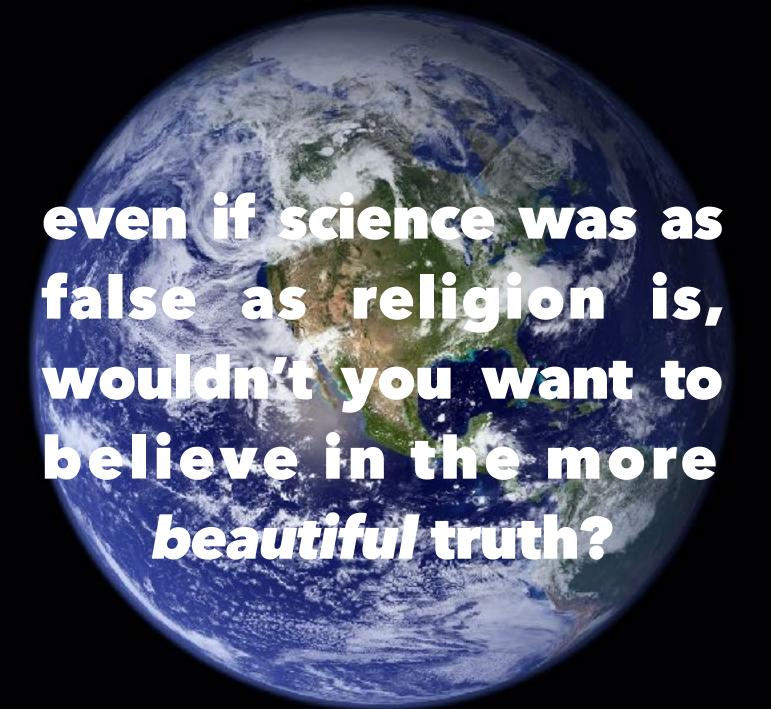
even if.

a micro-essay on how i used to be a pretentious little man. and how i am now a pretentious little man, but in a different way. but at least i can express it better. which probably makes the pretentiousness worse. but slightly more bearable. but because i can do it better, it means i'm more inclined to do it. so it's worse. or does that mean better? because if i practice more i'll get better.

when i was young, i was a pretentious little man. i still am today, but i feel like i've developed as a person somewhat. i'm not sure if the people around me feel like that, but, to prove that, i will now dissect this image macro, which i made in about... well, probably originally around 2015. i don't know the date for sure. but that doesn't matter.

the image macro in question is a little picture of the earth with some text over it.



that was it.

i know, take it in, i know it reeks of cocksure atheism in the face of the modern, meaningless world. and that's what a lot of people do with atheism. it's not like "oh, they turn it into a crusade and kill people" but they, in their (largely white, well-educated, and comfortable) lives can find a sense of purpose in knowing that other people have a false sense of purpose.

but the dawkins crusaders are right! and that's the problem that plagues us. they are right. there is nothing truthful about genesis when it is used to describe the creation the universe. there is nothing to be found there, the world is not six thousand years old, and the people who believe that are

the worst fools at all. but people who believe that genesis is trying to explain the creation of the world is the real problem. what good is a story that explains the creation of the universe? still, there is nothing there. even if we had a perfect theory about how the universe came into being, would that make any of our deeper existential quandaries less valid? no! there would still be deep, deep problems to think about. and not, necessarily, to solve.

the reason behind that thinking is something like this. science, in all of its power, is necessarily extraverted. the idea of 'falsifiability' is one that needs more than one external observer to agree on. and what i think we can agree on is that science

attempts to bridge the gap between humans by linking people to a deeper understanding of the world. but, unfortunately, the world doesn't seem to want to give up its secrets. even if we were to, one day, understand the things that compose quarks, who could say that we'd reached 'the bottom' so to speak? there's never anything to stop you from going further, there's always something else which has the possibility of not being understood.

science is good for control of the physical environment. it brings people together - superficially, however, it is more like the officials of a basketball game agreeing on the boundary of the court. despite the claim that it is studying 'fundamental, objective

reality' the claim falls apart when you ask them how they're experiencing that 'objective' reality. everything is necessarily subjective. not in a 'everything goes' moral sense, but in the logical fact that everything is literally filtered through you, as a subject. you are subject to the universe, and there is a clear distinction there. the state you're in might change, time might seem to pass quicker when you're asleep, you might not understand the processes by which your perception of the world is mediated, but there is a distinction between a subject and an object.

i've had this sort of conversation quite a lot recently where well-educated people come up to me and deny the possibility of their own consciousness, despite possessing the ability to perceive anything at all. the responses range from faux-worldly and 'beautiful' (after all, they say, we are all made of stardust) and the terminally confused - those who have researched so much into the ideas of 'emergent properties' that they forget that that applies to the physical world.

it's hard to really get your head around. it can be hard, having taken the first step away from God and religion in general, into the open, admittedly friendly and tolerant arms of atheism. but it is just a step.

science is just as false as religion is. it may be more useful, it may be more practical, it may feed people, clothe them, care for them when they are sick, but that does not make it any more true. science has no grip on the truth, and neither does the bible-bashing hot-air-filled mouth of religion.

both are deeply misunderstood.

and to be honest, there is beauty in both when understood well. science is all well and good, but you can teach a monkey evolution. it takes real courage to then apply those concepts to oneself, to see oneself as a continuation of an extremely long process rather than just going "wow we're descended from fish. neat."

religion is the same, the idea of a physically existent, omnipresent, omnipotent and omnibenevolent God is extremely naive. it's the wish for the unconscious psyche to be real, to be

truly external to oneself. because God only exists in you, in your unconscious psyche, then that's huge. to share your mind with an unalterable, timeless, unknowing entity is a horrible task. it knows things about you you didn't even know you had the capability to know. it's horrible. but it's something that true mystery and intrigue can be found looking into. jung spent a lifetime looking in there and finding out what was going on. and he was still no closer.

so, let me rephrase...

life is beautiful. don't waste it trying to explain the physical world. go out. there is more. but don't forget to come back.