

The End is Near: An Alternative to Karl Marx and Freidrich Engels' [Communist] Theory on the Evolution of Revolutions (Principle #4)

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As a member of what came to be known as the *productionist* class at the turn of the 22nd century, the domesticated man was in large part born a lonesome creature. Outside and segregated from him were the so-called *kindred*; those who had lost blood ties and formed families of their own. The kindred did not engage in the acts of production which started to dominate our economies at the turn of the 20th century. By the turn of the 22nd century production had hit extreme heights as it became entirely automated. People sought to compensate for their loss in physical value to the increasingly extreme market of production by becoming equally extreme intellectuals. Naturally, the kindred found a degree of freedom from both productionism and intellectualism by simply being free of the shackles of private property.

History books would tell of times in which the two classes were not so clearly segregated beyond the fact that one typically lived in-doors while the other inhabited the bushes surrounding their neighborhoods. Yet with the advancement of technology, the question of land came to the forefront as it [technology] changed the very nature of work and hence called for a redefinition of what it meant to "earn" land. Overqualified intellectualism emerged as the final arbiter of who had the right to inhabit any particularly desirable piece of land. The rest were shoved off into the desert 'badlands'.

At the same time neuroscience progressed such that 'group-identification' patterns within the human brain came to be recognized. The most influential factors in this process had nothing to do with genetics, rather what group a given individual developed a sense of kinship with was mostly a matter of life experience and association. For some, a scientific understanding of the details of this process simply became reason to separate the two classes. Social sciences merged with the physical and together they came to virtually dictate government policies. Things like no smoking in a park had become accepted for what they really were; tools to achieve cultural congruence. Science allowed us to put pretense aside and call a thing what it was; legally defined cultural districts were created.

No single regime was in control, it was rather a consensus of people born out of what they considered to be an age of reason. Yet we overlooked the fact that it was an age of *reductionist* reasoning. While individual intelligence (as measured by our own invented metrics) had hit an evolutionary high point, social intelligence (the social awareness amongst members, their ability to address issues at the root cause, and to act in a coherent fashion) had hit unprecedented lows. Populations swelled such that the natural mechanisms of cooperation such as those of the Hamadryas baboon were simply drowned out; warnings of where society was headed screamed to the crowd were heard only as minor chirps of lunatics off to the side.

Intellectuals at the turn of the 22nd century were of course aware of the break-down in the natural principles of organization, yet they thought cognitive based reasoning was ushering in a new form of cooperativity. What we learned in the century sense is that reductionist reasoning made for what appeared to be an incredibly organized society when viewed from the outside, yet nothing was in fact self-directed, least not by anyone which made themselves known to the rest of us. We'd come to appreciate just how malleable

was the human disposition that the whole of history could be explained almost in its entirety by the simple phrase, “someone fucked up, and we just sort of ran with it”.

Almost.

The truth is there were forces at work since millennia past – think-tanks who had more than mere brain power on their side. Though they had millennia worth of inside knowledge gained from social experiments by monarchs and democratic governments alike throughout the ages, it was through the knowledge handed down from the pre-historic occult they represented which gave them special powers of deducing human thought and especially predicting group behavior. Calling it a cult was a mere label, but they transcended labels as they were formed from an age which predated articulated reasoning itself – an age of inarticulated albeit superior intuitive intelligence. As they made themselves known only as of recently it is now known they were born of the *Denisovians*, a super-human like race which inhabited Russia 400,000 years ago. Their understanding of human nature, their social intelligence, was such that they could manipulate the whole of society without anyone knowing it was happening. Steadily, with cold calculation, they’d been steering society down this course for a long, long time.

Imagine you were a general in war. Which would you prefer; 1,000 people who can achieve social congruence and act on it – even if that which they were to act on turned out to be an entirely subjective sentiment, or would you prefer 1,000 intellectuals constantly breaking the issue up into smaller pieces and arguing about what course of action to take, operating under the premise that those pieces could [theoretically] be put back together so as to produce some conglomerate objective truth [someday]?

In recent times, before the gravitation wars I now write from, historians began to take a second look at how society evolved to this point. What they found was along the same lines of what one 21st century ethnographer concluded in his studies of homelessness and gentrification;

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.....I thought I could find a way to walk the line – to have a foot in both worlds. But by some quirk of human nature it just doesn’t work like that. Thus, I struggle to play the domesticated man’s game. On one hand I embrace a career path of being a teacher, in part because it is simply my nature to either bury myself in a hole with a shovel or bury myself in a book, but also in part because I’ve come to see the true role of a teacher was never to teach, it is rather to facilitate a necessary course of events. Though embracing articulated intellectualism is a something I know to be a potential source of excommunication from the village, at the same time it is simply necessary.

The simple act of rolling out a plastic fence seems to induce in him [the domesticated man] some firm belief that he now controls everything within its bounds, and that anyone violating the sanctity of this newly formed plastic or metallic line is vagrant for not following the lines like the rest of the crowd. Where, when, and how did the domesticated man become infected with this line of reasoning which tells him he can own land, control it, dictate whether and how anyone else uses it, and to paint an immoral picture of them if they do not respect his violation of the land that was given to all of us?

I often question how many of them even stop to consider the very notion of property ownership. The idea that one can ‘own’ land necessarily requires a concept of ‘earning’ land to accompany it. But how does one justify ‘earning’ land itself? In a man’s small human life he could never

muster a tiny fraction of the energy it took to create that which was given to us, so how could he ever justify this in any objective sense? One does not earn land, rather he pisses on it; marks his territory in hopes others will respect that. If that fails you fight for it, learn to coexist, or move on. This is the natural way of things.

Herein lies the value of studying history, a study of which may reveal that this represents a distinct shift in mind frame that is slowly occurring over the centuries. A hundred and fifty years ago peasants in Russia used the phrase, "it is gods land, it belongs to those who work it". Yet today (in America at least) subjective concepts of 'earning' and 'ownership' have seemingly replaced the simple act of using something.

I cannot think of a single other species which posse such a distinct lack of ability to co-exist with any other species. Even our own genetic cousins get territorial only when resources become an issue, even then it is only amongst their own kind, i.e. they don't go exterminating other species en masse for the sin of seeking to harness the resources grown from the land given to all of us. However, it is one thing to end a life, but it is quite another to take one's ability to live. The encasement of animals, the marking off of natural territory to be breathed in and traversed freely at one's own risk, and the systematic herding of populations into predetermined and congested lines of travel – it is neither sustainable nor tolerable. Worse than all of this is that it is the confinement of perspective itself when one is forced to play this organizational game of chicken-shit Marxism; roped in and cooped-up like chickens into these cities, it is like I see the world but cannot touch it. Try as I may, I end up back into the city I have been stuck in for years traversing the same 10 block radius where I observe the same people stuck iterating the same routine. Moreover, I have a father cooped up in another city, and it does begin to seem that only the wealthy can afford the luxury of connecting their people.

In exchange for the 'freedom' to express myself with mere words and to identify with whatever political party I 'choose', by placing property rights over natural rights, my constitution has stripped me of my ability to seek and to maintain my own social and cultural boundaries. What is the word 'freedom' the domesticated man keeps waving in my face but a label? Surely there was never a time when things were perfect, but just as surely there was a time in which they were self-directed.

Individual attempts to try to escape are short lived as no man is an island, neither in his mind nor in a world governed by land titling, one in whose cities are plagued with 'leaders' who have learned to achieve their ends by systematically bullying people to go where they want them and to not go where they don't. There is simply no where left to go. Social workers have made a living out of conflating failed attempts at cultural conversion as some explanation why their 'supportive housing' programs don't work, and this [bubble-sheet] 'data' is in turn utilized with extreme confirmational bias so as to provide 'evidence' why they need millions more in public funding for their counseling services to convert peasants and to sell them on smaller and lesser versions of their way of living. It seems the agronomist has simply changed the name he goes by.

As a cooperative species we pull one another into this game, and I could no more restore the natural way of things than I could abolish the organizational freaks who would in turn stomp it out. The only choice is to let myself be absorbed into this world of ego where building reputations and reductionist accomplishments that can be listed on my C.V.. But I have at least come to know this; I don't want to be remembered, I want to live.

Why do so many of the middle classes seem oblivious to this state of things? While many of their intellectuals claim Marxism is dead we live it every day! But they know what they have always known; domestication. When someone fails to find a smile, they cannot but conclude that person must be mentally ill. It is the individual that is the problem, not the environment. While this reasoning makes a convenient swiping under the rug of issues, it has not addressed them. The seeds that are being planted will grow unless this mind-frame that has taken hold of the domesticated classes can be reversed. Yet there is little hope in the way of trying to convince most any domesticated man that he is in fact the mentally ill one, thus we must instead strive to understand him.

How did his mind frame come about?

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...With no real sense of kinship to be found in his neighborhood, and a pervasive feeling of lacking purpose in life, the domesticated man seemed to be questioning the productionist economy he had centered his life around. Often the thought crossed his mind that somewhere along the line the means had become the ends and he was now producing simply for the sake of being able to produce more. Occasionally, he'll find himself in a poor neighborhood and to his surprise he gets a sense of what he's been seeking; people that are open to their surroundings rather than passing through them; people who know how to live with each other instead of next simply being to one another. They seemed to possess a spark of satisfaction he always suspected existed, perhaps even tasted a time or two, but which had eluded him.

With a forlorn look on his face, the domesticated man waited for his invitation to the village. No one bothered to tell him that if you must ask then the answer is probably no regardless of who you ask. In fact, what you're likely to find is several people seizing the opportunity to convince you of exactly where you do or where you do not belong.

To this the he told me I was idealistic; that it was not in his head, that there was in fact something about him which they could practically smell [perhaps literally] on him. The moment they saw him they'd adjust their body language in some way that was inarticulably significant. And this I could not dispute. There most definitely is an 'in' group and an 'out' group among peasants, and villagers are deeply distrustful of those whom they sense to be outsiders. They'll play stupid if they must. If it suits your purpose to label them helpless, then that is what they'll show you. Hand them a bubble sheet asking why they live in such dire circumstances and they'll answer according to the question, 'do you belong'; whatever keeps you in your world and them in theirs.

This 'stratification' I currently find myself reading about in the Russian peasant villages a hundred years ago is real. Whatever it's mechanism and/ or circumstances, it is subtle thing whose source and patterns has baffled historians since the abolishment of serfdom.

Being incapable of tapping into this confidence he sees growing amongst people in these areas full of laid back poor hippies, the domesticated man then decided to try to grow his own. With few genuine friends at his immediate disposal, he decided he had to make some. Reproduction became his way out of shame, loneliness, and of feeling a general lack of purpose in life. In his heart he thought perhaps once he had accomplished this, maybe then he would receive his invitation to officially feeling like a part of the village.

Reproduction had become his means to virtually everything he needed deep inside.

But he also knew that acquiring a woman entailed getting his own plot of land and a home he could call his own. What he did not account for was that along with property – particularly the khutora style he had chosen which separated him from the village always by a fields length – came the ability to make or break congregations; to facilitate people or to inhibit their natural inclination to come together; the power to wield the seeds of culture itself. Hence, his very presence in the village changed it, and by pursuing the thing he most desired he also scared it away.

Feeling rejected, he began seeking fellow domesticated men to associate with. He set up his very own bar directly across from the historic village bar. Being so consumed by attaining and maintaining their own khutora style homes which kept them so isolated from one another, the domesticated men found they had a problem; they had no common culture. To redress this would entail questioning the only thing they did have in common; property ownership. For a time, they experimented with awkward practices like parachute pants in the 80's which they had hoped might pass for culture and which should endow them with a sense of confidence to rival those across the street. For a time, it actually worked. But awkward was only interesting until it went silent. They briefly thought about drinking their problems away or even experimenting with drugs to bring them together, but if they did that then there would be no contrast between them and those across the street who had seemingly rejected them. There would be nothing to make them worthier of inhabiting the land than they.

Feeling vulnerable, and knowing how vicious the peasant village was about land, what they ultimately settled on was food. Trendy food. Veritable food. Organic food – food so natural you could not find it in nature. Yet these food-based mediating institutions cost a lot of money. So too did his property. Supporting his newly created family to enjoy the same life-style nearly sent him overboard. Thankfully a new production facility was coming to town at which he could maybe score a second job.

Production-ism became his means to achieving reproduction.

As time went on the domesticated man convinced himself and those inside his foodie circles that he never wanted to be a part of the traditional village; he was a modern man. Yet to those outside it was apparent something was missing. If nothing else, despite all their artificial attempts to generate it, no real sense of culture nor confidence was developing amongst the domesticate men. Worse, their own children sensed it and they in turn were rebelling against their own elders. Some children would even cross the street to mingle with the more traditional villagers.

This the domesticate man could not tolerate, that the fruit of his own reproductionist endeavors would turn on him and successfully tap into the village life, a thing he himself had failed at. So, the domesticated man set about disposing of the old village all together. Insistently he involved himself in local politics to paint an immoral picture of everything to do with village life. Smoking in a park became a genuine health hazard, particularly to his children. The presence of adults fighting amongst one another were likewise construed to be a predatory threat to his children when passing. Those without property came to be an illegal presence for no clearly discernable reason other than that they might influence the young in some way. It is all oddly reminiscent of how our ape cousins utilize the young to negate conflict (3), albeit the domesticated man had seemingly learned to essentially weaponize his children to support his ulterior motives.

Finding ways to detract from his own influence on the village became somewhat of a talent of the domesticated man. Invading villages. Painting pictures of villagers and in turn taking their home from them by simply shoving them somewhere else became his forte'. In fact, this methodology was one he applied to all social issues. So adept did he become at these things that [history would show] one could literally drop a building on the domesticated man's own kind and still he'd walk away completely unsure as to why the other side was so unhappy, yet completely sure in the fact that 1) his assailants were in fact crazy, and 2) why they were mad actually had seemingly nothing to do with him.

Truly what the peasant villages faces is a war which is entirely social in its nature, albeit one which has been in many deliberate ways construed to be a matter of resources. To acknowledge this however would be to challenge the metrics of so many who measure their right to control a given piece of land according to how they contribute to a productionist economy. There is no contesting this logic, just as there is no contesting the sanctity of that which the surrounding hordes hold most dear; their own private property.

Reversing whatever process seems to be slowly unfolding in villages around the world seems a hopeless endeavor. I have therefore consigned myself to the only other option; to see this process through to its conclusion, whatever it may be. Though I do not pretend to know the details of how it will unfold, on the simple grounds that if the door is left open for something to go wrong, it eventually will, it is therefore entirely unreasonable to go on pretending that it won't. The conditions for revolution – nay transformation – can be casually dismissed but they have not disappeared. Postulating that entropy indeed operates on a social level and that we have therefore not outsmarted her with all our 'progressive' advancements, the question then becomes one of trying to identify what is building up and what will be its catalyst.

Science has transformed our capacities for developing villages while failing to compensate for how this throws the social leverage between classes off. This is a clear candidate for such a catalyst to bring about the ultimate reaction. Science is of course all about reductionism; breaking the problem up into smaller and smaller pieces, studying them individually, and pretending this makes you an expert at putting them back together, but this it does not do. In fact, it is a statement worth pondering that while reductionist intelligence goes up, social intellect can have a tendency go down. This is not a statement of an individual's mental capacity so much as it is a statement of what is being observed. Observations of oneself and of others have been restricted to institutionally mediated cases of micromanagement and premeditated interactions which are themselves governed by expectations.

While the fruits of reductionist science is transforming our villages, the reductionist mind-frame is coming to dominate the middle-classes engaging in productionist activities. This process has of recently been dramatically accelerated as the value of the productionist to his economy has been threatened by technological advancements. To compensate, they've taken to universities in droves where they conflate degenerate practices of perversion with the generation of true culture. Like well-trained tools they fall into frat parties and fantasy football leagues oblivious to the fact that is exactly what was planned for them. Likewise, they seem to hold a firm belief that the system itself will take care of social organization. They are only here to get their handout, trusting that if they do what those before them did then this makes them deserving of just that.

Domestication has stripped them of any inclination to shape their surroundings – a thing which the average peasant sleeping under a highway learns to do from the get go, else he will not get

by. The natural principle of using your two hands to make do with the resources given all of us, and to contest anyone trying to tell you that you have no right to do so, in short, the god given right to inhabit and to use land itself, has seemingly been replaced with the logic that if you just put up with what those before you did then you too should receive similar allotments, opportunities, and authorities as they did - in the designated fashion of course.

Yet while they become increasingly book-smart, their social and political systems are clearly crumbling; leaders come to the helm seemingly out of desire for one side to take revenge on the other. The younger generations have been divided from the elders and all are socialized primarily via alcohol-based institutions.

Science, the practice of reductionism, is the catalyst which will bring about the necessary transformation. When this process hits an extremum, political systems will seem every bit as incredibly organized as the square-grid like khutora villages of the modernized middle-classes which will only swell in numbers. But in truth more labels and articulated bureaucratic regulations only stifle the natural forms of organization from taking root. I say again, we did not outsmart entropy; she guided our evolution and she operates in our veins. We are not outsmarting her, rather we are only fooling ourselves.

At its [the political systems] heart, nothing will in fact be self-directed. Simultaneous to all of this will come a dramatic increase in the capabilities of weaponry

The conditions for Murphy's law are that if anything can go wrong it eventually will. This is not to say improbable events will become more likely, it is rather to say that if the door is left open for probable events to occur, they probably will. Advanced weaponry mixed with entirely undirected social organization and increasingly hostile class struggle – these are the kinds of conditions Murphy was likely referring to.

Having accepted the process is irreversible, the good scientist therefore seeks to 1) proliferate the practice of reductionist reasoning, and 2) advertise it as 'progressive' and 'modern'. The goal of the true scientist is the bring about the final reaction.

Once the intellect of the increasingly populated middle classes that are engaged in productionist activities has been sufficiently reduced such that social intelligence has been labelled as 'street-smarts' to be looked down upon, and once technological weaponry has advanced far enough, it is at this point that the final reaction is eminent. Those that survive will be forced to re-evaluate the entire foundations upon which scientific reasoning was based. The reductionist articulated intellect will be considered for what it really is; a very small-minded thing. Parrallelling all of this will be advancements in neuroscience which show what experiments with mice on wheels are currently beginning to reveal, namely that it is the development of the physical body which produces true neurological growth, albeit it does not do so for the articulated portions of the brain.

Domesticated classes – if any survive the cataclysm – will be forced to reevaluate their methodologies of honing their bodies. Empty protein shake muscles and plasticized gyms will quickly be disposed of. Skinning animals and packing punching bags with sand to strike with a close fist will be replaced with a reversion to the evolutionarily sound practice of striking stones with open palms and especially with one's feet – a practice which evolutionary biologists will at some point realize is what triggered our sudden neurological growth 3.5 million years ago when we left the rain forest of Africa and started inhabiting the badlands (the desert). So too will they

deduce that inhabiting deserts that offer no overhead protection from the elements was responsible for our development of shelters that divided us and in turn inhibited natural forms of communication such as body-language and smell; they made necessary the articulated intellect.

Freidrich Nietsche's conceptualization of an 'Ubermeish' (a superior human – the inspiration for superman) transformation of the human species will at this point ensue, only unlike Nietsche those surviving the cataclysm will appreciate that it is not an evolution so much as a reversion to a time of superior, albeit inarticulated intellect; one which does not measure itself against its own invented IQ exams...

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...The role of the true teacher I've come to understand is that of a communist; the teacher proliferates reductionist reasoning so as to facilitate the final reaction. The true teacher can be identified by their notes for which they've put considerable energy into so as to ensure students do not drop out of mere miscommunication, or at the very least they follow a book so students know with certainty where to direct their efforts in order to meet the teachers expectations. Allowing students to get lost in the multitude of pathways there is to be lost by in science would be to open the door for students to dip into the intuitive intellect. Though a superior form of intellectualism, this would be contrary to the larger goal of attaining freedom from the confines of domestication.

By the quirks of human cooperative nature, we all float or we all sink, but we do it together. It was this I posit which triggered our conversion to domestication, and it is this I plainly see which forces the rest of us to remain within it. Thus, what is necessary is a shift – even a small one – in the collective consciousness of the masses. Hence, it becomes imperative that the teacher tether the students mind so as to keep them firmly within the confines of articulated reasoning. To allow even a select few to escape this realm prematurely would be to undermine the final reaction. Like fumes that found a vent, tolerating such freedom in students will completely destroy the collective effort to build up a sufficient concentration – enough to create an explosion.

Communist teachers put equal parts energy into the running of their classes as they do their research. When domesticated super-hero's in the guise of administrators try to tell them that they cannot give notes to the class as they are not in a 'reproducible' or publishable format, to this the true teacher responds, "It is my job as a ~~communist~~, I mean teacher to facilitate learning". In the words of the truest teacher,

"No one, when he has lit a lamp, puts it in a cellar or under a basket, but on a stand, that those who come in may see the light...."

- Jesus

To the teacher-communist every soul which passes through the domain of his or her classroom is like a precious egg to be carefully collected in this centuries – nay millennia old basket which has been weaved since times predating the articulated intellect itself. Every student represents a potential propagator of reductionist intellectualism, either as future teachers, professionals that see the value (or profit) in reductionist intellectualism, or even just as human beings that will carry influence over others.

The mark of the anti-communist teacher is one of confusion. They conflate student's inability or unwillingness to devote their time to decoding their poorly elaborated expectations with a lack of ability of the student. They recruit graduate students to handle the bulk of their class load, so they can instead devote their time to playing super-hero researchers. Just as an inept general in war would reprimand his troops for being incapable of executing an order that he could neither explain nor train them for, the anti-communist teacher likewise disposes of all accountability with his red pen. He seeks to inhabit Division 1 schools where education is viewed as a highly selective affair. Anti-communist students (those and who think education is about preserving and 'progressing' the domesticated way of life) can fathom no reason for education beyond becoming overqualified – more so than the next student. To them education is a competition, not a collective effort, consequently they team up in vicious Wolfe-packs where they decode the anti-communist teacher's feeble attempts at communicating his or her expectations. These students create a socially selective circle that has priority access to decoded information. To them the ability to fit in is synonymous with merit and universities in general are places where only overqualified 'intellectuals' belong.

You know the anti-communist institution by the fact they create cultural bubbles in which members of the general public are not in general welcome – particularly undomesticated 'vagrants' who would have an undesirable influence on the domesticated children.

May they all get whatever it is that lady motion is guiding them towards....

Entry date: 09/27/2018

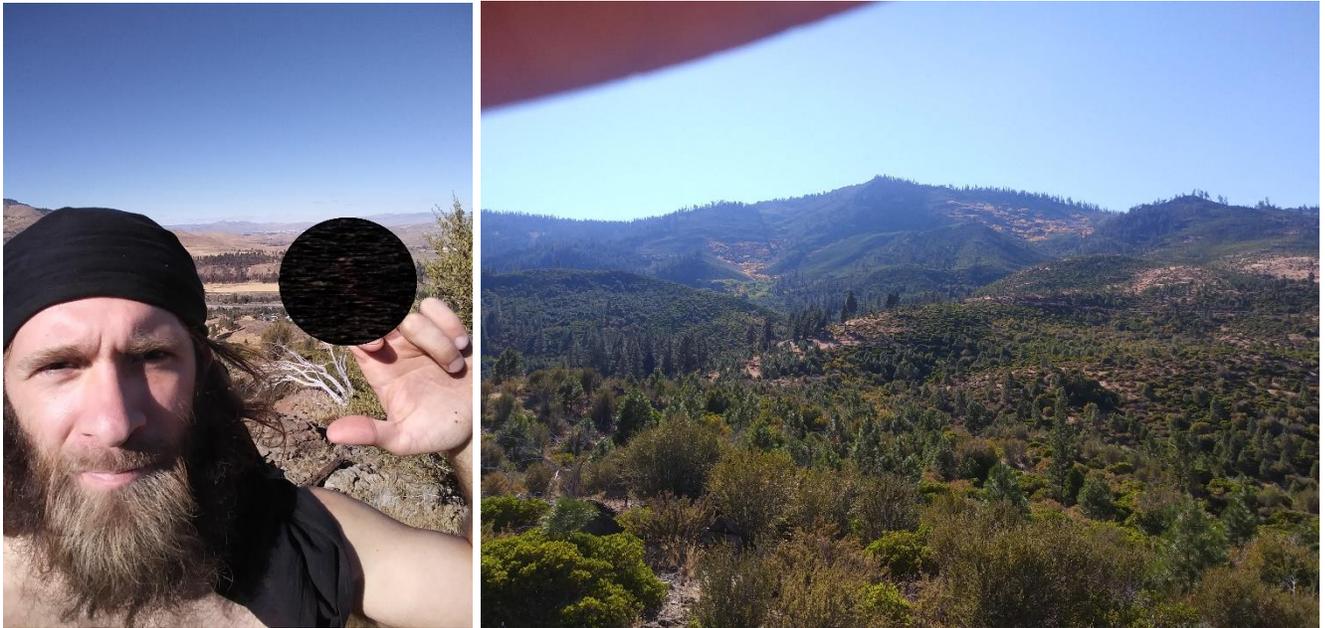
.... Indeed, thoughts of revolution are at times all that remains to me. Patiently I abide though, taking solace in the fact that trying to see the fruitions of one's goals in life is akin to trying to map the stars while viewing them through a 6"x9" window of a single passenger plane ride. So, I wait, every bit as patiently as the unnamed enemy which has guided the villages to this point over a course of millennia, operating with a motive that so far alludes me in this life. I play what cards I have, inching towards what I must look forward to in another pass.

My strength is this; I don't know what I'm doing. If I did, so too would the think-tanks. I know what I have always known; to put one foot in front of the other and let the patterns emerge. I devote myself to my craft, find focus, and follow lady motion wherever she takes me. She is the singular force the think-tanks cannot fathom nor outsmart. And anyone thinking they've outsmarted lady entropy is surely the fool. She is not something that can be outsmarted, she is in our veins governing the beat of our very hearts. She is in our genetics guiding our predispositions. And where she is leading us I dare not presume to know but looking at a society who seemingly thinks reductionist advancements have allowed us to outsmart her gives me a strong clue as to her ultimate schemes.

Stephen Hawking thought we should prepare to inhabit space as resources would be depleted within 10,000 years. May he rest in peace, but I take his overlooking of the fact that entropy is operating on a social level to be either a testament that social intellect deteriorates the more reductionist intellect grows, or that Stephen Hawking was in fact a true communist aiding in the struggle to proliferate reductionist reasoning to the masses – to convince them that science is in here to save them. Surely such a broken intellectual would find little reason in promoting the continued existence of such an alienated culture of which he had to abide for decades. In either case, I find it only laughable that anyone would presume the human race has another 10,000 years to look forward to.

As for the present, it is inconsequential, yet were it of any import the truth is that I struggle to play the domesticated man's game. No longer can I conflate decoding a professor's feeble attempts at communication with merit nor autistic reductionism with higher thought. It is at times like this I think, 'maybe I should just get a city job, settle down, and have some children'. But the truth is I no longer see anything appealing about the domesticated classes lifestyle; nothing that is ultimately trustworthy or meaningful. Then I see my worn out sleeping bag next to my backpack held together with twine, and a saying comes to mind – 'fuck Reno, but damn those hills are pretty'. Those hills – they call me. Thus, my momentary lapse in identity is checked and I am reminded that being a family man is just not my nature as my family is out there. How to explain this to anyone asking me a reason? I could claim it's ethnography, and there are thankfully a very few who are with me (10); no book could yield the insights necessary to crack the problems which plague societies, and which ultimately govern the very institutions we attempt to pursue 'higher thoughts' in. To tell it like it is, I am Brodyagi.....

- W. Wignes, a.k.a. 'uncle communist'



Archive #4: [left, facing south]: The 21st century ethnographer gives what was at the time a gesture of malcontent towards 'Wolfe-pack' intellectuals and Reno, NV (the town circled). [right, facing north from the same point]: The Sierra-Nevada hills surrounding Reno, NV, in which the 21st century ethnographer eventually settled into a cave and became a hermit mumbling about intellectuals, domesticate children, and gravity wars.

In decades to follow this ethnographers account, villages became more and more stratified. 'Like well-trained tools' athletes and musicians alike began to promote the commercialization of tribalism with the firm belief that it is them who the audience came to see and not each other; that it is they who made music and not the crowd. To add insult to injury, the think-tanks engineered these heroes to turn around and sell the same crowd on underpants and processed cheeseburgers. Though it is tempting to attribute some higher organizational purpose to this (particularly with respect to food), it was ultimately for no reason other than the fact that they could; to show just how gullible human nature is on a group scale.

As for the villagers who in many ways failed to demonstrate that offspring in one fashion or another could account for their behavior, they were systematically shoved into designated areas. The fact they did not devote significant amounts of their life – even if it was at the cost of their very social, emotional, and spiritual wellbeing – became grounds for placing the domesticated class’s property rights over human rights to inhabit a given piece of land.

It was the culture itself which the kindred could generate that enticed and at the same time threatened the productionist classes. Like a hound on a scent they were drawn to it, then like a rejected child they sought to erase it from their memory.

As the price of productionist living hit unreasonable highs, the kindred population swelled. Voting patterns and the resulting leaders reflected what we had all but come to say aloud; it had become a means of taking vengeance on one another.

To those being raised in the productionist districts, without any opportunity to engage with the kindred, it never occurred to them that just because the kindred did not share blood with one another did not mean they were not family. Without this understanding, domesticated children grew up to see the kindred as self-centered, lazy, ‘feeders’ off the fruits of production-based society. So, it was that society came to be governed by property ownership and fueled by productionism. With all contact to those still in touch with the natural principles of organization lost, domesticated children had little left to learn from but books; their social intelligence was commensurately boiled down to little more than knowing how to conform so as to fit in with whatever culture happened to surround them.

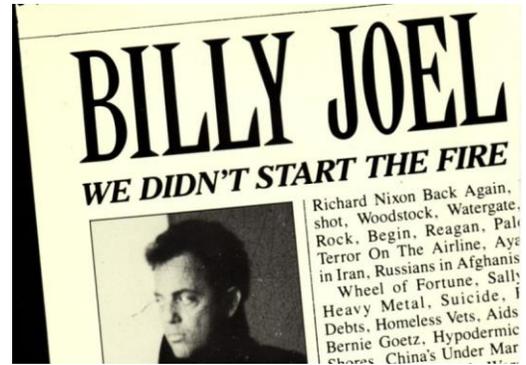
The true end of culture however came in the form of the infamous google village in the year 2020. Centered around Whole foods in San Jose’, California, ‘cultural walks’ replaced real people, yet transportation methods within the village were so efficient and modern that people could easily miss the fact that real culture was lacking as they were exposed to so much synthetic attempts to replace it; they hypnotic power of quantity distracted them from the question of quality.

At the heart of this village was *Whole Foods Market*. The San Jose headquarters being a particularly trendy place to be, it was no wonder that it eventually was discovered to be the headquarters of the think-tanks who had been guiding society to this point. In the year 2018 the quoted ethnographer spoke of them playing trendy 80’s music to compensate for the fact that originality was quickly becoming a thing of the past. 150 years later they were still playing that 1980’s music; the productionist classes had lost all ability to create original culture.



Archive #5: Whole Foods Market, San Jose, CA (2018 AD) – central headquarters of the unnamed think-tanks who had been guiding society for millennia.

In their heart many knew this, yet to go against the masses was to dispute the source of it all; privately owned property; the right to inhabit and to own land. Hence, the logic which said that making songs about what someone did with their genitals was cultural, or that being socialized via bars was conducive to the development of social intelligence amongst people or to the attainment of true wisdom by individuals went unchecked. The domesticated productionists' fell into a viscous cycle of increasingly plastic and perverted culture. Worse, while classes became increasingly divided, anti-communist intellectual members of the systematized hegemony adopted the practice of dismissing any sense of accountability for it amongst themselves. Just as Russian peasants of the late 1800's proclaimed, "we are neither the first family, nor the last to divide", with the last vestiges of culture that the productionists' had to offer in the 1980's they published songs proclaiming, "we didn't start the fire" (archive #6). By the year 2150 this sentiment took a marked shift from a dismissal of accountability to the blaming of the other side (the physical segregation of the productionists' and the kindred helped facilitate this transition in group psychology).



Archive #6: In one of the very last testaments to the productionists' classes ability to generate true culture, of A 1980's rock-star by the name of Billy Joel dismisses any and all accountability of his generation.

By the time the productionist classes realized what was being done to them was the product of a long lineage of cold calculation and methodical manipulation it was too late. We knew the end had come when PhD's began spontaneously proliferating unsolicited advice.

The history of science follows the pattern that detecting something is often a prerequisite to eventually being able to manipulate it. The first detection of a gravitational wave came about in the year 2014. For gravity (it being a relatively very weak force in nature) it took much time and effort to improve our ability to detect any but the largest gravity waves such as rare supernovae. Immediately following the initial detection in 2014 however, numerous endeavors to improve our detection abilities were invested in heavily. Within decades 4-mile long earth-bound Interferometers which needed to be insulated from all sorts of vibrations and which were at best capable of detecting supernovae were replaced with thousand-mile-long interferometers in space that could detect the gravitational waves of stationary objects.

By the year 2156 our ability to measure the gravitational waves emitted by a small object such as earth were well honed. The ability to negate a gravity wave had long been of interest for any number of reasons. At this time a little-known scientist by the name of Lisa Rancet discovered a way to dramatically alter the structure of gravitons from spherically symmetric particles which pulled equally in all directions, to unidirectional string-like particles that emitted an incredibly strong gravitational force in only one direction. Manipulating gravitons into forming so-called 'super-charged gravity rods' allowed for seemingly empty space to be turned into a source of gravitational force that could be aimed as one would a pistol – without creating a black hole

Thirty years after Rancet's breakthroughs came the gravity gun. Based thousands of miles away from earth in outer-space, the gravity gun resembled a cylindrical gateway that when activated could target a 20-mile radius on the surface of earth.

When it was first weaponized only five years ago by the World Production Organization (WPO) in response to terrorist attacks, it proved capable of wiping people out by the millions with the push of a button and

with no forewarning. In an instant they'd find themselves accelerating into space at twice the rate they were accustomed to falling.

The real catastrophe came in the years following the WPO's initial decision to use it on Seraph province. No one agreed as to who the terrorist actually was and whether the elimination of Seraph was in fact justified. And if not justified, then who would be next? Numerous organizations – governmental and private alike – immediately set about launching their own gravity guns. It did not take them long being as they already had space stations in place. Within a single year of the elimination of Seraph province global chaos erupted.

Who started what and who exactly was the enemy were all big question marks. To the domesticated man it was incomprehensible to think that what was killing him would not at least have the decency to tell him that it was doing so. It was only moments before his feet touched the ground for the last time he that caught a glimpse in the mirror, and it was only in this moment that his befuddlement was finally resolved.

With populations now numbering such that the natural principles of cooperativity could again take root, a consensus was reached throughout the globe; mankind had to become something else. Everything else had been tried. Scientific advancements did not solve our problems so much as they enhanced them. Throughout the whole of recorded history, attempts at social advancement always skirted around the question of private property – as if we could simply ignore the elephant in the room. Finally, the idea was on the table that at some point in human evolution things went terribly wrong, and that what we had for millennia called 'evolution' was in fact the symptoms of a disease which took root long before things started being recorded. Somewhere along the line, intentionally or otherwise, someone had messed up and we all just sort of ran with it.

But no more.

Separating ourselves and consequently needing to rely on articulated forms of communication was recognized for what it was; a communication break-down. It was the physical partitioning of our species which led to the obstruction of visual, auditory, and olfactory communication and which made the articulated intellect necessary. Hence, not only have we resolved to dispose of privacy between us, but this is also my last telegraph to earth as we've resolved to revert to the genital-grabbing techniques of Hamadryas baboons when we need to make a collective decision rather than engaging in intellectual debates.

- A. Calilhye'

Principle #4: Partitioning and the consequent articulated reductionist reasoning which follows the act of partitioning together constitute an irreversible process.

Even if one were to successfully restore the natural principle of organization among mankind from the inside, the consequent development of real culture would be perceived as a threat to others who cannot find it. It would then be torn apart from the outside. It is a process which will run its course; it will get worse before it gets better.