

Living in radical doubt essay

[Religion](#), [God](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

All I know is essentially a lie. The truths I believe to be essential can not be so in face of the uncertainty of the reality. This fire that burns and warms up the room is false. There may not even be a room around me. This warmth I feel is a fallacy bestowed upon my senses by me and only me. I conjure it myself. It is all in my own mind; if that is real at all.

I know I am here. At this present moment I can assure that because I am conscious of this experience. I have a mind that discerns what I create from what already is. Or do I? It is impossible to affirm whether all that presumably preexists is also a figment from my own fantasy or not. I may have created God. In my mind. And He, employing all the almightiness I myself assumed Him to possess, delivered the rest. This world is my inception, therefore, and I am my own God.

However, it must be stated, I do not believe in this account. God, in being a creation of my own mind, is essentially everything that there is, including evil. Including a desk, a whale or the power of the oppressed in a queasy democracy. I am it all. But if nothing is real and everything that encompasses me is the result of my own imagination based on biases I myself created the concept of good and bad is also relative. Having I invented people, either the ones that rob and the ones that are robbed, the whole instance that represents a separation between two opposite worlds is product of my creativity, being thus all brothers and sisters by definition. I am nothing but a mind, and although I have possibly created my body, the room that shelters me, the coldness that forces me to light a fire and the sensation of warmth itself, I cannot but assume that all that hypothetically exists may collapse under any fail to control the environment as a whole.

Is that how one dies? Am I dead already? Do I exist at all?

It is hard to believe that any conversation is nothing but a script preconceived in my mind. Any chat involving anyone. People are projections of my own loneliness. This world is a controlled mess. Plot, plan, or whatever life may be called by those who are in it, is a complete subproduct of the conditions fostered by my unconsciousness. Whenever I leave this room its walls and floor and ceiling will cease to be. They will not fall apart or vanish in the air, but rather end their existence momentarily. All that is perceived now is what is surrounding my constituted body at any given time. The rest is merely running on background, waiting to be again forced into existence. That is too much to bear, though. One shall not dwell in such deep thoughts. The world as whole may be the byproduct of a mind unaware of its own conjurations, but it is wiser to think it as a shared aspiration. Assuming that the universe in fact exists — collectively imagined, as opposed to a mere a fantasy of each individual — a question that remains unanswered is that of the veracity of things. How can blue be not red? Or, rather, why? Everything that has a shape and depth in any instance considered by the human race is then effectively real, but not necessarily creates any kind of significance unless it is contemplated in its essence. Indeed, the apparition of a green bird does not represent any meaning to an ignorant being unless it is eventually enlightened by external forces. One can strive eternally without the understanding of an idea should it be not of his interest or purpose (or use, or affection, or need, or habit).

Considering all that, interpersonal relationships often change in the light of a new consciousness. For those who remain in the shadow — or, worse, in the

dark — this acquired wisdom sounds extremely dubious, impertinent. A dialogue ceases to exist between these two poles as one believes to be on control and the other is kept in distress. The only way (and reason) to maintain a bond linking what may be considered opposite realms is by omitting the gained knowledge at any cost. The sapience holder must learn how to keep the appearances, deceiving his own mind into the belief that his interlocutor is something else than a mere projection of his own mind — while the other, safe in the ignorance, needs no adjustment. This is surely not a light burden to carry, as deliberately falling in disbelief is probably the most hidden ability of a human being, however, inasmuch as it concerns an individual, the whole process is still easier than confronting the concepts that ultimately emerge from one's very own intellect, as to say.

If the interior disbelief — or, figuratively, the debate between the two sides — raises a challenge that demands a solution nothing is more advisable than pushing forth the awareness. Working together is the best option when it comes to facing the novelty, especially of a metaphysical conjuncture like this. As for the supposed sum of forces, all the power would be charged into a single entity, namely the respondent, which leads to a clash of interests and the subsequent revision of what has been discussed inside one's mind. The withstanding of such convictions in just one reality binds the notion of whatever doctrine is being imposed into the core of the referred individual to collide and eventually solidify in one single concept. That is the gain of substance made possible by the promoted rethink of ideas.

Back to the chair by the fire, nothing would make more sense now than stating the incredulity of one's mind. Is the room that encloses me even

real? This is the only way to learning, the first seed planted by a person to achieve the full potential of his mind. Questioning the nature of things leads to revising its utility, purpose and value, therefore stating its intended role in any given world. One only completely understands what the meaning of his actions is after knowing exactly where these actions are supposed to take him to. The happy ending is only a matter of self-interpretation. To a drop of water, as the Persian philosopher Al-Ghazali once established, the ecstatic point of its journey, where all the merriment that accumulates during its life reaches the highest levels, is when it is buried into the tides of a running river. As simple and real as that.