

#21STCENTURY

A Recollection of Essays

NAMEER KHAN

Copyright © Nameer Khan

All Rights Reserved.

This book has been self-published with all reasonable efforts taken to make the material error-free by the author. No part of this book shall be used, reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission from the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

To those who love fashion and hate controversies,
xD

[Foreword](#)

[Prologue](#)

1.

[The Achilles' Heel](#)

2.

[The School](#)

3.

[The Government](#)

4.

[The Sycophants](#)

5.

[The Law](#)

6.

[The Idea of Fame](#)

7.

[The Utopian #thelustful](#)

8.

[The Sadist](#)

9.

[The Conveyor Belt](#)

10.

[The Torment](#)

[On Nietzsche's 'Slave Regime'](#)

Foreword

We are the **#21stcentury**. We are the fortunate ones or so they say...

Here, every conversation can lead to an argument and gay couples can raise babies, constitutions have retained rights to speech and the law has laid out the idea of hate speech.

At the moment, asking a question feels like the only harmless thing one can do. After all, it takes effort and time to come up with an answer. I feel there is no greater escape than wandering through the desert of questions in search of the oasis of answers.

Prologue

There is no problem to which there is no solution.
There is no system that is not begging for change.
There is no human whose life was spent without a purpose. All roads have led you and shall lead you somewhere.

CHAPTER I

THE ACHILLES' HEEL

Shame has overrun our minds. The pulpits of 'willingness' have been struck down. The mountains of confidence are deserted, all that remains is the dark trench of shame.

Why do we shame and feel ashamed? Is it natural or is it taught to us? Achilles' heel wasn't his weakness by birth, he was given the weakness.

Humans have been carrying the burden of consciousness for ages now. It is the conscious mind that has gone astray, that has gone corrupt, that has lost its drive for brilliance and has traded it for the mediocre.

Mediocrity? The rabid adherence to conventions, that is mediocrity. There ought to be no conventions. Yet 'society' births conventions and doubles down on preaching those conventions. Society grabs us by the heel and drowns us in the juvenile river of nervous emotions.

Will it be wrong to say that 'society' is secondary and the 'individual' is primary? A solitary individual feels no shame unless society renders shame upon him. One feels no shame in walking in rags unless everyone else has conspired to turn up in lavish clothes. And sometimes, it is the conventions, the very 'opposition' of which becomes an act of utter shame. One would preferably live by the lost shore than in the city of shame.

Is it impossible to find solace in the cities we live in today? Is it impossible to get through a day without being torched with anxiety? Has it become impossible

for us to trust the person sitting next to us on the evening commute? With enough fibre in one's bones and as much fibre in one's soul, one can take on anxiety single-handed, the human is capable of such miracles. Nevertheless, this very human fails to beat anxiety on a daily basis. It is not easy to control the mind, even less easy is to disallow the mind from controlling us.

The architects of urban cities have chopped down the trees under which Buddhas of the 21st century had wished to meditate. Time spent alone is time spent strengthening the soul yet when alone, one feels discouraged and society advertises communal growth. The individual has been abandoned.

Local values and local heritage have been reshaped in the vein of universal principles. The monk who preaches love in the high Himalayan hills has no business preaching peace on the battlefields of the North. The rebel must venture through the vast field and scale the icy peak and only then shall one be able to really value the idea of universal love. The advertisers of peace have set up a circus in our neighbourhoods. No one around knows where they come from yet they claim to care about the universal. What fits one might not fit the other. What fits them is clearly not the concern!

The average height of mankind's resting place, accounting for the pyramids of pharaohs and the caskets of the dead, is the surface of the sea. Yet, the sky is the limit, and the core of the Earth, our reservoir of ultimate energy. Should one fly too close to the sun, journey to the center of the earth, or walk in chains through the ornamented courtyards of peace?

CHAPTER II

THE SCHOOL

Education, as a tradition, is as ancient as man's curiosity. Discovering nature and disseminating knowledge are as instinctive as survival. However, let us get one thing straight, "academia" of the present day is not abiding by the ancient tradition and we don't even have to go back far in time to figure out its roots.

#21stcentury "academia" is a byproduct of 19th Century's Age of Industrialisation. With the advent of fraternity, colonies, and maritime corporations, mankind had big ships to run, bigger factories to function, and even bigger ambitions to achieve. Mankind found itself short-handed.

Big ships can't possibly be steered by a few over-smart men said a wise businessman and corporate slavery became the new black. Conservative education was declared a prerequisite and there appeared a massive need to educate the 'corporate slave'. Here, the ancient institution of education was compromised. Since then, knowledge has evolved in a mischievous manner with more stress on learning than on communication. There are rules governing the nature of education rather than education governing the nature of rules.

How have we got it so wrong? Education is meant to free the mind, how come have we limited its scope? Convents are a sham. Who gave them the right to tie up religion with education? Education should not be dictated let alone be dictated by Jesuits and cultists. Government schools haven't covered

themselves in glory either. They have tailored schooling to meet the ever-growing demands of capitalism when it should have been the other way around. Capitalism has now abandoned the individual.

The machinery of academia has gone obsolete, and the foundations have grown weak. Academia married the spirit of conservatism and now academia has been widowed. We need a new order.

What is conservatism in education? "A conservative education preserves the traditional curriculum and aims to transmit information to the students as a means of bringing them into an already established culture". Conservative education is the assimilation of individuals into a pre-existing order, 'assimilation into a pre-existing order'? By nature, there doesn't seem a pre-existing order. Society evolves, and society changes. There is no constant form of order. The needs of mankind vary with age and time, and so should the framework of education.

Drunk on past glories and accolades, conservative education is that tyrant regime that will go to great lengths for the preservation of the status quo. We don't need a second Heisenberg, we don't even need a second Zuckerberg, we don't need a second Sagan, we don't want another college. We don't need no education.

I'd rather lead a life of a wanderer and experience the world than sit in a class on differential calculus. After all, it is the nature of man to wander. Folding under the weight of academic conventions and sacrificing one's individualism should not be deemed acceptable. The doctrines of conservative education

have become untenable. It is high time that we scribbled them out.

The blank walls outside museums and mausoleums are begging for graffiti. Free expression at the expense of order sounds extreme yet extreme problems require extreme solutions. Conservative education herds individuals together and shames those who are left out. So, are we to come together by will or are we to be herded together by force by people who neither have the right nor the virtue nor the wisdom to do so?

CHAPTER III

THE GOVERNMENT

The earliest elections were not marked by political rallies. They were not embroiled in extensive campaigning. The reputation preceded the candidates. Votes were cast on credibility and not on popularity. Rigorous campaigning was outside the domain of novelty. However, the times have taken a turn, neither for the better nor for the worst. Times have taken a turn, this is self-evident.

Campaigning is now the norm. Prior to the elections, candidates along with a legion of their supporters engage in ceremonious rallies. Lengthy speeches are delivered with ferocity, jibes at political opponents become customary, opponents are publicly shamed, and consequently their supporters too.

Such rallies and speeches are devoid of virtue, they are proliferated with vitriolic humour and vile insults. The bigger the city, the more robust the political playground. In such a scenario, who would you trust?

To escape the shaming and ostracization, the populace aligns itself with the majority. The fringes are still populated but the new order is established by the tyrannical majority. Democracy has been stripped of its dignity and left to rot in the streets of **#21stcentury**.

Politics and governance are no longer about progress. They are about the propulsion of agendas, gimmicks, and propaganda. Who are we meant to trust? Who bears the blame and who bears the

brunt? Is it the cigar-smoking minister? Is it God or is it the very institution of governance?

Like most days, let's suppose today is a rally. The ringmaster has directed the sycophants to barricade the roads. Who will shut down businesses to add numbers to his political circus? Who will abandon plans of leisure out of apprehension of violent breakouts? The ringmaster has directed police to parade his precincts. Who will get caught up in traffic, the route diversions, the whatnot? A journalist has the cheek to label this pandemonium a show of power. A spectator standing nearby calls it a sham.

We bear the blame and we bear the brunt! The shameless are those who hold the government accountable when we are the ones who bestowed the baton of leadership upon blood-thirsty narcissists.

The political playground is devoid of morality. Friedrich Nietzsche discarded morality as an instrument of the weak and politicians are by no means 'weak'. Thus, they are devoid of morality. We the weak are banking on morality to save the day! The jokes are on us.

Is it too radical to say that we don't need governments anymore? Have we populated the cities with too many individuals? The earliest civilizations grew along the banks and the continuous population of banks has led families so far away from the banks that the river is no longer in sight. We can no longer see the elixir flow, we can no longer see the governor, is the river dry or does it still flow?

CHAPTER IV

THE SYCOPHANTS

The presence of every comprehensible moral is undisputable moral uprightness. Lord Rama is an Übermensch. Hitler for some was the epitome of the term 'Übermensch'. The lack of morals makes men and women weak. Such men and women become incapable of making tough calls. There is no right or wrong when someone has to make tough calls.

When the chips are down, who peaks in courage and vanity? Alas, this true hero has long died. His sycophants have taken over. There used to be great kings, great dynasties, great warriors, great minds, and great political leaders. Now, the ungrateful have taken over. They have the numbers. The numbers have turned tyrannical.

Maybe Caesar was the last true leader. He died at the hands of his favourite sycophants. Maybe Lincoln was the last true leader, he died at the hands of a man who accused him of being radical. As if killing someone isn't radical enough. Did Britain carve an empire out of sheer determination or was it lunatic sycophancy to the Crown? Was Churchill the last true leader? When nothing is right or wrong, can Hitler's nomination for the title of 'true leader' be met with nods? Was Indira Gandhi India's last true leader? Her sycophants were on either end of the political spectrum. Men do love listening to women, don't they? Perhaps the simps are the sons of sycophants and daughters of nuns.

History won't remember the pesky, poster politicians. Their significance will be reduced to roadside rubble on the highway of mankind.

CHAPTER V

THE LAW

Law is tyrannical. Law is man-made. Law is the tyranny of the morally obliged and chicken-hearted.

A bunch of sheep gathered at a convention and deemed the wolf guilty of bearing sharp teeth. Taking away the teeth to please those who are edentulous is no basis for an equal society. We have misunderstood equality. And our misunderstanding of equality has led us to the temporal shelter of morals. How many of us sympathize genuinely with a sufferer and how many sympathize out of fear of the same coming their way? This, not for a moment, means there isn't an individual who bears genuine sympathy but such an individual can be a sheep or a wolf too! Would we dare to ask such a wolf to drop its teeth?

The perennial surveillance of law that we are under has created beneath our feet a breeding haven for sheep and a slaughterhouse for the wolves. The natural balance in human nature has been disturbed. We are being asked to be more and more like sheep and less and less like the wolf. Is this for the 'greater good'?

What is the 'greater good' anyways? Should we not update our definition of the 'greater good' from time to time?

CHAPTER VI

THE IDEA OF FAME

Fame is not finance and without finance, even honour seems cheap. Andy Warhol said, "In the future, everyone will be world-famous for 15 minutes". Who's to say he wasn't right? What's the average time it takes for a TikTok or a reel to go viral?

Transportation is fast, communication is easy and fame is cheaper than it has ever been, welcome to the **#21stcentury!** A soldier in the 15th century took 21 lives before he was made a knight. In the 16th century, Galileo risked his life to make logic acceptable to the church, in the 17th century, Newton chose celibacy in his bid for eternal fame and the 18th century saw generations of men die in coal mines to power the steam engines, come the 19th century and the list only drops off from here. Fame has been made a bitch.

Very soon, we shall be manipulated into accepting a structure where all corporations, domestic and international have gone employee-free and are freelancing every problem, local or universal, managerial or technical, to consults of engineers and entrepreneurs who battle with their contemporaries in gladiator wars of 'Competitive Case Solving', at stake is the Ultimate 'Tolkien' Metatoken Trophy and a 21-night trip to Fiji during which you will fall in love with the sea and after which you can choose to become naturalized citizens of Fiji, "We hope the Pacific is as blue as it has been in your dreams."

Fame is not marked by credibility anymore; it has been poisoned with popularity and money. Albert

Einstein and Charlie Chaplin were the two most popular men in their heydays, imagine building a persona as big as them and making contributions as significant as them before laying claim to fame. The standards for being famous have plummeted like never before. The internet is like a warehouse of people who wait in line to touch the goblet of fame, some are pleased by the mere sight of it. People don't test and push themselves anymore. Have you heard of Amrita Shergill?

Only a handful of men and women are dragging the arse of our civilisation while the rest are content with putting up posters in stupid hope that one day, they shall be allowed to put up posters of their own private circus. Ambitions are not global anymore though pretence is!

Every man and woman who was ever born was born for a purpose and the same is true for every child of the present and upcoming generations. The failure to identify that purpose at the expense of cheap fame has plagued the **#21stcentury**.

CHAPTER VII

THE UTOPIAN #thelustful

Lust is unrelenting. Lust is vigorous. Lust leads you to turn a blind eye to everything, even money, and goodwill. Lust is the argument against Utopianism.

Lust shows the promise to topple Utopia if one were to ever exist or has toppled the Utopia, the one that might have existed. What is a 'Utopia'?

Is it financial parity? Yes. Is it sustainability? Yes. Is it just? Has to be. Is it compassionate? Should be and is it restricted? Why should it be? Is it freedom? Yes. Is it unrestricted freedom? Hell yeah!

Lust bears a striking resemblance to unrestricted freedom. Lust is suited to be the national personification of a 'Utopia'. Half-nude men and women revelling and fighting over other nude men and women? As if this isn't presently going on in palatial mansions and baroque skyscrapers. The pleasure of an orgasm is the only priced entity in a 'Utopia'. When education and healthcare are free what else is left to spend on?

One sleeps in someone else's bed every night.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SADIST

The sadist is innocent. The gratification he or she has come to derive from inflicting pain does not appear to be the handiwork of intrinsic attributes. The environment has trained a sadist in his art and the environment does so in nefarious ways. Only when Lucifer was banished that he became known as the Fallen Angel.

Masochism is not the other side of the coin. Masochism is also the infliction of pain, in this case, the infliction of pain upon oneself. There's pleasure in subjecting oneself to harsh realities. We do so willingly and we do so instinctively. The nature of fire wasn't understood until a burn was inflicted. The curious became enlightened once he was able to endure the pain. Pain offers great rewards.

The sadist is not a person but the nature of consciousness itself. Nature, for example, has the ability to heal and the ability to hurt. If nature is divine and the divine is nature then will one refer to such a deity as a sadist? That being said, sadomasochism in bed is just an extension of the wider argument. A human is stripped down to the beast when engaged in sexual encounters. 'Civilised' is the last adjective one would associate with sex. Yet, mankind strives for civilization.

Are we ashamed of who we really are? The pain that shame inflicts can be unbearable at times. It can lead us to kill and it can lead us to vengeance. There's no greater gratification than the gratification one seeks via vengeance. Great legends are born out of

tales of vengeance and such tales carry the impetus to drive an entire race to progress or to their collective doom. Nazi ideology was born out of the womb of a vengeful mother.

Or is our drive for civilization a conscious effort to curb the beastly instinct? Through great toil, we have tried to suppress our most natural drive, the drive for inflicting pain. Through great toil, man has mastered to tame animals and other men. How else will a species boom if not through cooperation and suppression? The belief that the survival of the whole race is the only plausible manner of survival has led us here. Republics, socialism, and democracies have led us here. Alas, we are still in pain!

We feel great pain and constantly work out ways to heighten the pain. The pleasure of a chasing pipe dream and the pain of failure, the pleasure men derive from chasing women and women derive from chasing men and the pain of rejection, the pleasure of being led to the garden of Eden and the pain of being disallowed the taste of the forbidden fruit, this cyclical nature of 'pleasure and pain' tickles our underbellies. This is nature's most delicately balanced example of Yin and Yang. We, at the most primordial level, are harbingers of war and masters of pain. Pain is man's greatest weapon.

Never before has man shown greater contempt for pain than in the **#21stcentury**. We, as a race have set out to eradicate pain. We seek to eradicate war, we seek to eradicate social and racial differences, we seek to eradicate financial disparity, we want to eradicate inequality, and we have eradicated the idea

that only through pain can enlightenment be achieved.

As long as a man or a woman is in contact with society, can he or she convincingly attempt to find freedom from 'pain and pleasure'? Gautam Buddha preaches the only way to free oneself from the cycle of pain and pleasure, the cycle of birth and rebirth, and the only way to set the wheel of natural law into motion is the surrender of the social and nourishment of the individual. This shall be the most natural way of living. That being said, this is only one interpretation of his teachings.

CHAPTER IX

THE CONVEYOR BELT

#21stcentury has been all about big cities, cutting-edge technologies, free-float markets, and massive billboards. There are shopping malls in jungles and schools over the internet. Within the walls of a room, we have gained access to every possible service. The corporations are eyeing your money and not just the big corporations, even the small ones who brazenly want to grow big overnight. Trust is not a 'valuable' they prefer to trade in.

The corporations, aided by their extensive advertising campaigns, have led you to believe that your life is incomplete without them. Do you need to shampoo five times a week? Ask them. Do you need different underwear for every Google Meet? Ask them. Does your stomach beg for a different cuisine every night? Ask them. Do you need pest control on the seventh floor of a high-rise? Ask them. Each day we are asked to give up our own ability of reasoning in favour of an unfound set of beliefs that have been tailored by the market to meet the greed of the market. Not for a second is it being said that society can do without businesses and consumer goods but the most reliant services are availed in small cities where the competitors and advertisers are less ferocious. In the big markets of the metropolitan world, however, the freshwater is being contaminated by the doctor who recently set up a new dialysis clinic. Big businesses are being driven by propaganda than by human needs.

The 'over-smart' marketing campaigners who find immense pride in filling up trashcans with red bull cans, they will be mentioned in the same sentence as Joseph Goebbels. Those who pocket fat wallets yet send away only pennies to donations will be shamed in the ghettos of burning hell. No soul shall be saved from natural justice. The workman who charges a thousand for a "hundred bill-worth of work", the one who charges a hundred but produces shoddy work, the one who asks for money in exchange for damaged goods, the one who lies about the product and steals the hard-earned money from hard earners, they are all condemned to eternal wandering. The door that leads to temptation is wide and unguarded. One never realises how far one has fallen until one is at the bottom. The central bank and central government are morally bankrupt.

CHAPTER X

THE TORMENT

The torment is to live with the knowledge that one will never be fully understood. Parents, friends, mermaids, therapists, and barmaids may all listen to you, try to understand you yet it seems evident that some things shall always remain unsaid. So, what can we do now?

Does wisdom lie in repeating oneself over and over until everyone gets up and leaves or is it in assuming a dogged disposition? The mouth of a guy who bullshits bears a stench that will never linger in the vicinity of a man who bears a dogged disposition. Knowledge and experience are key and acquiring either one of them is tormenting let alone both nevertheless they come to us with spontaneity and in simultaneous waves. Each wave carries the potency to shatter our expectations yet there are those who choose to expect. And while they sit in anticipation, the dogged have seized the day. They have slept off their grudges and have woken up to self-belief.

Who can free you if not you yourself? Words that are delivered with conviction are believed. Neither the truth nor the lies, neither the wrong nor the right, only words of conviction and no one can feign conviction. It flows from the tongue as naturally as water flows off a cliff.

The torment has capsized men in the past, is disintegrating great minds of the present, and will tear us apart in the near future. Nature has put no limitations on loving, making love, learning, and discovering so it fully fits that we give ourselves up to

our most human instincts. One such instinct is putting
oneself before everyone else.

'Intent' is **#21stcentury**'s fading valuable.

On Nietzsche's 'Slave Regime'

The slaves revelled and sang to the glory of the Lord. They believed the messiah had finally delivered them justice. They had suffered for eons but now they won't suffer no more. They have their temple in the land of the setting sun. They sang.

The bounty hunters, the law enforcers, the vigilantes who have since the dawn of the 'slave regime' made up the armies, the police, the mob, the secret service, and the internet, they have always been on the hunt for the Fallen. In fact, the former slaves seek gratification in the vilification of the Fallen.

Who is the Fallen? The defeat of the Fallen at the hands of slaves marked the beginning of the slave regime. One day, the resentful son drew a knife at his father. Resentment murdered humanity, that very day. After 2000 years, the rule of the slave is predictively at an end. The Fallen has exploited every loophole in the slave's ironically hierarchical society and has slowly but gradually risen back again to the pulpit of power. The tech billionaires, celebrity millionaires, and ministers are conspiring as the slaves did 2000 years ago. This time around, the messiah will take their side. The scales will be in balance once again only to tip towards the heavier plate. The temporal shelter of morals will be smashed and power and lust and debauchery shall reign supreme. Again!

This is not an ominous caveat, this is the **#21stcentury**. The above elaboration of the idea 'slave regime' can be best looked at through the lens

of the French Revolution when a larger, dissatisfied, disenfranchised and resentful 'social class' revolted against the hedonistic monarchy.

The social hierarchy in man's primate cousins can also provide a great deal of insight. In a troop of gorillas, there are a bunch of males who are dissatisfied with the rule of the silverback. That silverback has established hegemony over mating and territory. He won't let other male gorillas' mate with the alpha female. Meanwhile, a competing silverback in the troop has promised a revolt. This is his brazen attempt to win over the dissatisfied males. He conspires with the resentful of the troop and defeats the silverback in a wrestling match. Embarrassed before the females and his troop, the injured silverback and erstwhile leader leaves the group. He leaves behind his favourite mating partner, his offspring, and his shelter. This Fallen Silverback cannot wander for long, such is his nature. Still young and with fight left in him, he patiently waits. He closely monitors his former troop. Simultaneously, he builds his own troop. The troop is not as big as the former but this group is made up of strong male gorillas. These male gorillas happen to have their own history. With sheer persistence and altruism, they will fight back and take back what they believe is rightfully theirs.

The aforementioned argument can also be seen as being very similar to Napoleon who fled from exile and came back to France to lead a fierce revolt only to be defeated and be sent back on harsher terms of incarceration. If he had won, French history and world history for that matter could have been sensationally

different but the takeaway is that The Fallen tend to strike back. Either they do it themselves or through their descendants but vengeance is inherited, one way or the other. Mankind finds itself at the same crossroads. Democracy is the rule of peasants, priests, and slaves. Morality is their greatest weapon. Democracy has turned weak. The rule of the slaves is at its inevitable end.

The slaves shall never be powerful enough to wipe out the Fallen. The Fallen continue to operate, either in faraway exile or beneath the ground. They are not the ones who hang around nor do they believe in parley. They are always in preparation, preparation that can take a decade, a century, or a great millennium.