

children scare themselves not simply because they are not used to dealing with frightening thoughts, but because they have a greater talent for it. The boundaries of their thought are not so fixed or rigid... and there is nothing more terrifying than being able to think the unthinkable.

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It's easier to know than to believe

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The human race has tried to progress as though nature were abhorrent, as though that morality of simple survival were the true evil. We know it is not, and yet still this is the direction we take.

We must embrace nature as much as we can, while embracing our own nature, and only what we can accept.

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as death approaches

angels dot his path

forever approaching

as death approaches

Heavens dot his path

Forever mercy willing

As Heaven approaches

Death dots its path

With a bliss exploding end

Remember:

Freedom is as oppressive as unfreedom

People languish in too much choice; choices that need to be made but lack significance. Give a person too much and they will languish over what they might have had.

Be careful just how much freedom you give yourself. Be careful how much you bestow unto others, and how much you would feed to society.

Autonomy? 'Autonomy' is a symptom of the sick individualistic understanding. You may call me authoritarian, but I liked my parents, authoritarians in their own right. I have balance of a kind. Too much freedom is imprisonment to me. Freedom comes from constraint. Imagine an empty universe in which you can do whatever you want. Put limits on space, other objects, and you can move. You may call these objects, not constraints, but they are contrivances. They limit. Two objects cannot occupy the same space. The universe wraps in on itself; it is like the world, you go on in a direction and come back to the same spot. Is this not a constraint? Is this not, also, what enables movement?

Ashley opposes things because they do not conform to common sense belief. She needs, too, to oppose common sense, but she has not yet come to that. She cannot warp her own belief to shape her prison. I am still learning. It is a painful thing to watch. There is no 'true' freedom there. Only a changing of the room.

But self-shaping. What could be more free than that? What is more impossible?

People, too, can be children, crueller than, because they are better manipulators. Look to history for the evidence.

Art, literature, the cultivation of the spirit. These things are worth preserving.

But technology can go to hell for all I care. That's right computer. I can live without you. Guns, heating, plumbing. I could live the simple life, so long as education, cultivation were still intact. Technology needs to slow to the growth rate of the spirit. When we are mature enough we can take this into our own hands.

Or I might say that we will need to alter ourselves with technology to be mature enough to handle all this, to create utopia. But what is the rush?

There is no rush or holding back. This flow is what it is, and unfortunately nobody can slow it, not now. Maybe we can shift it.

Look what freedom brought you! Everywhere everything is the same! McDonalds, culture, consumerism. Freedom is not creating diversity but is crushing it, coopting it. Freedom, liberal western society, capitalism... these things do not deserve the title of freedom.

Freedom is crushing culture, the one product we are so lacking. Ways of life... WISDOM. Preserve Wisdom and you will preserve the world. Intelligence, strength, power, these things do not matter. Without wisdom these will undo themselves. Wisdom is understanding the patterns. Not just physical patterns. Patterns of belief, of understanding itself, of life in motion, of maternity, of childhood, of birth and death. Wisdom is direction and standing still. Wisdom is how to apply things. Wisdom is knowing that desire is not everything. Wisdom is knowing that getting what you want won't make you happy.

It seems the modern human denies that he is human. Look what we do all day. We are no longer physical beings. We are mental beings. People forget that to move the body is to stimulate, move the mind, to move the mind is to move the body.

FUCK the distinction. Come back from that place of separation.

Getting what you want won't make you happy. You know this, and we pursue ends that are not about getting what we want. We challenge, alter, shift, shunt ourselves. Put ourselves into corners to see what we'll become.

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I have spent this day in fear and boredom. It is possible to accomplish both. I am but one person, holed up in the futility of a limited existence. Limitation that means infinite possibility, an inability to fulfill everything, an inability to really live... I want life. This is what the search has been all about. I think about Spinoza, intellectual love of God... I don't know what that is anymore. I don't love science. I could accomplish, wake up and do. But I simultaneously cannot. I cannot stop the search. The search must continue. Even if it consumes me.

And if I had to put a name to that search I would call it Wisdom. And people call Nietzsche adolescent and this only reveals the idiocy of humankind, to accept, to allow life to subdue them. The adolescent is the obnoxious voice because it irritates those who have long ceased asking questions, or at least certain kinds of questions. I do not reject magic. I embrace unreality. But the shallowness of how we try to get to that... primordially exploding each other's heads off in virtual worlds... the journey of individuals only defined by shallow violence. There is, too, deep violence but this is not it. This is the popcorn of violence. There is nothing engagingly visceral here, nothing imaginative, just little exploding heads and mock horror, both here and inside there.

I am subdued, here in my room, I tried to while the hours away, I look for some escape, some soul-transferring experience. But what I want is to keep one mind occupied while the other continues Sisyphean, pushing forever futilely... in waves, the wavelength the time to push the boulder. I wait for the boulder to explode. I am not Sisyphus. My absurdity is greater; I wait for a miracle, the miracle of myself, the miracle of the universe, a miracle I will perpetrate myself.

I have been lazy in the extreme. But it is partly because I have understood too much. I am not so much interested in morality as meaning. I want to tell stories. Stories have meaning. They expand experience to places otherwise inaccessible. Video games can do this. Comics can do this. They rarely do this, and this is why they are regarded as childish things. But they need not be that way. Remember, they are still only in a primordial stage. Or perhaps their shallowness will become depth. But nothing is deeper than the imagination... games must remember this, they must play on that, not on pure sensory immersion, but immersion of identity. This cannot occur without a narrative. In old times the narrative was often constructed by the player; the simplicity of the game demanded a narrative imposed by the player. But now the details are filled in, the player is robbed of his agency in this regard. The old games provided a strange existential feeling... a different world with odd boundaries and rules that do not make much sense at all... and this required new understanding. But there is little new now...

Provide a satisfying narrative and we again invoke the imagination of the player. Something to fill in. Something about theme to actually think about. Pains and pleasures beyond mechanics of the game, story. Meat.

Meat is an apt metaphor for content... it is often accompanied by vegetables. But in a way the vegetarian gets less content from eating. The relationship is more distant; the destruction of life is often not acknowledged. But we meat-eaters destroy life. We destroy, and we think about the destruction... we kill and we think about the sacrifice and what that means.

Of course the meat eater nowadays does not do this. He goes to the supermarket and shuns the idea of him having to slaughter and butcher animals. There is no sacred rite; few say grace at the table. Say thanks at least, acknowledge that something died to feed you. If you don't respect yourself enough to say you deserve it (no, nobody deserves it) - to be able to accept it, you fail as an existant. You fail because you were unable to say that the game was worth the candle... this whole illusion, this catastrophic giant mess that has occurred across the universe. It was all for nothing because you wouldn't eat your meat. Not just eat it, but really REALLY eat it, knowing you killed, knowing you feed on other life, that you can accept that about the universe, and when you eat it you are a part of that system of life.

Of course we don't need to kill animals... we can just kill plants, but this is killing just the same. I don't know what I want of this world... I wish that people could all have a basic standard of living, medicine, good parents, access to good quality information. Beyond that, diversify. This is the fatal flaw of communism; it seems to want to nullify difference. Everyone is equal. Everyone has equal health, access to the same education, the same food, the same culture. Boring as fuck if you ask me. If capitalism weren't so obviously self-destructive, I would say we should just go with that anyway, if we could work out a way to feed and clothe and raise and love everyone.

But then again hate is another diversity... hate alone, though, this does not differentiate.

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It's about a ghost who gets lost on halloween... he's still around in costume on nov 1st, everyone thinks he's a weirdo "you're really into halloween, aren't you"

Also it's about how literature is really a portrayal of multiple unrealized personalities of the writer. Of course, one need not think of unfulfilled desires in this way, but sometimes there is overlap, sometimes they're mutually exclusive behaviours, so to put them into characters (who can have opposite but also overlapping personalities) makes sense.

In any case, it's like having toys in an imaginary world.

But he has all these personalities, maybe a dozen, as he meets more people he discovers more about himself... as a ghost he didn't really have much of a personality at all... once he realizes he has become corporeal and can no longer harm people he has to somehow integrate.

But how does he get stuck in the first place? It's someone's doing, it also has to do with AI, and he spends the story looking for this person, looking how to get back to his ghostly world.

A possible ending is that everyone he knows is killed, but he resurrects them by sacrificing himself; he contains all their personalities, and can restore them. But is it really them? or just copies?

In any case, it's about finding home, finding yourself.

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A DREAM

The golden lynx... he was placid, didn't want to harm me, I was still afraid though, but in awe... we were in the snow. He kind of had stripes like a tiger. He acknowledged me, was gray around the edges, then golden as the sun shone on the middle... it was facing the sun... tiger stripes. Fear.

Also, I was supposed to go to Madrid, and I didn't look at my ticket till the last minute... instead of going home I was going to Madrid.

we tend to think of the human as focused from the inside outwards... we need as well to begin thinking of the human as the outside focused inward.

It is not the future, or the past, or the now, but as Hegel says, the whole, the four-dimensional (and therefore moving) art-piece, vast but finite and yet without boundaries. But we live through the present, and this is what we forget. People are so busy trying to get

to where they're going that they never realize that the present exists, they often forget this more basic experience (or I consider it basic because it probably belongs to "lower" lifeforms and possibly what is not alive... in any case it seems to be the starting point). But for the human being it is not about living in the now, and not thinking about the future or anything (as enlightening an exercise this is when performed well). The human being thinks about the future. Why, Mr. Tolle, should we deny this? A wise professor once said that what defines humanity, what makes us different than animals is that we are narrative beings. We can hold, to some extent, the past, present, and future all at once, and tell a story about them.

Why are there not zen monks who practice NOT being in the now, being completely in the future, or the past. It is a surreal experience to visit a past memory. We feel shadows of what we felt then, we often become so completely immersed in memory that we forget where we are. I do not deny this ability by striking myself mentally and saying, "you're not living in the now!" for the very voice that says this is the narrator, the narrative voice, a human voice. There is something interesting about the narrative trying to defeat itself, but ultimately I do not wish to deny an aspect of myself which is genuinely (and perhaps essentially) human. Ultimately we get bored of a story which goes nowhere. Human beings move, albeit in little cycles (which could be considered quite static sometimes... the way we think of an atom as solid for the sake of simplicity... I would also like to remind you that the atom is not a monad; atoms exchange stuff. There is movement and flow going on.

Do not deny the narrative self. It is what we are. We must hold all three; past, present, future, in harmony (but this does not mean equality). We need to focus on each of these and shut out the others to the greatest extent possible. This provides the greatest range of experience, or so I believe. I say we "need" to to those who wish to explore what it is to be human. The zen monk can focus on his one, his present. I can do that too (just not as well) but I can

What I am trying to say is that the future is not empty, as the cult of the now assumes. Nor should it be all-consuming, which is, I would argue, a trait of living in a consumerist society. Short and long-term goals are necessary, but the consumer barely stops to revel in what s/he has achieved before s/he is already thinking of what s/he wants next. This often grows into hatred or emptiness and the self rebels against time by retreating into the now, into becoming zen. It rejects all futures and pasts and forsakes them for the opiate of the now. This calm can even help us deal with everyday problems, but those for whom zen is successful are those who move this greater sense of presence onto their attitude about the future. They continue to insist that they live only in the now, that they attempt to shut out (or simply disregard) the future. But ultimately they have to come back to the present. Those who truly shut out the future in this way would appear to me a bitter lot; they are trying to escape from existence. Life, time is bitter, is the enemy of the now.

I would now like to retract my earlier assumption that the now is the basic. I think this, although intuitive, a silly assumption. A rock does not experience time, so how could now be distinguished from future or past for it. It feels a mesh of what we perceive as past present and future. The rock's inner movement (think of atoms) is timeless. True zen, then, or at least true being-like-rock is feeling this mesh, not feeling "nothingness" or "thoughtlessness" or "in the now".

Don't be stupid - of course rocks feel. You just wanted to feel special; to feel like feeling was special.

We must complete the Me-we. If Me, We is considered to be the Cole's Notes of existence, we need to somehow understand that time arises out of this relationship. But all time is IS just this movement, the movement between me and we. Look. Big Bang = Me (one). Now = lots of stuffs (we). But this tension or movement recurs on a ridiculous number of levels. This movement IS time, change is how we measure time, and change is a movement between me and we, or self and other. But how does we correspond to other? Well, we is a better way of saying other; the other is necessarily a we. Anything not you is a community. Of course, you are a community, too. Me? I'm a community in myself, and I am a part of the community (and in that sense am the community... a small refractive portion... I contain the idea of the community as well, I imagine it there, or here, or wherever)

It's pretty simple, but extremely difficult, and also pretty much impossible to NOT do:

1. Live in the now, past and future (both on their own and mixed) and try new combinations
2. Remember that this temporal difference is a bunch of movements between me-we. Think of time as how you relate to the whole.
3. Rocks are conscious. Trust me, I know. Deal with it.

the big bang and the big mess

The big bang can be thought of as the ultimate me; there is only one. It is also the ultimate we; there is only one. It is the perfectly united community. As other, it is also ultimately other; it is completely othered because it suffers ultimate alienation. It cannot know itself because there is nothing outside itself, nothing TO know.

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## ON SOME SILLY ARCHETYPES

There are many of us that sit here waiting for a crisis. The world has not given us enough. Our lives are easy and immoral; we are disembodied. The options before us seem pointless, meaningless.

It is easy for me to see through these archetypes of nomad, hero, artist, prophet, just as I see through, and yet see the value of astrology. It is like scattering particles, little claims, to see how they bounce off or pass through you.

Evon is somewhere between nomad and hero. I have ideals, but I would not say that my trust for authority is profound. Then again, I have some trust. I think I know how things work, the extent to which authority can be bent, the extent to which it will protect or harm me. This sounds exploitative, but what is socialization other than this process, of testing moral boundaries, of the influx and interpolation of information from all sides. They run through this filter, they bind me together, and yet I am still me. Or perhaps it sounds all too trusting. Yes, I trust people. But trust is, in the end, faith. One can never know whether one will be betrayed, even by the closest to us. But we have faith in them because we want to believe in them. When that faith is shattered, we say the person never earned it in the first place. When that faith is not, we applaud he who had faith for his good judgment.

This is not to say there is no application of judgment in choosing who to trust, but betrayal is so often dependent on circumstance and not on character. So I take a gamble; some will protect me. The Guatemalan highway patrol... I was in the palm of their hand but they went out of their way to help me. Sometimes risk yields reward. And not always material/spatial rewards; in this case, Guatemalan police are not always corrupt. Now whether it was PR or not I don't know... but I fail to see what damage I could have caused. Less tourism? How many reports of corruption must there be? One more could not make enough difference to serve as a deterrent.

In any case, how might I be a Nomad/Hero? By perpetually questing for a single ideal, one worthy of total devotion. There is a reason Rorschach appeals to me. But to be uncompromising is not enough. The ideal involves compromise, adaptation. This much I have learned.

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AFTER READING HEBI NI PIASU (Or as badly translated, Snakes and Earrings – sounds like a lame version of snakes and ladders for god's sake.)

There is an organic aspect to meaning. It doesn't just sit, it flows, grows, seemingly out of nowhere, without thought.

You might say that words need someone to read them for them to have any meaning, but as time goes on I start to believe that books, words, have a life of their own. Maybe it is still reliant on human understanding, but meaning does what it wants. Hebi ni piasu could mean piercing on the snake, or it could mean piercing and snake. Or it could mean to pierce the snake. These meanings come without thought, they appear in my mind. Moreover, they are generated differently depending on what language I put the words in.

Meanings grow from there, in my mind. We could think of these as objects of thought, but it seems to make as much sense to say that they are parasites or symbiotic organisms of thought. If someone ever tells you, don't think about x, it suddenly becomes impossible to do that. Thought, meaning, are invasive, and the mind, while barring so much from entry, lets in a particular kind of thing readily, beyond will.

Will is overrated, or at least it is thought to be more powerful a thing than it really is usually. Its limits are shorter than most people would imagine.

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## ON TUNA FISH

why can we say "tuna fish"? We can't say "salmon fish"...

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-Philosophy in children's literature: the appearance reality distinction. A brief history of essence and the real: Plato and Kant, christianity. (the historical roots of our ecological crisis)

Why should we care? These relate to ethics, justice. The princess' claim is a metaphysical claim, or rather a rejection of a metaphysical claim, that leads to a decision about what to do.

-Ontology determines her ethical stance. But still, why should we care about ethical issues in (kiddie) lit?

-(nussbaum and James) social responsibility, speaking against the herd (nietzsche).

Zipes: culture industry coopts kiddie lit, reproduces power structures already in place

Evon: dominant philosophy is embedded in that, or is appropriated by that and is reinforced by its claims (court philosopher's legitimating power) and deserves to be examined - it must be known so we can assess and overturn it! What rejections of essence have there been in phil?....

Nietzsche!: fuck essence, it's mummification of ideas. Disallowing change, denial of reality, life, will. And isn't this the essence (haha) of the culture industry? It wants calm people who cannot change, they can only be changed by the man! We need philosophy because we need alternatives to the ontology coopted by culture industry!

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AFTER BEING EXTREMELY FRUSTRATED WITH A HARD NOSED INDIVIDUAL

What sounds like hair-splitting to me is making a fundamental distinction between upper and lower-level laws. I don't see any basis for making any distinction... they are just sub-laws of the lower level laws, ways of going to a coarser grain. But what happens is the result of the fundamental laws.

You don't get something that's greater than the sum of the parts. You just get a coarser grain.

Not just hair-splitting. Hair splitting that gets you nowhere.

As for the knowability of things, it's like the sun: just because there's no one there to know that the sun is there doesn't mean that the sun isn't there. This is the same for whether the universe is deterministic or not. Maybe it makes no difference for human beings, being in a position where attaining that knowledge is impossible... and it probably is impossible for human beings. But ultimately it doesn't change the fact of whether the universe is deterministic or not, whether or not every decision and act could be predicted.

Now if unpredictability is the hallmark of conscious behavior, then our randomness makes us human. If our decisions result from inherently probabilistic phenomena, it doesn't make our wills free. It merely makes them bound to being random. Whether I decided to do x on a rational basis instead of y makes it no less random. The decision was still the result of randomness.

Which brings us back to your argument that the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. I can think of nothing to say against this other than it goes against conservation laws, and Occam's razor would cut this extra existence off. And yet here we are, little subjective people in our respective skinbags.

I am telling you that there is nothing greater than the sum of its parts. There are many things which, to human beings, appear to be more than the sum of their parts, but only because they are more valuable, or more strongly affect the subjective experience of the human. I dare you to find me an example.

Art? Stimulates the brain in a particular way... but if it were just a jumble it would be able to affect other things differently... maybe a weird chaotic alien. Does this make it more than the sum of its parts? Only subjectively, and not objectively.

But then we see that there is more subjective effect if there is art than if there isn't. Which means you get more out of the same materials.

This demands thought. One possibility is that subjective feeling balances, and that consciousness acts as a filter. When you see art, part of that filter is opened, or something is allowed through which is not experienced any longer in the subconscious. But this would make a zero sum game of subjective experience. Maybe that is the case.

There's a positive sum game at work, at least for people. I certainly believe that human beings could be collectively happier. But if you introduced too much order I think humans would waste away. In any case, you can't say that there's a conservation of happiness law... emotions come in all different kinds. What I'm saying is that there's a conservation of subjectivity law. Rocks don't have separated consciousness... it's just sort of integrated with the world around it in a very basic way.

Human beings are convoluted, constrained, we subject in specific ways, the rock subjects in a very specific way (exactly the way its atoms are), but it's not all that differentiated, doesn't have all the same crazy mechanisms that a human being does, obviously.

But I meant something when I said that science doesn't prove with any certainty that qualia only exist in human beings. We could be automata for all that, have all the mechanism and no qualia. So maybe the qualia of a rock is really basic, but I don't think it's any less powerful than that of a human. A human being is like a really powerful lens... it focuses the light. The rock is like a sort of warped glass, unfocused, undifferentiated, ill-defined.

Then again a rock is defined, it has edges, it is different, than, say, water. It has different properties. It's just less focused than the human being.

Ok, let's stay with my idea that science doesn't decide one way or the other. Science would seem to say that consciousness is a feature of biological organisms. But that only conscious beings have qualia seems unprovable. You say that only consciousness COULD provide qualia, but you assume that it is the sensory apparatus which gives rise to qualia. You point out perception, all that. But when you boil down perception you have to have a point at which qualia just aren't there anymore. But it seems like the kind of thing that would either be there or not. You might be conscious less so than something else, MAYBE. But you either have to be there or not there. So let's take the last point of being conscious. It's perceptible to the subject, say, an ant. Then we move to something a little less complex, and it's just not there anymore. This really bugs me. It just seems to be a more elegant solution to say that everything has rudimentary qualia in the first place. It solves a lot of other problems too, like the persistence of human beings (you still get qualia when you die, they are just basic, rudimentary... change your stuff and you change you), the separateness of human beings (not really separate at all, but this is just looking at things from a certain focal point and it's all happening simultaneously.)

Interestingly enough, I think you are the one splitting hairs. I'm trying to blur everything, saying it's all a matter of degree (which it is, you have to admit). There is difference...

Back to the problem of the zero sum game... it just depends what you are measuring. You can measure good, and say that that's ultimately "greater than the sum of its parts"... well what it is is different than what its parts would have experienced in a lot of other cases. But you're measuring goods (as pos) and bads (as neg). If this is all you mean then you can have more than the sum of the parts. But you can't eliminate qualia completely. If everything has its own qualia you don't eliminate that by eliminating a human being. You change it to something else, back to the rock, the basic undifferentiated consciousness. but I imagine it feels different to be a water molecule than it does to be a rock molecule.

Now we might say it's more fun to have humans than to not have them. But it's also potentially a lot of other things. And I think the idea is to diversify and experience new things. But it's also to return to the unity.

Decision making. Again, a relative term. A human decides with greater consciousness than a dog. Perhaps a dog doesn't decide at all. But a dog is still conscious. Let's say you said that a dog does decide, and this is as low as you're willing to go. Ants don't. But ants still receive information and respond accordingly... if you breathe at a pile of ants they go nuts. They know in some instinctive way that something is going on. They try to protect themselves. In any case they, in some basic sense, perceive. We can keep moving down the chain, and there has to be a point at which there is no longer decision, no longer will or free will. but this, too, is ludicrous. It's a matter of degree.

Everything is a fucking matter of degree, ok. Just accept it, it's the only way to deal with these kinds of cases!

The rock receives information and responds too, just in an even more basic way.

You're going to show my argument has an absurd conclusion... what about human emotions? Is everything sadness only as a matter of degree? I would say yes. A rock is also "sad" to whatever degree in which its composition is analogous to that of a human brain feeling sadness. Which is pretty fucking little. But it isn't NOT AT ALL.

I'm even willing to concede that maybe the universe has LESS qualia than the person, but not that they don't have qualia at all. I turd on your face. Everything is a matter of degree. You are like even with some degree of approximation. I am a rock with some degree of approximation.

There are no hard and fast distinctions in this universe. The moment you can forget that silly idea, the sooner you'll realize that everything is a flow of pattern. As that article states, the emphasis must now be on random or patterned as opposed to existent/non-existent.

The latter works practically, but it is not adequate for understanding metaphysics, or even human emotion, or subjective stuff. Even the scientist recognizes the constructed nature of the idea of an atom.

Hair splitting, again, is putting things in little marked drawers. It is a practical measure. Now you might say that hair splitting is exactly the opposite, it is the working away at distinctions until they no longer have meaning. But wouldn't this be more accurately described as blurring? The pragmatist lumps as well as the hardcore positivist. But ultimately all should recognize that the lines drawn could be drawn elsewhere. We draw them in places to cut along the joints, but a lot of the time there is no clear joint, just a gradient, and we pick a spot, call that normal.

So it is with qualia/consciousness/the subject.

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