

Hypocritical Exceptionalism and The Atopical

The conservative position, the libertarian one, is characterized by its stringent belief in capitalist meritocracy; the American conservative, to be precise. Although, what's the difference anyway? Connected globalization combined with the rife nature of modern culture has helped breed the same conservative, little variations amidst.

However, what fascinates me is the progressive, the liberal, the "left" - if I may use the term as means of detest at the moment. They don't deserve the label, for they are not worth it. The prototypical progressive, for whom I have much criticism, still holds positions that are reasonable. These positions are their biggest goals, the life force that concocts self-identity. For me these are trivialities, necessities to get done, to get rid of, such that humanity, the individual, I myself can focus on conquering greater peaks.

Affirmative action, a necessary principle. Theoretically, they reject meritocracy - capitalist meritocracy. As if moving away from capitalism, even toning it down a bit, to a welfare-esque, universal basic income economy magically produces a "true" meritocracy.

Such sentiment is evident in discourse. Their critiques of conservatives often delve into the space of "they are stupid, thus the defence of such and such principles"; vice-versa from the opposite (same) side. Not only does it fail to favor their position in rigorous analysis, it simply contrives of an objective merit, a true merit, simply

outside of their reach, waiting to be found a few obstacles away - one that is non-existent.

What is merit? I claim it's non-existent, more importantly - absolutely irrelevant. The surface argument that merit are values emerging from cultural synthesis; culture determines merit, even if designated to a certain few, tis still is culture. The Nietzschean dictum, as Zarathustra proclaims - Naked have I seen both of them, the greatest man and the smallest man. All too similar are they still to each other.

Exceptional and the normal, a love-hate relationship. The hypocrisy of the exception is in their disdain of the normal, not in explicit hate rather resentful quasi-moral (in essence) superiority. At the same time, they are glad to be not-normal. They are happy, relieved even, that the normal exists. The supposed superiority reduces to re-action, resentment at play.

And I too was one; perhaps its strains still hold me bound.

In Nietzsche the essential relation of one force to another is never conceived of as a negative element in the essence. In its relation with the other the force which makes itself obeyed does not deny the other or that which it is not, it *affirms its own difference and enjoys this difference*. The negative is not present in the essence as that from which force draws its activity: on the contrary it is a result of activity, of the existence of an active force and the affirmation of its difference.

- Nietzsche and Philosophy, Gilles Deleuze

The Atopical. The individual outside the topic, where there is no “topic” itself. An affirmation of the negation. Neither alive nor dead. The Zombie.

The marker of Atopical is simply that he doesn't care about being (seen) exceptional. Even more so, no care in (outside) the world about being atopical.

The Atopical loves the topic(s), not love as culture yields. Authentic love, one that affirms the Atopical. The distance between them? An opportunity to overcome, to become anew.

Atopical holds kindness for all. Perhaps not the christian kind, not anything pitiful, anything sympathetic. An active kindness. She lifts the other up, not as means of devout guilt, rather to make the other strong enough to fight her. To battle, to destroy, to get destroyed: and emerge anew.

Atopical hugs as to throw, not ones of sneaky secrecy, but those of deep reverence. If it cannot find reverence in its enemies, they are not enemies anymore. Only matters of indifference.

The Humanist idea of love confuses me. The Zizekian Sentiment against the echoes of “I love the whole world”, let it resound again. In loving the entire world, doesn't the value of love itself regress? The specialness of love, in Zizek's words - love means I pick out something [...] even if this something is just a small detail, a fragile individual person and I say I love you more than anything else

To go further, even hating the world is still relation. You relate to yourself as the person whole relates to your enemy with hate. Re-action, once again.

The Atopical is indifferent. It loves certain things, certain people authentically. A child-life fervor in loving. Then, it is indifferent to everything else.

A thought. Perhaps the hate, one of resentment, emerges from a lack of love; of the very enemies one hates.