

## **The Unsustainable Mother Pachyderm**

A fair society and a fully transparent and candid civilization is a great illusion. It is as great as an illusion as a garment kept cleaned by a European laundry machine run by a battery produced in a Chinese factory by enslaved workers and a rich manager exploiting a South American lithium mine with African workers. The more the top of the iceberg shines the more dirt and corruption we ought to expect below it.

The very fact that heavy nations keep afloat and that they even maintain their facade above the water most tidy may seem quite amazing for most yet to me it is a terrible loss we inflict on natural resources. All the very apparatus of the establishments at large seems like a too expensive toll on the overall limited supplies we are about to face.

And yet here it goes once again that the very pachyderms that are so unnaturally kept afloat they themselves are the ones to dictate how the world should become sustainable and how humans as a society should act in accordance to the phase of drastic transformations that are by now occurring on planet earth.

Perhaps my suspicion comes right here, right every time I listen to anyone talking from the top of the pachyderms preaching what and how we should avoid the end of the planet. Deep inside me thus I have the strong feeling that it is right in this super efficient and complex establishments and establishments within and across other establishments that the very issue lays more or less directly.

Any common sense who had grown apart and truly has experienced some level of self sufficiency cannot but be most skeptical about the many Babels that are so unnaturally enforced on the actual planet. My personal terror are actually the very humans growing out of these sealed artificial entities. I am terrified by the very fact that they lack any possibility to connect to their own nature and in this respect are only reproducing the conventions set by the establishments without the possibility of performing their own common sense.

While we can have the personal illusion of a brilliant carrier within any of these pachyderms there is no possibility for us to truly traumatize them and traumatize the very humans within them in order for them to wake up from their dangerous and most blind conformism. I thus believe in the conception of most compact and self-sufficient pachyderm like assemblages as a way to clash and disrupt and/or at least challenge the overall conformist parasitism.

There is no doubt that any human growing within an ever more conformist establishment cannot but become a tyrant willing this establishment to also be lead into

a tyranny. Before the inevitable self-destruction that all the very members of any establishment will generate by putting all the tyrannical sadism in the hands of a tyrant which will only have to ride the wave an act accordingly, before this happens we ought to device ways of disruptions in which the captivated members of an establishment get to even briefly experience the real life outside it.

Alas, the more history progresses the more difficult it becomes to create such moments of disruptions. By becoming ever more transparent and shiny, pachyderms have become more sealed and impenetrable. Yet this shiny transparency is also very fragile. I mean that from behind the glass humans simply react with an increasingly nervous temperament from anything they experience outside it, getting ever more indignant. Yet it only takes a fraction of time to cool off if there was a possibility to come out in the open.

Yes, everyone will claim now that they are themselves free to go around in the open, away from the very establishment they grew into yet how many invisible threads make up a most solid uterus that like an astronaut still solidly connect us to the mother ship. We thus are doomed to be forever connected to our own mother establishment, getting eventually and seamlessly poisoned by it. The mother pachyderm establishment is the cause of much of our tyranny, it is the source of our frustration of the unnatural conditions of intelligent animals strictly maintained attached to the uterus.

Perhaps then in all this allegoric thinking what has to be done is the most dangerous of operations. We ought to be able to ourselves unplug from the mother ship, a clear cut which will immediately put us in the dreadful condition of having to search for our own way of nourishment. An operation however that will for once mature us above other humans and will be able to indicate to these humans the absurdity of such living so sealed and connected within mother ships which are most likely and inevitably to come to a most destructive conflict.

As astronauts out in space perhaps our only mean to survive will be to suck from the very oxygen inhaled by other astronauts who might be convinced of our mission and might be willing to offer us out of their own mouths the most minimum amount of oxygen we ought to have in order not to die of the exhaustions caused by their own mother ships. Yet our main duty is in m opinion that of reverting the sort of effortless automation by which the mother pachyderm is taking care of us.

I mean in the most efficient and well working establishment parents follow their career trajectory and the growth of the child is given to the establishment. I believe right in the effortless growth of these child lies the very danger of turning them into blind

conformist literally following up what the very establishment (nothing but a machine) has automatically told them. So even if the educative messages are "good" they will be taken in as a form of dogma which will transform the offspring of any well functioning civilization into total fanatics.

Young environmentalists who have no experience living in any environment and the possible misery connected to it are one example of this. Yet I am not here to make any specific judgment but to point out that there is in fact a need of tackling this issue by abstaining to take part to the establishment, to make it less perfect and keep it less sophisticated and try to ourselves take care of our human creation.

What is indeed needed is in fact the effortful mother, the mother that gives full care, the human mother who is able to nourish their children and guide them humanly across their first perceptions and conceptions of life. In this respect life itself ought to become less regimental and less about making a social career. Both females and males ought to step down from rigid social schemes and be mother of the new offspring warning it with time about the danger of the huge mother ship which will eventually enroll them.

We ought to teach them to keep one foot on it and another possibly elsewhere, in a more natural ground they have to learn to take care of, supposedly some sort of an ark of common sense big enough to host their offspring to come. I am not acting here as any kind of prophet but only perhaps as some one who has reached a different level of understanding, a social failure yet I believe in the long run a insignificant person who might have succeeded in regenerating some what some human nature.