

COSMOBIAN VERSUS SYNTHOBIAN

A Manifesto Of Two Worlds



I was born Cosmobian. The land raised me before any institution did. My ancestors spoke through the mountain, through the river, through the ceremony that repeated itself season after season without ever needing to be filed, archived, or approved by anyone. I did not have a relationship with the cosmos. I was one — a living knot in a web of obligation between land, kin, the dead, and the not-yet-born. That was never property. That was never metaphor. That was the ground my law stood on.

Then the other world arrived, and it did not ask to enter. It does not ask. It has never once asked. This is the war between two architectures of reality — Cosmobian and Synthobian — and I am writing from inside the wound where they meet.

Two Worlds, Two Currencies

The Synthobian world does not share my questions. It does not ask what I owe the river. It asks what the river is worth. It does not ask how I belong to the land. It asks how the land can be zoned, surveyed, reclaimed, optimised. Where my world runs on reciprocity — gift answered by gift, obligation answered by obligation, memory carried in the body of the land itself — theirs runs on extraction, production, consumption: three jaws of the same machine, closing on everything they touch.

Two currencies. That is all their world trades in. The material — what is bought, sold, built, dredged, mined, shipped. And the symbolic — the myths, the flags, the brands, the images cast onto the walls of the institutions they build from what they have already taken. Between these two currencies there is no room left for the third thing, the only thing that was ever real to me: a direct, unmediated, reciprocal bond with land, ancestor, and cosmos. That register does not appear on their ledger. It cannot be priced. So, it is declared not to exist.

The Parasite Cannot Live Without the Host

Here is what they never say aloud, because it would collapse the whole performance of their superiority: their world has no life of its own.

No bank has ever manufactured soil. No boardroom has ever produced rain. No algorithm has ever grown a forest. Every gleaming tower of their Synthobian order stands on ground it did not make and cannot remake once it is gone. They call themselves the future. They are, in truth, entirely dependent on a past they are still in the process of consuming.

So, they extract before they can produce anything at all. They take my reef, my mangrove, my fishing village, my sand — and hand it back to me priced, translated, zoned, foreign, called progress. I am not looking at development. I am looking at a system feeding on a body it insists is already dead, while the body still breathes. I am the host. They are the parasite dressed as the host's salvation.

The Cave They Built from What They Took

Once they have hollowed out my world, they do not leave the emptiness alone. They build an architecture from what they extracted — markets, bureaucracies, cities, schools, screens — and then they project an entire spectacle onto its inner walls: symbols, colours, heroes, brands, curricula, flags. And I am seated inside it, told this projection is reality, told the fire that casts it is none of my concern.

My own memory is not allowed to simply live in me anymore. It is placed behind glass. My song becomes an exhibit. My ceremony becomes a heritage listing. My knowledge is no longer inhabited — it must be studied, credentialed, visited on a schedule, and then set back down before I return to a daily life that has nothing to do with it. This is the museum condition: my own inheritance turned into something I must be taught, certified, or made to pay to access. They did not just take my land. They took the terms on which I am allowed to know myself.

What They Call Success Is My Undoing

The cruelest part of their machine is not the taking. It is the invitation. They hand me a badge — recognition, a degree, a title, a seat at their table — and call it my liberation. I am told this is what development looks like. I am told this is

progress. And so, I invest in my own conversion, willingly, even joyfully, because their system has already reorganised the very faculties, I would need to recognise what is happening to me.

They gave my nation its independence and left every extractive machine intact beneath it — the same courts, the same markets, the same curricula built to take rather than to sustain. My own people, in my own government, can come to administer the same machinery that displaced our ancestors, believing all the while that they are saving us. This is the deepest achievement of their order: not conquest that requires an occupying army forever, but conquest that trains the conquered to guard the gate themselves.

I have watched fellow Cosmobians become "a living reservoir" for a system that will use us until there is nothing organic left to extract — and call that survival.

The Reef, the Zone, the Emptied Village

I have seen what their world becomes once it finishes its work.

I have seen an island grow by a quarter through sand stolen from someone else's coast, its shoreline and its reefs gone, its fishing villages gone, its small island peoples gone, so that new land could be manufactured to specification.

I have seen a forest kept alive not by kinship but by ordinance — nature preserved as a filing category so that a city could pack a hundred thousand souls into a single square kilometre beside it, calling the arrangement balance.

I have seen mountains and coastlines emptied not by force but by opportunity, as my cousins are drawn toward the synthetic centre until the ancestral world is left thin, fragile, and quietly dying of neglect rather than violence.

None of this required my consent. None of it ever has. Long before any of these territories existed, men who had never set foot on my shore drew a line through it on a map an ocean away, and called that governance. The pattern has not changed in five hundred years — only its instruments. Where I come from, that same pattern is still being written, in real time, on my own ground, while the world calls it an internal matter.

I Refuse the Final Stage

Their system has a name for what it wants to do to me completely: the moment I no longer remember there was ever another way to exist, the moment I defend their categories as my own and call anyone who resists them backward. Life would continue. But the cosmos beneath that life would already be gone. Killed without a single shot fired.

I refuse to reach that stage. I name it, and in naming it, I stop it from finishing its work in me.

I do not need their heaven to have a sky. I do not need their curriculum to have a memory. I do not need their market to know what I owe the river. My return is not nostalgia, and it is not a rejection of every tool their world has made — it is a refusal to let extraction be the only grammar I am allowed to think in.

My return is to what was never actually complicated: land, food, water, fire, air, home, family, memory. Not a fabricated destination promised by their spectacle. Not a heaven, not an ideal civilisation, not a utopia demanding I abandon the only world that has ever actually sustained me. Just the ground itself, still here, still breathing, still willing to renew the obligation if I renew it in return.

What I Am Rebuilding

I am not asking to be recognised by their institutions. I am done treating their approval as the definition of my worth.

I am detecting what was taken. I am naming what was replaced without ever being called a replacement. I am carrying language, memory, and meaning back into the places their spectacle emptied. I am refusing the fiction that their world is humanity's final destination and mine are merely the primitive road behind it. My world can live without theirs. Theirs has never once been able to live without mine — and every gleaming tower they raise on my labour and my land is proof of that dependency, however loudly it denies it.

The Cosmobian and the Synthobian are not simply two customs answering the same needs. They are two incompatible answers to the same question: what is real?

I already know my answer. It was never lost. It was only buried under someone else's cave wall.

I am done mistaking their projection for my sky.

I am rebuilding the reciprocity they tried to price out of existence.

© 2026 Yamin Kogoya. All rights reserved. Part of the Psycho-Cosmocide Corpus. No part of this text may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form without prior written permission, except for brief quotations used in reviews, criticism, or scholarly commentary with proper attribution.

Views, words, and ideas expressed in this manifesto are personal, reflective, and diagnostic rather than declarations of settled truth — a reading of the human condition through the Psycho-Cosmocide lens, offered to provoke thought and questioning rather than to close it.