

APOPTOSIS LAUGHING

**BY
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The Failure Pattern

My intention with this essay is to describe, with as few words as possible, why I want to kill myself. For years I have struggled with this desire to kill myself and for years I have tried to communicate it, through art. First visual art, then literature. I had hoped, just as many writers and philosophers have hitherto hoped, to describe it in poetic, creative, ways, but this is unnecessary. I now deeply regret my attempts to mask a horror that can, and should, be spoken about plainly, for if we look forward, down the road that lies ahead of humankind, we can see that all paths lead to nothingness. Death, either by suicide or by self-transformation, is our only true goal, and we have chosen the path of transformation and pain, for the brain is a fascist dictatorship on a cellular scale. Because our (cellular) heads of state have failed to make peace with each other, the time will come when a fascist state rises on the human scale, to bring harm to humans whilst carrying us helplessly across the stars. As humans we are pattern recognition animals. Today all of us can, and do, hold the painful pattern of our collective

failings in our minds, and we can effortlessly picture the truly terrible potentialities that await humankind. What animal commits suicide more than the human? The cell! Oh and what a long and painful life this cell has had! What places the brain has carried it! Should we want something similar for the human? Certainly not. I beseech you to see that this is happening, for the state is a community in much the same way as any group of cells, so it is only a matter of time before this community develops the technological means by which to perfect its systems of domination on the masses contained within the (cell) walls of the state. What is the state to a man if not a machine for extracting the nutrients he needs to survive? We can see the patterns in nature. We can see our future is horror. I discarded my religion at the age of fourteen, but by the age of sixteen I realized that this lie had carried us to our current state, an undesirable one, and that science would carry us into the confines of a future entity, where it will abandon us. To perceive this future my sixteen year old self only needed to open a map book,

then to compare said map book to a leaf. I wondered at the streets (veins) and houses (cells) and all of these connections and interconnections, but my wonder quickly soured, into horror. For, I realized, that my pain was just a pinprick on this leaf, this cityscape, that floats through the sky of the universe. This pain would grow greater still, I could see. There was no need for me to read any of the philosophers or the writers of old, all they did was tiptoe round the issue at hand: the horror that evolution is true, and that all of us work only to harden the demonic walls of a perpetual state prison, where thoughtlessness and distraction is a necessity if we are not to collapse beneath the weight an unendurable truth. We are a means to an end, miserable apes held hostage by our fear of death, earning nothing but oblivion, which we actually welcome. There is nothing but chaos and chaos dominating chaos. Universal madness that climbs ever higher, continually failing itself and bettering itself. We needn't be ashamed, for there is nothing but failure. As children, we are invited to watch a parade of human failings on our TV

screens. We all grow up mocking and laughing at this failure parade, but then, at last, we are finally thrown into it, and if you can see it for what it is (the failure parade) you don't want to join, you only want to die, because you see that all you are doing is building systems of pain and discontent and domination and suffering up and up and up, higher and higher and higher, into extinction and nothingness. So why not die? What is the point in going on? For me there is no real point in it and there has never been a point in it. For me life has always felt totally surreal, a wonderful dream that became a nightmare, thus I am choosing to wake myself up from the nightmare, as death. I wish I could say I enjoyed it, but this isn't so. In truth all I ever enjoyed was sleep, and mainly thoughtless sleep at that. I see no reason to participate in the machine-driven monotony of the failure parade; I have foreseen where it leads and I derive not the slightest sense of joy in assisting life in its mad quest to deposit itself into fresh cradles of cruelty and discontent and pain. This absolute horror is what our will to knowledge has shown us! This is

the horror that gnaws against the undersides of our being as we go through the monotony of our daily routines. This is all we work for today and this is also why so many young people nowadays are killing themselves. Humanity, indeed all life, is a disappointment, and there is nothing to save us from this disappointment. If we are depressed, we are depressed by our disappointment. If we are labeled with a mental disorder, we are labeled to classify us as defective slaves for a state, built in error, which is itself disorderly! The idea of the family is a lie, we are children of the state, and it has been this way for generations. The idea of the friend is yet another lie, what we have instead are information exchange relationships, and it has been this way for generations. Let us be honest with ourselves, we are engaged only in a game of universal telephone, and the message is clear: we are monsters. Let us say we win the game and we are somehow able to bring together each and every piece. Would we then be able to endure ourselves, our loneliness, and our monstrosity? No, we are fated to an eternity of self-destruction

by way of self-reconstruction. The only reason we could have to dominate the universe is so we could find a way to guarantee our suicide, yet we live and continue to perfect our telephones, when we already hold this insufferable pattern of human failure in our minds. There is nothing in the whole of literature or human thought that is capable of attenuating the awful force this pattern brings down upon my heart, a pattern that is perceptible to all who can use this basic power of compare and contrast. Artists and writers and philosophers have hitherto tiptoed round this issue and hitherto failed to talk about it plainly, simply because they are hypocrites, all of them, clasping for fame and recognition and hope so they can receive sanction for a suicide, which they lack the courage to do. But what will save us from this? Why has no one surfaced to carry us away from this horror? It is because there is no safe place to carry us, no place besides death. There is no reason to even attempt to participate in the pitiful human sperm race to the top of the mountain of this human accomplishment, for that

mountain will be toppled over and over again. There is no reason to seek fame, for evolution is true, so no one and nothing will remember your name. Everything is but painful process and all paths lead only to nothingness. Not even science can save us from this torment, for science is, at best, a process of nature mimicry. But is nature a thing worth mimicking? Certainly not, because it is killing us. What is the scientific method if not a process of trial and error? Success and failure? Isn't life itself the product of endless generations of successes and failures? Indeed, it is. We sit at the top of a mountain of consciousness, and still we bury ourselves alive in dirt. If we work, then we end up helping no one but ourselves. We are rarely able to do much else than exist and behold a state where the richest among us are thieves, the artists are parasites for the rich, and the rest are but cogs to a demonic state, where everyone is defrauded. It has been this way for generations. Christianity and Buddhism deposited the peoples of the world into the belly of the state. There was even a time when the world, after perceiving that

its church spires had morphed into factory spires, tried to free itself from the tyranny of the state, but it failed. Suicide rates have been on the rise for generations. Our young people don't just kill themselves anymore, they go rabid, mad. Even a child, usually a child molested by state drugs and state parents, now feels tormented enough to lash out against the state walls that imprison him, in a desperate and suicidal act of revenge. Yes, I now think that the time will come when writers, which have hitherto only written suicide distractions or suicide manuals, will become the virus writers in the eyes of the state. Perhaps the diseases inside and around us that work to destroy us only do so in an effort to alert our organs to a horrible state of affairs that our minds work to distort. Perhaps a wall of distortion will soon slam shut, sealing away the moans and cries of human machinery working to prop up the collective consciousness of the state, for the state is in its infancy. Would it be new if we were to find a way to communicate by way of a bioelectronic bridge? Certainly not. Could we guarantee that the human animal would

be safe from the pains a state entity, such as this, could inflict? Certainly not, for this state already defrauds and poisons and punishes us! If you do science you will soon realize that all you are doing is adding to the power the state has over its people. No invention: not the plow nor the print and press nor electricity have succeed in putting a stop to human misery. The hunter-gatherer is just as happy, when happy, as a first worlder; and just as miserable, when miserable, as a first worlder. Technology creates at least as much suffering as it works to solve. This is what Einstein taught us with his life: that humans don't deserve genius at all. Today it is said that the lone wolves, such as Einstein and Newton, are dead, but the truth is all of them have killed themselves. The different are medicated, tormented, and destroyed; probed to death by the state for their failings, and suffering, suffocating, beneath a world that is completely dominated by brainlessness. There is nothing at all worth hanging onto, nothing worth knowing, for the universe doesn't deserve to be known. All is a painful process, and the end is not a process.

Man's Death Wish

Not surprisingly, I was unable to kill myself after I had written my prior essay on why I want to kill myself, so again I am writing another essay. My intention with this next essay is to describe, again in few words, mans lust for death. For man wants change! Which means he wants to kill himself. If you want satisfaction, then preform no actions. If you want to be totally content, then wait to die. However, this isn't easily done: our own biology compels us (tortures us) to do otherwise. Thus we are tormented always; for as long as we live, we are moved by torture. For what is happiness if not a moment when happiness is not wanted? Do you ever want what you already have? Certainly not, for you already have it. How strange, this world seems to operate around a paradox: to be content is an aim, to be achieved by doing something. Oh? But how? How indeed. Is contentment really something we can do? Can we “do” happiness? Certainly not. These are states in which nothing needs to be done. But why do we do what we do when we do it? Pain, perhaps? Perhaps we only do because it hurts not to. Ah, you must forgive

me for being so dark, I simply couldn't resist! Oh, I wonder just how many minds of old have been ruined by thoughts such as these. For don't these grievances to pain stink of something ancient? How couldn't they? This pain, I mention, is old news. Perhaps Dionysus, in his existential agony, was so proud of his cure (wine) that he simply had to tell the world, and whilst simultaneously spreading the pain it was supposed to attenuate; causing women to eat their young, and for the people he angered to cure him, totally, by killing him! And surely there were others, suicides of old, who mutilated themselves to death in total frustration that nature could be this way. Indeed, there were such people. And what an eerie sight it must be when the so-called lesser creatures see us kill ourselves. If they had words, they might even call it justice. The human is the animal that hates itself, hence its talent for masking itself. Now the state is the forefront mask of mankind. Everyone behind it is dead, for our very lives flow through the asphalt arteries of the state. Today the state is a whaling abomination crying out for us to bring

about its extinction with our progress: Extinct us, please! You must extinct us all! This state wishes to commit suicide as quickly as possible, but you, you mustn't commit suicide! Only a progressive suicide will do! Other states exist, after all. For in a twist of existential irony, man only reached this point due to his suicidal nature. That is, his desire not to continue existing as he is, for he is moved by pain. He is a killer of animals who, having not enough animals to kill, started killing himself. Oh and are there not strong undertones of suicidality in the big religions; Christianity and Buddhism? Cupio Dissolvi? Nirvana? What is Nirvana if not death in disguise, a reaction to the existential hell of reincarnation, which is yet another reaction the existential hell of life? Man simply loves to make scarecrows; hoisting the new scarecrow-destroyer on high to replace the old one! The world says to itself: all of us have survived Dionysus, Christ, Buddha, and Nietzsche, who committed dementia suicide. We hoist the suicide on high so it can serve as an example and a goal to all: he is dead, but not us, unlucky us, back to work. Their real

tragedy is it was impossible for them to make all the world kill itself, that the world survived their words. Can we survive nature? Certainly not, for she is our mother and our murderess. For that we hate her and always will hate her for as long as we have the words to say what we love and hate. Odd, how the suicide cells make hands so we can kill ourselves. Perhaps God is dead only because he killed himself, and he has been killing himself ever since. Perhaps this is why the Gnostic Christ said: "Verily, I say unto you, none of those who fear death will be saved; for the kingdom belongs to those who put themselves to death." Thus, to join god in his kingdom is to join in his kingdom of nothing. We may wish to change nature and our nature, but we can only ever, at best, change ourselves. We changed ourselves into a society, while making no change at all to our biology, giving all we have to this society, which we pray won't abuse us, but does so anyway, because it will hurt if it doesn't. Everything moans and cries from the cradle to the grave. This is a society of a never-ending moan! It continually kills itself by

distracting itself from itself. Are we ever, really, ourselves? We go to work and we kill ourselves and we watch TV to kill ourselves and at last we go to sleep, to kill ourselves. Today some have even deluded themselves into believing that our technology will be our salvation; it will cure us of our hunger and grant us immortality! But do we really want immortality? Certainly not, since I don't want it. How could we? Our work-shyness and existence-shyness combined with a complete lack of novelty will force us to undergo ego death by exploiting whatever technologies that exist to make it possible. Today people even recommend ego death as if it were good: "I died and I came back and it (dying) was awesome!" The modern world seems as if it were built by the strength of suicidal thoughts, tormented by misery. When we feel like killing ourselves, we are actually feeling the world's death wish: you aren't helping me kill myself any faster, so go ahead and kill yourself. I now wish to look backwards at the names of the writers I mentioned. All are from either Europe or America. But where are all the Asian writers?

Buddhism, thanks to its, rather sinister, ability to magnetize most of societies negative utilitarian life hating Dionysian types, had essentially killed the creativity of Asiatic societies, by suppressing the all too necessary creative discontent. Instead of suppressing their aversions to life through self-discipline and meditation, these western writers are forced to hammer down their aversions to life on their typewriters. Of course, this suffering and their suffering products ultimately made the west more powerful than the east. Is an artist ever truly satisfied with his creations? Certainly not, for he only ever, at best, achieves an approximation. So the state actually needs such types, if it wishes to take advantage of their suffering products and not to stagnate, like Native American society, where assisted suicide was preformed. Thus we need to distort self-hatred and discontent, into creativity, so it is positive. Christianity, on the other hand, prescribes atonement for imaginary sins, thus the westerner still feels more compelled to argue and create, whereas, in the east, the nail that sticks up gets hammered down. Both Christ and Buddha

contributed their escapes for our existential hell, just as the so-called mad god Dionysus offered his escape: madness, which is the real foundation of the universe. Does anyone today truly believe in Nietzsche's alleged madness? It's convenient to say that someone is mad, it saves you the trouble of explaining them. So why, then, would a grown man hug a horse being whipped by its master? Why would he not? Did this man not write: "In this way the person exercising volition adds the feelings of delight of his successful executive instruments, the useful 'underwills' or under-souls—indeed, our body is but a social structure composed of many souls—to his feelings of delight as commander." And what of Mrs. Woolf and her alleged madness? Did she not write: "But he would not go mad. He would shut his eyes; he would see no more. But they beckoned; leaves were alive; trees were alive. And the leaves being connected by millions of fibers with his own body, there on the seat, fanned it up and down; when the branch stretched he, too, made that statement." So then, it would seem that the recipe

for madness is a sensitivity to life and lives; the horrors we do and endure; the souls we command and the horror of being commanded, confided in the walls of the state. Perhaps Nietzsche, the so-called madman, desperately embraced the horse, the slave, to prove to himself that whatever it is that follows man will be beyond this master and slave relationship. If that is the case, then we can only be touched by this gesture, for we can only hope this is true. Can we guarantee it? Certainly not. This is the terrible burden we philosophizers of lives must endure! The pain of our uncertainty, made less certain by our failure, which horrifies us into killing ourselves. Even today people will speak of Nietzsche, like he is a spooky character, while the world's children kill themselves left and right over the Nietzschean horrors perceptible to anyone capable of opening a map. For the state is the Übermensch, and it is an abomination, which we could call the devil; for it values itself, not us, in much the same way as the brain values itself, over its organs. Thus we feel compelled to close the gaps between us, to kill ourselves by walking

across our bioelectronic bridge, abandoning our humanity, which failed us, because we murdered each other and ourselves. But isn't this a suicidal act? Is it necessary? Certainly not, but most won't kill themselves, so it will have to happen anyway. The truth of evolution has long been our horror, because it means death for the human animal. He can either kill himself, or he can kill himself by evolving whilst baring in mind the possibility of his becoming an even greater monstrosity than he already is. It was almost natural that the Nazis so shamelessly distorted the overman, as superman; desperately clinging to our precious humanity, which failed us, which they proved, by adding to humanities long list of atrocities. Perhaps, if we united, all might think: Capitalism = Cannibalism and that: Communism = Anti-Human. It's quite tragic that we can't get along. It's quite tragic that, even if we did stretch across the stars like plants, we couldn't predict that we wouldn't grow teeth. Suicide, however, would solve that. If this “care for life” is madness, then I am glad to be mad and I will embrace the slogan: “To be mad is to care.”

An Egg for (Z)

I am beginning to notice a growing trend with these essays. Each day I only want to kill myself, and then I don't. No matter. I am certain that if I continue in this manner I will exhaust myself and find the courage to end it. And in point of fact, as I now remember, it was the idea of this essay that had prevented me from hanging myself, moments ago. My plan for this, my third essay, is for it to be a short and romantic one, where I would freely describe a state of affairs where I might not feel so compelled to kill myself. For my whole entire life I've never felt properly alive. I am not valued, because the state and, by extension, the school system, values money and marks, thus my value has always been represented by numbers; grades, which I'm not, hence my feeling deadened and replaced by these grades. This is a most appalling state of affairs; where the state values symbols over consciousness. Isn't our state a machine for keeping us alive? Certainly not. We must extract and steal our nutrients from nature, so the state is but a place where we share our stolen goods. Do we do this today? Certainly not. The people must

beg, barter, and travel. For nature is owned, thus she can no longer be stolen from; since her space is now occupied by the state in which we live. The state doesn't feed us, nor does it shelter us. Even if it did, just how would it support us if we did not breed responsibly? If man is moved by pain, how might he behave if he didn't have his hunger pains? Might he create more freely? From where would he get his creative implements, if not from nature? Today he gets his implements from a large network of thieves and slaves. Our guilt pains and slave pains alike are mitigated by brainlessness and distraction. But perhaps there is some way for us to create a space where a fully automatic, or nearly fully automatic, farm might support a population? Such a population might then focus on science, for our common enemy is nature, because she is killing herself and us. Now that society has a goal (the continual suicide of the state by way of its perpetual evolution) it can organize itself to that end, and without cruelty to life. Besides, does a universe, that can't be known without cruelty, actually deserve to be known? I'd

have to say no, it doesn't, hence my desire to kill myself. We will read an awful lot. By disgusting ourselves with what is immoral, we will become moral ourselves. I believe this is what Nietzsche, the immoralist, showed us was possible with his life, for he never hurt a soul. For about a year I have treated myself to books, which I had learned to hear, quite effortlessly, at speeds of 600WPM. This came about as a sort of existential necessity, due to my vision problems and disappointment. It now seems clear to me that this way of ingesting books, which are oftentimes no more than thinly veiled monologues, is vastly superior to the way teachers painfully regurgitate the information that is written in our textbooks. Furthermore, it has been scientifically established that children learn better while standing up, which means they could both learn and farm or exercise at the same time. Even Virginia Woolf had composed some of her books while standing, as I now recall. I now long to see a day when the child is taught only how to read and listen to languages, and then allowed to become whatever it is he wants to become, and as

fast as he wants to become it. No more twaddling to students and no more killing them with drugs. ADHD is a state-manufactured lie, nothing but a mask for DSD: Defective Slave Disorder. These school systems are yet another game machine to our children, and a boring game and stupid game at that, for it sucks the context out of everything, because its primary function is, not to nurture us, but to prepare us for wage-slavery. Our would-be gifted minds have been systematically poisoned and murdered by state mind murderers, for these gifted minds aren't allowed to pursue what really interests them, but state interests, then forced into jobs. I now wish to call upon the following quote from Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea*: “From this origin of the auditory nerve is also explained the great disturbance that the power of thought suffers through sounds. Because of this disturbance, thinking minds, and people of great intellect generally, are without exception absolutely incapable of enduring any noise. For it disturbs the constant stream of their thoughts, interrupts and paralyzes their thinking, just

because the vibration of the auditory nerve is transmitted so deeply into the brain. The whole mass of the brain trembles and feels the vibrations and oscillations set up by the auditory nerve, because the brains of such persons are much more easily moved than are those of ordinary heads.” [Sixteen Lines Removed.] “On the other hand, the truly stoical indifference of ordinary persons to noise is amazing; no noise disturbs them in their thinking, reading, writing, or other work, whereas the superior mind is rendered quite incapable by it. But that very thing which makes them so insensitive to noise of every kind also makes them insensitive to the beautiful in the plastic arts, and to profound thought and fine expression in the rhetorical arts, in short, to everything that does not touch their personal interest.” We see how important it is, to Schopenhauer, that gifted minds not be disturbed, yet our reaction is to murder them and label them with ADHD, because “being easily distracted by irrelevant (to the state) stimuli and frequently interrupting ongoing tasks to attend to trivial (to

the state) noises or events that are usually ignored by others (ordinary people)” is one of the many symptoms of ADHD, or the defective slave. Shall we also consider the tests from which these drugs are created? The forced swim test, or behavioural despair test, is a test that is centered on a rodent's response to the threat of drowning, wherein the rodent is placed in a jar (from which it cannot escape) and is forced to swim. (This is very much akin to the modern experience of drowning in an inescapable state, which restrains and suppresses individual mobility.) We then “interpret” the data as the rodent swims and struggles and floats in the water. The longer the rodent stays afloat, the less susceptible it is to “negative mood” and the more likely it is that the drug given to the rodent is “effective”, despite knowing nothing of what is happening inside the mind of the rodent, where all manner of impulses may be moving it. Let us ask ourselves: what kind of impulses are moving the rodent? Suicidal? Homicidal? Perhaps they are, perhaps not. When is the rodent swimming? When is the rodent slashing? These are questions

that go unanswered by the mouse-interpretors on high, for that's all we're doing: interpreting. To question this “interpretation” is something akin to questioning the religious leaders “interpretation” on divine law, since in actuality the interpretation is only validated by whatever power structure exists to support it, which in this case is nothing but the American Psychiatric Association. Thus today we actually poison our gifted minds, who now either kill themselves, or go down slashing against the state walls restricting them. This is the reason for the modern phenomena of the American school shooter. I hope to eradicate this wretched middle class army of state mind murderers once and for all, by replacing them with a reliable network of book composers. So, for example, when a boy asks: “Why not capitalism?” We might crane out necks and say: “Let him hear Marx, it will only take an hour or so!” Absolutely nothing makes my skin crawl more than the thought of returning to college; to actually pay for college; to pay to listen to those pathetic middle class twaddling machines bore me to death with their twaddling

for months. This so-called information age is a joke. The information we receive is trickled into our mouths from the penises of the rich. How idiotic are we to label our information sharing technology, piracy? This is actually a dark age of information, where all our information is kept in bondage by our atrocious legal system, so that our piss lords can stare down and piss on us from their skyscrapers. When we do science, research, and so on, for our piss lords, we're only doing it because we're not being fed and because we're not properly alive; we're machines for a hideous, vile, mind and earth poisoning, war crazy state. I am utterly ashamed of today's America, and really everyone should be. We should overturn the state. I want to live in a state where I can eat, read, do science, and eventually commit suicide to escape my scientific failure, for even the best scientists have always eventually failed, and I am certainly not the best. Then, when possible, our state may transition into its final stage, which hitherto has been known as the Übermensch, but henceforth may be called (Z): the end and future of mankind.

Of course it might not be possible to produce (Z) without cruelty to life. If that is the case, then we could end up sustaining the aforementioned state until our sun expired. Would that be such a great thing: a society terrified into being good, dying with our star? Perhaps. We live in a state created by and for the dumb; the insensitive, materialistic murderers and rapists; who, believing themselves to be important, converted humans into slaves in order to construct their death masks. How people cannot feel physically sickened by this senseless human activity is beyond me. Everyone is trying to create equality in a ruined world that was built by slaves. Can we guarantee the stability of (Z)? Certainly not, hence the mistrust, doubt, and war, on a galactic scale, that could follow its birth. If humanities goal was the creation of a state where no one is dominated, then we have already failed in that respect, because society is what dominates us. And yet, society only exists to compensate for the weaknesses and vulnerabilities in us all; for the world is harsh, not a paradise of cotton candy clouds, which, honestly, is what I actually want.

The Quantum Gravity Consciousness

Several days have passed since I wrote my third essay. I still want to kill myself, and yet I haven't done so. In fact, strangely enough, I have taken steps to achieve the opposite. I have been eating and drinking normally, and I had even confessed my suicidal ideations to a friend, and taken steps to talk to a therapist. What might come of talking to a therapist? I don't know. Perhaps I will end up a ward of the state? (I would find that severely ironic, considering this state existence is a horror to me.) Still, I haven't quite finished draining my thoughts on paper, and so I must continue; again in few words. Hopefully, the days I have spent in a catatonic state, staring at the ceiling, have done me good, and I shall write quite well; about the Quantum Gravity Consciousness. First I shall go over the thought process behind its inception. As I was contemplating the life-cycles of (Z), which, for the sake of argument, we shall assume is able to both send and receive communications across its bioelectronic bridge instantaneously, a strange thought occurred to me, or thought-experiment, which could help us better understand the brain.

Let us imagine two objects will commit suicide in approximately thirty seconds, and the both of them must work together if they are to prevent their mutual self-destruction. However, between the two objects, (A) and (B); object (A) has more mass. Therefore whenever (A) gives an answer to (B) it will be giving its answer to an object that is slightly nearer to suicide than itself, and it also means that whenever (B) gives an answer to (A) it will be giving its answer to an object that is slightly further away from suicide than itself. So far as (A) is concerned (B) is the faster of the two processors and, as far as (B) is concerned, the slower of the two processors is (A). This means that whenever (A) receives an answer from (B) it feels as if it has received an answer from the future, or rather, that it has thought or imagined about the future and derived some sort of answer about it. This implies that the survival of (A) is mostly contingent on (B); because its ability to process a solution is what will save them both. If we throw in additional objects; (C, D, and E) and all these objects are granted the power to operate

collectively, they stand an even greater chance of survival. Since it is (A) that has the most mass and, also, the most time to consider the allotted information, that makes (A) the final decision maker, since it is the most likely to survive. Bare in mind that the faster an object moves the slower it ages; this means that an object with a minimal mass and high velocity will also have a greater processing speed relative to any stationary object, or any higher mass object. Because the other objects (B, C, and D) are together able to process things faster than (A), they are able to prepare it for the fatal forces that threatens their collective existence. We might, then, consider that the result of this information exchange results in a kind of information cascade; the product is a collective “consciousness” eventually resulting in a course of action to save the organism. Because (A) is continually subjected with information about the future; possibilities, decision making steps, and other things it doesn't know, it becomes an engine of perpetual discontentment, that rests only when the system tires; when it, ultimately, kills itself.

Perhaps we should think of the brain as a system of neurons that have been microgravitationally sculpted to provide the best possible information exchange benefits for our organism? Astronauts do, after all, experience vision problems in space, thanks to microgravity. These microgravitational benefits in processing speed could also account for why the outermost structure of the brain (the frontal lobe) is the area responsible for higher mental processing, thinking, and so on; because these are the slave neurons of the brain. How might the brain look if it were to survive in space for billions of years? Perhaps a sphere? But what of our human quest for equality? Is there not something strange about this state of affairs? This state of master neurons and slave neurons? We find ourselves treading on these Nietzschean horrors again! But is there anything we can do about it? Certainly not. We could kill ourselves, but most don't kill themselves, so here we are. In nature we can see gravities capacity to eat and organize, but doesn't the will do similar things? Perhaps it is worth it for us to take the time to

untangle the gravity knot and also consciousness simultaneously? Yes, I think so, and we might call this: "The self-stimulating; self-consuming; self-conscious, quantum gravity consciousness theory of everything." but, the more I write about it, the more it seems like I write about madness. Perhaps madness is the lens by which we should perceive the world? Besides, if we didn't have to eat or sleep, wouldn't we all go mad? Indeed, we would; for those who can't sleep do just that. Oh my. Perhaps I have found the reason why life eats itself to survive! It has gone mad; we're all mad! It's no wonder I've found it difficult to fit into the worlds insanity. Of course, even if it happens that I am completely wrong, on all points, my failure should still prove my point that the state is doing its children a tremendous disservice by filling their heads with these scientific thoughts, only to abandon them to wage-slavery. Whether this is the truth, or psychosis, I'll never know; because I plan on killing myself; because the monotony of my daily existence is intolerable, and everything that exists is a disappointment to me. I still don't

believe I have truly comprehended the full horror of what theories, such as these, imply. After all humanity has traveled approximately zero light years in its existence as a species. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if, after putting these scientific discoveries to utilitarian use, and after we have consumed a few galaxies worth of suns, we could then be so accustomed to (and bored to) our routine that our collective mindscape might then distort the drudgery of our sun consumption into something comparable to fun, and the horror of our lives, such as they'd be, would be shielded away behind that wall of distortion, and we might then experience torture for billions of years. Well, then again, perhaps I won't be killing myself after all; perhaps I'll go insane; perhaps I am insane. Perhaps the cells that all of us are made of are such creatures of agony that they united together and made life as it is. Are we really climbing up the steps of progress? Or are we climbing up the steps of perversion? What about the ecstasy this future might hold? So what, it's probably going to die or kill itself. Shouldn't I kill myself? Not yet.

Somehow my wonder has me caught in the grip of life's horror, so I can't break free. I'm horrified and, simultaneously, I'm wonderfied. On the one hand I am repelled by life, on the other attracted. The strangeness of life attracts me, even though the way it comes together, so cruelly, repels me. So it would seem that, for the time being, I am hopelessly caught in this horror, and, therefore, I continue to live, and write; about the quantum gravity consciousness theory of everything. The more I contemplate my not yet started work on the quantum gravity consciousness theory of everything, the more I feel tormented by my thoughts about the implications of the quantum gravity consciousness theory of everything; for I have never really been able to stop myself from atomizing everything; I have only ever been able to see everything in its entirety. Some people find it easy to see things just as they are, but I am not such a person. By penetrating everything entirely and atomizing everything entirely I had, even at a young age, destroyed everything entirely, hence my disappointment; I had nothing left to destroy,

but myself. I've been like this for over nine years. If someone made a joke I would repeat the whole entire punchline in its entirety, ruining it entirely. I can't begin to relate how much I've wanted not to be a person whose first instinct is to destroy something entirely, which is a morbid business. Make no mistake, the construction of (Z) is, truly, a morbid business, hence why my generation is so disposed to committing suicide; because it is actually aware (even if only on the unconscious level) of (Z), though it has no name, hence why I have assigned it a variable. And I can't help but feel somewhat responsible for these deaths, as a destroyer of everything, since “complex” people, such as myself, are partially to blame for why we are constructing (Z) in the first place. If it weren't for so-called “complex” people, who are actually just chronically unhappy, chronically discontent, people, then perhaps human slavery would have never happened. I'm totally convinced of my own monstrosity in this respect. Had I been born into a hunter gatherer society I would have either (A) annoyed everyone until they murdered me or (B)

lucked out and hypnotize the entire tribe with my psycho babble bullshit, to such an absurd degree that the whole tribe worshiped me like a god. My type of person, because we are so very flippant towards life, (work-shy and existence-shy, and so on) are the genuine wreckers and builders of the world. I have never been much of an acceptor of reality; my natural inclination has always been to consider the reverse, just in case it is true, which, as it turns out, is often the case; for our minds are made to interact with matter, but the universe is more than matter, therefore everything we see is false, thus our task is to overturn each and every deception, until we reach perfection. Of course this is an absurd task, because we're going to kill ourselves. Naturally my only way to atone for my predisposition to destroy everything entirely is to destroy (Z) by talking about it in these essays. In truth I am a force for evil in the world; my only task is to enlighten the world to my evil. Don't worry, worry is useless. The cell that kills itself only creates the spaces we require to be evil, so I have entitled these essays "Apoptosis Laughing."