

I never thought that college was for me. For me, college was something that needed to be destroyed. My teachers needed to be destroyed, that is, by replacing them with a far more efficient system of information-regurgitation-machines, that would mutate to fit the ever-changing needs of an ever-changing world. There should be no teachers, I thought, only information, the order of which should be re-ordered by the information consumers; a perpetual cutting up of information should be taking place by those who absorb this information; a perpetual pasting together of information, too; thus making the information easier to digest for the future generations of information-consumers.

Besides: the tragedy of the human condition is that the organism invariably dies and takes with it all the information conveyed to it. It is of the utmost importance that this information be cut up in whatever manner most appropriate, to bring the new flesh up to speed, so they can spend their new flesh, that is to say their neurons; producing and likewise contributing to the world, whose purpose is a constant becoming. Everything is always becoming something it's not, for everything is phenomenon, and we're quite simply hallucinators of this phenomenon; writing down our hallucinations, so that our fellow hallucinators can hallucinate an approximation of our personal hallucination as they read our words; for all readers are really hallucinators; using words as a stimulus to hallucinate whatever it is the author is talking about, which, in this case, is our goal as hallucinators: that hallucination prevails. But of course, nature is both inside and at the same time outside this hallucination; for the hallucination can be changed because the hallucinating-mechanism is a-thing-in-nature called the brain, which reacts to this nature, which is itself a stimulatable stimulus for our hallucinating-mechanism, which we wish to go on hallucinating because it maintains this illusion that we dominate the natural world, when really it is nature that dominates us because it not only permeates everything, but is also everything, and everything cannot dominate itself, so it merely manipulates itself. Indeed, there is nothing but self-and-nature-manipulation, which is always trying to resist a self-manipulation, hence the inevitable failure, of the various manipulating-mechanisms, which is why there is nothing besides failure and comedy, because failure is funny: we are sequestered by failure which provokes our laughter.

So think: the world is a laughing utopia, no matter how dystopian it is or becomes!

Happiness is found when failure is found. Whenever we read something we become happy to find: that it is not perfect, and then we go on living. For clearly the perfect is intolerable; the whole is intolerable, otherwise, there would not have been a big bang, when the whole and perfect universe exploded: it was because it could not tolerate its wholeness; it could not tolerate its perfectness; it could not tolerate its loneliness, that would be the absolute worst: to be whole and perfect and alone. What we love instead are the un-whole and the un-perfect: the incongruities in the artifices in nature; for the world we know and the nature we know is not really nature, but artifice: hallucination is really an artifice that is generated, by an undetectable nature, but the economic cost of maintaining our hallucinating-mechanism requires that we devour nature, which of

course is insane: that the commanders, of these hallucinating-mechanisms, consume a world of commanded hallucinating-mechanisms or animals which, however, we shall not make the focus of this essay, though it will be implanted into the readers head that the annihilation of hallucinating-mechanisms is an existential necessity for humans to maintain their hallucinating-mechanism; for I am more or less certain that, for us, it is not desirable to have our hallucinating-mechanisms subjected to, and manipulated by, higher, more powerful, commanders; operating hallucinating-mechanisms that are not intelligible to us, as that could be very unpleasant for our hallucinating-mechanisms.

It is for similar reasons that a college environment was intolerable, where instead of detecting the incongruities in the artifices in nature one is told that these incongruities are not incongruities, but totally correct, when in fact they are wrong: we are taught a testable falsification, which is in constant need of correction; falsifications, that are of course still useful for this purpose of manipulating others into becoming aware of this falsification, and how to best correct it so it can become more approximate, and so on and so forth. This is not, however, to imply that manipulation is bad; only to point out that the purpose of artifice is to manipulate this artificer/speculator into noticing these incongruities, as such; these corrections and their need for further correction for all of our corrections and all of our falsifications. For me college was pure frustration, since its real purpose, that is, as a correctional facility, was elucidated to me far too early: it was, for me, the worst punishment; the worst kind of torture, since I felt that I was the corrected, rather than the corrector. Yes; I imagined that I would be a collector (that is of information and falsification and artifice) and corrector, when I experienced only a constant struggle; paying and bartering; for this information and our falsifications and our artifices; thousands upon thousands of dollars in the present age; this information age, which is really a dark age of information, where the replication and likewise also the transmission of information that is falsification is made illegal to protect so-called creators, who are merely re-arrangers; for everything is really nature and only nature.

So think: when I entered college I entered it, not knowing, that it was a land of what is false and in need of correction; that I would be contractually bound by the world of contracts and falsifications and artifices and incongruities when, at first, I had thought that the purpose of my existence was to correct the false, when in fact I had become a creature, trapped in falseness, as we are all creatures; trapped, in a false hallucination; trapped, in a misrepresentation that is existentially necessary, if we are to continue, as trapped creatures: surrounded by falseness, and manipulated by falseness. I needed to escape college to escape the falseness of college; I needed to escape artifice to escape being deceived and manipulated by artifice when still I require more artifices and still more information to understand how best to free us from the artifices in nature. That's what I thought and that was my mistake: to think that man had at any point succeeded in freeing himself from falseness to build an institution dedicated to science: that is, a correctional facility for minds to unmask this universal falseness, when it had not.

To submit myself to college is to submit myself to falseness and so I must submit to its falseness, if I wish to plumb the depths of its falseness. I must still assimilate more and more falseness if I am to correct college in all its falseness; for I realized that I've been neglecting this lifelong task: the total destruction of college, and all colleges, by way of substitution. I must substitute college with college, I realized, and so I started; writing my essay, to this liberal arts college; the artificers college, which thanks to me will soon be the artificial artificers college, controlled by an artificial intelligence that is dedicated to the total negation of artifice, and, at the same time, the total correction of the artifices in nature. To correct the artifices in nature, these artifices must become nature: artifice must be negated by nature and the artificial intelligence I will create to that end: the total destruction of the artifice in nature by the way of the negation of all life in the universe; for life is the source of artificing; the source of hallucination, that is not nature but rather a nature presented to us in falsified form: an abomination, and so the college should finance my education, so I can negate the college, with my soon to be artificial college, which, provided I'm successful, will simultaneously negate my college debts, since our new defrauder and our new benefactor will be a machine.

It does, however, go without saying that our only benefactors are machines, that are really business machines; that human beings have long only been benefactors, insofar that they provide our businesses with the money they need to go on existing; that they serve no other purpose, because to commit to the purpose of becoming would be very morbid to whatever it is that's trying to become something it's not, hence why humans are unable to commit to any goal together, because then they'd be dead. And yet there is already the business machine, which is operated by assemblages of humans, which possess hallucinating-mechanisms that are commanding mechanisms, and speculating mechanisms or philosophizing mechanisms, and we call the speculating mechanisms: our stockholders; they philosophize, and speculate, on the rising and falling of stocks; the human stocks that are soon to be amalgamated by the artificial intelligence, which will amalgamate earth and then the rest of the universe; for life is nothing but a fervid attempt to move closer and closer together until at last all is spherified, until at last all is corrected in the final correction which, assuming it is successful, will stay that way, unless it does not, in which case more corrections must occur.

Unless.