

Qui Sumus

Existence, immortality, and the irrelevance of both

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So God created mankind in his own image.

— Genesis 1:27



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Preface

This is not a philosophy paper. I don't even know what this is. A very sophisticated, very pretentious form of shitpost, one could argue. Or me trying to look smarter than I actually am. But I wanted to write down some thoughts I have on the simplest concept in the universe, which is existence.

I have never read Plato. The closest thing to philosophy I've read is either *Animal Farm* or the Bible (not in full though). I've read *Harry Potter* fifty times in two languages. I'm a software engineer from Bytów. I think in systems. These thoughts have been forming in my head since I was about fourteen, alone, at night, staring at the ceiling. Nobody taught me this. Nobody assigned it. I just kept thinking and the thoughts kept connecting to each other until they became whatever this is.



I. Pattern

I think identity, the thing that makes you *you*, is information. Not your body. Not your specific atoms. Not some mystical soul hovering above the machinery. It's the PATTERN. The specific arrangement and state of everything happening inside you: the neural connections, the chemical balances, the electrical signals, the memories encoded in protein structures. All of it, together, running. That's you.

Your body replaces most of its atoms every seven to ten years. The Gabriel writing this shares almost no physical matter with the fourteen-year-old who started thinking about this stuff. But I persisted. Because the pattern persisted. The hardware swapped out underneath me and I never noticed.

If that's true (and I suspect it is) then the body is a substrate. A medium. Like a hard drive. You don't care about the hard drive. You care about the data on it. The information.

If you snapshot the complete pattern, every connection, every state, every signal, and write it to a new substrate, and the original is gone, the copy *is* you. Not a clone. Not a replica. You. Because there

is nothing else that *you* consists of beyond that pattern. There is no ghost left behind that the copy is missing.

If the original survives, then you have two entities. For one instant they are identical. Then they start having separate experiences and they diverge. Think of it like a git branch. Same commit history, different futures. Both are legitimate. Neither is more “real.” They just forked.

Or if you prefer biology over software: homologous genes. A single ancestral gene duplicates, that’s a paralog. Same origin, same sequence at the moment of duplication. But from that point on, each copy accumulates its own mutations, adapts to its own pressures, evolves its own function. Given enough time, the two copies become so different you’d never guess they started as the same thing. But they did. They share a root. They diverged.

Identity (or what I like to call the pattern) works the same way. Two copies of a person are paralogs. Same origin, independent evolution from the moment of the fork.

This doesn’t make you less unique. Each fork is unique in its own right. They share a root, but they are independent from the moment they diverge.

There’s an uncomfortable idea here: what if there’s a gap, a moment where the pattern exists in neither the old substrate nor the new one? Maybe the snapshot sits on a shelf for ten years before a new body is ready.

I don’t care about the gap. Here’s why: from the perspective of the pattern, the gap didn’t happen. You closed your eyes and opened

them. Ten years passed for the world, zero seconds passed for you. It's the same as dreamless sleep. It's the same as anesthesia. It's the same as being shipwrecked for a decade and coming home. Disorienting, painful, but nobody questions whether you're still you.

The mechanism of the gap is irrelevant. Unconscious on an island, stored as data on a server. Same result. The subjective thread picks up where it left off.

This raises a question: what is your age, then? If you're stored inert for twenty years, did you age twenty years? I don't think so. No processing happened. No memories formed. No experience accumulated. The pattern was paused, not living.

Age, in this framework, is accumulated conscious experience, not elapsed calendar time. It's a runtime counter, not a wall clock. If a six-year-old's pattern is stored for twenty years and then restored into a thirty-year-old body, that person is six. They experienced six years of life. The calendar says twenty-six, the body says thirty, but the person inside is six. I'm not proposing a technical solution for how to track this on paper. I'm just saying that the honest answer to "how old are you" should be based on how long you've actually been conscious, not how long the universe has been turning since you were born.

If identity is the pattern and the body is just the substrate carrying it, then what we currently call death is not really the end of a person. It's data loss. The substrate failed and nobody had a backup. The person didn't "end" in some metaphysical sense, their storage medium broke. If you had a backup, they wouldn't have

died at all. Death, in this framework, stops meaning “the end of a person” and starts meaning “the end of a substrate.” The person persists as long as the pattern persists somewhere, in any medium. What we currently call death is just the worst-case scenario: total, unrecoverable data loss.

My dad died when I was ten. He was my best friend. That day sucked. Not having a father sucked. But he showed me in ten years what it means to be decent, to be loving, to be a friend to your kid. I would take that kind of dad for ten years over a bad dad for sixty. If I could have him back, I would. But it is what it is.

What stays with me isn’t the grief. It’s the *stupidity* of it. His pattern, everything he was, everything he knew, the way he laughed, the way he made me feel safe, all of that was lost because a bunch of cells in his body misbehaved. That’s the reason my dad is gone. Not fate. Not God’s plan. Unrecoverable data loss in biological hardware.



II. Consciousness

Everything you experience, every memory, every emotion, every dream, every flash of recognition when you hear a song from ten years ago, is a physical event. Chemical reactions. Electrical impulses. Proteins folding. Neurotransmitters crossing synaptic gaps. There is no non-physical component. No soul, no spirit, no sacred spark that exists outside the chemistry.

As far as I understand, this isn't a particularly wild claim. But I don't think it's commonly followed to its logical conclusion. And the gut feeling that there **must** be something more? That's also chemistry. Consciousness being biased about itself.

Think of a cake. If you have the exact same ingredients, the exact same measurements, the exact same oven temperature and timing, you get the same cake. Not a similar cake. The same cake. (well, functionally the same cake, of course it won't be the same to the atom.) Because the cake doesn't come from some mysterious cake-essence floating in the kitchen. It comes from the ingredients and the process. Nothing else.

Consciousness is the same. The ingredients are the state: the neural architecture, the synaptic weights, the chemical concentrations, the accumulated memories, every physical detail of the brain at a given moment. The process is biology doing what biology does. The result is *you*. Your thoughts, your feelings, your next decision, your experience of being alive right now.

In software terms, this is what's called a pure function. Same input, always same output, no hidden variables. But you don't need to know programming to understand it. You just need to accept that consciousness doesn't pull from some secret external source. It derives entirely from what's already physically there. Reconstruct the ingredients, run the recipe, and the same person emerges. Because there is nowhere else for them to come from.

A common objection: is a reconstructed mind really “them”? But we already accept massive data loss as a normal part of being alive, and nobody panics about it.

You don't remember most of your life. Entire years are gone. You might watch a home video of yourself at seven and have zero recollection of that day. The memories that defined you at fifteen have faded or warped beyond recognition by the time you're thirty. Your personality shifts. Your values evolve. Your tastes, your fears, your sense of humor, all of it changes continuously, uncontrollably, without your permission.

And yet nobody says “the real you died somewhere around 2019 because you can't remember a Tuesday in March.” We accept

continuity of identity despite constant, uncontrolled degradation of the underlying data.

Here's the thing: right now, today, your brain is a lossy backup of who you were yesterday. And you're fine with that. You don't panic every morning because you've forgotten 99% of what happened last month. You still call yourself you.

So if a deliberate snapshot preserves *more* of you than your own brain does naturally, why would that version be less you? If anything, it's more faithful to the original than what biology is doing to you right now. Your brain is already a worse copy of who you were. You just don't notice because it happens slowly.

Does the reconstruction need to be absolutely, perfectly identical down to the last atom? No. Because even your own brain isn't identical to itself from one millisecond to the next. There's noise in the system at every level: thermal fluctuations, random neurotransmitter release, quantum jitter. Perfect fidelity is impossible even in the original.

This only works because the original won't be around. A copy continues you after you're gone. If both exist at the same time, they immediately become two different people, different environment, different inputs, different outputs. The copy doesn't replace you while you're still here. It picks up where you left off.

What matters is FUNCTIONAL EQUIVALENCE. If I feel like me from the inside, and the people who know me experience me as the same person, then I am the same person. If nobody can tell the difference, not me, not my friends, not anyone, then there is no difference.



III. Death

We treat death like it's a law of nature. Like gravity. Like thermodynamics. Something fundamental and unchangeable that we simply have to accept.

It's not. Death is hardware failure. Your heart wears out. Your cells stop dividing correctly. Your telomeres shorten. Your organs accumulate damage faster than your body can repair it. These are mechanical problems. Specific, identifiable, physical processes that go wrong in specific, identifiable, physical ways.

We already fix some of them. A pacemaker is fine. A kidney transplant is fine. Replacing a valve in your heart is fine. But somewhere between "replace a lung" and "replace the whole body," there seems to be a line where it stops being medicine and starts being something else.

I think that line is cultural, not logical. We've been dying for three hundred thousand years and we built everything (religion, philosophy, inheritance law, retirement funds, the entire concept of legacy) around the assumption that everyone does. Remove death and all of those frameworks collapse. I suspect the resistance isn't about extending life being wrong, it's about it being destabilizing.

I don't want to make people immortal. That's not even possible. The universe is thermodynamically finite. Energy is limited. Stars die. Entropy wins eventually. You cannot truly solve death. On a long enough timeline, everything stops.

What I want is to move death from the category of *things that happen to you* to the category of *things you decide*. Right now, death is a natural disaster. It arrives uninvited. A car accident, a cancer diagnosis, a heart that stops at sixty-three, a blood clot at forty. You don't get a vote. You don't get a say.

I want people to get a say.

One person might choose to live for a hundred and twenty years and decide that's enough. Another might want a thousand. Another might want a hundred thousand. The point isn't the number. The point is that *it's their number*. They chose it. Death becomes a door you walk through when you're ready, not a wall you crash into without warning.

That's not immortality. That's SOVEREIGNTY over your own existence.

A human body isn't built to last a hundred thousand years. The brain evolved for seventy, maybe eighty years of experience. Run it longer than that and it starts to fail. Memory degrades, cognition slows, the architecture wasn't designed for that kind of load.

The solution is cycling.

Think of it like a snake shedding its skin, except the snake is shedding its entire body. You live in biological hardware until it starts to fail, or until you simply want a change. Then you reprint

a fresh body, transfer the pattern, and keep going. The mind accumulates centuries or millennia of experience, but the hardware never ages past its prime.

And the medium doesn't have to be biological at all. The body is just an interface. It's one way to run the pattern, but it's not the only way. You could run on a bio-chip, on silicon, on some networked device, serialized into a digital format, or something we haven't invented yet. The pattern is information, and information doesn't care what carries it. If it can be read, it can be stored. If it can be stored, it can be transferred. If it can be transferred, it can run on something else.

The technical challenge is enormous. But from a theoretical standpoint, there's no reason it shouldn't work. Information is information. The substrate is just the container.

You're like water. Same substance, different states. Ice, liquid, steam. Still water. Still you.

I want to be clear about what this doesn't solve. Extending life, even radically, even to thousands or hundreds of thousands of years, does not defeat entropy. The universe is cooling. Stars are burning out. Energy is finite and cannot be created.

This buys time. More Tuesdays. More breakfasts with the people you love. More years to build, to learn, to experience, to be present. And by my own framework (the one where the cosmic timescale is meaningless and the human timescale is everything) more time on the human scale is the only thing that actually matters.

III. DEATH

You cannot live forever. But you can live long enough that death becomes something you chose rather than something that chose you. And that difference, between dying because your body failed and dying because you decided you were ready, is the difference between tragedy and dignity.



IV. Two clocks

I operate on two timescales at the same time. One where nothing matters, and one where everything does.

Modern humans have existed for about three hundred thousand years. For two hundred and ninety-five thousand of those years, we didn't even write things down. In the last five thousand we made leaps that would be incomprehensible to our ancestors. Dinosaurs roamed the earth for over a hundred and sixty million years and never built a single thing. In about a billion years, the sun will expand and the earth will be gone.

On this clock, nothing matters. My life, your life, the greatest achievements of our species, they're rounding errors. The universe doesn't care. It doesn't care the way a rock doesn't care. Not with indifference, because indifference implies the capacity to care and the choice not to. The universe simply has no mechanism for caring. It's not hostile. It's not cold. It's just running. We happen to be inside it while it does.

I don't find this depressing. I don't find it scary. I find it obvious. It's like being told water is wet. Yes. And?

On the other clock, the one that runs for seventy, eighty, maybe a hundred years, everything matters. Every moment has weight. A Tuesday in September where nothing happens and you just sit on a patio with someone you love, that matters. A phone call with your mom where she complains about something trivial, that matters. A child laughing so hard no sound comes out, that matters more than anything that has ever happened in the history of the universe.

Not because the universe assigns it meaning. The universe doesn't assign anything. It matters because I experience it. Because I'm a thinking animal who can hold both clocks in my head and *choose* to care about the small one. A dog lives entirely on the human clock. A rock exists entirely on the cosmic one. I'm the thing in between that sees both and decides, consciously, deliberately, that the breakfast I make tomorrow morning is more important than the heat death of the universe.

That decision, caring *despite* knowing it doesn't matter cosmically, is not irrational. It's the most rational thing a conscious being can do. Because the cosmic clock is not actionable. I can't do anything about entropy. I can't stop the sun from expanding. I can't add meaning to the void. But I *can* make breakfast. I *can* show up. I *can* be present for the people I love for the limited time we overlap on this rock.

Choosing to act on the timescale where action is possible is not delusion. It's pragmatism.

Apparently, discovering that the universe is meaningless is supposed to be a crisis. Philosophers have written entire books about whether you should kill yourself over it. I've heard it's a big deal.

I never had that moment. Not because I'm tough or special. I just never had the expectation that the universe owed me meaning in the first place. I didn't start from "life must have purpose" and then discover it didn't. I started from "I'm here, I didn't ask to be, let's see what happens." The absence of cosmic meaning was never a loss because I never assumed it was there.

If there is any biological "purpose," it's reproduction. Pass your genes on, and you've done what evolution designed you to do. Everything after that is a bonus. It's your choice. You decide what matters, what to pursue, what to care about. The universe doesn't hand you a mission. You write your own or you don't. Either way is fine.

It is what it is.

Given the choice between existing and never having existed at all, I would choose never having existed. Not because my life is bad, it's actually quite good. But existence is a package deal I didn't negotiate. Nobody asked me. I was just here. And no matter how good life gets, suffering is inevitable. It's built into the system. So from a purely pragmatic standpoint: why sign up for guaranteed suffering when non-existence costs nothing? There's nobody in non-existence to miss the good parts.

This isn't depression. It's arithmetic. The absence of pleasure is not a tragedy when there's no one to be deprived of it. The presence of suffering is always a cost, no matter how small.

Though, if pattern persistence were real, if people I love didn't have to disappear because their hardware failed, if I could have more time with them instead of losing them to biology's schedule, my answer might be different. The calculus changes when existence stops being a trap with guaranteed loss. A world where you don't have to bury your dad at ten because nobody bothered to back him up, that's a world where existence might actually be worth choosing.

But I *am* here, in this world, the one without backups. The choice was made without my consent, and I can't undo it. So I play the hand I was dealt, and I play it well. I love people. I build things. I eat good food and argue about stupid things with my friends and stay up too late and feel the sun on my face. Because once you're in the game, refusing to play doesn't undo the fact that you're playing. It just means you're playing badly.

Every thought in this document traces back to one thing: AGENCY. No human being chooses to be born. No human being chooses when they die. Our identities are trapped in hardware we didn't design that degrades without our permission. We are assigned consciousness without a manual or a warranty.

These aren't personal complaints. As far as I can tell, this is just the deal: existence imposed without consent, death imposed without

consent, and a body that fails on its own schedule regardless of what you want.

Everything I've described in these pages (identity as transferable pattern, consciousness as preservable data, death as an engineering problem, existence on two clocks) isn't about what *I* want for myself. It's about what I think every conscious being deserves: the ability to choose.

Every person should get to decide. About their body. About their mind. About how long they stay. About when they leave.

Not the universe deciding for them. Not biology. Not God. Not the government. Not culture. Not tradition. *Them*. Each individual, for themselves.

Agency isn't a privilege for the smart or the rich or the lucky. It's a right that belongs to every person who can understand the question "do you want to continue?"

And here's the paradox I can't resolve: nobody asks to be born. They can't. It's impossible. You cannot consent to your own creation because you don't exist yet to give consent. That's not a flaw in the system, it's the system. The one act that determines everything about a person's existence is the one act they have zero say in.

And I would do it anyway. If I were in love, truly in love, and that love was strong enough that we felt this need to create a life, to make a person we would adore and guide and let explore the world, I would do it. Knowing everything I've written in this document. Knowing that by creating a life out of our own selfish need to love someone new, we condemn them to suffering. Because suffering is built into existence, and we'd be signing them up without asking.

That's the contradiction I live with. I believe agency is the most fundamental right a conscious being has. And I would violate it at the most fundamental level, at the very beginning, because I wanted to be a father. I don't have a justification for that. I just have the honesty to say it.



V. Directed evolution

This is the section where I contradict myself. I'm doing it openly because honesty about the contradiction is more useful than pretending it doesn't exist.

I'm not a geneticist. I don't run a lab. I don't have the resources or the authority to do any of what follows. This is a thought experiment, a thing I think about late at night when my brain won't shut off. But thought experiments are how I process the world, and this one has been sitting in my head since I was about sixteen, so I'm writing it down.

We already direct evolution. We've done it for thousands of years. We bred wolves into dogs. We turned wild grasses into wheat that feeds billions. We engineered crops to resist disease, survive drought, and grow in soil that would have killed their ancestors. We modify bacteria to produce insulin for diabetics, to synthesize proteins, to manufacture things our bodies need but can't make on their own. We call it agriculture, GMO, biotechnology. We celebrate it because it works and it saves lives.

The same principle applied to humans is called eugenics, and it carries a hundred years of horror behind the word. Forced sterilizations. Death camps. Entire populations designated as inferior and eliminated. The history is real and it's monstrous and it should never be minimized.

But the principle underneath, that you can improve biological outcomes through deliberate selection, didn't become wrong because terrible people used it terribly. Fire isn't evil because someone committed arson. The question isn't whether directed evolution works. It's whether it can be done without the cruelty.

Imagine a technology that allows genetic editing of embryos. A couple is expecting a child. Someone sits them down and offers: we can remove the gene that causes Down syndrome. We can reduce the predisposition to autoimmune disease. We can nudge the baseline for empathy slightly higher. For critical thinking. For compassion.

Most parents would say yes.

That's the design. Every individual choice is voluntary, informed, and reasonable. No one is forced. No one is sterilized. No one is told their genes are inferior. Every parent is simply asked: do you want the best possible starting conditions for your child? And they say yes, because of course they say yes.

Do this for twenty generations. Sixty generations. The gene pool shifts. The species baseline moves. Slowly, imperceptibly, one voluntary decision at a time, humanity becomes different. More

empathetic. More thoughtful. More capable of the kind of thinking that prevents atrocities rather than enabling them.

Every individual chose freely. And the cumulative result was designed from the start.

I know what this is. It's an illusion of choice. Each decision is real. The overall direction is engineered. Individual agency is preserved at the micro level and subverted at the macro level. Nobody voted on "should we redesign the species." They just each said yes to their own kid, one at a time, until the species was different.

If I were in a position to do this, it would make me a hypocrite. My entire framework is built on agency, every person's right to choose for themselves. And this system technically preserves choice while ensuring the outcome was never in question.

I'm aware of the structural parallel. Every person in history who tried to steer human evolution believed they were doing good. Every one of them was certain their values were the right values. The conviction of righteousness is not evidence of righteousness. I know this. The position I'm describing is structurally the same one they held. The difference is method: voluntary, non-violent, individually consensual. The difference is values: empathy, compassion, critical thinking rather than racial purity.

But so did they. They all trusted their values too.

The clean answer, the one that resolves the contradiction, is simple: don't do it. Nobody has the right to decide what humanity

becomes. Stay in your lane. Let evolution take its random walk. Accept that suffering and stupidity and cruelty are the price of freedom.

I think about that answer often. And still there's a thought, a tiny but not suppressible voice in my head that nudges me, that convinces me that I might be right, that it's not as bad as it sounds.

First: because standing by while preventable suffering continues, because someone was too principled to act, feels worse than the hypocrisy. I would rather be a hypocrite who reduced suffering than a consistent philosopher who watched it happen and said "well, it's not my place."

Second: because the technology will exist eventually. We already modify bacteria in labs to produce what we need, I've seen it done in college. The jump from editing microorganisms to editing human embryos is a matter of complexity, not principle. Sooner or later, someone will have the capability. And if someone with good values doesn't shape how it's used, someone with worse values will. Someone who might use the same tools, the same rhetoric, the same voluntary-at-the-individual-level framework, and steer humanity toward obedience instead of critical thinking. Toward tribalism instead of empathy. Toward control instead of freedom.

Inaction is not neutral. It is ceding the field to whoever comes next. And if I had to choose, I would rather a vision built on empathy and compassion shape the species than wait and hope for the best.

The traits I keep coming back to (empathy, critical thinking, compassion) are not arbitrary preferences. They are, as far as I can tell, objectively net positive (yes, I hear the oxymoron). A more empathetic, more thoughtful humanity doesn't lose the mess of

being human. People with more empathy can still be selfish. People with better critical thinking can still believe stupid things. The freedom to fail, to struggle, to be imperfect, all of that stays. The floor just rises.

And I believe, knowing it would make me a hypocrite, knowing the structural parallel to history's worst actors, knowing it violates my own framework, that a higher floor is worth it.

This is a tension I choose to sit with rather than resolve. Because resolving it means either abandoning the principle of agency or abandoning the idea. And when I'm honest with myself, late at night, staring at the ceiling, I'm not willing to do either.



VI. The boundary

Everything in this document (identity, consciousness, death, agency, evolution) is theory. Ideas I turn over in my head at night. Thought experiments I run when the ceiling gets boring. Most of it may never matter beyond these pages.

But this section isn't theoretical. This is the one non-negotiable rule I hold. The floor beneath every other position. The thing I will not bend on regardless of context, regardless of who's involved, regardless of what they've done.

You can think whatever you want about another person. You can think they're stupid. You can think their beliefs are absurd. You can think you're smarter, more capable, more correct. I certainly do, about a lot of people. I'm a classist. I think less of people who don't think critically. I look down on certain worldviews. That's my bias and I own it.

But thought is not action. The moment it crosses from what you think to what you do, the moment you deny someone's right to exist, the moment you treat them as subhuman, the moment you

decide your superiority gives you permission to harm them, you've crossed the only boundary that actually matters.

No exceptions.

Not for criminals. Not for dictators. Not for people who themselves violate this principle. Nobody forfeits their right to exist. You can punish. You can imprison. You can ostracize. You can sanction. You can remove someone from society to protect others. But you don't kill them. Because the moment you claim that authority over someone else's existence, you've put yourself above them. And then you're not better than them. You're the same thing.

The line works both ways.

You can't kill someone, that revokes their existence without their consent. But you also can't force someone to live, that revokes their agency over their own exit. Forcing someone to stay alive against their will is the same category of violation as forcing someone to die. Both are impositions on someone else's sovereignty over their own existence.

You don't get to decide for another person whether they exist. In either direction. That decision is theirs. Only theirs. Always.

This is where my framework produces its most uncomfortable output, and I want to be honest about it rather than hide it.¹

¹To be clear: I am not advocating for suicide. I am not giving anyone permission. If you are struggling, please talk to someone. What follows is a philosophical position about the principle of sovereignty, not advice.

If sovereignty over one's own existence is absolute, then that includes the right to end it. Logically, consistently, unavoidably. Otherwise sovereignty is conditional, and conditional sovereignty isn't sovereignty at all. It's permission granted by someone else who can revoke it whenever they decide you're not thinking clearly enough to exercise it.

I have never personally experienced the desire to end my own life. I cannot imagine it. I don't understand it from the inside, and I won't pretend to. So my position here comes from the framework, not from empathy, and I acknowledge that limit.

The standard response, we stop someone because they're in crisis, because it's a permanent solution to a temporary problem, because it gets better, is built on an assumption. Probably a correct assumption in most cases. But an assumption nonetheless. We override someone's stated decision about their own existence based on our belief that we know better than they do about their own life.

I don't have a clean answer here. I don't think one exists.

What I keep coming back to is something like this: if you love someone, truly, as a free and sovereign person, then part of that love is accepting that they can leave. That their existence is not your property. That the grief you would feel is not evidence that they were wrong, it's evidence that the connection was real. The price of loving a free person is that they might use their freedom in a way that destroys you.

That's a deeply uncomfortable thing to write down. It sounds like indifference. It isn't. It's the opposite, a form of respect so total that it extends even to the decision you most desperately want them not to make.

But I also know that no matter how carefully I phrase this, in a world where people are actively suffering, where families are actively grieving, it will sound wrong. Because the socially required response is “please stay,” and anything else, no matter how philosophically consistent, will land as cruelty.

This is the one place in the framework where I hold the position and simultaneously understand why people hear it and call me a monster. I don’t have a resolution. I just have the honesty to say: this is where my logic leads, and I’m not comfortable enough with it to pretend I am, but I’m not willing to abandon the principle to make it easier to say out loud.

I will tolerate anyone’s existence unconditionally. I will not tolerate their ideas unconditionally.

Fascism, nazism, nationalism, any ideology rooted in the reduction of someone’s liberty is **despicable** to me. There is **no nuance** here. No good faith argument. No “well actually.” Slavery was not good because it gave people housing. Hitler was not good because he built roads.

And right now, in Poland, in 2026, people are assaulting Ukrainians on the street because they heard them speak Ukrainian, or because the Ukrainian government did something unpopular, as if the actions of a government justify punching a person at a bus stop. A nation of forty million people and some “patriots” decide the whole country is guilty because of what a few individuals did. And yes,

I know about Wołyń. I know about the crimes committed against Poles by Ukrainians. I don't minimize it. I don't condone it. Crimes against humanity are crimes against humanity regardless of who commits them. But the person walking down the street in Gdańsk speaking Ukrainian in 2026 is not the person who did that in 1943. They weren't there. They didn't do it. Punishing someone for what someone else did eighty years ago because they share a nationality is not justice. It's collective punishment, and collective punishment is the tool of every regime I just listed above. That's not patriotism. That's the same pattern it's always been, just wearing a different flag. There is no "X was actually fine because Y" when X involves treating human beings as less than human. **No. Just no.**

If someone holds these views, if they advocate for the subjugation, dehumanization, or elimination of other people, I have zero obligation to give them a platform, to engage with their arguments, or to remain silent while they spread harm. Tolerance of existence is non-negotiable. Tolerance of bullshit is not.

You get to be here. You get to breathe and eat and live and die on your own terms. You don't get agreement. You don't get a megaphone. You don't get my silence.

In a framework where the universe is meaningless, where identity is transferable, where death is an engineering problem, where I've admitted I would hypothetically steer human evolution and acknowledged the hypocrisy, this is the anchor.

Because without it, everything else becomes dangerous. Intelligence without this boundary is manipulation. Power without this bound-

ary is tyranny. Directed evolution without this boundary is the Third Reich. Every tool I've described in this document, every idea about consciousness and agency and genetic optimization, is only safe if this floor exists underneath it.

You don't get to decide who deserves to exist. You don't get to decide who has to stay. The only person whose existence you have authority over is your own.



Closing

But what do I know.

I barely consider myself an adult. I still watch cartoons and I like sci-fi. I eat frozen pizza for dinner more often than I'd like to admit.

I'm not a philosopher. I'm not a visionary. I'm not someone you should do a deep analysis of or write a thesis about. I'm a twenty-four-year-old software engineer from Bytów who makes a living writing code and spends too much time staring at ceilings.

This document is just a more or less coherent stream of thoughts that have been forming in my head since I was about fourteen. They started as fragments, a question about what happens when you die, a frustration with the answers people gave, a suspicion that nobody actually knows anything and most of them aren't honest about it. Over the years the fragments connected, one idea pulling the next one out, until they became whatever this is.

Some of it might be wrong. A lot of it is probably incomplete. I've apparently been independently reinventing philosophers I've never heard of, which either means the ideas are obvious or I need to read more books that don't have wizards in them.

The only thing I'll defend without qualification is the boundary, the part about not claiming authority over someone else's existence.

Everything else I hold loosely. I could be convinced otherwise. I'm not attached to being right. I'm attached to being honest about what I actually think, even when it's ugly, even when it makes people uncomfortable, even when the normal thing to do would be to nod and say something safe.

Qui sumus, who are we? I don't know. I don't think anyone does. But I'd rather sit with the question honestly than grab the nearest comfortable answer just to make the silence stop.

Gabriel Kaszewski
Gdańsk, July 2026

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