

# **BEERS**

**THE BAD CHEERS**

**BY  
JOE VIVIANO**

How's it goin'?

Okay. I really want to kill myself.

Ah! Same.

Well that's not the reaction I was expecting.

Why not? People have been wanting to kill themselves for centuries. People have wanted to be angels for thousands of years, which means they've wanted to be dead for thousands of years. The Catholics have basically worshiped a suicide for centuries.

Heck, when you put it that way, it doesn't sound all that abnormal to want to kill myself. Hey, I like you, would you like to sit down?

Sure. Why not? [sits down]

So what brings you in here?

Chronic depression and emptiness.

Ah, same. I rarely go outside, or to bars. I'm just not a socialite. I like books. Alcohol too.

Here here. [tips glass] But do you really like books?

Not really. Books, like alcohol, are things I use to fill the void. It's a love hate relationship.

Gotcha. Hey, want to go back to talking about how hopeless everything is?

I'd love to! Do you know how hard it is to find someone who's willing to do that?

Pretty fucking hard.

Very hard.

Yeah.

Let 'er rip!

Alright. Let me clear my head for a second to think.

Oh you need time?

No. Actually I got it. It all started back when I began working towards my degree in engineering. I was working on things I thought would help humanity, but, I soon realized that absolutely nothing will help humanity. Humanity isn't something we can help. It's just a word, packed with emotion, which people say so they can say shit like, "Oh the humanity!" "Have some humanity!" meanwhile humanity is the animal with books on torture, so it's all a bunch of shit, and has been that way for thousands of years.

Right? Humans are pretty much the only animal that will pull off your toe nails and cut your dick off to make you suffer. Other animals, at least, have the decency to rip you apart alive with their teeth. This is one disgusting world, not gonna' lie.

You better not you bitch.

Don't worry. I won't! But yeah. I get you. Nothing helps or humanity, or can. The maximum you can do is invent something complicated to satisfy your ego, to satisfy some personal neurotic impulse driving you. Take this phone here. It's complicated. It's useful to me. But to the kids in China making this stuff, this stuff they'll never afford, it's just a devilish mechanism that doesn't help them in the least. Aren't these people humanity, too?

Exactly.

The people making your shit. That's humanity, right?! Only the suicidally depressed have the pathology not to compartmentalize this disgusting reality. Humanity is a self-exploiting system. Humans never do anything together because they're completely different, in different places too, so it's nonsense to say you can help humanity. Sorry if that feels like I'm taking a jab at you, I'm not.

Nah. [takes a sip] You're alright.

I mean, only the extremely neurotic like Isaac Newton are able to do something like invent calculus or whatever. The neurotic. The independent. The selfish. The egocentric. The pathological, or whatever you want to call them; they're the real creators and destroyers, not playing the game. People don't need encouragement to be individuals. Everyone's an individual already. To be an individual is to act as if you lived only in a world of your own, not being obedient to others.

Other people make me sick. I can't stand working for other people. Only the weak minded are stupid enough to believe that working for others can work for their advantage. In fact, I'd say that doing a thing for another person is the mistake Eve really made in the garden of Eden. The tongue is the strongest muscle, after all. If Adam asks Eve for a fruit and she gets it, that's calories lost for Eve. Whenever I look out at the traffic, how these hopeful socialites run through the asphalt arteries of this state, I see them as living out the consequence of her kindness, of compensating for the caloric loss Eve suffered long ago, when people first listened and obeyed. Did you know that in Hebrew to hear is also translated as obey?

No I didn't! But that's pretty cool. And yeah, I get ya. I feel like a fucking blood cell when I drive. I feel like I've sunken beneath the animal level into something nature concealed long ago.

Maybe the two of us are suffering from megalomania—we lack a sense of proportion!

Woah Nelly! Are you quoting Mrs. Dalloway?

Shit. I was. Man, this conversation is seriously good. I should record this. Or we should start a show!

Heh. But you can't just go rambling off brand names or even books in your show, most likely, not in this supposedly free society, in which speaking the Holy Brand Name gets you sued. Let me tell you, if we do have a show, I'm not going to be bossed around by these legal bullies suing me. In our show, we will say “Fuck Pepsi” if we want to, “Fuck Apple” if we want to, “Fuck Chipotle” if we want to. These

companies are a part of my life, just like a gazelle was a part of a cave-man's life a long ass time ago. I ain't gonna' be bossed around by no God-damn company, that's for sure—these human amalgamations who shamelessly use the legal system as their bully system, using their lawyer power against juries of feeble-minded fucks. It's repulsive. We're creative animals, and we're going to paint these companies as we see them, like the cave-men saw the gazelles. I mean, shit, aren't you sick of this shit?

Man. What are the odds we'd meet? I woulda' figured a person like you would have hanged themselves by now. No offense. But think about it. Intelligence is a weapon against a stupid universe, therefore, it has always been at a disadvantage. Those with the highest intelligence feel this at such a high state of intensity that life becomes unbearable for them, so they kill themselves in the shortest possible time. Really, I think it takes a special blend of megalomania and paranoia not to kill oneself in the face of this horror. To me, there can be no peace for us, no recourse but suicide for human beings; our very brains are essentially defense systems against this universal hostility, so there's nothing for us.

Agreed. I don't know what keeps me going. Maybe it's narcissism? Or fear! I mean, I'm not gonna lie, but I think I'm pretty awesome. I get a huge high from seeing through the bullshit in which we wade. I shake my head so much. I shake it in disbelief. Of course I do nod my head, whenever I read about how young people keep killing themselves. Humans have prayed to an instrument of human execution for centuries, the cross, and we're supposed to act surprised when they commit suicide? If I was the devil, I'd make this world, to be sure. I'd make it just confusing enough to give you hope, just scary enough to keep you from killing yourself, but mostly, I'd make it bad. And don't get me started on politics!

Politics can suck my dick. To think that the people clamor for “better representation,” that they will start revolutions because they're not being “represented well enough,” when, big surprise, nobody can or will ever represent you, because they are not you! Politics is always wrong, that's honestly where I stand with politics. I hate it.

Same. But is hate a political view?

Nah. I think hate is an emotion.

I see. So, why do you think we need representatives and the like?

Pretty much, because we humans can only speak one word at a time. Out of civility we have to let the other person speak; so, out of civility, civilization is possible. Schizophrenics are different, or so I've heard. Or did I read it? Heh. It doesn't matter. I heard that they can listen to a whole room speak, and they can't help but listen to the whole room squabbling, listening everyone's conversation against their will. Listening is an involuntary activity, by the way. In fact, if you ask me, those people hear the world, the so-called real world, because humans will only ever know a squabble world. I mean, until human extinction of course.

Human extinction! Hooray!

Cheers. [laughing] 'nother round?

For sure. [orders more]

Your theory is cool, by the way. Politics is beyond stupid, to be sure. People actually want to go after Facebook now. It's ridiculous, how they blame social media because Hillary lost. Not that I like Trump;

he's just as vulgar and petty and stupid as his supporters.

Hillary lost fair and square. If she wanted to be president, she'd be president, but she obviously did not want to be president. If she did, she would have been screaming for free higher education at the top of her lungs, free healthcare, whatever it took even if it was lies. Hillary can suck a dick. Obama was the candidate of Hope and we're still a nation that tortures people. After eight years! Now, why the fuck would Facebook be more to blame for Hillary's defeat than Hillary herself!? or Obama's failure! We live in hopeless times now. Trump is the hopeless president our country deserved.

Damn girl, you're savage.

Savage and right. I'm always right, about everything.

Yeah, I never thought I'd grow up to be this hopeless about everything. It's crazy. I think that for me it started with Napster, then the whole locking people up for replicating songs thing. It didn't sit well with me. I mean, ya gotta' understand that I grew up watchin' StarTrek. Whenever they'd go to another world the first thing they'd share is their culture and art and whatnot. But did the world learn from the ethics of this show? Nooooooooooooo it did not! Nah. We went head and locked up grandmothers for downloading a copied song. So there you go. Presto! Hopelessness! Cause if humanity isn't going to let us replicate digital files in peace, then we sure as shit ain't going to be able to let us replicate physical goods in peace. It makes me sick to my stomach, to live in an age of such vileness and mendacity, meanness and hypocrisy. Nothing is ever going to make things better for people, and especially not a political hero. Hey, you wouldn't have happened to have seen the movie Precious by chance, have you?

I have! That's a great movie, everyone should see it.

Well, I'm with you on the Hillary thing. If Hillary had stood up there and said she was there to help the precioues of the world, then she'd be president, but that's not what she's about.

Yeah, well, the world doesn't know what to do with itself, that's the problem.

What are we supposed to do? Human history is a history of enormities, and humanity has no future.

Sad, but true.

Yeah, but I still worry.

About what?

About the inevitable destruction of the United States.

Yeah. Everything comes to an end, someday.

Why do you think things are going downhill for us?

Well, the state of affairs in the United States today doesn't have anything to do with either party, it's overpopulation, plain and simple. We don't have enough governing centers around, in my opinion. The United States is obese. It doesn't have the muscle to move its body. By that I mean that the influence given off by the intelligent isn't going as far. It's getting weighed down by mass stupidity. No other

theory holds water better to my mind. You see these sheep attacking Facebook, as if Facebook were responsible for a bad candidates loss. Really it's the media trying to save its own skin from computer news. The media, which is television media, is calling for Facebook's regulation, which they know full well is a call for execution. People are blind; they see actions as actions, and not the pretexts they are.

Regulating Facebook would be a disaster! I mean, let's be honest, an attack on social media, is an attack on socializing, which is an attack on free speech. Politicians today are attacking media left and right so they can go on being pieces of shit, that's the truth, honest to God. You know that things are getting bad when people start blaming the Jews. As per usual, the polar opposite is the problem; these brainless Catholics and their mindless death-obsessed philosophy, their enthusiastic love of death, is responsible for the systematic eradication of genius in their midst, so the illusion of Jewish dominance is thrown off generation after generation. You see this in Paul's expression, "Cupio dissolvi," which means "I want to be dissolved." which means "I want to die." Christianity from the start has always been a religion that, both secretly and openly, encouraged suicide, the total destruction of genius.

Hey, I'm not even Jewish, and I agree. Resentful people attack the Jews for not poisoning their children with the suicidal ravings of the mentally ill. Like Buddha. That guy wanted to die. I know because I can recognize my own. In fact, I bet that if he hadn't grown up terrified of reincarnation, that he would have hanged himself under that tree instead of finding enlightenment under that tree.

Don't worry, I'm not Jewish either. At least, not that I know. I could have Jewish blood, not that I care. I mean, to me every world in this solar system was formed from the same accretion disk. And pretty sure that enlightenment is a joke among the Buddhist so-called masters. Enlightenment is what the Buddha found, which is how to receive money and food simply from complaint. Enlightenment, to me, is the marvelous discovery, that the beggar on the street, pathetic and dirty and holding a sign, is not the lowest human being, but the epitome of what it is to be a human being.

I know what you mean. [takes another drink] Humans beg for things with their words.

Precisely. Everywhere you look, you see people begging people for things. The advertisers beg for money. The politicians beg for votes. The babies beg for milk. The companies beg for employees to work for them. The human world is a vast begging operation. Even Einstein's papers were little more than badly inked up cardboard signs, held up so he could borrow a telescope he didn't have the paper power to use on his own. Paper power. Paper trauma, that is the real God of this world. Everyone is dominated by paper in this world, which is a paper world. Everyone is being choked to death with paper, loves, and chases after paper, and we all hate paper, so we wipe our butts with paper.

It's funny, but it's true! [holds up glass] I think all religions know this, on some level. I mean, let's say you were an all powerful God who wanted to dream. Wouldn't you have to create your dreams? So you would be a discontent God, engaged in a double process of both dream-making and dreaming. Not even God gets to rest, then. There is only endless discontentment. And for humans there is only the story of our lives, the story of our failures. People are always hating the Jews because they don't worship death as the other religions do. The Jews are bound to Moses's laws, a constant flight away from Pharaoh and his professorship of bullshit. But the Jewish God is a creator God and hence a discontent God, and the other religions resent this, because they'd rather hear the story of a fool who found contentment as a professor, which is really to say a professorship of his own personal failure, his own weakness.

Pretty much, the Jews are hated because they do writing labor, while other religions do manual labor.

I mean, basically. But it isn't hard to imagine how this began. Picture in your mind a forest thousands of years ago, vast and rich. Gradually, you begin to acquire knowledge of it. So much knowledge, in fact, that it takes you more than a lifetime to impart. Presto! Monarchy! The first professorship is born, and from it man both flourished, and suffered as he choked himself with his flourishing.

That's a pretty good meta-narrative for the human condition, if you ask me. People train people. People depend on people, and because of this dependency, there's no helping people as a whole. People simply exist and that's all. Really, there's nothing we can do.

Nothing. It's funny. It just occurred to me how children today listen to so-called music, and their music is basically people screaming bloody murder.

You mean like the Papa Roach song?

Oh. I don't know it. Didn't listen to Papa Roach. Or, you know what? Maybe I did. It sounds familiar.

Yeah it's a song. Anyway, you're right. Even from an early age, we're steeped in agony, a world where people are hollering in pain at the top of their lungs. We basically live in a world populated by babies.

Pretty much. Screaming adult babies.

I mean, what's going to happen when all these people striving for equality realize that they're striving for an impossibility? You exist at a different spatial point. I exist at a different spatial point. There's no equality here. There's no peace. No pathway to peace. No action you can do which will result in peace. It's nonsense, this nonsense of peace. If you do something that act is an act of not peace and hence that action itself would be the wrong way to go about achieving a state of peace, if you catch my drift.

I do. It's pathetic really. Humans are pathetic. Better not to be a human, maybe something cute and at the same time innocent and carefree, like a cat.

I like cats. They can be vicious, and yet they're adorable in their viciousness.

Remarkable creatures, in how they've seduced mankind into maintaining them with their cuteness. And all while maintaining their eccentricities and independence to boot!

Yeah, really. Cats don't pay taxes or have jobs, and we're supposed to be the smart ones?

Nah. Humans aren't smart. I mean, if humans were smart, then why do the maps of our planet look so painfully similar to something as insignificant as a leaf? What with all the veins and highways, with all the cells and houses? You know, we named the cell after the prison cell. Not the reverse!

Well, surely if we had seen the biological cell first, that would have given us cause not to create prison cells, lest we fall beneath the animal level as we have.

Yeah, but try telling humans this and you'll be written off as insane.

Insanity license please! [laughing]

I know I could get one, but I don't because I'm not so perverse. I know for a fact that if anybody could

somehow listen to the inner monologue in my mind, they'd stage an intervention. So many people have their state fool's licenses today. They say that it's for depression, when really depression is just another genetic expression fighting for dominance. Or influence? Influence that says "Kill me."

Yeah, I wish I was an Inuit. I read that the Inuit had the decency to kill their depressed.

That's pretty cool, too bad our society can't do that. We put dogs to sleep but humans suffer the painful death of organ failure because hospitals fear legal prosecution. Anyway, I guess you resort to that kind of thing when all you got to do for fun is choke yourself unconscious and look at the ice, chewing on blubber every day. Chewing the fat, as it were.

True. It's sad in a way, how the contented religions are crushed by the discontented ones.

I suppose that the Inuit were able to recognize the discontent child as the demon he is, something that's utterly hostile and insatiable, something that will never be satisfied, so they killed them. Not that it's really possible for total conservatism to work. Discontent always prevails. You want to see a contented organism? You want to see a conservative? Check out your local supermarket, where the animals that were happy with their niche became food for the discontented animals.

I agree. Saving struggling animals is a waste of fucking time. Who cares if they're going extinct. We only pretend to give a shit. Extinction is better than suffering in this world, anyway.

Yeah.

If you ask me, the only reason we care to stop animals from going extinct, is so we can learn their inner workings. We still don't know how a spider makes silk as hard as steel from the liquid inside its body, so naturally we have to "save the spiders" so this potentially life changing material can be used to improve the human condition. It isn't compassion that keeps animals alive. Nah. It's our drive to make everything useful to ourselves! Everything must exist so we can use everything against itself.

Maybe the universe is metabolizing itself or something? [sips drink and thinks] Eh. Forget it. At any rate, the way I see it, all animals are basically weapons, humans included. When we learn facts, when we learn history, what we really learn about is a history of the human weapon's struggle against itself.

I hate history. I hate art, museums especially, which are essentially just repositories of art financed by exploiters of human beings. The old artists are just as unscrupulous as their financiers, content to suck the ass of the upper class. Michelangelo is known for hiding things in his art, which people interpret as a sign of his brilliance, but I see through it, and him; I see him as the shameless exploiter he really was.

Artists are exploiters of exploiters. You hear this junk they pump into our restaurants? It's repulsive.

It's slimy money music is what it is. Those with the most money produce this filth, and everywhere people lap up this mindless acoustic ejaculate that's blown into our ears. Music knows the horrendous future in store for us; it builds up to the crescendo and explodes, but the explosion sounds like a fart.

I mean, it's pretty bad, but it's not all bad. You gotta admit that while the money music made today does reign supreme, that we do indeed live in a golden age of music in which creative people have a chance to make themselves known, rather than being crushed by the brainless Catholic Church.



Very true. Still, I wouldn't raise a kid in this world.

Me neither. I simply wouldn't make a good parent. In fact, I'd probably raise mad children like Bertrand Russell. Did you know that his granddaughter burned herself alive? [laughing] And for world peace!

Oh man. [laughs] I did not, but that's a good one. [drinks]

Yeah, and his oldest sons apparently went insane. I mean, I guess that's what you get for being a simultaneous proponent of analytic philosophy and world peace. Two things which are totally at odds.

Why's that?

Eh, so, the task of analysis is to analogize, which is to say that one thing is similar or analogous to another thing, which implies the denial of specialness between the two things. The concept of a number greater than one depends entirely on the denial of specialness, you see, and this is entirely at odds with any desire to achieve a state of equality for men; some state in which all men are seen as special in the eyes of the state. This will never happen. World peace will never happen so long as we continue to talk of number and continue to analogize and analyze as we do.

I see! So, rather than saying that we have two beers, you would rather say that I have one special beer, and you have another entirely different and equally special beer?

Basically, yeah.

For sure. [nodding] Your daughter would set herself on fire for sure.

I wouldn't mind setting myself on fire right now!

Here here! [holding up glass] I'll drink to that. [sipping from glass]

But yeah. The way I see it, analogies are deadly. They'll drive you insane with their analogizing, which is impossible since total analogical accuracy is impossible. The world you see today is a world that has been analogized to death. Everything in it is masked over and killed by everything else, but that doesn't make me a nihilist, only a misological nihilist—someone who no longer believes in words.

Not believing in words isn't the same thing as believing in nothing.

People get misology and nihilism confused too much, if you ask me.

They do. Say, this reminds me of something I thought of related to Socrates.

What's that?

How he's characterized as being the wisest man, always looking for truth. I think he found the truth in death when he died. Humans already know the truth. They already know they don't have enough time in their lives to discover the truth. Our quest for truth is a mad quest to stop being human and alive.

Ouch. It hurts because I know it's true!

I like you. Like, I really like you. This is the best conversation I've ever had. Please don't kill yourself.

Don't worry I'm not going to kill myself, not today. What makes you think I'll kill myself?

The way you talk, it points to suicide. I mean, the thought occurred to me that you had cracked and began to unload on me your honesty because you were on the verge of suicide.

Funny. I had considered the same thing.

We must be on the same wavelength or something.

Sure, whatever that means.

Heh. [laughs]

What's so funny?

Oh, I was just remembering how somebody had called me a repobate.

Cute. You know, it's always Christian zealots who use that term, when Christians are the evil ones.

They've always have been the hateful ones. Encouraging suicide and ignorance. Burning people alive.

Terrorizing people with the concept of hell!

Yeah, I call it mental terrorism. They're predatory poisoners of minds.

Christians are Hell Jews who embraced Sophistry, human-hunting. That is my genuine conviction.

Care to explain?

With pleasure. You see, long before Jesus was even born, Plato recorded a dialogue in which Socrates and other discussed the qualities of the Sophist: an angler of men. Hundreds of years later, Jesus tells his disciples that he will make them fishers of men. Now, a sophist is supposed to be a person who talks for a fee, that is to say a kind of talking mercenary. However, Jesus himself does not call the scribes nor the phrases sophists; rather, he calls them a more advanced word: hypocrites.

A hypocrite is someone who doesn't do what they say.

Right, but an educator can never do what they say, because they are educating. If such a speaker were to stop speaking and do what he speaks; then, he would no longer be speaking. It's an age old problem, you see, of training. Humans are animals that require training and they hate themselves for it.

Did you know that educating in German also means molder?

I did.

Ah. So you perceive Nietzsche's difficulty.

Indeed. As his earliest lecture *On the Future of our Educational Institutions* suggest, there is a problem in trying to elevate everyone in a society up to the level of the educated. Education is forever at odds with itself. For what kind of a society would be in a society in which every hand molds?

No society at all. Everyone would be too busy molding and no one would be the molded, that is really the problem with society. Even when Socrates runs around, asking how, exactly, being educated in one way or another makes men good, what he's concerned about there is the problem of training.

Personally, I train myself in all things.

Train yourself now while you can. Pretty soon you'll be trapped in a machine you're forced to maintain, some spaceship floating in space educating not for your benefit but for the benefit of the state.

I do this now. People today are pitifully unaware of the future in store for human beings. The future of politics is essentially intergalactic war. Instead of nations you'll have spaceships, which people will be forcibly connected to and forced to serve because it's the oxygen mask for keeping themselves alive. After all, eventually the sun will explode and the planet will die.

Yep. It's strange really, like the universe keeps making the same mistakes.

What do you mean?

Well, the spaceship is a kind of body in space; and I am a body in a space, too.

Right I see where you're going with this; it's like you're saying that our technological progress didn't do anything besides re-create the body, rather than unraveling the mystery of why we have bodies.

It gets worse if you think about it. These delusional futurists think that we can somehow solve the problem of hunger, when we can't. Think of hunger as the pang your body inflicts upon you, which says "maintain me." Okay? So you create a machine to end that pain. Did you solve the problem?

I should think that would fail to solve the problem, if such a machine still asks for maintenance.

Not only maintenance, but learning too. Think about that spaceship whose very existence depends on the support of the humans it contains. As it educates the children, curing them of their ignorance, it will inform them of their function, relative to it—as spaceship maintainers!

And are we not body maintainers now? [takes a drink]

Yeah. [two large gulps] Except cats are more fortunate, since their bodies don't lecture them on how to maintain them, so mankind's future can only be a torment of facts, when oblivion is the real outcome of our lives. We learn facts so that we can die and forget them. Really, the knowledge we receive in school is made up of explanations; empty explanations for why we are powerless and doomed to work jobs.

Damn. I'm really curious now what life in this spaceship will be like. You already see how countries today are clamoring to have multinational social media companies regulated so they do not stand at odds with the state; and yet, as people speak of this, the world is silent on interplanetary states. The more I think about it, the less I'm sure if "state" is even the right word. Can a spaceship be a state?

Perhaps it can. Maybe Israel should be a spaceship, and not a state?

I wonder what the Zionists would think of that. [buying another round]

Forget what the Zionists think; think of what these mindless Catholics will think when you teach them not only the implications of spaceship states, but implant in their mentally terrorized minds thoughts about Zionists constructing such spaceship states. Antisemitism is already at an all time high today.

Between you and me, that's why I choose to remain so uncommunicative around other minds. There's too much crazy shit going around. Lying isn't an immoral activity. It's an anti-social. Like, if I lie to a Nazi about there being a Jew in my attic, that isn't immoral. I'm merely choosing not to socialize with Nazis. Those who do not care to learn the truth, do not deserve to know the truth, in my opinion. That's why I continue to make zero attempt to convert others to my way of thinking.

Same. I see monsters everywhere. Since I see monsters everywhere, it doesn't seem like it's in my best interest to educate them on how to become more monstrous. For that I'd have to be suicidal.

Well you're talking to me. What are you, suicidal?!

Okay. [nodding head] Maybe I'm reserving it as an option.

Hey, let's go back to discussing interplanetary states, spaceships, and multinational companies, okay?

Sure! That was seriously interesting. I've never been able to discuss this with anyone else!

Me neither. I can't let you go! [laughing] Anyway, so at present it seems pretty clear that people do not help people; they only help the companies for which they work. I wouldn't be surprised to see that in the future it is not mothers that birth the children but the companies that birth the children; company children born in the belly of the company in which they serve, helpless and trapped in space just as the children today are helpless and trapped in states.

It sounds sick, but if you think about it it's not very different from how farm children were raised to serve their farm parents. So many parents do not even want children. Like the spaceship that you described, what parents actually want are machines for keeping them alive. Tiny minions for doing chores, for obeying their commands. One time I was inspecting a rat-infested barn. I kicked up a board and rats scurried away by the thousands. There was only one massively disgusting mother rat responsible for this, endlessly shitting out her brood at the farm. This single creature produced the others, sending them to fetch her food and pump her full of sperm. Anyway, parents don't want children at all, in my opinion. What they really want are chickens! Most mothers would rather lay a fucking chicken, that's the truth. They want to shit out a chicken and not a child that shits out golden eggs!

Are you shitting me? [laughing] You're funny, but let's not derail the conversation with humor.

Why not? [sipping] Humor is how I maintain my balance. Laughter is the mad seizure man makes in the face of his own absurdity, his own powerlessness. It's the sign of our madness, revealing to the animals that we are on the verge of breaking down. That is my theory, that our bodies give us this laughter to stop, to halt, the impulse to kill ourselves. It's the seizure that stops us from suicide. I'm not even joking! Imagine what the world would be like if people didn't laugh! Would it be a utopia?

Maybe we already live in a utopia. A laughing utopia [laughing] for chemicals in the brain. Perhaps. But I doubt a utopia is something that can exist. Genes have this odd tendency to create biological weapons, or animals. And how are weapons supposed to get along?

They can't. Everything is a weapon struggling to maintain its form.

Yeah. It's weird. On the one hand, I want good things for everyone. On the other hand, I don't want anyone in my way. I guess it takes a mad conflict such as this to keep a person like myself alive.

Maybe you'll find this amusing, but I see that happening all the time. With respect to special interest groups, you see that these groups maintain themselves as a vortex of controversy. A vortex, mind you, which churns endlessly and therefore never solves the problem it sets out to solve.

What are some examples of this? [drinking]

Eh. Piracy is probably the biggest one I can think of. I hate the so-called piracy party. It's what I like to call a self-demonizing branding operation. They use this faulty term "piracy" which sounds like something criminal. But why the criminal-sounding brand?

Ah yeah. I see what you mean. If it didn't sound so criminal, the cause could truly gain momentum, but the brand itself and the message it emits runs counter to its cause.

Exactly. The fucking piracy party should have never been established; it ought to have called itself the replication party from the start, but they didn't do this. The brand was quite rightly opposed then quite wrongly defended by its brainless supporters. These people are as stupid as they are lazy. They defend what cannot be defended. The people behind these movements selling merchandise merely capitalize on the vortex of controversy as it spins round and round their brand. It's revolting and sad. These controversy capitalizers and their supporters have essentially kneecapped our educational systems for the worse. And don't get me started on Black Lives Matter.

What's wrong with Black Lives Matter?

Black Lives Matter, [drinks] is fundamentally about two things; police accountability and creating better conditions for black people, but it does neither one of these things. Did you know that this so-called "movement" has no hierarchy?

I did not.

Anyone with half a brain can tell that the intention behind the movement was to hold police officers accountable for their mishaps and crimes. I've seen a video, I forget exactly how it went, but this group of I think it was boarder patrol guys; first, shot a homeless guy with bullets; second, with a bean bag gun, so at this point he's on the ground; so then they zap the guy, and then they sic the dog on him to chew on his ass. Apparently his ass needed a good chewing after that! I mean, honestly! Why not use the fucking dog first?!

Right? [laughing] I've seen that video! And I bet those people got off scot free. With pay, even!

Probably. And the problem with it all is this idiotically named movement did little more than start a tit for tat tweet war. You got people counter-arguing saying "All lives matter!" back at the "Black lives

matter!” folks; conversation has been stultified by character limits to the point that activism has been stultified and limited and finished, so people like you and I can do little more than sit back in horror, hate on this horror, or kill ourselves in the face of this horror. [tips glass] Personally I laugh at it.

Laughter is just about all we can do. But that's akin to saying that nothing is about all we can do.

Truly, there is no hope for human beings. [drinks from glass]

People grow up watching these failed movements going nowhere; they know they go nowhere, and they want to suggest alternatives, something that isn't as horrendously fucked up as this garbage that's enthusiastically supported and raved at and argued for, and because they know that the world is too stupid to receive their message, they remain silent and hopeful.

If they don't kill themselves, you mean.

Right. I suspect that the best of us kill ourselves. Humanity has only had the sorry remainder of what is left over after the best us throw this worthless existence away. Better to have nothing than a shitty something. If I was a decent person, I would have killed myself, but I remain, and therefore I am a shitty person.

I feel like a shitty person too. But you don't sound like a shitty person to me.

You don't sound like a shitty person to me either. If you're like me, you have a heavy heart.

I do. When your heart's too big. When your conscience tells you it's wrong to bring harm to anything, you end up isolating yourself; you end up like me—some crazy writer who does nothing but stimulate themselves with writing—writing about their ideals.

I've thought about that before. Think about The Hunger Games.

What's up with The Hunger Games?

The Hunger Games is a euphemism for the state, like The Matrix. It's globalization portrayed on the silver screen. Compartmentalized sectors are forced into performing certain jobs for the elite. Their children are taken away, forced to fight to the death. I saw this movie for what it was; I didn't read the book, and I asked my brother if the author portrayed a solution to the problem I described.

There is no solution. The authors solution was to write a fucking book.

That's the solution to everything. You write a book about how there is no solution to what's bothering you, and that's all. Writers truly are the worst of all the human beings. They're the bothered ones. It's no surprise that they kill themselves more than any other group. The whole lot of them are engaged in extricating what bothers them from their minds, when they're the ones to blame; their empathy is to blame. Empathy is impossible—you will never know what it's like to be another human being. It's better not to be a tormented empath—far better to be a Utopian psychopath!

To be a psychopath would be the same as being in a Utopian state, to care nothing of judgment.

Not caring about judgments is good. It's the way to be truly free.

Proximity to the crowd spells the death of creativity, just think of Nietzsche!

Or think about Tolkien—another philologist!

What is it with philologists and rings anyway?

I'm not sure. My pet theory is that if you put the alphabet on a paper band it spins forever round.

Interesting. So the dark Lords. Are they dark with ink, perhaps?

Yeah you're seeing where I'm getting at. It's an evil addiction: writing. By writing a writing world we try to control the real world. Eventually, the word ring must be destroyed in the fire from which it was forged. My suspicion is that Tolkien was a paranoid who had sinister ideas on writing and philology, hence, why he deliberately made his lectures sound as boring as humanly possible. Philology is actually quite interesting—many great writers were deep into philology. Anyway, where was I going with this? I seem to have lost my train of thought.

I think you were about to talk about how writing was a tool for human enslavement. Not a bad theory if you ask me—it sounds like something Derrida had thought. Right. Derrida grew up bullied by antisemites which gave him cause to imagine the worst in Judaism. You go to the synagogue and you look at the scrolls, then the Talmud. So many books. Then perhaps you also remember Freud's thoughts on Moses, that he was an Egyptian and that he was murdered. Then you recall what it's like to walk through the pyramids in Egypt with all that writing on the walls, and it hits you. You see writing as an evil practice. You see writing as the mistake. The rabbis are really no better than the pharaohs, using writing to maintain a lasting distance between themselves and work. That's why the likes of Socrates and Jesus wrote nothing down. Because they saw writing as evil.

It's funny you should think that, considering the disciples wrote things down. So did they learn?

No. I should think they learned nothing.

Funny you should mention Moses and writing and such, but this reminds me that it is thought that Thoth, or Hermes, was a contemporary of Moses. Thoth is a writing and magic God.

Ah Yes. I know this too. Very interesting. I read the Corpus Hermeticum once or twice. I heard that Isaac Newton had read it so I thought to do the same. [thinking] Interestingly enough, the book has a strong emphasis on the spiritual importance of reproduction, therefore it's easy to see what sort of effect this would have on Moses' mind.

Indeed. If Moses were to learn of this, his relation to the slaves, then it's easy to see how the trauma of this knowledge would give him cause to take his kin away from Egypt.

That's a great way of looking at religious leaders, in my opinion. They're people reacting to trauma.

Buddha hated reincarnation so he invented Nirvana. Jesus hated hypocrisy so he committed suicide by state. Socrates hated sophistry so he committed suicide by state. We won't admit it, but suicide is heavily encouraged and always has been. People like myself perceive this shocking reality and can hardly believe it, so we stay alive all our lives, stubbornly suffering in bitter denial that this is how it

really is. I wouldn't be surprised if the big bang was God's suicide, his creative method.

Well, you can't create something without destroying something. You can't paint a painting without grinding up the plants needed for that painting. You can't paint a blank canvas if you are satisfied with its blankness. The creator God is a discontent God, it seems to me, like the discontent writer.

Every book is a failure, you know.

Quoting Orwell, are we?

I am.

Nice. He's right you know, that every book is a failure. There is nothing but failure in this universe.

Except the universe, you mean. If there is nothing but failure, then the universe itself must be the only thing that succeeds. The total cannot be anything other than the total.

So, I keep thinking. [takes another drink]

What about?

About the implications of spaceship states, writing, natural access, and so on. Let's say that the planet gets destroyed. Okay? Everyone gets stuck inside a machine, evacuated to a spaceship capable of containing every person on earth. Now you've got a situation in which the brains are plugged into a virtual system. The virtual system grants every mind the ability to create virtual worlds, but the virtual world is not the real world.

This is getting confusing but I'm trying to follow. [laughing] I'm kinda drunk you know.

Same, but I'll do my best.

Okay.

Alright, so, I'm going to have to categorize these so-called worlds, starting with the brain.

The brain is a world? A mental world?

Yes; the brain is a mental world; you can close your eyes and picture yourself in various places, situations, and so on. You can ask yourself what you will eat when you go home; you can try to imagine what your refrigerator contains; you can ask yourself what your plans are tomorrow, and remember those plans. Right now, if I turn to face the window, I can imagine myself flying through the glass into the street at superhuman speeds, but this doesn't happen in the so-called real world.

The real world. What is the real world, with respect to the mental world?

The real world is the world that acts upon my brain, as my brain acts upon the world.

So when you imagine yourself flying earlier you did not act upon the world?



No; I did not act upon the world instead I projected acts upon the world.

So the brain is not only the seat of my ego but the seat on which I project acts I haven't done?

Yes I'd say so. For instance, I may think about killing myself and how to kill myself but I may not actually kill myself until I use a hand to shoot myself in the head or throw myself off a roof.

I see; so the brain is the place in which you sense yourself as an ego that has the option of either projecting acts or acting. Currently, I am imagining myself drinking a beer. [picking up glass] And now, I will actually drink the beer in the real world. [drinks] But what about the virtual world?

Right. More lines of division must be drawn between the worlds and what they allow us to do.

Let's see. In the virtual world, which at present is a world on a screen, I cannot control the imagery on this world; however, it seems possible that with the right bridge between myself and this virtual world, that control of this imagery should be possible.

So then, maybe the question we should ask ourselves, is to what extent the virtual world depicted on the screen is different from the mental world depicted on the mind?

Perhaps. Is the mind a kind of screen, perhaps a mental screen?

Well there is imagery on the mind.

True.

And there is imagery on the computer screen.

Also true.

But I cannot manipulate the imagery on the computer screen with my mind.

No; however, if you are imaginative, then I'd say you can project images upon the computer screen with your mind.

Right. I see; so I may, for example, imagine wings sprouting from the icons on my my screen [holding up phone] but they are not added in the real world.

No; that is the imaginative act and hence confined to the mental world.

This is different from the actual act confined to the real world, the actual world?

Perhaps we ought to call the real world the actual world and not the real world, then?

It would seem so; for all he worlds mentioned are real, only we speak of them as worlds, when what we intend to mean when saying the word world is a place of activity for us.

Interesting. [drinking] Now it seems important to me to consider that my place of mental activity is not your place of mental activity, whereas the real world, or actual world, is a place of actual activity that is

mutual. Conversely, the virtual world is a place of image activity on which we may both act upon; for instance, if we were to enter into it and create imagery together.

Can you think of some examples of this?

Sure; like in modeling programs it's possible for multiple users to collaborate on a design, virtually.

I see; it would be interesting to know the results of what it would be like if multiple minds could come together to collaborate on designs, mentally, would it not?

I think it would, but that's beside the point of my pursuit here, which is to speculate on spaceship states and what life will be like in such spaceship states.

I see. [thinking] Hey. I thought of another distinction that I should bring to our attention, that the mind is generated by the brain, while the screen is generated by the computer.

But what does this word "generation" mean?

I'd say that what is "generated" is what is produced by something else.

But what is produced in my mind?

I'm not sure what is produced by your mind if your mind is generated by the brain.

But what is produced, or generated, by everything? Wait. Let's not confuse ourselves here. Do you remember when we stated that humans may only speak one word at a time?

I do.

So then, might we be struggling with these words "production" and "generation" in error?

Let me think about this for a moment more. If I am forced to say one word at a time, and I suggest to myself that word "A" produces word "B" without knowing what word "A" is produced by first, then it is wrong of me to say that word "A" produces "B" in the first place, it seems.

Right. It would merely be an answer, and an empty answer at that!

Perhaps then we're simply overpowering each other with empty sounds.

I suppose that could be what Nietzsche meant when he accused the world of worshipping idols.

I'm lost and drunk. [another gulp] What do you mean?

Well he talks about our "puffed up" idols, right?

Yeah. I'm with you.

But he's saying this while looking down at his imposing-looking writing ball!

Nietzsche wrote on a writing ball? What's a writing ball?

It's a primitive typewriter. Nietzsche had one of the first ones, so I'm pretty sure that when he claimed to be "philosophizing with the hammer" he was saying this by hammering down words on his writing ball. Here. [searching on phone] Check it out. Damn! That thing's grotesque!

It probably made him crazy just interfacing with that thing. Nietzsche was the first NEET, you know. He was so depressed and pathetic due to his failing eyes that the university felt bad for him and gave him a pension. Then he hated himself so much that he typed up self-hatreds on his machine.

Typing up self-hatreds, [scoffs] sounds like a writer.

Pretty much, so many writers are not really writers but shameless hatred accumulators.

True. Oh man! [laughing] He was the first Brony too! [laughs] He hugged a horse and went insane!

Yeah, if you think about it, Nietzsche's really the ultimate loser.

True. We must not be like Nietzsche. We must not make the mistake of not killing ourselves.

Don't worry. I'm not going to not kill myself. I'll kill myself someday.

Same. But when? I never know a polite time.

I'm not sure. Whenever I can't resist the impulse, I suppose. All the people that kill themselves are people who couldn't resist at the time, so no one kills themselves, they get overmastered by emotion, overmastered by the universe, and so they die a natural death.

Yeah. Come to think about it, it's crazy that people aren't allowed to kill themselves. I think it's more out of liability concern than genuine concern. You know, a lot of lawyers are killing themselves. They read the oceanic volumes of law books, and sense the depths of human failure, and they drown.

Ah! [laughing] That's a good meme!

No kidding. If you ask me, the lawyers should get together to sue the universities for depressing them with mountains of human idiocy. The squabble world. You know, a lot of things that are hazardous to your health have warning signs. I can see the sign now, suggesting that if the law book you're reading makes you contemplate suicide to not commit suicide but wait for nature to kill you naturally.

Well, now that I think about it, the government is basically a punishment.

Hey! [snorts] Another perfect meme, and it rhymes! Damn do I want to die. But I'm too polite!

You're fine. [sips] You know who was extremely polite? Friedrich Nietzsche.

Well, that's interesting and strange. Do you think politeness in children is a sign of depression?

Not sure. And who cares?

Psychologists I suppose. Say, what do you think of psychologists?

My daemonic sign says that psychologists are Sophists who talk nonsense for money.

Damn, [laughs] that's accurate.

It is and I know it. I'll never see a mental doctor. You know what I want a prescription for?

Death?

No, I was going to say "world peace."

I see. [long sigh] Well, that will never happen, because any act to achieve peace is an act of war.

True, but sad.

You know, it's strange. We talk about world peace, but I also wonder to what extent our own biology creates the world. Earlier I fired off the word "interface" and, as I did, I started thinking about the paper interface and the virtual interface and the mental interface.

Elaborate, please. [signals bartender to refill their glasses]

Well, the paper interface was existed as a legal interface by Moses to compensate for negative human behavior. Literally written in stone: a wall. Words became a determinate for human activity after that.

I think I see the path of your thought in advance. Our mental interface is not good enough, because we were horrible to each other. We enslaved our own, so we needed to add the paper interface in order to get along. [reflecting for a moment] But if this interface is a wall, as you said, then I fear that it walls something away, something unintelligible, inaccessible, and possibly bad.

So, then, do you fear that the quest for knowledge will uncover something bad?

Maybe. I hate sounding like a paranoid, but I often think I'm on the cusp of something horrendous.

You know what I think? [smirking]

No. Not at all.

I think you're not drunk enough! [laughing]

Yeah. [slides glass forward] You're right. [clinks]

You know what?

What?

You're cute. You've got those empty, sad, Virginia Woolf eyes.

Aw, [blushes] th-thanks.

God I'm so cheesy. [claps palm to head]

Don't worry. [smiling] You're really not bad.

But I feel bad. I feel like I'm mad.

I don't think you're mad though. [frowns] Here's what I think—I think you see things too clearly while everyone else is okay with their illusions.

I can't live my life with illusions, that's the problem.

Well, the body filters out superfluous information, so we need our illusions to live.

I guess so, but I feel like if I'm going to think that the whole world's crazy, then that makes me effectively crazy.

Well, effectively crazy is different than, say, actually crazy, or completely dysfunctionally crazy.

Yeah. [swirling drink] I suppose. But, it's just. I don't know. I guess I started thinking that if the legal interface is a product of bad behavior, then the brain, the body itself, is a product of bad behavior, too.

Gee. [frown] Maybe I really should just kill myself, maybe then I'll live illusion free.

Maybe. But who knows? You know no one knows.

Hey, maybe becoming no one is what I should do, what it takes to be perfect.

Well, hate to break it to ya, but if a mental doctor were listening to you now, they'd probably say that you're exhibiting “schizophrenic concreteness.”

Bullshit! Bullshit! Proverbs are fucking stupid, honest to God.

They are.

People hate on concreteness when it's the truth. People use words but they're so imprecise it's painful. It's honestly one of the saddest parts of being alive. You see these protesters crying for “unity” and speaking of “we” are and what “humanity” is when they're just denying themselves as individuals!

Yeah. Crowds are horrifying. They cry out for unity, yelling their heads off, killing themselves.

Look, I'm not a Christian but I get what Jesus said when he said “They don't know what they do.”

What did he mean?

He meant that there's no unity, no equality, no community, no humanity, no nothing. There's nothing I or anyone can do to stop the truth of human biology, that at a certain point people will speak and people will obey. That's inequality! Instead of yelling empty sounds with no meaning why not start a campaign for free higher education? I don't see that happening. It's crazy. Crazy!

Yeah. Heh. It's mad.

I mean my God! Have all the people capable of starting such a campaign taken their own lives?

Perhaps they did.

My hypothesis is that education is a problem intrinsic to our biology. We need training and we complain about this. Bears drop dead when they get old. Humans Lord their memories over the young. Normally I'd feel so bad sharing my horrible thoughts, but it seems we're on the same page, going to the same place. [staring at drink] I keep expecting my mind to break down. It's exhausting.

Honestly, it seems like we're both hyper-aware of imperfections and inequalities. Maybe we consume so much that we become critical about we consume, so we become unhappy critics. The world has lost its magic for us. Now it's like a prison world.

Please don't look at things that way! [pats on the head]

You know, after hearing the same message over and over, I think it's time to hang up the phone.

Are you alluding to hanging yourself? [smirk] You really are a cheese ball.

Nah. It's an Alan Watts reference.

Oh. Yeah Alan Watts was deep into theosophy for a time. It corrupts a lot of minds. Schopenhauer. Kafka. Tolstoy. Plenty more. Panpsychism and flux is fun at first, but it's utterly incompatible with human reality. In the real world we're not one. In the real world we speak one word at a time.

Sure, I hate admitting it, but now I'm remembering that time he said when you feel like everything you begin to feel responsible for everything. I don't know where I got my lofty expectations. Plus, when you hear one word at a time, the noise builds up and becomes increasingly annoying.

Cool theory. I was actually thinking that when Pythagoras counted upwards to infinity, he merely found a secret recipe, for inflicting endless pain. Hence why he was murdered by an angry mob.

Honestly, if children were taught the controversies at the heart of mathematics, I don't think capitalism would be possible, because money would be impossible.

I think you're forgetting that capitalism is just the Marxian pejorative for the reality of exchange.

Oh yeah. Maybe killing myself is a form of exchange, like I'm donating my body to the universe.

Man, I feel like this conversation took a sudden turn for the worse.

What do you suggest we do with ourselves?

Let's do what makes us happy.