

Mechanics of Freedom

What is freedom? Is it freedom to be able to buy whatever we want? Ancient philosophy teaches us that material possessions are in fact a form of slavery. What is freedom then? Is it freedom to leave in a perfect society taking care of all aspects of our being human? I also doubt that this is freedom. Humans need some kind of discomfort and traumas in their lives to be able to mature intellectually.

I believe freedom is the possibility to behold oneself, to take of its nature and its intimate proximity. Obviously rich individuals and rich societies do not have the time for it. Only their surfaces are free and yet their soul is fully enslaved to self initiated mechanism of wealth production. As I am writing this know I get a feeling in my heart and wish to further explain myself.

I do not mean that we should keep in a room day in and day out and live the most secluded asceticism. I believe exposure is needed but exposure itself ought to be guided. This guidance is provided by what I can define as mechanism of temporal fragments. In essence this mechanism is somewhat the bounty we carefully select and collect from a life put to peril by the greater wealth making machines.

Providence or no providence the wealth making machines are the cause of much evil. We ought to grow used to this evil and stoically accomplish our mission to sample the seeds for a new life to come, a new cycle I mean because human life will always have its course always ultimately corrupt under the evil spell of a more or less explicit greediness.

As machines are built not only they deprive the life of the very natural and human sources they use but also sooner or later come in conflict with other machines of the kind, particularly as the very resources come less. Stoically we ought transpass all the boarders these machines create in their greedy fights. Death can only glorify our underground operation of living our everyday life in a most poetic subtle yet meaningful manner, giving constant motherly care to the very human heritage we carry, the one hope for a new future.

In our operation a bubble is created around us and paradoxically us, the very engine of the mechanisms sampling temporal fragments will be immune of the irreversible effects of the ever greedier mechanism of wealth and surplus. We lie over a potential maintaining it unexploited by the latter, knowing that the latter takes without bringing back but radioactive waste.