

# **Tracyism :**

## **An Individual's Philosophy**

*An Excerpt*

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# Why?

Every human life is already governed by a philosophy.

It may be inherited. It may be borrowed. It may be absorbed so early that it feels like nature rather than choice. But no one lives without a structure that answers three unavoidable questions:

- Where do my actions come from?
- What do they do to the world?
- Who, finally, owns what follows?

Most people never ask these directly. Their answers arrive disguised as habit, faith, culture, or common sense. They live inside a framework without ever seeing its beams.

This book begins with a refusal to let those answers remain implicit. Not because I believe I have found the right ones for everyone. But because I learned that living inside an unexamined framework is itself a choice—one that quietly hands the future elsewhere.

Any coherent philosophy of a human life must satisfy three conditions.

First, it must account for action. Human beings do not merely experience the world. They intervene in it. They speak. They withhold. They build. They abandon. They choose. Any framework that treats a person as primarily passive—carried by history, driven by structure, animated by command—fails to describe what a human actually is.

Second, it must account for consequence. What we do changes what exists. Time does not reset between intention and effect. A life is not a series of isolated moments; it is an accumulation. Any framework that treats outcomes as external, incidental, or ultimately someone else's concern breaks the continuity of living.

Third, it must account for ownership. When something follows from what I do, who bears it? God? The state? The system? The group? Or me? Any philosophy that relocates this answer cannot avoid altering what it means to be a person.

These are not abstract requirements. They are conditions of being alive.

Every religion answers them.

Every ideology answers them.

Every culture answers them.

Every individual answers them—whether they know it or not.

Tracyism is simply how I answered them. It is not offered as a doctrine to adopt. It is offered as an example of what happens when a life stops letting those answers remain invisible.

The chapters that follow are not a system to inherit.

They are a record of what it looks like to become awake inside one's own life.

## Chapter I — Judgment

Every action leaves a mark.

Not in a moral sense at first. In a physical one. Gravity does not care why you stepped off the ledge. Fire does not ask what you intended. The world answers what you do.

For a long time, I thought judgment belonged somewhere else. To God. To law. To tradition. To reason. Each of these offers the same comfort: *follow this, and you will know what is right*. Each promises a map that exists before you step.

But they never converge.

Revelation fractures into denominations. Each claims the same source and arrives at different commands. Reason produces elegant systems that disagree at their foundations. Tradition varies by culture, by era, by accident of birth. Consensus shifts with fear, fashion, and power.

The world is not short of answers. It is short of agreement.

And yet, every day, you still act. You speak. You withdraw. You commit. You refuse. You build. You abandon. You raise children. You leave rooms. You vote. You forgive. You do nothing.

Every one of these presumes judgment. Not as theory. As practice.

You decide what matters enough to move for. You decide what can be endured. You decide what is acceptable. You decide what cannot continue. You do this even when you tell yourself you are not deciding. Drift is still a choice. Obedience is still a choice. Silence is still a choice.

This is where *authorship* first appears.

By authorship I do not mean creativity in the artistic sense. I mean the simple, inescapable fact that a human life originates in acts that arise from within. Something in you chooses. Even when you comply. Even when you drift. Even when you surrender.

To be an author is not to be powerful. It is to be located.

Judgment is the bridge between what happened and what you will do next. It is how consequence becomes direction. If every outcome were merely endured, there would be no learning, no planning, no restraint. But humans do not live that way. We project forward. We imagine. We anticipate. We try to steer.

Judgment is the moment you say: *this cannot happen again*, or *this is worth repeating*, or *this cost too much*.

And the problem is not that we judge. The problem is that we want judgment to belong somewhere else.

We want a voice that absolves us of authorship. We want a rule that says, *this is not on you*. We want a structure that tells us what the world means so we do not have to decide.

But no such structure survives contact with life. Because tomorrow, regardless of what you believe, you will still act. You will choose a word or remain silent. You will take a step or stay where you are. You will decide whether to look away or intervene. You will do something, even if that something is nothing.

The question is not whether you will judge. The question is whether you will know by what authority you do so. Judgment is unavoidable.

The only thing that changes is whether it is owned.

### **My Place:**

I am in a river I did not create. The Universe moves whether I consent or not. My freedom is not to command its direction, but to remain awake inside it—to move with it, across it, within it, rather than exhausting myself pretending I can reverse it.