

**THE NATURAL ORDER OUT OF CHAOS:
IS THIS TO BE MAN'S HERITAGE ?**

With the setting of the sun, so the light of day is obscured and man prepares to sleep, as is his wont ... as it has been and, sadly, as it appears it shall ever be.

Too often, mans' sleep is but ephemeral for there is no permanence to it: For every civilisation that has ever existed, it is burdensome, in the extreme, for man to be at peace with himself, allowing him to experience the sleep of the innocent.

The above statements are especially true of this period in the history of the world as one nation sides with another in order to extinguish the rebirth – yet once more – of fanaticism in another.

Is truth, too oft, covered in a blanket of the sublime?

Is intellect, too oft, decorations built upon a void?

Man has yet to learn how to live in harmony with his neighbour although many maintain, up to the time of their death, no doubt, that they lived a virtuous life.

Virtue, it is said, is its own reward, but who is to define a quality, considered morally good or desirable in a person?

Truth, as with beauty, is said to be in the eye of the beholder.

The truth is defined, from one civilisation to another, as akin to a stalk of bamboo, bent by the blowing of the winds of change.

If truth is the existence of the real, then, falsity must, logically, be the absence of the real.

Today, the world is battling the soldiers of a so-called caliphate, founded only recently in the history of man by a purported Muslim cleric, who is thought to have been killed, only recently.

The caliphate that this cleric founded may be said to be crumbling under the weight of the arms of its many enemies, but it is well known, as any gardener would willingly admit, that, under many of the stones, found in any garden, there is life, be it a member of the Mermithidae Family or some other arthropod, rarely seen by most people lest they be engaged in the pursuits of agronomy.

And so, another purported religious cleric, without question, will, as with the legendary phoenix rise from its ashes, in this case, that of the dead cleric of the crumbling caliphate, claim the right of succession of his predecessor.

But which cleric may make the claim of being a successor of Muhammad as temporal and spiritual head of Islam?

False prophets come and go, as history has recorded, but there is, always, room for others to replace those who have forsaken their once faithful flock, either by accident, assassination or design.

It is a truism that the fruits of one war become the food for new ones; and so it is with religious zealots, by and large.

Man's efforts to ameliorate his lot have been written in tomes, passed down through the centuries.

But all to little avail.

Man seems determined to kill his own kind with surprising gusto and, with the passing of nearly every day, one learns of the advances in the creation of new and more-potent weapons of war, ones that have reaped the benefits of scientific discovery and experimentation, allowing new killing devices to be born, these devices, tending to multiply as fast as unwanted fungi.

Interestingly, those in the business of killing, cannot wait to test the newest weaponry of war in order to discover its many admirable properties:

1. *How many people can one of the weapons kill in a very short space of time?*
2. *Can a fairly ignorant soldier learn to use the weapon with comparative ease?*

With the advance of every new weapon by one nation, new counter-weaponry is produced by an opposing nation; and, so the arced parts of the circle join, one negating the other; the circle is complete and the two integral arcs, now merged, cease to be the once interdependent, singular parts of the circle.

As nations congratulate themselves for being able to send a man to the moon, back on earth, men and women continue to die of cancer; wars are fought and entire cities, along with their precious histories, are destroyed, beyond recognition; innocent adolescent orphans, many still not weaned from their mothers' breasts, are left to starve to death; and, to the victor go the spoils.

That which one society finds as being beautiful, another society, existing in the exact time zone, dubs the same as being abominate.

The refinements of today's societies' horrors are many and varied, but there is no holding back the march of man with his ever-efficient killing machines: Because man enjoys killing his own kind, regardless of the excuses that he conjures up in order to justify his dastardly actions.

For the most part, the masses remain wholly ignorant, fierce and cruel to extraordinary levels of degradation.

If history is to be the true judge of man, then, it is safe to state that man shall be recorded as being unlikely, ever, to embrace positive and enduring change: The many errors of the past shall be the seemingly proper actions with regard to the future, it shall be prognosticated.

While the creative person might try to bring his work of art to a point that he determines is as close to perfection as he can manage, while the musician might attempt to cause sounds to be as absolutely pure as is possible, while the architect might strive to construct an edifice that is unique in and of itself while, at the same time, being of a lasting and attractive form that follows function, nature prefers a different route: Destruction in order to start afresh.

And, this is where today's civilisation is headed: The natural order out of chaos.

Nothing in the above has not been stated in other words, words of pith and moment, much better than can be penned by this scribe, but this medium maintains that it is better to regurgitate the truth in respect of modern man in the fervent hope that truth will out, than to sit silently and to allow the final curtain to come down on the man's last-recorded play.

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