, but truly we do not know what the cause of all causes is, or at least, how it makes sense there is no such thing. Nor do we know why there is something rather than nothing.

May 9th, 2021

### **Ugliness of Popular Contemporary Art**

it seems true that after the world wars most high art became about reflecting the ugliness of humanity. popular art remained innocent, but it actually seems to be getting less so, especially with the increasing influence of angsty or sad rap/hiphop. i wonder if this could be due to a popularization of the perception that the humanity is ugly--that such was once the elite's perspective, but it is now commonplace.

May 18th, 2021

### **Reading Philosophy**

[REDACTED]: you should read more

Me: well of course yes. but i mean i think its just that i view philosophy more as the skill of reasoning abstractly about the human condition. i dont think any one philosopher save some very rigorous analytical work has really grasped some "truth" that is of direct utility to me, but they really just extend the tools of abstract reasoning and reach one to be skeptical of generalizations. and i do feel like i exercise these faculties regularly.

like i have many of my own philosophical problems i work on, and i tend to read others work only when i highly suspect it is relevant to my issues, for example sartre on existentialism is humanism. when building upon so abstract foundations as philosophy does, there is chaotic behavior when reason is applied. every definition and deduction must be checked intuitively back to how it pertains to genuine human rationality to avoid that end. indeed, without consideration of praxis, every text can be dissected into oblivion, all definitions disputed, equivocated, and reduced to nothing. with personal philosophical problems, relevant texts are thus primed for being productive and not merely chaotic. but with random texts, especially for me texts on like gender philosophy, the praxis can be so unclear that one cannot determine chaotic reasoning from fair, and the text becomes nothing but a novel of ideas.

August 31st, 2021

### **On the Personality of Your Significant Other**

[REDACTED]: To what extent do you want to be with someone similar to you?

Me: i am of the philosophy that a medium+ term romantic and sexual partner ought to "complete me," and hence ideally she is as different from me as my good qualities and abilities are unevenly proportioned--and they are plenty so. particularly of scrutiny are qualities and abilities pertaining to general living, social activity, aesthetics, and raising children. this is justified cursorily merely by acknowledging the ability to function as a team which can deploy specialized abilities for each situation rather than merely your own and the ability to learn from each other.

important to such a philosophy is a realization of the value of qualities which you embody relatively poorly and sometimes even that are mutually exclusive to the ones you possess. practically, for any candidate, it is not always possible to function as a team, nor learn from the other person, nor even be attracted to the other person sexually or romantically, nor even net benefit from the relationship, as perhaps it is simply not worth the effort due to any of the above categories of hurdles. that is of course dependent on your own passion for the project of completeness, work ethic to make it happen, sex drive, sociability, health, etc.

as such, assuming a respect for the project of completeness, i would advise you don't exclude women without intellectual interest. while a healthy mind is understandably mandatory, such can be manifested in many other ways than interest in academic content, particularly in their employment competence, but it might not even be something they recognize in themselves.

of course, the point is not to be opposites, or you might as well marry a homeless druggie felon or something. the point im making is basically the argument of comparative advantage in

economics. You may emulate a lot of good qualities to great extents, but unless the histogram of all good qualities vs their extents emulated by you is uniform, there are going to be good qualities which are emulated worse than your best emulated ones. in which case, the philosophy of completeness denotes the seeking of a partner with those least emulated good qualities, so as to as a "trading" unit have better "access to goods." In this model, those qualities which the individual would be most similar to you would be those qualities which lie in the center of the emulation distribution--likely, those which are fairly natural to you, but which you would not describe as your specialty, or which you do not spend most of your time applying. Hence, a robust extrovert is only relevant insofar as whatever you are describing by extroversion is a good quality at all, and of course insofar as you emulate it poorly relative to your other good qualities. If you really wanted to apply the model, you could try to make a good quality emulation extent histogram for yourself and try to find out lol.

[REDACTED]: Okay, so you're strictly speaking of virtues then, not personality traits?

Me: "virtue" seems too explicitly ethical, when i am including qualities that you simply appreciate or value. as a literal translation of "good quality," you could say virtue i guess. for example, you might appreciate the utility of big breasts, but also appreciate the utility of a muscular chest without extra weight. These are mutually exclusive for one person, however, and in fact, might conflict with other qualities or other goals one has. A male notices that he has much better specialty in and odds of maximizing the latter, and often as well that it meshes with his goals and other qualities, and concedes the former for someone else to supply.

-G.G.S.