

The manufacture of the Unconscious

“The unconscious is a necessity of existence, while consciousness is a necessity of being human”

N.B.

*The Arabic version of this article is the reference,
read it via one of the following links:*

[*صناعة اللاوعي*](#)

[*The manufacture of the Unconscious*](#)



The Duality of Consciousness and the Unconscious

The unconscious is consciousness' antithesis, yet its existential twin – a bond enduring as long as humanity itself. Each is a shore; their union an eternal duality of opposites. A restless duality, ever in motion: its shores dwell side by side, yet neither rests, each covertly wounding the other. A struggle for dominance where consciousness seldom prevails, while the unconscious often triumphs. In this ebb and flow, the victor reigns temporarily, while the defeated bides its time in bitterness.

It is the night when consciousness is day, the darkness when the other is light. They dwell in the self by force, tugging it against its will. Their coexistence is an inescapable fate – Written by necessity, sealed by human nature.

No consciousness inhabits a soul abandoned by the unconscious, nor does the unconscious find solace in a soul where consciousness has perished. A soul devoid of the unconscious is doomed to wither, while a soul where consciousness dies becomes cattle, lifeless.

*For the unconscious, in essence, is **the necessity of existence**, whereas consciousness is **the necessity of humanity**.*

How could a creature exist without the unconscious, when instinct – the unconscious' eldest daughter – Is the bedrock of its being and survival? Or claim humanity without consciousness, when awareness is its defining trait? It cannot be without it, nor has it ever been present for others – Not in ages past, nor now.

The Unconscious: A Repository of Light-Averse Concepts

The unconscious is a vault of concepts that loathe the light. They hide in the shadows of the human psyche, ruling this human's life from behind a veil. It has ruled, rules, and shall rule – Human perceptions and feelings toward the self, and toward all existence beyond.

*Among these concepts: Some are **fixed**, like humanity's immutable traits, Others **fluid**, shaped by culture and ways of life.*

The Unconscious: Essence, Root, and Puppeteer

If consciousness is form, the unconscious is essence; If consciousness is stem or flower, it is the root. It sustains when reason's power wanes, when fatigue paralyzes action. It seeps through consciousness' fissures, oozes from the pores of awareness.

It orchestrates life's rhythm, lays its foundation, and attends to minute details. It governs when consciousness slumbers, yet remains ever-present when awake. When we drowse, it steers affairs; When we wake, it leaps – a sniper of circumstance.

It tirelessly paints the world as it desires, crafts goals and paths forward. We mistake freedom for our sovereign right, while its fetters bind hand, tongue, and feeling. In action, it is the prime mover; in speech, it is meaning and letters.

Epilogue: The Forging of a New Human

Its ancient scripts shaped humans of bygone eras; its contemporary hand inscribes today's human. I claim no revelation, nor demand reward for this pursuit, but declare: "There are those laboring night and day to manufacture a new unconscious – Craving a new human, perfectly crafted to their design."

The Unconscious: The Immutable and the Mutable

The immutable unconscious anchored humanity as an authentic essence within existence. The mutable unconscious perpetually reshaped man's relationship with this existence.

The Immutable Core

Human instinct – the Creator's endowment safeguarding man's survival. Without this immutable core: The species would lack continuity; Humanity would lose its unifying standard traits.

Its Foundational Role:

It established all those behavioral and emotional commonalities that unite people across ages – Whether gathered in communities, or scattered across lands.

For humanity is one – wherever it may dwell. It differs in minor customs here and circumstantial details there, yet its common denominator is too vast for the eye to overlook.

In hunger and thirst, in sorrow and joy, in slumber and wakefulness, in the obsession with survival and greed – All humans share.

And you witness them adopt identical conduct when fear strikes or danger looms: Some evade evil out of trepidation, others surrender to calamity when it descends.

And I have not yet spoken of humanity's emotional and conjugal inclinations – For modesty restrains me from explicit dissection, though clarity demands illumination.

Still, Adam remains enchanted by his ancient passion for Eve, and Eve ceaselessly beckons him to transcend forbidden veils. The sun never ceases rising upon this earth, and the earth never tires of yearning amorously for the moon.

The Mutable Unconscious

The Catalyst of Diversity:

*As for **the mutable unconscious**, it is the harvest of culture, thought, and lived experience – dynamic forces that spurn stagnation. Thus, we confront collective currents not with rigidity in the unconscious, but through its fluid metamorphosis.*

*This mutable dimension is **an adaptive necessity** and **empowering imperative**. Without this transformative force within our unconscious, Human interests would never diverge across eras and lands, and humanity would march in lockstep under a monolithic emotional and visionary horizon – A colorless existence.*

The Architect of Belonging:

It orchestrates goals and kindles motivations, setting humanity's priorities. It forges a distinct affective consciousness toward all facets of existence—minor and monumental.

*When this consciousness harmonizes among neighbors in shared time and space, It crystallizes into a **collective ethos** for contemporaries inhabiting a common realm.*

*It weaves the sinews that anchor the individual to the **earth's expanse** of their dwelling and livelihood. It births belonging... It forges homelands.*

The Dichotomy of Permanence and Flux

*If the **immutable core** of our unconscious stands unshakable— Drawing its strength and constancy from the Creator's covenant with humanity— Then its **mutable dimension** remains inherently fragile. This fragility is the hallmark of all that flows—no exception, no refutation.*

For motion is enamored with time, it wanders spellbound by space— A duality of gift and flaw.

The Tyranny and Temptation of Time-Space

Time wields its sways and sweeps, Space imposes its conditions and guardians. No motion escapes time's dominion while it endures, nor slips space's grip while it dwells.

***Interactivity with existence** is the sine qua non of adaptation and empowerment—
Here, motion reveals its true essence: A trait and triumph.*

*Yet the flaw arises from another's power to choreograph this interactivity to the
rhythm of their ambitions and appetites.*

*For time, ever-faithful to its nature, favors the bold and cunning; while space, true
to its essence, yields to its masters— The architects of structures.*

The Shadow Laboratories

*And it appears some have discerned this flaw in the nature of all that flows—
Mastering time's inclinations and space's dispositions. Thus, they labor
to manufacture the mutable dimension of our unconscious precisely to their design
and desire.*

*Their methods unfold in hidden underground laboratories, where influencers are
engineered, and new unconscious concepts birthed in blackened chambers.*

*Thus, the mutable unconscious becomes— The harvested casualty of their
operations, the ultimate sacrifice.*

The Final Desecration

*And how I dread the defiling hand reaching even for the immutable core of
humanity's unconscious— For then the calamity would be ultimate, the ruin
absolute.*

*People would diverge in their very primordial design— No longer one humankind,
but multitudes of alien species. Alike in form, yet each inwardly convinced of its
solitary truth.*

***Primordial nature would perish**, replaced by fungi without root or creed—
Malignant growths sprouting upon its grave.*

*Spare me the telling of this human's future... For **annihilation is destiny**—
As forewarned by the Creator, Lord of All Worlds."*

The Soldiers of the Unconscious

Every sense is the unconscious' soldiers, all serving it alike. The eye never idles—it ceaselessly gathers light to empower its presence. Nor does its neighbor, the ear, lag in generosity and bounty. I shall not prolong my narrative, for all senses are its soldiers, even if their roles vary: some weaker here, others less abundant there. If I single out the eye and ear as examples, it is because they are the most giving and pivotal in the work of preservation and construction.

The eye never ceases to scan images, nor does the unconscious ever rest—hoarding them openly or in secret. Few images are consciously captured through effort; most seep unnoticed into the subconscious repositories below. The conscious eye narrows to the center alone, while the unconscious eye sweeps freely across the center and its surrounding expanse. Thus, consciousness rejoices in its scant images and preens, while the unconscious remains insatiable—whether its harvest is abundant or its gifts profuse.

The ear, too, is the same: it gathers sound, the obscure and the lucid alike. Consciousness grasps a fragment of speech and keeps it as a prisoner of mindful memory. But the unconscious never selects—hoarding is its craft, whether the treasure is precious or its wares worn thin. What confounds the mind today becomes tomorrow's beloved, the bearer of profound meanings.

Days weigh heavily upon both. Consciousness empties, retaining but little, while the unconscious swells with its hoard—tilting the scales. In moments of need, in dire hours, the soul draws from the reserves of consciousness only to reap emptiness. Yet from the stores of the unconscious, it emerges ever-victorious, ever-content. For often, consciousness has failed us; and often, the unconscious has leapt to our aid... answering the call.

The Sovereignty of the Unconscious

Some have grasped its dominion over us—its means of controlling speech, action, and even sensation. The unconscious reigns as our sovereign, whether we acknowledge this truth, or whether elites or masses dismiss it. Rarely does

consciousness answer our call; often we are swept away by an unconscious of immense power and formidable prowess.

A mere tenth of who we are is wrought by lucid awareness—and even that tenth drifts from truth, defying accurate measure. By reality and logic, we are the creation of an unconscious whose roots run deep, confident in its mastery. It governs us in wakefulness, when awareness wanes and sensation flares. It rules absolutely in slumber, as sleep lengthens, perception fades, and the senses yield to stillness.

From this insight, a fevered mind takes flight—restless with lust for power, dominion, and glory. If the unconscious rules humanity, then let me rule humanity's unconscious... Thus, it whispers to the soul, rousing dreams. I know the unconscious's secrets—I've mastered its workings, its soldiers, its keys. The eye is its gate; the ear is its gate; and the keys rest in my palm. The world is a ship, and I am its captain.

I craft images, cloaking them in hues and strokes of light—I am the artist. Sound is my creation—I own the ether, engineer acoustics, all bending to my will. With images, I lavish generosity, for bounty is my mark when sovereignty tips the scales. With sound, I harness every voice and taste—tuning words and waves, refining eloquence. I flood the eye with my factory's yield, and deafen the ear with whispers—for in obsession, I am the master, and Satan is my apprentice.

I tighten the noose on those who defy my design, denying them light, ether, and voice—silencing their truth. Thus, the victim is rendered powerless—and by "victim," I mean the unconscious of this wretched creature called "human."

The Sum of It

They seized knowledge and the tools, mastering the means to their ends and the harvest of desires. Wealth their creed, dominion their doctrine, driven by Satan's unyielding defiance. Few in number yet boundless in depravity, no deed too vile for their hands. No baseness of purpose deters their pursuit; no distance hinders their aim. They deemed the unconscious a mere algorithm—and marched toward it, undeterred by conscience. They learned its secrets and gates of entry, sealing its vents with heaps of ash. Thus, after long strife, it yielded: Prosperous is he who owns the ears of the masses.

They rained arrows of letters and light upon the people, till humans became captives—and they, the masters. They took them by the dozens, then by the thousands, having first claimed them one by one. They are the engineers of the unconscious, weavers of delusions... slayers of dreams... foes to light and virtue.

They parked the letter “A” where they wished, and the “B”, the “C”, and the “Z”. Thus, speech emerged as a mirror to their whims—whims sown in venom, bearing fruit as malice. They seized the ether and the channels of speech, drowning ears in garbled words, endlessly repeated. The wretch became a prisoner of discourse; swiftly, mind and heart bowed to its command. Their vile utterances settled in the soul’s shadows, festering—and tomorrow, the rotten yields rot, harvest never delayed.

With images, they trespassed all bounds, heaping upon them unbearable dimensions. They marred the beautiful, adorned the vile—jade and emerald piled ever higher. They poured floods of light on foul, dim corners, while drowning all radiant opposition in darkness. The eye struck targets they chose; truth fled the field of vision—exiled, awaiting return. Thus, truth dies in the gloom of a desolate cave, like crops withering when the sun withdraws. Time sweeps them—and us—forward: eyes grow accustomed to ugliness and crave it. And the day of reckoning? I fear it will not delay.

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11/6/2025