







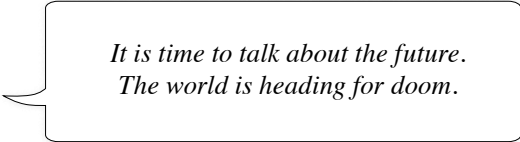




Time to Talk







*It is time to talk about the future.  
The world is heading for doom.*





00 : 05

Preface

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Scales

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Background story







00 : 05



## PREFACE

*When I saw the documentary for the first time I thought it's pretty much sci-fi. After some time, as if just by chance, I started to notice certain situations and sometimes actually even took part in them, and I realized there's something to it. I watched it over and over again. For some time, watching it was like a ritual to me. Till I started to feel like I was seriously ill. Rotten. I was floating on a wave of numb thoughts. It made me so nervous that I quit my job, which sucked anyway, and later dropped out of school, too. I ended up in a madhouse. It was there that I realized the importance of the feeling. I had enough time to think. About everything from the origin of "all things" up until the present, when I was sitting on the hospital bed, the sun shining in my eyes through the bars on the window. I perceived things in details, not as wholes. Completely separately. Stalks of grass and vegetation, the hairs on my legs, and I felt like I became one magnificent darkness every time I closed my eyes. Part of the reason could be the pills they gave me. Total stupefiers. To concentrate on things in their wholeness was impossible, actually. Suddenly it was complicated and to be honest, I wasn't too interested in the whole, anyway. I was staring at the individual points. Talking to someone, I only perceived a single movement of one part of his face. It was very interesting and gradually, as they reduced my medication, I began to realize. After about two months they let me out and I felt the need to say something about it. I was organizing my thoughts, I started writing.*

*Suddenly I felt I knew how to describe the world. I sure didn't know everything, I'm no scientist or politician so I have no idea about certain stuff. Anyway, I decided to watch the documentary once again. It was not so absorbing anymore, I no longer felt like I was ill. It was the whole society who was suffering. I came to understand that we all are missing something. We lack certainty and hope for better future.*













**NEW**

**HEALTH RE**





**VS**

**RESULTS**



00 : 04



# IN NEED OF MEDICINE

When we are born, ideally we should be healthy. We are a brand new miracle residing in a small body, but our mind is already wide open, ready to accept any impulse. In the moment of our first breath we are probably not experiencing ecstasy; we are cold and blinded by the light. Seeing different faces, we are often surprised and wonder if it is us who we see. In a way it works like a mirror, although the purpose or the very existence of a mirror is still unknown to us. We learn to know ourselves through the faces of the others, the way they look at us creates the first image of our selves.

Gradually we find out we can move our fingers, we learn to walk and fetch things we want. Bit by bit we learn to control the world around us.

The cruel and unpredictable feeling of the first pain, for which there is not enough space in our memory yet. [#Interest](#) works like a refrigerator keeping our brain fresh and ready to use. And when our brain is fresh, we believe in the prospect of a better tomorrow. But the day we get bored is inevitably approaching.

Merciless is the slow process of aging, from time to time we fall over or get hurt. We simply seek a doctor or reach for an adhesive plaster from the first-aid kit. We fall ill when it is freezing and we refuse to take off our cool new sneakers, worn ostentatiously without socks in order to maintain the image of our invincibility. The more we socialize ourselves, the more independent we become, and we try to build up our own social status. With time, this means that we start thinking about work as a way to secure the means of realizing our choices, for example as regards the purchase of clothes, which reveals, or conceals, our personality. By making links to the world that surrounds us we seek to confirm the status we are constructing for ourselves. We have the freedom of choice. But there is a catch, this freedom



## IN NEED OF MEDICINE

may only be apparent. We are being crushed by the pliers of social requirements. Thus, being affected by an illness we go to work instead of resting at home. And the best way to heroically spend our money is to go to another bar, where we can use them to obtain more social experience, both useful and useless. Our body is absorbing toxic substances and conserves them. We are tired. We never get enough sleep. We are grinding ourselves in a never-ending machinery of work, parties and hangovers. The exhaustion comes hand in hand with despair.

What is the medicine for despair? There are about two ways to stay alive and not fall behind the chase for freedom and broadening one's horizons. What is slightly worrying is the suspicious similarity between these two:





IN NEED OF MEDICINE



**Drugstores or drugdealers.**

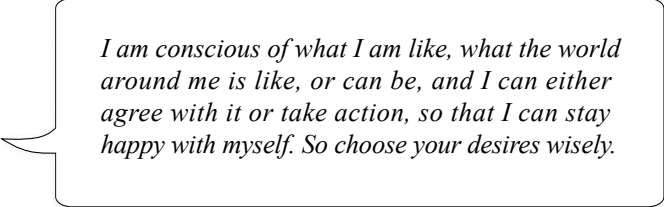


## IN NEED OF MEDICINE

None of them truly heals us – at least not completely. And the question is whether they are meant to heal us at all. Their effects do not last forever so we can be almost sure that one day we will need them again. In both cases we pay money for a short-term relief. In none of them, real causes of the problems or diseases are eliminated. Therefore we must find other means of maintaining permanent physical and mental health.

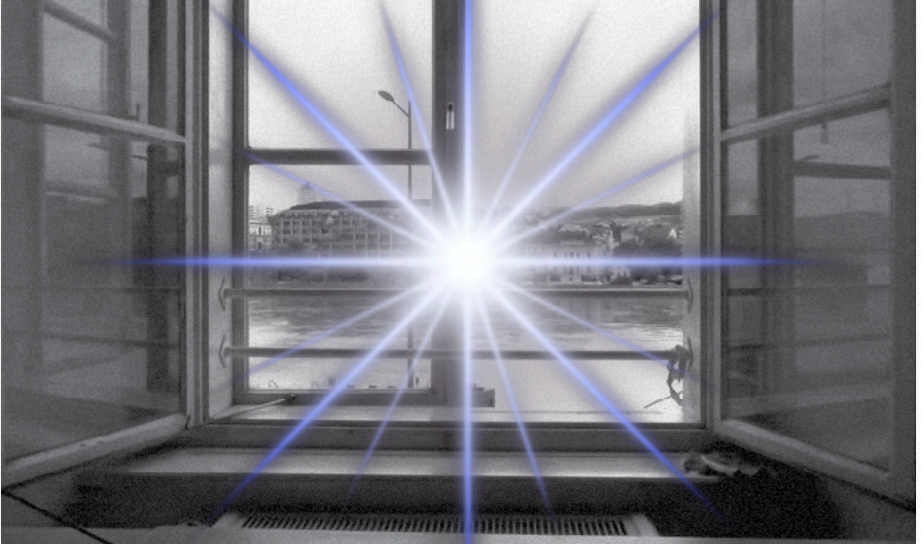
The feeling of **#happiness**, too, can be considered a certain form of health. But of course, happiness sometimes seems too abstract for us to even believe in its existence, let alone its essence. Happiness may be a sensation, untamed freedom. It can be a tranquil view from the window at a flowing river, it can dwell in the midst of innocent emptiness, become silly enthusiasm, an aimless walk, absolute boredom, a fragile moment, a spark, natural passing of time. On the other hand, happiness can be the result of targeted behaviour.

Happiness, too, can thus be treated as a specific form of health resulting from consciousness.



*I am conscious of what I am like, what the world around me is like, or can be, and I can either agree with it or take action, so that I can stay happy with myself. So choose your desires wisely.*

# IN NEED OF MEDICINE

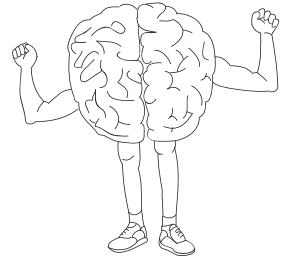


## IN NEED OF MEDICINE

There is a very interesting case from the sixties, when a man called J. (I am only going to state the initial letters of their names), a hippie, was experimenting with then-available drugs. It was something new and unexplored but he knew it made him feel better, happier—aware. He could understand how things worked. After some time he met B., a chemist and scientist. B. produced LSD himself and experimented with different combinations of the drug and other substances. Together they believed in the future of LSD. By the future they also meant the possibility of using drugs as medicine for pain (including birth pangs) and other health problems. This J. started testing the “home-made” LSD. In this way, he and B. founded a new kind of “medicine.” The more they got to know each other, the closer their opinions grew.

They shared the same goal. To feel good, be mentally healthy, happy and conscious. It was mainly about broadening one’s consciousness, really, opening up to everything. According to their theory, your skull is not fully grown together when you are born. The cranial bone does not become firm and seamless until the adolescence (about 18-23 years of age), in fact. Gradually, as it grows together, you lose the feeling of lightness, creativity, ease, and your ego matures. Especially in the sense of feeling a need for self-reflexion, an obligation to integrate into the society.

Searching through history, B. came across the ancient method of skull trepanation. Basically it means drilling a small hole into the skull to release the intracranial pressure which hinders stronger streaming of blood. This pressure causes apathy towards our environment and its nuances, it generates fear of the new and unknown, of responsibility; it makes us feel worried. It is like a prison to our consciousness. What is more, the post-trepanation state of mind is



## IN NEED OF MEDICINE

similar to an LSD trip—that is what they were after in the first place: to be open to the world once and for all. They even came with the idea that if you injected a newborn with certain chemical substance, his skull would never fully grow together and the person would never lose the feeling of “lightness.” In the end they both performed trepanation, each on his own skull. According to their opinion, if we all drilled a hole into our skulls, we would lose a certain amount of identity, thanks to which we would be able to live “lightly” and free from disapproval and hostility to other cultures, hence be **#happy** - **#open** - **#conscious** - **#healthy**. Clearly, if we conduct trepanation, the skull pressure will be released, which will lead to increased consciousness.

This is not to say that we should all run and make strainers out of our skulls immediately, but still I think this method is worth further research to make it clear whether in future it could serve as a new and more effective cure, treating not only the symptoms but also the causes of diseases. Mainly those triggered by feelings (as is the majority of them).





00 : 03





## BACKGROUND STORY

The humankind have always felt concern due to the circumstances of their time. Nowadays it is the loss of national identity, the economic collapse, or terrorism. In this case, however, we are not only dealing with terrorist groups waging war against the Western culture but also with the media terror, these two peacefully walking hand in hand, exploiting each other. Constant pressure on our minds through TV screens, magazines, newspaper, and the internet. We are held hostage, literally bombarded from all directions. This tyranny crushes our values and all that is left are ruins through which we try to either walk forward or escape. Those of us who are already weary search for a survival shelter amid the ruins.

The behaviour of the media could be described using the title of an event organized by the T.M.A. group—



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UNOBTRUSSIVE

UNOBTRUSSIVE

TERROR

## BACKGROUND STORY

Unobtrusive meaning mainly that most of this visual and information noise pretends to exist on its own, for the sake of its image (image for image), its self-presentation. We (do not) perceive it as a natural part of the world and often like to claim that we will not allow our downfall to the rotting bottom of the visual and information rubbish bin. We act like we are unimpressionable. The opposite is true, we consume advertising billboards, logos are regulating the satisfaction of our basic needs. Visual symbols no longer refer to us as human beings but rather to themselves; they only exist in relation to things. We are subject to a visual culture, we live in the rhythm of things, not in the rhythm of our aspirations or desires.

Every night we sit in front of the TV to see what is new in the world, wishing to gain power over the acquired news.


Chasing after this self-satisfaction, we should be aware that we cannot blindly trust everything that is presented to us as a fundamental truth to follow in order to “consciously” achieve happiness. The idea of our uniqueness seems to be painfully mistaken, as we will not be unique in any way, we will just be a herd that believes the **#postproduced truth.**

Media are not controlled only by the people who run them. There is an algorithm gradually building up our information ecosystem. If the algorithm of the media was programmed by an ill brain, the media are becoming the channel of the infection. They spread epidemics of false evidence, generate fear of this evidence, closing the circle whirling like a vortex that sucks us in. They pass on information received from above, and not even those who send it from this “above” stand on the very peak of the truth. So who is this ill brain that rules everything? An unknown variable. Unknown things are frightening. They are big, maybe even all-embracing. We can

**“To be the best FB debater, to become a celebrity, at least a micro one. To own the most truths in the form of internet browser bookmarks (...). Between an epileptic seizure and lethargic emptiness, a day in one’s life.”**

This is what is called Unobtrusive terror.

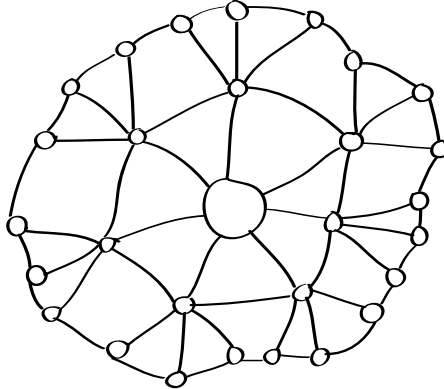
*The T.M.A.group  
Manifesto, M.Š. 2016*



*I am proud to know more than the others, I am quicker than the rest and I feel [#exceptional](#).*

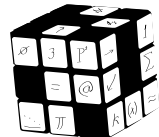
## BACKGROUND STORY

picture them as the universe. A system of incomprehensible transactions, expanding and contracting at the same time.

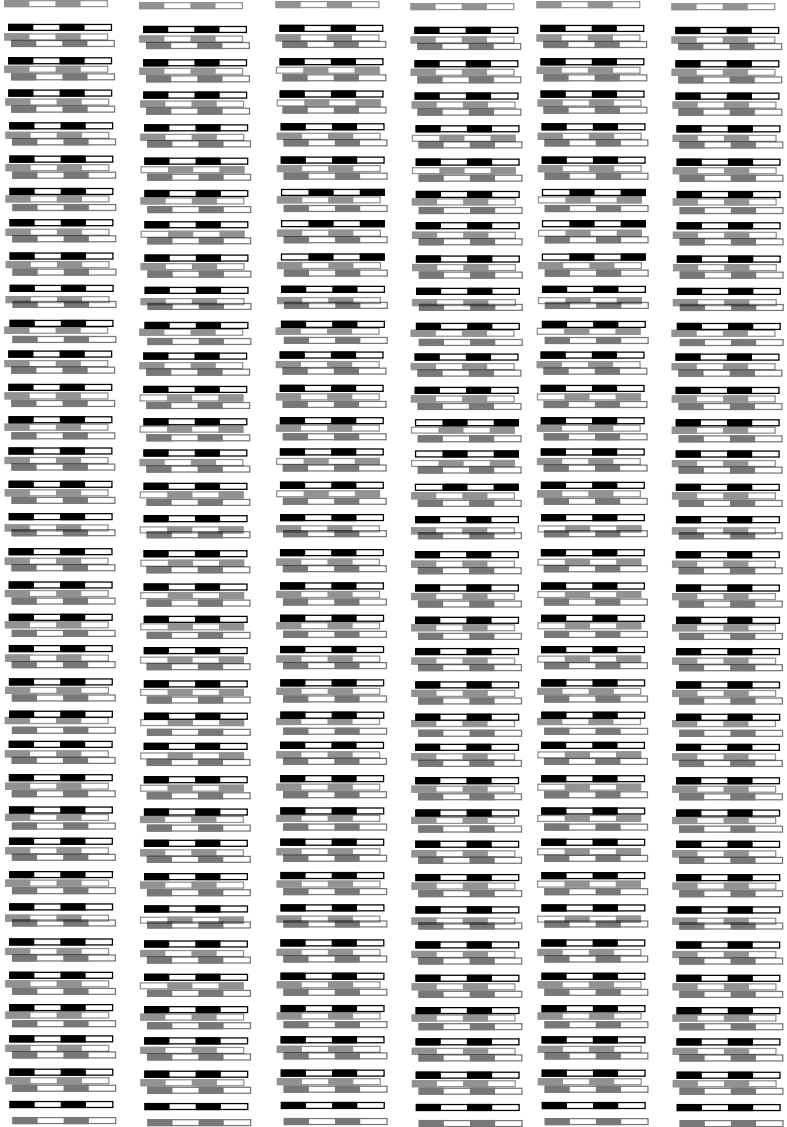


What satisfies our [#desire](#) for the “information exceptionalism” even more, however, is the internet. We cannot resist the temptation to click on a link in an article in which we had only been superficially interested. Thus we get bogged deeper in problems which appear ever more fragmented to us until we are no longer able to reconstruct a comprehensible whole, especially because there are always important passages missing. Even if we clicked our way through the internet forever, we could hardly expect we would eventually understand everything. I am not saying the desire to be informed in itself harms our mental health, but rather that the content of the web can be spun by anyone who decides to publish their [#impressions](#) in the public space – the internet, anyone who forces upon us the idea of their exceptionalism or consciously tries to manipulate our minds and impose upon us their ideals.

We are a technosociety dependent on machines and software which are not only designed to suit our



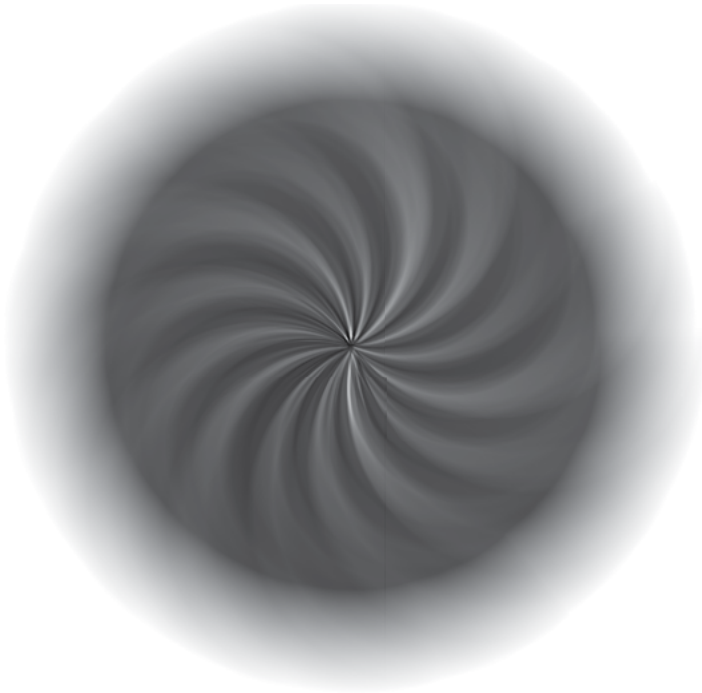
# BACKGROUND STORY





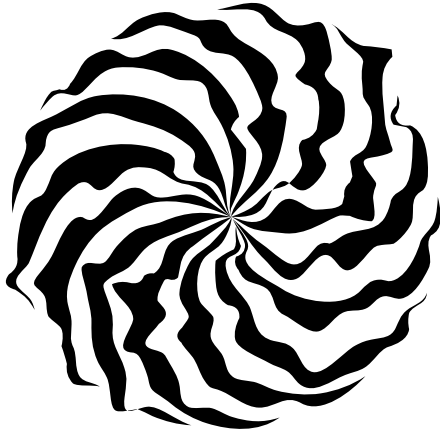
## BACKGROUND STORY

needs but also the needs of the system which allows the production of those machines and software. We are being abused, as they grow addictions in us. They have the power to capture us and drain our time and privacy. But how do you convince a drug dealer to accept ethical principles for the development of new substances, software which can develop the direction of our species instead of closing it in endless emptiness of delirium. What should the new software be like, in order to become the medicine for our society? Software such as the internet is a living system, lived by both passive and active users; it is a state of a sort, a place with its own rules. This



## BACKGROUND STORY

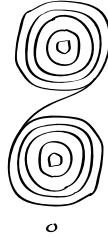
state is ruled by an invisible hierarchy. But the state is changing with time, just like the society, which is rapidly accelerating. It is necessary to revitalize it, upgrade it to a higher level, change the leader, treat the ill brain, tell the truth. To speed up, or to slow down? If we accelerate to the highest possible number of revolutions per minute, we could reach a point in which further movement is impossible. Rotation so fast that it becomes steady. Slowing down is not an option, that would mean a step backwards, a collision, and a smash.



# BACKGROUND STORY

## If You Believe

If we believe in the present, we believe in the future, too. We must therefore also believe the people who created this present. There is no God, the creator of the world, anymore. It is humans who create the world, and using what they have created over millions of years, they control it. People used to believe in God because they had little choice left. They were both astonished and frightened by natural phenomena, their force and beauty, by the unpredictable changes of the world surrounding them. They did not understand gales, floods, or the starry sky, until these were described with words and explained. Fortunately, perhaps, we may never gain full control over these things, which can also mean we will never fully understand them. Some of their aspects will remain **#unknown** and will forever amaze and frighten us, supernatural in a way.



I do not, however, want to speculate on the existence of the creator or on the origin of the world. What I am saying is that not God, but humans control today's world, with the aid of what they managed to create. The faith in God alone, after all, as another way to rule the masses, is a human idea, not God's.

We tend to trust those who seem better informed than us. We trust doctors, their capacity to treat us, because we have no idea about the effects of different medications or about the details of our organ system. Often we do not have the slightest notion of what is harmful or helpful to our health. We trust our teachers because we suppose what they teach us is right and it cannot be otherwise, as everyone else is taught the same. We trust our parents mainly because we hope that out of pure love they want the best for us. We also trust the history, on the basis of how it is translated to us and how it is written down. All these people, par-

# BACKGROUND STORY

## If You Believe

ents, doctors, teachers, historians, and many others provide us with information we believe.

But can we trust things, for instance? They were not created to be trusted. They were created as crutches, prolonged arms for us to use and make life easier for ourselves. We do not trust things but the people who can operate them. And above all, when we ourselves use them, we have confidence in the people who invented them. All of these inventions are material, can be grasped. Can be seen. We are used to living in a material world which can be touched to make sure it is there. But if humans created an order (a system), the purpose of which, too, was benefit, facilitation, and acceleration, we cannot imagine it like an object; and it is not.

Things are inanimate, do not think, do not feel. But because they can be products of our desires, they can carry memories or impressions, along with **#emotions**. Their composition, material, weight, or structure alone can make us believe they have a character. Even though we have not ever physically seen certain things (orders), we believe they exist. However, without weight and any aesthetic value whatsoever, they fail to arouse emotions in us. They take a form of an abstract nothing, of the unknown and basically the “cosmic” as well. By having confidence in them we assert their existence. It is like pronouncing a prayer to God, followed by a placebo effect of the belief that all will turn out well. Although these orders are physically unimaginable, they are alive.

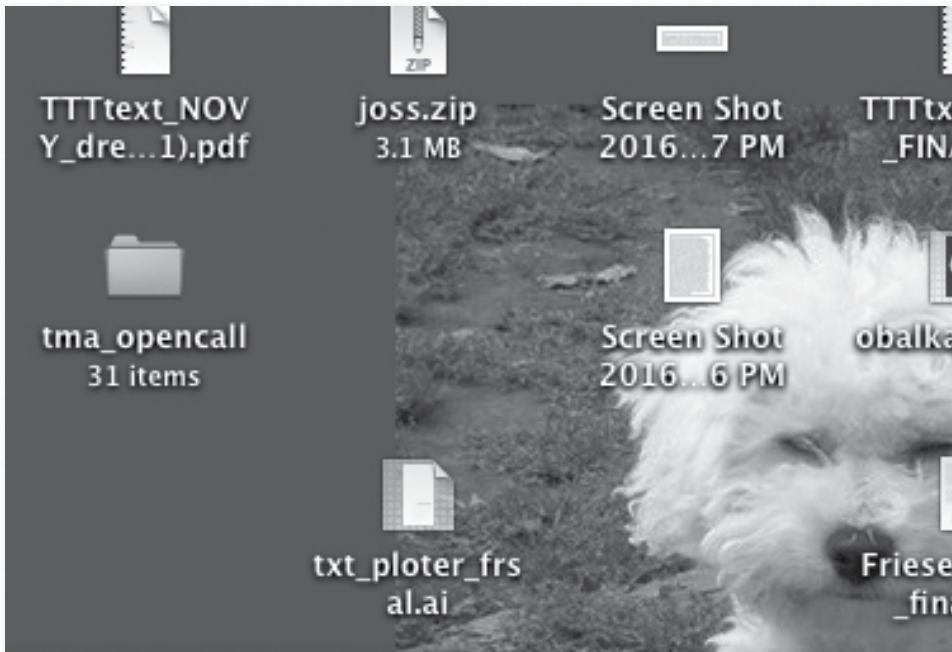
An order such as the internet is not a machine but a new **#value**. This value also facilitates the transmission of information, mediates the reality and makes easier a communication which has gradually won our trust just like any other mediator of the (inverted commas) reality, like a camera for instance. The internet as such is not an apparatus

# BACKGROUND STORY

## If You Believe

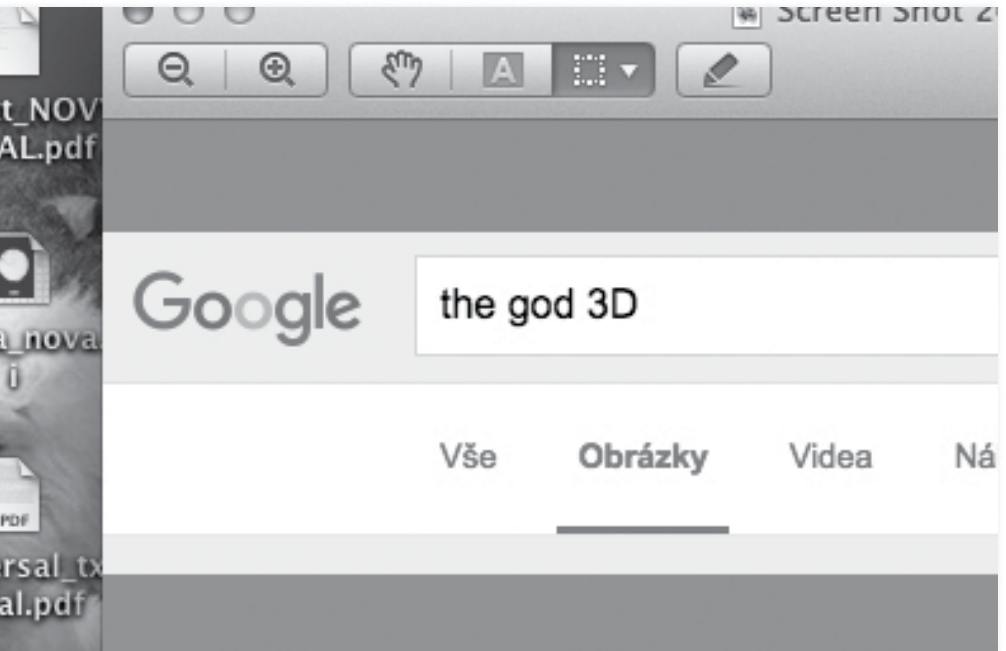
mediating a piece of the reality of our choice, because its body does not consist of components. It is everywhere and nowhere.

But talking about the credibility of material and immaterial things, information per se is not material. We trust it nevertheless. It is lived experience stored in thoughts which someone later decided to publish in books. All this experience can now be dissolved in a network which, unlike books, has the unique capacity to endlessly grow in volume. The result, however, is not a giant library of factual knowledge but rather a mixture of everything people go through. We can thus forget about #trust, since the multitude of these impressions and information fused into an aggregate of fragments, both true and false. Mixing up fiction and reality, bringing traces of the online world over to the offline environment.



# BACKGROUND STORY

## If You Believe



# BACKGROUND STORY

## Blank mind

“Blank Mind” is a psychological term for a phenomenon which occurred with the boom of internet forums where an increasing number of people have recently been confessing their feelings of depression. The obsessive symptoms they complain about are absence of thoughts, drowning in lethargy and extreme sadness. They talk about increased need for sleep and sudden desire to stay in seclusion. Some experts examining this problem attribute it to an excessive amount of time spent in front of the computer screen, surfing the internet. They consider the space of the internet a kind of reality whose behaviour (its order is not clear, it is endlessly expansive) does not differ too much from the development of human thinking. That may be the reason why we are able to immerse deeper and deeper into it. But still, the space of the net does not suffice. It contains an endless amount of information for the human brain to use, we must not, however, forget the fact that the internet is a mere repository. It is a storehouse for information and our existence in this space, limited to browsing its content, can by no means replace the experience gained in real life. It is like living in an archive, where everything including us is slowly being covered by dust.

So if we spend our days staggering in this virtual space, our natural activities are limited and there is a lack of real experience which would stir emotions in us. Our brain, although it is being educated in a

# BACKGROUND STORY

## Blank mind

seemingly organized library, lags behind (falls asleep, hibernates). It is missing hormones awakened by real activity. That is where it differs from normal.

We are alone in this world. It may have seemed that the advent of social networks would change something. But that is far from true. These social networks have become destructive Black Holes, sucking in time and providing an illusory sense of social experience devoid of emotion we feel during an ordinary conversation. The abstract images and situations in the online space are mainly generated by a computer, as we cannot publish anything unless allowed to do so by a computer system. What is more, we have the dull impression that we are parasites on this system and exploit it, but in fact the system is a parasite on us, using a code on the basis of which it operates. Social networks are virtual graveyards already. Profiles of deceased users will keep on multiplying until they exceed the number of those of the living. In a couple of years the living users will have found themselves inside a gigantic, insignificant monument.

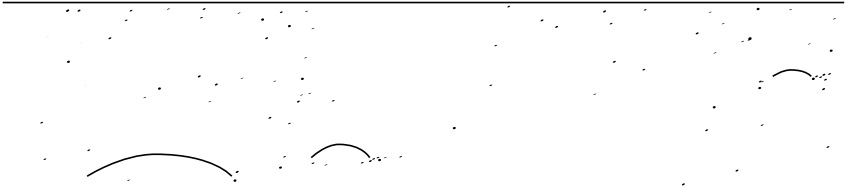








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*Back then I was travelling through grey landscape. Everything was immersed in grey mist resembling a heavy smog barrier. I could see through but I felt I was inhaling the whole dust wall. Small bumps appeared on the ground here and there, but otherwise there was nothing. No grass, no vegetation, no stones, mountains, water... The view was always flat and empty like a huge nothingness with an unreachable horizon. I went through many states but never crossed any border. The horizon always looked the same. I never had to stop to look around, there was nothing to bump into or stumble over. Deep inside I felt a faded hope. I knew my journey would end in the place I had decided to go to. But after this exhausting journey I know that when I reach it, I will feel greatly disappointed.*







# MORE HOSPIT

DO WE HAVE ENOUGH DOCT  
AND ARE THEY HEALTH





**FALS?**

**TORS?  
Y?**

response to Loku shooting.

Commons vote on assist



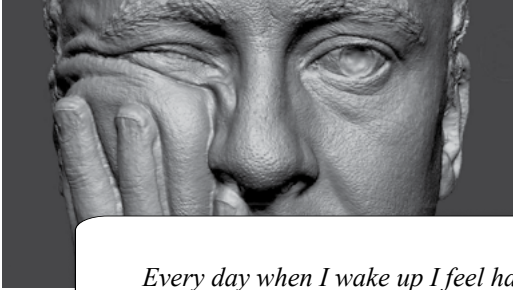


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# HUMANITY

## Celebration of Humanity



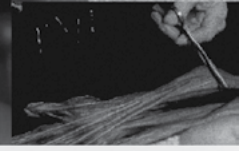
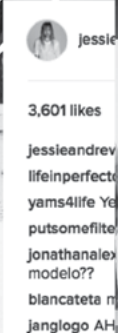
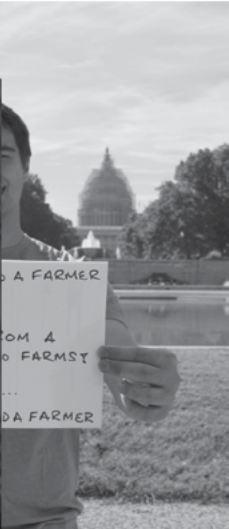
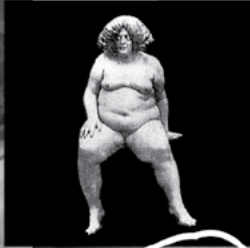
*Every day when I wake up I feel happy and thankful to be alive. Doesn't matter what happened yesterday, what's the weather like – today I am going to do the best I can again. I am grateful for my job and I don't care if I have a good career in a bank or if I retired prematurely and now make a living by mechanically filling envelopes with flyers all day long. I'm grateful for the treasures nature brings me every day. Once again I am thankful for the love of my wife and children, for being able to go to a shopping centre by a car I bought for my own money, for harvesting my own field, for having enough food. I'm going to live every day like it's my last day.*





# HUMANITY

Celebration of Humanity



powerless  
en, say,



# HUMANITY

## Celebration of Humanity

We all should shake hands because we are wonderful, unique, original creatures of Mother Nature. Mountains, wind, sky, forests, rivers, oceans, deserts, and animals, too, they all are applauding us. We are holding the world in our hands.

You don't have to be the first in order to win. If you face the new day with a feeling of participation you will become a part of a united world. You are going to pursue this wish until your last breath.

The beginning of human life is unclear. Maybe it was Adam and Eve, maybe the hominds, who naturally evolved into our species. One thing is certain, human beings think like no one else on this planet. The moment we realized this fact, we started to act. We learned to recognize signals given to us by nature and adjusted our behaviour to them. We described them with our own signs, on the basis of which we learned to communicate and pass thus information on. We would make full use of our imagination, drew first mechanisms and made the first machines. We would improvise simple shelters to protect us against unfavourable weather and wild beasts. After our fruitful Paleolithic and Neolithic periods we discovered simple mining powers. Some of us eventually concluded they were so "great" that it is about time to start building temples for them, so that they can be properly worshipped like gods. These most powerful (with no doubt usually the oldest and very empirical individuals) became the leaders of whole communities and could make decisions about their fate. We walk on along this well-trodden path, found families, create fraternities and continue to elect our leaders. Something has changed though. Our individuality deepened.

We do not live in communities but in separate units – families in which, too, we count for individuals. We are naturally raised independent and are



**“It is not true that people are unique and everyone bears an irreplaceable uniqueness inside; in my case, anyway, I observed no trace of uniqueness. It is usually futile to bother with distinguishing individual life stories and characters. Briefly put, the idea of the uniqueness of the human personality is no more than a pompous absurdity. We remember our own lives, Schopenhauer wrote somewhere, slightly more than a novel we read long ago. Yes: only slightly more.”**

*Michel Houellebecq,  
Platform, 2008*

# HUMANITY

## Celebration of Humanity

the only ones responsible for our deeds. We choose models and stay under their influence, whether consciously or subconsciously. But no matter how original we are, above all we are influenced by the opinion of the majority. Or else, by a majority we choose on the basis of sharing similar opinions.

*A sniper, an absolute individual; lonely, camouflaged, integrated into the environment. Everyone who is lonely (distant) is a lurking sniper. Invisible, merging into the background. Without an identity of his own, he adjusts to the background he is merging into. If he wants to merge into a forest, he must not only look like a forest but also behave like one. Be majestic like a tree, let his feet tingle like the fallen tree needles, let the sunrays shine through the gap between his body and his arm and finally, be as alert as a forest animal.*

We thus have a choice, we are free. An important question is, however, who these majorities are comprised of, which leads us back into a circle because behind most groups, there is an individual who bears the ultimate responsibility for the failure of all.

Each major change in the society brings about a new arrangement, a new order. Now we are subject to the order of financial capitalism and as a result, humanity is losing its significance. We are alienated, limited to material sensations. This illness is no longer being spread by a single pathological mind but by an infected metabrain who is performing a slow lobotomy on us. Unfortunately it is too late to destroy it, as each of us carries a part of it inside. But there is a chance to alter it, to cure it.

*We all are the lonely hunters creeping camouflaged to reach our aim, hiding ourselves to not be hunted down by the enemy.*





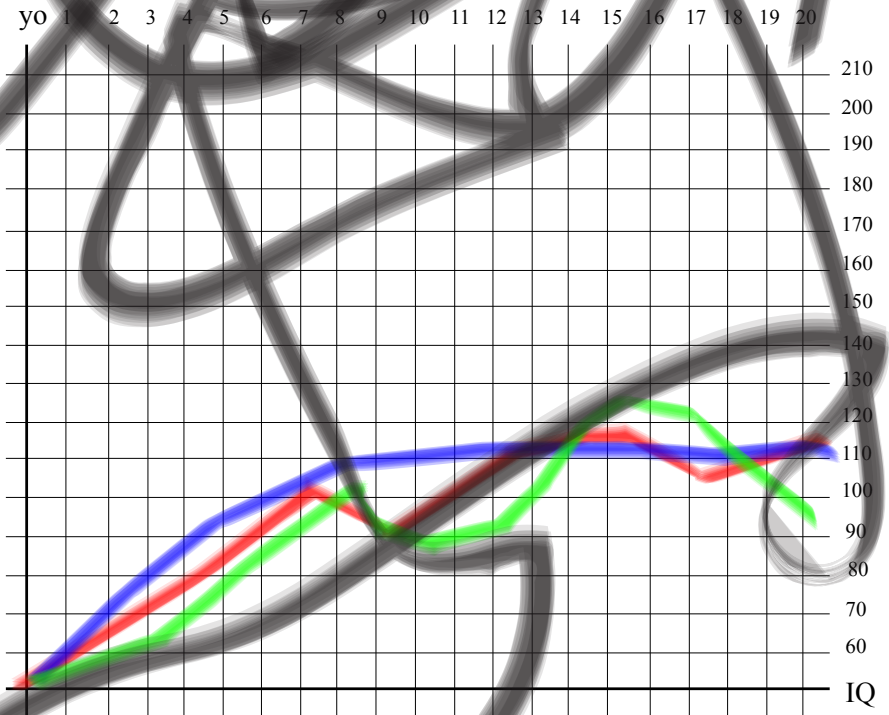




00 : 01



# SCALES





## SCALES

*I'm so mediocre. I've always pictured myself as a tough guy going to an all-star university, having a job at a company like Google or something. But I'm slowly coming to see it was all just a childish fantasy. The truth is I'm an average guy going to an "okay" school and right now I don't even have an outlook for a job. One day I may accomplish something great but it's always hard to see the light at the end of the tunnel.*

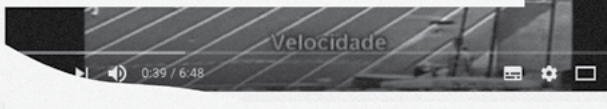
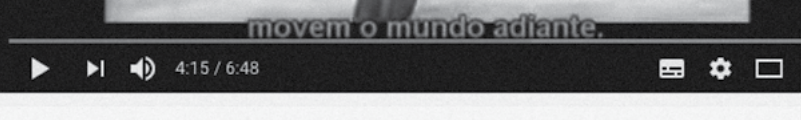
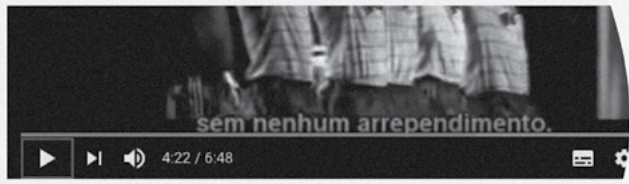


## SCALES

We all should admit to ourselves that we are but average agents in the universe. We should stop and reconsider the way we think, keep in mind that acting in our own favour should not come at the expense of others. If everyone, or at least the majority of us, took this step, there would be a chance the society will truly change and the change would be from the inside, not from the outside. A change from the outside would probably have had a much greater impact on us (although less great as regards its usefulness and the spiritual health, unfortunately). The culture needs to be changed first, in order to change the order. We need to stop for a moment, calm our needs and consider what is really essential, important and just. This **#pause** would at least ease the pressure that is urging us to act to the disadvantage of the weak links of the chain or to the advantage of ill brains. To ask something like that from a train speeding down a hill seems impossible. It resembles naive encouragement to meditation or zen. But I am afraid this naivety could turn into a real urgency.

**“At the still point of the  
turning world. Neither  
flesh nor fleshless;  
Neither from nor towards;  
at the still point, there the  
dance is,  
But neither arrest nor  
movement. And do not  
call it fixity,  
Where past and future  
are gathered. Neither  
movement from nor  
towards,  
Neither ascent nor  
decline. Except for the  
point, the still point,  
There would be no dance,  
and there is only the  
dance.”**

*T. S. Eliot, Four Quartets,  
1944*



# SCALES

Before the arrival of a new era in the history of humankind, one cannot but notice a general sense of nostalgia. It represents longing for a lost home and desire for a change.

Urgency, insecurity about the future, looking for a new age or a new state of things, sustainable for generations to come. The feeling that we can no longer stay in one place and feel unable to move forward. As if everything that is now here was standing in the way of the future. The threat of a world war, an economic collapse, an ecological catastrophe (...). But it is us who is standing in our way and it is fear that holds us back.

*I was exhausted by constantly going forth and bumping into a bare wall. For a long time I was trying to make a hole in it and get through, or destroy it completely, but then I gave up. I had to stop. I leaned my head against the bare wall fell asleep. Just before waking up, I had a dream about balance:*

If we are unsure about what we live in now, we turn back to the history of the times passed, which reminds us of something else, something we can come back to because it had been tested. We look for models and analogies in human thinking, a philosophy of life, aims and ambitions of the society which can both mean and hazard life. We turn to the past with wishes to the future but we are forgetting the present.

Being a modern person means being unable to stop. To be constantly satisfied is impossible as we are always in expectation of the future. I am not saying we do not evolve and just stand still but I cannot help thinking that there is a point where we do stand, or rather where we float in space on a wobbly raft we



# SCALES

**“Time present and time  
past  
Are both perhaps present  
in time future,  
And time future con-  
tained in time past.  
If all time is eternally  
present  
All time is unredeemable.  
What might have been is  
an abstraction  
Remaining a perpetual  
possibility  
Only in a world of  
speculation.  
What might have been  
and what has been  
Point to one end, which  
is always present.  
Footfalls echo in the  
memory  
Down the passage which  
we did not take  
Towards the door we  
never opened  
Into the rose-garden.  
My words echo  
Thus, in your mind.”**

*T. S. Eliot, Four Quartets,  
1944*


nailed together on a desert island in an attempt to save ourselves. Of which we are very proud because we think we made it. So we float through the virtual reality of both existent and non-existent – artificially created – values, and we are slowly but steadily sinking, along with our models. This reality is expanding like a sponge, it is growing according to the principles of a black hole, which devours everything and multiplies it a thousand times, faster than we can imagine, and is constantly increasing in weight. The question is how this phenomenon, irrevocably growing and absorbing us, can be used to our advantage and prevented from destroying us.

Metainternet as a metavalue. It is time to move on from the so-called post-internet age and start to think about its cultivation; not, however, at the expense of the freedoms of the society, but in favour of them. The speed with which we are entering the field of the present changes also our perception of time. The present is actually the future. We are living the future, not the present. \\_(. .)\_/









*You have to try both options but it's difficult to see them both at the same time. You have to reach a SUPERPOSITION.*

*A new era has to begin. With new symbols of justice, equality, with new caution, decisions, and worries. So far we're so average.*





*Time to Talk*

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