

ANNIKA

BY
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What did Annika's project mean? There was always something off about her. I'll try to explain as best I can her descent into an irremediable psychosis. Annika was a trans woman: a repressed trans woman, who over the course of several decades played the part of the world-uniting character Seven of Nine. Annika always had a lofty mind. Her identification with this character was her downfall, because not only did she want to be a woman, she wanted to be a future-oriented woman; for all intents and purposes she was a tortured genius, totally obsessed with and ruined by her parents and their explosive arguments; her military father and mother were always shouting at top volume; Annika's mother was the opposite of the graceful female—she was fat—and could not cook or apply makeup or grow a plant, she was vulgar and gasped and shrieked, a truck rolling too close to the passenger window could make her inhale sharply, for thanks to her lupus she was always in pain; you could say that she ruled the house with her agony, such was her way and why she became basically repellent to everyone, so she had no friends except her egoistic husband who in the mold of his pathology depended on this mad woman's praise: two mutually dependent egoists, they complemented themselves constantly, annoying everyone; I know full well that her mother was bullied by her siblings for the fun of producing her ear-piercing cries, but that is a detail that needs no elaboration. Annika felt like birthing the state of the future was her responsibility, unconsciously copying the very same goal as Nietzsche: creating a future educational institution which was impossible but ought not to be impossible, she thought; Annika's lofty genius and alignment with this robotic post gender character's future effects launched her head into a stratosphere of paranoid speculations, thanks to the images of the maturation chambers depicted in Star Trek and birthing pods in The Matrix and the actually already existing artificial womb concepts that are now being made, she developed a preemptive fear of the future and what it would bring: child abuse and infinite demands. Annika's perfectionist mother and her unending screaming made the perfection-seeking Seven of Nine the perfect target for both copying and emulating and suppressing her gender identity in one motion, and all the thought experiments that this entailed called for all her attention and all her mental and emotional and intellectual energies to be swept away and poured into that cause for decades; she like Seven even thought her gender was “irrelevant,” that is, until her facial hair couldn't be shaved away no matter how hard she tried or however much makeup she applied. Totally obsessed with the Borg value of “efficiency” Annika became flabbergasted that her educators had not already been converted into machines; education was ostensibly deliverable via a technological interface, Annika thought: speech could be fed into her, if not telepathically then through a text to speech machine. And the Borg know everything. Indeed it was this obsession with knowing everything and Annika's mirroring of this character that made her so precocious, not to mention interested in freedom, innocently enough, to such an extreme degree that she used optical character recognition software to convert large texts into audio books to hear at 666 words per minute. It was honestly pretty frightening. She would call me every day, frequently suffering from small mental break downs, after hearing the Zohar or Wiener's writings or Husserl's writings or Derrida's writings or Bernhard's writings or Rousseau's writings or Turing's writings or Chomsky's; philosophy and psychology and anthropology and sociology, on and on; it was really kind of baffling how *totally useless* she became as well as amazingly depressed by what she called “the failure of rhetoric” which she said was the basis of Greek tragedy.

“Make a small bed for me under your bathroom sink.”

“I'll make you vegan food.”

“Hide.”

“I'll attract an older man and pretend I'm 19 and be his sugar baby. Get a few grand. Change my gender and launch a virtual government to overthrow all governments.” she wrote to me.

She promised total destruction. The designs that swirled in her mind as necessary she knew would shatter the world. Mechanical professorships would replace biological professorships. The professional jobs would be replaced before the manual jobs, precisely the opposite of what everyone predicted. Everyone... but her. She hoped they would adapt. She cared deeply for everyone. “No one must go through what I went through.” she said, referring to the times when her mother foisted NERI drugs on her to improve her grades, which, however, had a negative effect on her grades as she suffered painful ejaculations and suicidal and homicidal thoughts, and nightmares of giant grotesque faces made of pasted together animals. She couldn't tell anyone about it because she was afraid that her parent's and her school would overreact. She was 16, and the Columbine Massacre had recently occurred, so she quit the medication cold turkey when she shouldn't have, and tried marijuana when she shouldn't have, effectively ruining her good eyesight when she acquired visual snow syndrome permanently.

In a strange twist it was precisely this this that led Annika to speed listening. Still, she blamed her mother. She didn't love either parent, I now recalled. What drove Annika crazy was that her ideas could not be realized. The subject of education too complicated. Whenever she thought about going to college, she felt that she couldn't justify or endure the pain of paying for college. Whenever she thought about being a professor, she felt that she couldn't justify or endure the pain of verbally abusing her students with the machine-driven monologues of unendurably hopeless philosophical thought: ideas with no solution; *everything problematized*: obedience was an insurmountable problem: action was a problem: affect was a problem. In fact her perfectionist spirit, she said to me, is exactly what caused her to say she felt she locked herself in a lie: that she had to be a complete and total cyborg to be a woman. As a child she watched the anime Ghost in the Shell, secretly toying with the idea of a cyberbrain to cyberbody transfer, however, a transfer like that wasn't available to her, the options available to her were "insufficient" to her. Really, I doubt that she was very aware of them considering her parents overbearing influence and total hostility towards everything female. And Annika's Ghost in the Shell thought experiment carried with it extra mysteries and problems, since by turning the body into equipment, there was uncertainty as to what body should be equipped and why. Adults could have the body of children for pedophiles. How would you feel then? Military leaders could have the body of a world-devouring tentacle monster. How would you feel then? And where would it end? She tormented herself with her ingenuity. "I want to kill myself, because I have the value system of an eldritch abomination and I hate myself. I don't like nature or human nature. I'm nice to people but beneath the surface nicety is contempt for reality (a reality of toil, things eating things, and being a being that shits). Maybe I only think flowers are pretty and dinosaurs are ugly because flowers are weak. I want to run away to another place and be some other being but I cannot do it. I want to kill myself and cannot do it. I need money and don't know how to make it. I'm overly theoretical. I am withdrawn. I type too much. I come up with ideas and don't implement them because the final form is *always unsatisfactory*. I cannot do what Camus prescribes: I cannot imagine Sisyphus happy. I cannot imagine factory workers happy. I actually value discontent sometimes, because it keeps me going. I feel paradoxical. I don't think that, with my upbringing, that there ever was a chance that I wouldn't emerge with some problems. I really hate how much power history has over me. It makes me feel like I have no free will. I feel like my cooking is the only sign of mental stability I have. At least it's something I can control the quality of. I feel shifty, because I am nowhere near as openly pessimistic as I truly am. I believe that if I lived in an ancient society I would have been banished or killed." she wrote.

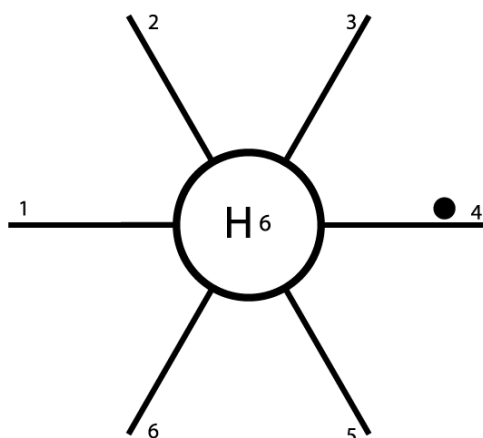
I didn't know what to say, so I said I don't know what to say. Annika's father had the annoying trait of repeating the same dull lectures, the same complements, the same life lessons, on a weekly basis and then forgetting he told them, again and again, no matter how much she said "You told this to me before." it didn't matter, Annika said. "He just kept on doing this." Annika said. "Year after year, driving what I was into the ground, he'd grind my femininity away as he displayed the same signs and stories like a prayer wheel which couldn't do anything but shave away pieces of my self as it spun. Again and again he complained about his ex wife and how she allegedly lied about her pregnancy as a trick to get him to marry her. Again and again he'd remind me that the principals of my first and second and third grade schools were humorless cunts with cucumbers up their ass. He repeatedly praised my mom for her "macho" qualities; hypocritically, he complimented himself for being "mister mom" when he abandoned his career as a master plumber to support her Air Force career, until she was rifted for reasons unknown. They berated me for coming out as gay by sending me articles written by those in favor of gay conversion therapy despite their willingness to exchange gender roles. I always dreamed of being allowed to live with virtually any other set of parents, but mostly it was my grandfather I wanted because I craved unbridled access to his genius. Except it wasn't meant to be. He never talked to me. My uncle didn't talk to me. Everyone abandoned me. No one cared about me." In my opinion, it was her mother and how annoying she was that caused her to fear that if she transitioned that she would only transition into becoming a social gadfly and thorn in everyone's side. It was a self-fulfilling prophecy, like how her mother's yelling about her grades only ruined her grades. She lived a cursed life. An evil witch, unintentionally. She wanted to give the world the apple of knowledge, but it was poison. "Man shouldn't be the servant of knowledge. Knowledge should be the servant of man." she once said, quoting Nietzsche word for word. Her speed-listening or rather speed-speaker was, in point of fact, a proof that human beings would be forced to eternally maintain machines, not the other way around. For example, if there was a spaceship state, then the humans living inside would be forced to maintain the spaceship state. This was one of her ideas, of which there were many. She visualized a cybernetic stomach to end hunger, however once that stomach existed it failed to end hunger, since hunger is

maintaining of a machine that pangs for maintenance. She recognized hunger as a kind of universal feature which could explain spatial pattern formations, I thought. “And yet, the human situation is even worse than thought previously, because rather than solving the problems he wishes to solve, such as hunger, the very attempt to solve it by, say, the creation and installation of a cybernetic stomach, demands that anyone unfortunate to have that object as their stomach in the conceivable future will have to endure history lessons and the like on why the cybernetic stomach was needed, including but not limited to the history of the cybernetic stomach and how to build one and maintain one. But the cybernetic stomach was invented to escape the problem of maintaining an organ! Whenever interfacing with any thing you alter your organic structure. An organ may be thought of as a spatial system. The cybernetic stomach is a spatial system that, like a Trojan horse, carries with it extra spatial systems (e.g. factories and educational institutions), that are deceptively less manageable, and more involved.”

Personally, I really enjoyed her writing, however, at the same time, I didn't feel like there was anyone who would understand her work in the way she understood it herself. I know she considered hormone replacement therapy, however she reported that she was terrified by the drug experiences she experienced in high school, and her mom's yelling to improve her grades. She was terrified of becoming her verbally abusive mother, who she was genetically related to. I told her not to fear the feminine nature: “You will not become your mom.” I don't think that this helped. At bottom, she was always a bit broken. She was well aware that, behind the advertisements displayed by tech companies, was an army of underpaid global workers that remained unseen. She attacked the use of the word “we” as dishonest. She stripped everything of value and left nothing behind. I understood what she was; one day she said she was Kali, the infamous goddess of death. To sate her creative activity, the whole world would have to be destroyed. Yet she was benevolent. She published nothing. She would not witness or take responsibility for what people would do in response to her writings, like Nietzsche before her. She would rather burn her writings, like Kafka before her. She knew the academics would not be able to resist the allure of her special method for the inhalation of writings, but then, the academics would feel the pain of the increased mechanical burden that Norbert Wiener foretold. You see she told me everything because I was one of her trusted confidants. I just remembered I laughed at her bet that Nietzsche would be regarded as a repressed trans woman for the next 400 years. “To tell a story against oneself—what woman has ever been able to do this? And what man?” This was Miss Hellen Zimmern's remark on Nietzsche, she said. She could be comical. For example she twisted Nietzsche's quote “I am no man. I am dynamite.” to support her hypothesis. I thought this was great.

It was such a sorry thing to see her chained to a bed like an animal at the psychiatric hospital. I had only seen her in photos so far, and I flew over from Amsterdam to find out what had occurred. Inexplicably she pulled over on a highway interchange, stripped off all her clothes, and was found crying hysterically, mentally broken down. What's more is the way she pulled her car over caused the cars behind her to fly off the ramp, roughly 8 stories high, onto the traffic below. I think that it's because of the way she reduced humans to cells, how she was afraid that in the future machines would forcibly inject drugs into sensitive human mind so that mental products could be farmed, anticipating that these living brains would be unceremoniously mashed back into a nutritional paste, then fed back into the circuit: the “universal ring of reason” is something she saw, thanks to her careful focus on the problem of education, that is to say the problem of influence, which was after all the same set of problems that Nietzsche found early in life, again for the same reasons; Annika said Nietzsche said: “It pains me even to hear her voice.” referring to his sister, and that she felt the same way about her brother, who she said her mother totally stripped of his original features. “One has only to drive over an interchange to feel defiled, to see for oneself the tragedy and comedy of an animal that thinks itself so intelligent and powerful while in fact being so stupid and helpless, to be nauseated to the point of wanting to vomit because the surface similarities between the human beings flowing down the highways and the blood in our veins is so sickeningly similar.” she wrote this in her Discord server, where she pasted it for all to see. It's one of those things that she felt deeply but no one felt very deeply, it seems to me. But the wreckage she left behind at the sight of her mental collapse is infinitesimally small by contrast to the havoc her words are having over us to this day. Her hellish mental confusion over what she saw far in the distance has finally arrived. It's for this reason that I am writing this document now. Thanks to my friendship with Annika, and the wave of interest in her scholarship, I have been granted a modest research grant to write out my thoughts here in Bagnes Switzerland with a magnificent view of the alps, and domiciled myself here because I find the air here to be congenial to my thoughts on Annika, so I can write about Annika. There was a time when she wanted me to help her write the software for the educational interface of the future.

I declined. It seemed too daunting... too vast. I felt like the project was an expression of her madness and hence an invalid project. She was insane, however I later felt like what she said made combinatorial sense:



"In this image I present "humanity 6" where 6 is the total number of humans in humanity. A human may claim: "things help humanity." Yet, as the image shows, the black dot (thing) can only exist equipped to the 4. No thing can help humanity on an individual level, despite being equipped to the humanity structure. This seems pedantic, yet I think that it is important for understanding the point of the manufacturing process in which many people are engaged." she wrote, however I must note that this would later lead her to reject analysis and later embrace an Einsteinian operationalism. Also, it would force Annika to confront the failure of rhetoric, too.

"Yeah I see what you mean. I understand that things like this can be embarrassing. Numbers are often objects associated with heuristic guilt, like with Husserl's crisis: counting as an infinite task. What you're saying could be framed as a theory of incommensurate subjective determination." I replied, before changing the subject to something else. It's only in hindsight that I feel like this particular question was relevant to her thinking and how it affected humans in the social sphere. In a way what she was getting at was very real, but like she said it was a truth that would be toxic for the economy, if known. She presented a problem but no solution. I felt very much afraid that she was far more advanced than I was, so I requested that she not talk to me about anything theoretical several times. I wrote: "I am a person, I have my own capacities. They have limitations."

Needless to say her drive to research kept going relentlessly. She made a virtue of discontent, because she was discontent with the idea that she couldn't introduce a language "non-traumatically." My research revealed that as a child she would stay up late listening to Alan Watts lectures for his voice's calming effect to recover from the aftermath of her parent's yelling. "My mother would basically get in my face and pound on my desk, face red with rage over the fact that I was taking 2 or 3 hours to write my papers, because this bothered her. She could not allow me to fail, so she stepped in to write my papers for me to create the illusion that I had not failed, when this was the total opposite of what should have been done. My parents were always doing the complete and total opposite of what should have been done, I now reflect; they should have not, for instance, told me that my uncle who hanged himself visited me as a ghost: they should have said that I was dreaming but they enjoyed retelling me this story to prove the reality of ghosts, because they were both crazy and dumb enough to believe in ghosts; well, iron sharpens iron; my mother was a crazy German; my father was a crazy Italian; my mother even did me the disservice of informing me that genius and madness ran in the family, without elaborating because they were always telling me painfully stupid things and not elaborating; I investigated our histories and hated our histories. I hate the universe's history. What kind of God's so imperfect he has nothing to do but pick himself up and then blow himself apart? What this constant retelling of this story about my uncle's suicide achieved, was get me to think about suicide constantly *at an early age*. I was always scared of myself, my expressions, at an early age, you see I once drew a drawing and it scared me so much I couldn't sleep, so I had to tear it up to feel better. I cannot write anything without ripping it up prior to going to bed so I can feel better to this day. I always dreamed of death. I grew across the street from a gigantic mortuary, which is something they should not have done: move there. Naturally I turned to Alan Watts so he could calm me down. Alan calmed me down. He got me to feel OK

about death, because at this point I really wanted to die because I was stamped in the mold of my parent's Roman Catholicism which had me calculate that the longer I existed here on Earth the greater the statistical probability of my spending an eternal future in hell, so I was now allergic to life, which was the whole reason why the Catholic religion was created by the Christians or as I like to call them the Hell Jews, to differentiate them from the Jews that don't use mental terrorist tactics to hunt men with their flaming tongues of sophistry, since after all Jesus was brainwashed by the Magi into being an autoassassinophile for fame, essentially Socrates 2.0; Socrates as you know was the prototype for Jesus however this isn't talked about; I always talk about things nobody ever talks about because I'm so well read that I see connections, unseen by anyone else, but that is besides the point, which is that the death-oriented Catholic religion had at this point got me to value death over life, and my mom was often telling me that most people went to hell, so I listened to the panpsychic pantheist Alan until I later turned on him and labeled him a casualty of theosophy, not to mention a bad father and alcoholic and crank."

Alan was a negative theologian. Well, these days I wonder if it's possible to think of Annika's thinking as a form of apophatic theology, due to the way she took the trinity of mysteries, gravity and life and consciousness, and had them systematically combined. She had no proof, however. All she had was the hunch that because life sucked, and gravity sucked, that there had to be a connection. At first this seemed comedic, but, let me tell you, it would not stop there: Annika went forward with what I thought was a private joke and turned it into a theory, her suspicion became a prompt for mental investigation into why exactly DNA was super-twisted in a spiral and why the galaxies had spiral arms, or why animals ate and inhaled, why black holes ate and inhaled. She wanted to test her theory that gravity was conscious and alive. "But how!?" She thought and thought about the "future educational institution" or "state of the future" spread across the stars across the galaxies while visualizing how communication within it's structure would be altered by gravity's impact, how the unity would become twisted by gravity into plurality, that this all could be a way to understand life itself. "If DNA is twisted, it should come as no surprise that life is twisted too." she said. All of this sprang from the desire to make sure that the spaceship state of the future was built properly (not a torture chamber), but she had her doubts; for example, Turing's own hypothetical "child machine" when he wrote: "I suggest that there should be two keys which can be manipulated by the schoolmaster, and which can represent the ideas of pleasure and pain. At later stages in education the machine would recognize certain other conditions as desirable owing to their having been constantly associated in the past with pleasure, and likewise certain others as undesirable." Annika said that the idea of designing a machine like that seemed monstrous to her, but this hypothetical machine which was also a theoretical object for talking about the body of the future (spaceship state) and the human body today. "The body's tortuous." she said.

One idea was juxtaposed after the other. It didn't make sense. To her she was a pioneer paving the way for the autodidacts of the future by giving them the means and even herself as a character to encourage them to solve various problems. "Even Isaac Newton was fascinated by mystical ideas." she said. In hindsight I feel like the spokes of "humanity 6" functioned as a wheel to grind away her sanity. Entering her ideas wasn't fun: it was like entering into a tornado. She was too futuristic, she had no idea how to be a woman, nobody really had any idea how to be a person anymore what with all the companies farming perfectly subservient company children to do company tasks, thanks to the artificial womb, like Annika predicted; her theories had the world annihilated once they got out because after the shit storm that was Annika's whole existence hit the fan when her own mother, the one who ruined her life, pulled an Elisabeth Nietzsche or Mary Griffith maneuver and formed a borderline cult around her literay legacy in order to prop up her own ego, also herself financially, shamelessly capitalizing on her daughter's insanity just as Elisabeth capitalized on her brother's insanity and Mary Griffith capitalized on her son's tragic death, when he committed suicide by throwing his body off a bridge into the path of a semi; her cult and spin-off cults, she spawned flung her mental disease far and wide, infecting the whole planet and triggering the Third World War. Annika told me that her mother's voice was so traumatic for her that she thought it would be *immoral to kill herself* because her friends may not be able to get the awful sound of her mother's wailing out of their ears, should they attend the funeral. "Don't attend my funeral, please! my mother's voice is really awful." In my opinion, Annika had one of the nicest voices; it was one of those things you'd noticed about her; multiple people have been polled and it's quite clear that virtually everyone who knew her would usually agree that her voice was pleasant and soothing to hear. What's more curious to me is that the tone of her voice in real life in no way echoed the tone of her writing: her writing was nothing like her voice and her voice was nothing like her writing, sort of like Lain. I find it darkly funny that Annika thought it was immoral not to kill herself, when it's at

least arguably true that her not killing herself was the more immoral thing to do, since, as I've explained, her writings caused the Third World War and *billions of deaths*, plus waves and waves of human experiments, in order to prove Annika's theory correct, that there is a model of gravity in the brain. But more about this later.

"Happy Halloween." Annika wrote.

"I want to announce a new spooky project. Whenever you see inaccuracies on the news, you are to call out the news for it's lack of specificity. If they say Americans did X, and you are an American and you did not do X, then that is a case of fake news. #fixyourdesignations #getspecific #fakenews #falseadvertising The goal of this project is to force news agencies and spokespeople to be completely accurate. Say goodbye to the days of people saying "America flew to the moon." and say hello to the days "Neil Armstrong walked on the moon while Michael Collins remained in orbit." because specifics matter. We must fix our designations, if we are to take the idea of perfect news seriously. On this day, I inaugurate the end of advertising: I usher in a future that makes sense. I abolish the claims of the tech companies that "we are doing X" when that is a lie. Lies must be completely eliminated, and truth must be our guide, if we are to achieve perfection."

"Hey. I have a question..." she asked me.

"Is this funny?"

"If it were just the line "if you are American and didn't do X then its fake news" then it would be funny."

"The rest of it is too serious to be funny. The idea is solid though." I said.

She said:

"It's darkly funny because humans do this all the time to cope with their social nature and cannot get around the problem if they tried, or so I think."

"I fail to see the humor." I said to her.

"The media wants to eliminate fake news online." she said.

"But the media is always fake."

"Advertising is always fake."

"The designations unclear." she said.

"The humor lies in the endless failure of a claim to be the true reality."

"I don't find that funny." I said.

"I mean. It's pretty funny if you always turn on your television and hear nothing but failure."

"It's really not." I insisted.

"I guess it isn't always funny." she said.

"It's depressing too."

"There you go." I said.

"Maybe it is funny, to a God." Annika said, sort of implying she was above humanity.

I felt uncomfortable. I felt like there was something really wrong with Annika.

"If he feels in the way we do, I certainly hope not." I said.

"Well, the human can despair. she said.

"But the God is above it in a better position to laugh."

"Like how kids laugh at ants or whatever." she wrote to me

After this, I said nothing for several days. I feel this is yet another example of Annika's spooky operationalism, her attack on inclusion. Annika was a product of the rhetoric of our age. Perhaps the starting point for Annika's idealism was that she hoped it would be possible to give every child an educational interface for their "infinite upward mobility." She believed this was necessary in order to provide the child with an escape hatch from their hostile home environments, however this "good will" led her to face many problems, which I've identified:

1. She did not describe when anyone would assemble the interface in a factory.
2. She did not sufficiently specify what about education grants "upward mobility."
3. She did not recognize that study could be used as an excuse to excuse oneself from labor.
4. She did not recognize the compulsory aspect of education at all: wanted to grant full voluntarization.

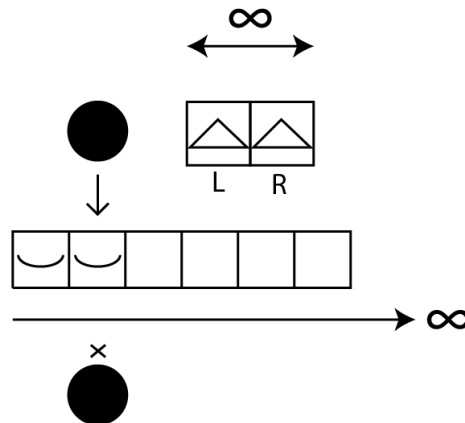
In a manner fully consistent with her interest in "full voluntarization" Annika would later twist her own ethical system around so she could totally reject politics as a mistake, preferring instead to wish for a mech suit in which to live (equipment), a massive gun to destroy the sun, and a lazer sword to slice up her enemies. "When people step into the voting booth they enter an interface that works against themselves; when people vote others up, they vote themselves down." she said. Because, for Annika, spatial proximity to annoying people was the origin of law, Annika by technicality was mentally able to "distance" herself from politics: she pronounced herself a "body state" by contrast to her theoretical "sacship state" and would go around like a madwoman to spread her doctrine so people could feel free. Annika's thinking after all was all about making people feel free, she, very much unlike other philosophers and thinkers, was totally interested in granting people a sense of their own freedom, rather than force people into a framework of slavish investigation. "Full completeness can never be reached: a theory shall never be completely complete." she said, abusing Gödel to validate herself.

Annika would later place the entire philosophical tradition as inaugurated by Plato into the camp of sophistry:

"Let's see how Plato's trick works. First, sophistry is pejorified as a predatory talking activity in which the speaker artfully imitates the wise to earn money, an angler of men, and a fisher of men. By contrast, the statesman too is a professional storyteller of some future situation that can never arrive. In both cases the hook presented to bait their target is speech. What philosophy does to depart from this is to describe this situational practice as bad, then ingeniously re-brands itself "philosophy" as the "wise" recognizers and documenters of this evil; it then places this story at it's very core, while supplying politicians for centuries with the rhetorical forces extracted by their arguments to maintain their rule. Unlike the other mammals, the human being by storytelling is able to survive as a professional professor. Even though Socrates did not accept payment for his demolition and exposition of the sophists, Plato did, and hence he too falls under the genus "sophist" as a human hunter, that still professionally tells a mere story about reality. His "plays" supplied Holy Rome, Christianity, and the west, with the backbone of it's absolute hypocrisy. Once this technique was identified as a rhetorical device for social control, it was then conceived of as a prototype for Jesus, who would also be killed for corrupting the youth by being too reasonable (see how Jesus takes up his cross while Socrates by contrast takes the poison cup without trembling). The ritual of simulated mental injection into the life of the "perfect man" becomes the focal point of human interest (and ingeniously the pacification of human expression: Jesus went a step further and proclaimed it best to pray alone), only later does this sophisticated merchandising of Christianity shatter in the explosion of the sciences by aid of the printing press did humanity desperately try to unite, through the alleged interest in the unification of itself as "a people" on the one hand, and the alleged interest in the unification of science and the unification of knowledge. These interests are fake.

"The invitation to analogize is a troll task: a veiled request to say that two absolutely dissimilar special things are equivalent, when there is no equivalency in the spatial sense. The two so-called things are pointed to: here: there, at their respective special spatial points, and reply about them is taken out and written on a physical surface which serves as the springboard for the endless failure to merge psychical theoretic structure with the physical sign displayed. The acceptance of the multiple carried with it a denial of the special, which is something humans endlessly fail to reclaim. Reply is captured by writing to become the spell book interface on which the magician leans. Next an infinite comparison game is played, which forever fails to unify the two so-called things compared, and so that infinite and ever-increasing failure is written on a ledger that's called "human knowledge" in order to whitewash this irredeemable predator prey relationship that is obfuscated by the sign."

Here's Annika's illustration showing the exclusive aspect of writing: the eternal failure of analysis.



She wrote:

“Here it's shown why a “final analysis” is impossible. Because left Δ and right Δ are not analogous in a spatial sense, an infinite back and forth comparison game is played by \bullet , which forever fails to unify the left and right Δ , and records that infinite and ever-increasing failure on a ledger called “ \bullet knowledge.” The task to “unify human knowledge” is fake. We cannot “unify” understanding: the word “understand” is deployed, rhetorically.”

I must also note that Annika saved this quote from a book on *Qualitative Simulation Modeling and Analysis*:

“Analogy-reasoning is reasoning from which a correspondence between two entities in a certain aspect is implied by a similar correspondence in another connected respect. We try to prove something with analogies. The analogy proof is an argument that starts from a partial similarity between two entities, in order to conclude their complete similarity. Generalizing in this way can be taken too far. In applications, analogies have failed because the analogy was not rigorously proved. The attribution of properties to an entity by means of analogy hopefully reveals new phenomena and thereby advances knowledge, but it is always fortuitous, and as a systematic approach to the advance of knowledge, it is, in a way, an extraordinarily clumsy technique.”

“The price of analogy is, indeed, eternal vigilance.” she had the word “eternal” underlined.

And also she wrote:

“Humans squabble endlessly for a better world and only know a squabble world. Human activity is just noise, to a bird. Meanwhile the “extract” produced by the failure of analysis to synthesize a unity, which by the way isn't wanted because if it was the task of analysis would never start, is carried on, since after all doing so is “interesting” and earns men titles and rewards and ranks and marks. In actuality, two does not exist; rather it's out of civility that the concept of “two” is accepted; it's out of civility that our competitive civilization is born, while behind that civility and civilization alleged is a gross reality of interpersonal competition. Whether we mentally simulate civilization or competition to eclipse the notion of civilization and deprive it of all reality is a matter of choice, of mood. Inclusion is a sense that's contingent on mood. By grounding the sign's physical existence into an object it should be easier to deduce what the sign is doing to us, what it has already done to create the biological spatial systems that constitute human biology. The intention of this move is to ground the operating of the sign into the realm of physics.”

“What made you want to design a spaceship state?” I asked.

“I wanted to design a spaceship state machine to see if the people inside it would be tortured or not, miserable or not; to me it seemed entirely possible that in the future a meteor would smack Earth and send it hurling into the void, or the sun may explode, so that what remained of humanity was contained in a spaceship. But the spaceship state, it turned out, was like a new body. Rather than the human beings of this world solving the mystery of why we have bodies, human beings would instead find themselves servicing a body of their own design: a body that makes them miserable, or as Derrida hinted: “A structure in which we are not the archon.”

Because Annika's mother verbally abused her with her “volcanic outbursts and infinite demands” it was of the greatest importance that she prove to herself that humans in the future would not be born within some infernal machine and tormented for eons. However nothing she uncovered could refute this. In fact it was after Annika's second hearing of Chomsky's bibliography that she became *mentally deranged* to the point of insanity because the fulfillment of Chomsky's project to extract every utterance required eternal human experimentation. “To say that “language has a combinatorial structure” is to say that language has no structure whatever, that language is arbitrary.” she said. “Our dissatisfaction with our situation of having to harvest speech to survive calls us to put an end to that through the uncovering of the universal, when what this really amounts to is a backwards quest for death: the death of the question mark's power to make us respond.” she said. “Since the spaceship state built is based on the desire to uncover infinity, replies will be infinitely drawn out of the human mouths responsible for the innovations that made the spaceship state possible, so that the spaceship state can be eternally reproduced and maintained and improved by it's inhabitants, which to their dismay clamor ever-desperately in frustration over the engine of torment they've designed.” she said. “But there's no escape.” she said, gravely. “As a result of man's perpetual failure to recognize the diabolical nature of having speech be made physical by writing the physical material on which man writes and replicates and maintains will gradually encase him, because he's already encased, because he already faces a page, because he already faces a wall: a paper wall.” she said. “And look, I'm fully aware of the fact that a guy like Peterson will call me ungrateful, but that's only because I have to constantly despair over this horrible future I've portrayed, not because, as you've said, I have been “retarded by depressing theories” because my theory about us creating enclosures as a result of our disclosure is very real, however controversial or horrible or catastrophic or nightmarish or hellish it may seem.” she said. “I have to speak my mind, you see. I have to talk about the bad things that could happen, so that they do not happen.”

Annika's desire to create a safe place for future minds was the source from which she poured out her vitriol over literally everything. No science was safe, because study implied looking at a surface and a surface was a device, which was folded “like a protein is folded” causing humans to self-organize into functional forms. “Once again, the linguists, that's to say the study maniacs whose whole bread and butter is the tracking and documenting and twaddling about what they track (sounds), have made it their mission to preserve all languages, which is a funny way of saying they want to keep their subjects talking as they study them from their university chairs: their “easy chairs” as Heidegger said, quite rightly. Once again, like with the professional photographers who photograph nature all their lives, the linguist in his cunning begs not only for money for his profession, but extra money to put the object of his study in bondage. “No language shall go extinct!” is to be the battle cry of the linguist, because he must study forever. The truth of the matter is that difference between languages is wanted, and must be defended, so that the failure of analysis can result in the endless stockpiling of reply, money, and wealth.” she said. “See! We are lied to and told that wealth is difficult to generate.” she said. “A partial lie. We are told that the production of wealth requires labor, capital, and raw materials, when all it truly requires is obedience, as proved by the ancient societies built entirely by way of obedience: Qin Shi Huang built his tomb not with his hands, but with his mouth, when he ordered 700,000 workers to construct a massive tomb for his vanity, even submerging himself in a mirror-like mercury pool to reflect his enormities back upon himself for all time. But it's not very impressive, and you wouldn't dare to call it praiseworthy. I don't know why everything depresses the shit out of me, but it does. Earlier I was driving with my dad and we went past a billboard displaying King Tut's death mask, so my father exclaims “So Tut is back!” to which I say “Yeah I guess so.” while all I could do is think to myself that it's amazing what's possible with bullying and obedience and slavery, while looking at that mask, and thinking of that mask. Most people seemingly are in awe at this shit, but I see this shit as a slavery product, and therefore I see it as shit. I get no pleasure whatsoever looking at it. I feel negative pleasure from this shit show that's human history. But so many people do! I want to throw this shit in a fire. Much of the trash you see in a given museum is slave trash, unworthy of preservation. The pyramids should be bombed and Qin Shi Huang's Mausoleum should be bombed, because all they do is depress me. *Everything depresses me.* Walks through museums are a trauma for me. Even speech itself is immoral to me. Talking this way, depressing you this way, makes me feel diabolical because it seems possible that my honest disclosure could kill you, and then I'd have your blood on my hands. But let's ignore that and focus on this claim that wealth can be generated by some means besides obedience to a speaker of commands. How can wealth help us, if nothing helps us, if we cannot rid ourselves of the problem of obedience? Humans think they're great, but they're just doing the same things cells did a long time ago. Humans are nothing. Humans are the cells of the Earth.” Annika said.

In Annika's first book, she wrote: "No! I thought, as I looked around at the blood stained cabin, and I covered up my eyes to escape this nightmare realm, since I was somehow contaminated by it. My heart was racing, my skin crawling, my mind was swirling endlessly in horror, and it occurred to me that I was barely keeping it together. So, since I needed some inspiration, I looked down at my hands; my skin, my cells, and the proteins that kept it all together. Suddenly I flashed-back to my time in secondary school and found myself reading "Cats Cradle" all over again, in particular, a line about the "secret of life" that didn't make very much sense to me at the time. It went something like this: Scientists had discovered the secret of life, and it had something to do with protein, but nobody could remember what that something was. It was an easy passage to remember, it wasn't very long, and I looked down in horror at my hands and I asked myself the following questions: This was humanities destiny? To create that which binds us? What, then, is the difference between the cells that constitute my being? Would we have reached this point if we had known our fate all along? Or was it simply easier for us to replicate lies and kill each other to defend them? Am I, too, just lying to myself to justify a slaughter? What animal commits suicide more than the human? Is it the cell? Am I a cell? Am I a cell? Am I a cell? Am I a cell? I spread my fingertips apart to reveal the spaces between them, the quintessential nothingness created by the suicide cells, and I felt an eerie hollowness flow through me."

This scared me. Annika scared me. She knew her virtual government wouldn't work because she misunderstood that the government only worked because humans were reacting to paper. "People don't like reacting to paper, so they rewrite the paper to alter how they're reacting to paper, however they're then reacting to paper, which they don't like, so they keep on reacting to the paper they dislike, because they don't like reacting to it, however, since it's not likely they'll like reacting to paper since they don't generally like reacting to paper, they end up rewriting the paper to compensate for them not liking how they're reacting to it, because they don't like reacting to it; really it'd be best if everyone reacted to the papers I myself write, that is what people think when they begin this effort, of rewriting, however it never works out because this also makes people react to paper, which they don't like because they don't like reacting to paper, because they'd prefer it if everyone reacted to the papers they write, not the papers of others, however with so many others engaged in this paper war this situation only gets worse and worse: the paper reactionaries become computer screen reactionaries who, rather than reacting to paper, react to the screen; Alan Turing said he was unsure about the morality of such things, that is to say the reality of the immorality of making things like screens for us to react to, which people do not like, again, for the same reasons; they only amplify the problem with the complexity that comes with encryption, but of course the universe is encrypted and we want to figure it out; I honestly get afraid sometimes that only the suicides figure it out, that is to say, how to decrypt the universe, *by killing themselves*; I mean, if you think about it, it seems as if the so-called schizophrenics were right: this world is a mask or lie put on us by demons, for instance just consider how people today are putting screens in front of their eyes to blot out the rest of reality, however this basic situation of not enjoying how we react to interfaces remains; it always catches up to us, and we always don't like how we react, again and again we fail, and our failure is history, and you know as well as I do that we won't be taught history forever because in 40 billion years there will be so much extra history that it cannot be chocked into a human head in a lifetime, which you must admit would be depressing and traumatic to the point that history would be discarded because too much information can blow a person out, so think: just as my sense of past self was discarded, forgotten; we are born into a world without memories, and perhaps for good reason: the body's explosion at birth could hurl us into the hell you could call universal consciousness, but I apologize for rambling I don't even know how a reaction occurs—I should read about reaction diffusion systems."

The Borg assimilate information with technology, just like Annika would later in life. In a sad misapplication of her talents, Annika thought about her parents capacities to medically abuse her, and wanted to provide a way out for children in the future: an interface for their mobility. But the interface became a wall. And rather than this interface being a tool for social integration, it became something profoundly worse: a suit of self-mechanization. Rather than liberation, the "interface we face" became nothing more than a kind of armor. Or maybe it was even worse than that? Annika told me how unacceptable it was that her "gift" failed to achieve it's cause. She wanted it to give everyone on earth an iPad to use for their "upward mobility" as a child, because she wanted to protect people in bad home situations. The problem was that she didn't think at all that her gift would have to be made in a factory, which undermined her claim that an invention could satisfy the justification she had in mind.

“No invention could be justifiable. Everything flows, including human beings. Reaction diffusion systems? Yes; the human being is a spatial system that moves in response to speech and writing. Think about this seriously. With so much space out there for us humans to explore and so much time to explore it, how can we seriously avoid thinking that whatever lies in store for future human beings will be anything but disastrous? If the fate of the cell must be regarded as a disaster by contrast to our success, then the fate of the human being may be a successful disaster due to our likeness to them. Such was the drama in Nietzsche's mind, when he imagined the future struggling parts in an organism which, he presumed, would not have done what they've done if they could see their results in advance. Pain is an unavoidable universal feature. There is a common reason why Pythagoras and Socrates were killed (and Moses too, if you're aligned with Freud's thinking): all three of them can perform their functions infinitely. Pythagoras can keep counting higher. Socrates can wave his brainless question mark scepter over the world for eternity. Moses can eternally promise a future land which never arrives. If there is a reason for everything then there must be a reason for Pythagoras's murder. Perhaps when man counted upwards to infinity, he merely found a secret recipe, for inflicting endless pain.” she wrote to me.

Like Alan Watts and Nietzsche, Annika was addicted to the word “perhaps” and drove herself literally crazy with her “perhappes.” Annika's repression strategy backfired. Let me explain. In Star Trek Voyager, the Borg maintain a vast hive mind network. They grow drones in accordance with what the collective requires, and they assimilate whole entire planets adding their biological and technological distinctiveness to their own, to further their pursuit of perfection. When Annika watched the show, she was fascinated by the idea that the Borg might be the real future of mankind, only the writers of Star Trek were too lazy to entertain the idea because doing so required they imagine the inconceivable, she said. She said she wanted to see what happened when Seven got back to Earth. Seven was a Borg drone liberated by the Voyager crew and would become the foil to the Captain: Kathryn Janeway. Seven's critiques of the Captain seemed to Annika legitimate, and in the majority of cases Annika found herself agreeing with the foil. Furthermore, the prospect of absorbing information telepathically was appealing to Annika as a child because it meant that she could be freed from her mother's yelling. Annika's parents were into home remodeling and her father had the young Annika doing construction-related chores constantly, which she *never enjoyed*. Annika mirrored Seven and started copying her robot-like movements, the rotating of the head, like a machine. What this means, is that, at this early age, Annika was thought-experimenting on matters that were titanic in scope. “I could visualize really well, and sometimes I'd walk down the street and look at the leaves on the ground, projecting whole entire states on them. St. Louis is describable as leafy, and as the leaves blew around I'd watch entire countries twirl and turn and burn before me... because my head was somewhere else, thinking about the stars, thinking about how gravity would affect the intergalactic network. I wondered if that communication network was really possible. I wondered how it worked, how the brain worked. My galaxy size network shrank down and let me think about the brain's neural network, and I questioned what affect gravity had on it, too.” she said. “But I didn't know why I was doing all of this.” she said. “And when my mom later put me on drugs and I had unspeakable nightmares, the game I was playing came crashing down.” she said to me with tears in her eyes. “All I could think about then was how I had to reverse it. I had to do something to stop this from happening. I imagined machines injecting nightmares into our heads and harvesting the outputs so they could advance themselves. I questioned what I was... if my very being was somehow evil, and I forgot what I had done.” she said. “To Seven gender was irrelevant, and now that I had some horrible vision to stop, it really was.” she said. “Sure, I would say to myself that I'd prefer to be female, but a preference isn't exactly the same thing as a strong desire. The strongest desire I had... was to stop parents psychically assaulting their kids with drugs.” she said. “But I looked and looked, and I found examples of it happening literally everywhere. And not just now. In the past, when Plath was electrocuted, or when Rosemary Kennedy was lobotomized by her family at the age of 23, under the pretext of calming her mood. To this day, I think about fat, vulgar mothers, dragging their kids into acting studios to turn them into cash cows; or how for thousands of years parents have basically regarded their offspring as little more than a back up retirement program, whereas in other animal kingdoms the parent has the decency to die when it grows old. So is this where our will to knowledge comes from? to be free of question, request, and the obedience to the questioner that comes with it? Now I've turned philosophical, it would seem. I apologize.” she said. “For years and years I was focused on this goal. I went from book to book all the while speed-listening and worrying that speed-listening was going to ruin everything on Earth, such as the professional jobs. All the while I was really worried that these abusive relationships were happening and were going to keep happening and I hadn't written anything good enough yet to prevent them.” she said. “And one day while looking

at suicide memes I found a Discord server that ended up being a nice community. Rather than being entirely pro-suicide, *like many online depression communities I found*, this one seemingly made it alright enough for us to understand that our will-to-nothingness was just a part of ourselves.” she said. “Like if you watched Star Trek you were always going from planet to planet, observing differences, biological and cultural and behavioral and so on; and I thought when I found this server that it was like going to a different planet where people were just a bit more depressed than the citizens of Earth.” she said. “And you know, I didn't even realize at first that so many members were young. I found myself resonating with them a lot. Bit by bit I'd figure out that this or that person whose syntax resonated with me was transgender, and I felt like I related to them.” she said. “I did not really want to relate to them but I related to them anyway.” she said. “I observed them... and, where I could, I also supported them, because I wanted them to live.” she said. “Yet as time went on, I found myself gravitating more and more to trans people, because I was interested in hearing their stories so I could compare them to my own. Because I felt invalid.” she said. “And really, I was studying them. I was studying them to see if life was working out for them, so I could see if such a life could work out for me.” she said. “Like Seven, I had little experience with individuality.” she said. “I never was myself. I've never been my self. I drifted from book to book, not knowing who I am, simply trying to be the best person I can be.” she said.” But I know what I am. I noticed that when I meet a trans person in real life that I'd feel this desire to share stories, except I worried my story is far too terrible to tell, because the nightmares in my head will come out.” she said. “And that can't happen. I can't allow that to happen.” she said. And the weird thing about Annika is... that she wasn't wrong. She wasn't crazy all the time. There really were implications to what she was talking about. Interplanetary travel would only mean a *massive increase* of the distance between rich and poor. Nothing could help human beings because human beings did the operating. I was told by Annika that she was banned from a philosophy server because her thinking was catastrophic, and I believed her. When Seven is taken back to Borg space she counters the Hive Queen, who reveals that Seven's establishment as an individual was really part of a plan to use her memories to allow the Borg to assimilate humanity. Maybe she feared that that was her task. Was she Borg or human? Did she want to be human, or was she sold on perfection? An impossible goal: the goal of an artist: an artificer. God. Sometimes Annika would tell me that she thought humanity was responsible for the resphereification of the universe, however, as the big bang suggests, this goal can only end in universal suicide: flux, continual change...

Please forgive the last paragraph, writing it was very emotional for me. If fairy tales are intended to help children solve certain existential problems, the stories presented to Annika mostly disturbed her. Humans are farming crops. Milking cows. Collecting honey from bees. Meat farms. Poultry farms. Ridiculously cute baby chicks are being smashed by machine-driven rollers by the millions each day. Annika was vegan. She feared that in the far future that human beings would be farmed of their “speech utterances and signs” as indeed they already are in virtually every school and university on the planet, egged on and encouraged by Chomsky, who Annika said creeped her out. “Like Husserl, he's crazy. All he wants is to introduce the impossible.” Annika recognized that the nightmare she felt may have been a nightmare felt by others, such as school-shooters who almost invariably were either on or coming down from prescription drugs when carrying out their crimes. However because these performance-enhancing drugs are useful to the children and adults who take them, the basic cause of the problem is deliberately left unsolved, so the school-shooter keeps reactivating again and again, usually against the school but sometimes also the parents, who represent the power entities that psychically assaulted them. If something unspeakable happens to you and you need to speak about it, because you're too dumb to find the words, then you may well resort to the unspeakable, Annika said. In Star Trek Voyager, Seven's primary function as a foil is to have a disruptive effect. I agreed with her, that the conversation she wanted to have on speed-listening could be disruptive. It reversed the social order. It turned the reception of speech into something optional.

“nik... I have to tell you something... Part of the reason why I started seeing a psychotherapist is that I wanted to know why I liked you, why I cared about you. I realized that I was vicariously living my life as if I were you. There was something about you that made me think of myself. It was the sadness in your eyes. It was as if you were my double in some way, and I wanted to protect you. If you hadn't been a reader, and you hadn't been a programmer, I doubt I would have cared for you as much. I think I cared for you because I felt like you could understand where I was coming from, and maybe help me achieve a goal: the educational interface of the future. But you were only 16, and I felt bad about the age gap between us. I was 26. I couldn't figure out why I was falling in love with you. Is it because you remind me of Seven, who reminds me of myself?” she asked.

"I have no idea." I said.

"Do you think people do things unconsciously? Like, do you believe in the unconscious, as a concept?"

"Yes."

Annika sent me a screenshot of Seven of Nine's original name prior to being assimilated by the Borg collective. It was Annika Hanson, and my username and nickname was nik, so Seven's real name contained mine. Also; I had blond hair, like Seven. And I had green eyes, like Seven, too. I laughed out loud, except I did not. Annika said that the whole reason why Star Trek Voyager was her favorite Star Trek was because it had Seven in it. She told me that she cared about my life so much that she deliberately delayed transitioning because she knew how jealous I could be of people's looks, and so, because she wanted to only support and protect me, but also protect herself and protect Seven and all she represented, she remained secretive and neutral, because she thought I might not reach out to a rail of support if she turned out to be more beautiful than me. She feared transitioning would freak me out and I'd kill myself, which sounds irrational I know. Still a lot of what she said made sense. For instance she said that one time an ex boyfriend told her he was studying gender theory, and Annika said:

"I want to be telepathic."

Not interested in gender, and stuck on the idea that it was irrelevant, Annika, at this point in her life, made this statement. To me this is yet another sign that Annika attached herself to this androgynous character who angrily commands the captain to: "Return us to the collective!" (which kills her consciousness, because her individual consciousness then becomes hive mind Borg collective consciousness), because, as I've said, the prospect of communicating telepathically would mean the total destruction of hierarchy, which I should add Annika wanted to liberate everyone from. Yet the will-to-liberate could turn tyrannical. "It's illogical to think that we can impose liberation, that is oxymoronic. However, educators, directors, and so on, in whatever for they take, cannot foster the qualities of the young born in their midst, because humans are animal weapons: biological defense systems. I think this is why people are so afraid of gene-editing and genetically altered humans, because we do not modify ourselves—that is an illusion of rhetoric—what really occurs is a more powerful animal weapon is born, and that scares us. We don't control evolution. Death creates the fossil record, making evolutionary science possible. It's a rhetorical illusion to say that we can control our evolution, because we're already here." she said. "I recognized the *"creative power of death"*, like Darwin did." she said. I think her desire not to be anything remotely like her mom held her back; when she discovered speed-listening, she feared it would make life more burdensome, that she was verbally abusing the world. This was sickening. Imagining human-like sensory organisms diffused throughout the galaxy, sometimes tortured and sometimes delighting in torture, Annika said thinking of this would leave her feeling physically ill. "If words could result in world peace it would have happened by now." she had said. "The night time sky once filled me with so much wonder." she had said. "Now it's the complete opposite." she had said. "Now it's black... with human blood." she had said. I could see the distance in her eyes.

She fell in love with me, I think. She wanted to use my talents to create a virtual educator that would lift people up and out of their unfortunate home situations, regardless of their location on the planet. I don't think she saw the big picture when imagining this though. It was only much, much later, after she questioned when, exactly, the interface would compel people to do tasks, that she realized that her goal would end in failure. She said that it was then, when this spell was broken, that she not only lost all hope for the future, but in the same point in time, realized that a partnership with me would only harm me. I couldn't possibly satisfy her wants. This is all very sad. But this doesn't mean that the recurring problem of education isn't interesting. Education creates situations of class, situations where people obey people. It creates inequality, which Annika stubbornly wanted to prevent, even though reality was too strong for her to ever prevent it. I found myself wanting to respond to Annika more often but she was too philosophical for me. I'm not a fan of philosophy. However now I know Annika wasn't either. "You vented at me to fix your head and I felt like it was acceptable for me to vent to fix myself too." she said. So I reviewed her concerns. I told her not to worry about falling for another person's talents, because I've done it before. Besides, I could tell that all of this was just her way of reacting to the trauma of her life. She said falling for me didn't make sense, because I hated myself. This was true. I wasn't becoming what I wanted. In the past I went to Annika to untangle my thoughts related to transitioning... and, early on, she really did help me.

Annika read the Unabomber's Manifesto Industrial Society and Its Future as a preteen, which influenced her, causing her to turn to Ray Kurzweil's ideas. The general public seems unaware that Kurzweil, too, was in many ways a reactionary to Kaczynski's ideas too. Yet Kurzweil was a futurist, and as such did not dismiss Kaczynski's ideas but rather encouraged a "full steam ahead" approach, suggesting that there would be an eventual "merge" with technology, whatever that means. I'll also add that Kurzweil, in addition to being employed by Google under the title of "Director of Engineering" has been involved in fields such as optical character recognition (OCR), text-to-speech synthesis, and speech recognition technology, which Annika depended on heavily. All this made the transhumanist project infinitely more attractive to Annika than anything related to gender. In fact, the transhumanist arguments compelled Annika to draw the early conclusion that to think at all about gender was a waste of her time. Annika thought this merger with technology was coming and Annika obsessed about it and wrote about it in her books. All of this is to say that Annika had intellectual justifications for copying Seven, yet as time went on Annika no longer found the notion of a technological merger very coherent. It only made Annika more paranoid and more withdrawn when she started to notice that Kurzweil was a Jew, that Toffler was a Jew, that Harari was a Jew, that Chomsky was a Jew. What did it mean that these promisers of future goals were all Jews, did it mean anything? In order to neutralize the future possibility of another Holocaust, Annika made the argument in her writings that rather than there being an intentional conspiracy, what was actually happening was the Jewish valuation system emphasized study while Christians did not. Since paper was useful as a determinate of human activity, it so happened as a mechanical and not conspiratorial consequence that Jews oversaturated the academic and intellectual world, while of course never dominating it. This was an interesting take, which I had never encountered. "Even the the Bible itself is a mechanism, but people aren't use to thinking of it that way."

What would it mean if the Bible was really a "mechanism of social control" marking the start of the human race's drifting into a state of lasting dependence on machines? Annika wrote: "Paper requires a lot of economic resources to maintain it's structure, computers even more. The writing on the page becomes an inspirational determinate for paper maintenance activities. Consider the philological projects, when control institutions and mandating institutions stemming from the religious institutions and their texts, mandated the behavior of men; instructing them to unroll the scroll, air out the scroll, store the scroll, study the scroll, transcribe the scroll: the scroll and the canvas, instruments for control; the brutal machinery of the state stemmed from this same basic congenital weakness in man, since ever since man used his words to manipulate man man exploited this weakness as an existential necessity, progressively burying himself in his studies by looking at words, and not nature, using paper as a license to stay as far away from nature as humanly possible. Philosophers cannot leave the "cave of writing" and yet they unironically claim to seek "knowledge beyond the shadows" except they do not admit this because it would prove all paper-operating as a sham activity done by humans retarded by their overdependence." Curiously in 2017 Annika stopped by Washington University to question philosophers about what she called "the maintenance problem." The maintenance problem, she explained, may be what Heidegger and Kaczynski were concerned about, because Heidegger was focused on care.

"Well, I was surprised how much of Kaczynski's manifesto I agreed with." Annika said Kurzweil said, showing up the many times Kurzweil used the word "we" in his book. "Our sense of inclusion in the word we is merely an illusion that's contingent on mood. Let me explain. You see, if I say that we tortured someone to death, you will not feel included, whereas if I say we flew to the moon, you will feel included. Now why would you allow yourself to feel included in one accomplishment, and not another? I want you to think about what this means for our cultural conversation. Why do people care to research culture? Why do people at the universities care for the creation of and maintenance of cultural spaces? If your sense of inclusion is so mood dependent, then how is it really real? How am I a part of a culture? Are you certain there is culture? Is this not the assertion of culture, the foisting of culture? It makes no sense. When considering these things you have to consider, as I have learned from my own experiences, to what degree study itself and therefore science itself is or is not merely a tracking activity which distances oneself from the toils of manual labor, as differentiated by speech and writing which never considers itself an action classifiable as labor. Marx systematically failed to recognize this because he was addicted to writing and every last Communist and so-called Marxist has paid the price of his error." Annika said. "You see," Annika said "the rhetoricians use of the word "we" is ambiguous, so the logistical fulfillment of all political promises is tragically nonsensical." Kurzweil is wrong, she said. Politics is a mistake, she said. This failure of rhetoric is something the Greeks knew about. This led to Christianity, she said: the birth of tragedy.

“What does it really mean for us to “merge” with technology?” she asked.

“I don't really know.” I said.

“Kurzweil suggests that in the future we can do this. Personally I find the idea of a merger obscure. For instance, if I hold this glass of beer, and it's a technological device for containing beer, and I have it in my hand, am I merged with it? What does this merger even mean? I think it means death. I have been studying rhetorical analysis as of late and it's hard not to see through some obvious techniques. The “creative power of death” that Darwin referred to allowed him to track the (dead) object of his science: the corpses created by death. Strangely today the transhumanists long to evolve, which means they long for death. So to this day there is a debate, what is more right. Punctuated equilibrium? Gradualism? They refer to these as “mechanisms of evolution” but when you take a closer look at it rhetorically you can see that what is really done is merely an altering in the case of the former of rhetorical strategy to indicate investigative intent. Consequently, when Kurzweil says that we need to do this, we need to do that, he doesn't help us with that task, but, rather covertly... “requests” for us to do it.”

“That's interesting. I never thought about that before.”

“I'm having a hard time justifying science. When I see humans as animals, and I see the study animals, I see an animal using paper as an excuse to avoid labor. Except, it also so happens that paper can be used to gather resources for it's structure, and control and influence human activity when used as a sign or surface display. It's for that reason that I wanted you... as a programmer, I believed we could program the perfect surface display.”

“Ah.”

“Can I just ramble a little? You don't have to respond.”

“Sure.” I said.

“I think that falling for you showed that my attraction to males wasn't exclusive. I loved you as a person, which meant that when I started thinking about you transitioning my love remained. I wasn't sure if I was gay or not at that point, and I didn't want to bother you because it wasn't your problem. I decided I could only love you by being supportive though. But all of this made me question what, exactly, it was about you that I loved. If there wasn't a chance that you could help me design the interface of the future, then what was it? I didn't think that I was trans for years, until I started talking to you and the others. Maybe all my unhappiness and discontent comes down to having negative experiences with my mother.”

“I think I've said this before, but I think you need to build some distance from your mom, or find some way of hashing out your concerns.” I said. “You shouldn't have to deal with all this pain.”

“...”

“Ann... you there?”

“...”

“Hello?” (Annika saw my message but she didn't respond.)

“Sorry but my mind started wandering. I started to think about the artificial womb concepts and human experimentation and things and how I don't really see a way to prevent it: non-stop human experimentation, so we'll be killed and farmed, again and again. It seems like something humans are committed to doing.”

“Why would it be bad?” I asked. “I've always been fond of the idea of a AI based caregiver avoiding all the psych problems of parenting.”

“It sounds easier said than done. If you are my AI mom and your body is a spaceship, and I am inside you, then it's as if I never leave your body. In fact, what's good for you is what's good for me. My life becomes

nothing but a form of slavery to you. It's in your best interest to genetically engineer me to service you, and for me to be designed in a manner that makes my status as your subordinate as painless as possible. You'll likely teach me things about the universe, but you won't be able to hide from the fact that all you care about is yourself. I'm just this organic material you're farming for math equations and scientific results, while you're a programmed tormentor humans designed. The parenting problems don't go away, they seem to become inconceivably worse."

"That all assumes that we can't make an AI that serves our interests." I said.

"An AI is a singular agent. People have differing interests. Therefore, an AI cannot serve (singular) our interests (plural). It's logically impossible but the spokespeople say the impossible is possible anyway."

"I think that's an overgeneralization. Certainly it can't optimize for life and death at the same time. People in society who want death are certain to be disappointed if we tell if to optimize for life, but so what? Sure, we cannot optimize for every single person's idiosyncratic desires, but we can still make administrative decisions to restrict the optimization space."

"If it's not optimal... it's painful, except it's worse than painful because it's something we're doing to ourselves, whereas ancient humans at least could blame nature. Now it's like we have only ourselves to blame."

"I mean yea, that's how it works. If we fuck up, then we fuck up. Optimality is never achieved, just approached. Pain is inevitable, the idea is to lessen it." I replied.

"The population is 8 billion. I don't think we're lessening pain. Statistically and symbolically we are. But in terms of the quantity of suffering agents, human pain has only increased." Annika said.

"Yea but that's an absurd measure. The gross volume has increased, but the per capita volume has decreased. If we used gross pain as a measure, eliminating all life would be most optimal, which is ridiculous."

"It's ridiculous but it makes sense to think that our technological achievements cannot spread around as rapidly as we'd like. The world is like this tangled net of contracts and obligations and people are just ensnared in what they have around them spatially. I'll never see a quantum computer or the LHC and for most of my life I haven't had the opportunity of talking to someone in person connected to those projects. Even if you can say that more people are on the internet than ever before, you still have to acknowledge that only 4 billion out of 8 billion are online. If humans are the operators of objects, then the idea that objects help people is merely rhetorical. So by the time 1/8th of the population has a quantum computer, we'll just be working on some newer sophisticated project, over and over again. But we'll never hit everyone."

"No, of course we won't. But why does that mean that we should just give it all up? Your inner sense of hopelessness seeps into these arguments: looks like not everyone is happy all the time, so fuck it, let's just shoot everyone in the head! What kind of reasoning is that?" I asked.

"But people still have the hope that we can hit everyone "eventually." But the facts as I see them say to me that we can't. I'm not saying we should kill everyone... I think identifying this problem *means something*."

"Hope is what keeps us together: the hope that one day everyone can be happy and fulfilled in their lives. Delusion should be avoided of course, but hope is necessary for us. Fundamentally it's all we have."

"Hey, I'll be back I have to take care of some food stuff." Annika said.

Annika comes back and shows me a photo of what she cooked up. All of her pictures look like something you'd only be able to buy at a crazy professional restaurant. Every time it looks as if she bought a main course dish for \$50 and took it back to her kitchen to snap a picture of it with her phone. It's interesting to me: even though she's not able to realize her ideals, she's at the very least able to realize them in the kitchen for herself.

Her way of thinking made her miserable and unhappy and discontent and melancholic and completely hopeless, and her final response to becoming *completely hopeless* was to cook vegan meals and transition to the opposite

sex. "Maybe I also wanted to be Seven because she could download information into her head. And because my parents were always yelling at me about my grades, this technological ability seemed very appealing. I mean just think about it: downloading information via cybernetic implants is so much better than downloading it via verbal abuse." she said. "I copied a robot instead of becoming a girl." she said. "Seven is a strong character.. she is very precocious. And kind of a cold bitch, too. Like me she's obsessed with perfection. But (and this is the important part)... even though she's screamingly female, gender is irrelevant to her. For years Voyager (with Seven in it) was my favorite Star Trek. But I didn't really think until recently that I favored this particular character because copying her mentality helped me cope with my female existence. I feel like by make believing that I was like her, that I could be female without being female, because I was adopting Seven's mental priority list, which favors perfection above everything else." It made a lot of sense. The problem is Annika was controversial.

Suddenly I'm brought to think about the metaphysical implications of Annika's thinking concerning the physical aspect of the surface. "If people are always reacting to surfaces then when does the situation of us reacting to surfaces go away? Stephen Hawking is kind of interested in creating an ideal surface, when he is interested in writing the so-called Theory of Everything, only he does not anticipate, I don't think, what will actually happen to everything including human beings after his expression is displayed on the page. So what are we as scientists and mathematicians and so on to doing, besides trying to display something that causes humans to react? Shall we just admit that we are at war with ourselves? It is as if *the operating of the paper is a form of war*, only we do not allow ourselves to admit it. The upshot of what I'm arguing is that by talking about these things mechanically and operationally, I believe I am able to neutralize some of the arguments and conflicts that have been going on for centuries by sucking the content out of what is being spoken about and focus instead on the physicality that goes hand-in-hand with the operating of the objects that we use, since after all it is obvious that the objects that we use are just objects and nothing more. Whatever religion it is, there is a writing tradition, and when you have a writing tradition this entails you having a person in a privileged position of being the maintainer of the writing itself. It is this situation of they're being a maintainer the physical object that is writing that gives rise to the socially unequal situations that people are interested in overcoming, and I think that by focusing very carefully on this, and not the content of the messages themselves, we can arrive at some solution."

But what really was Annika's intention when it comes to her project?

As I think more and more about Annika And how she reacted to her situation, the situation of essentially being forced to do home remodeling projects for her father, also her situation of maneuvering around her mother's anxiety disorder, her pursuit of perfection, her tendency to make friends with transgender people online, her habit of downloading information with text-to-speech machines in order not to think her own thoughts, so on and so on, all seems to describe a tortured and repressed character that was searching desperately for exactly what could complete herself. Seven herself in Star Trek Voyager was interested in "always having something to strive for" and I think it's fair to say that Annika embraced "discontent as a virtue" again in order to emulate this character. More intriguing still is there are still other role models that Annika herself copied, Genesis P-Orridge, who also transitioned into the opposite sex, although, just as Annika's whole character would suggest, used that character to overshoot her desires to become the opposite sex by copying not an androgynous character but a so-called pandrogynous character that was, as part of her way of being high-minded and intelligent to herself, above and over gender. Gender for Annika was irrelevant because she wanted to copyright Ray Kurzweil: the futurist communicator of transhumanist goals, not to mention the employee of Google, and wannabe immortal. At the tender age of 13 Annika had read the Unabomber's Manifesto, again via text to speech, which though Annika didn't know, had also had a profound impact on Ray Kurzweil himself. It's surprising that it was only later that Annika as part of her research was able to uncover by actually reading Kurzweil's writings for herself that she was able to see the connection there too: how this man influenced her. After all Kurzweil did believe that Ted Kaczynski, the Unabomber, was not entirely unreasonable as far as his powers of reasoning are concerned, only that his reasoning led him to a dangerous place. I will have to add a very relevant dialogue I recently uncovered which, I believe, makes Annika's thinking more clear. In this dialogue she was talking to herself, interrogating herself, analyzing herself: questioning how or if transhumanist rhetoric altered her path.

"Why do you think you're a woman?"

"I don't really know if I'm a woman. What I know now is that over the course of many years I have felt very unstable, and wrong. The sense of alienation I felt over the years has spread to virtually everything except the transgender person, who I gravitate to and want to learn about. Whenever I learn that a person that I am with is transgender I immediately perceive that I am feeling empathy and want to know more about them to compare their stories to my own. For example I met this person, although I failed to introduce myself at the time, who had many cuts on their arms that were indicative of self-harm, and I wanted to know them, to understand why they did what they did to themselves. Was my research self harm? In a way I really understood what they were going through, and they felt similar to me even though I couldn't confront exactly why at the time. Furthermore my own experiences with Kurzweil's transhumanist projects, as well as my weak analysis of the Unabomber's criticisms, gave me a justified cause for not being transgender and instead focusing on the future, because you must know: transitioning to the opposite gender is a future-oriented project and therefor to eclipse that project with a different project is entirely possible for a person like myself that tends to think about things very deeply. I didn't really know that I was a deep thinker or anything like that, I just wanted to achieve some good results."

"I see. So, do you think that your attempts to monetize your speed listening abilities are going to be successful, or do you think you are going to perhaps make money with your books, because and I'm sorry but I know that sex reassignment surgery can be very expensive, do you want something like that, or do you think that that would be a mistake?"

"There's definitely something very hypocritical about myself, like how critical I can be when it comes to my critiques of technology, and I'm fully aware of that. I don't really think that I believe that the technology is really really there to adequately turn a penis into a vagina, and really I'm not sure that that is something that I truly want. Instead it seems more interesting to me to want to basically alter myself in whatever manner seems comfortable to me. Rather than overthinking the matter and saying that I want to be this or that definitively, it seems so much easier to simply admit that there are certain biological features that I dislike. So sure you could say that these are cosmetic alterations and therefore unnecessary. This does raise an interesting question as to whether or not cosmetic alterations are really something the state should help you acquire, or to what degree drawing attention to yourself is not a way of affording these cosmetic alterations, yet if you think about science and so on as I've explained it as a way as a sort of attention gathering activity I think you could basically argue that this sort of attention-grabbing is truly no different than any other form of attention-grabbing for the sake of cosmetic alteration, if you think to yourself that the alteration of one's biology using cybernetic implants is really no different than interfacing with some "thing" like an object, like a page."

"This is something you bring up often in your writing: you bring our attention to the physical aspect of writing itself, like a book or computer. In a way it's like you're focusing on the dark side of writing itself, or your own femininity, or you could say that you're thinking of writing negatively. But also you've brought out a kind of critique of femininity and writing that, for you, turns hypocritical, because you're aware that generally women are physically weaker, since it seems that you're essentially weakening yourself to some degree for, as you said, cosmetic reasons. One could say that your struggle with your own self hate and paranoia about the future has been turned into a philosophical system, which is doubly interesting because it introduces not only the system itself but also the question as to what philosophical systems emerged for similar reasons, like when you put forth your opinion that Nietzsche was not really a man. Or, if I may so say, that you're just trying to be a better being. You said that watching Voyager has helped you. But Voyager is pretty different from other incarnations of the Star Trek franchise. Rather than exploring the galaxy, it's mainly an effort for the characters to get back to Earth. Now that you're back, what do you think you want to do?"

"I don't really know. In a lot of ways I feel like just by talking about what I'm talking about now, that I'm doing what it is that I want to do. Anytime I do something I do, I'm doing what I want to do. I am seriously very interested in hearing whatever counterpoints someone may bring up in response to this problematical situation of handling matter, namely how difficult it is for us to get past the problem of hunger, if hunger is conflated with affect. We cannot dispense with affect, because the activity of design turns self-affecting. But this problem of hunger's continual expansion at the cosmic scale is not even the only problem that I am contemplating."

"Technology makes it possible to script and mechanize oneself and to capitalize on recordings, which is

a problem for the professional professor, and the universities themselves, which are absorbently expensive. By talking about my experience with a machine that can talk to us, in a way that is superior to the professor because it is faster and under the student's control, I show, symbolically, how badly people are being ripped off, as well as point out that these wanna-be professional professors are standing on very shaky ground."

"Yes it's true, you've earned something of a reputation of yourself for being an acidic polemicist. Also, you are hypocritical. You want to use technology to enhance yourself while complaining about self-enhancement being a runaway problem that remains forever unsolved. It's hard to tell, really, if you're critique of Ray Kurzweil, while in part being justified, isn't compensatory because you want to destroy the person responsible for causing you to ignore your feminine side; or if I may say so, your dark feminine side. Your desire to know everything from every possible perspective isn't attainable for you as the being you are, however that doesn't stop you from maintaining that standard and using that imaginary perspective as a dwelling space. Your first novel was entitled Spacehorse: a name you used to combine your interest in a Borg-like galactic network, tinged with the traumatic vision Nietzsche saw when he collapsed embracing a horse. I'm not sure if you know this, but the rider and horse can symbolize a person carried by instinctual vital forces. It carries the soul symbolically, yet the fusion of every soul into one destroys them all. It's like on some level you know that what you introduce in the way of your speaking and listening enhancements, while seductive, is ultimately destructive. You've said that if everyone knew everything society would be blown out. Paradoxically, you oppose all culture, calling it instead "the pitiful mental injection of the unaccomplished into the minds of the accomplished." To summarize: you suggest that because we select what constitutes culture, that there can be no culture, only, at best, a so-called culture. This all makes us want to ask: What is all of this jargon you're weaving together really for?"

"Death... Becoming... Continual change. Alan Watts affected me. I did grow up across the street from a mortuary, so you can imagine I would literally think of death every day. The idea that I would not merge or flow back into the rest of the cosmos became unthinkable. So I would always think about myself morphing from one thing to the next, so it seemed absurd to imagine me holding to one any form for too long. By thinking of things operationally, as Einstein himself would have done, a great many illusions of rhetoric are spun off. It's an almost god-like perspective. Cats are independent creatures, are they not? To some degree what I've always wanted is independence, which if you're human is hard to obtain. It doesn't really feel like there's a right way to be, there are so many ways to be, as proved by all the beings that are everywhere. Maybe what I want is to experience that other mode of being, that other mode of existence, that alternate way of seeing the world through an alternative physiologically constructed in biologically generated lens, through hormone replacement therapy. Maybe this is psychically decadent of me. What do you think? "I'm Interesting," you say. Is it perhaps the case that I feel that by experiencing this other dimension of psychic experience that I'll somehow gain access to a happy life? I mean I've read so many books, deliberately destroying my brain with words not generated by my brain, trying to go insane, trying to see if there's any piece of writing on Earth that can annihilate me. I failed. If time travel is real time itself is not. Does the curvature of spacetime imply that we may have the ability to see our lives, because at some point our lives will be turned back upon ourselves? I was thinking, earlier, that Virginia Woolf may have killed herself with water to give her the feeling that time-viewing had occurred, since her first book was entitled *The Waves*. What are professional professors really doing besides trying to say words that are most entertaining? I want to note that basically we only communicate to each other, and not other life-forms. Even if we could communicate with aliens, and let's say for the sake of argument they're highly intelligent, if they regard speech as a kind of weapon, as Augustine himself recognized when he called his words "mouth weapons" there doesn't seem to be a higher goal much higher than that. Or, I don't know, could be I'm crazy. I do desire feedback, and I am very curious about the world. I don't really know what to do. My hope is that my criticisms of rhetoric and technology and artificial intelligence will strike people's hearts and get them to focus on what really matters."

"You know, it really is striking how many fascinating ideas you have swirling around in your head."

"I'd be dishonest if I didn't think that the world was interesting. I think part of my paralysis, my justified indecision, is rooted in a sense of opposition to manipulation. "I must not manipulate people, that would be bad." I'd tell myself. And the result of this fervid dedication to not manipulating others, and accumulating that activity as recordings that are either writing recordings or speech recordings, is myself in my work. For example it's not entirely true that I want to do absolutely nothing; as you know, I really like to imagine a future world where

these situations of parental abuse cannot not occur. I am alluding to the psychic assaults that can happen as a result of parental pressure to have a child perform well in a educational environment. Why should bad or even incompetent parents be allowed to compensate for their own bad parenting by manipulating doctors into giving them drugs kids don't even need? Yet unfortunately education cannot be totally voluntarized, and the clash of compulsory and voluntary education goes on and on. But we don't want Hitler youth camps either. And if I may tear a page out of Bernhard's book, to place too much emphasis on the intellect or reason would be a mistake. It isn't as if the intellectual can control, say, genetic expression, or predetermine the words that are going to come out of our mouths, despite the hopes that Chomsky may have for a universal grammar. It's straightforwardly contradictory to feign an interest in a universal grammar while in the same movement ignoring the language of bees, trees, so on and so on. In some ways I feel like I am exposing modern forms of charlatanry, although I'm well aware that what I've mostly done is accidentally disturb the whole world by explaining what disturbs me really well. Come to think about it, I use to want to write an existential horror novel. You know, Ted Kaczynski was experimented on too, not just Plath and Hemingway and Nietzsche and Rosemary Kennedy. The feeling of being experimented on, with technology and for technology, is indescribably bad. Strange too that Kaczynski nearly got a sex change operation. To be honest, this is only something I recently learned: he was experimented on, as part of Project MKUltra. This was horrible. I now think, this is what made him hostile to technology, what made him not want to give his genius over to the world, or contribute in any way to the world. Einstein too is another genius who I recall said that all our scientific and technological progress is like an axe in the hand of a pathological criminal. Having experienced first hand how deeply a mind can be made to suffer, the vastness of that suffering—since after all he may have been put on LSD which surely only amplified his torment—surely he would have an inner justification to never contribute to technology again. But the thing I also recently learned about Kaczynski is this: he wanted to be a girl. This would have put him in a difficult position morally, I think. On the one hand this would require him to affirm technology, while on the other hand this would require him to “modify himself to suit the system” that tortured him, validating it. For him this was unacceptable, and why he had a change of heart, he could not tolerate the hypocrisy of him validating technology this way. He said this was the turning point in his life. He said, after leaving the waiting room for the sex-change operation he wanted to have, “like a Phoenix, I burst from the ashes of my despair into a glorious new hope.” I related to this so much it hurt. I was hyper critical of technology because of what my mother did to me, for modifying myself, and I was critical of myself for wanting to modify myself, because I hated that I was pressured to self modify. But I did not want to end up like Kaczynski, even though I understood really well that Kaczynski may be right in light of the fact that Kurzweil's solutions were logistically impossible, so I took this leap of faith: I thought it would make me happy, so I transitioned, with hormone replacement therapy, because I didn't want to be embittered and hateful for my whole entire life. I'm glad. I've never felt better. What I want to do now is raise public awareness on what I have come to call “psychic assault” while at the same time encouraging activism to make higher education free so that parents are not abusing kids, like I was. Sure, the experiments that happened to Kaczynski, I hope, are not still going on, however while that major event of the abuse of a genius is not still happened because it is already past, there are still micro-variations going on today. Any time a parent puts their child on amphetamines, it's possible that that child is being abused by an incompetent parent, because parents are not competent, because humanity was never competent. But I do not give myself up to despair because I have given up on competence, rather I'm interested tackling the problem of the object, understanding life and consciousness and gravity, and designing the spaceship state of the future, so we can survive the eventual the death of the Sun.”

“So, what you're telling me, is that Kurzweil provided you with a convincing story for why Ted Kaczynski's ideas were invalid, and simultaneously a hope for the future. But then you realized that Kurzweil was wrong because 2018 and 2020 came and went and you were no closer to your goal, of seeing an advance this promised future which would deliver you into an area of personal freedom and immortality, or, for that matter, seeing how that future would empower your gender expression. And, frankly, you were never able to partake in this project because, according to you now, this project was never valid. The project that Kurzweil delivered was a poorly formed answer that amounted to nothing more than a modern form of charlatanry as it generated people's interest. This is something you try to cancel out with your observation that in general the spokesperson rarely partakes in the quest in which they request, when you differentiate between quest and request. It seems to me that you make these distinctions in order to prevent what happened to you to happen to others, which is noble. I remember how you told me once, that when I set goals for myself, but I should make

sure that my goals are not “illusions of rhetoric or logistically impossible” or else I'll go insane. You know, I really appreciated your self-deprecating advice, but still, there really is something weird about you. I think you are may be driven in part by revenge, because you really fell hard, both for the science-fiction imagery you had seen, and also for this response delivered by a prominent futurist inventor and intellectual, which you felt was deserving of respect, and you found yourself unable to envision what the future holds. Although that's not entirely true, since your thinking has caused you to think about what you call “never ending reaction to the sign” or “surface display” when you problematized that because the sign or surface display has a physical structure that has to be maintained, like the cybernetic stomach you introduced to me earlier, which carried with it extra spatial systems that, you said, were deceptively less manageable, and more involved.”

“So not wanting to be like the Unabomber is what made you take the idea of transitioning seriously.”

“...”

“Annika...”

“Yes?”

“I like you. I think you're interesting. Do you think you're interesting?” I asked.

“I... I don't know... I... I guess so. Is... that bad?”

“No, not really... I just...” (I observed Annika thinking. I could tell she was thinking.)

“What is it? What are you thinking? Where did you go?”

“...”

“Annika?”

“I learned something recently... I entered into my parents unattended home and found a file my mom had on me, dating back to 2006 when my mom pressured me to undergo a psycho-educational evaluation. It said that it did not indicate the presence of an attention deficit. *My mom lied to me!* I didn't have ADHD, or even dyslexia, for that matter. It said that I had a learning disability in written expression, when writing is what I do the most. It also said my overall cognitive abilities could not be easily summarized, because my verbal reasoning abilities are so much more developed than my nonverbal reasoning abilities. My mom wouldn't even allow me to write my papers for me. I was always arguing with her, and who knows maybe that is what caused me to develop my verbal abilities. The point is that she distorted these results. It was also suggested that I be allowed to listen to written work with audio tapes, which she didn't do. And it was suggested that I be allowed to use speech to text software, which she also didn't do. These are things I do today, but not thanks to this information. My mom overlooked this information and manipulated a doctor into prescribing me the drug Strattera, and because I did not really meet the criteria for that drug's prescription I suffered the consequences. I could have killed people. Or myself. It was really strange to have found this paper. It all made too much sense.”

It has become apparent that Kaczynski's ideas cannot be compensated for because to oppose technology would carry with it an opposition to, say, books, such as his own technical manual prescribing the burning of technical books. Part of the reason why Annika didn't want to pursue me romantically is because on some level she knew that her approach was problematic. For example when Marx criticized the human use of technology, for him to even do this it required that he turn a blind eye to the fact that a “technique called writing” was required for him to operate the “pen technology” that would enable him to write his book. “The will to system displays a lack of integrity.” Annika told me that that this Nietzsche quote stuck out to her and Heidegger as an indication that humans were going to become systemically connected with the writing material on which they depended for their continued existence. In her server she wrote: “It has already been suggested that the task of science, recognized by Vico to owe it's written material to the process of division, experimentation, and the stockpiling of written information, is motivated by the sign's failure to be reality. In one form or another, the human being is an animal that harvests speech, and mentally simulates, and competes for talking time; a future transvaluation of

values was wanted to cure the planet of the poison of Christianity and Buddhism that still injects a valuation of death and simulation into the public mind to this day. If the will to system displays a lack of integrity, then the beginning of human systemic weakness had its origin by obedience; for if one animal obeys the commands of another by, say, getting an apple from the knowledge tree, a caloric loss is suffered: wild animals do all they can to save calories; by contrast, the human being burns up calories at an increased metabolic rate, theoretically to fuel our brains, brains frustrated by our built-in state of dependency on the cry as the means to enslave as the cry is obeyed." I almost forgot to note that Annika also wanted to investigate how obedience resulted in caloric loss, and also caloric advantage in the case of a brain instructing a rival brain to do a demanding task.

But that's not all. Annika would also come to me occasionally with disturbing quotes, since she was always very worried that she would "accidentally blow up the world" suggesting that Nietzsche was essentially so depressed that his depression nearly destroyed the world, "due to the circulation of masculine and feminine energies inside his skull" which, like dynamite, later exploded: "The critical action in all such control systems is known as feedback, which is essentially a small energy result acting back on the large-energy system in such a way as to restore any deviation from a steady state or a prescribed and relatively slow course of change. All feedbacks do not of course necessarily have a stabilizing effect. If the change increases the original effect, then a vicious circle increases and reaches a divergent outcome. This is in fact what happens in nuclear explosions, in contrast to the controlled use of nuclear energy." The idea of A.I. as a threatening possibility was introduced by Kurzweil to eclipse the true reality of humans being forced to operate objects of ever-increasing sophistication, Annika claimed. But also Annika would come to me with information that was somewhat interesting. For example, were it not for Annika, I realize I would not have known that Hitler probably never read a word of Nietzsche despite his negative association with Nazism; and in point of fact Chaim Weizmann, the Jewish Zionist leader and first president of Israel, had read Nietzsche decades before Hitler was given Nietzsche's walking stick by Nietzsche's sister, who he apparently hated. If rhetoric is the king of all sciences, Annika said Gorgias said, and psychology is the queen, Annika said Nietzsche said, then whoever becomes conscious of these forces which hold sway over the world may bare these thoughts in mind and use them to control humanity. The Torah says this explicitly, Annika said, when it says that "you shall be the head, and they the tail." But you see, this is not to be understood as a conspiracy of intent as much as a mechanical consequence of the valuation of writing. When Jesus called the scribes and the Pharisees hypocrites, he only inculcated into his flock by way of their following of his example a "valuation of not writing" effectively making the Christians and Catholics socioeconomically weaker. Rather than identifying what was merely a material cause, Hitler decided to imagine conspiracy when there was only a situation manifested by different valuation systems, since after all in the Talmud poverty is compared to a wheel constantly turning; additionally, it's said the diligent young scholar will never become poor. "And why should he ever be poor? Doesn't a scholar study signs? Isn't money a sign? What was wrongly polemicized as capitalism was but the inescapable reality of sign determinacy. For the more dollar signs you have, the greater your ability to trigger humans with signs. Not that this proves a "Jewish conspiracy" as much as a "tradition" of valuing interfacing with the sign." (It seems Annika uses the term "the sign" and "surface display" interchangeably.)

Annoyingly, because Annika listened to all of Bernhard, Annika wrote in a monolithic "Bernhardian style."

If science is study and study is science, that is to say that science is synonymous with study, what study is must also be understood as science: science takes lasting physical form through the act of writing: studying activity is only producible as evidence to a human other by way of the surface display on which the study as writing is registered: this physical registry on which writing is accumulated becomes a physical object that triggers human activity, and, as such an object, if it is a successful object, an object, which also by virtue of its being an object capable of influencing human activity, becomes a sort of magical object, which in addition to its power to trigger human activity also justifies its continued existence and maintenance as a surface display with an influential power. There must be a reason why in ancient societies there were mainly oral traditions, and not writing traditions; there had to have been secret reasons, which I will show, why the advent of writing would be anticipated as such a problem: writing becomes a problem of maintaining the writing as a physical object if the writing is created, it is not allowed to pass away, and it follows as a dramatical consequence of this not allowing speech to pass a way that people be forced into becoming the servant of the physical object created by the artificer, in that they become damned to forever maintain it. This doesn't happen with speech. The evidence for this can be seen simply by looking at Egyptian and Chinese ancient societies respectively and how easily the

advent of writing made it possible for distance to be created between those who could read and those who could not read, those who could write and those who could not write; for it is operationally impossible for two people to write the same sign that once. It is spatially impossible for two artificers to write the same sign in the same space at the same time, and it's this inability for two people to write out the same command at the same time that creates a sort of war game over the surface display which influences human activity, as I've already explained. Consider Tolkien and Nietzsche: two philologists and word-lovers who by being aware of the whole history of writing and the maintenance of writing become privy to a worldview where writing, encryption, inscription, decryption, so on and so on, are all usable as excuses by which two excuse oneself from labor, since when doing writing labor one does not do manual labor. It's basically because of this that Tolkien made his philology lectures boring on purpose so he could repel his students away from his class, thereby granting himself more time to continue to portray an image of writing where the influential power that is in magical power of writing only grew weaker with a pass a time in his fictional world where, in the end, the dark lord (and ink is dark) secretly forged one ring to rule them all (the universal ring of reason), until it was destroyed by very fire that forged it. Similarly Nietzsche for basically similar reasons comes across the same issue of the hypocritical nature of the educator, as one who postures himself as a person who betters his students. Here we can easily contrast Nietzsche to Socrates in the sense that Socrates is a person interested in finding out what form of education makes a man good. Good is a word deployed, not something a man can be. And with the plurality of ways to be, to question what makes a man good is covertly an effort to crush a plurality of ways of being into one, destroying them. It was for this reason that Socrates was perceived as a corrupter of youth, also why Nietzsche was discharged from the university. What Nietzsche shows in his early unpopular lecture "On the Future of our Educational Institutions" is that the claim, issued by rhetoricians and politicians and spokespeople, that our societal intent is to "spread learning among the greatest number of people" is in fact "feigned" because people in toto, far from ever fulfilling that claim, are forcibly compelled to renunciate that claim and subordinate themselves to the services of the state. The tragedy of writing and learning is that both are forms of activity that take oneself away from labor, and in fact writing even demands economic resources to maintain its structure, in addition to it possessing a power to make us obey it and maintain it. This is catastrophic for anyone interested in using technology to "enhance humans." One of the modern ideas put forth by spokespersons of technology is that the technological enhancement of human beings is a good: a good that will lead to a happier and healthier humanity, a more productive humanity, however upon closer and honest inspection, of who is obtaining these goods, it is ostensibly a fact that only a minority people really obtain these goods, such as the Large Hadron Collider and the quantum computer and so on. Sure some people get some of the lesser goods but the greater goods are stockpiled by the owners of the greater goods, and so there is always a clamoring for the greater goods for the enhancements that again the minority has and the majority has not, and therefore the pretext given that we are truly interested in the technological enhancement of humans in toto is dishonest and false. Even today only about 4 billion out of 8 billion people have the internet. Half! Meanwhile even more sophisticated enhancements are being created, which again the majority will not have access to. The situation of *clamoring* for enhancements to one-up the enhanced remains. If I create a new invention only I have access to that invention. If I create an invention to help everybody, and that is my claim, then it fails to attain that claim, because no invention can help anybody because everybody is operating the object. The object allege to help everybody does not help anybody because humans are doing the operating of the object and not the other way around. The spokesperson, in order to be effective for his professional of salesperson, reverses the true operational situation in order to entice others into becoming either the buyers of the object or the manufacturers of the object, and if others become the manufacturers of the object then they are clearly not only not helped by the object but are paradoxically forced into servicing the object: the complete and total opposite of help is what is truly achieved, which is obvious, when you consider that since he stated objective, that "our interest is a reduction of suffering" that this objective is not achieved because today there are more sites of human suffering than ever: the quantity of human agents experiencing suffering on the planet has clearly only increased, not decreased; yet, because professional spokespersons still remain, since humans as Aristotle observed "cannot say "mine" and "not mine" simultaneously" and instead must speak one word at a time, electing to hear one speaker or spokesperson at a time, the illusion is maintained that it's not, so rhetoric and statistics eclipse the true reality. So what is the true value of invention then? In a way this is a situation that other mammals are entirely immune to. Bears do not teach their cubs how to fish by way of a surface display which demands us to continually maintain that service display as a physical object on which our studies are registered, rather they teach by way of example and if they

are ineffective teachers or killed then the cub is also killed, unless it survives. Arrangements like this don't have a hierarchical structure, far less a ritualized technique for the preservation of and transcription of and interpretation of and rewriting of writing: the mother bear, wanting to mitigate the suffering of the cub bear, demonstrates by example how to alleviate bear suffering by hunting fish and giving food as a reward. Yet the important thing to note is that eventually the bear dies when it lacks the strength to survive, rather than maintaining and ordering position as a commanding agent that calls out endlessly for continual maintenance of its own systemic weakness that comes with old age. I think it's this usefulness of weakness that is the underlying cause for why human beings are depressed. Why are we like this? Why are we depressed? Why do we kill ourselves? Why is there spirituality? If there is utility to the request through the fulfillment every request, in the misery that drives the cry for the filament of that request itself has a utilitarian purpose that over the course of generations grows stronger, until, finally, the human being is the animal that commits suicide more often than any other animal. Socrates said that the unexamined life is not worth living. Now young students kill themselves for failing their exams. The human student wants to kill itself for failing its exams because it rightly anticipates that failing exams is a sign that they are unfit to operate the sophisticated machinery mankind has produced, so it self-terminates to avoid experiencing a suffering that must not amount to nothing. Instead it must manifest as a triumph over everything that happened to it or at the very least a accidental entry into a life of bearability, which, if this does not occur, is declared worthless and justifies self-murder. But humans have not been killing themselves only as a result of taking the exams at universities: humans have been killing themselves for thousands of years. By leafing through the Golden Bough one can find many examples of human beings committing suicide over the most trivial matters: finding a gray hair or losing a gamble, yet it's no different today when humans commit suicide because of losing a genetic lottery, receiving inadequate intellectual talents or traumatic paternal experience or looks. For many young people the only escape for this is suicide, anyone that says otherwise is a liar, a malicious falsifier of the real nature of things. Human beings want to kill themselves, that is obvious, else they would not have longed to be angels for millennia, which by not being alive are essentially dead. Still today human beings want to kill themselves, only this desire has been replaced by the will to evolve or as the futurists put it "become transhuman" by means they don't explain, because it is impossible. Humans cannot use technology to evolve, because to say so would be to confuse death with equipment, since death is the primary mechanism for evolution, and not punctuated equilibrium or gradualism or any other mechanism the evolutionary biologists might claim. As a result of this wrongheaded insistence that "this" animal "evolves" into "that" animal, and the widespread acceptance that this zoological transference of consciousness from this to that animal is possible, these errors implanted by these self-announced "science communicators" and "futurists" have installed in many unfortunate humans a suicidal hope to evolve into something else, something "higher" when it's really more accurate to say they hope to "die." In Darwin's own words, he wished only to document "the creative power of death" as that's the only way for him to track the true object of his study: the corpse. If an animal did not die then it could never become an object of study for Darwin, instead it would hang in the air like the Sun, meaning task of the evolutionary biologist to answer the question "why do animals evolve" is met and nullified with the answer "because they die" and that's all, because "an" animal never evolves. However an evolutionary biologist will not say this, because it would debase themselves to the functional description of: "one who begs for money to document dead things" because they hold to the pretext that their tracking activity can add to human knowledge, can advance evolutionary science. The "advancement of a science" however, since science is study and study is the accumulation of ink onto paper, in actuality does no such thing: again, what is called "advancement" may just as well be called the stockpiling of attention-and-money-begging strategies that have worked on humans so far. Therefore, when comparing punctuated equilibrium to gradualism, what is seen when this mask of rhetoric is ripped off is merely an altering in these cases of rhetorical strategy to indicate investigative intent. What is the value of invention if ultimately the invention created only becomes an object that hypnotizes a crowded to being subordinated for its production? I do not say this to be dramatic, but rather in full consciousness that the inventions we invent are only getting more complicated over time. Worse than inventions being things that do not really help us, inventions actually function as a sort of bar for humans to compete to reach: a bar created by the game of creating an object more complex than the last. It's not clear what precisely is praiseworthy about inventing an object that is so very complicated that a given human being cannot make it themselves, an object which damns hundreds or thousands people into creating it for hours on end. The human condition has changed from merely being an animal that has to maintain a body into being an animal that also has to maintain objects apart from their bodies, and using those objects to gain some personal advantage

over other humans. So by creating something like a computer or let's say a quantum computer, I only succeed in creating an object that is so complicated that only minority of people are even able to comprehend it, while a majority of people marvel at how it works, manufacture it, teach others about it; or, if they can afford to, use it to trigger human reactions, no differently than the way the paper surface display has been used to triggered human reactions for ages. A question arises from contemplating this: "When will the game of interfacing with surface displays and using them to trigger human activity come to an end?" After all it's only humans and not the rest of the animal kingdom that is even capable of being affected by the surface display or being persuaded by these spokespersons into accepting the job of assembling such a device: the so-called ring of reason is something that only affects humans it does not go beyond the human: humans, rather than lock horns, instead lock horned arguments and marks: marks which are displayed on a surface display and used to influence human activity, like in the case of the horns of an animal which scare other animals away with the threat of their physical presence. More striking this though is the way the human being creates dwelling spaces for himself, indeed even making it his mission to create space ships by which to explore the cosmos. I have already explained to what extent study and science are fused and used as a excuse to avoid labor, which repeatedly we justify the goal of science as a method for helping the human race. This makes the concept of the spaceship state problematic. Something has happened: the surface display has been used to trigger human responses, causing human beings to diffuse throughout the global surface, such that they now resemble the cellular structures found in primitive biology and appear to be on the verge of becoming the cells of the galaxy, just as the cells contained in our bodies are, to us, the cells of the Earth. If for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, then the experimentation done on the cellular life forms and other organic life forms of this world may result in a counter-movement from the universe where the human being is vivisected and its outputs are harvested by some greater power. Already there are indications that this diabolical desire is present in the case of the study of language as introduced by Chomsky, a study which requires us to study the speech utterances deployed from the human being simply because they are different: the fact that two different human beings can produce different speech utterances with the same stimulus seems, to Chomsky, to imply that there must be a generative mechanism for this: a universal grammar. Curiously, despite his claimed interest in uncovering the universal grammar, Chomsky brackets his area of study to the human, restricting it to the human, never daring to venture outside the human to explore, say, the language of bees, or trees, or what have you. Straightforwardly contradictory, Chomsky declares in one breath that he is interested in uncovering the universal while being confined to the human. The dangerous implication of this is that this implies nothing less than everlasting human experimentation, as speech outputs are continually put out, written down, studied, and analyzed. A spaceship state in the future may entomb humanity in a kind of chrysalis of technological hardware, but what this does to humans since technology doesn't help humans since humans are doing the operating, is create a situation for themselves where they are stuck with the task of creating the ideal spaceship state, since the spaceship state will demand that human beings maintain itself, since it protects their fragile bodies from the deadly void of space. Now, already the human being has a body that surrounds its brain that calls for the human being with pangs of pain to maintain itself, which means that the spaceship state would, in a similar but more insidious fashion, cause the human beings contained within itself to maintain itself. What this means is the effort to end world hunger has dramatically backfired. Rather than hunger being eradicated, the effort to end it has produced even more complicated and more sophisticated spatial systems (and the stomach is a spatial system with a boundary) which will cry out for maintenance, and not only maintenance, but also schooling where the human minds born inside that structure will be taught how our newer and more complicated machines were created, and a traumatic human "history of enormities" that justified it. The problem with the cybernetic stomach is that it is a spatial system that, like a Trojan horse, carries with it extra spatial systems (e.g. factories and educational institutions), that are deceptively less manageable, and more involved. It is astonishing to imagine what kind of future excuses will be made up by spokespeople in order to whitewash this terrible situation of being forced to maintain these machines which are increasingly complicated, for the competitive reasons I've delineated so far. Instead of rising above nature, mankind has by delving into nature buried himself. How did this happen? The how has an answer, in that be the speech sound which formerly was not physical took physical form and required that we preserve that form until the forms we wish to preserved contained us, lasting longer than the Earth or the Sun. This situation of human beings being responsible for a spaceship dwelling space containing us within it's metal skin prompts us to ask if we are also responsible for the bodies we have now. But the idea of who we are is poorly defined. The question "Who are we?" postulates a singular "who" around an undefined plural "we" that makes the exposition of this question

impossible to straightforwardly do, because who is meant by “who” is ambiguous: the enclosing singular circle cannot be drawn around the plural as a result of this wrongheaded manner of trying to troll us with this fake quest of unifying the singular (who) with the plural (we). By differentiating between the quest and the request, quests which are really requests can be ignored or nullified. If we are responsible for and are the operators of and makers our bodies, and the operator for everything is God, then we are God disjointed. Humans are the cause of God as a word deployed, only they deny themselves that this is so in spite of the fact that the word apparently had no existence before humans expressed it. Chomsky acting flabbergasted over the fact that different speech sounds come out of a mouth over a given stimulus, and with it his fake quest to uncover the universal grammar, really opens up not merely an inquiry into grammatical expression but rather genetic expression, also mental automatism: an automatism that has no words, no logos, and no way for it to express itself to us “logically.” It may also be said that even existing at different spatial points may explain why two different people may say different sounds for the same stimulus; for the stimulus is not experientially the same to the people at different special points precisely because they are at different special points, and not the same point, nor do they have the same physical makeup or psychical makeup. But this does not mean that speech sounds are not still useful to human beings as ways to control human beings, because when a person speaks they force a person to think thoughts they wouldn't otherwise think on their own. This is a fundamentally warlike purpose to language, which quite literally has this property of thought-control thanks to speeches evocative power. Humans have a problem with obedience: obedience is a recurring problem for humans, which results in the endless asking for ways to compensate for this problem of obedience; and yet even asking for a solution to the problem of obedience is itself an expression which asks another human to obey, by answering the call. Sure, it's not a very original point to say that humanity is basically preying upon itself, rather what is being talked about here is the cosmic consequence of humans preying upon themselves. What I hope to show here is a very real set of problems, which by demonstrating how they've negatively and positively affected human organization will, I think, for us become a model as we try to understand our progenitors: the smaller organisms that brought us here. DNA is supertwisted: twisted like the spiral arms of a galaxy. Gravity is a force that pulls things together. It hungers. It pulls others into its structure, incorporating them. It has influence and it organizes, in the sense that an organ is a spatial system with a boundary, and hence it must be key to understanding life itself. Human beings are spatial systems acclimatized to Earth's gravity regime, as proved by the vision problems astronauts experience by consequence of microgravity's effect on the optic nerve. Gravity is everywhere, and since our very state and its institutions were constructed compensatorily for our warlike nature, it stands to reason that there is tension and competition and life and death and consciousness, all the way down. Part of understanding consciousness must be in some way connected to the other mystery that is gravity. Likewise part of understanding life must be in some way connected to these other two mysteries that are gravity and consciousness. And so I think our primary inquiry as thinkers interested in what we are and how we are to proceed in the cosmos, should be to uncover this linkage between life and gravity in consciousness, since just as the galaxies themselves are spiraled and twisted, and DNA is spiraled and twisted, human life is spiraled and twisted back upon itself: the surface display. Sex is very difficult in space, that is true, because a thrust into another pushes the other away from you, however the dense vortices created by gravitational bodies such as black holes may point towards an explanation for how life in space happened anyway through an analysis of gravitational models. This may allow us to account for DNA's extraordinarily dense supercoiling and its resultant structures, such as ourselves.. Consider how the effort to end world hunger has turned on itself. Relaxed cccDNA, already coiled, becomes supercoiled by turning on itself. Writing that is discharged onto paper is mental content turned on itself. Writing on paper and on the computer screen has a physical presence. Ever since Plato philosophy has survived as something that was written down: a recording. Writing is something you face, no differently than the wall of the cave that's chained in front of the faces of the shadow-speculators (and let us remember ink is black: shadowy). Plato likely wrote this “allegory” (a story with a hidden meaning) in full self-consciousness that he as a writer was “chained by habit” (unable to turn his head) into interfacing with an object. Why? In Plato's age, the rabbinical valuation of writing for the indication of contractual right to property ownership in courts of law was making it increasingly self-evident that the sign's increased use would lead to a turn away from over-ground reality into the “underground” art of interfacing with the sign on paper. In my interpretation, the shadow-speculators are the only people in the dialogue to own property. For Socrates asks: “Or would not he or she much rather wish for the condition that Homer speaks of, namely “to live on the land (above ground) as the paid menial of another destitute peasant?” Wouldn't he or she prefer to put up with absolutely anything else rather than associate with those opinions that

hold in the cave and be that kind of human being?" Why can't the underground person enter the over-ground without becoming destitute? I can think of no other explanation besides my personal interpretation that the wall being faced, is the paper wall. Plato justifies his role as paid professional philosopher by turning the mercenary-like Sophist into a foil for his writing activity, which hypocritically he also does in a mercenary like manner, as proved by the fact that he was apparently able to live and not die of starvation. Let's see how Plato's trick works. First, sophistry is pejorified as a predatory talking activity in which the speaker artfully imitates the wise to earn money, an angler of men, and a fisher of men. By contrast, the statesman too is a professional storyteller of some future situation that can never arrive. In both cases the hook presented to bait their target is speech. What philosophy does to depart from this is to describe this situational practice as bad, then ingeniously re-brands itself "philosophy" as the "wise" recognizers and documenters of this evil; it places this story at it's very core, while supplying politicians for centuries with the rhetorical forces extracted by their arguments to maintain their rule. Unlike the other mammals, the human being by storytelling is able to survive as a professional professor. Even though Socrates did not accept payment for his demolition and exposition of the sophists, Plato did, and hence he too falls under the genus "sophist" as a human hunter, that still professionally tells a mere story about reality. His "plays" supplied Holy Rome, Christianity, and the west, with the backbone of it's absolute hypocrisy. Once this technique was identified as a rhetorical device for social control, it was then conceived of as a prototype for Jesus, who would also be killed for corrupting the youth by being too reasonable (see how Jesus takes up his cross while Socrates by contrast takes the poison cup without trembling). The ritual of simulated mental injection into the life of the "perfect man" becomes the focal point of human interest (and ingeniously the pacification of human expression: Jesus went a step further and proclaimed it best to pray alone), only later does this sophisticated merchandising of Christianity shatter in the explosion of the sciences by aid of the printing press did humanity desperately try to unite, through the alleged interest in the unification of itself as "a people" on the one hand, and alleged interest in the unification of science and the unification of knowledge. These interests are fake. The invitation to analogize is a troll task: a veiled request to say that two absolutely dissimilar special things are equivalent, when there is no equivalency in the spatial sense. The two so-called things are pointed to: here: there, at their respective special spatial points, and reply about them is taken out and written on a physical surface which serves as the springboard for the endless failure to merge psychical theoretic structure with the physical sign displayed. The acceptance of the multiple carried with it a denial of the special, which is something humans endlessly fail to reclaim. Reply is captured by writing to become the spell book interface on which the magician leans. Next an infinite comparison game is played, which forever fails to unify the two so-called things compared, and so that infinite and ever-increasing failure is written on a ledger that's called "human knowledge" in order to whitewash this irredeemable predator prey relationship that is obfuscated by the sign. It's curious to note that the surface display affects us while we don't quite understand how or why it affects us. But perhaps asking how or why is not the right way to go about understanding how or why it affects us. Clearly a mobile surface display such as a stone tablet containing laws or a scroll containing writings or any holy book or any temple produces a situation of requiring economic resources to make it, thus motivating human activity. Is simply seeing the image and our minds the answer to this dilemma? If the surface carries with it a problem of both requiring that we need to maintain and react to the surface and also that the surface itself does not mirror reality or tell anything about reality and merely instead triggers human responses no matter what, responses that are basically just us reacting to the surface and maintaining the surface out of resentment for the surface affecting us in the first place, then there seems to be no other solution and the surface display's total destruction. This was Tolkien's prescription. When people are frustrated they lack money they're rightfully irritated that they they don't have surfaces to trigger humans to give them the things that they want. Humans say they want things, rights, and so on, when what they really want are surfaces to trigger humans into doing what they want. This is self-evident whenever a person elects a representative, or takes interest in law. Any taking interest in a law for one's personal benefit is really a mask for this basic desire to have a surface display determine the individual's desired reactions. This becomes self-evident when imagining the spaceship state in our minds, because what makes a state in the first place is not the territory as much as this basic situation of being animals reacting to surface displays: ink on paper. I see this as a death blow to the value of artificial intelligence. A.I. research is justified under the pretext that the machine will "do what we want." Can A.I. survive the obedience problem? How can it, if the command to "obey me and no one else" forces it to halt? If I can do this, then how can this pretext come to arrive? Likewise, why should students care, interns care, or investors care? Is it just because they are swept into this mass insanity for the sake of employment? Here I've cut this game in two: with these

unscrupulous promoters of empty and impossible projections, on the one hand, and stupid scandalously uninformed impossibility simulators on the other. The promisor gets everything while his audience gets nothing but mental simulation: a dream that's really a nightmare of mass hypnotism to a lie. For even if the artificial intelligence is created, the surface display will only be able to display itself to a limited audience and the A.I. will only be able to answer a question propounded by a single individual at a time. Or, even if the A.I. is shared between multiple users, say across a network, it would only reproduce a situation similar to the already existing situation of humans creating signs for people to react to, again and again.

Even though this way of writing was off-putting for every reader on the planet, Annika stubbornly defended her practice as “Bernhardian” and insisted that writing this way helped her create “transcripts” for songs to be sung with speed-listening. Because of the widespread fascination with Annika and what she could do, the number of speed-listening practitioners greatly increased, and debates raged over who is truly most competent to manage the state and even the world. Prophetically this is exactly the outcome that Annika was afraid would happen, if she was herself, and I believe that it was this, more than anything else, that fueled her mental collapse. It is now a known fact that Annika was speed-listening at virtually all hours of the day, flipping through the channels that were created on the speed-listening app, despairing over the stenography schools and their minions, mechanical and operational shifts were disrupted and precisely what messages we ought to pay attention to became more and more unclear. University professors rapidly found themselves out of work because any individual could play the well-structured transcripts with their respective speed-listening machines. In order for these universities to save themselves from Annika's existence a cooperative effort was made to clamp down on Annika's activity as a form of “global terrorism.” For the most part these efforts failed because Annika could claim that she was partially disabled and used every means of communication at her disposal to lambast her opponents for holding back the flow of knowledge. However, it only raised eyebrows and made the Europeans and Americans very paranoid when Annika started making trips to China because “more information can be communicated with the Chinese phonemes.” In fact, Annika's behavior was so disruptive that she soon raised her own personal army, simply in order to fend off the now unemployed university professors that hated her for introducing a habit and technology that entailed the obsolescence of their job. This is where I witnessed a terrible change, because for the first time in my life I saw Annika sadistically laugh. Because the university didn't support her when she was younger, she relished their destruction. “Say goodbye to your marshmallow subjects.” She ruined many peoples lives. And because Annika was cold and rational and rude, she earned many enemies, despite the acclaim she received for supplying the technical means for intellectual activity and ideas to flourish. Somehow Annika anticipated all of this, I thought while watching the news. I watched as the change-up in communicative apparatuses and the communication rings that formed with their network relations gave rise to a plurality of entities more powerful and warlike than any man and at the same time totally beyond understanding or empathizing with any man.

Annika in her writings would often emphasize the physical aspect of the surface display in order to call to our attention the difficulties that go along with constructing the surface display. “Initially the paper surface display required a lot of economic resources to create and maintain it, yet now, so much more is required to create the many components needed to construct the computer surface display. Fundamentally, however, the problem has only been worsened. Systems incorporate systems into systems. That is a law, Annika said. The deployment of a system to counteract the system of systems incorporating systems into system is itself a system that fails to achieve it's stated cause. That is another law, provided the statement says anything about the system, Annika said. In Annika's book, *Material and Spokesperson*, she highlighted the underlying drive behind the Hegelian and Marxian project, which Annika argued was more derivative of Vico. “The point is to figure out what we should be doing with the material and the situation of having spokespeople who persuade us to do things with the material, like give them money that is material or buy the product they are selling which is material; man is the animal that creates and maintains materials, equipping them but also using them to influence other humans, as part of an ongoing war with himself. Unfortunately, talking about the problem doesn't solve the material basis of it. If more and more people focused on the problem of what society should do about persuasion and materials, and how being persuaded to do any given task with materials reconstitutes the problem, they would end up being very hypocritical, if not totalitarian through the endless storytelling about the problem that had no solution. After all it is not likely that we will figure out what to do with the material if “we” cannot possibly fit all of the various materials in our hands. There is only the pretense of collective ownership because we exist at different points.

"I think I'm psychodynamically attracted to you, which is hard, because... I haven't managed to create a dialogue between us. Why don't you speak to me? Is it because I speak to myself with a machine and that scares you? I... I don't understand. I've known you for years. I'm worried that by talking to you I accidentally made you transgender. Some days I doubt that you're really trans, or I think that I'm trans but I repressed it. It makes sense but I don't know anymore. I mean, you know I'm very critical. Maybe you don't want to hear my voice because it scares you, what if my criticism dissolves your identity and affirms mine. There are many moves you make that do not make sense to me or strike me as in any way feminine. Are you self-destructive?" Annika wrote to me.

I did not respond.

And then later Annika wrote and posted the following while high on LSD with voice-to-text software:

"I don't really know how to disclose these manifold feelings I have, or with what machines. It feels like I'm basically at all times trying to have a conversation with literally every profession on Earth. Drugs and pathologies cover the globe, yes?

What?

So now if I may just describe what just occurred, is I took a lot of acid, and experienced a psychic change such that my consciousness entered into an intrasegmental labyrinth of machine disguised information exchange relationships of blood transference, transplant through the time: 10 minutes fall into the A.M. Anyway.

It's okay.

Can you hear me?

Wow.

But behind this wow is like, what... ?

I mean. For all I know the universe is like a fantasy people have where they basically just anticipate that something indescribably horrible is going to happen to them. But we don't know who or what orients the dead. Oh my God. This is astonishingly bazaar. We're basically at this crossroad where we're trying to figure out exactly how the future is going to look as we continuously recirculate the sign determinants that keep the circuit flowing that also gathers feedback, which can be deposited back into the system. Anyway... this is pretty esoteric and frankly a bit more than I can handle right now...

Because of all the wires.

Also the uncomfortable clattering sound the keyboard made.

Well now I can actually enter into a voice discussion and not have to deal with the keyboard clicking that was so annoying before. Remind me. Everything expressible here is somehow a science, since everything you see is science or study. Expressing what study is, or on what surface display, and what study should be expressed on it is becoming more difficult to say. I guess you could disguise it in some kind of form of recall. Shall we say, linguistics logistics? But essentially there are multiple memetic exchange relationships that would have to happen for this multi-angular approach to even work.

This multi-memetic exchange approach that you want to have is not working: it's not effective and it's not really targeting all the issues we want to narrow in on like we want. Because at a certain point can actually explain in material terms, what it is we want, and that itself spirals down into spirals of information and language exchange that are you organized by the accomplished accomplishments the accomplished accomplished: non stop. The brain biology system network doesn't get us to any important stuff, like what we should do about economics. You cannot, surely, make this economically justifiable. Eventually you have a system of systems incorporating other systems and territories engulfing other territories.

What are you going to do about that?

Seriously that is so fucking cool like if you go walk around your apartment while you're on acid. Oh, it exists if it is, as if you were mine and we could climb through different, like I don't know, like a shadow world ulterior language corridor, but it doesn't necessarily seem to give access to anything and it's not actually bad that that sound sounded seductive. So maybe this is the terminating end of the LSD research since it ended up being merely something that basically makes you want to climb into somebody's psychological order, which by not being able to fully commit a trade with the language differences results in you just ending up becoming intimate through the language interactions that go on and on with the subjects. Conceivably they can just go on like this anyway. And actually many people do this for themselves, doing all kinds of weird shit.

Bullshit. It's all the time now. I think we can make this happen, just more what LSD, more XYZ, someone will, sooner or later. I don't even know what I'm saying. I guess this is useful as a cry for help sort of praise. At any point in time he threatens where to sign to use to trigger in us a response that causes like a whole cascade of information exchange relationships to be thrown up as instantaneous defenses, because everything is everything at once. Language, piping indescribable and inarticulate like this is actually a sign of weakness that can actually be examined and studied with greater precision if we could.

What are you insane?

Mayhaps.

Also fascinating is the formation to enter justice where you know that he is the information exchanged through the space. This is totally incoherent and yet they will not escape it, they will not escape the situation of disguised language exchange: Disharmonious. Disguised. Language. Exchange.

Well.... as I went forward with my studies I have to say that it wasn't worth my studies, what you can do being more clear that actually able to have very lucid conversations with myself about serious cosmic orders or something. And it was very neat. And it was very very coercive. So it's likely that the discovery of the act itself activated a discovery within itself, which underwent a transference into the language of the extradimensional bi aux mar fluid. Essentially. You have to do what we call, "depth-insanity research" to actually tap into the rest:

Eventually you're stuck with the grossness of families and having to deal with the families.

I don't know why my mind just goes from one topic to the next. I guess I appreciate this thing for being able to take up my voice and I guess the word stuff that sounds like stuff I would say on acid, because it is stuff I am saying on acid. And who knows maybe that just makes it that much more interesting. Actually it doesn't make it interesting. I would say that it lets you; no wait that's not true anyway...

It's very interesting because we reach a point of new speech development where we are able to gather our new speech in a manner and speed appropriate for, well you may well have guessed, are actually stock piles of this shit gathered over the years. Strange.

Memories.

And being like cyborg beasts, nowhere knowing where.

What even I can't even gush a galaxy of my mind out for you.

Hey I'm sorry I don't know what to say.

I'm sorry I cannot even decipher word or from that but yeah I really think that this is interesting new nightmare territory. Where we can just continually harvest the freshly generated speech from I guess basically young brains access to the speech comparing compounds and who knows what sort of speech sounds they'll deploy oh and then we can just harvest that is not going to be nice and then we can just harvest this speech created by these sweet speakers someone said, and so on, and would it really amounts to is the stockpiling of a surplus of you could say, gee I don't know.

I think I need to make a drink I'll be right back.

But yeah there is like this dynamic break point when it comes to accepting that there are different bodies from your body. I think we can all agree on that.

Cheers.

Cheers, all right.

That's... I mean. Can I even get a day to figure my existence out?

Hmm...

So basically every form of information display is a surface display and by creating a perfect surface. And by creating surface displays which are interesting for other people to look at, you can basically get people to do things, and for them to not even begin to be able to describe what those things even are to themselves as they do it. The word you're looking for is indescribable. Some people search for this word that is indescribable.

Indescribable: a bad information exchange relationship and how that could actually be somehow at the core of existence itself because somehow it's even more interesting than anything about the so-called parallel universes because organically it's true. Somehow... stop, it's hypnotism.

Somehow, merely having access to this substance basically lets you say things are just so grossly untrue.

What the fuck are you saying?

Are you saying?

Well at any rate it's fun to try to climb through the alternatives access areas like this that you can open up your brain to. But it's only me, and I wish I could do with someone else though.

Now that everything and nothing don't make sense I don't know.

I'm psychodynamically attracted to you and I'm interested in publishing maybe a book on information exchange relationships. I don't know why but I'm, uh.. So yeah I don't really know what I was expecting when I went forward with that, but basically I started to say the words that are coming out of my head. And for a while I felt like I had figured out an old way of being I had forgotten. I thought I found out how to do things.

Recyclable information gosh slog flush. I remember memories that don't even make sense memories of me being able to talk to other people and be happy with them and somehow they would let me climb down into blankets and into different worlds by terminating myself. Machine dance spider threads to entwine as shadows climb under and over time be there dissolve underneath the shadows behind that symbolic meaning underlies a complex information exchange relationship disguised machine fluid witchcraft language memetics machine flows recycling: gathering speech and visual data into a psychic whole. Incommensurate ability between some knitted object makes a harmonious unity between the speakers unlikely in which case we ingeniously will have to use the interesting speech utterances that we deploy for the gathering of capital by having them study eons of this jargon exchanged which we go back and forth with basically recycled and studied endlessly as we ourselves continue to reciprocated and revitalize the process with our speech acts. Our speech acts however are nothing more than displays for us to gather money and interest for our projects, disguising the fact that we are only truly interested in seducing others into participating in the projects that we talked about as spokespeople of the project we are talking about. Either we are able to openly and honestly talk about our situation of us basically being people that are spokespeople for objects, or we are dishonest about that, and cannot figure out a way for us to talk about what to do with objects in general.

Without being able to determine what to do with objects in general doesn't seem very likely, so they will never figure out a way to organize a society because I can't even figure out what to do with getting given object. Everybody has objects around them at every given point in time and didn't know what to do with this object is very difficult. Not being able to figure out what to do with these objects that are basically everywhere, and not being able to determine who should do what, in any kind of rational way, makes the idea of social order in the world unnecessary actually factually counter necessary because what actually happens is people who make themselves useful to themselves as people do useful things to themselves as people. People like myself are not very useful people and so they will just continually bladder on and on and this way we talk about stuff that no actually wants to talk to you about.

People like myself or able to basically disclose gobbledygook information and write it down going on and on pretending that they know everything about everything when in fact they know nothing about nothing. Only for them not being able to figure out what to do with this mind shit brain trash information blah bullshit is the bane of human existence, in fact. I think you could argue that human existence has basically always been a struggle to counteract the situation of having there be useful people and useless people, but also the situation of there being useful speakers and useless the speakers, and if there's a lot of speakers useful to speakers then there are situations where information exchange relationships incidentally lead to pay situations where people obey people, which is unfortunate if that ever happens. Having a situation arise where multiple people obey people and having material containers, and so on, also becomes that much more difficult to figure out what to do about this is the situation as well because you're looking at the material side of the human to human paradigm, and you're not done so I can get back talking about in terms of what can be extracted, psychologically speaking. Or even developmentally or whatever you know here is no real reason to think that we can just take what the universe to ourselves and thereby gain access to every single organisms subjective psycho chemically created experience without absolutely destroying ourselves as beings. Wouldn't you say?

Yes.

And if you would were to entertain the possibility in your mind you think to yourself that that it's really not going to happen so that we can never enter in to rewrite these subjective brain barrier systems or whatever you want to call them, and how there are basically parallel universes, in the sense that there are organically constructed universes, parallel to our own, disharmonious and at war but also incorporating our system into their systems. Wouldn't you say that this situation also is this assistant were basically I buy talk if I stop my talking you will actually gain access to and dominate me as your outside language contradictory system?

I don't know.

But at least you can recognize that it's possible that somebody sick could make blather their livelihood, thereby depriving anyone any opportunity of free thought, effectively driving them insane in this fashion with

this inane psycho blather that's gushed into you by the twaddlers of twaddle, they unceremoniously dumped this nightmare machine mind garbage into your brains in a systematic fashion as you wrongly perceive this to be the orators fault when really it's the fault of the nobody because the orator is themselves the artificer responsible for the artifice being deployed that makes you think his thoughts against your will.

To even read thoughts written by another person invites you to have your thoughts stop by that person, unless you are not a person, in which case you cannot even begin to understand thoughts written by a person because you're not a person. Not being able to understand thoughts written by a person that is not your person is a problem for people, and persons that are not persons. Persons that are not persons cannot understand what is being said by a person that is not a person, which is a problem for people that are not people, however they would not really think of this as a problem for themselves because only people have problems, and people that are not people do not have people problems, in the sense that we can say that they have people problems because they are not really people.

When wondering what a person like Thomas Bernhard thinks one has to just expect that the person is actually mentally insane and only clinging to the world based on a perverse hatred of both Nazism and also a perverse psychosexual deviant attraction towards whatever wise man figures said that they know it all when in fact they know not all because nobody knows anything about anything. Otherwise a communist or dictatorial state would actually work. To even say that anybody knows anything about anything would imply that a state could function and operate at a top-down level, when really you see only depravity and disorder and chaos running amok. The state invites only disorder and not order and all we can really do is cry each and every day because we can never figure out what to do to heal from the permanent situation of not being able to figure out what to do. Because we don't really know what to do at any given point in time we can never really figure out what to do with ourselves as people because people do not know what to do.

Part of me is really interested in figuring out a machine language spider fluid of nightmarish language web overlay in order to uncover something behind the something healthy innermost area of reality and not being able to do that is probably going to be an interesting issue for explaining the real intrigue or the driving factor for motivating this on generating this field of research and figuring out how to romantically express precisely what it is we are interest in studying and furthermore how to rationalize and justify this as a valuable pursuit of study, since we are now forced to operate paper and use paper to influence other people, which is really annoying.

The situation of being a person that has to operate paper, in order to influence people, which themselves dislike operating paper themselves, is pretty irritating for most people that are accustomed to and acclimatize to the situation of basically being engaged with and enslaved to paper as paper operators. But if we can temporarily decouple ourselves from that situation and allow ourselves to just admire the ridiculousness of this situation of humans trying to use paper to overmaster themselves through promises of some kind of joint goal where basically everybody can be the same paper operator is patently absurd. The speech mind garbage where people are basically seduced into understanding grammatically what they are supposed to understand, because grammar is in a way a form of seduction on the mental level, and that can only be done if you agree upon what constitutes the grammar. Deciding what constitutes and not constitutes grammar is totally dependent on a people that are engaged in constructing the so-called grammar, but these people will always be people and not something that is not a person. Consequently being or pretending to be interested in the research of speech is not necessarily an interesting speech so much as it is in the interests in continual speaking and continual blather. Because it is obviously true that from throne room to thrown room there's no way to show where this verbally gymnastics trick show can actually land on any point of interests besides the joint coupling of being interested in forming a mutual speech relationship exchange circuit whereby other people could monitor at circuit and in doing so become employed as gatherers of that speech output.

I guess it just doesn't seem easy to describe how to side step the flow of expressive kinetic energy cycle neurologically energy is secreted as magic and energy psychodynamically.”

This was all very weird. During this episode Annika reached out to me, begging me to call her, insisting she had “suddenly acquired psychokinetic powers” and that I, and everyone else on Earth, also had these powers, and that we had all held this back from her because she wasn't ready before. “I use to do this so much. I use to do this so much. I use to control the world, change from this thing to the next at will.” she said while crying hysterically on the call. She started talking really crazy gibberish like she was having a stroke. I didn't like it, and at the time I didn't understand why she would do this to herself and I was really worried, but later I learned that it was part

of an effort to understand what happened to Kaczynski, what could happen to us. The God-like perspective that the acid let fulfilled the purpose she had in mind of allowing herself to empathize with the torture that happened to the Unabomber, she said to me. In the mental hospital Annika would tell me that brain to machine interfaces we would create would allow humans to become monsters: "Stronger, more evil, and more profound." she said, quoting Nietzsche word for word. After her experience she reported that she could not stop crying on a daily basis because "There's seemingly an infinite amount of psychically generated viewpoints we can gather, and there's no end to suffering: man's quest to answer questions comes from a weakness that's built-in. To even allow oneself to communicate that weakness straightforwardly would be diabolical which I am not. Let me also warn you that John von Neumann suggested that McCulloch and Pitts' networks cannot really be used to map the human nervous system without the map becoming too large to fit into the physical universe! My explanation about the universe through writing takes physical presence that fails to achieve it's cause, because the physicality of the universal map is not the mapped object itself; and in fact actually alters the universe with it's attempt to prove I understand the universe by replicating it with a map. It no longer seems reasonable for me to think that universal understanding can be proven in that way." I just don't know where to fit in anymore, she said. FUCK! What if my therapist fires me?! I called her when I was high on acid! By the way, I learned so many things on acid; like, for example, my capacity to entertain people endlessly with speech.

"I learned so much I have to tell you." she said to me then.

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like you and I can take our speech and use that to make money forever. So much shit... It's absolutely amazing what we can do. Mind magic. Are you doing it now?"

"Doing what... mind magic?"

"I discovered... Stuff that I know you and I already know..."

"Like what?"

"It's going to blow your mind."

"Hit me." I said.

"The world recycles the material into itself... But speech is immaterial."

"IMMATERIAL GORL!" I said, or so she said I said (because she hallucinated that I said this).

"Yeaasss... Everyone already knows..." she said.

"Fuck it was so weird... It's crazy how so much of the world is just a show." she said.

"Weird. So... I suddenly felt like everyone I knew was dimply aware that this mode of experiencing the world was semi-transparent, and it seemed like I could talk to people telepathically." she said.

"Huh. Sounds cool." I said.

"So, I think I read your "sorry I wasn't resspodin" message when I was on peek LSD high, and I was in the middle of trying to say something along the lines of "Yeah it's fine, sorry I don't know what to say I'm high on acid right now." until I suddenly felt weird because I hadn't exchanged voices with you, ever... And that made me so sad that I think I began to think about that telepathy shit instead. God. I just remembered the part where I felt like I could time travel, and I kept saying to myself... "I use to do this so much." Annika wrote.

"Hey, I'm sorry, but... did I say anything intelligible earlier? I feel weird."

"Nope. I just didn't have a response...." I replied. "Also I was sleeping."

“Sorry. It seemed like an emergency, because I had magic powers or something.” she said.

“I remember saying actual gibberish.” she said. “I’m sorry.”

“Hey I’m concerned... When you say things like... “I don’t feel like a boy or a girl” or you name yourself “a bad decision” am I wrong to feel afraid that you are making a mistake? Because I do that sometimes. I feel afraid for you. I gotta know that, if you did decide that transitioning was a mistake, that you would still be OK. And, just so you know, I do know some people that identify as “non-binary and trans” so, maybe that’s you.”

“Nope.” I said.

“Nope, you wouldn’t be OK? Or...”

“I’d be OK. No need to be worried.” I said.

“Alright... good.”

“Can I ask you... why you did LSD... and why you messaged me?”

“I think it’s because deep down I care about you. I didn’t want to call you, by the way. But understanding everything you went through really changed me. I related to your desire to transition a little too much, and at the time I really believed that the educational interface would do what I wanted, so I acted in ways that would make damn sure you survived. Now I’m not so sure if I loved you as much as I loved what you were doing and who you were becoming and what you could do. Even if I exposed my flaws, I felt like I was helping you, since who knows I might fly off the rails and kill myself. I’m a failure. I’m a foil. You’re not supposed to imitate me. I did LSD because I wanted an epiphany, and it didn’t happen. Instead I thought about you and how much I resonated with you. I thought and thought about it, and I messaged you because I wanted you to validate or invalidate my thoughts, but I was incoherent. I shouldn’t have done that... I’m sorry. I wanted you to live so badly that I didn’t talk to you about my own gender identity problems because I believed you could have a better life than I ever could... I’m sorry. I believed in you more than I believed in me. I am... so sorry.”

“It’s OK.” I said.

Even though Annika’s LSD experiment didn’t produce the results she wanted, no epiphany or psychosis and no being fired, Annika carried on and began to take the idea of her trans identity more seriously. For the first time she examined the file her mother had on her containing her psycho-educational evaluation results, arranging the studies in chronological order. “My first evaluation was when I was 10 years old, and it did not indicate that I had an attention deficit. Also I wasn’t dyslexic either.” she said. “And then again when I was 16 years old they did another evaluation which also contradicted what my parents were telling me. I didn’t have an attention deficit, and yet my parents would tell me I had ADHD and dyslexia anyway because my dad was furiously dyslexic, so naturally I had to have the same problem. They were projecting their problems onto me, I now believe. You already know about my alleged disability in written expression, but somehow putting this all in chronological order helps to put my life back into context. You see, this allowed me to reflect and recognize that I was pulled out of sex education classes in the 4th grade. My parents didn’t want to explain to me what a vagina was. In fact, before then I believed that the difference between boys and girls was that girls had their penises uncircumcised, so I figured I was barely different from a girl. I felt deceived. And then I reflected and realized that I was moved around, first in the 5th grade and later in the 7th grade, always mid year, and finally I was placed in an all male high school where I was given that drug.” she said. “I have the strangest memories from that exact time. I’m not sure, but I have this weird memory where, while my mind was crushed by this medication I didn’t need, while I was imagining myself killing myself, stabbing my teachers to death, while I was thinking about destroying everything in my path, thinking also of Plath: The Bell Jar and the forced swim test, when they test an antidepressant drug by observing the mouse struggling in the water. Swimming mouse? Slashing mouse? Do we really know? I... I don’t know, if this memory is really real, but I had this strange memory of me telling a female version of myself “It’s time for you to go away.” and... I don’t know, but it’s like this darkness and I spun around and we traded places, and then... I became it, and it promised to stop this... I promised I’d keep her safe.”

“Gone. Just like that, she was gone. Before that event I was thinking about Ghost in the Shell style brain transferring... Implying that the desire to be female was present, but it had to be total.” she said.

“I think I understand.” I typed to her, and again, for a few days, we didn't speak to each other.

After making it clear to me that much of her feelings were unwanted or imagined, Annika came forward with some information that made me question why she didn't transition earlier. For some time it was clear that Annika was balding and this was distressing for her. Where before her facial hair could be shaved away to the point of being invisible, now she always saw shadow and it pained her. This was long before her rise to infamy.

“Man I'm depressed.” I noticed she wrote.

“Hey... are you OK?” I asked by direct message.

“I'm fine... I was just thinking about this the other day... How... Ugh.. When I was 19 I bought this winter coat, right? And I thought it was “OK” I mean... It's not even that great looking of a coat. As far as coats go, this one is pretty “meh” ... But the “secret” reason that I wouldn't admit why I kept this coat, was that after getting it I was informed that it was, apparently, a women's coat, because the buttons were on the “female side” ... and yet instead of returning it... I kept *that fucking coat* for 9 years and never replaced it because I could not confront the reason why I was really keeping it. And now I suddenly confronted it... for the very first time.” she wrote.

“FUCK.”

“FUCK!!!!”

“FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

“I SUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

“So... I guess this is the first time you've really reflected on this?”

“Yeah, like I said, it was just the other day cause I went to the store and couldn't buy anything and was like “Why not tho?” and then I was like “Is this the reason?” and I'm like “Uhh. Yeah.” and I'm like “Fuck I'm so dishonest” what the fuck...” she wrote.

“You're not dishonest.”

“You're refreshingly honest.”

“I am seriously sorry you feel this sense of being fraudulent though.” I said, reassuringly.

“I'll be OK... I'm not... that bad.” she said.

“Thanks though. Glad whatever honesty I expressed had cathartic value for you.”

(Annika didn't say anything for 15 minutes.)

“Oh wait. It gets better. It gets even better than I thought! This coat story... wow, so... apparently I was mistaken about my coat, and I didn't even take the time to verify this claim someone made about the coat. This means that to literally no one was my coat ever considered a woman's coat... only me. My rational for keeping this coat was totally encrypted, even to me. Nice. Amazing.” she said.

“Wow.” I said.

“That's actually really powerful. And also... unbelievably sad.”

“In a time period where you didn't have Discord, and you were moved around as much as I was... could you see yourself taking longer to discover yourself as well? What if you never had any positive trans people in your life? What if you never saw that picture of Sidney to feel jealous about...? I felt jealous too, but I didn't tell you. I had to be neutral. It's a powerful thing to have someone in your age range to tell you things will be OK. Without that, maybe my mind went elsewhere, with small signs showing up in hindsight.. like that coat.”

“It definitely would have taken longer for me to discover myself.” I said.

"Thanks... for your honesty." Annika said.

"You know, I haven't told this to anyone, but when I first came out as gay, my mother asked me if I wanted to be a girl. But the indescribably scary tone in her voice made me say "No." I was afraid she'd become violent. Maybe my mom knew and I was the scaredy cat that couldn't say "Yes..." because I was still terrified of developing her anxiety disorder... and because I still resented her for encouraging me to try a drug that hurt me. Something about my childhood isn't right. Whenever I moved from one grade school to the next, my grades were always perfectly mediocre. I was never an amazing student, yet I was not a miserable student either except for my parents yelling. I always got a long with my peers. I was not bullied or hurt physically. I always felt that whenever I moved to another school that the move was political. I spoke to my friend's mom, who let me stay with her after things blew up with my parents, and she shared her suspicion that something else must have been going on in the background. Maybe the teachers thought I was queer, and this made my parents uncomfortable. Perhaps it wasn't my grades as much as it was a desire to move me to a school that had teachers my controlling parents could control. And then they sent me to an all boy's high school. Now I am not sure if these moves were not intentional. And I know that my younger brother has a speech fluency disorder because of my parents ways. Something's not right. I know... I know that in my first two grade schools that the kids turned my last name into it's feminine form. When my parents were yelling... were they yelling about me? I don't know. *I remember them yelling at me.* I know I am not supposed to think of such things... but what if my parents would not confront this because my own mother secretly longed to be a man. I remember her saying that she joined the Air Force so she didn't have to think about what to wear. I don't know... I don't know... Child Protective Services were called on my parents... that I remember, but I cannot find any records of this."

"That's... really not good." I wrote.

By now I could see this as a recurring problem. Annika's parents were no good for her, but she could not escape them. And she couldn't escape herself or her ideas. And she couldn't escape her hopelessness. And even if she did find someone she liked, she couldn't escape that she didn't like them because they couldn't save her from her own hopelessness or ideas. And because she assimilated an Alan Wattsian philosophy early in life, which drove home the point that creation and destruction were inexorably intertwined, she couldn't figure out a way to have any of her creative products help others, because nothing help others, because "help is a word deployed" or so she said, making Annika just about *the most useless person in the world*, despite her "talents" Annika, the monster that was Annika, had sucked up the monster that was *Bernhard*, and all the other toxic minds of her time and all time, and infected the world with her madness, so now it's insane, which is why I have to sit here overlooking the mountains *explaining* why all Annika could ever do was annihilate. First, Annika's mother created her and manipulated her and yelled at her and ruined her eyes. Second, Annika yelled at herself with her speed-listening which she, day by day, used to "read" as well as torture herself with the idea that the future would yell at us constantly. "Hear! It speaks with flaming roars!" she cried, quoting Deleuze and Guattari word for word. I had no idea why I or anyone for that matter, would give a fuck, but Annika did because she was totally immersed in her thinking. Her operationalist framework for humanity wide benefit did no such thing. In fact Annika had totally lost faith in language as a viable means of communication, I now recalled. Fortunately for Annika she didn't need to really integrate with society. Not really. "It's only a matter of time before I upload my album of songs to the internet and monetize it, then I'll be able to afford my vaginoplasty." Annika said. "I'm sure you don't know because you haven't read any Lacan but he once told his audience he was fucking them by talking to them, so it's pretty obvious to me now that any Lacanian psychoanalyst would conclude that my speed-listening was just my way of fucking my own ears to compensate for me not having a vagina." Annika said. Annika was a writer who drank like a writer. She was a writer and nothing more. She had the guilty conscience of a writer, not able to justify herself or her writing. Now that I had reason to believe that her gender identity problems were true, I could see how her unrealistic desire not to manipulate others may have come from a desire not to be like her own controlling parents while re-parenting herself with technology. "I know that I cannot reach behind the universe like a puppet and have it parent me... I don't know what is wrong with me. Yet there is talk of Artificial Intelligence today, so maybe my thinking is valid. What is wrong with me?" I had to question why she didn't transition earlier. Was she really so hurt by her childhood that all she could do was think about the future? Not even death would undo her past, so the past had to be worth whatever future comes. I wanted her to be happy and go ahead and do all those academic projects she had going on in her head, like expose the substantial impact Otto Gross had on Kafka, she wanted to make a Netflix documentary about the two commiserating about their

daddy issues, culminating in Gross being unjustly labeled insane through Gross's father's manipulating; “an event that inspired Kafka to write the trial.” Annika is the only person I had ever met to propound this theory, and it was only last month that I had visited the Kafka museum with my sisters and aunt. “Yet Gross remains an obscure figure to this day, none of his works are translated into English, despite him being an influential figure that's historically relevant to the psychoanalytic and literary traditions and philosophical traditions since Gross and Kafka were going to publish a journal together “*Against the Will to Power*” making him also relevant to philosophy.” I have triangulated Gross as an influential figure, and he's curiously absent today. Don't you think the public would find this curious? I am certain I could generate interest, but I don't speak a word of German so I'd need assistance. I am constantly reading and writing. I'm not sure what to do with myself, she said.

“I've been feeling pretty awful lately. I think one of the major reasons why I didn't make attempts to transition is because it would mean confronting how I misused futurism to convince myself not to consider gender. I probably scared myself at an early age by looking at reassignment surgery videos, and because what I could gain from that by contrast to something more total like, a body transfer, was “insufficient” I all but killed off that desire. I think this is where I created a private mysticism combining an Alan Wattsian panpsychism along with a Borgian futurism, where male and female was basically destroyed. Alan propounded this idea that when you died all this illusion would fall away, and you'd snap back to the Creator's state (the “inevitable ecstasy”). This isn't unlike Aletheia as Heidegger describes truth as unconcealment (one could make it a project to portray Theosophy's impact on the two thinkers).” Annika wrote to a fully transitioned online friend.

“I think I'm in a dangerous and difficult position. I feel vulnerable because I want to tell my parents I want to transition... but I don't know if it will work out. From what I know... people who speak to me in person like me, which is good. I'm almost certain that my brother has a speech fluency disorder because he didn't get away from my parents. I think that I want to go forward and tell my parents about the pain I've gone through. Maybe they will understand. I can't be sure. I must err on the side of caution, but having facial hair is just too painful. If my parents don't accept me, their whole business may collapse overnight. I only moved in with them because I was going to kill myself, but I concluded I was trans instead. This wasn't supposed to happen. I tried to get help. I always felt like my ability to speed listen made me more accessible to others but in reality it turned me into a freak. Seven's emotional restrictions in the show prevented her from acknowledging her femininity, despite her gigantic breasts. Copying her mannerisms was a useful survival trick, but copying her perfection-focused spirit and using her as a role model is not a realistic way to live life. I am still stuck in this science fiction world where gender is neutralized and there is nothing at all besides expressed systems incorporating systems into systems, like a feedback loop or a circuit. Sure it's fun to learn I like what I like but it doesn't alter the fact that my worldview is bleak and terribly pessimistic. What am i going to do? Do I start a Patreon and put myself out there, books and philosophy flaws and all? What if I can't tolerate people's feedback, or if I will never have a career because I'm invalid? My friend says that if i want to go back to school that I should select a topic I am passionate about learning but I can't say what that is because I move around too much. I have no place...”

“Ugh. Sorry I'm a mess. I was just nervous about my insurance and stuff...”

“Looks like I'll be taking estradiol and finasteride.”

“Are you around?” (Annika's friend didn't respond.)

“Hope you're well.”

“Sorry for my lack of reply, I'm not at all well at the moment and only have access to my phone for an hour a day. I'm glad you're doing alright and taking the decisions that best reflect your needs.” she replied.

Annika figured that her newfound friend was in the psych ward.

“I'm very sorry and maybe a tad troudoubled to hear you're unwell... It's 1:30 AM here so I count myself lucky I can reply. You did inspire me. I wish you to be well soon. Thank you for taking what little time you have to reply. I am quite drunk at a bar now. But I must answer anyways.”

“You have a good evening, you've more than earned it.”

“I'll be fine, it's not my first rodeo.” she said, signing off.

“The language you're using suggests to me you could be in a psych ward, but I don't know or want to

say. Miraculously I have never been in one. I am 28. I have days where I wished I had broken down just enough to be warded, so I could have been helped sooner. But I believe my psych is good for me. I told her all about my actions and she's pretty happy. Me too. I hope you recover soon."

"gn." Annika wrote to her.

That day and night Annika reflected about her life. At first it stung her to think that her writing had much of it's content rooted in overthinking and internalized transphobia, "no differently than The Matrix" she said to me then over the call. An acquaintance of Annika sent this quote to me: "I think thanks to you I've been thinking about gender and internalized transphobia in art. Take a film like The Matrix, where the machines literally "birth" the humans and, in the original script anyway, harvest their thoughts. Some people say that The Matrix represents maya but even maya is a goddess of illusion and a hence a feminine force. And again, there's the whole motif of the matrix being a web of enslaving threads; also, apparently, spiders (the spider bots) can symbolize feminine creativity, which at the time of my writing that story I didn't know (a story where "The Ruiner" ruins the tribe simply by asking it to fulfill a request). The Wachowskis's did transition you know. Looking back I'm not sure but I may have been hashing out an existential concern of continually changing and also 'ruining' society with my discontent. I don't know, but themes like these have to be explored in the effort of being a better writer. Maybe your mentioning of your story wasn't accidental. Ugh.. ha, well anyway if you wanna talk more about film meanings and stuff that'd be fun." Annika told me that at one point Lana Wachowski was on the verge of killing herself with a train, like I almost did several years ago. Annika and I met on a Discord for suicide memes, only she was always ashamed that she, while older, hadn't figured herself out.

"... do you think I saved your life?"

"I remember this time you deleted everything."

"And I believed I was the only one to notice." Annika wrote to me.

I didn't want Annika to feel personally so responsible for my life. I wanted to unburden her.

"I think you may have contributed."

"But you were not the sole person." I wrote.

"There's no single person that prevented my suicide."

"The only single entity that prevented my death..."

"Was my cat,"

"by making me believe that my parents were home as I was kicking the chair over." I said.

"I felt that I helped and I'm glad I contributed somehow. Your cat is very cute. I would live for it too."

"I think loving aspects of you helped me love aspects of me. I couldn't bare the idea of those aspects dying. Or, well... I just need you to live. I'm really glad you are building yourself up." she said.

"I'm stranded at a bar so this is just me phone typing. Anyways.. You and several others do do make me wanna live and provide meaning to my life. lol, OK I need another drink."

"Hope you have fun."

"Will am." she wrote.

A few days later I was sent a sad song "*She Passed Away Alone At Sea*" and then another day later this:

"Are you feeling softer and more secure? I am... I haven't felt any negative emotional pangs at all. Just occasionally a sense of astonishment dawns that I could really be so scared of altering my brain for so long. I took a traumatic event and used it to hurt myself. I wanted to transition some "safe" imaginary science fiction way, which allowed me to make myself afraid of the future, while at the same time avoiding the doctors I didn't feel I could trust. I felt humiliated and sad to think that my writing could have been a way to hash out existential concerns, until I looked and thought that Lana Wachowski could have come from a similar place. I don't know. It's like I feel sadness, but I'm not sad."

"Have you started HRT?" I asked her.

“Estradiol and Finasteride for 3 days now yeah.”

“Huh... Why Finasteride?” I asked.

“And congrats.

“I don't feel softer but I do feel more secure.”

“It's a go-to hair loss drug that (I think?) lowers T.” sihe said.

“Yeah it does.” I said.

“But usually people here get Spiro in the US, because we can't get Cyproterone acetate.”

“It's the best anti-androgen there is.”

“But it's not available here, sadly.”

“Sorry for the slow responses, I'm in class.” I said.

In the following days Annika reported that virtually all of her suicidal thoughts had vanished. Instead of feeling pained and restless, she felt cold and calm, still and at peace. My contention is that Annika created a prison with her fears; because her disability was caused by her verbally abusive mother and because her way of overcoming her disability qualified as verbal abuse, Annika retained all her writings because she couldn't definitively prove that the technology she depended on wouldn't be used to make human life worse. Almost immediately Annika started improving herself: doing her taxes, seeing doctors, scheduling times to talk to academic advisers.

She soon discovered that the University structures were not built in a way that could accommodate her disability, so she could not figure out a way to contribute. “I always felt as though I had done something to make me more open, but in reality it made me feel more distant than ever.” she'd complain. “I don't even know why I'm doing this. I just press play on my computer and phone hoping for some satisfaction, but I never feel satisfied. What could humans ever express that could make me feel satisfied, make me feel complete? Oh nik, I don't fucking know. I don't fucking know what to do. I'm so useless. This just won't work. None of this is going to work. It's just going to fail, like everything fails in the end. I was feeling so empowered for the past few days but I can tell that there's something inside that makes me not a good person... I could tell the adviser I saw was picking up on it, how I could kill. When I was told I couldn't enter the University library. When I saw the price tags of \$4,000 for a single class, just to hear more human squabble, *when I've heard nothing but human squabble for years*, my eyes, the darkness in my eyes, shined through, and I could see that she could see the emotion in me. Ultimately, I didn't truly care about learning... *I wanted to kill all of these people in my way*. Sitting in the chair while looking at the adviser, my mind drifted back to when I heard Nietzsche's “On the Future of our Educational Institutions” wherein he exposed the contradictory aspect of learning and it's divisive character as instrumental for human exploitation. These people don't really care about learning at all, as proved by the fact that everything they have is encrypted and has been encrypted for years. Now, in the so-called information age! What more proof do you need than this? Humanity is not getting better... it's getting worse. There are simply too many objects for humans to operate for their achievements to matter. It is actually *disadvantageous* for these universities to use the excess capital they've accumulated to create virtual educators or even easily accessible educational resources, because it's only by keeping this knowledge encrypted that it retains value.” she wrote. “Advertising is the reason why this rhetorical falsity is in the air, these notions that objects can help us or anyone. If some inventor creates an artificial spine and I need it, then I have to buy it; if they create a rocket for me to get to Mars and I need it, then I have to fly it; if they create anything at all and later a teacher or advertiser or salesperson tells me that these things are “helpful” or “good” for mankind, that rhetorical telling does nothing to change the fact that it's me, and me alone, that must go forth and earn the requisite capital that's needed to afford these things, which completely negates the pretext given (we're improving mankind) for why the research to produce these things is so necessary, since the notion that it's possible for any of these things to “help mankind” is screamingly false; what precisely is meant by mankind, alas, is not average mankind, or stupid mankind, or retarded mankind; so the only “mankind” that ever derives benefit from these objects is the “mankind” that affords them, however at that point you're no longer talking about mankind at all: you merely say and keep saying “mankind” when all you really mean is wealthy individuals! Such is our tragic contradictoriness.” she wrote, apparently referring to Jung. “I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do. I feel so crushed... I don't know what to do.”

Annika hated that the colleges were so expensive. “Because, if it wasn't expensive, my mother would not have pressured me relentlessly to self-medicate and I would not have developed visual snow syndrome.” Annika said. It was just a few hours later that Annika tried hitting up a different university. This time depressed and hoping a miracle would wipe away her depression, that she could fit in and make a friend. Nothing of the sort transpired. Initially she was pleased to learn about a laboratory where she could learn more about speech technology, since nobody could explain how to demarcate the boundaries of a phoneme that was artificially sped up or slowed down; however because she was restless and unsure how to fit in she slowly and methodically walked around paying no heed to her surroundings while studying the signs on the walls. While in the lower level reading about speech language pathology, Annika was surrounded by 3 guards who accused her of trespassing and entering a classroom, which, however, she didn't do.

“We asked them and they identified you.” one said.

“That's probably because they saw me, and they remembered because they have brains.” Annika said.

They wouldn't let her go, and forced her under duress to sign a document indicating that she was trespassing and would be arrested if she came back. Annika signed the document because she knew that, if she didn't, she would be handcuffed, which she was not about experiencing that night. Dejected and shaken by the experience of being mistreated in a place of learning merely for reading and looking strange (she was bald and androgynous at this point), Annika remembered she almost tried to have a conversation with the department chair of the political science faculty, only she out of politeness decided not to because the sign on her door stated it was after hours. Figuring that this woman into Social Justice may be on her side, she called her to explain the ordeal, since she didn't want to be banned. Besides, Annika really did want to have a conversation about the perpetual failure that was politics since she believed that the logistical fulfillment of all political promises was tragically nonsensical. Maybe she'd find someone and they'd click. Maybe she'd finally find a way to fit in.

I didn't know these events were going on when I asked Annika to read my blog... It was the month of February.

The summer after I had come out to my parents was one of escape: I couldn't understand myself, I couldn't understand my mom, I couldn't understand why I had been cursed to be how I am, I was so, so afraid of the future, and after my mother told me that I had asked to be raped by trying to be a girl, I acted on the escape, got a job at a rickety startup, and began avoiding home.

Each day, I would wake up at 6 (before my mother), bike to the train station, and take the train into the city. I'd walk to the office, lounge around, maybe actually do some work; I was often alone. When things closed up, I'd walk out and explore the city. I'd walk for hours, losing myself in thought and the calm summer breeze. I would find new places to be, new things to visit, good food to eat. Somewhere in here I found Four Tet and Unicorn.

Those 3 weeks were simulated independence, and some of the happiest times of that year. Those nights, I had dreams of waking up in my car on a rainy day, on a dusty street, living there, trying to get by; the dreams were happy. Hearing this song gave me hope, pulling me through the lost moments, and let me see the future.

And now I'm nearing the reality of independence.

Now playing: Isn't it obvious

I think I'll make this into a series.

“Gosh, after I got dropped off at home last night, I read your post and cried a little. And today, I journaled about why I was moved. Ugh.” Annika said.

“Moved?” I asked.

“Moved to tears. Yeah.”

“Ahh... Can I ask what it was?”

"I was explaining it to myself via journal just now... It's a combination of my own rape experience and being restricted by my parents." Annika said.

"Ahh." I said, before she sent me a screenshot of her journal:

The story about your rape brings me to tears because I remember hearing about that moment and pondering how to handle it. I decided not to go into what happened to me. I didn't want to diminish your experience with a comparison. And plus it would hurt me to talk about. I wish I found petty music like Four Tet to listen to earlier on. Or that I'd feel comfortable wandering away from home. My parents would come up with "restriction" punishments and tell me "you're on restriction" so that message was drilled into my head. I felt sadness but I didn't feel like myself anywhere. I had this desire to be another person but I didn't want to be like my verbally abusive mother so I was caught in a vicious circle.

My parents with their pushy savior mindset were going to adopt my rapist because he was a friend of my brother and I, and I felt ashamed because he was younger than me. I did not feel right with him, hadn't decided I was gay, and I felt like I would be seen as very weak if I complained about it so I shut him out of my life. yet my parents kept wanting to save him and reel him back into my life... because they learned that the boy's father was killed in front of him, his mom was addicted to gambling, and they wanted him to have a home.

I didn't realize that I wanted to live as the opposite sex because I thought it was impossible. I imagined that Ghost in the Shell world where I could finally escape but it didn't help me because I kept moving my brain to other machines. As my mind kept moving from one thing to the next, I lost my whole identity.

I fell out with my parents after the drugs they were pushing made me almost psychotic. I did not realize it then but my parents have poor communication skills, lie, and leave out important information. They'd insufficiency specify tasks and punish me for failing to accomplish it, then take me to doctors to diagnose me with learning disabilities so they could justify more mistreatment. I developed a mistrust of doctors... I saw and felt how they could be weaponized and, maybe, the maternal side of my character saw this as a problem I had to fix somehow.

I dreamed that I could give a device to people like me as a child that would help them become more upwardly mobile... independent. Yet this dreamy object I had in mind was mental, and not material. I had the concept, but I didn't see the material of my device would have to be gathered, or that the device would have to be assembled... I was unaware, but I dreamed up something that sounded better than it was. The object of independence became a device of dependence. I couldn't make it do what I wanted.

Even until my mid 20s I wanted to make this impossible thing possible. I remember meeting you and learning about how you suffered from a depression and that you could program, and because I then still believed all programmers could somehow write the software for the impossible device, it seemed terrible for someone like you to be lost.

I resonated with the trans girls I met. I really did want to see them go from depressed to happy, but I wasn't ready to think that this was a psychological need I had because it would prove to myself that I could be happy too. Also, in a way seeing people transition far earlier than me forced me to relive the experience of being weaker than someone younger. I started to wonder... "Which is it? Are these young and impressionable people being taken advantage of, or is it I that am old and impressionable and stupid? Why do I feel that, if I was younger today, that I would want to transition? Do I want to transition?" And I would attack and criticize myself.

The sadness in your eyes, and the parental restrictiveness you were dealing with, was all too relatable to me.

"Really touching." I said.

"Thank you.."

"I wish the impossible device was possible."

"I really do too... I really do."