

Philo Rant

-0 A much-needed preface

Hey there! Thanks a bunch for checking out my Philo Rant! Let me clarify a few things before we dive into Chapter 1. It will help you have a better understanding of what's to come.

First of all, understand that this is a very, VERY personal undertaking. I speak at length about myself and indirectly of my past experiences and how they have affected me. Now 3 years in the making, this has become a vast collection of random thoughts, very long nights I spent rambling on my computer and synthesis of my thought process overall as a person, which I found to be very useful nowadays. Second of all, the intended way to experience this text is to take the time to read it 1. In its entirety and 2. (If possible) in one sitting. It may sound like a lot because it is, but I honestly believe it will help the emotions I felt get across to you better. That being said, this isn't meant to be a coherent or even a pleasant read at times. So best of luck!

Also, I wrote the entire document in French and English, randomly alternating between both languages to let my ideas flow unfiltered as much as possible. I then tried my best to categorize everything into 12 chapters: however, they are (by design) still just jarring and scattered thoughts on paper, so don't be surprised if you find some sections weird to read. These are just recollections of my thoughts and feelings, after all, not a proper novel nor an essay: the time for those will come eventually. I might also go Meta on some occasions, but that's also part of the fun. Finally, sentence structure and grammar will be damned at times. And I tend to repeat myself a lot, naturally. It hurts me to say it, but those things weren't on my mind as I was writing. Désormais, William est celui qui parle et non son alter ego. Ses pensées sont réelles et honnêtes. J'espère que vous aurez la patience de les considérer sérieusement aujourd'hui. I want to thank all of my friends and especially Jacob for making this text a reality: I wouldn't have had the courage to edit and share his if it weren't for you mad lads. I hope you enjoy it! =>

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-1 Questions with no answers (defining my real self)

I need to talk; meaning to TALK for real. I feel silenced by my own “Fake” voice. “We should be selfless; but when is it time for the self?”

I hate pain. I know it’s necessary (in a sense) but seeking help seems to not be working. As if I knew that when I spoke I wasn’t heard, I wasn’t expressing myself properly and completely. Am I honest? Or is it that there is a net that filters my ideas to seem good? I do not know if I am well or unwell, and I would find myself complaining in both situations. Am I happy? Should I be happy in my condition? Do I deserve it? Do my questions have any answers? The horror is: I do not know.

Quelle est la vérité de ce monde? Existe-t-elle absolument ou est-ce purement une question de point de vue/de perspective? Je ne crois ne pas savoir, mais j’aime mes idées sur des sujets particuliers assez pour tenter de les justifier.

What is an accomplishment? Is it physical (as in the “real” world)? Or career-oriented? Does it lie in relationships (as in the social/human world)? Am I escaping reality by thinking or by acting? Is the real world (real life in human/social terms) the average life or is it the one I perceive out of work, with me, myself and I in it. I feel like I keep escaping from one reality/world to the other, running uselessly in circles. Clearly, I escape strain, stress, and work.

Am I alive? Why create? How? Where is the spark of creation and is everything a random mix of pre-existing ideas and concepts? For who? Me? Why would that be? Real-life prevents me to do so... or does it? Am I living my life actively or passively? And most importantly: AM I WRONG?

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Des impressions moroses remplissent mon esprit et je ne sais pas si je dois les repousser ou les internaliser. Pourquoi je cherche à être supérieur? Plus que je suis présentement? I'm sorry for being inadequate. Des questions méritent d'être posées. But I trust I will never answer them.

Hell doesn't lie in death. I don't fear death. I fear consequences, pain, chaos, shame, loss, MYSELF, most of all, as an unfulfilled being. Can I get help? How? From whom? Is it even worth it?

What is in or out of my control? Am I or is the Other in control? (The Other is what exists outside of the self.) Can the individual live as an individual? Or is the Other essential? Is accepting help a sign of weakness in an individual's capabilities? (Obviously not, but still... I worry for no apparent reason, I think.)

When I think, I close out from the Other and enter a sound-proof bubble. I was told that entering this train of thought leads to disorganized and frantic thinking and wastes my time, but even if I do talk of dread and fear and pain, at least it feels better than living in the real world.

Sometimes I feel like screaming. Yelling, destroying, maybe even harming. Chaos and absolute power corrupts absolutely, and they push me to question that which constitutes my values and most of all myself.

What is "real"? Am I living in a fantasy, out of reality? Could it be that the opposite is true? What if I'm wrong? What can be done?

Should I care about real life? Physical life? Yes, of course, but... it feels early lacking. Hard. FAKE. I am writing in a single session, inspired but disturbed. Is creation for the self or the Other? For what is deemed real... I cannot tell. I. Don't. Know. (Siphonage...)

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-2 The decision to act

It is said that ignorance is bliss. But knowing that fact is HELL. Painful. And lonely. An empty void. Bleak, dark, infinitely empty. Maybe I do fear death after all. Maybe I could run, far, far away. Hide. Or face my fears head-on. But I doubt... Am I truly alone? No... I hope. I know, but I merely jest.

Isolation of the self is a reaction. It isn't a solution: I know that much and the same is true for escape. However, no one can escape reality: it is self-imposed. You can try, but that solves NOTHING.

To capture this emotion is a step forward. But tomorrow, I will forget everything about it and return to being a sleeping slave to fate. When the original ego will awaken from his slumber in the deep waters, I remember after forgetting for so long. I will return to society, the real world, the Other like always, and nothing will have changed. A hopeless endeavor.

I could write (about all there is to write) (Goddamn that's a lot) (at least I'll restrict it for human factors). No need to talk about pure science. Surely of it and my thoughts on it but that's about it. What structure should I take? Q and A format works well, but any varying format has its strengths. Honestly, what matters most is that I write, not how it is done. It's a question of me and my principles after all.

Devrais-je écrire au rythme et au hasard de mes pensées ou sur un groupe de sujets en particulier? Comme un ami me disait, c'est bien d'exprimer son art comme on le peut.

(Intéressant que l'on associe de la valeur à l'autre. Pourquoi? On va y revenir.) Donc je peux peut-être traduire mes idées relativement superflues. Le tout pourrait être ensuite (comme toute bonne chose) être écrite sur l'ordinateur, plus au propre et ajusté en un livre/manuscrit. (En

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français ou en anglais, bien sûr.) Mais on revient ensuite à la question: pourquoi l'art? Pour qui? Moi ou l'autre? Les deux? J'aime bien écrire pour moi (C'est une pensée plus méthodique après tout) mais l'externaliser apporte quelque chose de précieux: la rhétorique. (Merci Socrate!)

Je vais donc tenter le format suivant: Questions et réponses (mais surtout des questions) sur la vie, l'univers et tout ce qu'il y a à dire (similar to the great question posed in The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy). Asking questions is, like, super-duper important. A world without interrogation will remain forever stagnant and is the origin (in a sense) of thinking beings themselves. They also greatly help with the individual's growth in every type of lifestyle. I should talk about themes explored in Berserk and many other masterpieces...

Then I act. I speak. I go out of my way to do what needs to be done. I'm so tired. I'm weak. I'm afraid. I'm all for naught. God (the divine) is dead. I killed him. And now I fear myself more than ever. "Now I am become Death, destroyer of worlds." – Robert Oppenheimer quoting the Bhagavad Gita.

And I'm my own world.

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-3 Solutions and an important dialogue

Take care of yourself. Beauty (and its study), knowledge, self-confidence. Du PANACHE pour moi! Un égo sain. Music fills my mind, ce qui donne un intellect fier. Grandiose, a standing ovation of the individual. Other-worldly experiences. De l'attention positive des autres. Un esprit sain dans un corps sain (bien évidemment). I may lose inspiration, but I trust that I will always come back to the pursuit of these essential virtues in my life. It might be in a day, a month, or a year, but I will never (?) change for the worst. I can only grow, become better, and of a stronger spirit. To grow as a person is always a sign of progress.

Old but essential questions and answers: the rhetorical debate in my mind

« Should I change my ego (therefore myself) to please others? Who is worth changing for? »

“No, of course not: he who doesn't respect you for being honest with yourself isn't someone who deserves your respect.”

« Are you sure? Who are you to say that? Yourself? Is that enough? »

“Charisma wins and rules over our society. Your personal charisma exists. Learn to develop it and expand over it, without changing yourself.”

« I feel that assessment needs some thought. By the way, who are you again? »

"I am the Superego, the angel to the righteous left, the positive light, and hope. You?"

« Quite the opposite: the Id, the devil on the sinful right, the negative darkness and desperation. »

(But what about the ego? Is he active or passive/observant in the dialogue of morale?)

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-4 To remember doubt and thoughts I hold

I feel like I AM GONE. My inspiration, my drive to express and dissect these important ideas. It has dissipated; I am back to the real world and now dismiss these superfluous ideas. That's not real life? What does it even mean? Why should I care? That's the spiel they all say. Goddamnit. Siphonnage, mec. Mais je vais être de retour! Je me fais confiance (Un signe pour finir, je n'oublierais pas.)

I feel stupid, and yet I wouldn't question my intellect. At least, not since a few years ago... Is it my work ethic? Was I never properly intelligent in the first place? What happened? I granted it great self-worth and now I cannot seem to determine my intellect. I know it's there, but I clearly rely on external confirmation to state it plainly. I feel. I feel that I should live for myself. Do I talk/act/live for myself truly or do I mold myself for others? Is exterior confirmation and approval from the Other necessary? Is following the group mindless or mindful? Is it careless to the individual's integrity? I do not know, but it sure is an important element. Qui suis-je? Si ce n'est qu'une réflexion de mes actions. L'être (je crois) surclasse le physique (en théorie), à moins que cette limite forme la totalité de l'être dans ce monde. Is reading and writing an escape from reality or a study of its constituents? What is escapism? Isn't a job-centric life escaping reality? I can understand that games aren't "real" (whatever), but it isn't the only perpetrator. Let's explore the statement: "Video games are a waste of time." Well, here is a better question: What IS worth your time? Is it based on a list of things that should be done or must be done? (Meaning is it a choice/option or must we conform?) My initial reaction is that: video games do have value for me. It isn't wasted time, even if that time isn't building up to something concrete (like doing sports, volunteering, or working). It builds myself up (in a sense) and I get to be my true self (my identity/ego, the truest goal in life).

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-5 Work VS Passion (& Progress?)

See, here's a twist: your job (taking, like, a third of your days) should be your passion, your drive, your way to fill your ego. I see many who honestly live for their work BUT let's be careful: it's because they live and express their ego through that, not to forget it and set it aside. (Imagine talking philosophy/gaming/music all day. That sure sounds nice!) That is honorable and I do believe it to be achievable.

Here is the question; did I choose the right career that follows my drive and passion in life? You see, work isn't just service to society for survival. It's a way to fill up time, grow professionally and to do what you want/desire the most. But, at the same time, one cannot purely be driven by animalistic impulses (the Id) and yet they cannot be cast aside in this endeavour. The world is eternal (from a human perspective) but is death the end of my life? Should I strive to extend my impact on my world (direct and/or indirect) like my father and most family-centric and society-serving people? We create purpose in our lives, but the chosen purpose isn't purposeful in and of itself: we are the ones to assign that kind of value. Therefore, to say that I live for X (my job/art/community) is a choice that has no divinity to it (unless we are the divine ones?): that is why I doubt. Art and its critique sound fun, but it has no useful end goal. On the other end, a classic job doesn't serve the individual. At least it should.

Une idée populaire pour la pensée pratique est que si je n'en ai pas besoin, je l'ignore ou je l'oublie. Alors, amenons la question suivante : qu'est-ce qui est utile? En tant qu'êtres humains, quels sont nos besoins fondamentaux et supérieurs? Je connais la pyramide des besoins de Maslow qui contient au sommet de la pyramide les éléments le plus souvent associés aux pensées philosophiques et abstraites qui aident l'actualisation de l'être à se sentir accompli et

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apprécié. Même si d'autres besoins les précédents, on ne peut pas l'ignorer. Devons-nous alors limiter l'extension de la pyramide en gardant un ordre de priorité stricte croissante ou y associer une importance relativement égale à chaque étape? Cette idée semble absurde pour l'argument pratique, mais je tente d'explorer et défendre la position idéaliste: les idées ont leur place dans le vrai monde. Elles sont la source d'inspirations et d'innovations et sont utiles pour notre monde, humain et physique. Sans elles, le monde reste stagnant et le progrès est arrêté (quel comble!)

On n'arrête pas le progrès (tant qu'on perpétue nos idées). Ce n'est une condition, pas une certitude, tout comme durant la période des siècles obscurs. Le développement social, scientifique et philosophique s'est arrêté à cause de l'oppression religieuse et sociale de l'époque, où le changement de toute forme était mal vu et même puni. Une attitude totalement conservatrice est très problématique, car les nouveaux problèmes (il y en a toujours) n'ont plus de solutions à jour. Si on met de côté cette idée pour un moment, suis-je en train de dire que l'attitude libérale est supérieure à celle conservatrice? Certainement pas! Si les humains étaient raisonnables, sensés et logiques, chacun devrait être parfaitement libre de faire comme bon leur semble. (Cette idée est mienne et je reconnais son biais: qui suis-je pour dire ce qui est raisonnable et pour le mieux de tous? Ignorant!) Cela dit, l'humain est imparfait. Donc, il est impossible d'assumer la raison chez l'autre. Alors devons-nous croire que personne n'est digne de confiance? Ou l'inverse, qui est d'assumer un mensonge? I am passionate about the beauty of the world/the Other. My goal in life should be to grow as an individual in many aspects to learn from a variety of experiences, not just from a concentrated singular field. A step forward (no matter how small) is self-expression: writing seems like the most precise and consistent, while being clear to others. I can solve my personal troubles with this method OR, at the very least, it is worth the try. C'est en employant l'art de la rhétorique que la logique du monde s'illuminera.

-6 Beauty in the physical world

J'aime le ciel. Admirer et contempler le ciel dans sa grandeur. I love the perceived beauty of the world. This summer, I had precious moments of inner peace, where I wasn't stressed or in distress, allowing me not to worry about what had to be done and to live life at my own, comfortable pace. I hadn't felt like that in such a long time, dare I say never in my teenage/adult life. It sure is a great feeling. How can I live my life in that blissful state of mind? (Was I ignorant?)

“Le ciel est bleu, la mer est calme; ferme ta gueule pis rame!” Cette phrase humoristique représente bien l'aversion que je perçois chez autrui, “l'autre”, l'extérieur de mon être... L'esprit philosophique, penseur et rêveur admire la beauté et l'existence grandioses du monde autour de lui reconnaît la chance qu'il a de pouvoir vivre dans cette condition, seulement pour se faire fermer le clapet par le réaliste, celui qui cherche ce qui est pratique et la fonction avant tout. Il n'a pas tort! Il est juste dirigé vers le “vrai” monde et semble sois ignoré ou mettre de côté de manière préventive et sous précautions de la survie et l'accomplissement physique du monde (sois ramé hors de l'océan dans l'exemple ci-haut.) Je tiens à répéter que je n'ai aucun reproche face à cette manière dépenser: j'irai même jusqu'à dire qu'ils ont plus raison de laisser priorité à ce qui est applicable à la “vraie” vie. Si on y pense; vivre une vie dictée sur la nécessité immédiate de notre environnement (ou à long terme) et sur une vision pratique du monde.

Beauty: I could imagine myself living for beauty. To experience it, find and seek it, even to create it. It baffles and amazes me at the same time to see and hear the beauty of the world, while still knowing how insanely impossible our world is. A house by the sea on a breezy summer evening has beauty beyond compare: truly beautiful! Is poetry a good idea? For me that

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is. I do it well in French, but it isn't a great interest of mine. Oh well! Inspiration can drive me onwards. How about this? Beauty is an emotion, a long-lasting impression on one's view of the world: it is truly the sense of wonder and the grandiose world that fills the heart and spirit. THIS is what could be deemed divine: an honorable goal to achieve and live beauty in all of its aspects. That sure seems like a beautiful drive and meaning to life: (Keep in mind that it is all fabricated: we are the ones (conscious beings) to assign any sort of value here.) isn't it childish/immature/ignorant to think like that? Knowing full well of the horrors of reality? In a sense but not technically, it is faith (let me finish) in our perspective and the understanding of the darker sides of the world, the Other, that drives all of this vision.

“Le soleil. Le vent, la mer, la nature de verdure, les paysages, la grandiose beauté du monde sont merveilleux. And yet beauty also lies in chaos/entropy: it rules the world and yet here we are, able to admire it all.”

The expression of one's true self through the self is important to me. During my life, talking (and writing/music/general artistic interest) helped me determine who my self was and explore it, but internalizing my being requires externalizing it. If one is done, the other should follow, I think. It's worth a try!

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-7 Random quotes and poems

Quotes and Questions: “Double-Think” (1984) “Je veux devenir immortel avant de mourir. To outlive my mortal enemies.” (Anonyme) “Should individuals live for society or society live for the individuals? Is it a mix of both? I believe so.” What do I need? Fundamentally? Is it different from what I want? Should it be the same? (I think so.) How can I achieve that?

(Not) a Poem about: The opposite sex (to me). First, let me state this once: I like women. Not in the chad way, that is mostly on a sexual and social level: I appreciate the feminine side of humanity. (Aside, not a corner. It's a spectrum of visions. Yet I do not own it.) Since I am pretty confident concerning my masculinity, (maybe not fully on a relationship level), I seek to gain from mutual cooperation with a (potential) life partner. Not only is it natural, I know I have a whole lot to learn from this kind of relationship (potentially similar to my current friendships).

« To be courageous is not to be fearless: To be courageous is to face your fears head-on. »

« Je suis à la fois mon pire ennemi et mon meilleur allié. »

Quelques-uns de mes dictons!

- Mec, siphonnage, crime, nuance! Nice, Neat, Of course, je cite mes parents, allons-y les enfants, techniquement, salut bonjour! Oui, non, peut-être, orange, bleue?

Quand j'étais petit, je me disais « If you don't want to face it, don't bring it up. » Avoid it in conversations and thoughts. An evasive behavior I still carry today.

-8 Adult responsibilities

Kids: they remind me of my old self and I hate my past self. It isn't the best match to current me. Why hate? I hate and feel negative. Is there a solution? EVER? No. Other people are an invaluable source of information and discussion. I am seeking answers / the divine and expecting if it falls straight into my palms, I'd catch it: but there isn't a defined divine. Only I can impose one on myself. But that won't solve the issue: nothing will and I need to recognize it, sooner than later. I am trying to find my lost intellect. My once great appreciation for my simple being that I had 4 years ago. What happened? Have I fallen or risen to new challenges in a different environment? Most likely the second option... I hope. Am I writing this for a simple need for recognition from others? And would it even work? The worst feeling is telling me that the answer is that there are no answers to my many questions, that they are destined to torment me endlessly. Then why bother? You fall in nihilist thoughts, go back to physical life and once again enter a vicious cycle of thought due to philosophical dread. Does it end or do you have to ever escape it, apart from in death?

Am I miserable? Pourquoi? Est-ce à cause de moi-même? Suis-je libre? Qu'est-ce que la liberté? De corps, d'esprit, social, etc. Par défauts, quelle est l'attente? (Que devrais-je avoir?) Ces idées spontanées sont assez troublantes selon moi. La nature m'entourloupe. Elle est à la fois merveilleuse et sans pitié: la source de toute vie et inévitablement de la mort pour tous. Elle est alors neutre dans son existence. Parfaitement peut-être? L'entropie est éternelle. L'ordre n'est que temporaire: comme si bien synthétisé dans le monologue d'introduction de Steins;Gate. Mais c'est de là que je retire la beauté inégalée de la nature. C'est incidemment la source de vie qui la rend si précieuse pour nous, en temps qu'être vivant!

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I feel that if I ask these essential questions, as they are problematic for me, I wouldn't be taken as seriously as if I said I had a physical or "real" issue, such as loss of property or even a social struggle. Are these issues truly important? I cannot tell. Am I full of myself and only write, speak for not? I say exist to satisfy my primal needs to impose self-importance? Honestly, that is pretty probable. Am I excluding and isolating myself, actively harming my social, personal, and professional life, like an unintentional sabotage of my life choices? I sure hope not, but taken to an extreme, it could be seriously harmful. Is a balance necessary? Well yes, but a balance doesn't mean 50% of each at all times; the weight each has to vary. Who knows these answers? The Truth? Any truth, whatsoever? No one, that's who. Not even me. We are all the greatest of ignorant fools; that doesn't mean we can't seek greater knowledge and understanding simply that we have a lot of ground left to cover. Isn't that alluring and magnificent in a tragic, strange way? I like to think so.

On this darker side of human psychology and his belief system, you can find those who seek power over others and their life. A great lesson from the Forbidden Lands (from SotC) is that "power corrupts, while absolute (therefore classed as divine) power corrupts absolutely." Therefore, one must be careful. One other dangerous, thoughtless desire is to find or rather impose one's fabricated truth. (Religious extremism is an example, but not the sole perpetrator.) One's own ego and his Id will dictate what is desired for the self: it can be positive and/or negative and impulsive. Instead of being a servant to our primal instincts of violence and lust (which sadly had a great contribution in human history), we have to learn not to suppress it, but to manage them in a healthy way to gain from this push and inspiration. Do not live under your own loss of self: that is when the individual dies.

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-9 Pride of the hollowed spirit

La fierté personnelle est importante. Mais pourquoi je dis cela?

Dans un contexte social, j'associe aussi ma fierté et grandeur d'esprit (égo) à ma taille et ma prouesse physique en quelque sorte. Si l'autre (the Other) ne me perçoit pas pour qui je suis réellement, alors je ne peux pas me définir par les autres et ce qu'ils pensent: aussi non, on fait face à une image qui copie un miroir, celle-ci provenant d'une séquence infinie de réflexions: une masse indistinguable d'un mec normal, sans égo défini ni acquis. Je me rends compte que l'écriture à la main me va relativement bien (bien mieux qu'à l'ordi) alors je vais continuer cette entreprise exploratrice! Une bonne manière d'externaliser mon égo. Je désire l'expression et je crois qu'elle m'aide à déchiffrer et divulguer potentiellement mes idées fondatrices. De plus, on peut ainsi relire le rythme de pensée et le garder intact, sous contrôle pour ne pas se perdre dans le néant des pensées perpétuellement en boucle. Mec (L'égo et ce qui est réellement soi-même) et le romantisme (de Frankenstein) sont centraux à ma réalité.

You don't change for the better: you just change according to the circumstances. What you make of these changes is what makes you better or worse.

Define what you want, what you need, what you have, what you can learn from comparing wants/have, and wants/need. Then answer this: do you need it?

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-10 My obsessions

I like games. They give me the illusion of control in my life. Yet they are looked down upon. Why do I like video games? Is it because they are an escape from reality? Or is it that this is the only reality we can face as humans: a perpetual escape from constant and eternal pain. I enjoy the most challenging and rewarding experiences, those that I will remember for the rest of my life no matter how seemingly insignificant they may seem.

Relire L'Étranger d'Albert Camus pour dire que la vie est absurde. Life is absurd by definition. Perpetuating a structure in a world governed by constant chaos. Tenter d'être grand dans un monde infiniment petit ou être infiniment petit dans un monde qui tente d'être grand?

Here is a scary question (dare I say spooky?): is suicide (literally or not, as in the sabotage of one's life) ever a solution? I include physical, social, professional, and psychological methods. Another good question you ask? Am I crazy, a lunatic, insane, and does my behavior 1. Display/reflect that or 2. Simply give this image/impression? I have seen in my life behavior and general experience crazy and warning signs in behavior. (An example would be the case of Cube Theory.) Am I crazy, are some crazy or is everyone (except for myself) crazy? An insane man would pick the last, but what would the sane one choose? Surely that some are crazy (potentially including one's self), but I guess the most reasonable thing to say is that you can't assume you are sane, therefore that you are likely (in your own flavor) insane. Then again, since you recognize that determining one or the other is impossible, no conclusion can be reached: assumptions are very opinion-based... (Damn do I sound like a madman rambling...)

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-11 How am I doing? An answer for anyone wondering

What an excellent question! I also ask myself this very same interrogation quite often. That being said, I don't always come up with a complete answer, so like many things, here's a first for everyone! I believe I can separate this question in 3 categories: physically, psychologically/mentally, and socially.

On a purely physical level, I am healthy overall, but do have some areas that are lacking: I often get tired quickly and drained after a normal day at school, leaving me longing for sleep and more often, to lay immobile in front of my computer for hours on end. My hygiene could use some work as well, and I am trying to get better cardio and upper/lower body strength. It is daily stress for me to keep these priorities in mind, so they are a work in progress as of now. (I'll address socially before concluding on psychological).

On a social level, my situation isn't too different from what it was in prior years: professionally, I have a simply acceptable relationship with most of my comrades and superiors (as I understand it) and am most likely not on bad terms with anyone: that being said, there are particular exceptions that I simply stay away from (in a polite fashion) whenever necessary. My friend circle is small and questionably healthy, but not to the extent that they aren't valid anymore: simply that I don't take the required effort to spend the time and energy with and for them. It seems like I am to blame, and the connection is being lost, which is a shame.

That ties in well to my psychological wellness: I fell lonely. That either empowers my confidence in myself and/or indicates that I am closing myself off to others. This, in result, causes me to think (and potentially overthink) my self-worth is lacking in many levels that tie to the previous 2 categories. I am also asking way more questions that one can answer. Am I

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happy? What am I doing wrong in my life? Can I trust myself to take responsibility for my self-worth and will I be able to accomplish what I desire in any way reasonably? That kind of question, and sadly for most of them, I don't know the answer. I think this resumes pretty well what my answer would be to your question "How am I doing?" Of course, you couldn't have expected such a developed answer: just know I did it for myself most of all because, as I said, even I can't always answer this simple of a question.

-12 The next step forward

Continuons d'écrire! Why? Why not? Ça a bien marché la dernière fois et de toute façon, m'occuper de temps et d'esprit ainsi me semble bien plus productif que d'être inactif mentalement. Allons-y! Le cahier risque d'être un peu grand, mais si on ignore l'aspect de portabilité en poche et sa flexibilité rend l'écriture debout un peu plus difficile. Oh well! La vie est belle (si l'on pense le permettre) et j'aimerais bien voir où mes idées et pensées m'emmèneront. C'est une aventure, les amis!

Cette question à un de mes grands amis de discussion. « Rien n'est vrai », « Le matérialiste, le scientifique et le philosophe » font partie de nos grandes idées, mais j'aimerais faire allusion à ceci: qu'est-ce la divinité? L'humanité a passé (essentiellement) toute son existence à tenter de l'atteindre, de s'y approcher ou se l'approprier et même, de temps à autre, à l'incarner pour le mieux et pour le pire. (Lorsque la survie n'était plus l'inquiétude principale, bien sûr.) Cela dit, le divin a des définitions qui varient grandement d'une époque et d'une culture à l'autre: s'agit-il d'un Dieu? D'une morale sociale absolue? La recherche scientifique, ou même quelque chose d'aussi banal et simple d'être heureux et satisfait des accomplissements de sa vie: le divin se classe au-delà du commun des mortels et représente un absolu, une vérité et un résultat final désiré chez l'être conscient. Mes exemples précédents semblent bien nobles, mais la moralité questionnable de l'homme mène à d'autres extrêmes plus infâmes.

Philo Rant

This rant is over. For now. I'll share my next one sooner than later! =)