

Humans as Cancer

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Nature's processes are infinitely complex. Natural growth is slow and meticulous, depending on balance throughout every level of its existence. Such balance yields truly progressive development and growth that cannot be imitated or made to happen more quickly. Such imitation is cancer, the final cost of which is the death of the host as well as the disease within. For a component within a perfected cycle, remaining within the bounds of function is as vital as fulfilling them. Cancer is form without function, the definition of excess. The most malignant form of the disease is defined by the diversion of materials towards the development of excess at the expense of the perpetuation of function. While organic purposes are inherent, instinctual, and basic to the cell that performs them, it is easy for them to dissolve entirely when the life of the cell exists solely within a framework of excess, built by preceding generations and expanded by the next.

How does distinction of scale function in application to the infinite structure of life and existence? The relationship of the earth and the life it is inhabited by is replicated within the relationship of a terrestrial organism, and the cells within. This universal pattern recurs on infinite levels of existence. As cells in the body of the earth, human beings perform basic functions necessary to the perpetuation of its life. As a collective, we are an organ within an organism; carrying out a grander, perhaps more intangible, function. But in our current condition, we exist beyond the state of natural cycle and balance. While we still retain our essential instincts, they are corrupted by cancerous growth. This essential cancer is manifested mentally and physically as everything excessive and unnatural within our physical and cultural existence. As an organ of the larger being that is the earth, we are cancerous: once a practical and necessary component to the body which sustains us, now we are a malignant tumor, diverting the provisions of natural function towards our vain and hollow expansion.

Cancer is a disease characterized by the uncontrolled growth of an organ, due to cells within that organ losing their ability to control the rate at which they reproduce. When functioning naturally, cells have many inhibitors, which control the speed at which they grow. When functioning cancerously, there is no limitation and cells divide at rampant rates, creating a tumor. Tumors are large masses of tissue, with a high concentration of cells. Tumors can develop their own systems of blood flow in order to bring nutrients to places within them, which may not be reached, naturally, by the circulatory system. Tumors also require a relatively enormous amount of physical material in order to build themselves. All of these resources are diverted from their natural course, at the cost of the organic cycle and body which plays host to all of this.

Death of artificial cause is a strange thing because it creates a negative space, a void, which is raw possibility. Pure possibility is ambiguous, and potentially chaotic. On the other hand, however, a void can be peaceful, and can provide room to grow. The natural cycle of growth and replacement is for nurturing bodies to recede while their successor develops in the safety of their wake. If one of these nurturing bodies is removed prematurely, an opportunity is created, at the cost of great risk. But this cycle of growth is more complicated, for within any body, lies infinitely more. And as a whole, any collective of bodies is one, this body itself being only a cell within a larger one.

Just as some things are too small for us to see, some are too large. Just as we do not identify with any single cell in our body, we do not identify with the earth as the greater self, which we all compose. Within any organism, there are organs; within organs, there are cells; within cells, there are compartments and enzymes and proteins which are made of molecules made of atoms, which are made of smaller particles which may be split further and further to an infinite degree. Our place in the scale of existence limits the distance which we may see along it;

but when we see a horizon, we have faith that existence continues beyond the limits of our vision. Similarly, I have faith in a universal infinity of existence. It is often theorized that the universe is infinitely vast and is ever-growing. By a similar path of logic one might conclude that existence extends infinitely into the micro.

On some scale, everything operates in the same way. Any body is an environment. Within an ecosystem balance is achieved by reaction, and functionality is achieved by balance. Within our body is a virtually limitless population of life. Yet, what single parts of our body would we define as alive on any scale? Is life limited by scale of time? Perhaps our scope of life is limited by our perception of time. On smaller levels, things happen more rapidly. Particles whiz about, deflecting and rebounding off of one another. We do not perceive this as life because the reactions are too mechanical, too simple, and too fast.

Our scale of time makes sense to us because our perception of time is rooted in the pace of human affairs. We know the neighborhood we have grown up in. Our functions make sense to us because they are the specialized tasks which we are evolved to perform. But how does a cell within our body view our body as a whole? It doesn't. The cell's perception of life and time is smaller. The life of a cell is short, and such is the scale of all of its endeavors. But, definition of worth or validity by position in an infinite scale is futile and foolish. The life of a cell is as noble as the life of an organ, is as noble as the life of an organism. This principle defines the role of a living being, the function of existence, which is perpetuation and coexistence. And this principle applies universally. The function of any particle is to exist within, and not beyond, its role. A relatively simple task, seemingly. However, it is easy for a particle to stray beyond its role.

When I was six years old my mother was diagnosed with cancer. The change took place, first, in her liver. Within that organ cells began to procreate at an unnaturally rapid and uncontrolled rate. The population of cells became greater and denser, as the organ grew larger. While from the beginning the liver could have been considered an organism of its own, it could never have existed independently. But the organ expanded rapidly, growing beyond its instinctual functions, and its natural role. Perhaps the liver felt successful. Perhaps it felt it was making progress and reaching previously unfathomed levels of advancement. But where is the success or nobility in massive consumption for the cause of developing what is unnecessary, and excessive? In order to expand in such a way the organ had to use up large quantities of nutrients and materials which would normally be distributed in a balanced manner. But overtaken by vanity, the organ grew further still, shedding cancerous cells, which then traveled to remote parts of her body spreading their condition. Various organs lost their natural growth inhibitors and broke into a process of unimpeded expansion. This costly development would eventually consume the being which had been host to it, the being which had been host to the organs when they functioned naturally, and the being which depended on them as they depended on it. For when my mother died the cancer within her died as well. Death is the inherent and inevitable fate of any cancer, as there is no sustainability in this quality of existence. Whether a cancerous particle realizes the instability of its being and reforms, allowing the recovery of its host, or whether it consumes until it destroys the environment which it depends on, its fate is coded within its nature.

A naturally functioning body depends as much on inhibition as growth; balance is the key to organic existence. In a body, environment, or any such organism, there are countless components, each playing a unique and necessary role. Natural processes are complex and therefore slow. But within the undisturbed course of nature there is a kind of profound and inevitable prosperity. Any process other than the exact original cannot synthesize the fiber of this

success. Replication of a natural process is inherently fated for simplification, industrialization. Simplification means loss of natural form and function. While the slightest simplification may seem benign, even the most miniscule loss of natural complexity is a loss of sustainability. Beyond this, slight simplification is inevitably temporary, as in the process of replicating replications, further industrialization will certainly occur.

At the beginning of an artificial process of growth, it is apparent how, to the instigator of the process, it could appear beneficial. From a biological and instinctual perspective, it could be inferred that any cell would perform their role to the furthest extent possible. Normally, natural inhibitors, which serve to define the limit of natural function, prevent this process from being fulfilled to a cancerous extent. But the occurrence of cancerous growth is the failure of inhibitors, and therefore the dissolution of practical limit and natural development for the physical existence of an organ. For organs in the human body tumors manifest themselves as growths that serve no necessary function whilst draining resources to expand evermore. The tumor of the human race is more complex. It is manifested in gross overpopulation, in the structures that are created to facilitate the existence of this population, in all of the scars that are carved into the earth, in the superficiality of modern culture, and in everything created and practiced that is functionless on an essential level.

When the earth is examined as a body, what is revealed about the human race as one of its organs? Our pattern is one of growth. One might even say that at this point in the development of our culture we value growth. The economy of the US, the most powerful human conglomeration in the world, is based on this value. If we do not expand, we die. This is the illusion that we operate under. Overpopulation is an increasingly urgent issue; but the human race exists, now, beyond our bodies. Our establishments, our structures, and the craters, quarries, and deforested wastelands we have created on the earth, are all projections of our species. Everything that is artificial on this world is a creation of ours, and every disruption of organic progress is an echo of our existence. Our essence is forgotten and buried under our growth. Because we exist we have a natural function, and because we exist we have the opportunity to fulfill this nature, and to dissolve it.

The characteristic of our existence as it is (particularly that of Western societies), is excess. Our natural way of being is to survive basically, having what we need, and little more. But the sparkling metropolis of our culture has been built far above necessity, the buried ruins of an ancient village. The majority of what we own, desire, seek, invent, and value are objects of vanity. When a tumor forms it grows into a functionless form, using the materials that would have served in perpetuating the form and function of the organ and body from which it sprouted. Essentially, this is the same as United States economics. From the functional organ of our pursuit of necessities sprouted a tumor of excess and desire. The perpetuation of our economy depends on growth; this growth depends on vanity and false individualism. We have fallen deep into an illusion that the advanced and convoluted society we have manufactured is progress. True progress occurs naturally; therefore our replication thereof is a cancerous pursuit. Consumerism is only the latest stage in the development of a tumor that grew from the distant custom of necessity.

Our tumor is both essential and existential. It exists within our mentality, and within our physical reality. Our subsistence parallels that of a tumor in our growth, and in the way we affect our world. Not only have we grown in terms of population, but we have also built massive structures and infrastructure systems. All of our physical growth comes at a cost. In order to sponsor our development we divert the natural distribution of resources towards ourselves. There

is a price for any process, natural or otherwise. But our products are forms without function. This is something that we are collectively unaware of. Necessity is not our trade, and we no longer understand what is necessary. It seems our vain expansion is worth any cost.

The pattern of our existence is that of a tumor. We are a component in a larger structure of life. We serve basic functions, even now, that are our natural denomination of life. At some point, for some reason, we broke this natural cycle, or it broke around us, and we leaped beyond our organic existence. After this, we expanded more and more rapidly; this new way of life took hold throughout our organ. We built and created; able to obtain what we needed with ease we decided to have more than that. We took what we needed for our pursuits and altered our surroundings as we pleased. However, while the fate of any cancerous existence is to exist as a brief surge of vanity before fading away or being smothered in the death of its host, it is possible for a cancer to recede, seemingly by its own will. As a component of an organism we may, by our own will, purge ourselves of vanity, materialism, and excess, in order to cultivate a functional existence.