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Spontaneous Vagueness

The dominance of humanity had begun simultaneously with its gruesome end, and we simply do not know how, since when, and, moreover, why. In the midst of lack of clarity, what we do know is that we experience, on a daily basis, revelations of our ultimate purpose – to die.

Death is the only fact that we know as truth. All the others are theories cognized to be incorporated into our linguistic structure. Science, history, psychology, mathematics and other assorted fields of study are our theoretical attempts to make sense of the happenings of nature and put them in/into order. Even philosophy (especially philosophy) tries all its might in order to humanize what we call altogether as phenomena. But regardless of how or why things occur, they all come to an end. Actions of different origins come to a complete stop, and the significance of this is that things occur and, ultimately, are executed to death.

Investigating and analyzing occurrences, therefore, are not only useless but are also our arrogant attempts to conquer nature. We are so obsessed with ourselves that we want the universe to behave according to our cognition, which is straightforwardly arrogant.

Further, we wish also to put under control other human beings. This is tragic and comedic. We are so obviously insignificant but yet wish, and put forth all of our best moves, to dominate the realm of insignificance. So we worry, and thus are pathetic. What is so immensely depressing is that we know. We know the insignificant characteristic of our beings but yet voluntarily enslave our lives to false consciousness. We no longer encourage ourselves to have visions. We demand ideas. Ideas are hailed as the origin of creativity, whatever that means. But ideas are for problem solving, they are collage of clever thoughts that are instantaneous and ephemeral. It is not surprising that the “creative industry” relies on pop-culture as their main influence for coming up with ideas. Ideas appear and vanish once the job is done. That is work, not life – thus can never be art. On the other hand, visions manifest life at its entirety – if that’s not art, then I don’t know what is.

Ideas are the sources of ideology, and those who submit themselves to ideology are called idiots. And as cognitive idiots, we continue to theorize nature because theory embodies infinity – a perpetuation of divergent thoughts that we came to capitalize.

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