

To Day,  
Our Here And Now

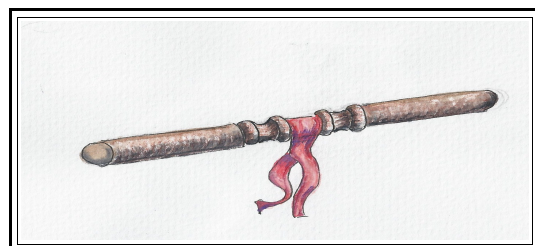
"So like sleeping Gulliver we awaken from our "shipwreck" birth".



What am I? Who am I? Where am I?

So asks man, the uniquely self-aware animal, the inevitable question of his self-aware condition; demanding a knowledge of the context and perspective to his existence. He finds that he has joined the moving spiral staircase of time, in his allotted place.

He is in "his moment" of time and finds **an** answer, to his question of perspective and context from his history. So like a relay racer he seizes the baton of history, passed on from one generation to the next, that gives sense and purpose to his existence and so he runs. His "being", is rooted in his past; he hangs on to the history that gives him a stable reality on his spiral staircase journey. ...He has not stopped to question the colour of his baton.



What of this moment, the moment that is our today? We see, what we see, from the mundane minutiae to the grand crisis and believe that what we see and the manner we see it, is reality; and with that perception of reality make decisions that define our tomorrow. Reality; so compelling, believed so completely, becomes an unquestioned acquiescence. Do we see the criteria the race employs to make our reality? The nature of the race we have joined so willingly, is the race to survive. It is the measure of our current decisions making, the value we place on people and things are set by a supply and demand culture: The survival of the fittest. We laud and praise the successful, measured in wealth and power. We live it, yet we don't proclaim it, why? We call it "successful" not, "good at surviving" but then "a race" by definition has an additional context.

To "survive", of itself, has no colour, it is as benine as any imperative. For all but one animal, the addition of a quantification to the nature of the imperative: "competitive (survival)", has no connotation of pejorative; they are just "being" with in the confines of their existence. But in man, ah in man.....The abstract thoughts of his self-awareness lead him to glimps the vexing conundrum that is the notion of morality to colour this quantification:

To survive is good, (for me) to not survive would be bad

For my enemy to survive is good, (for him) not to survive would be bad

By reason of empathic understanding he asks the question:

Am I, by the nature of my existence locked into doing "a bad thing" in order for my own good? Does man glimps with shame the colour of his inherited the baton, as it takes on the pejorative hue of selfishness, made so by a moral context to the competitive nature of his existence? Is it a sense of guilt that man chooses not to see the nature of his motivation too closely? Can he see the strings that made his marionettes for bears dance in the manner they did?

So what now decisions?





## *The Future, Our Hopes And Fears*

What do we feel about the future? Pessimist, optimist: we view the future with an idiosyncratic complexion, perhaps relating to our own fate or fortune in life and to the perceived degree of stability and control we think we have over it. But none of us are immune to the slings and arrows of fortune that is the lot of man, in his struggle to survive. From time to time all us are drawn to consider those thing beyond the mundane; events that demand a more philosophical scrutiny:  
(excerpts from *Our Rubicund* by Sisideas)

When events contrive to stir the emotions,  
Say, when touched by personal trauma  
Or deluged by a media's diet of dramatized disasters,  
Impinged, We are,  
To thought provoked;  
To take a passing glance at those things  
Beyond the immediate cascade of crises  
That is our lives, for most of us.  
To ponder on the future,  
Our own, mankind's, existence.  
Usually short-lived,  
Such thoughts curtailed to a fatalistic resignation  
Of things beyond our control,  
We hope for the best, But secretly fear the worst,  
As the more immediate crisis of;  
"What shall I cook for tea?!"  
Return to absorb the mind.  
But fear provoked,  
Questions remain unanswered  
To gnaw on the bones of hope;  
What is the future for my children?  
◆  
So we take a peek, from time to time  
When nudged by a famine here,  
A war there, pollution everywhere,  
But in the end we stop looking,  
Numbed to apathy, or  
Over dosed with fear from a media diet  
Of depressing documentaries

## *What can dead men's stories tell us?*

Time is but a series of moments, made relevant when events, set in their sequential separation give relationship and context one moment to another. Time has but one direction, from that which has happened to that which will happen; each event being a consequence of the previous and directly influential to the next. The events in man's history has this corollary. As such man's past can be seen as a journey, a modern day play not unlike that of a road trip. We can view the elements of our past, like foot-steps trod in snow; our history as collection of events on that journey, one happening here or there representing a change in direction.

So we're on a journey! Clearly from our past to our future but what is the nature of that journey? A mystery tour, a guided tour, a bus trip, the stumblingly of a drunk on his way home? And what motivates us on our journey; to arrive at some destination? Such questions cannot be answered with out setting the perspective with which we view our past.

Historians, de facto, live their discipline with the luxury of hind-sight; measuring the accuracy and authenticity of events from one source to another and make conjecture as to the causality of a happening and its subsequent consequence. They can get lost in the academic nuance and like the man in the street, find a detachment from the characters that are acting out their play. "They are not us and we are not them": we follow the pathos of their fates through a mutual emotional connection but consider our selves better, more advanced, superior, we forget or are blind to the reality that we are writing the history of tomorrow. How will our children view our story? To view history with this spectator's eye is to not see the strings that made our marionette forbears (and ourselves) dance; it is the reason we do not learn from history.

Our history is not a play. It is not the romantic frivolity of heroes and villains it is not about pathos. It is a chronology of decisions made (and the consequences of the same) by a self aware animal confronted by a particular set of stimulus. The controlling criteria from which these decisions were made are done so from the innate programming that is our motivation, our purpose our meaning to life.

The meaning of life is not a mystery, it has been staring us in the face from the beginning of ore consciousness; it is not the elevated dream of a romantic utopian purpose it is the mundanity of reality that we share with all other animals: **survive (and procreate)** look at history from this perspective and every thing makes sense and fits into place.