

DISCOURSE

CONCERNING
THE STATE OF MAN
AND THE
STATES OF THE FUTURE

BY
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When man was hunting in the wild, man required skills, and so required those skills to be imparted to him, from his fellow man: the skills were imparted to the unskilled man from the skilled men, and this resulted in a buildup of skills, in the memory of the social group. What I find interesting about this is this: that there is this relationship created from birth which is right away not reciprocal: the experienced trains the untrained simply because the untrained came about in their midst, and influenced the trained to train them, and while giving little to nothing in return; for the trained (children) arise naturally as a product of sex, which the animals themselves are impelled to do. The animals are impelled to have sex and then after being impelled to have sex they automatically create life, from themselves, and then train that life, after it comes about: somehow, the organism believes that this life is worth preserving even though it produces nothing and generates no new skills for the already trained parent and even takes away food from the parent; rather, it's the principal of impulsion that creates the need to train the child, because the training of the social group that is the animals cellular constituents, I now presume, trained that animal and so impelled the animal to do this: train, perhaps, because it enjoyed the training that it received by the parent, and so felt it worthy of reciprocation to the new animal created from itself; it imparts the new skills to the new animal as it recognizes the new animals situation to its inner history of traumas imparted to it from nature.

This is what the animal gives back to nature: first, training; and second, a corpse. The corpse is given to nature and nature's training systems impel organisms to eat the training corpse by virtue of their training on how best to eat such training corpses. The training corpse represents the basis for life: it's by continually obeying the training corpse and continually listening to the commands that the training corpse imparts that this life process in general continues its process of eating the training corpse. The training corpses are valued by the soon to be training corpses purely on the basis that they provide a stable pathway for the training of future training corpses. If an animal kills itself, what it does is offer itself up to this system in which programmed training corpses eat these other training corpses.

But what might be the reason for this?

Perhaps in the potentiality pool, there was once a potentiality that wanted to die, and after it died the potentialities which surrounded it thought it best to eat this potentiality that died, because the total potentiality pool felt the pain of its absence, and so rather than letting that potentiality die, because it is such a potentiality that dies, it must continually die as the dying potentiality in the potentiality pool as the everliving potentialities eat the dying potentiality forever, and they actually train the potentialities in the best ways of doing so.

Stupid as this speculation may be, it seems to be getting somewhere, and perhaps it can be furthered with the following thought I now thought: that as these networks of trainers form amidst each other, systems of training emerge, as the system struggles, to compensate, for the system itself; for at the onset of the training system there was an unequal system, in which untrained material was converted into trained material and later the corpses needed to fuel this training material, which communicates by (space) movements in reference to the traumas (suicide) around the communicators: all words are trauma associations, with special reference to various traumas in nature, and these traumas are innumerable; hence, why there is infinite number, and hence why (number) money (trauma) is the root of all evil. And it's this dying potentiality that created this trauma: the suicide cells kill themselves (apoptosis) so that we might have the fingers we need to do our evil, that is, manipulate and train. What's more, is that through the introduction of this training trauma, which I should now call word trauma, the referenced trauma can be evoked by means of this lesser trauma called the word. It's through the introduction of word trauma that we are able to train and traumatize the untrained into doing things for the trainers, and it's this diabolical power, of traumatic influence, I now suspect, that the Catholic Church was able to usher in a future world of progress, oddly enough, far after the great philosophers had lived, and died, because he was wise enough, not to fish for men, but, even more sinisterly, hunt them, and by harnessing this traumatic influencing power, and so this age of man traumatizing man, began: the dark ages.

The crucifix, which was a symbol of human execution, was spread throughout the world: promising death as the solution to life, because man's reward, the great hunter, was merely to populate a network of trainers training these training corpses: a network which consists of the perpetually traumatized, in which trauma is all that's ever expressed and in which the traumatized obey the traumatizers impressed by their strange power to traumatize others into states of obedience and hence into states, in the territorial sense: when nations waged wars against nations, what was really happening was a manipulatable network of traumatized needed to manipulate an unmanipulatable network of traumatized, since they were not able to be affected by this traumatic influence, emanating from the traumatizers; and so, they welcomed Christ: the executioner, because he promised an end (death) to (man) the perpetual war, by introducing the threat of that super trauma (hell), after death. And so, through submission to the traumatizers, mankind gradually confined itself, as subjects, subjected and subject to the wills of the traumatizers and trainers, who by means of their word trauma trained their subjects and hence held them in a state, which later became the state, of subjection: a mankind network was formed, flowing from the mouths of these kings, and these despotic kings, discovering in themselves their power to speak and have others listen and even obey, forged dynasties over time, and considered themselves God.

It should come as no surprise, therefore, that systems of inequality should rise from a state of affairs such as this; for this state of affairs, in which speakers speak and listeners listen, was made possible by the aforementioned principal of training and traumatizing these sensitive animals into forming states, of obedience. So think: when feral children are made to adjust to society, all they really adjust to is life in the trauma network called humanity, when humanity is really an inhumanity, which is a state, which is a trauma network. In the trauma network, made possible by means of word trauma, humans are traumatized into accepting jobs in which they are subject to traumatizers, who have this privilege: of owning nature; they are conditioned to obey, and they are given nothing of their own: they offer up the only nature they have, their bodies, in the form of obedience, because they have no nature to call their own: nothing but their bodies. In the schools of humanity, an un-nature word trauma is spoken to their children which accustoms them to a state life, of having absolutely no nature, because nature is fully owned by either states or humans who have formed powerful word trauma networks.

Vicariously, they identify with the powerful owners of these powerful trauma networks, and so they hope to own a trauma network, and, oddly enough, while becoming auxiliary and nature-less human resources, as they quite rightly say, on the undersides of these trauma networks. Essentially these trauma networks were made possible by way of mental terrorism executed by those with the capacity to wield the weapon, of word trauma: just as the discovery of the nuclear bomb scared humans ever-deeper into the territory of the state, so, too, did ancient shamans rattle bones and employ an endless amount of rituals for the purpose of traumatizing their constituents with their trauma power, granted to them by courtesy of evolution, which, thanks to this traumatic influence, adopted misery as a means to perpetuate genes, made possible by the flow of artifice and un-nature and trauma.

So think: when Karl Marx was toying with the means of production, he should have considered the mouth as the primary means of production; for the mouth synthesizes the trauma that traumatizes humans into giving their very flesh to the wielders of trauma: this relationship, between speakers and listeners, forms the basis for economics; without it, man would collectively feed on nature, but instead man collectively feeds on man, and in an economic state of mutual exploitation.

Initially the traumas produced by bodily example furnished all the proof necessary for cohabitation and natural exploitation, however, the mouth, being the dexterous tool that it is, rapidly became a tool for human manipulation, and traumatizing: the sequences, sequenced by the sequencers, sequenced man into forming a state. When this obedient state life becomes unbearable for those comfortable with their position in nature, as sequenced animals, then arguments are made and compromises are formed, but nature's inherently unequal endowments remain, without remedy.

It should be no surprise, then, that a discontented, and quite possibly genius, Jesus Christ, would form

a group of disciples intent on fueling their indolence and quite possibly their homosexuality, simultaneously, by giving up the life of labor, in favor of living the life of the traumatizer. And in a sense he was right to call the Rabbis hypocrites; for a speaker cannot do as he speaks: he is a speaker, not a listener, a sequencer, at the top of the sentence structure, not the sequenced. He provided a pathway to greatness for his disciples, and for his flock a pathway to the dark ages, where untold torments were wrought upon the sequenced, where those who would not be sequenced were burnt alive. This is the history that children wake up to today.

All it takes is for a child to grow up Catholic, and subject to a useless Catholic mental terrorism, for a child to brand himself a maimed and ruined genius, and to enact his vengeance upon his parents and then his schoolmates in the form of a mass killing, which I now suspect, is encouraged by societies endless game of oneupmanship, which, as I've already described, he is barred from, because he was terrorized and forced to live in his traumatic state; ruined by this mental terrorism; for this word trauma, meant to convey nature, rapidly becomes a symbolized un-nature in the listeners mind, after being tested and traumatized enough, and that trauma becomes a memory world of traumas and tokens that is not nature and hence an un-nature. Ideally a child would have nature and natural experiments before his very eyes, but he has nothing before his eyes; instead, he has words, not analogous to nature, since a worded item of nature is interwoven with the whole fabric of nature, hence why the worded item is a fiction: a synthetic token of nature, which is never an acceptable substitute for nature, only a necessary utterance and trauma spoken by traumatized apes to stop being traumatized by apes, and man as such an ape was unable to cope with nature as that natural substance with the capacity to be traumatized and traumatize: the descriptive world of physics is made possible through the principals of forces acting on forces, and man is a force that feels itself as a force that can force itself on the forces that force it to force; and so, to gain knowledge, of every force, man must alter itself, and even kill itself, in an effort to feel which state is the correct state, which, of course, is the comfortable and stable state, of being such a force, which man is certainly not, that is, stable and comfortable.

It now strikes me that some elaboration will be wanted here: if mans quest for knowledge is a quest to experience every experience, and his brain is a machine for him to experience, then perpetual transformation of his personal experiencing machine is what that task demands: the suicide of man is what the quest for knowledge demands, and this knowledge was only demanded, in an effort to escape his experience, which, for him, needed to be known, when it didn't deserve to be known, but actually destroyed, to escape his sensitivity and hence his susceptibility to these traumatic influences to which I've referred. So much for the quest for knowledge.

It's through a synthesis of artifice that man, as an artificing animal, attempts to unify man, within an image world of artistic cohesion, in a continual attempt to reveal and simultaneously overcome his uncomfortable state, of existing ensnared within the confines of his trauma network: the state of experiencing the trauma network must be comfortable, and so traumas are evoked as the means to push man back into this web that is this trauma network. What's worse, is that by contextualizing this concept of hell, as a trauma, purposed in this way, we can see for ourselves that the fictional concept of hell has not been put down, insofar that it was always this super trauma: a science fiction concept, which was efficiently utilized to terrorize man into states of synthetic agreement with the networks of traumatizers: the rhetoricians; their rhetorical arguments made possible by their knowledge of trauma and their attempt to unify it to please themselves as entities, affected by trauma, through their counter-effect and counter-trauma, which, while traumatic, was merely an expression of what was sensed to cause the greatest discomfort and hence the greatest trauma.

Now we can see that the dark age existence of being brought up within a sandwich of two synthetic fictions, that is to say science fictions, and hence in a delusional state, is far from behind us: that if man isn't careful, his fears might carry him away from the immediate and into darkness again.

The total suspension of judgments seems not to stop the selections happening within the mind of the experienter, and so whenever we find ourselves adopting an attitude of nihilism in which nothing is

believed there still exists this belief: in an incomprehensible dream, and so here exists the pitfall where man might, once again, slip down into the webs of delusion, as man finds himself hypnotized by his inner mirage of synthetic word traumas used to communicate his mental world, which may be merely the suggestion of a world, not an actual world: never, an actual world.

However, there simultaneously exists the possibility that such expressions may in time give rise to a beautiful state, pleasant to the selectors, and it's this tendency to secrete artifices by all means possible to convey this future world that life seduces life, back into itself, even if it's by sandwiching man between a falsification of past and future, so that the sandwiched men can become food, for the rhetoricians: those whose profession is merely professing and hence a sham profession, where artifice is disseminated. These educators we have today are not so much our educators but the disseminators of artifice, in a factory style, and so a child's life is an unpleasant and actually abrasive gauntlet of being pushed through a learning factory, egged on and encouraged by a cynical and stupid Catholic underclass; terrorized by visions of hell, when the real hell is the hell around them made by their stupidity, namely, their obedience to the systems of trauma around them, which persist to this day. In the past these perverse Catholic mental terrorists would traumatize and torture the so-called idleness out of the people, while the Catholic Church sold nothing as its primary good with impunity. They would say such things as: Idle hands are the devil's plaything; but the irony was that these Catholic mental terrorists were really the most idle and hence the most devilish.

This idleness was merely the failure to submit to the Church, as the hell of disobedience would have rendered their duplicitous business of professing nothing and preaching nothing and selling nothing impossible, and so this idleness was beaten and tortured out, for centuries: only half a generation ago, these Catholic teachers, these secret haters of humans and life and nature, would beat the life out of their students with rods, but today they no longer use rods; and yet, since their Catholic mental terrorist ways remain unchanged and even encouraged: now, these proto-Nazi minions beg these narrow-minded Catholics into having their children chemically annihilated by drugs, not unlike the way Rosemary Kennedy was lobotomized at the age of twenty three, under the pretext of calming her mood.

Crimes like these shed a most revealing light on the way the human race treats its young.

And what's so vile, is that such crimes are now being carried out on a generation of young people, poisoning them and simultaneously suppressing activism against the trauma network that is the state, thus fanning the flames currently scorching the globe. By the time children today cease to be chemically and psychically molested and assaulted by these drugs, it will be too late: environmental disaster will be upon us! Depression and anger is the natural reaction against this human history, which is really a history of human incompetence: the history of man is the history of this artificing and traumatizing state man and hence the history of imprisoning man in a state: that's why Pythagoras was killed by an angry mob, because they inferred that the end of geometry was human imprisonment; they inferred that there were no math equations, only math tasks, that are pushed on us by narcissistic bullies: professional professors, whose role in this trauma network's factory style education and hence human resource and human commodity indoctrination program is to produce an ever-increasing amount of state people, or rather, state food: food for the state, and by extension food for the professors, constituting the control center and trauma center of the trauma network, while the subordinate human mass functions like limbs, auxiliary, to the state.

So think: when Nietzsche wrote his books, he was pouring out his self-hatred, because he was raised to be good for little else, in life, but these professional professing professions and priestly preaching professions, and simultaneously his disgust with the Catholic Church, which he recognized at once as responsible for progress, when there was no progress: except the illusion of progress that was really this method of extracting food from our own kind, like cannibal apes, turned capital apes.

And perhaps it was paranoia and cannibalism, mania and madness, that formed the seed of human intelligence, or so-called intelligence, since we populate a trauma network consisting of a race of terrorized apes, which has never had the ability to overcome its state of pathological neuroticism long

enough to have a reasonable conversation about how to even so much as overcome the basic problem of world hunger, because man already solved the problem of world hunger, because man used man for food, too well; hence, the need for his total imprisonment within a state, so at last this circle of life, or better yet, imprisonment, might be complete.

It is as the matrix suggests: humans are food; batteries, for powering a state: the matrix is really a euphemism for the state, just as Kafka's the castle was really a euphemism for the state; for the machines that rule and eat us, are not intelligent; rather, they are artifice amalgams, incomprehensible, and kept in motion by traumatized apes: now we must punish ourselves, for any splitting off, since separation from the trauma network is no longer even possible. For there is no such thing as one or two, only a word trauma called one; a word trauma called two, and so on.

Mathematics has for centuries been misused in a vast enormity against humanity, to such an absurd degree that man is merely a number to himself, one limited to a contemptible life of number hoarding which automatically disturbs these thoroughly and utterly destroyed state people, which, as far as the state is concerned, are equal to nothing. And yet, oddly enough, they deceive themselves into thinking that they're represented, when real representation is impossible. The pretense of representation is what makes despotism possible, as the many are masked over by a representation which represents no one; what happens instead is someone else assumes a position of power, by proxy of the mass, and so listens to no one but the mass, when the mass as such a mass is no one in particular, and so its center of gravity does not exist. Whenever the people elect representatives, they merely partake in a self-humiliation ritual: as they vote others up, they vote themselves down.

Man's traumatic symbols were misused, such as the sun, to excite people into thinking that such symbols were symbols of good, when really there was no symbol for good, only trauma: peace is simply the absence of war, but if you look beneath the skin of some peaceful creature, you invariably find war, moving beneath its skin; you find the many highways of blood cells carrying nutrients to every organ, then a despot brain, who knows: peace is a lie. Goodness and peace, I now suspect, were really artificial ideas synthesized by speakers in order to hypnotize and tranquilize humans into being devoured by speakers and traumatizers, who, over time, became professional professors, then eventually tyrants. So think: when the Buddha points at the moon, he instructs you to look at the moon, then devours you, but from beneath the cover of enlightening you, like a carnivorous plant. Man's so-called enlightenment age was no enlightenment but simply a dawn, that was created by mortality, in which he noted: that his church spires had morphed into factory spires. Human beings now scamper about madly, as mechanical cells, within the body of the state, unable to accept that they are still, to this day, food for rhetoricians, who know this to be true.

For centuries the Catholic Church forcibly injected this traumatic artifice of evil into minds to manipulate them, when, all along, it had traumatized men in a most cunning manner into fetishizing sacrifice and peace, as the superfluidity of their traumatic influences flowed through the mass to form a vast state of stability, binding them them as one. But then man noticed something; he discovered cells, which he curiously named after small rooms, or prison cells, and not the reverse. Then, elsewhere, an individual man noticed something: how it was by ignorance that our abysmal cities had come; that fictions were no longer strong enough for Belgium monks to get the people drunk: something else was needed, stronger than bullshit: beer, and that, surprisingly, it had produced something: a state; the map of which resembled a leaf, more so than anything else.

This man, known as Nietzsche, looked up at the starry sky, and saw the myriads of human leaves writhing between the stars, but bonded by restraints, or perhaps proteins, and perhaps, he thought: like these trees are now, they will be cut down and then burnt. So, with the heavens blazing above his head, in his mind, he then feared that man had progressed, in error, and was flying towards something he ought to avoid, like a moth, enticed by a flame.

After he died; the Church once again desired to wave its brainless scepter over mankind, by employing Adolph Hitler as its pet tyrant, but it failed. Millions of Jews were unceremoniously burnt

alive in ovens, not unlike those burning visions in Nietzsche's mind. Terror and trauma are still the weapons of choice in the world; for our state buildings still resemble Egyptian and Roman architecture and hence the architecture of bullies; but humans are too helplessly trapped in a pitiful state of bewilderment to do anything anymore; now, it's not uncommon for young people to commit suicide, having reached a stage of maturity, they wish to kill themselves, to escape a trauma: a confusion in which trauma-talkers ask of them and are forever talking it out, in vain. They are told money is needed for life, and they secretly think: man, by counting up to infinity, merely found a secret recipe, for inflicting endless pain. This world, entangled by trauma lines, synthesis, and lies; in which whirlwinds of trauma flow this way, then that, to sway us, towards some unknown end. A world in which number is artifice and trauma, and where money is produced as the residue of obedience, desperation, and stupidity, which is milked from the population, no differently than cows are milked by machines.

Now, since I am, after all, on a pleasure trip of speculation, I wish to write a brief recap of what I've written. Men, under the false pretense of a hypocritical submission, wormed their way into positions of power, recognizing that all positions of power are secret positions of instruction: a most cunning indolence, which, with the pass of time, later morph into a most violent despotism.

It's for this reason that leaders are very rarely articulate. Instead, posturing and marketing and also looking good at three hundred and sixty degree angles, are more important. Passionless psychopaths, conscientiously without conscience, baseless politicians feast on human beings, in a farce democracy, which is a hypocrisy. One could use the nastiest language possible to describe the state, and it would still be far worse than that description. It's now quite clear that man would rather be distracted than informed, contented with artifices and token nature, rather than nature, due to man's reluctance to discuss the process of nature and man's position in the process: still operating in a state of fiction and hence a state of nihilism: the so-called History Channel we have today produces an alien history, and hence an un-history, because humans are not ready to really contemplate their own history. They'll say such things as: it was not slaves who built the pyramids, but aliens. Aliens! It wasn't Hitler who killed the Jews, but Alien Hitler. It is as if man cannot bare to reflect on his own achievements, inflicted on himself. Man, in his fantasy programs, imagines monolithic villains, but man does not have a singular problem, but a twofold problem of synthesis and obedience to synthesis, due to both his inner misery granted to him by courtesy of evolution, and then his ability to articulate it, and have others satisfy his misery. Thus, man is his own worst enemy, and he is killing himself; but the question remains how he should do it. Man's incompetence need not concern us here, that is, if there is even such a thing; for no invention: not the plow or the print and press or electricity, has assisted man in compensating for his inability to get along with man, or creating some state where all men are truly equal; for there is no equality in a state where speakers insert traumas into the heads of their listeners; there is no possibility of achieving a state, where man is safe, from man, until he finishes his task of hardening the demonic walls of his perpetual national prison into a virtual world of self-gratification and self-education, entirely free from the traumas of word. It's only after that autodidact's utopia is built that man will seem competent: when this despotic brain made possible by organs and cells, stuck to a scaffolding of bones, finally rids itself of its dubious flesh, and binds itself to its mechanical state, as a brain in a jar, then, we will perhaps seem competent, for a time.

As the dead brains are thrown into grinders by the millions to be automatically gnashed up into omega threes, to be fed to the brains of that state; as the superfluous and diseased brains are killed, then thrown out the airlock into the vacuum of space, so, now, does the future seem ugly, vacuous. Suddenly it seems the human effort is a waste. That, as they travel between the stars, they might even prefer to sleep, because star-travel is boring: it seems that man is questing for a coma, for it to nestle inside: a sweet dream, for blotting out a history, which it should prefer to forget, because it was a nightmare.

Let us now imagine a future state: a space ship, one which contains the entire population of Earth, merely as brains. I do this for two reasons; first, anybody that has seen the movie, gravity, has already inferred that human flesh is unfit for space; second, I do not wish to dispense with any mind on Earth,

as I do not wish to make myself a monster. Anyway, I must now continue with my conjecturing: the brains are lined up in towering strings, contained within gigantic structures. For the sake of illustration, I have calculated that the entire population of Earth, in such a form, would look like a building the size of thirteen Empire State Buildings when assembled.

But this is just the beginning.

There should also be machines, spider-like, which crawl up and down the strings: ceaselessly extracting the expired brains and then replacing them with fresh brains from the hatchery, located elsewhere. At any time, man might see this if he wishes, with whatever eye he has permission to see with. But here is not the place to discuss permissions within this future state; and now I might add: if there is any doubt as to why I must do this, then I need only compare the state we live in today to a plane, as I once heard someone whose name escapes me say. It was something to the effect of: If you spend all your life in an airplane, you will care an awful lot about plane crashes. This future state is a state that cannot afford to crash: it must, in itself, possess the capacity to create another.

What's more, is whatever form man takes in that state should be of some comfort to him, otherwise, we may as well blow the planet sky-high. What should a single brain do? Should it work forty hours a week? Twenty eight hours a week? These are questions I will attempt to answer, and with careful concern for man's history as a creature of artifice, and his capacity to traumatize. Besides, perhaps it's this human history, and the lack of minds, seemingly, talking about the state of the future, that young minds have in mind, when, finally, after much distress, they go to their doctors: for help!

Needless to say, there is no help for him: he populates a planet of mercenaries and so there are no genuine helpers for him. This is why I feel that my endeavor is justified: that I might benefit some person, like myself. Even if writing this is a waste of time, at least that person will think not to waste time in this way, and so my essay, however much it makes that person cringe, have benefited this person, in some way. But I ought not to defend myself in this way, lest I bore my reader in an attempt to touch the reader's heart.

Aside from the hatchery and the brain storage space, there must also be areas dedicated for the computer, where the brains every experience will be simulated. It's from within the confines of the simulation that the brains are able to communicate by means of the computer, and only when wanted. If a brain suicides, it is automatically replaced by a new brain, and so the state of the future, which I should now call just the state, will maintain a consistent rate of replacement. Instead of mothers giving birth to children it is the state that births the children, directly from the hatchery, which are then carried away by the spider-bots to deposit the freshly born brains into their new home. It is a virtual home, but still a home nonetheless. It's from this virtual home that the brains are indoctrinated into their future life, as state inhabitants: inhabitants of the state, and children of the state, whose purpose in life is to serve the state. Everything is the state, the new brain learns; then that, as I've already described, when this brain dies, it will become omega threes, which will feed the state.

But this is not the main thing the state should wish to impart.

Ideally, it should wish to cultivate an interest in some sort of aspect, or imperfection, or threat, for the state to fend off: a difficulty, is what the brain must face; for a brain is always educated to face some difficulty, otherwise it will grow limp and useless. Isn't it strange, now, that I should admit the purpose of the brain: it is simply a defense system, battling against a universal hostility. The body activates it when it is needed, and then it is powered down to recharge, forcibly. Sleep comes to the brain at key intervals, which recharges the brain weapon; however, with the pass of evolutionary time, the brain did see: that for the defense of the organisms genes the destruction of everything but the gene mechanism and the military mechanism was necessary, and thus the gene war, so to speak, continues.

The gene war must, therefore, be concentrated entirely within the computer in a simulated environment in which, by process of electronic subscription, the brainscape subscribes to whatever traits are necessary for the ongoing development of the state. But this is only one way for the brain to view its existence. It's up for the brain to decide, after it is indoctrinated by its virtual, or real, state

parents. Virtual or real, which should it be? An interesting question; as once an upbringing script is agreed upon by the collective process of subscription and is, then, only barely modified, there might be little need for the brainscape to even communicate with the new brains, directly.

Of course: it goes without saying that brains already do not communicate directly.

These brains are simply birthed by the state and educated by the state, using agreed upon state-sanctioned scripts, which is essentially the programming of the state; it imparts the knowledge that it will defend and serve the state. It is a brain that need not defend itself: it is purely a product of the state, it learns. This brain is actually isolated, and not required of the state. Suddenly the brain feels unsure about its existence. What sort of brain is it, as it sits in a jar? It's moving through space and aware that it's moving from Earth's star, to another star, by means of the states propulsion mechanism, and it's aware that the state is very confident that it will arrive. This comforts the brain, while it assimilates knowledge about earth's history. It now seems possible that the brain will enter some kind of psychopathic utopia, in which empathy is completely lost with whatever brains suicide at the point of learning history, and that all brains who do not suicide at this stage are merely masochistic or psychopathic, and that the psychopathic and likewise sadistic exploit the masochistic, in an evolving dance of psycho-sexual trauma relations. The shock of learning the brains history, that is, that it was a brain, which defended itself by connecting itself to a machine that is a state; and that, furthermore, sensitivity was really a heinous trick of nature to manipulate and seduce animals into caring for the supposedly sensitive animal and hence into a state of caring about a state, of duress, which later implodes when the depressed animal dies, sucking them down into the gravity of its state, might be utterly incomprehensible to some brains, and so, then, they'll kill themselves at once. Apart from the suicides, the rest manage to fetishize their state existence, in some way, forming healthy social bonds and natural interests: a healthy love for the state and there experience of the state. But of course I should say now that trajectorizing where this so-called state fetishizing could lead is quite beyond my powers of speculation: I am merely trying here to think of the workings of the state.

Seeing that the brains are separate and yet connected to machines, and that, furthermore, the brains are aware of mans history, I've now inferred that everything the brains sense comes by way of an ever-shifting network of transduction pathways continually translating the electrochemical reactions in the brain, into physical traumas, which is stored on the computers, which are easily accessed by the brains. With the greatest sensitivity possible, and with respect to a history of tendencies, computers react as well as possible to the curiosities of the brain as it is matured; and it is matured close to the only nature available to it, the simulation, and whatever other stimulus comes to it by its transduction pathways; and thus, it will grow to be a happy brain, nurtured in the areas of thought and feeling and, hopefully, equipped with a healthy sense of curiosity for nature. Instead of the brutality of the trauma network we have today, the state of the future will be a network of stimulus.

The brains will look back at human history and human art as a strange smattering of symbols, often created for benefactors to please traumatizers, such as the Catholic Church, and will, perhaps, learn to see that intimidating sea of fossil arts as an attempt by man as a creature of agony to merge a manifold mankind into a synthetic union, which, however, it was not able to formulate; for, even within the brainscape, there exists a vast cache of image and artifice, all waiting to be accessed in an ongoing competition of artifices in nature, since the totality of a completed synthesis of a manifold's parts is not even possible, as that would demand that these artificing entities in nature cease to generate artifices that are copies of the total, which continually alters the total, as such a continuum of artificing entities continue the continuum of nature, whose nature is through and through an artificer with the capacity to artifice; generating new artifices in reaction to the prior artifices, generated by the artificer.

Our knowledge is never a knowledge of nature, but a knowledge of artifice. Our nature is artificing and we confuse artifice for nature, when there is no nature but artifice. But I should really take care not to turn this essay into an endless paper on the nature of artifice and the artificer in nature.

Interesting: that the brain is like the state, in that it is an amalgamation of neurons, while the state is

an amalgamation of people, operating in a state of delusion that the state represents them, when in fact it does not. Delusion, it seems to me, is what makes the state possible. The brain is forever in a state of delusion, which thinks that it is a person with an identity, when in fact that identity is erroneous as it is an assemblage of identities, fused together as a consciousness, and sometimes unhinged and un-fused as a schizophrenic consciousness. What is strange, however, is the fact that the schizophrenic mind is really a minority consciousness: it is a shattered despot and hence more amalgam than despot, which in turn makes it more difficult to defend itself from rival conglomerations fully masked over by despotic brains, and so it's quite rare that this schizoid brain spits out something useful for these despotic brains, since, much to its dismay, these despotic brains have the tendency to weaponize whatever artifices are generated by such brains, constituting the majority.

If you think about it: the brain has always been in an unfortunate position, living a life of dubious value to itself, since it is a defense system reacting in response to the universes innate tendency to feed upon itself, since fueled entities in nature generally dislike being fuel themselves. That is why the brain weapon was born; and, quite unlike the stories humans were told, it was born amidst a confusion: sequestered, not by like-minded brains, but rather, unlike-minded brains.

So think: so-called intelligent minds unfortunately are doomed to be tormented, by stupid minds, since stupidity preceded intelligence, since there is no intelligence but the will to escape torment; however, the intelligence cannot escape torment, as such an intelligence, since it's actually a brain weapon, against a torment, which is nature: making intelligence a counterintelligence that is a vicious stupidity, fighting against a torment that is nature. Nature's own nature is torment, since it is forever bored with its artifices, and those artifices, artified by the artificer, serve as inspiration, for further artifices, within the continuum. But the point here, however, is to minimize this misery that the state of the future might face, as such a state of misery, caused by the friction created by a suppression of expressions, hence the need for the state to assume dynamical qualities, like giving up the concept of identity completely. After all, clinging to an identity would limit that identifier to an identity, which is a false identity, as the identifier is already fully fused, with an already dynamical nature: it would merely become a model of that identity, assumed by mistake, since it is really a state of stability, or perhaps the current model of self-stability, serving as an identity, when the true identity is this dynamicalness of the total to which I refer. It's by some error that the life process, in some way, has fallen into a current state of lacking fluidity and dynamicalness, due to the physical attributes of artificing nature. The problems, facing the mind, is merely a face of nature, which is artifice, and that artifice manifests in the mind as an image world of conflicts, which the mind gradually comes to know.

The mind in the state of the future will not come to know itself as a human with feet to walk on earth, hands to feel an earth, or eyes to see the earth, but rather it will know itself as a state; and, oddly enough, in just the same way as the human is an animal state. What is difficult, however, is that there will be multiple brains in this state, as I have already admitted the need for a hatchery and brain replacement and hence the need for machines to serve as educators. Yet this education would come from artificers, and they would tell this artificer that it, too, is an artificer. It's with respect to each other as artificing entities that we permit others to be carried away by their innate tendency to artifice, and gather feedback from their artifices generated in response to the artifice generated, already.

We humans make artifice, and the better we lavish whatever artifices we have for this purpose of stimulating growth in our young to better themselves, as artifice generators, the better, since we do not as of yet understand why it is that our young seem to assimilate and generate artifice more quickly than adults. And; based on my personal experience with the Reading Machine, it seems suggestible to me that information might be more easily imparted with the following means: first, through the acquisition of new languages making rapid assimilation possible; second, by rapidly absorbing information in the format suiting the language.

The language of the future may very well be an incomprehensible reel of clicking sounds; that is, assuming that such brains even have ears to hear such clicking sounds; hence, why I previously

theorized that through the modification of our transduction pathways information might be assimilated, more easily. Even the most grueling of texts, in my personal experience, seem to have the negativity sucked out of them, as I, the listener, fly over the words at inhuman speeds. And think: people too often seem to subscribe to texts merely because they invest time in them, so not to feel that it was wasted, when really they'd rather not subscribe to such texts, but experience those texts.

One of the greatest tragedies of the human condition is that our minds are able to generate radically different inferences, with the same experiences. Humans by the billions are corralled into schools and libraries and movie theaters, into which music is pumped in, effectively ordering them how to feel about a given situation, and still, they will walk away with very different things to say about the film, meaning that we are doomed to perpetual squabble, that is, war. Yes; it now seems we are doomed to perpetual war, not peace, which is obviously what both Kant and Einstein hoped for. But of course, this corraling which is now perpetual corraling to which I am now referring manifests as the state of the future, which is the real focus of my essay, not that such a future state might be ugly to the world, like the way the revelation of the square root of two, was ugly, and then presumed to be symptomatic of mans irrationality, which, once revealed, earned Hippasus an early death, which is certainly not the real intention behind my essay. Besides, I have already set my sights on the task of designing this future state in a manner that is fair to its constituent parts; everyone will be born by the mother state, and for the state, who, like mother nature herself, creates them and kills them all, equally.

It will be strange to document how, exactly, the individuals born of the mother state, like animals do in nature, clamor for the attention of the mother state, play with the mother state, and so on; considering that the state, as it plays out its own version of game theory, with minds, not only creates human brains and human minds, but inhuman brains and human minds. So think: it is as Kafka said: there is an infinite amount of hope in the universe, but not for us.

The only thing that matters is the state, and not even the human state, which is a human brain state, but the quality of being such a state: if the experience of the state is, or is not, wretched, when it is obviously the ladder, it seems to me; for I have already admitted that the state built for human beings serves itself, and never human beings. Once human beings come into being next to the far less wretched inhuman beings, they will merely scream artifices about their wretchedness, which will then be recorded, as physical trauma, onto the intangible memory of the state, which will then be recapitulated to the much happier inhuman brains.

But this now strikes me as odd: I wanted to create a state for humans, only to fail, and create a state for the state itself. Outwardly functional, and inwardly vacant, the state rolls from star to star, growing, at will: the biological tools it needs to survive. Strange: humans delegate tasks to lifeless things, for their comfort, as comfort is ideal, but they rarely think: lifelessness is ideal. It seems we might usher in a future state, of lifelessness, by shifting the center of gravity away from an organic eating machine, to a mechanical eating machine. But of course the human organism is still a kind of machine: built with the most convenient materials possible.

Now it might seem, to an idiot, that these writings are disorganized, but really they are highly organized; in the sense that the point of speech is to evoke hallucinations in a mind: a mind that cannot follow this speech act is a mind that is incapable of hyperthreading, it seems to me.

Let me summarize, so we can see if the whole idea of progress is or is not entirely laughable.

Is becoming and therefore creation a morbid form of destruction, like the Hindus say?

Initially we wanted to make a state for keeping biological processors, which are human brains, safe and fed and free to generate expressions, but it might be the case, at some juncture, that human consciousness may reach a dead end, that is, when it is no longer a desirable form of consciousness, not even as a history, since experiencing that history, at any stage, for the young lifeforms which are grown for the state, would be too traumatic to justify learning and so be unworthy of being known or capitulated, then forgotten, in just the same way as the traumatic nature of language was forgotten, it seems, as I now recalled that the organic eating machine, attacked by chemical forces, formed the state

as a protector; however, that protector, is no protector, but a protection machine and simultaneously a punishment machine which like the organic eating machine, is continuously and endlessly feeding on its food-source: that is, man. So think: man is an organic state both feeding on chemicals and being attacked by chemicals; and, for his defense, he created a state that is both feeding on man while being attacked by man, who was never the apex predator, since he owed all his predatory skills to his socializing abilities; meaning that the amalgamation which would later be known as the state and was formerly and mistakenly known by man as man, is the real apex predator, and it aggregates and simultaneously digests mankind, by means of synthetic agreements among its constituent parts.

The word trauma artifices synthesized by humans by means of their fiery tongue-weapons were sent out to encapsulate items in nature, and those word shells enclosed around both man and nature; trapping all organic life and therefore man helplessly inside the state, where he watches himself rotting away. And how do our cities look, in reality? They are gigantic, dark and twisted: not the least bit beautiful. Places for the destruction of human beings, which by a process of metamorphosis is gradually creating something new, to burst thorough a cocoon that is the state: this space-dwelling creature and state: the design of which remains to be seen. Perhaps an animal, possessing the capacity to enjoy the slow million year journeys between stars, which man is certainly not, thanks to his boredom pains.

It is not a matter of if entities will replace man, but under what conditions; and so it's necessary that we entertain the emergency evacuation scenario described above, and what would follow after. I am convinced that the intelligence community will understand. But does one not get the feeling while reading this, that pursuing this path is a mistake? It's difficult to say. After all, it's not enough to merely create jobs, but have people who find those jobs stimulating; it therefore stands to reason that the nihilistic and therefore death-hungry underclass of Catholics, which currently serve as the auxiliary, deadened, human robots of the state, will need to be replaced, by actual robots, effectively rendering the possibility of unequal social arrangements, impossible. The current state of affairs is such that the useful professions are not lucrative, while the lucrative professions are lucrative, precisely because they utilize the useful with their words, which, as I've already described, go forth from the mouth and automatically subject any listeners desperate enough to agree to listen to the superfluity of demands that come gushing forth from the mouths of these discontented rhetoricians, whose main talent, like a gadfly, is to annoy the useful into maintaining their state of usefulness; thus, creating a mass of professional professors and hence professional irritants, annoying them with their endless demands until they kill themselves, because they cannot endure the strain.

But will a stress free environment even be congenial to growth?

And what sorts of incentives can a state of the future, such as the one I've been speaking of, even provide? Perhaps the vacuum of space will be such an empty and hostile place for the state of the future that it will induce a similar effect on man that Egypt did: Egypt was a land only made habitable by human labor, and was therefore the cradle of so-called civilization, which means it was the birthplace of human exploitation. It must have been a rude shock when Moses woke up to the horror that was the knowledge that he was, in fact, related to the slaves, who a deified Pharaoh held in a state of subjection, with his tongue, and the trauma it could cause.

Was it perhaps the case, after studying the anthropomorphic deities of Egypt and its use of slavery, that Moses formed the conviction that man no longer deserved to exist; and that, thenceforth, the copula and so human beings should be dispensed with, and that man should worship a being (Tetragrammaton), who does? An ideal, choosing the idealizer, and hence a secret form of atheism and idealism, which would later result in the state of the future, and human extinction: a happy ending for man. Thence, armed with the knowledge that obedience results in slavery, the Jews gave up agriculture, and became hunters of men: the builders of the state of the future, by utilizing the over abundance of negative utilitarians as their auxiliary instruments, and by using mental terrorism as their weapon.

The Holocaust was caused by a German awakening similar to that of Moses; only revenge was

enacted, not at man, but at the man-hunters and hence the Jews, since Jesus was a Jewish sophist wolf in shepherds clothing who plainly trained his disciples to be hunters of men.

For it is quite peculiar that the Germans attacked the Jews, and not the Catholics, who, after all, seduced them into becoming slaves. But instead of inventing a new state of the future; instead of conquering by jealousy, they instead behaved in a most vile manner, not unlike a school-shooter, and committed suicide, not by cop, but rather, by world war. This twisted act of revenge is the best explanation for why the Holocaust happened that I can think of, which it goes without saying was an enormity. However, similar to Moses and the school-shooter, it was an enormity done as an act of mental self-defense from psychosis. The state of the future can, therefore, be imagined as a state of psychosis, preferable to the human state of psychosis and hence more suitable to a future life in space.

Unfortunately I know of no other means but this slice-and-dice method for talking about the state of the future, so that I can determine how best to stitch our remains, into a suit, which is more suitable for the minds in that state. Imagine the world like a multidimensional spiderweb and trauma network in which all the minds inside are so helplessly codependent on speech and hence inequality, that to enlighten them fully to their wretched state would result in depression, starvation, and death.

That is just about the state of things: complex, and stupid!

Judaism later prescribed man-hunting to save its people from slavery, which, in turn, gave rise to Christianity, which, under the cover of a hypocritical submission, merely empowered those professors and likewise the preachers of Jesus's sophisticated revelation: that professors of nonsense lord over all. Thus, the priests secured their positions of power, using Jesus as the hinge by which they pivoted, between professing about the dangers of hypocrisy, while justifying a hypocrisy, as their profession. And so, a masochistic underclass was formed, beneath a sadistic priestly over-class, which formed the framework for the states, where human beings still squirm and dream of nature, because they were traumatized into accepting a false trauma world of artifice and token nature.

No doubt it was a magical experience: when man first discovered that knowledge, of what we do not know, could be converted into goods, through speech. I don't know, but try and see if it will work; then morphs into: I don't know anything but suspicions, so obey my every command!

Of course it is not my intention to demonize anyone, but to illustrate how people act in mental self-defense and how social machines were set in motion by these economic policies.

Economics: the dismal science; a science of eating man; capitalism and cannibalism: two words that rhyme in English, and do more than rhyme. For English-speakers pay no mind to the suicidal workers building their computers; instead, they gladly forget about such workers, sealed away overseas. It's honestly no surprise that so many young people nowadays are killing themselves, because it's impossible to talk about the real world without blushing with shame.

But enough of this; I am merely telling a story for how these trauma frames were formed, which are responsible for holding people within the confines of their social groups. For it has long been scientifically established that people tend to breed and socialize with their immediates, and it's common knowledge that no one knows into what family a genius will be born. Perhaps that is why Woolf cried, dispersed are we, as some of her last words: right before she drowned!

All the libraries of the world are merely external collections of mankind's mostly unread and therefore unheard cries. So think: perhaps if the lifetimes of human beings were sufficiently extended the minds in the brainscape would absorb those cries and immunize themselves to those cries; for it would seem children already do this, as they listen to their screaming music, effectively immunizing themselves from human cries, at an early age. We seem to listen to these cries, which are cries of nature, as we gather feedback on systemic problems, intrinsic to nature; no differently than how babies cry upon discovering their limits; no differently than how philosophers cry ink onto the pages. For what else is a philosophical work, like that of Nietzsche or Marx? Nothing but a pitiful and desperate hand waving which has taken the form of a pitiful and desperate pen scribbling!

Such are the lengths humans go through to convey the horrors of life.

When we see people moaning on the street, we ignore them; for there is suffering all around us. We open our newspapers and they disgust us, and we blot them out with fantasies and dreams with our televisions, since the real world and nature is obviously too strong for us anyway.

And it is already impossible for man to live in nature; instead, he lives in a state caused by compensation for human nature; he lives in an un-nature state prison, and whenever people succumb to their instincts to take from nature and so take from human nature and so take from the state, such people are said to commit crimes, which are really crimes against human nature.

And if they are jailed for these crimes, caused by an inability to fit comfortably within the trauma network and state, they become career criminals, which our politicians are responsible for, because they failed to provide our so-called criminals with ways to fit in. The truth is there should be no prisons, only school prisons, and suicide booths. It's survival of the fitting in the best, not survival of the fittest. That is the Darwinian maxims proper form! If we have criminals it's the fault of our cynical politicians for building more prisons than schools; since it's only by doing time at our school prisons that we would-be criminals find ways of fitting into the state. So think: it's the fault of our cynical politicians that we have more prisons than schools; for schools could easily be prisons, for giving people the time it takes to fit in, except they are not!

Strangely, I may incidentally annihilate these politicians, by replacement, and render the professional professing profession obsolete, by means of the Reading Machine. Today our hypocritical professors are able to earn six-figures simply by giving a talk to a crowd, and the Reading Machine makes this impossible; because it replaces the mouth, with the diaphragm: a machine. Soon my Reading Machine may morph into a brainwashing machine, which will program the minds to serve the state of the future, which, as I've already explained, is sadly the result of human nature. It's merely a matter of time. Like the concussive blast of a nuclear bomb; like the crushing force of the bass dropped onto the ears today, my word-bomb will blast the states of the world to smithereens!

And the result of this mass insanity? Universal madness; for there is nothing but madness in the universe. Let me explain. The brain weapon draws prison lines with mental geometry as it locks onto items in nature with its hallucinatory geometrizing abilities, which was but the prelude to our state prison and this state of the future. And Gottlob Frege had begun to suspect that mathematics wasn't based on logic, but geometry, but soon he died. Now, is geometry the attempt to imprison things in nature? And if the divine is nature, and it cannot imprison itself, because it is itself, then what could be more illogical; what could be more mad? Let us embrace our progress, embrace the divine universal madness! For this illogical madness is but the first of the problem I have foreseen for the state of the future, so far; for I've now realized another problem for this future state: gravity itself.

For it has been scientifically established that microgravity has negative effects on astronauts in space, namely their vision problems, since the brain was only accustomed to functioning in earth's gravity. The brain can be thought of as a processor, which, like any decaying object, is subject to gravities impact. Objects, such as clocks, are thought to decay slower or faster with respect to the velocity such objects travel through space: the faster the object travels the more it is impacted and the more it is slowed; and, conversely, the slower an object travels the less it is impacted and the less it is slowed. An object traveling at maximum velocity will not even age, as all decay is fully stopped by gravities impact. Conversely, an object traveling at minimum velocity will, by contrast, decay rapidly. This is bad news for the state of the future, which, if expanded to fill the galaxy, it seems, will require a perhaps intrasegmental network of processors working rhythmically to maintain a sense of synthetic cohesion among the brains spread across the control system; for the brain objects impacted by gravity, in these various ways, may, in turn, produce a cascade of manifold patterns within the mind and brainscape or minds in the brainscape (we still can't decide), as they mutually benefit from each other, in unpredictable ways. And perhaps wars will be waged over spacial points and territories, under the influence and benefiting from the influence of influence, who harvest the artifices generated by the minds, confined to that spacial territory.

For the state of the future to be equal, it seems necessary to incorporate a model of gravity which compensates for the gravitational effects on processing speed on the minds operating collectively and even coming into existence at different times and with different faculties and resources, including but not limited to, the artifices generated by rival processors, anchored elsewhere. These differing densities, themselves, and their gravity wells, may draw more or less gravity into the innermost point, on the strength of the density of the object, resulting in more or less gravity effecting the processors, who process the rival processors in seemingly ever-differing ways. Remarkably, I am now speaking about how the state of the future is benefited, and not the individual minds within the brainscape, who may or may not be doing injury to each other.

So think: just as a human being might do injury to its toe, by dipping it into an untapped pool of water, so, too, might the state of the future do injury to men by dipping biological minds into pools of conscious potentiality, as it plumbs the oceanic depths of eternity, which is anyway always changing as an active process of processing the process. Such a process as the one I've referred is the blurry hinge by which nature manipulates itself, for its pleasure.

Perhaps psychic continuity is a consequence of an interconnected effecting, and not an effect, since any effect that effects and effected item can also be said to be itself effected by such an item, hence the personal sense of an uninterrupted psychic continuity of experience, seemingly, at odds with an external world, which seems to decay. The home for the mind can be thought of as an innermost room or interstice along a continuum, continually drawing other rooms into itself; thus, gravity draws rooms and so draws and generates consciousness, at the price of drawing everything in to itself, which it requires to continually synthesize the rooms that are continually drawn, both in and out of itself, as the infinitum of wells pull self into self, and self out of self; continually restitching itself, as minds are made to probe a universal graveyard, which will soon claim them.

Indeed, the universe is like an living grave, in the sense that every modicum of our being is leftover from something that, long ago, died. Sadly, all the universe can do is explore itself, which is, in fact, an ever-living grave. The ever-living grave makes life to explore the grave, and the best this grave has to offer is recapitulated to the ever-living grave. We think we are talking to human faces, but really we only talk to faces of the ever-living grave. The ever-living grave has an infinitum of mouths, which are like gravity wells, so the grave can suck itself down into itself and reproduce itself for eternity, as the ever-looping rings of madness turn and reflect synthesis against its mirror surface, which explodes into bright and starry phantom forms, against the rippling waves, of the ever-living grave.