

## 0. What Is This?

Joy of Creation is a retrospective analysis of the memories brought back, by listening to the music I created when I was 5 to 13 years old.

It's a journey throughout what the mind has learnt during this developmental period, until the start of Contradiction Sequence.

Therefore, it serves as a prequel to Contradiction Sequence, which is incomplete without it, since every attempt to finish it kept ending up in an error - questioning its own purpose.

The objective of Joy of Creation is to look into the subconscious memory. Including the ways I made music while taking notice of the conditions and the relations I was in during this developmental period.

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Half of the text is related to the music itself, its compositional structures, why did I compose things in the way I did and what was my relation to sound and its properties.

Unintentionally, as memories came back, another half went towards the conversation with the „identity of the reality" - a personification of how I perceived the world. This quickly regressed into barely conscious rants, losing track of which „me" was speaking, because I viewed myself and „everyone else" as two separate identities and projected my actions using that.

Comparing both halves shows that I used the same cognitive process to understand or „validate" certain actions or behaviours in order to learn. And that my compositions were closely related to how I felt at the time.

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Another thing to note is that I understand music and its „inscriptions" in a very specific manner, which may be uncommon or hard to grasp, since this has developed out of thin air and Fruity Loops 3 with no instructions.

Understanding music and the outside world uses the same process because both of them are conceptual - not spoken in a stream of binary „good and bad" things.

Since it's not objective, you have nothing to feed logic with, that's why logic couldn't be used for development. Things can only be evaluated with your own like or dislike. Approve or disapprove. Positive or Negative.

Throughout the text, you may notice that sometimes I develop my own terms, or attach complex meanings towards said terms, in order to explain certain things in the way I understand them. „Inscriptions“ would be a good example. Most of them are explained, or self-explanatory.

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Joy of Creation is divided into 8 albums, each of them are dedicated to a certain time period and the idea that was being developed at the time. The tracks are not positioned in order of their creation, but sorted around the progression or regression of their ideas.

The memory fades and gets corrupted because it's being provoked back after 13 years, with the bias of the far more advanced Contradiction Sequence. The memories could be distorted, perceived differently, or the information within them could be disproven, rendering their ideas inferior.

Nothing that is written in Joy of Creation can be considered true or false, since there is no proof that it existed in the way it was written or perceived.

It has gone through several attempts to be deleted, discarded, burnt in a fire, and denied of ever existing. Everything that is written here is brought back from piles of garbage, or places I couldn't even check for remainders myself.

Recovered and restored, edited and produced to the best it could've been - because it wasn't meant to be at all. The music may sound dirty and lacking clarity due to data corruption, multiple stages of lossy compression, distorted audio, lack of knowledge at the time and conditions in which it was created.

Therefore the memories may be corrupted by the process of trying to remove them and destruction of data that can provoke them.

An unknown amount of music is lost.

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Joy of Creation is a bit like a childhood diary that I never had.

Contradiction Sequence is an active psychoanalysis through music.

In between them stands the Initial State - conditions required to create the Observer that has initialized the creation of Contradiction Sequence, starting with the first album - Indefinable.

An Indefinable reason why do I like making sound do weird things.

## 1. Give Me a Sequencer

It was the introduction to Fruity Loops 3.

Faced with such an overwhelming upgrade compared to Dance EJay, the creative process shifted from playing around as if it were a game, to a process of continuous discovery.

The discovery was dictated by the signature step sequencer on Fruity Loops 3 and the included samples.

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The first one to be explored was the structure of rhythm. It's clearly audible that I had no definitive understanding of what are the purposes of kick, snare, groove, syncopation, or anything you'd use to define the structure of rhythmic combinations.

I was playing around, figuring out things that seemed to work.

If it works or not, is dictated by my liking it or not, simple as that. If it's wacky and stupid by some outside standard, but I like it - I'm not bothered, since there was no outside standard.

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Some fundamental things that later became my signature „sound“ are immediately apparent - the beat is syncopated, flowing and never a „4/4 banger“.

The kick is a low note in the beat, rather than a metronome. And the beat pattern doesn't always have to start with a kick.

Everything else usually accompanies the beat or goes alongside it, therefore the entire track revolves around its rhythmical structure.

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I was also seemingly differentiating high BPM tracks as fast. There isn't something necessarily in between, but it's either fast or not. Hence the titles including „Speed“.

My idea of speed was just turning up the BPM, instead of creating the perception of speed, so, my speed sounds like a broken truck engine instead.

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I don't remember if I discovered the amen beat by myself, or my brother showed me the popular pattern, or I heard it somewhere and attempted to remake it.

Anyway, it served as a go-to simple fundamental structure most of the time, but on its own, it got old very fast, so I tried to make it different by adding my own things on top or changing it.

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There was an immediate preference for weird things – samples or techniques that sounded the most interesting, rich, or unusual.

For instance – Track 10 „It Is“. Do you want more bass? How about you just stretch your track to twice the length instead of EQ? What the hell is EQ anyway. I wasn't even aware of what a filter does.

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Most of the tracks might not be very musical, because the understanding of „music“ revolved around rhythmical combinations, rather than having progressions, distinct and unique parts, or inscribed emotions that could explain why the track is made in such a way, or what's the idea behind it.

I found a wacky sample, let's make a track with it. Oh wait, I found more. And then I found some that fit those. Let's pile them into a track.

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This initial stage starts to end, when I notice that I like some things differently than others, being unable to quantitatively rank them by goodness on one linear scale, such as quality of production, amount of samples, compositional complexity, bla.

I absolutely adored some tracks, or specific combinations of samples, meaning I discovered music had something more than composition – something indescribably engaging – a feeling that there is more to it, than just a combination of sounds – a mystery to discover or experience, every each time.

What differentiates a combination of sounds and music?

What is Music?

## 2. What Is Music

Upon discovering that some noises seem to be more engaging on a different scale than enjoyment, the creative process shifted from simple experiments with aural ideas, to creating different ways of engagement, using said aural ideas.

It happened both ways – sometimes I discovered a unique engagement by playing with sounds, or I discovered sick sonic ideas by playing with said engagement.

This means the tracks do not necessarily have to have engagement or information purposely composed into them, since the creative process flew subconsciously – I made things the way I like them.

The „liking certain things" is a dictation of what information your mind is trying to explain to itself.

That is why I found „inscribed" things in my previous tracks, regardless of whether or not I tried to put anything inside of them.

That's exactly why I liked certain tracks. And the inscription is clearly audible since it was pretty basic, as it was made by a six-year-old brain.

Joy of discovery. Intuitive process with your own conscious creative idea and subconscious reaction to the result of its technical manifestation in the reality.

Joy of Creation.

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The initial experiments with the engagement, were, of course, melodic, because I considered it to be feelings, however since I learnt composition on a sequencer, without any other knowledge of music, the results usually ended up being a sequenced melodic rhythmic composition.

I also noticed that specific key combinations produce a different effect of engagement. I haven't figured out harmony and I haven't figured out chords yet.

I figured that they produced a different effect of engagement. I used them to create a mood, including the choice of samples, rhythmical compositions, specific ways of experimentation, and basic musical parameters like speed and repetition.

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Music was like a language, that I learnt through time, although I never noticed getting more fluent at it. I was already manipulating basic musical parameters, alongside primal sound design ideas, to either try an aural idea or a mood – a different way of engagement.

The music doesn't necessarily have a dramatic increase in content inside of it, but clearer ideas on what was being attempted aurally and engagement-wise, and how both of those are being held together by composition.

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I was able to imagine music for a mood or feel the mood when imagining a sound. How good I was at that, was determined by my ability to put that out into the computer.

My imagination was obsessed with physics, space, cosmos, planets - things I drew in my comics and read about in encyclopedias. I was driven by discovery.

what emotional engagement would you ascribe towards things like these? Mystery, adventure, grandiose universe stuff, figuring out the world?

That is also when I discovered that I really like reverb. My guess is that since my music was about space, planets, and other massive stuff. I ascribed reverb as an aural idea for engagement about things bigger than us.

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I wanted to talk about space and planets, the laws of physics, spaceships, and human settlements on planets. That's why most of my music might've sounded somewhat similar, as this is how I imagined the engagement of said things aurally. If I started to talk about the universe - I didn't shut up.

Unless you didn't like it.

Which is what happened when I started going to school and introduced everyone to the noises that I made.

### 3. What Is This Music

What is This Music is a question that everyone asked upon being introduced to the massive catalogue of noises that I've made when I started going to school.

And everyone seemed to dislike everything about it. They seemed to like everything I disliked or hated, and belittled or made fun of things I did.

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„Why it doesn't have a rhythm, it's chaos, it doesn't have any words, it's unlistenable, they're all the same, this isn't music.“

You have no ears, you can't listen, you don't hear that it's rubbish, this doesn't sound musical, you can't play at all, can you play an instrument? You don't sing, I don't like it. This is rubbish.

Everyone, everywhere, any time of the day, upon hearing my noises greeted it with immediate disapproval and only focused on my grades.

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It immediately changed my music and the engagement that I was after. Suddenly I'm creating music that sounds sad and I can very clearly recall engaging with music that sounds sad, melancholic, or other synonyms for depressed.

My mood or psychological state of not feeling welcomed after going out through the door, clearly told me to like or enjoy things, which made this situation somewhat more meaningful, rather than being plain bullying, sponsored by most of the teachers I came in contact with, when they learnt what kind of music I'm making.

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That led me to adopt a compensation mechanism that I was very aware of. I've been told that I'm smart, creative, nice, blablabla, everyone got these things told to them. Except for me, I was told in the way that - „you're smarter, that's why they don't understand you“.

Here I am thinking that everyone who doesn't like my music is an idiot and I'm not going to listen to anyone who I don't approve.

My disapproval would be a response that I'm smarter than them, that's why I dislike their tup-tis-to-tis.

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From people who had the authority to do so, I was pulled into a school band, as a flute player, since I was the coolest kid in class, with a flute we bought in a supermarket, rather than using the one provided by the school and I already had written my own pieces that I've performed.

I was immediately discouraged by the teacher of the band, since I was told that I won't be able to compose my own tracks to perform, or play other instruments. But I had to attend, since I'm so musical all of a sudden, once I drew a couple of circles on lines, being one simple pattern, compared to the hundreds of tracks I had made already.

On the first day of having to attend the introduction, I figured - they can't make me go there. I don't want to and I'm not going to play. They don't like me, and they want me to be like them.

Boring.

Why is it boring?

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I have made one composition on the flute and I was done with it - it served its purpose. This sound has been designated for this track only and I cannot use it on any other track, otherwise, it will sound like part of this track has been used on it.

I also knew that there were at least a dozen more ways of playing the flute, which may have been „wrong“, or in my understanding - getting extra sounds. Blowing too hard, too soft, or into the tone holes, into the other end, tapping it, covering the holes with loose tape, bla.

which prompted doing somewhat similar things to every single thing I found in the computer - can I have extra?

Specific assignation of aural feelings or ideas created a need to differentiate the sounds themselves for each of the tracks, which prompted more attempts at experimenting with sound design. This made my music even more „mine“ since I didn't want to be like „them“.

Like who?

The boring people that were stupid and bad, because they said mean things.

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In my childhood, everyone cared how well I did things I disliked, and blamed me for not liking them. No one could be bothered to ask what I liked to do, that I perceived I could do well.

Once introduced I immediately started to hate guitars, voice in music, drums, everything pop, everything dance, 4/4, everything that I couldn't differentiate from others.

That is why I was even more drawn to weird, unusual, processed, electronic, and glitchy sounds. You wouldn't hear them anywhere else, they're interesting and it literally sounded like smart music, due to that excuse I had.

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Upon ensuring that everyone is stupid and boring, thus not worth listening to, I figured out that everyone tries to be my friend.

The teachers and psychotherapists are just trying to make me be like them - stupid and boring, since they didn't like my music. They didn't hear my joy of discovery in the process.

I decided to simply continue to not agree.

It's my music you fuckers. It's about me, not about what you like, which is boring, because it has nothing to tell, no inscripted ideas into it other than a very gratifying idea about euphoria.

And only later I've discovered where else you can perceive that inscripted idea - porn and superhero movies.

which made both of them ridiculously repulsive.

Just because it had the same information everywhere.

It was a choice between my noises or the world.

I chose the noises.

And I had no one except for eww alongside them and this weird collection of Autechre.

#### 4. Electromagnetic Radiation

I have noticed many times, that I'm assigning a specific meaning or idea to the sound itself, its texture and modulation, rather than the composition itself.

This album is an experiment on my understanding of music.

Every track has mostly the same patterns and melodies, the only things that are different are the samples and some extra patterns alongside the composition.

And the question is for your perception – how different these tracks are? Are they completely different or almost the same?

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I discovered that they are somewhere around 90 percent different. The sounds themselves had a lot more meaning and distinction between them, compared to melodies, rhythmic combinations, and the rest of the composition.

That's why I figured out that tracks sharing the same lead sound, feel almost exactly the same. The similarity depends on its sound design and inscripted ideas.

You can tell the same thing in multiple different ways to perceive it differently, but its inscription beneath the explanation is the same. The information inside it doesn't change.

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This shows that I have separated composition from sound design and integrated this separation while doing these two distinct things.

Composition is explaining the idea.

Sound design is the perception of the idea.

I like an interesting sound, most of the time it can stand on its own, but if it lacks composition or „play“, I have no idea what it's about. It's as nice as a nice thing that doesn't serve a purpose.

Therefore it's a bit pointless.

A composition without sound design does not have the intended perception of the idea, and it doesn't engage your perception at all. Staring at blobs on lines doesn't engage at all, unless you imagine what they're telling, therefore you're forced to project your own perception of the idea onto the explanation. Imagining what kind of sound those blobs would be playing.

In the same way, when you're trying to figure out what the hell someone is talking about, even if you understand the words.

Therefore the explanation is pointless if there's no intention to explain.

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That has led me to realize why I don't like anything that has exactly the same instruments or structures. I perceive it as exactly the same since it has the same inscribed idea - desire for euphoria.

And the compositions tell you to ...desire. Because it was made on the idea of instant gratification. Eventually, you get everything you've been told to desire. That makes it boring since you don't really have to explain primal functions of human brains to humans.

It feels good right?

It doesn't. It's pointless.

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Different sound designs of those tracks, don't change the inscribed ideas, but the way they're being perceived. It's a manipulation of the way you understand those ideas, which will affect the way you explain them.

I can explain the same idea in different ways.

I can think of different ideas from one explanation.

The explanation could be a manifestation of information consumed. It forms patterns that make you question its ideas. So you search.

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The perceived ideas of this album are all different, but the explanation is the same.

People make different compositions with the same sounds, therefore everything SOUNDS the same. Therefore feels exactly the same.

I made almost exactly the same compositions with different sounds and they feel almost completely different to me.

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My perception of music is assignation of specific ideas and aural perception of information to the sound itself.

A simple vocalization without any spoken words has more „idea“ in the form of a feeling - ability to understand the voiced information.

You can moan in ten different ways.

write all of them down, they're all the same. Aaaaaaaa.

A scream in pain is different from a scream of pleasure. It's the specific filtering, harmonic content, and its sonic properties that differentiate it, rather than the spoken „a“. Then there's the character of the individual - the way the voice breaks apart depending on its loudness, pitch, and other properties.

The same characteristic scream of two different individuals can be perceived completely differently without an explanation.

And if everyone is not trying to mimic the coolest authority with their behaviour, you can understand them.

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Everyone just seems to be moaning about not having pleasure and being bored.

Being interested seems to require the use of a thing, called a brain cell, which wants pleasure. Because apparently it's made to desire it.

This leads me to hate popular culture even more, including every single piece of advertisement, rules, authorities, and the rest of the reality - it's made to make you desire pleasure and provides you with a dumb riddle every time you are trying to achieve it.

The riddle is your function in the society, to do someone else's idea and the prize for your inability to think for yourself is approval and free time to be bored.

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That's why everything is just desire - porn, food, vacation, politics, and things that are „right“, rather than unquestionably predictable things - physics.

That's exactly the reason why I was interested in ways you could explain the world, avoiding the bias of the human being as much as possible.

It seemed weird and completely blown out of perspective for me every time - why most people aren't fascinated and cannot comprehend the complexity and the intricacy of the universe and the way it makes you perceive it?

Electromagnetic radiation is what allows us to see, and we are chemically wired to perceive it.

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What I seek is understanding. Understanding my own bias. Understanding this world's stance. Projecting its stance to be good, full of integrity and prosperity.

If this doesn't happen I will isolate my own projection, to prevent corruption of desire.

Therefore I can freely ridicule the outside world's opinion on the experiments I'm willing to take in order to find new ways of explanation and idea generation.

In other terms, making a load of noise.

## 5. What Is This Noise

The question that arises when sound lacks composition or idea - what's the difference between music and just sound?

Or music lacking ideas, or ideas lacking a music?

Or a conflicting explanation?

Noise as a term, means some undesirable or unintended content next to something.

For instance, neighbours playing music in the middle of the night - the context being peace.

Vocalisation of something unpreferable which could be denying desire.

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If you try composing with ideas having conflicting purposes and explanations, the result is an inperceivable idea, since the explanation doesn't explain its content.

At the time I barely had an idea, that I was exploring the musical language and the sound itself, therefore shaping my own unique way of expressing the things I had to say.

This album is a compilation of things made in such a way - trying to purposefully make music, that doesn't engage you in a musical way of perceiving ideas, but rather locking you in a search for an explanation.

You could call it concept art, but it's pretty straightforward - the idea is there, I'm just not aware of it - I'm searching for it through different ways of explaining the lack of understanding.

Similarly, we tend to try and explain „our feelings“, which we can't put into words.

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What purpose does it serve to distort, or blur the explanation, hide the idea, make it complex or difficult to grasp?

It's not that it's purposefully made to be difficult to like and engage, but rather the artist doesn't know how to express or explain the idea. It isn't completely shaped into an explanation of understanding the reason why it's there. The feeling of its existence presents itself as a conflict.

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Why does it feel good when you listen to music that you like?

Or why it doesn't?

You can either ignore the problem or proceed to explain it using multiple pages of broken psychoanalysis and biased social studies.

which is what I'm doing right now because I cannot stand „music should have vocals“.

why, for fuck's sake, it has to be the way you like it?

That's why there are some tracks, that are literal experiments with the explanation of this idea.

„Your music is just noise“ – no my dear, this is noise. Buzzing and screeching intensifies.

„No I mean I can't listen to it, this is like REAL noise“.

„Your music should have vocals and speech“ – here you go.

„But it doesn't tell anything, I can't understand it“.

Yes it does, it says a lot of ianbfiaawnehiabsdggjbag, but you don't understand the information. The idea.

It's not the voice you're looking for you dumb idiot, it's the empty fucking track with the non-existent idea that you're looking for, so you could project your desire of euphoria. You want to be told to desire.

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That's why I hate speech in music, not vocalizations.

Because I get denied to find your idea through your unique explanation. You're just telling me a lie, or give a desire for euphoria – which is exactly the same what everyone else would do, except sometimes using a different explanation.

My desire?

I consciously have none and resist the ones that I know will cloud my judgement. I'm aware that desire comes in the form of knowing „this will be good“. But:

The evaluation of good stands on your moral understanding of what is right or not. Therefore my evaluation stands on:

Am I able to engage with it?

If it lacks engagement, which would be improving my ability to explain or find ideas, then it's literally pointless for me to try to engage with it.

The only engagement the outside world had was winning a fucking prize – approval of desire for euphoria and not having your own voice.

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The engagement I search for is something that improves the known or explores the unknown. I don't care if it's good or bad by any moral standard, because it's the application of the idea that makes it improving or exploring the said things.

The moral standard is there because someone else is benefiting from gifting people with lack of thought, whereas lack of morals somehow produces the same result as engagement with euphoria. wha?

The application of thought with no moral standard, depends on the moral compass of the individual – how do you know that what you're doing results in a good outcome? Not only for you, but also for who, and what's around you.

Everything else is just some form of masturbatory process, made to milk you dry of your brain chemistry. Therefore that's why unusual or weird excites me – I'm about to improve the „I" and everyone else around me.

That's why I'm inspired to explore the ridiculous – I want to find something that's hidden, in the shadows, to be able to explain more ideas and find or form those ideas.

For some reason, these things are purposefully hidden, or labeled as unsafe, ridiculous, forbidden, even by law.

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That's how you can give character to the aural ideas – they don't necessarily have to be perfect in their explanation, but be confusing, irritating, disengaging, or even repulsive when the ideas are about things like these.

The explanation is actively trying to sound the idea itself in the morally questionable way, because the idea is questionable by itself.

And silence is never the answer when things are not happening your way, or in the way you morally think is not right, therefore you inscript the idea of disengagement in an engaging way.

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The result is you don't necessarily feel good but like the engagement. Because you engage with disengagement – the idea of disapproval, authority over expression and experiments, bla.

You try to speak things that you perceive, using the language that seems appropriate, or immune to said disengagement, while still being understood what it could be worth if written in words.

That's why I actually like ridiculous stuff – I'm engaging in disengaged communication that someone else is having with this world.

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what everyone else seems to communicate - „I'm capable of loving someone“.

However:

Your definition of love is wanting to fuck.

Your understanding of love ends at programmed desire for nice.

And everyone else is capable of it. You're not special.

Tell me something about yourself.

Tell me who you are, what do you like, why you, why not someone else? What is happening in your head, what are your ideas, explanations for existing ones?

How do I know it's you and not someone else, if you have no idea it's me? I need to know who you are to this world, not to me.

„I like nice and fuck.“

That's why you have nothing else to offer and you like boring things.

## 6. Your Music Is Boring

This is a statement people said about my music and what I said about theirs.

They didn't like my music because it was incomprehensible and too difficult, chaotic or sad. Therefore - boring!

Why? Because my music didn't engage in their desires for euphoria, like dancing, hopeless and useless declarations of love, money, and ass. It wasn't fun for them, that's why it was boring.

Their music was boring to me because it was all the same - desires for the aforementioned things.

Music does not have to be designed to make you feel good. Music is a language and you can say whatever you want.

So I understood that the only thing that matters is whether I can find someone who understands this language - my characteristic way of using it and establishing a connection.

The connections boring people had on offer with their music were just a manipulation with the barely existent morality, so they'd get some nice and fuck.

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I consider this album the peak of my creative enjoyment - it was the perfect balance of giving only a certain amount of fucks, pressure of not doing, reason for doing it, exploration, discovery, first experiences, learning and already being able to explain.

And this album, makes me recall this highest point in life, when it was perfectly balanced, producing the best results from my abilities at the time.

Of course, later on, I would design my own instruments and reverbs, shape every single overtone, but in those days I only knew the basics of FL Studio 5.

And I could make something that is still stuck in my head to this day, in a couple of hours. Nothing that I've heard in life is able to beat the pure joy of doing it, that has inscribed itself into the tracks that I've made.

That is exactly the reason why Joy of Creation is named this way. It was a fun activity.

And I can't fathom why everyone seemed to have such a big problem with me. Why is it a problem that I want to speak? You feed me an information, I give you an interpretation. You don't give me information, I'll discover something on my own.

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The music they listened to was simply described as tup-tis-to-tis and it was my argument every time. You listen to tup-tis-to-tis. It's been used before, this track has already been played. You're listening to exactly the same thing.

They would rant that it's the differences that matter.

Sure, print a fucking book using a different font it changes the book, doesn't it?

write exactly the same things, but using different languages, formatting, or simply explaining them differently.

The information embedded is still the same. The only thing interesting would be the way people describe the same things differently. At least?

But they manage to explain everything exactly the same by not explaining it at all – just feel good vibes man.

„I like nice and fuck.“

I've heard it already, it's a lie.

„It's not a lie.“

Then why do you have to remind yourself of the desire, every time? Having trouble doing stuff?

„I don't want to do anything at all. Why do I have to do anything? I like nice and fuck.“

I cannot stand this insane ignorance of the conditions and being oblivious to the mysteries and treasures of the world you could search for, if you had a toolkit armed with appropriate information.

But no, they choose TV and porn with superheroes in them, because they can't get their ass off a chair, to go and become something they wish they could be.

But can't.

Because „I like nice and fuck.“

Being a superhero would give you a lot of nice and fuck, wouldn't it?

Yes. But it requires a bit of not fucking nice. Oh no. Morality.

And the reality starts to look pathetic, once you start to see everyone as animals, whose objective is to be attracted to nice and fuck.

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If you made music, it would be boring, because you can't even perceive your own story, let alone have an idea of one. And that's why it's offensive to you that I don't want to be as garbage as you - talking only about things that make you feel good.

The nice things are available for those who get up and try to get them, instead of fantasising about them.

Fucking tup-tis-to-tis and fucking is not the definition of nice.

Idolizing something made with the purpose to make you desire nice and fuck - is not nice.

Being someone capable of achieving that - is not nice.

Your dream is not a Dream. It's a fantasy.

Your fantasy is not full of ideas and their explanations. It's repulsive because it's a fucking superhero porn movie with expensive shiny things and you not getting fat because it's a fantasy.

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I shouldn't be offensive. It's bad. I'm "nice and creative and smart".

Why can't I defend things that I like, but you can.

Because it's morally right?

Then let me make my fucking noises. Just fucking admit that I don't like it and stop forcing me to like something that you benefit from.

I'm not forcing you to listen, but I will be disappointed. And that's fine. I'll go somewhere else.

Do you want to be my friend, or do you want more firepower for your nice and fuck? Or are you trying to manipulate me into believing your morality? Reveal yourself! Things you like tell me more about you, than your explanation of why you like them.

Else is boring, since I'm not going to solve the riddles that are being produced by your lack of self-awareness.

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The problem could be solved very easily - just don't be like that. Being disapproved at the age of 12 feels completely different, compared to being disapproved today.

You're a lot more malleable, shapeable, and makeable into something else. It's only a question of pressure.

Except that I had a very good armoury for resistance - I knew what I liked and disliked. And I knew why. I was able to explain. It was hard to disprove my own morality to me, since my theories explained everything to me, I didn't even raise a question.

You're all just fucking boring idiots, with your faces up the satisfactory boring all-the-same games and shows of nice and fuck.

Having nothing else on offer.

I liked music more, than anything else they would try to make me desire. I could make entire worlds with it.

I refused to become boring by my standards. Because I'd be bored in life, wouldn't do anything and it would just stay that way.

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It wasn't my pure willpower or some moral superiority that managed to protect my standards.

It's the fact that people have no inner moral compass on their own, or won't act on it. They will act on the moral standard of the conditions, playing with good and bad, and claiming they are almighty as if they could choose. Hypocrites.

Then they belittle others for their weakness.

They didn't have a moral standard, they just wanted more security for their nice and fuck.

Everyone else ends up being affected by someone else's bloated ego, meant to seize control over their own insecurity of not getting nice and fuck.

What I simply did was protect what everyone didn't know they wanted to possess - ability to understand.

„If I were you I would be on top of the world“.

Unfortunately, I'm me, and you are you, and being me makes it unbearable being next to you, who is constantly questioning everything I do.

I already do the same things in my mind to you - I show off my skill, because I like not being useless, belittle others for being stupid and boring, and my moral standards revolve around my interests - establishing meaningful connections to gain positive influence on my own, or our mutual performance.

Therefore I'm no different, except what I search for is performance, rather than pleasure.

If you become a problem - you require a solution.

If you are insolvable - you become a condition.

And the conditions were idiotic.

I just couldn't believe how stupid everyone seemed to be.

-

I never really put any effort in school, not really. I just did things because I got annoyed to hell, or gatekept from my desire - ability to make music.

When I had to because adults - I would do it, but sure as hell everyone else would feel how much I didn't want to do it. Balancing on the line of punishable for my behaviour and doing the bare minimum. Because fuck you - you blame me and then ask me to comply?

Some things I simply straightforwardly refused, because that would make me a hypocrite, or would be morally wrong. Nothing in hell could make me do that, therefore all of said hell would ensue afterwards.

-

I managed to simply finish school effortlessly if the grades were the only metric of difficulty.

I never really had to learn anything, as I recall. I just figured out what's the bare required minimum to make them fuck off, understood the sum of required answers, and gave them exactly what I have planned.

Except that I'm so smart creative and nice, having bad grades. This hell's music that I'm making, is the reason!

Let's add more pressure. I continue to resist. Grades get even lower. The more pressure you add, the less fucks I'm going to give.

-

Except that once you contradict someone bad enough, the subconscious mind steps in for protection - reality starts looking like some sort of obscurity, that looks scary and shouldn't even be touched.

And here comes insomnia, which starts to creep in, slowly becoming a problem for everything.

But oh no, you fucking mindless spineless waste of human garbage, my noises is the problem, that's why I can't sleep. I should, you know. Just sleep.

What happens is the suppression of my ability to communicate.

Why? I start to lose the ability to understand. If I can't understand what is being communicated to me, then I have nothing to communicate about. It wasn't me, it was the sun shining on the world going to sleep instead.

And so, music goes with it.

-

And on that depressive note, the track 20 - Sun Sleep, is just something completely off the charts of my ability to make sad music.

As I mentioned, this period is the one where I was able to use my abilities the most efficiently, that includes being transparent to the idea that I'm explaining.

A grown-ass adult will describe sadness in a very logical manner, of things not turning out and that's how it is because blabla, as somewhat intertwined with responsibility and being boring.

Here, it's a 12-year-old, having his eyes ripped out, face and smile sanded by shards of broken dreams that are trying to teach life, as if they cared with their little repulsive fantasies.

If you ask me how depression feels like, it's this.

It's the loss of inner peace, with no hopes of getting it back.

And I'm no longer able to describe that depth of pure sadness, mainly because I learnt to ignore, resist or deny the reality for my own performance advantage.

I have confirmed it's pathetic beyond belief. Move on. Don't try to believe it. Happiness is a curse. I understand responsibility. My objective is not to give a fuck.

It's the fact that reality is already dead.

I have no reason to expect peace.

And it becomes my fantasy.

Let's try again.

## 7. Try Again

Try again at what?

Due to extensive efforts and almost no positive feedback coming from the reality in regards to my noises, I tried to repurpose music in such a way that I would still enjoy making it, but make it somewhat likeable for people around.

No one seems to like melodies and pianos. Let's make a track about hating a piano. Which wasn't hard - I didn't like the sound of the piano already, as I found it as boring as the guitar.

Let's try making it fun, instead of just desire.

Try again at communication.

Instead of making music that is noise, I experimented with idea explanation, exploration, explosion, or exp something, and figured that people like noisy loud music.

Let's make it distorted loud.

It started getting a very specific inscribed meaning - a wish to be understood and listened to. I have things to say, since I'm inspired by exploration, derivation, and explanation.

If left alone and allowed to do what I want with the available things, I made noises and planets and stuff, so I drew a conclusion that I'm naturally capable of said things. I'm naturally good at it, therefore I have found out who I am the best to be, rather than what makes me to be the best.

Let's try again at giving the reality a use for it.

Music can be fun, it does not have to be plain information or speech - it can be entertaining.

Or information and speech given in an entertaining manner, rather than exploratory, intellectual, and focused. Less ...boring!?

-

This results in less chaotic beat patterns, a lot noisier, punchier, easier to grasp music. You'd call it having more groove, which I think is a stupid term.

In a way, my music loses half of its original character that was goofy and ridiculous, wrapped in inscribed ideas. It becomes a lot more predictable, yet still retaining the quirky character that was my enjoyment for unusual ideas.

I would still continue on my fucking mission to prove to these idiots that 4/4 is the definition of boring.

-

Except that at this age, the cool factor becomes one of the most important things, that means that fitting into the social circle you're in becomes one of the most important things for everyone.

Finding their functional place in the conditions they're in.

But oh no, this smart creative nice is not as smart as he should be, grades should be 10/10 all the fucking time. Are you still making those weird noises?

Fuck off, I will simply not agree until you try to listen. I just stopped attending, waking up, and caring altogether.

You're doing the exact opposite of what would be good by my morality, because you rely on the morality of the conditions, that you claim you admire, which is a lie.

The morality does not work the way you fantasize, it's a communication between two or more entities, rather than being the only moral „right“ we're all supposed to mindlessly follow because this brings order.

Your order is not in order at all and I'm not the only one unable to effectively use your limited language.

You admire and cherish the ones that seemingly listen to you, while they make fun out of your surname and entire family, spreading false rumours behind your back. Why? Because they play both ends of the morality.

And you hate me, who has the honesty to directly tell you what I think of you and what I'm going to do if you don't listen.

You'd rather live a lie than solve the truth.

Why?

Why do you have to be this pathetic?

-

Trust is impossible, if I have to believe that you're the person you're portraying yourself as. Unless you're open on who you are and why, tell me why, explain why, I cannot correctly assume who you are. I'm forced to project, fill in the missing bits by myself, in which case I'll be biased by what I expect. This becomes my Bias.

And I have a problem.

I have no information about you. You seem to be exactly the same, compared to every each of them.

I can't even interpolate, since there's nothing in between.

And you blame me, for being different - having something to say.

-

while my beat-bass oriented garbage seemed to attract more positive reinforcement, by saying I'm heading towards the right direction, now I should add vocals, I figured that it's not the direction I want to take.

I don't want to make music that you want to listen.

I want you to listen to what I have to say.

Otherwise, everyone will be the same - I don't need you as a friend, because it doesn't make you different compared to everyone else.

Then I should just actively pick the prettiest, smartest, most performing specimen as a prize for my ability to distinguish good things by your moral standard.

And you consider this morality, the „right“ one?

Hate me if you want to for it, but I seem to see more things than you and I want you to see them too.

This is no longer about my joy of creation, this is about collecting information for my own benefit.

This is the least useless thing I can do right now, since your way seems to guarantee the misery of living in a fantasy.

-

Instead, I focus on having fun. Having fun using the skills and the imagination that is limited the least - making music and being able to make music.

Except that I no longer get the simple and pure joy from making music, since every time I do it, I get the immediate subconscious reaction that it's useless to this reality, while I'm stuck in it.

Do I have to deny reality, forget it, and just withdraw to my fantasy?

Withdrawal to fantasy just makes you exactly like them - sad boring depressed adults who knows things.

If my reality is not resembling my fantasy, it's not the reality that I'm going to accept. Because I was trying to protect my desire from corruption. I was exactly like them, living in the fantasy that this reality doesn't support.

Except that my fantasy is communication and beauty, rather than nice and fuck. My beauty is understanding the way this universe operates. My communication is sharing the ability to speak, transcending the existing languages.

Having someone to talk to about that, in the first place.

-

It seems that I can act in such a way, that they prefer. Just don't squish something they don't like into them.

The wish for approval of my actions became so unbearably bad including the pressure to conform to this hypocritical morality, that going against everything seemed the most logical approach.

You keep your naughty little fun things to yourself and do the actual nasty with a group of idiots, because you found another group as even worse.

What a reality. Except it's slightly more fun and comfortable, than trying to adhere to this impossible moral standard drawn by failed fantasizers of nice and fuck.

Screw this. I want positive. I'm having it. I don't want to drown in your projected misery.

-

And off we go, all of this garbage simply introduces self-doubt that was never apparent. I knew I could do everything I wanted to. I was the best at being myself.

Suddenly - I can't. There are better people than me. Was I unaware of them, or I didn't care?

That's because I'm not myself anymore. That's why other people can be better at being someone else than me.

It's harder for me to be an idiot because you're already stupid.

And I'm certainly not as good at being the likeable person by this person's fantasies, as you, who is mindless and can simply become someone they're not, only to fail at a personal level to be distinguishable.

Pretty easy to fill in an empty head with a bloated ego. You'll define good in such a way, that would make you accepted into the circle somebody else has put you in.

-

Being a hypocrite is a lot easier on the reality, but a lot harder on your morality, which screams in confusion every time you have to do the conflicting thing.

So what do I do? Talk to myself. Build my Fantasy into a world, a guide, an idea. A Dream. And keep it separate.

And create this separate entity, second face, second empathy, that fits the norm of Reality, to protect the Dream housed in the fragile moral entity, that values good on a personal scale, rather than the „correct“ moral scale.

Except that what this entity has to say is that it does not like me.

## 8. I Do Not Like You

And you don't like me.

It seems that I have created a conflict, rather than a solution to a problem. A conflict that has cursed at me every time I tried to do anything at all.

A contradiction inside of me, that just gave me a good and a bad option, which produced the exact opposite reaction by the Reality.

I'm trying to protect you, because I'm aware of my darkness once you inflict damage to my hurttable ability to Dream.

I'm capable of nice things. I'm protecting them with the face of danger if you wrong them.

-

There's something wrong in me according to the Reality. That's why I protect it with the idea of nice that comes from me. I don't want bad things to happen to me and I don't want to do bad things to you.

Don't give me a reason to hate.

I like it, because I choose not to hate you.

The entity is rather unhappy with the hypocritical nature of its ability to observe because the observation can be provoked to protect its own perception of good, by doing bad to someone.

Do I have to decide if the Reality is good or bad?

Do I have to decide is it good, to be good? Or to not be bad?

What if it's bad by my standard, but I have to accept that it's good, towards the Reality, or my own good?

Then why exactly are all superheroes, porn, and desires of euphoria are drawn as nice and good in the Reality, with the moral standard of love, when they're completely incapable of distinguishing using someone versus BEING OF ANY USE??

You're not my eyes, and you're not my sun that shines on things, you're a big fucking obstacle towards a simple decision on what to do.

Everything just blinds me, confuses and makes me accept emotion as a decision, just to get out of this Obscurity of lack of communication.

-

The music becomes really complex, and has a deep embedded meaning of having something to say, rather than saying it. You'd say it becomes conceptual, because my beauty is obstructed by the thought of response to it, acceptance, and fucked up integrity of Reality that's provoking my responses to protect the ...Dream.

I'm angry because I'm not able to be good.

The problem is that I want to be good..?

-

I do a good thing – shine light on something possible, and you put me into a psychiatrist's office, explaining that it's wrong to belittle people who make fun of me. They're exactly like me, trying to fit in to be cool.

So that's what I do you moron, I act as the cooler one. They belittle everyone.

I do this to protect the Dream.

Because if I get depressed by being completely unapproved by Reality, I become really, really mean to everyone. And I don't want to do it.

And the entity that has the morality is just screaming in pain all the time.

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

-

The music starts to lack melodies, which I ascribed as „emotional reaction“.

I'd rather have it sleep, instead of facing the hypocritical Reality.

And I'm protecting you, from coming in and damaging it.

Because if you do, I will do really bad things to you.

-

Is there a difference between good and bad?

Good protects the weak?

But being weak is bad because your good is not set. That's why you have no reason to protect it – get better at yourself to do it.

„I want nice and fuck“. Is it even good to protect these people?

Their good is so weak, it can simply be protected by a projection of Fantasy on everyone else.

My good is so set, that I'm checking for signs of it using communication.

You want to do bad things to good people? You're bad.  
You want to do bad things to bad people? You're good.  
You want to do good things to bad people? You're good.  
You want to do good things to good people? You're good.

Then why the only good people are the ones that do bad things to good people? Not listen, shut up, agree to everyone who is even worse than them, and just continue their Fantasy of being a porn superhero?

Is it fear, or are they actually that empty and boring?

Here I am, unable to distinguish good from bad.

It presents itself as a Contradiction.

And I want to do bad things to everyone.

Because I get punishment the second I try to do good things.

Because my good doesn't align with your good.

Your Bias is „correctness“.

My Bias is performance.

We're not the same.

And I do not like you.

-

I do not like the good part of me, because it makes me miserable.

The good part of me doesn't like the mean part of me, because it makes me protective – I cease to perform in order to not do bad things to people that do good things by my Bias.

Is it wrong to have a standard of good, that is different from the Reality?

If the Reality makes me feel bad, then how am I able to judge it as good? How the fuck am I supposed to decide?

This Reality doesn't communicate and doesn't speak the language that is capable of containing the information needed to judge if it's good.

-

You do not know what is happening inside my head while you keep pushing, and then you won't listen.

I want to skin you alive, rip your entire body to pieces and hang this shit to dry in the sun that you forced me to put to sleep - a display of you being the mindless, spineless piece of pathetic waste of oxygen.

Tell everyone not to be like this motherfucker. Because I'd be more than willing to do things like these to them.

I want to do it.

Every each of you deserve to die.

Because you are not good, you are not capable of being good and your definition of good ends the moment your fantasy of nice and fuck doesn't apply.

And I hate being in this position more than I hate you.

-

This is probably the darkest moment of subconscious darkness - being completely muted by the fear of my own capability to go totally insane by the standard of hypocritical Reality.

I cease to like anything. What is left from approval for approvable things?

I learnt to adapt to the Reality in such a way, that dominant parts in the conditions start to dominate.

If this world operates by force of danger, so be it.

If your good is valued by your ability to manipulate the Reality with desires of nice and fuck, so be it.

In my eyes, that's an insolveable problem, which stands for being a condition.

And if the conditions tell you, that the best performance can be achieved by being a manipulative fucking piece of human garbage that doesn't care - I have all the hate for the Reality to be more than capable of giving you that. I have a Dream that I want to fulfill.

Except that the same energy I used to protect the good, I am using to attack the „none“ - the Obscurity.

The emptiness that this Reality has created:

The Obscurity of non-existent communication:

The Dream that cannot live alongside a player of both ends.

-

I do not like anything at all.

Nothing seems to be enjoyable or engaging. Not really. You like it because someone else approves it. But it doesn't give you the Feedback to keep doing it. Because you have no reason to believe it.

Your approval is you not having an opinion.

So why on earth, I should do anything for you?

I don't even know if you would like it.

I do not like you, I say to each other.

That's why I no longer speak.