

The end of a raey

Tsang Shu-ki (31/12/2004)

Beyond comprehension

Geological time is beyond normal comprehension. What a tragic aide memoir for the future! So we can't even start to worry about the consequences of our next spatial step. Otherwise, life becomes unbearably pointless. The mortal question is: What does constitute an optimal though ephemeral existence (which might at any time be brought to an abrupt end)? I "know": super-beings are laughing in a cosmic distance out there.

Randomness and constructive nihilism

I have this thickening impression that one's fortunes or misfortunes are quite random. No need to be capable, kind, sincere, persistent Just to be in the right place, at the right time, doing the right thing that fits the twist and turn of whatever momentum building up socially or naturally (the latter is of course much, much more difficult to grasp, if at all). Replace "right" with "wrong" and one might run into a torture or be compelled to rest.

Call it nihilism. But I'm trying to figure out a constructive form of it. Sisyphus? Hopefully the labour could be less tedious. No need doesn't mean that one shouldn't.

Elephants in the lily pond

When elephants rush around in a lily pond, micro-organisms are bound to suffer.

In human societies, somehow parties with power have developed a habit of sticking to localities with which they are familiar. They may not be fully conscious that they have become "elephants", and the home grounds they treasure have turned into "lily ponds", relatively speaking. These "elephants" face a dilemma. They are condemned as deserters if they leave with their tremendous wealth (and there are more threatening creatures in the "international" arena). Equally damned they will be if they continue seeking food in the ruefully small pool, trying to extract every possible final iota of

nutrition. Feeling frustrated, some of them may begin thrashing each other.

To be fair to everyone, inhabitants should work together to enlarge the pond; and the elephants need to spread out, exploring the wider world. It would be nice if they remember to send remittances home.

Social tsunami

This is not an easy task, particularly when no respected keeper serves in the pond, translating private calculations into public goals. The alternative is a pathetic ecological system caught in a downward spiral, where distributional struggle emerges as the only rule of the game, until a social tsunami strikes.

Am I making meanings out of something inherently meaningless? Perhaps that's the point.

Epilogue (23/1/2005)

Well, there are obviously also reptiles (poisonous and otherwise), fishes, frogs, leeches, dragonflies, mosquitoes, spiders, wild ducks, as well as all sorts of other insects and strange amphibians (harmful and otherwise) in the lily pond. There may even be some swans. Each will fight for its survival in the Darwinian way if necessary. Why should any of them care, in the meantime, when the tsunami would occur?