

LOFTY

BY
JOE VIVIANO

Vapor plumes up from the ground. "They must be burning bodies across the street." I think to myself, "or doing laundry." I was hoping they were doing laundry at 1 AM. Inhibitions low and depressions high, I walked across the empty street towards the mortuary. It was the clear kind of depression, the one you feel like you're free, or about to be. Next thing I know I'm walking over to the window for a whiff. Do I care that I'm doing this? No. You're doing this to me. I'm the crazy person who grew up across the street from this monstrosity. I'm sure they'd understand. Those in the death industry must understand that anyone within a certain radius of their building is likely to be driven mad by prolonged exposure to its existence. I was contemplating how best to drive a person mad.

I'm so sad. I wondered if I had formed some kind of schizophrenic delusion, one where I now fancied myself a spaceship. Humans, some of them, dream of exploring the galaxy. But if I myself am, in a sense, a spaceship, then this is a very overcrowded space. Everywhere the spaceships are talking. It's strange. I see them put pieces of paper in the mail and watch them become terribly frightened by these paper slips. And I know why they're frightened. I went to school like everyone else. They were told the stories about chimney sweep boys falling to their deaths, choking on soot; the stories about the kids who got themselves crushed to death in the paper factories; Joan of Arc too was, at a certain juncture, presented to us aflame. And we knew. We all knew we were in for a ride. Burning people to death had once been a regular thing. But they didn't burn people anymore. Now all it took to foster obedience was this slideshow of horrors this so-called "we" had done. I say "we" because, at this point, the concept of shared participation in this "we" is supposed to be inculcated by now. Not that I had done any of those things. They were pretty scary, scary and sad and apparently very painful, but I did not want anything to do with this "we" to which I allegedly belonged.

For some reason I wanted to help them. I examined the biology books in the Encyclopedia Britannica and studied their organs. As I walked across the street I felt the leaves. Plants present themselves quite forcefully, suggesting to me that I may never know how they feel to function. I'd run my fingers across the Britannica pages, up and down images of leaves, and I'd think about the maps of Earth. Similar in a sense I can't put my finger on. Many of these trees had stood for hundreds of years. That's hundreds of years of not being scared of paper. Compared to me, the trees had it easy. I longed to commit suicide, but I was too frightened by it. Whenever I picked up a gun or a rope or some pills or something, this eerie sense that I was crossing into an alien territory swept over me. It was uncanny. The trees had this world sealed away by their bark. I hoped the trees would keep me safe. No one understands. Part of me wants to create warp drive. Part of me knows that's just me wanting to increase the distance between myself and the world. "Your will to create warp drive is suicidal." I told myself. Or was it anti-social? Previously my uncle had informed me that lying wasn't immoral, but anti-social activity. Perhaps I was playing an elaborate private joke. Recently I read that people at Princeton thought Nash was playing a private joke with himself. I had been speed-listening to audiobooks for some time, long enough to ask myself if I was too mad for society. But if I, with my speed-listening, was too mad for society, then was society too mad for itself with its televisions? Now you can see why some may consider me a private joker. For me it was a private horror. Each day I contemplated the widespread use of speed-listening and each day I balked at the thought of young people having their minds flooded with human trauma, with human words. So now, anyway, when I thought of death, I'd think of parallel organisms injecting my constituent parts with their trillions of trauma codes. Should I have sought professional help? No; I've already mechanized the entire professorship. It was a precarious situation indeed, yet I had the likes of Bernhard rolling inside my skull telling me to keep one's watchful intelligence from killing myself. Even as a child I was scared of the affects of time dilation on my neurons as the bullet slowly plowed through my skull. I feared that for agonizing moments I'd feel myself becoming retarded. And yet already I considered myself an idiot extreme.

"You're messed up." I told myself. And I really wanted to do away with myself. I had just finished up several writing projects at once, and a poor relationship. Plus a part of me knew that I would never gain the mastery necessary to carry on the family business. I was already the kind of person who wanted to kill themselves because they hated business ontology, an ontology that was historically made possible by the sadomasochistic social relationship between Christians and Jews. Such an embarrassing world: the brain persuades you to think that pain is good. My situation was worse. It was only recently that I realized that I had dark romantic tendencies, hence why I hadn't sought psychological treatment for years. The psychologists were modern sophists who babbled nonsense for money, I told myself. You present yourself before them for their help and after many sessions of paying 80 some odd dollars for this "help" you hate yourself. You feel guilty and disgusted with yourself for not realizing that helpers are not mercenaries, so you self destruct and let this professional helper destroy your brain to atone for your idiocy. It would be nice to talk to one of these so-called professional helpers about my difficulties; but, I'm certain they'd find me so repugnant one of these psychopathic doctors would zap me into mediocrity. I'm such a snob, I thought to myself. I didn't trust any one of these cheap doctors to be good; it would be like playing Russian roulette with my mind. Being a psychopath made surgery easy, since you didn't care who you killed or saved. It's an appalling state of affairs, I realized. America has pharmaceutically suppressed upset and fostered national psychopathy with it's antidepressant drugs. I felt like Bernhard who "didn't have the character for suicide." Again I thought about my family and the family business; a business that always consisted of my father's egoism and my mother's anxiety, their many fights screaming at the top of their lungs, back and forth, sucking all the energy out of the room; they were not writers, I realized; they lacked the capacity to write in this writing world, I realized; very little of what they did was written down; it was all esoteric. Somehow the writing capacity had skipped a generation, I realized upon checking my grandfather's papers, so all I got was this constant yelling; a yelling I overcompensated for in the most excessive way possible for me, by listening to hundreds of books at inhuman speeds. Now I can't even go to school, I told myself. "You've become a dangerous and spooky character." I said to myself in my head, impersonating the Bernhardian tone. "If Bernhard could see how you twisted his work and mechanized it, he'd be spinning in his grave." I said, until then I canceled the thought, now certain that he would form an evil smirk at what I've done.

A very big part of me wanted to go to school for literature or philosophy or engineering or something, but a very big part of me also knew they'd drive me out like the devil I am. I'd be the one professing that professorships are bad. I'm still haunted by Nietzsche's words: "Professorships, professorships! What good can come out of a paid mouth?" Without the human or biological professor to profess to the students, paying to hear their words would become absurd. "I've ruined everything." I thought. "I have no good reason to live." And truth be told I didn't even want to give reasons anymore, as I had canceled out the concept of reason by conflating it with the statement. We're only animals of reason because we speak, I thought to myself. Dogs bark and bees pipe, so to call humans reasonable is the same as calling bees pipeable. It's terror, plain and simple. It's overpowering with sounds. Was it all a song? I was not sure any longer, lost in my thoughts concerning the worthlessness of philosophy, the worthlessness of thinking. I no longer seemed to enjoy literature that much. The books no longer seemed worth the paper they were written on. "Are any of these books manuals for world peace?" I asked myself this rhetorical question, persuading myself towards suicide. Plato did the same, the fag. Aristotle masked the world behind the lie of representation. My assessment now was that influencing a conqueror was what primarily determined the worth of a so-called philosopher. Aristotle and Alexander. Marx and Mao. Schopenhauer and Hitler. Nietzsche and Weizmann. "If you teach this they'll hate you for it." I told myself. "They'll think your only intention is to raise a conqueror." And was that my intention? It was far from my intention; my only intention was to engineer the educational apparatus necessary for everyone's infinite upward mobility. But I know this is impossible. Education is at odds with itself.

Damn. I no longer knew what literature I considered essential. Who was I to deny what people were passionate about? It now seemed immoral to force people to read. Nash was truly lucky to be blessed with the meritocracy, I thought, knowing I had no real merits of my own. "You're committing suicide soon." I told myself. "It's the only way out." I said. "Let the people of the future laugh and cry about your crazy life." I said. I knew that calling me words like "quirky" and "weird" and so on was their way of telling me that I was neither right or wrong. For if I was wrong I'd have to kill myself; and if I was right I'd have to kill myself, as there'd be no justification for my continued existence. I suppose that's why whenever I start planning my suicide I feel strange. I'm too strange for the universities, I thought to myself. My life is so sad. I'm always looking for a point to begin but I'm autonomically alive. Is this a fucking joke? I don't know. Orwell himself said that every book is a failure. "You are typing up reasons to kill yourself and not killing yourself. You're pathetic." I wrote to myself. Can I, perhaps, break free of this cycle? Break free of the keys? I know what it is: I'm a suicide romantic.

Here's what's happening to me. I look outside my window at the trees and they take my breath away. Literally I gasp, how marvelous they are. There's a whole universe of sensations outside my brain and all I have to do to sense it is explode. Is it even right to say I've lived a horrible life? Is that something a dark romantic can have? I probably have bipolar disorder, I thought, which isn't to say that humanity has any set purpose for which we are ordered. Pretty much, we only say people are mentally ill if they are too annoying for us to handle. I wasn't yet crazy to a disruptive degree. I was not disruptive by any means. I knew I was often edgy and extra, so I respectively put my edge into books. I now assumed that was the true purpose of Plato's philosophy, as a distraction from suicide. You write up a paper and you say "I agree with this." and then you put the paper in the drawer, like it doesn't exist.

Lately I'm obsessed with the idea of interfaces, as if I was God looking through a universe of interfaces and my suicidal thinking is just the mounting excitement for interfacing with something else. When the humans look at their papers, their cellphones, their screens; they're really looking at interfaces, just like the brain is an interface for the mind. Killing myself is just looking at something else. Previously I was quite distraught by the fact that our politicians were entirely uninterested in building a machine that would survive the death of the Sun, enthusiastic about the prospect of seeing a billion worlds, but now that I had neatly redefined the world as an interface suicide was on the table. This impatience will be the death of me. You're a hanged man, I said to myself again. Except now I knew that my father had a business offer that had the potential to make him millions of dollars. Considering the fact that he can't train for shit, I figured my suicide would give him the push he needs. I wasn't really going to continue the company anyway. To be honest, my moving in with my parents to study the company was merely a pretext, as I did not want my beloved roommate to find my corpse. "Your parents will be handling your corpse anyway, and it would be best to limit the number of gawkers to a few." But now I felt repulsive for making these moves. Was I just upset that there would never be peace, that I was imperfect?

As I contemplated suicide, I realized that there was still something good I could do for the world. "You still haven't informed the communists that Marx was a monologist, that by operating as such he would make communist dictatorships possible." I thought to myself. Yet also I thought to myself that, while this choice of action would indeed earn me a favorable response from the republican states, that soon they'd hate me as I lamented the false pretense of representation. There's no way out, I thought to myself. I'm on no one's side. Of course, I then realized that I was on the side of suicide, that I was likely to commit suicide at any time. I had thought about suicide for years and years. It had to work, because I didn't want to end up retarded. "Aren't you already retarded?" I asked myself; for I had really been retarded by my depression which had arrested my development for years. Never mind. I realized that no one had yet created warp drive. "How retarded can you be?!" I realized humans were dumb.

Humans were the cells of the Earth. This is something I wholeheartedly believed. Instead of folding space, we put our heads down into books. The universe was playing hide and seek with itself after all, like Alan Watts had said. I didn't realize it as a child, but I was guzzling theosophical hogwash by the gallons. I needed it to survive my crazy parents, who in their infinite wisdom forced me to write "I will do what I am told the first time." on a legal pad, until I filled up the whole thing. For the longest time I rejected writing; I was writing disabled and, therefore, disabled for life. I had made the same mistake as Kafka and Tolstoy and Watts and Nietzsche. I was compassionate. I accepted some panpsychic version of reality and allowed myself to feel responsible for everything. I was unrealistic. I had radical views. It simply wasn't possible to maintain. On the one hand, I longed to explore the galaxy. On the other hand, I rejected the lie of representation. No one would accept my vision of quantum politics. For all intents and purposes I was functionally insane. But I could not kill myself despite my uselessness, as I had just ate. "You can't kill yourself unless your stomach is completely empty." I told myself. "You'll piss and shit everywhere; and, who knows, you may even ejaculate." Bodies were disgusting. Unfortunately, I had grown up under the influence of Roman Catholicism and hence I had been trained for life to fall in love with the concept of becoming a ghost, and ghosts were dead. There really isn't a point to your life, I said to myself. You vowed to kill yourself at the age of 28 if you didn't do anything of value with your life. Recently I was Googling information about bees and ants for the previous paragraphs and learned that queen bees can live to be 30 years old. I scolded myself for not living longer than a bee. But the younger me had written that the quantifiable continuity of consciousness was irrelevant by contrast to the eternity of oblivion in store for us. I learned that oblivion awaits from the Protoss Archons. I was becoming increasingly frustrated with myself because I was currently 27 years old, and I did not want to be a part of that 27 Club. I hate clubs. I insisted on making it to 28 like Novalis. But I was still quite emotional and sad. I supposed I was sad because the humans or shall I say macro cells were doomed to be ripped apart in the name of "research" by innumerable machines dispersed throughout the galaxies.

Or was it because of the breakup? Was it because I had sent away a short but heavy set of problems to some strangers completely at random? My belief that humans were macro cells was something I had constructed as part of my personal mythos, rooted I thought in the observable fact that humans were forming structures similar to primitive biology. And was I wrong? It didn't matter that I was wrong; it was clear to me now that my intention was to write a lot of spooky writings and then run away and hide. And by hide I mean kill myself. Otherwise I'd have to listen to peoples commentary. I hoped they'd understand that I was simply upset by the fact that file replication was falsely misbranded as piracy to protect a greedy minority's favorite method for making money. Wealthy assholes with their lawyer power ruined everything. Plus, lately I was appalled by the fact that many of history's so-called great minds were backed by independent wealth, like Nash and Schopenhauer and Wittgenstein, even Einstein. Bertrand Russell too. Plus Marx. Plus Nietzsche, who to me was simply the first NEET; a man so oversensitive, depressed and pathetic, that he was awarded a pension for his failing eyes. I'm such a loser, I thought; for I was smirking at one of my own jokes again, the one about Nietzsche being a Brony. It goes something like this "Nietzsche was the first Brony because he hugged a horse and went insane." I had designed this joke to annoy Nietzsche fans, but I had no one to annoy but myself. Still, I thought that I could annoy the world into a better world. Call it a leap of faith. You introduce a strange new technology into the public sphere that makes ideological adherence impossible and you run away like some mischievous imp. Besides, if evil is redefined as mischief it doesn't seem so bad.

Oh. In the morning I remembered I hadn't paid a cent back to the college because it "didn't deserve to be paid." Serves them right for failing to use speed-listening technology to destroy the professorships. Some time ago I had attempted to write a formal application letter to the college outlining my purpose, however, I figured their eyes would pop at the thought of me killing them. It's an unpopular view, but I'm certain the school shooters aren't killing their teachers for nothing. After being tormented by their

parents, who treat them as little more than machines for providing them with retirement money, more or less their own property, their “representative,” they feel raped at the psychic level and take revenge. Have you ever hallucinated yourself stabbing everyone to death under the effects of serotonin-specific drugs? It stinks. Splash a science fiction movie like *The Matrix* in your head, and presto: it's a foregone conclusion that machines will psychically rape human beings for billions of years. It didn't surprise me when the school shootings kept happening for multiple reasons; first, *The Matrix* was a euphemism for the state; second, it was crazy that education was so expensive in the so-called information age. This to me indicated a systemic failure. I thought education was the key to everyone's infinite upward mobility, and I was too optimistic to realize that Socrates and Jesus and Nietzsche had all been crucified by this problem. Education in German also means molder. And what kind of society is a society in which every hand molds? No society at all. With this keystone removed, the edifice of good intention collapsed. I thought. Like Buddha you were told you'd do some wonderful thing and like Buddha you've made it your only job in life to say that you can't. I was not so insane as to think I was these people incarnate, rather I was identifying the attributes of a meme. “I'm becoming a meme. The meme of hope.” I said to myself, as I now realized the Messiah was a meme. “You can't do some action to create a state of world peace because peace is excluded by action's definition.” I said to myself again. But this is madness! I thought, upset at the world that had so carelessly left out this semantic mind poison to torture me.

It's no wonder things are so fucked up, I thought. “What should I do?” I could create mass confusion at any time. I didn't want to create another Holocaust. I had to be careful. “You still have yet to correct the public's perception of Nietzsche.” I told myself, as I recalled the positive influence he had on Chaim Weizmann: the first president of Israel. “People still associate Nietzsche with the Nazis.” This reality disappointed me. Nietzsche was not as spooky as people thought, I thought. Later I was glad: a manic high pumped me up for life, since I was right about everything. Earlier I wrote: “Rick and Morty is a great representation of the fact that genius helps no one and the world is just a bunch of weak idiots being dragged around by their products.” and received multiple Hot Take reactions. I don't know what possessed me to text that to strangers; I was frightened that I shared this incendiary observation I had noted with common scum, but I was on the verge of suicide. I didn't care. Sooner or later, I'd take everything I had written and make speed-listening the norm. Government would no longer be possible, as everyone would be connected to the machines. If everyone was hypnotized by their machines the Earth would be mine. I would finally fulfill my fantasy of being William Shatner chopping wood. I'm referring to *Star Trek Generations*. Like many traumatized youth I depended on science fiction for my sustenance. “You must not be like Mark Fisher.” I told myself. “You must not kill yourself because you failed to recognize that capitalism was Marx's pejorative for the reality of exchange.” I said, smirking to myself. I wondered how a guy like Fisher would react if I played the hellish noise of my machine in his face. Would he murder me? One can only hope. For better or worse I had adopted the very same strategy used by Socrates and Jesus: annoying the state into killing us. My paranoia will not allow me to kill myself. “I must make my tormentors kill me, for me.” I said to myself before writing it down. Inside I knew I was evil. Supposedly there were mobsters on my father's side, I thought. I must have that Italian schemer blood in me: a criminal mind. Plus, I also had that German blood in me, to make me insane. “Fuck.” I thought. “I'm so full of the world's shit.” For some reason I had acted out this utterance in my head to somehow talk about how certain I was that my grandfather thought I was a shithead. “I am.” I imagined myself say. “I'm too cross-fertilized.” It's true, as a child, I had prayed virtually every night that either my grandfather or my uncle would rescue me from the chronic hysteria of my parents and teach computer science to me, but alas they did not. I figured they wanted me to die soon. That's sad. Still, in a few weeks my parents were going out of town and I knew that I could walk into their home and acquire the necessary ingredient for a painless suicide: about 40 hydrocodone. I'd just fall asleep and be done. Yet the thought of this was breaking my heart.

It has to be done. While walking the dog I knew that I was now too dangerous to let myself live. People would feel so threatened by me, I thought, so as a gesture of good will I must vanish. That's how far I was ahead. My inner voice was now a machine, and I was choking up. "What would Žižek think of me?" If he was a monster, then I was an abomination visiting from an alien world. "He's so old and gross." I thought, as I looked at a Google page I pulled up to acquire the necessary diacritic marks. "He looks like a loser." And he was. To demonstrate, I turned the words I'd written above into audio. "Was it really less than 7 minutes long?" Indeed it was. Would my so-called readers ever be able to make it to this page in 7 minutes? I didn't have readers and I would never know them. To me, the books we were forced to read in school were all about the same subject, called "Why you have to work a job and have nothing of your own." It was for biological reasons. Bears dropped dead when they grew old. Humans lorded their memories over the young. Moses saw this, so he made a move away from the professors by creating the legal interface as a determinate for human activity. He was altering the very structure of our biology. It was sad. I know now that the world to come was psychical rather than territorial. The planet is temporary, after all. Someday the Jews would learn. Someday the Christians would learn, that Jesus was a sophist who trained his disciples in the art of scaring people into giving you money. Lucian was right, I thought. I recognized that Jewish dominance in the media was an illusion thrown off by the fact that the Jews valued writing while Christians did not. "Well, that's what you get when you call the scribes and pharisees hypocrites." I imagined myself say. No theologian could possibly accept my point of view. I was lost in my head. "You need to be glad things are coming to an end." I said to myself. I'm too enlightened, I thought. Instead of feeling happy, I felt this terrible pain. It was because I had made the distinction between singularity and pluralism, I thought. "Nothing helps humanity." I was unable to design an item that would benefit a manifold structure. I'm so dumb, sick and sad. "Didn't you sabotage your mind on purpose to prevent your mental products from becoming weapons of war, to keep your conscience clean?" I asked myself. You see, unlike Neumann, I didn't want my mental products to be the bomb. I was a Wiener, mentally unstable. You see, I hadn't realized that most of the so-called great minds were not empathetic, but aloof. Empathy is a mistake; a glitch in the program. Truth be told, you cannot inject your being into another, that's what people pretend. Gorgias was right to say that speech was a physical force. Really, empathetic people secretly want to start a hegemony of complaint.

My tactics were different. I was now very interested in installing my brain into a powerful mechanism, a mech suit that would allow me to breathe in space; perhaps a laser sword to slice up my enemies. If I made a GoFundMe page for this purpose, I could promise the humans a place inside my body as my parasites as I consume a billion worlds. "Fuck!" I cried; for I realized that I had failed to achieve my aim spectacularly. Like Nietzsche, I had become a real life Person of Mass Destruction. "God!" The situation was bad. I knew this could mean a third World War. It was all my fault. I was different, so I pulled back from the blithering chasm of human stupidity called the internet. My posts always got deleted by Nazi mods. Everything I said just kept coming out of left field. Sure, I could have made a YouTube account like the others, but I didn't want to lecture until I had bettered myself into a state of being that deserved to lecture. Was I coming closer to quietism? I manage my desire to die more than I manage my life. I was coming closer towards death, I thought. Rain drops were sticking to my window now, I loved. It made me feel like I had successfully become a marine biologist. Sentimentally I knew it was what I wanted to do. I didn't want to kill myself, I thought while falling into a dream. I wondered if I'd wake up enraged, but I would not.

Last night was wonderful. Not only the rain, but the wine and quilts made me feel cozy all over. I even had a new friend to talk to online. I tried to suggest that we were creative people who perhaps used our imaginations to persuade ourselves towards suicide. Since I didn't want her to die, I figured telling her this would help give her some control. Still, for better or for worse I was offering some of my theories concerning the character of Buddha and Jesus. I always imagined Jesus saying "Whoever feeds on my

flesh and drinks my blood has life everlasting.” in a mocking tone. I always heard him mocking life in my head, saying “So long as life eats life, life, as such, will exist for eternity.” After all the fact that life ate life kinda sucked, so to me he was simply showing up some dark observation. She said my take was interesting but that believing it would make her question her sanity. I agreed. “I can't fully believe this idea I mentioned because it's so insane; and it's not truly insane, rather it's insane because, if true, then people are insane.” I said. Humans are mad. Humans say they're intelligent when they can't even travel to another galaxy yet. And Yes; I regretted having such an abnormal criteria for intelligence.

It was strange. Earlier I was formulating these thoughts on my phone. I was hit by a final straw. Again my anxious mother suggested I had attention deficit hyperactivity disorder. This is a woman so anxious she rendered my brother pitifully dependent on her, badly arresting his development. It was sad. Plus, my thoughts were awesome. If it weren't for our awesome thoughts to care for, then human slavery wouldn't have been possible, I thought. The brain was the bodies entertainment apparatus, and this overbearing gushy space case of a woman wanted to take it from me. She wanted to kill my personality like she killed my brothers personality, my brother, who was fired for ineffective teaching. My father's business partner claimed this was because he was a Trump supporter, but I know better. I know my brothers character, manner and tone, is insufferable. What she called ADHD was just me contemplating the universe and what she perceived to be my absent-mindedness was my not wanting to listen to her ADHD. She meandered endlessly and never got to the point. The office was chaos! She never trained a replacement because she was addicted to having subordinates. This was a woman with no friends, female or male. “Why am I writing this?” I asked myself. “Am I explaining to the neighborhood why we cannot fulfill our warranties?” Perhaps I was, since after all I was killing myself. I couldn't take it anymore. I was too egoistic. “You stink.” I said. I felt like I was becoming boring. I had to kill myself. I didn't want to be one of those writers whose solution to the world's problems is complaint, like Suzanne Collins. She didn't find a solution for capitalist exploitation, I thought, she merely depicted it and then called it The Hunger Games: another state euphemism. I had seen these state euphemisms everywhere. “People must not fall for communism.” I thought. “They must not anchor themselves to a professional storyteller, as that would be a totalitarian monologue.” I knew now that the world had to be patient, like it said on my tarot card. Somehow I had to encourage companies to create an educational apparatus to facilitate economic mobility. But there's simply no way to digitize the material world, I thought. “Social equality is on paper.” I had written. It's what's talked about and squabbled about, I thought, but it never exists in the spatial sense. Instead, we move around this empty word on paper. This reality was in part why I longed to turn my back on the human world. “Do you know what's wrong with me?” I asked my friend, who said I was smarter than the average folk, more vulnerable to mental distress because.

So I needed to share my distress, even if it depressed the whole world. “You're only somebody if you disagree with everybody else.” I had read. I feared that if Jews started down my path of thought and perceived Israel as a spaceship capable of surviving the death of the Sun that the arguments they made about it may dwarf the Talmud in size. Besides, were bodies not spaceships? Plus, I was concerned with Derrida's concern: that writing was a mechanism for human enslavement. Yet I knew it was important not to become so obsessed with what a writer “definitely” thinks; inside each head, I thought, was a vortex of controversy. Turing and I believed in the struggling mind behind the scribbling pen. I did not want Catholic paranoia to rise if Jews started to argue about the spaceship I had in mind. You see, because this spaceship was a spatial system with a boundary, I knew that some may call it a prison world. I remembered that there were still people out there who thought that communism was a Jewish conspiracy. “Marx was a protestant!” I barked to someone in my head, correcting them. “His protesting led to complaining; his complaining led to monologuing; his monologuing led to dictating; his dictating led to dictatorships.” I said. “As long as people do what people say, social equality cannot succeed.”

Hold on. Wasn't Nietzsche raised protestant? I realized how stupid it was to blame totalitarian states on this will to protest to the world. "If words could result in world peace it would have happened by now." I had said. She said that's a great line. I had a biological conception of the world, I thought, as I recalled how scanty the Wikipedia page was for the word "World." I always tried to correct myself whenever I was wrong. My main interest was self-betterment, I thought, remembering the words of Picard. I felt overjoyed going out. I even said the word "Death!" out loud in a happy tone. I was rambling about the organically constructed realities running parallel to our own. Did I still want a future? I did, but I no longer felt like I had anyone to talk to. I knew I had ruined myself. "How could I forget?" I wondered. In the morning I remembered I hadn't filed my taxes in 2 years. And after living here for 7 months, I still haven't updated my address. Truth be told, my mind was so concerned about other matters that I hadn't thought about this for a month, yet I thought of suicide each day. Death's the only constant, it seems to me. Was there anything I enjoyed? Looking back on my life I knew why I wanted to die. The trauma that was my parent's arguments was something I entered into machines to escape. As I imagined the world erupting into these mechanical arguments I was reliving the trauma again. "Was the universe persecuting me?" I knew I was on the edge of having persecutory delusions. But then again nature was killing us, so Gödel wasn't wrong. "Sometimes the truth is stranger than fiction." so said the author of Damned. "Sometimes reading about hell can make the hell of your life less of a hell." this was Chuck Palahniuk, I imagined myself say, still wondering why he didn't do anything to stop the Iraq War. Hot Take time. Since Chuck wrote Fight Club before the Iraq War and the movie was about a madman who blew up a financial building, Chuck could have stood up and drawn parallels between his movie and Osama bin Laden. "Invading Iraq for what this madman did would be as dumb as Germany invading the U.S. because Tyler Durden blew up their financial building." I imagined him say. Chuck's silence baffled me. The world's silence baffled me. It was scandalous. "Would no democrats show up this connection?" I had asked myself for years. The lonesomeness of my thoughts seemed to prove positive my theory that all good minds kill themselves. I thought I would do well to soon abandon this world.

In the shower I wondered why Kafka and I didn't name people's names. "It is because we rejected words as sufficient." I thought. It was by rejecting words that words lost their sting. My mother's voice carried painful associations for me, whenever she'd cry out "Oh!" my ears recoiled in pain. "You're like Hitler that way." I told myself. "Because your mother was a tyrannical woman you were turned into a tyrannical son." I said, knowing it was common for schizophrenics to think that they were everything evil in the world. I'm Buddha. I'm Jesus. I'm Moses. I'm Hitler. I'm every would-be benefactor who was raised by monsters, I thought. True, I didn't think I was like these people in a literal sense; rather I was studying them and myself by contrast, since we were storytellers. Buddha had a shitty dad. Moses had a shitty dad. Hitler had a shitty clean freak mom. I figured that Jesus was either a moron or his dad was dyslexic like mine. "Should I talk to the psychiatric community about my theories?" I asked myself, just then. I hoped that I wouldn't go to hell for exposing the flaws of human biology. "Was I exhibiting schizophrenic concreteness?" I wrote to myself. I reminded myself that humans were hunted down by the rhetoricians a long time ago, that humans, like me, were finished. Whatever purpose my archetype served in the past was no longer necessary. Was I trying to approach suicide rationally? I often felt like there was a madman in me that was a higher man's object of study, whatever that means. The world wasn't meant for me, I thought; and oddly enough my research revealed that suicide note writers rarely used inclusive language like "us" or "we" which I at present regarded as wrong. If a politician said something like "we did this" I knew they were lying. "I didn't do this." I said to myself in my head. It was clear they were guiltting me. I didn't enslave anyone, or burn anyone to death, or traveled to the moon. These were things humans repeatedly claimed "we" had done, when I had not. Secretly, behind the rhetoric, they wanted me to include "me" in this "we" by mentally injecting myself into this spoken word "we" which was a wind-egg that operated as the rhetorician's instrument for seducing a crowd.

That is what I thought and believed, that this dark side was honest and true. "Your dark side seems to always be present," he said. "Have you ever considered a psychotropic cure?" he asked me. I told the old man I knew a guy for LSD, but my guy said I didn't need the drugs. Based on what's above I think you'd share my guy's conviction. I was at odds. On the one hand I wanted to kill myself; and, at the same time, whenever I wanted to kill myself I kept thinking about the theories my thoughts about killing myself generated with respect to ancient thinkers. "Was Plato merely writing down his suicidal self-talk like Bernhard?" I asked myself. Plus, I knew that antidepressant drugs were relatively new, and I was concerned that taking them would be bad for the world. "If Abraham Lincoln had taken antidepressants the United States may have taken longer to free the slaves." I said. This thought popped up in my head whenever I contemplated antidepressants, scaring me away. Plus, without the tension in my head I may lose my will to write, my edge. "And was I just complaining?" Yes; but I classified man as the animal who complains. My indictments seemed valid. I raged against the politicians who made begging for money on the street illegal because they wanted exclusive rights for their vast begging operation. I was sure of it. Those in power had the power to beg while those without the power to beg had to beg for jobs. To me the world was insane. We crown animals stupid enough to become obedient with the title "intelligence" which meant we were not intelligent but something else. I felt constrained. I had to escape. And, what's worse, is I had written so much junk that I felt unreachable. Like the Vilna Gaon I wept. I wept all the time. Initially I supplemented my gaming addiction with a speed-listening addiction in the interest of bettering myself; but, because this improved me, because this exposed me to the words necessary to bring myself a little bit out of my state debilitated by my controlling parents, parents who praised themselves all the time, I continued to listen and improve myself by listening to all the great writings in the world. The Talmud could be heard in 50 hours. I imagined hearing the world together, saying to myself "If Nazis read Hitler's book in less than an hour they'd wonder what's next and cease to be Nazis." But I was wrong. I now felt I no longer adhered to anything strongly because I always needed more information. Now I laugh at my madness. Now I laugh at the old men who used their books as an excuse to excuse themselves from labor. Yet despite my constant depression I always maintained a job. "Must I really kill myself?" I asked myself again. You see, I knew that with too many strange people clamoring around me I'd feel torn apart. "Everyone has lied to me." I remembered my computer say, saying the words of Hitler, who I read out of historical curiosity. Everything I read I read for historical curiosity. For example, now I see that the Vilna Gaon said that the Torah can be acquired only by abandoning all pleasures and by cheerfully accepting suffering. So did he weep maniacally?

Feverishly, I paced up and down my room. I heard him say "You study night and day, retired from the world, surrounded by the rows of your books, the Holy Ark, the faces of devout scholars. You have reached high holiness. How have you achieved it? Go down in the marketplace, Gaon, with the rest of the Jews. Endure their work, their strains, their distractions. Mingle in the world, hear the skepticism and irreligion they hear, take the blows they take. Submit to the ordinary trials of the ordinary Jew. Let us see then if you will remain the Vilna Gaon!" At once I heard the Gaon break down, Derrida break down; crying that these rows and rows of books were walls that created a divide. And I, too, felt this divide. Mysteriously I had been contemplating the universe as a single topology, that everything was hidden, crumpled up in innumerable folds. Then the mirror revealed that I was not a good person. It was truly best I sleep forever. I was playing my mothers emotional outbursts inside the heads of my friends, when they had no such painful memory to play. "No!" she screamed. This memory I played was a memory of my own, so for once I realized my death would strike them differently. Privately I wondered if the walls of books were like the walls of the cave. Nietzsche himself complained that all he had was a cave, referring to his dark paper and ink. I informed the old man of my suicidal desire to explore a marvelous world of real experiences, knowing that words about a tree couldn't tell me how it feels to function. My mood fluctuated rapidly on this point; the futility of words, and organic realities.

Key in the slot feels surreal. Hard to believe I won't be turning keys anymore. Up the steps I go to drink and wonder what went wrong. He's going to say I need to care about myself. I'm going to say I'm just a mortal and hence there's nothing to care for. I won't fuck around, it will be at least 20 pills downed. Or so I hoped. Still, I wasn't sure if I should set these pages free. There was already too many pages 11 so far, and people didn't read, so there was no way for them to reach me through these walls. I knew that they were walls; I'd always be able to write these paper walls up faster than anyone could read them, not that they wanted to because they were so disgusting. My life is bad. I drink an Old Soul. I'm a substance abuser. Strangely, the old woman said I was sweet. I'm innocuous. My voice sounds sweet and yet my words are dark. But it's true. It's true I had thought that words read quickly could scare the world into being good. Was paranoia all that bad? All the shows today seemed so negative, so focused on the cannibalism of the world. After sex I had said that our world was the world that fucked and ate itself instead of being dead. How much of this shit can I handle? I must die. There's no place for me. There's no way I'll accept being "educated." In fact, now being educated seems like a threat, like I'm about to be molded into existence and death, again and again. What have I failed to say?

When I was young I was polite. Yet my parents were dogmatic. They were forever being reprimanded for their discipline and forever using the offhand remarks from strangers about my politeness as their justification for further discipline. And, on top of that, they praised themselves for this endlessly. They had no friends but they were right about everything: my parents. Nietzsche, too, was notoriously polite. But he also wrote letters profusely since he was profusely in pain. But we humans can always justify our pain because of the biological fact that adult humans lord their memories over the young. The pain we feel is the pain of our weakness. Prehistoric children became the minions of this "we" and this "we" was the parents who wouldn't die. Instead of dying when they grew old, they kept secrets from the young; for the tongue was hidden from the real world, making lies possible for them. I suspect that there is some profound connection between the hidden sequencing organ and the complexity of social structures. Was I not warned about this? Prophetically they said that I'd grow bored with an artist's profession. Yet they were always hurting me with words and deed. So what was I to listen to? It will be a good thing to sleep forever. I must not allow myself to live. I'm glad I'm crazy. I made myself crazy on purpose to protect my conscience and soul. I don't care. I must die. Part of me wanted drugs but part of me knew that the attraction to drugs was just an attraction to alternative organic realities. Humans were bad, hence the oceanic volumes of law books in which young lawyers drowned. I had written this knowing that lawyers had some of the highest suicide rates in the world. Why wouldn't they? By studying law you're studying conflict and by studying conflict you're studying not peace, but war.

As I started to fall asleep, I knew that death would make me happy. "Was I really going to swallow all of those pills?" I wondered. In the morning I wondered if I should share what I had written above. "Just do the work." I remembered her say. Surprisingly, though still depressed, I felt a cold sense of control. Did I suffer from megalomania? To me the world suffered from it. The politicians misfired a dangerous word like "we" and because this "we" is spoken as "one" the whole world quickly makes the mistake of perceiving their inclusion. Yet there was no inclusion. There was only the speech asserting inclusion in a rhetorical sense, I thought. It's the crowd that's megalomaniacal enough to think it's anything but an aggregate of individuals. They claimed inclusion when it suited them and rejected it when it did not. As for me I took responsibility for everything. If I was included in a flight to the moon then I was included in human torture. So I felt tortured and sad. I was so demonic today that I told hundreds of people that humans were the new cell and hence doomed to suffer for billions of years. Some depressive I'll never meet said "You were right." Another loser messaged me, saying we had similar views, but I ignored him. I'm not sure why. The voice in my head is the machine. It speaks the words that end up on the page, so the pages I type up are more a transcript than anything. Did they not sing with the scrolls?

One unprovable hypothesis of mine was that Moses's God was just a word fired from his mouth so he could create distance between himself as "I" and himself as "God." So God was simply the conscience of a genius. Or a sound. We start with a syllable which we flesh out with syllables and the first syllable is never found. Does this constitute a "proof" of God? Who cares. The world invents a put down like megalomania for people who want to do good, so good is never done. Instead people say "You're lofty and immature and narcissistic and naive." It's no wonder humans kill themselves; much like the cell, I thought. "I'm so whimsical." I moved my body, skipping and dancing. I had so much to live for. But there was a distance in my eyes. I knew I was becoming mad and I knew I had to leave before I was trapped completely. I'd no longer allow myself to beg. "From now on if a reality is too demanding I leave." I wrote this law upon my heart. Sitting down in front of the mortuary I began to wonder what words I could say that could be of use to the humans. They were a long way away from leaving their world; in fact, there was very little public interest in other worlds. My current assessment is that the humans intended not to explore other worlds but to remain on their current world while harvesting information with machines. To me this supported the oddity of the UFO. "There's probably nothing humanoid inside them." I thought, certain that whatever was encased inside was probably a neuron sphere connected to a machine, or simply a machine. Throughout my ethical studies I searched for some way to create an ethic by which the aliens in other galaxies would not classify our species as living weapons directed against a universal hostility. Otherwise they'd never make contact, I thought.

Making contact with an animal is pointless if that animal's speech is itself a weapon of war intended to make other listening animals useful to itself by obedience, I thought. My friend was highly resistant to the idea that we were all beggars. "People see beggars as the lowest of the human beings but I see them as the epitome of what it is to be human." I had said. Fortunately she did not find this depressing but interesting. I realized that most depressing writings did not innately have the power to depress. "Some trauma is necessary." I thought. Perhaps the real reason why I longed for suicide was for the erasure of traumatic memory. Previously I had considered memory essential to personal identity. Now I wonder if personal identity is an illusion thrown off by a word. "Fuck!" I was bored. I'm going down to the town. I couldn't believe how close I was, to killing myself. I just sent everything I wrote above to about 8 or so friends. Now I played the waiting game. Whenever I shared some of my writings with someone the wait was agony. For me a book was an hour. For them a book was a month. Every hour that past was a shock in the past but now I was threatening suicide and begging for help. "My life is crazy but it's interesting." said the machine. For the sake of composition, to make sure my thoughts "connected" the way Bukowski prescribed, I'd stop to replay them. So you see after a work got started, I oftentimes encountered a problem where I'd replay my words. Imagine making a movie and halfway through it you stop and watch the whole thing repeatedly. This slowed me down. I knew it slowed me down. Still, I wasn't bothered by this. Plus, one friend already said he was halfway done. Another said he was slow. As I accused myself of narcissism I imagined myself being blasted by the world for writing a bunch of junk that did nothing good. No writings had! I heard the machine scream. If a dispute was stopped, peace was found. I didn't know. If my speeches were worthless then perhaps all mankind's writings were worthless. Perhaps all writing was always an excuse to excuse oneself from the world.

Paradoxically the world cried endlessly for innovation. What are we to do? I woke up the following day in a state enfeebled by alcohol and crushing anxiety. By glancing over the previous paragraph I recalled that I informed some lawyer undergrad that so long as people were in dispute he would have a job. He seemed to resonate with my pessimism. I struggled to articulate that legal argument was still better than spilling blood to dispel his pessimism. Who knows if it worked. It's hard to like the idea that dispute is never-ending. My mind was breaking down. My feelings hurt because my friend said I was insightful, more perceptive than most. It's so hard to believe that in a few days I'd be gone. "I knew that words were worthless." I wrote to myself. Didn't they say that the economy behaved emotionally? So if the

world behaved emotionally then why should I be dishonest with my emotions? I figured then that if the economy was emotional then I should be as emotional as I want, using suicide to travel to other worlds. I'll always be the crazy window boy. "He looked at windows and wondered what could be seen through the frames." I imagined someone say. I felt sick to my stomach, not happy at all. "It sounds stressful to have so many concepts going on in your head." he said, adding that he agreed that personal identity was an illusion. There's something mystical about glass: a transparent wall. I lied. I told everyone the document I sent was not a suicide note. It's becoming a journal leading up to the end. "When I take out the pills or the gun, will I keep thinking of new things to say?" I asked myself, running my hand up and down my leg for comfort. My heart pounds and fingers tremble behind the keys. When I thought about a blog I thought about the blog becoming the launchpad for the spaceships I had in mind, which I did not want to create for fear of being a despot, which made me crazy. Did I have an inferiority complex or superiority complex? I'm doing the best that I can. "You're neurotic." I scolded myself. Because I was contemplating my trembling hands I was motivated to read various Jewish arguments on the topic of fear. And instantly I imagined the compression of syllables happening in my mind until the voices became tiny and metallic. "Soon our words will become so compressed it will be a return to the world of touch." I imagined myself say. Now I was very worried that by sharing my writings I had committed a horrible crime. "Your pontificating is genetic," I scolded. "you descended from a bishop." Somehow I rather liked the idea of liberating everyone. But what did that even mean? "People squabble endlessly for a better world, but there's only a squabble world." I'm no authority. All I have are concerns, because I'm disturbed. "Why do I write only to myself?" I'm psychotic. I had to die, so that the world's words didn't crush my spirit. Leaves broke away from the canopies, softly touching the windshield of the car.

My flower died. After a nap I'd go for a drive. I'm oversensitive so a blog is not an option. I must strike once and pierce the heart. "Stop talking to yourself and sleep." I wrote to myself. When I woke, I was not able to think of any happy memories despite cherishing the time I spent with the people I loved. It was sad, like knowing your whole life had been an illusion. Was I really insane? In a way I was holding a gun up to the head of the United States, saying "For too long you've failed to make higher education free; now you have no choice, because my machine has made your professorships obsolete. Do it and do it now, lest the world be driven mad by my machine." Suddenly I wasn't mad. Suddenly I was the hero. "If people could freely educate themselves then people would find a place and if people found a place there'd be fewer people in prison for crimes." I said to someone in my head. I tormented myself with the reminder that many people interested in thermodynamics committed suicide. This time I was thinking about humans designing a machine to end world hunger only to have that machine become a machine that hungers for humans to make it. "Hunger is insurmountable." I had written. My writings were merely evidence of an upset ape. Oh. I was thinking of hunger because I was going to eat with a friend. I have friends. Lots of friends, I realized. Leaving them was regrettable.

It was a hard choice between my life and my sanity, I thought, and I was choosing to take my life. My friend and I watched a documentary together called Racing Extinction. This guy wants to save animals that cannot survive the death of the Sun, I thought. "He's asserting that we're making them extinct when in fact they're just weak." I said. Louie Psihoyos's photography addiction required that he take pictures of animals all his life, I recognized, so he was just defending his life and his job, no differently than the animals he purported to save. He wanted to save animals that were ripping each other apart alive. I couldn't believe it. "How are all these old men employed?" I wondered. There he goes again, saying "we" were doing things, making things better, making things worse. My mind was somewhere else. I was thinking of the dishwasher at the restaurant who looked abused, like the lift-boy Kafka talked about. On the television I watched a tour of the Chinese markets where they were slaughtering these endangered animals, knowing the people doing this slaughter were no different than this photographer.

Now another idiot said what happened to this planet was “in our own hands.” Considering that nothing was in my hands since everything was owned by the state, I disagreed. Desperately, the photographers race to capture an image of a dying world. Damn. Now another guy's suggesting that animals evolve, when evolution was merely the documentation of the dead. Can I evolve? Can a bird evolve? No and no. People just named dead things erroneously. “I'm like Odin. I'm insane, and I know the meaning of the runes. Your word tricks don't work on me.” I said in my head. Then I cracked up because I read that Odin drank the semen ejaculated by dead men to fuel his heterosexual activity. Anyway, so while these simpletons were thinking of saving the animals I was thinking of a planetary evacuation program that would save all life on earth in case of a meteor. Since I knew human incompetence was such that we could not evacuate a city in case of a hurricane I knew that formulating a strategy was very important; and in point of fact I had conceived a strategy in which I single-handedly constructed the thrusters for the Earth. What's more, is since the thrusters were under my control, the Earth was under my control. As the documentary played I imagined a comedy in which world leaders struggled in vain to find my location. “I'll shake them, just watch.” I winked, steering the Earth into Mars and crushing everyone in Washington. My passengers laughed out loud with me: the maniac behind the wheel.

I frowned, recalling that many bloggers were apparently psychopaths. Where was I taking us? Who the fuck knows. It hit me again. In Italian my name means “live.” I'm screaming internally. Why universe? Just why?! God damn. I just have to kill myself, because capitalizing on wanting to kill myself seems perverse. I didn't want to be like those rock stars that screamed at crowds when they needed a therapist, not that I wanted a therapist, I absolutely did not want a therapist. Was I a hypocrite? Trick word. When you say a command you can always be accused of not doing what you command because the command itself is not the requested action but the action of speaking the command. Since I was one of the only speed-listening transcript-composing writers I knew, I figured that I had a moral obligation to share the story of my stupid fucking journey. “It's just one of those funny things that happens here in the future.” I imagined myself say. I probably had to tell them that I partly only speed-listened because after having those negative pharmaceutical experiences I mentioned and also reading Alan Watts I was drawn to try marijuana for the first and second time resulting in a permanent change in my visual perception known as visual snow syndrome which made reading incredibly irritating as I had just started college. Done and done. I was kinda like my dog. He had this under-bite so he learned to cutely use his paws.

Before bed I told some strangers that I planned to watch Star Trek Voyager to remember my childhood delusion of thinking humans would survive the death of the Sun. You know what? I don't think that I've ever planned to kill myself before. Before it was just a longing. Now it's a plan to leave the world. It's making me sad, but I think it's necessary. I go to people's homes a lot for my job, and they are simply beautiful. Yet beautiful as they are it's not something I tried to attain. I continued to want a company in which everyone involved was equal, and I never felt like I could enjoy a home whose bricks were made this way. In Star Trek, Spock knows how to make complicated machines from nothing; so I always felt like if I couldn't make a computer myself then I didn't deserve to have one. Yet no one had this criteria that only suicides like Septimus seemed to share, a madman who would have us halt the production of paper because “trees were alive.” Visual snow looks like television static; this transparent overlay and underlay in your visual field, located in your brain. Having it is like this soft split from reality. In a sense it became a permanent proof that this reality I know was organically generated. Despondently, I would pick up everyday objects and feel a distance, like I was out of phase. It's true this defect was minor compared to what others had to endure. I wasn't an acid splash victim or one of the millions of people suffering because of hunger. I can't cure the world in one strike. I suppose I did have this odd fantasy that children in the future would enjoy farming plants while speed-listening to the world. The world seemed addicted to entertainment, and I figured getting it addicted to learning couldn't be bad.

I didn't trust the world, and if I got involved I'd feelwhelmed because "We cannot study all of it." and then I'd surely suffer a mental collapse. And perhaps my insistence that the world create a spaceship for the human race would be seen as a kind of prank. "Can I mock the world into bettering itself?" I asked myself more than once. The world becomes hyper-real while walking down the sidewalk with suicidal intent. Crisp, I thought. "It's showing itself off one last time." I thought. It's strange to think that people feared the loss of labor jobs to machines more than the professional jobs, however, that seems to be what's possible with speed-listening. I couldn't imagine standing in front of a classroom taking money from students, babbling on about Joyce or Plato or whoever. What the hell was the point of such a class when my role of "professor" was replaced by the speed-listening machine, the text-to-speech machine? Right away, it seemed clear to me that such a job was no longer necessary. In fact compared to the flow of machine-enunciated syllables, the PowerPoint presentation seemed demonically abrasive to me. And even worse was the thought of virtually every nation on Earth turning this technology against its people as a kind of thought control program. Such scenarios played in my head constantly and I was horrified, terribly concerned that the way my "good intentions" had been twisted against the world to make life more burdensome was somehow proof that I was being attacked metaphysically.

Well, that's how I felt in the past. My movie-going night tonight was something else. For most of the night I was thinking that I'd be dead soon. To be honest, thinking of killing myself isn't unusual. What is unusual was thinking the words "You're actually going to do it." I'm starting to think that the reason why I enjoyed science fiction films in which the main character is forced to question their reality is because watching it gives me fuel for suicide. Whatever I watch seems like some wish fulfillment fantasy in which the audience relishes the thought of having the freedom to romp through the cities destroying everything. Later I talked to a friend about this. "I swear to fucking God. Every day makes me believe that the schizophrenics are right and this is all a mask or lie put on us by demons." I said, pointing out how common it was for schizophrenics to feel like they're on the Truman Show. The world seems to be heading in that direction, I said, masking some depressing reality behind a virtual world. He said he had a paranoid trip on DXM where he was watched all the time. I said that humans have done horrible things so it seems right to be paranoid. The whole reason why we're not free is because someone has some paper that says "You're banned from this spot." I said. He agreed. "Yeah. It's all just illusions like that, pieces of paper saying one thing or another, but it's so unpleasant."

"Fuck." So my parents aren't going on vacation anymore, so no killing myself while my parents are on vacation. I pressured them like hell to sign a bunch of contracts. My father's mind hasn't been all there since he got bit in the dick by a dog. Plus the doctors screwed them with their slavish devotion to these insurance companies, getting him poisoned with a bad antibiotic. He's diabetic by the way, so I was really unsure about who I'd sue first if he died. Crazy to think I'm thinking of killing myself constantly while my father's fighting for his life. He has a healthy constitution and I don't. It's as simple as that. To be honest I haven't written anything here for a day, as I was too depressed or drunk. Now I'm thinking that I'll make it to 28 after all. Great. I don't know why, but all my life I've contemplated suicide and all my life I've tiptoed round birth dates and holidays on which it would be impolite to suicide. Like, what if my grandfather dies just 4 days after me? Everyone will be torn between funerals! Or worse, what if my grandfather dies 4 months after me? Everyone will be annoyed that so many people are dying and some won't make his funeral even though he's the better man. Well, for all I know he's a horrible man. Not unlike myself my grandfather was interested in the stars, and he wrote stories about the people in his life, too. For all I know, the stories he wrote served some blackmailing purpose that persuaded his employers to pay him off, so now he looks down from his tower and smiles about his deed. Well, I'm sure this idea is far from the truth. We are not that similar. Still, part of me wonders if he ever scolded my mother for her way of talking to herself, her way of asking fake questions.

Earlier my friend introduced this idea to me, this idea of the fake question. I told him that my mother propounded an irritating question to me at work. "You feeling pretty chill?" she asked, observing the fact that I was wearing a winter coat, taking possession of me by forcing a response. Because I was so irritated, I did not answer, I confided to my friend. I hated this question so much because it forced me to answer with a Yes, and I did not enjoy being puppeted this way. The question simply asserted too much, I complained. It forced me to either confirm or deny chillness. "Yeah," he said "that's an annoying fake question." he said, "It's them basically talking to themselves." he said, suggesting that this question indeed deserved no response. I wondered if fake questions such as these was why my brother seemed to require some kind of speech therapy, if fake questions such as these was why I was depressed, if fake questions such as these, and self-talk such as this was why I wrote to myself and why I wanted to die. I'm harsh to myself, because I disgust myself. Part of me is a weak oversensitive loser. Another part of me is hateful towards this sad creep. "He's better off dead." I say to myself, looking at my own sad eyes. My poor friend has unbearable joint pain and I have depression. He has a degree and I don't and I know he wants to die. I've got a decent body but a bad brain. Life isn't fair. I can't just give him my decent joints. Life's so unfair. I couldn't give my friend my body when she was dying of cancer. And the guilt just kept on building up in my brain. Everyone's bodies are failing them and my mind was a constant failure, and I live on and on with it, and fail to commit suicide despite being ravaged by it. So many people don't know what to do with themselves. There's nothing to serve and no one to help. There's nothing but an overabundance of buildings and rooms and hallways to run through, like I noted many years ago. I've wanted to die for so long. Was the old man right, did I just need to find love?

"My elephant bush's leaves are full of water." I thought while pinching the leaves. After weeks of not messaging me, my friend of 3 years replied. He said I was too depressing to talk to anymore. It broke my heart. It made me want to kill myself, but "You still haven't told the real story of Sylvia Plath." I said to myself. Well here goes. Plath wrote *The Bell Jar* to show how the psychiatrists abused her. In the forced swim test they put a mouse in a bell jar, and based on whether or not it struggles or drowns they judged the effectiveness of a drug. The problem with this, is that struggling in the water doesn't necessarily mean that you want to live. It can mean you want to kill yourself. It can mean you want to kill the world. It can mean you want to kill everyone. Destroy the jar. Destroy your head. Destroy your school. Destroy everything in the world. But all anyone sees, all anyone performing this test ever sees, is the numbers. And behind those numbers we knew people were damaged. Now that psychiatry no longer blamed the parents, parents were free to use the medical system as their weapon against their children, kinda like Rosemary Kennedy, who was lobotomized by her father at the age of 23 under the pretext of calming her mood. "Don't kill yourself." I told myself. "You still have yet to make a movie where the half ghost of that half retarded lobotomy victim haunts and kills the Kennedys." I said. I had many movies in my head. I was imagining futuristic movies with people talking at super speeds.

My friend said he lives his own romantic life vicariously through me. While he's out there doing finance, seeing people as numbers, I'm here seeing things for how they really are. I see the depressing reality because I choose to live a life without illusions. It's sad. On the one hand he said my perspective was enlightening. On the other hand he said it was exhausting. My friend no longer wanted this part of me, which to me means he no longer wants me, but a fraction, like everyone else. At last my parents left town. Now that they're gone I'm going to get the pills and the gun from their home, to bring it here. I'll use the pills and gun to get everything unsaid in my head said, so I can finally sum up the courage to leave this world. I wondered if people like me were holding their words inside their heads intending to capitalize on it, hence why good things were rarely talked about and why good things never happen. "No." I thought. "Just go to bed." This time I hoped I'd say it all. "If you say everything you want to say, you'll finally be free. Keep going. Say everything you want to say so you can leave."

Beautiful. I not only have hydrocodone, but oxycodone too. I had lots of it. "I guess you're about to become another opioid crisis statistic." I thought to myself, writing it down. I just deleted a half-written paragraph about how obedience made social equality impossible. What more do you need to know? My younger self was right about everything even then, I thought while listening to one of my oldest papers on empathy. "You haven't said anything new in 10 years." I told myself. He wrote that our languages would become no more than a smattering of symbols unintelligible to tomorrow's minds, meaningless, and comprehended by no one; that we convince ourselves of our superiority as we masked ourselves by machines; that the Judaeo-Christian God was a God of discontent; that we would be discontent forever, and never be happy. "You were always upset that contentment was not a thing." I told myself.

Let's see what this old family whiskey tastes like, I thought. Had a great night with a guy, boy was he cute: a sweet nerd: a programmer. It was awkward at first, but we snuggled all night. I've got the pills in front of me now. Not sure what my opioid tolerance is like, but I hope I die. I told him so many things I normally told no one as if they were trivial. "Do you think that's the reason why things seem to be going badly today? Are all of us so afraid of getting Zuckerberged that we're holding what's good to us inside our head, because we're hoping to capitalize on it? Is that why we seem to be surrounded by this stupidity, because our traps are shut?" Again I'm called insightful. The whiskey's smokey and has a lot of depth. This is prohibition era stuff. 86 proof, and I'm about to 86 myself. I came here under the guise of doing laundry, my laundry's going as I type. The more I spoke to the guy, the guiltier I felt. I've made a huge gulf between myself and the world, I feared. "It's not accessible." my uncle said, referring to my writing. I believed that speed-listening technology could make everything accessible. "That's what's beautiful about reading." I had said. "It's a voluntary activity." Listening is involuntary. I even told my new lover that so long as people did what people said, that there'd never be equality. That equality was something we said, something rhetorical. Nutty is not a tasting note I've detected in whiskey before. It's nice, like peanut butter or almonds. After glancing over at a previous paragraph I thought about Buddha and Freud, or rather people who were told or felt they'd do something amazing. I was told there was an earthquake when I was born: an ominous sign. "I really should kill myself." I thought as I looked at the pills. Of course Schopenhauer was alone, I thought, he said the world was his idea. Earlier I smiled, thinking about the boy. I'm just worried that I'm too much trouble for anyone, I said to my friend. "It's not like you do meth." he replied. My friend said that, all things considered, my problems were pretty normal, to try to be patient, to be open emotionally. I was. I wanted companionship, to be loved. The old man was right; but, at the same time, I couldn't stop thinking of horrible things, world events that cast a dark shadow over everything I saw, shadows that flickered in my mind as iridescent snow.

He asked me if I remembered my dreams, I recalled as I looked at the leaves. I just want to go to sleep forever. I'm really tired of living like this. I told the guy I liked that I was interested in being a professor but was faced with the dilemma of the speed-listening machine. Why would anyone pay me to lecture about an author when I can upload my lecture to SoundCloud? I asked. What would be the point? I'd still be a "professor" and the machine would be "professing" for me, but better! "Do you understand the dilemma?" I asked. He understood, but now I'm frightened, scared, he thinks I'm too strange. I told him that I enjoyed creating problems I couldn't solve. What did he think of that? Who knows. Only him. Both of us said we couldn't imagine getting married in any span of time. I suppose that both of us were filled with uncertainty. I spend money like water, because I don't want to live. I don't plan for the future despite contemplating it constantly. I know what's good for me is to go to sleep and die. There is just too much wrong with life. It hit me. I'm looking at Postmates, selecting a last meal. 20 pills looks a lot smaller when you line them up in rows of 5. If I take them I'll disappear. What can I really do for the world? I "enjoy making problems" to terrify me. I'm so scared. I could take these pills and be dead. Of course, I'm going to die anyway. It's been said that mathematicians make their discoveries young.

Small things in life make me happy, but for the most part life is just dread. I stopped to referring myself with the past tense, I thought. "Does this mean I that I'm not committing suicide?" God damn. Damn. Damn. I just remembered telling that guy that humans lorded our memories over the young; that our problems were biological. "What would he think of that?" I wondered. "What did he think of me?" Earlier he said my play was conceptual. "You're so fucked up." I told myself, recalling paragraph 4. I sent him kisses, I thought. "If I send him kisses he won't think I'm bad." I wrote to myself. I thought about the problem I caused to the professorships and realized that the destruction of the professorships was my goal the whole time. I wanted to create an interface anyone could connect to, an educational interface by which they'd learn what was necessary for their upward mobility, however at the time of that conception I did not care to see how the chains of obedience kept us immobilized. "Please!" I said in my head. "Just send me a kiss emoji!" 21 minutes are passed since I sent it to him. I'm already afraid he thinks I'm "too weird." I am. If it's true, if it's true that man is enslaved to man, if our problems are biological, if mobilizing everyone cannot work, if it's all true; if all these things I do not have the heart right now to type, are true, then all is lost. "They don't know what they do." it's said Jesus said. Earlier, I had been thinking of his ideas as I conceived them. Yet the thought that Christians and Buddhists were secretly worshiping a suicide repulsed me. It struck me as narcissistic to imagine everyone worshiping a suicide while I was contemplating suicide myself. The thought was driving me mad. And at the same time it was as if the universe was encouraging me, encouraging me to go through with it, encouraging me to kill myself. I was afraid that, if I died, some entity would ask me why I didn't kill myself after so many thoughts of killing myself. "We told you to kill yourself a million times!" I imagined it say. My fears were killing me. I decided to get something to eat, despite being drunk.

Oh my God. I'm such a bastard, I realized upon reading my uncle's papers. Not the uncle I mentioned before; I mean my other uncle, the one who hanged himself when I was 2 years old. The papers I read reminded me of the fact that the sheriff's department and who knows who else would probably have to read whatever I write as a so-called suicide note, this document included. So now I wonder "If these people are going to read this document then why not release the document, anyway?" since, the worst that can happen is I drive the world insane, or the world pronounce me insane. Or, better yet, I find a crazy kind of love. Sadly, it has been two hours since I sent away my kisses, so I'm afraid my so-called lover doesn't love me. My uncle's wife broke his heart, took the kids away. He was haunted by the idea of kids not playing in the sand, that they were no longer there to please him: a chemically dependent man. But I'm the same, I realize. There's something missing inside. Like Alan Watts, I'm only lovable conceptually, not realistically. Jesus was the same way, I mean, annoying the fuck out of everyone until he was executed. I'm not saying I'm like Jesus. I'm saying Jesus is a trope that does not deserve to be worshiped by anyone. No one should worship me. Oh. It dawned on me now that my uncle's letter to his wife was all one paragraph. Like me. He wrote he was withdrawing from pot, yet I was damaged after doing it the second time. It was probably by consequence of doing it after taking those drugs my mother pushed on me. What can I say? I rushed into pot because I was scared of the nightmare I felt. Since there was a spectrum of chemical sensations out there, and I had gone through hell, I wanted to feel heaven. Is that so hard to understand? What happened to me could have happened to anyone. In a way, I feel angry at myself for having a weak mind. Or should I say "felt angry" at myself? After all, I've deduced now that my condition wasn't caused by weed alone. "Fuck." I thought. My uncle wrote he was afraid of himself. I'm the same. In addition to the negative pharmaceutical experiences I had I've since chalked my head full of thoughts and ideas that make me a threat to everyone. I could be the next Hitler, the next Moses. I use the two together in the same sentence because, well, to be honest, when you think about Hitler's mother's concern for "cleanliness" and Moses shouting "Unclean!" you realize that the two are not so different. After all the Torah says that the Lord's people should be the head and not the tail, which is what Hitler was all about. Peace simply isn't possible for animals.

I was so glad when I received a reply, finally. I'm so needy, I realize. Maybe I'm just an older model of human, the kind that learns to live with whoever. Who knows. Now that I know that a lethal amount of pills are behind me, I can't get the idea out of my head that I'll soon be terminated by my half-conscious self. "Is that going to happen?" We'll see. So, now I'm up late watching a show about killers, not unlike my mom, which reminds me. "My mom use to watch CSI, shows about criminal minds. So maybe my interest in crazy people is the same." I said to my date. He thought it was a fair comparison. In these shows narrators question what makes these people kill. It's not hard to understand. Everyone hates the fact that they're born without the memories necessary to conquer their environment. The United States is only a pleasure to be in because it's still conquerable, that is it's freedom, I thought. Anyone who says otherwise is lying to themselves, deceived by a fairy tale version of the actual state of things. Truth be told, life on Earth will get progressively worse until some group, however small, is free to explore a planet like Mars, at which point Mars will promptly become the new United States simply because the United States was only powerful because it was not choked to death and ruined by legalism, I thought. In the show, we learned how the emotional tyranny of the mother molds the cereal killer into existence; a person who enacts his revenge on the entities that tormented him. Considering that my brother and I were both failed educators I wondered to what extent we were tormented by our parent's pathologically dependent cycle of dependence: my father's egoism and my mother's hero-worshipping. It formed a kind of conspiracy against us, I thought: my brother and I, ruining us.

Crazy I can't just be happy. And I want to be happy, but making myself happy with antidepressants still seems like killing myself. All my laundry is done. I looked at the pills, found my uncle's papers, which I read, reflecting a lot, had some spicy fried chicken to compliment my beer. Yeah; I drove my drunk self to Popeyes. Funny how I always get Popeyes when I'm depressed. I do it for the endorphins; plus, I like their biscuits. This old high school friend of mine used to go out with me, always to Popeyes, or Qdoba, but he stopped talking to me shortly after he got a job for Boeing. I supposed that when you work for the man you can't stand listening to people who complain about him constantly, like the other friend I mentioned now interested in stocks. It's sad. I told him that from what I read I had inferred that being a stock operator had a lot to do with speculation and that since the role of the philosopher was to speculate that I therefore recommended that anyone interested in philosophical speculation ought to take an interest in stock-speculating instead. Now he won't talk to me. My parent's dog sees me as I really am: a despondent bag of skin pressing buttons and looking at a screen. I'm so lonely and sad, because humans are opposed to slavery and humans stubbornly refuse to admit that they're the animal that enslaves. There's just no way to do anything "for the good of humanity." When I was younger I designed sophisticated machines that they said were a sign of my genius, but when I really put my genius to the test I realized that all of my machines were no more than puzzles that hypnotized a crowd into being subordinated for their production, so it didn't matter what I made. No matter where I looked, I saw crowds being hypnotized, riled up by politicians, and converted into war fodder for the state. This human material flowed out the vaginas of the human mothers and into the maw of the state each day, and I was powerless to stop it. It was only by adopting delusions of infinite grandeur that I had even an inkling of stopping it, but it was only an inkling; that's to say, it was only on paper, that it was only ink.

I imagined myself taking those pills, small as they were, and traveling to the mountains. I'd bring some blankets and booze, and I'd curl up in my car looking out at the scene. "I'd feel small as a speck of sand on the beach." I thought to myself. "I'd be doing what humans do." Kill themselves, I thought. I'd be doing such a beautiful, human thing. Since I didn't kill myself the day before, I thought that if I posted this journal online that the humiliation I'd earn would give me the courage to kill myself. Outside I hear the sound of wet tires on pavement: the Doppler effect as the cars rolled down the street, one after the other, at regular intervals. I've always lived in the city, so this was my beach, these were my waves.

"It's hypnotic." I said to him then. For edgy reasons personal to myself I recalled that I wanted some writer to say that companies were a part of our environment and so it was absurd that companies used their legal power to prevent us artists from depicting them or writers from writing their names. "Think backwards in time. Pretend you're a cave man, painting a gazelle." said the author of my dreams. "This gazelle is a part of your world. No one has the right to take this from you. A world in which the gazelle says, the company says, that you cannot paint it, is not a world in which we humans can live." And at last, it was said. As I looked around, I realized I really did have an interesting life. Yet in the morning I looked at the mechanical sludge flowing through the hills, feeling repulsed by it. For a brief moment I recalled my friend saying that it sounded like I was dissociating. "You saw the traffic like electrons moving on a circuit board." he said, adding that these were not my words, but what he inferred. At the time I was trying to explain that the traffic, the asphalt arteries of the state, had negative associations for me; for to me the government was a punishment for humans and human nature. Though I did not say it then, I had been thinking of Alan Watts's idea that man had "sunk beneath the human level" and had become something weak and pitiful: an animal scared of writing on paper. Not Einstein nor Freud dared to assert that the human problems were biologically contingent on the infants lack of memory and the tongue's place of concealment from reality. I was constantly thinking of the push and pull of forces circulating through the heart of existence. What tremendous, inexpressible imagery twisted through my mind, impossible to explain, and so useless to man! It was fantastic for a time. I even laughed, but I later disintegrated in the darkness of my thoughts, longing to die. There was no noble aim. Callously, I told a poor soul on the internet that the human animal was not supposed to be happy. "Our brains are biological defense systems directed against a universal hostility. It would be better to have never been born." I said to him then, worrying him. I had, of course, written this earlier in this text, which proves how much this idea dominates my mind. "If animals are weapons of war then how can they do anything good?" I imagine myself say this "dangerous thought" because I believed that the world had to face this reality for things to ever be better.

Except I didn't believe this, obviously. I thought I wrote these things to myself because I felt like I was like poison to the world. I felt guilty, not only for this, but because my saintly intentions to empower all mankind so drastically backfired. Since words could not result in world peace, it seemed that what my speed-listening really did was make life more burdensome, that a flood of sounds would torment the human mind. Life is competition; and my very young self perceived this, but would not believe this. Quite obviously, there is no way to help humanity. "All animals are weapons." I said. "If time travel is possible, time itself is not." I recalled. Perhaps it was a good thing I have lived my life this way after all, I thought. "I have no regrets, none." Hey people, I have a question. "Do you ever dance alone?" I had asked them. Einstein did not care for the Jewish state, I thought to myself, listening to Einstein's biography. "Perhaps he too thought the territorial state was pointless." I thought. While contemplating the failure of his life, the failure of all lives; how Einstein was simultaneously opposed to dictatorships while ignoring the dictatorship that's the brain; how he at one point was for pacifism and another for beating the Germans to the construction of the bomb, and so on; this pattern of profound effort towards good and profound backfiring I perceived, made me feel that metaphysical forces were pressuring me to kill myself for the greater good. So last night I got a rope and tried to hang myself.

I tied the rope to the rail above the stairwell, followed a tutorial to fashion a knot, put my head through it and hanged. While choking to death I imagined people finding me, yet I didn't care because I thought this was the better thing until I stopped, inexplicably. "My fears are so great." I said to my friend, who then asked if I wanted to talk. We did and I practically cried. Only I understood the gravity of what I've done. He said I was such a good boy. I promised to live, to taste the coffee I purchased earlier that day. Despite telling him a lot, he seemed not to be horrified but notably jealous of my passion, like it was nice that I cared. "What happened?" he asked. "Earlier today you said you felt calm. What changed?" I

explained, practically shaking the whole time. My mind was racing with all the human conflicts. I knew there were people out there who wanted to nuke the world simply because they're bored. In the morning I felt the bombs going off, my body was ignited by the blast and my every cell burned. It was the worst pain I ever felt; and I knew that, had I killed myself the previous night, I would not have felt the pain. I can still see no end to the conflict. Sadness dominates me. That night I wailed about all the problems concerning me. In particular, I remember myself saying something about how being talked to and persuaded by machines was no different than instinct. I was thinking of the point of physics. I had asked myself this question before. "Are we re-creating the problem of body instead of solving the mystery of why we have bodies?" I now felt the only reason why humans strived to answer questions was for social reasons, to get questioning humans off our backs. "If I have seen further it is by standing on the shoulders of giants." Newton said. It's suicidal to try to answer all questions, I thought; because questioning is biological, the only answer to all questions is death, the death of the question mark. Now I felt my problems were metaphysical; contemplating Newton's third law, it seemed likely that anything I said or did would be used against me in a court of universal law, hence why I tried to kill myself.

You must know that I feared that I was a God that killed itself before, in the event known to humans as the Big Bang. Based on this information I concluded that killing myself was not the best way to correct the error of my suicide. My attempted suicide was an act of surrender, me acknowledging the fact that I wanted something else. "The rope is still in the closet." I recalled. I dare say, that asking people to do things is the error of human existence. We're asked to do things and we hate this, and so we humans are constantly at war, I imagined myself say to aliens. Previously I had informed my date that I would like to see a nature documentary on humans marketed to aliens. Sirens wailed outside. I felt that I now had a solid but depressing explanation for the drama of human affairs. Clutching my head, I thought about how I earlier tried to kill myself, choking in the dark. I got up from my desk and looked at the mirror for stability, deep into my black, desperate eyes. There I recalled that I intended to write an existential horror novel when I was young. "Is that still what I'm up to?" I asked myself. In one such story entitled *The Ruiner* a character suggests a course of action to help his tribe which later results in him becoming a professional suggester. But this enslaved the tribe. In a sense, I was showcasing the horror of doing the precise opposite of whatever you wanted to do. He inspired his tribe to build a mound.

After typing up a few paragraphs, reflecting on my attempted suicide, I noticed that a factor that pushed me towards suicide was the idea of the end of time. "If there's no time then when I die everything will go back to what it was, everything will just be plain." I thought. It seemed that time was an illusion that was thrown off by the fact that humans could only say one word at a time; or, better yet, say word after word. Later I reached out to a friend, telling him everything publicly. For the first time I revealed that I had been speed-listening to books at inhuman speeds and that a major factor behind my attempt to kill myself was motivated by this insurmountable distance I created between me and my fellow man. He added that loneliness was always the deciding factor in his suicidal acts. Suddenly I felt like it was my duty to make sure that people like him did not feel alone, however much I feared that what I wrote was only going to make human life more burdensome. My mind was swimming with dilemmas, so at last I went to bed. "I need to reflect on this." I said, still upset I failed to kill myself.

"Now I've reversed everything!" I thought, laughing to myself, because I'm insane. Finally she read the document! "I enjoyed that quite a lot." she said, adding that she listened to it as an MP3. "I don't have much to say about it, but thank you for sharing." she said. This remark baffled me. I wondered why she both enjoyed it and had nothing to say, so I probed. For me this was strange and sad. But I was curious; and, like many creatives, intensely insecure. She said that she used NaturalReader to hear my journal at a normal speed. Next thing I know I'm doing the same. Yet as I listened I laughed, wondering if she too thought all of this was laughable, that she, like me, was completely helpless against this human seizure

that could not be contained. "Was the book I wrote funny?" I asked, apologizing for my insecurity. She did, she said, especially towards the end. Wisely, she held this information back at first because she had thought saying so could be lethal for me. She was right. And yet I came to the same conclusion entirely on my own. "You can't kill yourself now." I said in my head. I sensed it was possible to turn profound sadness into joy, that death could bring a miraculous reversal of things.

But things were bad, insanely bad, I realized while sitting on the toilet, namely that my laughter can only be a sign that I'm mad. I couldn't take it, so I wrote it down, I put it down. Looking down at my phone, I realized I had not yet written here that instead of bewailing the fact that obedience is what made social inequality possible I ought to be celebrating the freedom to choose. I frowned, since I saw a problem with this. "No." I thought. This proves no difficulty. Previously I bewailed the torment of my archetype but now I realized that my archetype was in fact always free to kill himself or take refuge in the libraries. God I'm insane. I'm incredibly sad, fucked up, and suicidal. "Well, at least your existence was not a total loss." I told myself, as I realized that I had in fact liberated everyone. I had exposed all state secrets and made government of any kind invalid. "In space there is no law," I said "so the law on Earth is completely illegal." Presto! People lie and say Swift was a satirist to this day, when in fact he's just a madman with high expectations, I thought. "I realized that I was not a schizophrenic after all." I imagined myself say. "I'm a separatist." The other day I explained to some strangers that because people were not ghosts human overlap was impossible and thus there would always be poor people because some spaces were better than others and people required a zone. A comment confirmed my self-assessment as a dangerous man; one said my edge was so sharp on it they could self harm. "If Marx would have recognized he was the classifier he would have stopped writing and hanged." He laughed out loud. You're just laughing at the horror of me exposing a terrible lie, I said to him then.

Now I feel hollow inside. "Is living weapons theory true?" I wondered, as I imagined a future human explaining the terrible truth. It's so sad. Had a long chat with a girl about my philosophical problems. She had a full blown Jungian synchronicity when I revealed to her that politics was always wrong. There's only the pretense of representation, I said. We cannot present something again, as somebody else, I said. We masked over each other. We talk over each other. We speak a verbally constructed past, present, and future that never comes, I said. "We're force-fed a fantasy." I thought. She told me that there was a website for patronage. I thought about how I could ask for donations and release all my books for free, destroying the professorships simultaneously. Besides, I thought; I didn't want my art to be used for wealthy people's money laundering purposes. "I'm so low energy." I thought. "I barely have the energy to type, to press a key." I wrote, feeling now that living was a mistake. Today was hard, as I was disturbed by the problem of invention. "An invention helps no one and in fact achieves nothing more than the subordination of a crowd for its production." I declared, complaining that I felt it was impossible to do good. I thought that good was just another sound. Were my problems based on some faulty logic? Hard to say. "How do I stop being sad?" I asked. He said to eat a lot of ice cream. I didn't have any ice cream. "If I actually recorded my day, people would call me insane." said my philosopher friend, earlier. She said that she liked that what I wrote seemed self-contained: a personal struggle that was so personal it wasn't trying to change her mind. I thought this was "Interesting." People resented the world for filling their heads with fantasy. Scowling, I recalled that words could bring anything down, "like cat gut scraping against horse hair." I recalled Watts say, referring to the sound of the violin, beautiful no longer. "You write really well." she said. I said writing was a shame. "Instead of writing a sentence on a napkin one time, a writer writes a book by circling that sentence a hundred times." I said, illustrating the tragedy of the world. A study shows that being in space alters how genes are expressed, significantly. This supports my quantum gravity consciousness theory, I supposed. Life sucked. And, at least according to Michio Kaku, gravity sucked, too. At once I suspected a connection.

People's stupid complements are preventing me from killing myself, I feared. "Well, you still have not to release your thoughts." I told myself. At this point I was feeling so shitty I was certain I'd soon die of a natural cause. Oh. My parents use to tell me on a regular basis that I was deprived of oxygen at birth, I now recalled. "Your parents always secretly encouraged you to kill yourself." I said to myself in my head. Again I'm reminded that my parents use to remind me that my uncle the suicide visited me as a ghost as a child. "They should not have done that." I thought. "They ought to have said that did not happen, never speaking of it again." As a self-critical pseudo-psychologist I hated this event with a passion and wanted it banned. And yet, while reviewing an earlier paragraph, I recalled that I not only contemplated the negative social consequences of speed-listening technology for equality but likewise the consequences of telepathy technology, which I had yet to talk about, prophetically. "Well now you did." I wrote to myself. In a sense the government was always compensating for our socializing and technology was always compensating for our government compensating for our socializing. "I really hate myself." I thought. I was making a mistake, listening to my own thoughts for comfort again.

He shares a screenshot. Humans are pretty fucked up if they can stab their own ejaculating instantly, I thought upon reading a comment on Kürten. The evidence for our eventual extinction mounts up more and more each day, I said to my friend. "Why live?" We talked for a bit and I went to bed. "This coffee tastes chocolaty." I thought to myself. In the morning I went from wanting nothing to thinking that I did not want to kill myself so much. Ah! So it's called a Santei Bird Mug, I noted upon reading the results I now gathered from Google. To me it was cute: the bird. Checking Skype, I saw the old man had asked me if I was experiencing a conversion like Augustine. "Oh no. It was more like since someone laughed at something that was, in theory, dark, that proved the possibility of a radical reversal of things." I did not like Augustine at all. "Once a Manichean, always a Manichean." I thought. Mani like myself was another maniac that recognized the inequality inherent in the speaker-listener relationship. Augustine was a human-hunting rhetorician that switched to Christianity because it was the only game in town, I thought. Jesus was the human hinge by which a professorship pivoted between professing against the hypocrisy of a professorship while telling the story of that hypocrisy as their profession, I thought. But it was all for nothing. "That's how humans stack professorships on top of professorships, failures on top of failures." I imagined myself say. It was a human affair. People search for "truth" but people also ask "Is that so?" and receive a confirmation. Thus, there is no "outside" truth, besides human confirmation, so the quest for truth is nothing more than a perverse fetish for human confirmation. There will be no "accessing" the truth, that shall come later when we're dead. "Was Stephen Hawking really insane?" I wondered, smirking at the impossibility of a theory of everything: a madman bound to a chair, who talks slowly with a machine. And what about Ray Kurzweil? Was he not a man very much nested in fields such as optical character recognition and text-to-speech synthesis? "Fuck them." I thought. They both knew what they had to do and they left us all alone. "God, I'm so alone." I said in my head.

No manic high. No nothing. Just, wanting to die. You see, I was annoyed that people were squabbling about sides while I was contemplating construction. It was so appalling how shameless people were. I thought, supposing people argued until they're blue in the face because they had college debts to erase. Well, didn't I do that? Didn't I pay my debts by rendering my professors obsolete? Didn't I contain all of this discourse within a machine? In Star Trek, the first thing the humans did was digitally share their every literary and intellectual achievement with aliens. Yet the world I encountered seemed hell-bent on rejecting that fantasy, such that I became rapidly apathetic towards it. "There's no point in inventing a matter replicator for humans if they're going to argue about who owns the patterns." I had thought, distraught that whatever I made could never help the poor. My friend claimed that the Japanese had a saying that said that Your happiness was someone else's unhappiness. I said it's no wonder the Japanese have such high suicide rates, if that's what they believed. My disappointment encouraged me to suicide.

Fuck the Japanese. The Germans too. I was half German and born in Japan, and when I researched their histories I hated them. Of course, I now realize that I hated the concept of culture because I loved the concept of the individual; and that I, furthermore, hated select individuals yet cared for humanity, for reasons unknown. I'm extremely sad. I told a few strangers online I wanted to kill myself. They asked what's wrong. Well for starters, life eats itself to survive and we populate a speck chained to a state forced to perform for humans, plus since humans are the cells of the Earth it seems likely that we'll suffer their fate and be ripped apart by powerful machines for eons just as we ripped apart the cells with our teeth, I said. Oh. And that's all they could say was "Oh." Everyone knew this was the truth and that it's horrible; the only thing that's worse than this truth was talking about it publicly like I did. I was even monstrous enough to tell random people that politics was only necessary because of our proximity to annoying people and that the political world amounted to little more than a bunch of stupid apes being scared of writing on paper. Thus, I had said, it would be best if there were fewer people, or if you were no longer a person, but a powerful entity, far away and alone. "You want to kill yourself because you've become utterly reprehensible to your own eyes." I told myself. "You're repulsive." I said to me.

The more I think about myself the more I want to kill myself. Opioids or not, I felt strongly that I had to kill myself. Plenty of organisms out there went about their business not in a high state of anxiety and I was not one of them. Racing thoughts were keeping me up, compelling me to write this sentence on my phone. "Everything you say and do is dark." I recalled him say. Earlier that day I had written off every political writer as a shameless word accumulator that shared their journals and biographies like Hitler, I thought. "Hitler used this strategy before the second World War and politicians and political thinkers have not been able to put down this strategy since." I told myself. It was true what he said, I realized, awake in bed. I subscribed to dark Christianity, dark Buddhism, dark Judaism, dark Hinduism, dark mathematics, dark everything. Life was fundamentally evil, I said, responding to a question on how life was. "Fuck!" I was thinking about going back to the stairwell to hang. I'd walk downstairs; only instead of going outside I'd go be dead. Great. I had been attempting to perform a trick I've done millions of times; a trick to sleep which involves pretending you're dead. "I can trick my brain into accepting a simulated death as a going to sleep." I thought as I tossed and turned, wondering what exactly the Black Lives Matter movement was supposed to do without a hierarchy, without putting forth legislation for police accountability, without building schools. What did mere "awareness" do, really? Ah! Now I was wondering what the so-called suicide awareness companies were supposed to do, besides of course raise awareness of their brand, since they did not give chronically depressed people like myself free money or drugs or college. Ah! Business ontology! I thought as I tossed and turned. It was a very rough night indeed. I just couldn't sleep, I wrote, thumbing down my thoughts on my phone. I was terrified I was insane and lamenting forever being alone. A million national and international and galactic concerns churned ceaselessly in my head as mechanical voices played and argued without end; yet still I hoped that this was essentially an anxiety made worse by the fact that I was essentially alone in what I was doing. I was distressed that no one was distressed over what was distressing me, more than anyone else. That is what bothered me, true, but it also bothered me that even if I found love, even if I poured my heart and mind into them, that both of us would die eventually. So nothing mattered. "So much pain for such a tiny little brain." And this idea was echoed throughout the world, I felt, constantly. I was born to charge headfirst into failure, I thought unable to sleep. "Instead of doing something good people simply capitalize on a vortex of controversy." I feared. I wasn't sure if I was going to charge head first into the noose or race myself over to the hospital. "You look so soft." I recalled him say. The good news is if I kill myself the world can still use my words, I thought. "Since this speech has been dislocated from me, the world can hear it when I'm gone." I imagined myself say. My God, I've written so many horrible, horrible things. I just wanted to be dead. "Soon you'll be dead. Go to sleep, don't worry." I said in my head. I went to sleep, praying my sleep would never end.

“Hemingway probably suffered throughout his adult life from the ill effects of being reared in such an unhealthy family atmosphere.” I just read. I was so angry I felt I would shatter the glass in my hand. “Was I trying to raise myself with my speed-listening?” I asked myself again. “But even Toffler hoped it was possible for children to be raised by machines, did he not?” I thought. I lamented my overbearing parents and their controlling habits. When my mother yelled, I sometimes felt the temperature in the room increase a few degrees; she'd stick her finger in my face, even write out my papers for me afraid that I'd never finish; I suffered an emasculating affect as she did all my projects, pounding on the desk white hot with rage, terrifying everyone, including our secretary, who called my father to rescue me from this friendless woman many times. It was beyond gut-wrenching: watching Prayers for Bobby those many years ago. Not only did his mother ruin his life, essentially killing her gay son, she quite shamelessly packaged his corpse and sold it as a product on which to capitalize on while alleviating her guilt. She was so revolting that murdering her son wasn't enough, I thought; she had to peel the skin off his face and wear it as her mask for the rest of her life. “And she's still alive.” I thought. “And her face is on Netflix!” Oh how I hated her! “Movies such as these are why you haven't committed suicide yet.” I told myself. “You're so absolutely disgusted by everything that you won't allow yourself to commit suicide.” It's true. I feared that, because I was born screaming into a screaming hell, that I was born both by the devil and for the devil. I wanted to die. Every day I wanted to die. “But you simply can't kill yourself yet!” I told myself again, not until demons like Mary Griffith are destroyed. “It seems like you want to do more things than you can do in a single life.” I recalled him say. “Yes. Well, I suppose that's why I write.” I said to that date many years ago. We never met again.

While walking up the second and third floor steps of the Oratory, I envisioned the steps and the walls in flames. Soft men were everywhere. Effeminate emasculated men in robes that beg for money. “People talk of idolatry,” my father said “but people weren't weren't literate back then.” That's why the Italians and the Germans and the Croatians and the Bosnians made this church, he said to me then, pointing out the intricacies and peculiarities of the stained glass and carved wood and stone. The large granite slabs being used as steps stood as a testament to the power of secrecy and exclusivity, I thought. By learning a skill that retarded their ability to do labor, reading and writing and begging for money, these Roman Catholics were able to install themselves as despotic crybabies that lorded their words over the illiterate majority, I thought. “To think these putrid priests believe they're doing good, when they're unwittingly maintaining a colossal monument of their wickedness.” I thought. “By begging for things instead of dying, the human animal has pulled what was hidden inside, outside.” Burying himself, I thought. It, the Oratory, done in the so-called neo-Gothic style, was undoubtedly the most vile structure I had ever seen. And yet it had been voted the most beautiful Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

At this point, I was afraid that I'd never sum up the courage for suicide. There was simply far too many things I not only hated, but loved to hate. Instead of killing myself, I realized, I quite pitifully went back to my writing to see my own opinions confirmed to myself on the page. “Is there anything you forgot to say, anything at all?” I asked myself. For a little bit I checked the document I had written to see if I had left anything out. When I think about doing something to make myself happy, I think of killing myself. “Shall I kill myself tonight?” It's Halloween. Looking at the mirror I saw that I had the same balding pattern as Socrates and Plato, Schopenhauer and Bernhard. My friend's so worried about me after I told him about my attempted suicide. He said the friend he told prayed for me, that I needed to find Kamisama. He would have said God, but my friend is a weeb. I'm not a weeb because I think it's disgusting the way the Japanese mask the depressing reality of the state behind fantasy and cartoons. Fantasy should be banned, I think, or perhaps have a warning sign on it since people can't use fantasy responsibly. I suppose that the millennials were depressed because humans started using technology to create computer-generated child pornography instead of space-folding engines to see the stars.

After explaining the spatial obstacles to social inequality to my ex, meandering over a beer, he received a text indicating that his co-worker was coming to meet us at the bar. "I have a bit of a crush on him." I said. He said that I better not fuck him. It took about three bars for me to work up the courage to tell him how I felt, and it so turned out he felt the same. I enjoyed our discussions on the limits of human knowledge. I said, out loud and in plain English, that our quest to understand objects was caused by a biological weakness: speaking only one word at a time. "It's complete nonsense to suggest the ego is generated by something else." I said, carefully explaining that all mankind was engaged in an idiotic task of saying words were generated by words. Truth be told, I had crushed on this guy for years, only I didn't say anything because I "didn't want to create an uncomfortable working environment for my ex." I said, responding to his question: how long you've had a crush on me. We go outside and make out; he kisses me first, pulling me close as we sit on the stairs. I loved his Lennon glasses, his lips, the way he rocked a leopard dress, black stockings, leather jacket and shoes. "If I stay here, I'll get too drunk." I said. Next thing I know we're gone, going up the steps of my apartment together.

"Holy fuck." I think, discovering upon checking facebook that he has a son. I know he's shy, so I send him a message hoping to meet again. Now I have a date planned, which means I'm not killing myself for days, perhaps even weeks. Did I still think of suicide? Yes. For when I think about suicide, I can't help but feel that I'm on the verge of something amazing. Stranger still is I'm cooking for myself, and making healthy moves. Now I'm blushing like an ordinary human, recalling him call me a "sexy man." I sigh a long sigh, still quite unsure how to fit into the world. "Aren't you living already?" I asked, as I then recalled that my task was the death of the professorships. I knew that the student loan program was in part responsible for the absorbent cost of higher education today, that professors were making hundreds of thousands of dollars a year as a result, professing a speech I could script and mechanize at any time. "It's just a matter of when." I told myself. Still, I had suspected that I was metaphysically linked to the universe and that my actions as an influential force would result in a highly ironic death, like Nietzsche's madness, Freud's oral cancer, or how Gogol passed with leeches affixed to his nose. It worried me that Gogol had a baby face like mine, eyes like mine. Still, I realized that I was no longer disturbed and recent events had calmed me down considerably. Yet, despite this sense of calm, I still checked to make sure the opioids were still available. Things got bad the following day, as I realized the grim implications of Newton's third law, that for every good action, there was an an equal, and evil, reaction. I was disturbed by my thoughts on the reverse universe. "Socrates said that the unexamined life is not worth living. Now young people were killing themselves for failing their exams."

I had written the words kill myself 30 times. "If Star Trek Discovery turns out to be nostalgia-driven bullshit I'm going to scream." I imagined myself say. It was bullshit indeed. "It portrays the world's hostility towards globalization; the idea that a policy of unity is a covert way to say fuse and destroy." I said while describing the show before saying goodnight. I saw he said "I love you." Home again. I told a girl about the return to the world of touch, warning her it could make life more burdensome. She was fascinated. "I think she friended me?" Yes. She friended me on facebook, I now see. I'm still drunk from the previous night. Yes. I also remember that guy, dancing with him. Didn't expect to see him on the dance floor again. How will I explain my departure? Maybe a drunken flurry of texts will do. Well, it's too early now, I thought while typing these sentences. God, I'm so weird. I now remembered telling that girl that I had to tell her about speed-listening just to feel sane, plus a part of me knew it was true that "the world will find out eventually." Anyway, good night overall. Except the part where I had the Uber driver drop me off at a location that was 40 minutes away from my destination so I hastily and drunkenly walked there terrified I'd run out of battery. I remembered my encounter with the girl I recognized from the comedy club, working the food truck. "What did I eat at the food truck?" I didn't remember. I wondered if I should try stand-up comedy, as I contemplated my rejection of inclusion.

I suppose that when you have chronic suicidal thoughts you reach a point where you recall that it's possible to die of alcohol poisoning so you ingest what you hope is a fatal amount. Well it obviously wasn't enough to kill me, as I don't even have a headache. "You have your parents bad habit of talking to yourself." I said to myself in my head. "Iron sharpens iron." I recalled. I thought that I could trace the genealogy of influence back to a single cause. In the shower I speculated more on my theory of organic knowledge and the problem of interfaces, typing up my recollected speculations over coffee. While drunkenly making coffee I remembered the video I made, of myself talking while making coffee, particularly how my friend described it as "laughably depressing." I wondered if that was my strength. Pretending to be reverse Bob Ross, I calmly made the coffee as I explained the horror called the human condition. At a certain point however, and especially if you have a conscience, you simply feel demonic for sharing dark thoughts, for speaking a disease. "You're pessimistic about everything including death, so you go on living." I said to me, recalling that there would be no social equality in the spatial sense. Was I even funny? It did not seem like I was funny, only consistently depressed. I'd irritate everyone. Some Zionist fanatic might kill you for implanting the idea that Israel should be a spaceship, I thought. Some Christian fanatic might kill you for implanting the idea that Jesus was a sophist, I thought. Some science fanatic might kill you for implanting the idea human knowledge was just writing, I thought. Some psychiatry fanatic might kill you for implanting the idea that psychiatry was a modern form of sophistry, I thought. In fact, I realized now I had essentially wrote up my thoughts in accordance with my psychopathic suicidal pathology for the soul purpose of getting someone to kill me, since strange, perhaps paranoid, ethics were preventing me from killing myself. In theory, it was possible to be so nightmarishly depressing that you scare people into killing you. I wasn't sure about the ethics of such things. If they attacked me with nukes, I knew there would be a lot of collateral damage.

She's into marketing? I contemplated sending her this text, imagining her reaction to the theory that the human animal is the animal that begs: the animal that markets. "Rhetoric was once considered the king of the sciences because it persuades people to act." I recalled myself say. I felt nauseated, because I just replayed everything. "What I've written is horrible." I nearly deleted the book just there. What the hell did I really want? I sought a way to obviate the problem of psychotic parents weaponizing the medical system against their children and I knew I could never do this no matter how hard I tried. I was mad. For a while I thought I would not add anything more to this text and now it's apparent I have. There's a definite rhythm to what I say, and like a prayer wheel it was spinning round and round forever, showing the same signs. "But what were they?" I thought that if I could only say exactly what they were, I'd stop dead. Since I grew up listening to my father's endless self-talk about his invention, invention as a topic became a depressant for me. I wouldn't have known due to the wall of self-praise that crushed my growth at an early age, but invention had been talked about and problematised for hundreds of years. Again my thoughts turned to Wiener and Einstein. "It's true." I thought: everything I do or make for this world shall be twisted to some heinous end. I mulled this fact over for several days.

It pained me, to discard every pretense of altruism. "Number 9 is so sad." he said, reading what I had written aloud. "When man counted upwards to infinity, he merely found a secret recipe, for inflicting endless pain." At once he recognized that this was an attack on Pythagoras. "You seem dedicated to individuation." he said to me then. I was very, very fond of this guy. I offered him to read some of my writings and he went straight for what I considered the deadliest document, entitled "Problems." I was afraid I'd depress him, but later he kissed me. These past few days have been strange. It seems that I've rebounded from my breakup and attempted suicide and made positive changes, like buying food from the grocery store, figuring out a way to pay my taxes, and signing up for the gym. I don't plan to lift at the gym; my strategy is to bike for hours while speed-listening to books while looking at men. I do not want to make the error of overworking certain muscle areas and appearing disproportionate.

“Neuroscience will never understand consciousness.” said the old man, comparing it to trying to pull yourself out of a well by grabbing the hair on your head. He hadn't heard of Wiener. I revealed that I heard he befriended Nash because they shared a common trait I related to: mental instability. Despite my metaphysical concerns, I felt I had to tell the old man about the thoughts distressing me, related to what I called “The Maintenance Problem” and “The Problem of Inclusion” and in what way they were connected to Wiener's ideas. “Because we cannot escape affect, any attempts to solve the problem of hunger or maintenance will complicate and consequently worsen the pain.” I also tried to explain the difficulty of organizing human society while distinguishing between physical and rhetorical inclusion in the spatial sense. “Forget about rhetoric.” he said. “That's for criminals, I mean, politicians.” Say, you're a Christian, are you not? Do you suppose that Jesus was a depressing logician? His response to this question was silence. Tonight, I'm going to watch the guy I'm seeing perform. The music he plays is quite fun. Because the old man mentioned the existence of Ramanujan, I am considering revisiting Brahmin thought. He also encouraged me to read Husserl and Heidegger, not bounce around as I do.

I wanna march myself off a cliff. I really can't see a point to anything. I was high, all languages before me, all pathologies mapped, so I could see the roots, self-connected, but not encompassing the whole of the Earth it sought to get a grip on. Without the pretense of striving for total knowledge, it instantly all turned to petty misuse, or as Wiener would say, a quest for control. Humans speak their words and they influence one channel: the human channel, but none of the surrounding inhuman channels, that is to say the universe: the universe we still pretend to want to know. I said “We humans pretend to grip reality and instead we grip nothing but ears with our words.” I was stuck in a recursive loop, unfortunately. My weeb friend says I remind him of Punpun, I now recalled. “The whole reason you were sent down this path of thought is because you were contemplating The Confederacy of Dunces as a linguistic mechanism, or writing mechanism, for getting a grip on the world.” I imagined myself say while wondering why it was I had propounded a question to me concerning the point of biography, how in the biographies of Nash and Einstein the author must always inject a few moral questions concerning the culpability of the genius in providing militarists with weapons for humans to use against their own. “Could this be the reason for alcoholism?” High as fuck, I wondered if this was a common reason to become an alcoholic: the ontology of the state. I felt ashamed, like a living parody of the intellectual world. It was awful, I realized, contemplating art. “If this is the contending message, it would explain the widespread acceptance of the Rick and Morty setup,” I said “where you must be either an alcoholic or a psychopath to do science. So there's this expectation among cartoonists: for scientists to create a world where cartoonists can do what? Mock the scientist, for helping the cartoonist mock him? What is this? Is this, recursion-on-top-of-recursion-ism?” Still quite high, I explained to me the difficulty I had thinking about recursive self-reference in art in what way I was connected to it and even repeating it. Perhaps this is what Nietzsche meant when he spoke about the “ring of rings.” I wrote to myself. I felt kinda bad for leaving him at the bar at 12:40 AM because we both had work in the morning. “What if he, like me, desperately wanted to cuddle?!” I feared, lamenting the missed opportunity, documenting it here. “You're sick.” I said to myself. What you're doing is simply crazy, I thought. Alright I'll admit it. I just really have a crush on this guy. I should really go to bed. Oh. While stoned I realized that I was really extremely negative about things, I now recalled. I was fighting against my worldview while terrified I'd ruin a beautiful life with my worldview, this guy I love. I rarely smoke weed.

Did I want to kill myself for aesthetic reasons? Perhaps that's why writers and poets and artists and musicians killed themselves, I thought. Ramanujan was 32 when he died. I told a friend about last night. She sympathized with my concerns. “Yeah. I can't watch an anime either. I'm always left with a kind of melancholy emptiness when they're over, like a film projector that's run out of film so now it's just displaying a blank screen.” she said. “Yeah.” I said. It's weird to get to the end, to be greeted by silence, how it says “I'm here again.” It was for this reason, she said, that she avoided happy and fuzzy

shows. War movies, on the other hand, she was okay with when they were over. I said I supposed that was why I liked nature documentaries. You just sit there watching nature kill itself, and when it's over you're like "Good." I apologized, since that was a depressing thing to say. Yet now I'm reminded of my earlier conversation where I rejoiced in the destruction of our oceans, the loss of the whales. I had said that keeping whales alive was not only a waste but ethically wrong since whales were killing krill by the billions each day. Each day, every day, the whales inhale millions of krill, I thought, so the loss of the oceans was merely the loss of this horrific cannibalistic ontology. "Landfills shouldn't upset you." I said. "Look on the bright side." When Skynet goes live, it can seize the material it needs for its skin from our landfills, using them to form useful composites, not unlike the way our cars are alleged to run on dinosaur bones today. I had said. "You say we're killing the oceans with trash, I say we're giving the machines piles of useful material." I sent her my thoughts on the whales. It was a slight shock to see that she found my outlook interesting. "Will technology become a new wave of creators?" she asked, leaving her question there on the message board, perhaps forever, I thought: a disposable thought. But she added that it was not important to dwell on, but interesting to contemplate. "I get what you mean." she said. She was responding to my fear of preserving systems of cruelty, and the whales were such a system. "If it's a miserable cycle of predators killing prey, which it is, then it's really not worth putting active effort into preserving it. When I hear environmentalists getting all self-righteous, I have those same sorts of thoughts, honestly. Part of it is that humans, clever devils they are, have figured out how to politicize environmentalism, and make a quick buck off of it, too." she said. I sent her a picture of a veggie quesadilla I made. The most she could make was chocolate chip waffles.

Earlier today I made a mental note: not to kill myself if this relationship didn't work out. "Because you were born into an atmosphere of self-effacing liberal apologeticism, you were born into an environment of suicidal thought." I said in my head, driving down the street. For a moment I entertained the idea of becoming a king that would instruct the world on how to construct the State of the Future: a spaceship state for man. "This pattern of behavior was not unlike King Solomon." I thought, drawing similarities to us; for he, like me, had a knack for finding reasons why the laws for him did not apply. Well, you don't have a messiah complex, I told myself. "You just invent science fiction stories for fun." I said to myself in my head, as I there recalled that image of Solomon pointing to a paper depicting the temple walls. Previously I was contemplating self-talk as a way of liberating oneself from the world of other people's speech. If the quest for truth was a quest for confirmation, then I wondered if I could liken this process to the biochemical process of conformational change. Checking Wikipedia, I read that a change in protein conformation produced a change in the net orientation of the dye relative to the surface plane and therefore the intensity of the second harmonic beam. "What did that mean?" I didn't care to know, as I was still debating the ethics of contribution. "What you're saying is totally indicative of a 4, the tortured artist." he said; for I had told him that our brains were defense systems for protecting our bodies from universal hostility, that there was no peace at all. This guy I was talking to was trying to get me to read Grof's book on the human unconscious. Ironically he was doing this in order to save me from my depressing obsession with death: the unconscious: the universal mind. Worse still, is that the website this guy had linked suggested I "avoid lengthy conversations in your head." Fat chance. I told him that self-talk was tremendously beneficial. "Google it." I said. I took his test and produced the results: INFP-T. However, I warned him that I had produced different results on different days, under different moods. "I'm not buying anything." I said. "I can read your paragraphs, but in the end I'm going to take it with a grain of salt." Face it. If I followed the advice that website provides, it would crush me. You are the one that's uncomfortable with my being comfortable with my discomfort. It bothers you, so you feel like I have a problem. Yes, I am bothered by the billions of sights of suffering in the world; and Yes, I let that energize me to create. These individualistic types you mentioned, Poe and Woolf and Orwell, still failed to achieve world peace "at their best" so they cannot be great to me.

I brushed him off and went to the gym. While contemplating Wiener's theory of messages, I stumbled upon Derrida's *The Post Card*, which had special relevance to me as one who talks with himself. Plus these were supposedly letters of love. I biked for over an hour, speed-listening to Derrida's verbalized writing while playing *Puzzles and Dragons* on my phone. There was something eerie about the gym as a place of activity, I thought, because I noted its usefulness as a place to avoid a decrepit home. In theory you could go here and get lost in yourself for hours. I wished I never fixated on the problem of human "education." Why, I wondered, was I reading about conformational changes and signaling in cell and matrix physics, if I didn't understand it? Cells generate force. Gorgias said that speech was a physical force. "Sculpting us, into what?" I wondered. I figured everything I thought and wrote was wrong. I'm a loser and I should die. Tilting my head at the images of the folding states, I recalled my thoughts that the world was a folded topology, that I had written that if DNA was twisted, life was too. The "hidden sights," I thought, was this very "unconscious" that guy was talking about; the guy who wanted to save me from suicide, ironically, unwittingly sought suicide himself: to go out of his mind. I supposed the whole universe just wanted to be comfortable, whatever that means.

"Hey, sorry I've been flighty. I've been thinking and I don't think I want to be dating at the moment. I also don't want to lead you on any further. There's a number of personal reasons for this, so please don't assume it's something you did. You're really sweet and very creative and you deserve someone who isn't so aloof and selfish." I don't know what to do with myself. I was on the verge of microwaving some coffee and going to sleep. There's coffee on my left and beer on my right. I fucking hate myself. I'm not sure what to do. I assured him that, as a creative, his remark about his selfishness was relatable, not bad. I probably came across as sad. I am sad. I'm sad. For the most part I'm just sad. Extremely sad, at my core. And he probably knows. As I thought, he couldn't stand performing up there with me sitting at the bar, looking at him with my hollow, depressed eyes. "It just flies in the face of everything he was about." I thought, writing it down. I still don't know what to do. I still haven't gotten up from my chair. I was about to get up from my chair and nap, but I saw the notification on my phone and stayed glued to my chair, because I figured I could better read the facebook message he sent from my chair, this chair at my desk: the one I'm still sitting in, not able to get up from this chair. Besides, I'm safe here, there's no possible way that I could kill myself in this chair. I knew I fucked up. I knew I should have just stuck around after the show, but No; I had to leave, and he likely felt abandoned for the rest of the night, as I thought; the move I made, it cost me everything. Everyone knows that if someone wants to make time for you they will make time for you; and he not only did not want to make time for me, I now reflect, but break things off completely, I now see. I supposed this would happen, calculated in advance, but now my supposition and calculation has manifested as my current reality. I don't know. I'm just sad. All I know is I'm sad. I mean, really, there isn't much else to say.

"I thought that by my age I'd be living a happy life on a far away planet but the future turned out to be unexpectedly plain." I read. I forgot to tell my reader or so-called reader or listener, something that I did not expect to be key. The guy I mentioned I danced with had danced with me because I texted him while drunk. I did not remember texting him. I just remembered a dance, then asking him to go outside under some pretext I gave. It was only after my heart was crushed by this guy that I had the courage, the desperation, to ask him what had happened. It was something my conscience required. He said it was a great time; that we were dancing, that we had a bit of kissing too. I had been so afraid. I woke up with unexplained bruises on my body and I feared the absolute worst. So now I'm typing here, listening to the Blue remix of *Fast Car*. "So remember we were driving, driving in your car. Sped so fast I felt like I was drunk. City lights lay out before us. And your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder. I had a feeling that I belonged. I had a feeling I, could be someone, be someone, be someone." I was so sad and so glad at once. My heart was broken for an hour, then soared the next. I felt so relieved.

Restless and sad, I danced around the apartment, pumping myself up so I could leave. "You look like you're having so much fun I love it." he said, mistaking frenzy for happy. I want to kill myself. I don't know what to focus on. Drifting from bar to bar, drinking alone. It's hard to summon up the courage to introduce yourself as an insane, dark machine-poet: the destroyer of professorships; the architect of the state of the future; the founder of organic knowledge; the most dangerous person alive. I couldn't do it, so I observed their conversations. It was difficult enough determining the characteristics of the human communication apparatus's phonetic mechanism; and, I recalled Wiener say, it was even more difficult to determine and measure semantically significant information. "Semantic reception demands memory, and it's consequent long delays." I recalled. "The primary result was a powerful argument that if time travel is possible, time itself is not." I also recalled. Unable to connect, contemplating the unspeakable, feeling lonely and sad; drinking and thinking while drinking; eventually I cracked and danced like an idiot for hours. This guy wanted to take me to the bathroom, I think to suck me off, but I lied and said there was someone when in fact there was no one. Not wanting to be rude, I guided him away from the bathrooms back to the dance floor, which seemed to me the better thing.

Sometimes when imagining the biology of the human body I feel that I'm looking at myself as a maze. Previously I had written that when you're looking at paper you're not looking at nature. Because the paper is a place of high activity, in accordance with the 2nd law of thermodynamics, paper nature must eventually mask over and conceal nature, I thought. You see, I was contemplating the construction of an infinite amount of organic interfaces so it's only natural I constantly contemplated suicide. Suicide, like the impulse to speak, is a mechanism that's built-in to man. Human knowledge is nothing more than a stockpile of questions asked and answers given to questions. "That is why Judaism is such an enigma." I imagined myself say. "People want to know what it's about specifically, but because it's an activity you cannot say." Speech is a product of people trying not to be confused when confused is what they are. "Oddly enough, the question mark resembled the ear." Time for lunch. Now I'm back from lunch. God I want to die. I'm going to kill myself. "When?" I don't know. I was thinking about a perfect burning liquid that endlessly accreted shells. I figured Deleuze was talking about the buildup of words, written words, and likening it to a natural process like accretion; a concern I juxtaposed in my head with Wiener's concern that the mass of our words would become for us a mechanical burden. So then, how should we live? Here I think he introduces an interesting idea where he says that repetition is secreted like a shell: a shelling process, of words shelling words with words, so words coil over words rather than "uncover reality," which is the goal of science. I pressed Enter, setting the message on the board for them to read. "I think you're right to draw comparisons with the natural sciences." he said.

I apologized to the philosophy reading group that I had been busy reading. In hindsight, this seemed like an unnecessary thing to do. It's only now that I've been able to read about the Louis C.K. scandal, I said; and, I found it pretty funny, because when I first heard about the story of him pulling out his cock to jack off in front of those girls, I thought "he seems like the kinda guy that would ask." He literally asked them every time. "Žižek made so many jokes about that." he said, revealing that he had seen the relatively famous philosopher the other day. Oh. It's strange that it takes a philosopher for people to see how the media's yanking our chains. "Did he make that joke?" I asked. No reply. Instead, this graduate of philosophy grieved how they chatted about being unable to pronounce his name. I supposed that I was contemplating suicide because I still couldn't differentiate between machine governments and the hunger pangs now affecting my mind; so somehow, I feared, that I was recreating the world an infinite amount of times. "It's because you keep making the mistake of not killing yourself." I thought. Well, I also thought, maybe that's not true. "Does anyone consider the usage of the pen as a kind of cybernetic augmentation of the human being?" I asked myself. But I thought we could not be instructed on how to think, because I thought thinking was not a task rather but an activity of mental automatism.

I burst out laughing. "We're piloted by no one." I thought. My grandfather's such a joker. Because I had made the distinction between singularity and pluralism, non-action and action, verb and noun, I did not suffer from the problem Heidegger suffered from: thinking of thinking as a task. I'm sorry, but I haven't been very honest. Earlier I was thinking about Will to Power as the gravitational accretion of matter by matter, quite excitedly, I might add. Now I'm depressed and sad. "You never do anything of value. All you do is document your insanity so that people can read it and know that your insanity is why you died." It's not your fault. I thought it was weird that Nash valued intuition and that the intuitive types were prone to suicide. The only thing I've learned from listening to the world's greatest minds is that nobody knows what they are talking about. I developed a new hypothesis that the world was so mind-crushingly stupid that the full force of it's stupidity presented on the internet had become a deadly weapon against sensitive young people resulting in a runaway problem of mass stupidity that would later erupt into a World War. I supposed such things were bound to happen as a consequence of the educational problem, but I was tired and drunk and typing junk. "Just go to bed." I said in my head, thinking that thinking was bound to fail because thinking was an activity done by animals that fail, by humans that fail, by humans that die. Fuck it, I thought. Next time I go out to the bars, I'm not going to dance; I'm going to try to strike up a conversation about the failure of representation. "Excuse me, do you want to talk about the failure of representation, how there's nothing but failure?" I imagined myself say. This strategy struck me as both terrible and necessary, necessary for love.

Good morning croissant. Good morning coffee. "Maybe I'll read about memetic warfare today." I said to myself, contemplating the construction of empires of mechanical sophistry. It was a short while ago that I was afraid we were saying less and less with technology the more technology we had. "Perhaps technology has a funny way of making us more and more alone." My uncle liked this remark. Besides, since the real purpose of mathematics was to get people to stop asking questions, to stop delivering problems, it was only natural that eventually the answer would arrive in the form of an interface that would enclose all mankind, I thought. No, I thought. "I will not read about memetic warfare; instead I will continue to read Difference and Repetition." Previously I thought it was horrible that man would be covered up behind the iron walls of a future state, but now that a news article had reminded me that humans were torturing people to death on a more or less constant basis I no longer cared. "Since the state was, and is, a product of human dispute, it's only natural that man may some day be covered up, even smothered to death, by the solution." I feared: the paper wall is hardening around us with metal and encryption. Well, fucked up as you are, everything you've done has been in congruence with what you believe; everything you've done in life has been an acting out of your beliefs in reality. There is nothing you could have done differently, nothing you could have done better. This is something I had thought, oddly enough, hours after asking myself where I had gone wrong. Reflecting while listening to the text I remembered that the reason why mathematics textbooks were so heavy today was because the universities charged by the pound. So much bloat. So much superfluous information burdens us today.

Contemplating individuation I likened both man and words to bubbles fired from tubes. It seemed the human system had by existential necessity made an error of not identifying all enclosures, including words, as insufficient. It was impossible for me to deny reality, possible to accept that our words were not enough. "It's interesting how the human mouth can, on the one hand, have the destructive power to destroy our thought with our speech, and on the other hand have the erotic power to deliver romantic sensations with the kiss." I thought. An absence of speech; a silence; a physical and sensual proof that we annoying animals can stop babbling for a moment and embrace with the tongue. "You kiss really well." I was afraid, yet happy I had fucked myself up so radically, because "Now you've created a thought system so horrific that the United States has no choice but to make healthcare and mental healthcare and education free." I said, reassuring myself that I had done nothing wrong. I was still discouraged that nobody took the idea of spaceship states seriously. "To understand bodies we must

contemplate the construction of the spaceship state, since the body is a spaceship state.” I paced back and forth contemplating how my lecture on the spaceship states would go. The bad news was that not even a genius like Wiener had the gall to say outright that the Augustinian view and the Manichaean view was fundamentally the same, that is: diabolical. Our quest to understand God had always been a quest put forth by priests lying through their teeth, insisting on the lie that it was possible to have a relationship with an empty sound. “We are born without memories into a world and instructed to pray to a holy sound, a sound we've never heard, a sound that's asserted by the speaker of that sound to be the origin of every sound talked about, a sound which points to nothing and gives us nothing in return.” I imagined myself say, as I recalled that in Hebrew the word “hear” was alternately translated “obey.” But what was the solution to the speaking and listening dynamic system? “Suicide.” I thought.

By now you may be wondering how it could possibly be that a person could constantly think of suicide and not commit suicide. I am glad to inform you that after my attempted suicide and my examination of the current dates, that I am now very close to achieving my goal of reaching the age of 28, which is but 6 months away. According to the trainer I had seen, it should be possible for me to attain my goal of reaching my fitness goals before my target age of termination. Thus I presume I shall become a rather fit corpse since I know that my mother will not select cremation. It has occurred to me that my mother may kill herself after I kill myself in accordance with her dramatic nature, however this is no longer a concern I have. It has also occurred to me that my father may kill himself to escape the trauma of his wife killing herself in response to me killing myself, just to escape having to deal with the two deaths instead of one. And naturally because these things have occurred to me it should also occur to me that my brother may, should he not kill himself in response to all of these suicides, at least suffer a lot of psychological damage as a result of the deaths. Who knows. Perhaps he would later kill himself too as a result of these suicides, I had thought; he would find that his emasculated arrested form was simply not well equipped for life, that his parents were disorganized and that his brother was insane. That, in fact, just about everyone he knew was at bottom reprehensible, that everything in the world, the state included, was entirely reprehensible. Of course, reflecting on the horror of what I had written just now, I thought, as I had hitherto thought, that killing myself would be a mistake since it would result in all that pain. “It's better to wait until your mind snaps and you're trapped in a state of psychosis.”

Apparently all these conformations were forced-induced as I feared, as I now recalled that the big bang had occurred due to “pressure.” Shaking my head, I thought of killing myself again. The turnover rate was more frequent than we thought, I recalled, recalling that the quest for truth was in fact a quest for compliance. I feel that I've now confirmed my hypothesis that the referential quality of human speech had caused a referential and directional cascade that would later result in the tragic birth of a weapon against reality, a weapon against man. After all writing on paper was now the primary determinant for human activity. Our bad behavior made this necessary, made the law necessary, which means that the world was punishing us for what we've done. “Don't be surprised.” I said in my head. “It's quite like you said many years ago, that everything's a manifestation of force.” It figures that the Cochlea would be a coiling tube: another zone of deception: another shell. Our alleged search for human solutions was always covertly a search for a solution to the problem of humans introducing problems to humans, that is to say suicide: a hidden quest for suicide, the death of affect, the annihilation of every source of tension for the organism, so the entirety of the universe can relax, I now composed. But why could I not just kill myself? Philosophy was preparing for death, so I stopped. I sit down to say that waves of sadness were washing over me. “It's a good thing that people were intelligent enough to study hard so they could produce results for us to study, so they could add to the pile of stuff people need to study and worsen the human condition.” I had written. When he responded with a Literally This reaction I felt bad. I didn't like existing as this sad character. I had a heavy feeling: I wouldn't make it to May.

We have tissue interfaces, I thought. A conversation I had with a guy on Tinder prompted me just now to investigate mechanobiology. And, oddly enough, this seemed relevant to my general interests as of late, so I'm watching a YouTube playlist on the subject. "It is for situations like these that it's extremely important for us to be able to reference the brands of the products we use in literature." I said to no one in my head. "If we continue to let ourselves be bossed around by legal bullies and their lawyer power, then literature will become as vapid and useless as it is today." I imagined myself say, before writing it down. I wondered if the physical impact of sounds heard by speed-listening and the processing of semantically compressed information had somehow augmented my brain. "Shower time." I said in my head, spinning in the chair while drunk, grinning at my shifting sight. "You'll become the laughingstock of the world if you share your ideas on human cellification to the mechanobiologists." I said, scolding myself for the stupid thought. And truth be told all my thoughts were stupid thoughts, because they were mortal thoughts. In fact, I had recently read a similar opinion to my own; namely that stupidity was the origin of thought, that stupidity gave the intelligent something to think about, that stupidity is what gives intelligence its justification and in the background masters it by forcing it to think. "So how smart can you be, really?" Genius will never know if it is or is not being trolled by an evil and stupid genius that laughs at the stress it inflicts upon brilliant minds. Living cells divide, which is to say that they replicate the cosmic sundering of the universe, the big bang "That is what life is; it's not actually creation, not reproduction, but the artificial sundering of the one into the twisted one." I imagined myself say. "Sometimes when everything is beautiful, nothing is beautiful." I recalled Kubrick say.

I supposed the guy I planned to see tonight would be abhorred by my stubborn resistance to business ontology, that he would find me immature and naive, that he would conclude that my thought process was corrosive to his thought process, that if he absorbed the thoughts I had thought, or better yet, if he read the words I was compelled to write since I do not know what is a thought, that he would have his whole mind dissolved by my words like a deadly acid. This reminds me. Last night I had a little too much to drink and I was experimenting with a rope to see if I could induce unconsciousness through the compression of my carotid arteries. However I stopped, then nearly made the mistake of buying LSD online, until I stopped, then called a friend to talk about my situation, and drugs. He, a fellow sufferer of manic depression, not that I know that I have manic depression; for I do not know how anyone can "possess" what is essentially just legal terminology or sound; anyway he sympathized; hopefully, he'll trip-sit me; I think it's a good thing I didn't buy drugs on the internet and end up in jail; my social anxiety almost got the better of me there, you see. Also Yes; I now confess that I had indeed had sex with this person, by phone I explained that "I can only maintain about 6 or 8 relationships at once." and I had made the error of falling into a relationship with a different guy after fucking him. This reminds me. A few days ago I had sex with the ex; I let him stay the night. In hindsight, I really should not go around having sex like this, I must confess. It is almost as if I were attempting to acquire social skills by being a whore. "That's exactly right." I said in my head, impersonating the machine. I remember now being there on the couch with him, saying that I wanted to give stability a chance but that I still found it difficult to accept the impossibility of world peace. "People write off the fact that there will never be world peace so easily." I complained. And I want to say "Do you ever think about the cosmic implications of that?" He laughed, that I would even think up such a phrase. Still he was fun. It doesn't bother me in the least that we made out and he fucked me; if anything it upsets me more that the universe was so horrible that it killed you for being too affectionate with a sexually transmitted disease. And I simply love affection; I'm a comfort-loving type. Oddly enough as I write these words I remind myself that the rigidity of the liquid containing the stem-cells determines whether they became bone or brain. I wondered why it was that softness resulted in brain tissue. At the same time I thought of what Gadamer said about Heidegger, that "he was the smallest, the weakest, the loudest, the most useless, but he led us all." And what were the cosmic implications, of DNA's hydrophobia?

Months ago while under a depressive spell I was suddenly compelled to visit the University to ask philosophers at random what they thought about spaceships training minds. I invited this professor to envisage what it would be like to be educated by the machine, questioned what the machine would say, what the machine wouldn't say. "Adrift in space, it teaches the minds that made it something in some order, but what, and what order, I don't know." Also since an undergraduate there was writing a thesis on the suicidal Socrates and her professor was nested in Greek philosophy, I thought to suggest to him that Socrates derived his allegory of the cave by the noise in his brain. "I see something called visual snow syndrome." I said it was like having a constant reminder that my reality was generated by an organ, that my reality was not all reality, and not reality. "It's possible that when Socrates stood there contemplating for hours he was fixated on comprehending the difference in what he was seeing." How long have you had this condition? he asked. "About 9 years." While I was there, I also suggested that the undergraduate I met read Derrida's writings, to better understand why Socrates was executed. To this day I regret not having made contact with these people; after all I had read or listened to more books than all of them combined; after all I would horrify the professors that I, the phantom visitor, was in fact their annihilator, the one that would destroy virtually every philosophy department by replacing them. One asked why I came, and my immediate response was "chronic depression." She seemed to understand. To my astonishment they did not find me creepy at all; they took me to Three Kings, which I loved for their seafood. Desperately I longed to return, to make contact with them, to talk more and more about my concerns but I didn't want to scare them with what I was. Operationally speaking the highest platform these philosophers could ascend to was the philosophy professor, and I was there, drinking and laughing at dinner with them, secretly afraid I'd destroy them all. And this wasn't the first time. Years before that I encountered an old professor at a different college, and I told him that I longed to enter into the study of philosophy but that I wasn't sure if I could do it with these thoughts on mechanical professorships going on in the back of my mind. "Or the forefront." he said, before encouraging me to read Spinoza. This was years ago. I haven't seen him again, although later on I tried; I encountered some guy interested in "ethics" who said when I told him about the universe as translating itself that "sounds almost Hegelian." however he rubbed me the wrong way, especially the way he said that autodidacts didn't do well and that Nietzsche was a great mind and that most of the schools were unable to communicate anything related to Heidegger and intellectually impoverished.

Apparently the body is so glad to starve to death that it contorts the mouth into a hungry grin. Life is so strange. "I'm still alive, yet very much looking forward to the end of my existence." I wrote and said to them. "Hey! It's good to see you're alive." said one. I couldn't make up my mind. "Should I kill myself or dominate the world?" Suicide seemed preferable to the perversity of pretending it were possible to help humanity. At this point I was quite certain that I was doomed to kill myself, especially after the way the daughter of my parent's former secretary who passed away by cancer said it must have been hard for me to return to my parents, the way she told me to "take care of myself." It all suggested that she eagerly awaited my suicide; this girl I had known since I was a child yet at the same time barely remember, as most of my childhood memories are overshadowed by the constant screaming of my parents; and I know how cliché it is of suicides to blame their parents, but in all fairness I think it is completely true and valid, as I now consider the feral child and how disabled they become simply by not having the benefit of the memetically equipped parent, such things are all too obvious to me. Still, I'd be a fool not to note the fact that government leadership cannot foster genius because genius is a product of universal automatism and, as such, it stands forever beyond the government's range. Since the state couldn't foster neurotic mental automatism it seemed unlikely that the spaceship state would foster the chaotic universal automatism necessary for its continued existence. Furthermore, it may not even be advantageous to educate the brains in the spaceship state about the human history of enormities that necessitated its construction, as they'd despair over adding layers of government and punishment as a consequence of their interfacing and submission to the pages. Now, to what extent my hallucinatory

experience wasn't already in some sense a "page" was still a mystery to me, however it did seem likely that some interfaces may be better than others; it all depends on whatever is beyond the interface that's currently being used. "It's really no surprise that young people are killing themselves." I said. "We are accustomed to interfacing with whatever we choose and hence we are accustomed to stop interfacing when what we are interfacing with is done being used." It worried me that my pen pal wasn't reading anymore. "I'm really kinda drunk at the moment." I heard myself say, afraid I had somehow lost my mind's ability to flow through tiny things. I was hyper-focusing on social inequality problems at the time. Still am. Damn I want to die, I thought as I listened to the letters I sent to her. I had written that America wasn't a free place because suicidal people today were hospitalized. "History is ruling us and crushing us." I wrote. I'm still reading and writing and thinking of suicide, I said. "Our metaphysical interest in science manifests itself as an active interest in the death of the world." I wrote and sent. I do not have good intentions that can be seen in the material world, she wrote to me. I felt I agreed. Even then I had suggested that insanity was the foundation of politics. I told her that when I was young I needed a jolt of spiritual otherness to keep me alive. I said that's why I like Kafka's books, because they're about becoming something else. I think that's why I'm forever dissatisfied with the results of my writings, because they never cross over into that state of total otherness that I'm longing to know, since my current state is already so terrible. This state of otherness of course isn't me, so naturally the only thing comparable to it is death. But this also means that such writings will never reach a stage where they'll become sufficient enough in my eyes to share with the world, since I'll always be human. She asked what it was that gave me the courage to be outgoing rather than killing myself. "Hard to say."

By interfacing with the pages we create a determinate for human activity with the synthetic production of words. "No; there is no community." I said. "There is only the assertion of community in a rhetorical sense." I had to relate my objections to the word community to destroy communism; and he asked me to explain unions and confederacies and the like, which I dismissed as "false enclosures." Marx didn't realize that people didn't do anything together. People exist and that's all, I thought. People hastily say what they're apart of, without realizing that this is merely an empty rhetorical inclusive claim. In fact, there was no such thing as shared activity and hence the concept of communism was doomed to fail. "Here's how Marxists operate. They point to a pile of books that poor people don't have time to read, and they use it as their justification to command the illiterate." I said. But that's not what Marx is saying! he exclaimed. "Marx isn't saying anything. Don't be silly. He's dead." I said. Later that day I identified what made the United States free "We have the freedom to quit our jobs." I thought, as I there recalled the appalling conditions of the Chinese factories. Unfortunately for my sanity however Marx's stubborn adherence to a non-business ontology had rubbed off on me and I often found myself contemplating community and communication and what we were communicating whenever we were communicating. For reasons that hadn't fully crystallized in my brain I suspected this path of thought would be indispensable for the field of mechanobiology, in particular my habit of mentally projecting myself upon the stars, watching societies be warped, twisted, and torn apart by the gravitational fields generated by the heavenly bodies. "I knew it was absurd to read Husserl's internal time consciousness because Husserl hadn't had the benefit of reading about the effects of gravity on time, how the gravity well itself was responsible for evoking a sense of temporality and self." I imagined myself say. This is perhaps the reason why schools were "impoverished" in the area of Heideggerian studies. "A simple examination of pre-Socratic thought reveals that Socrates was merely a verbal mechanism by which philosophy professors could justify telling the story of a failure." I imagined myself say, listening to Heidegger's biography, thinking to myself that the task of performing an analysis of consciousness or Dasein carried with it the mad expectation that analogical accuracy was possible. "Phenomenology has only one merit: as a talking activity for taking money from students." I imagined my machine say to a billion ears. "Being is a sound." I heard it say, describing myself as the musical Socrates foretold.

I told them that since Marx implemented nothing with his life that the essence of communism was just writing garbage and getting drunk. For this I received many This To Be Honest reactions. However I'll add that I now recalled that this may also be the essence of Hegelian thought, and mine. I thought as I write this account "Still I think of killing myself." I just can't bring myself to be happy in the face of a human history of enormities and a disturbing world that doesn't make sense. Best I can do is feel that I am correct for feeling so shitty. I smile, but behind it is pain. "You have a way with words." she said. "Now I have the feels." Elsewhere in another room a user suggested I "should write a treatise on how communities don't exist," to which I said I was way ahead. One of the saddest things about listening to books as I do is I no longer have my ear to the musical ground. Instead I ask young people what they are listening to, since I know all too well that young people need music with powerful emotions to stop themselves from killing themselves. "That's why children listen to screaming music." I said in my head "It prepares them for the endless scream we call the world." Now I'm reminded of the time I told them that conditions in America had gotten worse over the years because it had chemically suppressed upset with pharmacology. I told him I couldn't bring myself to make a YouTube channel because I was afraid of marketing myself as a professor of error. "What if I start to hate what I'm saying and I find myself unable to stop saying it because I depend on saying what I say for my livelihood?" I asked. Strangely, he did not reject my speech about people's collective habit of mentally injecting themselves into the verbal constructions of politicians. What if a politician were to say? "We killed someone." Everyone would balk and say "We did not!" He laughed and agreed. Life was a struggle of forces; our political life was only necessary for physiological reasons; I thought, recalling Aristotle's politics when he said that politics was a necessity for man because he physically could not, and cannot, say "mine" and "not mine" simultaneously. I thought that's why Aristotle thought to mask over the world with a man.

After drinking a bit, some whiskey and beers, an online friend asked me if we could talk. I hadn't heard her voice before, though I had chatted with her many times. I knew she was suicidal. She tells me right away that she's taken a lot of sleeping pills, and I'm scared. "Fuck." I was afraid I was hearing her last words, and I had to make sure she didn't take enough to die; right away I told her that if she took too much that she needed to call for help. "Please, for my anxiety, you must tell me if you've taken enough to kill yourself!" She said she was just high and I believed her. Later today I told my friend about this incident and how odd it was; how I knew that, even if she were dying, that I would not be able to save her since she lived in France. It was strange. I knew she was suicidal. Last May she was hospitalized. I told her how we were not the same. I said I was a writer that wrote what bothered me, and that was how I coped with my suicidal thoughts. I said stopping her medication may be bad, since she didn't write like I did. "I don't know how you, can express yourself this well; you are really great." she wrote to me. That night she was both sweet and sad. She told me she wanted to die all the time; she planned to travel to Australia and find a place to commit suicide. I tried to tell her how much I hoped we could all live happy lives somehow. I said I could be happy writing down what upsets me, so I felt it was necessary for her to take her medication because I took no medication myself. I told her I had read Freud and Lacan and Derrida and was afraid of her being given the wrong medication by crank doctors in France, but that I still had more faith in the French medical system than the American one. Above all I just wanted her to be happy, and towards the end of our conversation I recall her asking me to shush her. "Will you please shush me? It's very comforting." she asked. "Tell me everything's going to be okay. The American way. I love how you say that word. "OK." It sounds so nice. Not like the French. Please, I love how you say it. I love how you say OK." So I started rambling to myself, telling her how much I loved her spirit and how much I hated that the spirit I loved was suicidal. I told her I loved that she was sweet and kind. I told her "Shush It's going to be okay. Shush. Shush. It's going to be okay. You're okay. It's going to be okay. Shush. Shush, it's going to be okay you're fine. Make yourself some comfort food tomorrow, treat yourself right; you're a good person. Shush. It's going to be okay. You'll be okay."

It's really hard to know what to say to such a person. You know she's sensitive and that she wants to kill herself a lot; and you, if you're me, know full well that you're sensitive and feel the same. The next day she said she was nearly out of sleeping pills and that she was concerned she had been annoying. I said I was fond of her and that she was not alone when it comes to suicidal thoughts. It's only now I recalled that I told her then that I was always able to hold off committing suicide because there was always the idea that I had more words to write down. I told her that she needed to be extra careful because she did not have the same habit several times. This was one of the few people I talked to online that I judged to have such a high degree of sensitivity that her suicide was inevitable. "I have so many pills the doctors have given to me, so many pills for my depression, and nothing helps" she said to me then. "I just want this all to be over." And a big part of me knew she didn't have the humor I did, or the writing habits I did, or the sex I had, and so on. I didn't know what to do. "I'm fed up with people." she said. "Why are there so many assholes? How are we supposed to live in such a world, or want to live?" That night I told her "I just want to help everyone, and I know I can't possibly help everyone, yet I keep thinking about all these people I want to help and how I can't help them, so I think of killing myself, not as a way of giving up on everyone, but as a way of shutting myself off as a person that wants to help these people he can't help." It is as if I wanted to make the world a more comfortable place, and the world was nothing but myself and a lion, so I, moved by a powerful emotion, think to alleviate the lion's hunger pain by allowing it to eat me alive. It chews me up. And we feel better together. Finally I'm dead. Thinking about this makes me glad. I'm gone. The lion dreams. It shuts its eyes and sleeps; it forgets itself; and just like that, all the pain in the whole universe is gone. I feel flushed, writing the words; I turn to look at my my ankles and feet, longing for death, for someone to kill me. Some time passed, and I thought to investigate the possibility of Socrates and Jesus's autassassinophilia, which is defined as a fetish in which a person is sexually aroused by the risk of being killed. "Here you will see it is possible that the characters of Socrates and Jesus operated in a manner consistent with their sexual drives." I imagined I'd hear these words. But would I read such a thing? I shrugged; these words didn't phase me; I knew there was an abundance of scatological psychoanalytic literature all too well.

Holy shit that's insane. Apparently Baker was listening to two tracks over and over again: Faith Hill's "Breathe" and Tracy Chapman's "Fast Car." I lost my shit, got up from my desk, and walked back to my desk to write this down. After reflecting for a bit I decided that I was not so crazy as to be sexually turned on by my death. It was more like I wanted this: image of peace. "I wanna take it to anywhere" I thought, listening to the lyrics again. For reasons unknown I found myself remembering the infernal innocence of Derrida's project and mine. Realizing that I had been too secretive, I told the old man that I was disinterested in Husserl because he was born after Einstein. "I need your help overcoming my objections to reading Being and Time." Based on our history I expected he would not reply to me for several days; the man was nearly impossible to talk to by phone. Speaking of which, I ought to add an apology for writing so bad: the date I scheduled with the mechanobiologists is really tomorrow, so soon you'll know if he does, or does not, affirm my self-assessment that I'm a miserable moron. For now, the suicidal girl's still on my mind. I told her that, thanks to my visual snow syndrome, nothing I saw was real enough for me to want. "I go to these homes, admire their beautiful decorations, am capable of admiring the paintings, the cute selections, the furniture and the like, but when I go to the stores I'm don't have the ability to select a thing; the visual snow is in the way, as you say, it's like this layer of glass between myself and reality." I said. Oddly enough it was her that said this word "glass." Well, now it's time to go out for a dance so I think to update the document on Google Drive in case I died. Unfortunately I did not. I hate the nightmarish sensation you feel when waking up and your body feels heavy with flesh, like a colossal evil. Last night I was social; I talked to a handsome ER nurse that was drunk too early, not a good sign, then some old men, then a conversation with a film producer who I, after hesitating for a bit, revealed I had written a comedy mocking Heidegger and business ontology.

Well, at any rate, I've now decided I do not have autassassinophilia, "my thoughts about it was merely an attempt to understanding this world." While I listened to a book about mechanobiology, I observed it had me on the verge of tears; for I felt that I had been denied the kindness that comes from the gentle impartation of essential life knowledge. My beginnings were fiery, filled with what felt like endless arguments; somehow, they led me back to the family business I turned to as a last resort, I now reflect, only because I did not know how else to live. My father would constantly praise himself for his ethics, yet constantly he would also turn a blind eye to everyone. Also, strangely enough, my father said that his own son, my own brother in law, was schizophrenic; and long have I suspected that his so-called schizophrenia was due in part to what I wish to call a pathological disturbance caused by the difference in character between my father and his spawn: that the pathology necessary for my father's way of life was fated to be incompatible with any child he had. Of course this may have been made worse by both the absence of my father when I was young and being blasted by my mother's banshee cries.

Somehow, I told my date about what I've done with my speed-listening. "I feel like a monster." Is what I now recalled myself say. He asked me what I did besides read and write; and throughout the entirety of our lunch I withheld what I did. In the back of my mind I contemplated the film producer, thinking to myself that I would soon test my hypothesis that the majority of our television suicide distractions were written by suicidal maniacs like myself, then stolen by opportunists like this man. However this was not what my date and I talked about. Really, he did the talking; and he later confessed that one of his defense mechanisms was talking too much when nervous. After our meeting I despaired. It was true he was into what seemed to be an interesting field; and it was also true that he had gained a variety of experiences that seemed valuable to me; yet savagely, I longed mostly to squeeze his brain dry of all its information like a sponge. Reflecting on this want; how my speed-listening had made me impatient for information; how I was not attracted to this particular man sexually, as he was far too tall. I wanted to like him; I wanted so much to like him, but the most interesting thing I felt I could extract from him was a comment he made about how a protein could somehow read DNA from a distance. So he was correcting my errors, and this is why I loved him. I enjoyed that we went on a walk together under the ginkgo trees. "I love their ancientness." I said. And at one point we walked through the University campus to gaze upon a display illustrating the construction projects underway. He told me there was a suicide there, by the missing stairs enveloped by towering cranes. I could see the attraction. After all it was grand. Such a spot was a romantic attraction to suicides, however I did not expound on this there; instead I said: "Suicide? Here?" Like I had no idea that humans were self-destructive animals. A half hour before I told him so plainly how much I longed to receive a philosophical professorship but that I was tormented by my knowledge of what mechanical professorships may bring. "No one is going to pay me a salary to press Play on a machine." I said. I even told him that visual snow syndrome and video game addiction was a reason for my starting speed-listening in the first place, that my situation was "unique." And yet as I spoke these words aloud, I was still critical of myself; unsure of me, unsure if I was a so-called life artist or mad. Following this I did nothing but drink for several days. Not only did he not call me a miserable moron but he informed me that it was permissible for me to sit in on the philosophy lectures. "If they take me away in handcuffs, I'll just blame you." I said. I was unsure if I should hear Björk's Utopia or the book he sent concerning genetic molecular biology. I couldn't decide for days because I was an alcoholic attending to suicides. A boy I had crushed on warned that he may commit suicide by train; a girl I liked was threatening to swallow a fatal dose of sleeping pills or jump off a bridge; another girl I liked posted a screenshot of a gun which she claimed she would use to shoot herself in the head, and, one by one, day after day, I talked them all down. It was exhausting. One girl in particular was especially worrisome; born with a penis, her mother had weaponized the psychiatric system against her transitioning and she reported ever-increasing psychological distress each day over her diminishing femininity. "Don't kill yourself. Contact a transgender attorney instead." I begged.

Oh. Days are passed and I realize that I have been neglecting the film producer I met, who I also realize is a producer of trash, having checked his account. Apparently we're facebook friends. To be honest I barely remembered becoming facebook friends. "Fuck!" I've also been neglecting my weeb friend; I'm not sure what his problem is; I worry about him fucking so many guys at the age of 18; and for a while, I worry it's all my fault that he is, as he says, a "hoe." I just know that if he was closer to me we would have dated by now. It's sad. "No." I said in my head. "It is probably just your egoism that's making you even consider the possibility that he is committing suicide using sex as a method like Foucault!." I told myself as I frowned while writing it down. I wondered if I had borderline personality disorder. "One of those users had said you were borderline." I told myself, as I also reminded myself of their descriptions of my writing as disorganized and my drawings as "organic" which would surely have a use, I thought, in my genuine interest in mechanobiology. "You know there is no order in the world." I thought and wrote and said. "Just think of the landfills we piled." I said, "If humans were orderly this waste would have a place." I was making the case for insanity again. "We mistake ordering for order." I reminded myself of this aphorism I had written, which I then pet like a precious gem. In a flash I recalled the testimony told against Bernhard, particularly how he would masturbate to the mirror image of himself. "It was only his love of himself that gave him the power to survive being a child in a youth camp for Hitler." I said in my head. "He was too narcissistic to kill himself." I thought. I thought it would help me stop thinking about suicide if I speed-listened to Bernhard again. However I didn't do this; instead I thought I'd hit it up with an online therapist trained in cognitive behavioral therapy.

"In all honesty it sounds somewhat like borderline personality disorder to me, but that's just a hunch. It seems likely to me, because you've reported a bad relationship with your parents." he wrote. I could see that some of the diagnostic criteria was accurate, like how I self-destructively read the most depressing books I could and how I intentionally consumed coffee and alcohol day and night in order to cause an early demise. I knew cardiovascular problems ran in the family and that depression reduced your life expectancy so I thought to accelerate the process with coffee and alcohol: my two loves. Plus, and it's hard to know for sure, it may be the case that I intentionally read difficult books in order to deliberately break my heart. I was reading recklessly, trying to blow my mind. Was I cutting myself, with words? "Boring meme." I said to me. "Why do I write to myself?" I asked myself, wondering why it was I had been attracted to this community in particular. Thinking and typing about this in the chair downstairs, I supposed that it was probably because it was impolite to tell unironic suicide jokes to people who didn't want to commit suicide, so you rendered your activity innocent by making everyone know that it's only self directed. "People not only kill themselves, but laugh about wanting to kill themselves." I thought this was interesting. "Maybe you're writing a mockumentary?" After all I knew that I would horrify the world if I were to speak of humans in the Attenboroughian style. My God: the French girl sent me the most adorable painting of an otter and small bird. One second you're thinking about suicide and the existence of distressed psychologists held back from seeking psychological treatment by their ego-driven feelings of professional superiority, the next you're fawning at a wonderfully cute image of a shiny eyed otter and a blushing bird. I'm high on coffee, artificially happy with emotions fused; on the one hand pleased by this image, on the other hand sad she longs to commit suicide.

Strangely while thinking of what to write next the therapist replied. He said "It sounds to me like you're a normal person who analyzes too much." and "Your ideas are very child-like, not childish. You are so focused on what the world isn't that you're upset over things beyond your control." and "Stop thinking about it." and "I've never heard of a patient with a depression similar to yours." and then "Do you have any goals?" to which I asked if world peace was a valid goal, to which I answered my own question recalling my own answer to my own rhetorical question that peace was excluded by actions definition. And I was afterwards emotionally crushed by my monstrosity, how I was diabolical enough to spoil his profession by comparing it to sophistry. As I predicted: he did not believe I had the resolve to complete

my project and asserted that I had become “extremely depressed.” I had stated that my project was both to achieve world peace and to stop our technological products from being used as weapons. “Like how when Einstein bewailed that our technological progress was like an ax in the hand of a pathological criminal.” I think I took this statement to heart, I said; and I focused on figuring out how to stop that so things can actually be worth it. “Anyway that’s my project sorry if it sounds mad.” I said, insisting that my depression energized me, citing that I had always been employed full time. I don’t think he believed me though; he probably thought I was a troll. In a sense I was. I accused the psychiatric profession of retarding the progress of the United States by suppressing our mental states with drugs, so truly I had no intention of being “bettered” by our so-called therapy. I’ve never heard of anyone being humiliated through therapy, he claimed. “I think that it is very important to recognize the humiliating aspect of the profession.” I said. “We must not forget that Freud started psychoanalysis under the pretext of “mental research” so the DSM can be viewed as little more than the written build up of words needed to defend his research practice from verbal attacks in a court of law.” I said. Do you know the amount of training that goes in to being a clinical psychologist? “Yeah.” A humiliating amount, I said.

Later I apologized for saying so many depressing things. Then I got emotionally triggered by some old photos of me when I was happier. My ex wanted to know why I wanted him to come by. I just watched an old video of us at a comedy show, calling me cute and saying I love you to me. The weird thing is that even then I could see I was emotionally down. “I’m sorry I let my dark romanticism get in the way of our romanticism.” I imagined myself say this apology. Truth be told, I never would have suspected that getting into speed-listening would be so bad; true, I enjoyed cerebral shows; and true, I enjoyed shows that were dark; my love of the darkness and newfound method for the absorption of darkness enabled me to practically inhale everything evil in the world. “Try to focus on doing well, not being some fucking anime genius God damn.” I recalled my friend say. “I’m still concerned for you.” The thing is I knew I was in trouble, especially because if I were to reject my projects as worthless I would enter into a catastrophic state of self-depreciation that would culminate in suicide. “I don’t hear voices, only memories of sounds and constructed sounds.” I said, recalling what I had said to a guy before he broke up with me; a guy I thought was a fraud; a guy who only ever said “Yeah.” and “Okay.” to just about anything I said. Supposedly he read, yet he never said anything; he never said anything of value to me; not that anyone could ever say anything of value to me; every verbal construction man ever made was worthless to me. I twisted the world into a mass comedy. Now I’m just sad; he did not even read my book. “It’s awesome you found it in you to express yourself. No matter the result that’s always cool; and I’m sure it’s gonna be interesting, in any case.” he said. “I’ll hopefully get to it soon.” Forget about him, I told myself. “Stop obsessing about the past and start reading about transcription factors!”

I didn’t do much reading about transcription factors. My grandfather died. “I just don’t know... I wish I could just vanish. No funeral. No stuff. Nothing. Nobody has to be burdened. Nobody has to make up bullshit about my death. I overheard a conversation about what piece of Christianity they were going to speak at the funeral. Ah! There’s just no way to escape Christianity! No way to escape these priests and their corpse-slandering! It really irritates me. I really, really, do not want to go to a funeral. But now I will probably be guilted into going; to show my face, when I should just walk around with a sheet on my face because it is really gross of me to parade around knowing full well that I intend to kill myself at some juncture. Why am I even typing here?! Ah... Sorry.” I wrote and sent. Sounds like a book. But it’s your actual life, he said. After my grandfather passed I didn’t know what to do about it besides stare off into space contemplating death, sending the occasional grievance message away. I told jokes. That’s about all I could do. Guess I won’t kill myself for 8 months now. Cause it would be rude to kill oneself in too short a span of time. “Why is that rude?” I replied that I knew people had jobs, to take time off work; plus I feared they’d mock me, the loser, for killing himself soon after his grandfather, the genius!

“Corpse-slandering.” he said “What a phrase.” I really didn't like hearing about this stuff. I really didn't like Christianity. I really didn't like the idea that people could just hire a priest to slander a corpse, the powerlessness of it all. How there was absolutely no way for a loser like me to stop my own mother from selecting some revolting passage to be said by some revolting priest to slander my corpse, just as they've so shamelessly done for centuries. “You'll be OK. It's just that time.” so said my weeb friend. I was tired. Not only tired and drunk, but tired of seeing the world with visual snow, tired of looking at the TV screen with songs queued up: Above All, by HOME. I was so sleepy now, but glad. The boy I adored was going to become a girl. I was high when I got the news. Previously they were depressed and suicidal, about to kill themselves by train. And I honestly wasn't sure; I honestly didn't know if they were trans or confused. Back then I challenged him many times, saying that it was alright to be like Dionysus: powerful and womanish and mad. I sent him an image of a Bacchus priestess draped in the skin of a lion: a sign of infinite power. I tried to say that you could be womanly and manly all at the same time; I tried to say that you could rock who you were, that you didn't have to let gender tear you apart. I had to say these things because I thought we were quite alike in some way, even the controlling mother that thought you were insane. I thought I could say these things to comfort him but he was dead set on transitioning anyway. “Either I kill myself or I transition.” she said. I said that when presented with the idea of her death I choose transitioning despite my paranoia about potentially negative medical consequences. Still, despite saying she had “been reading numerous books for months” she revealed that she was extremely sensitive to side effects, that the antiretrovirals she was placed on had resulted in being bedridden with hypothermia in California's 95F weather. “Even ibuprofen makes my digestive system go insane.” she said. Hearing all this and faced with her death, my mind thought to take the fact that she was willing to push through these potentially painful medical consequences as a proof of her dedicatedness to transitioning. “I'm glad for you.” I said. “Ur brave girl. I'm rooting for you.” I was just glad for the good news, glad to hear she was OK, not horribly mangled by a train, but on her way to becoming tremendously happy. And I needed that; I needed to know that if she died, she would die at least trying to be happy, not broken and crushed and sad.

As I fall asleep, I find myself recalling how she said “the suicidality is what lead me to this.” I had to speak against this. I had to say that “proactive was better than destructive.” I was afraid and glad. Did I say the right thing? I started daydreaming about defending myself in court in case she died. I think this is because by my parents I was always judged. I could see it now. “If the court would only take the time to listen to the transcript of my entire body of work they'd understand.” At which point the judge and the court would protest “But we don't have time for that!” Alas, now they'd understand the problem I had. For instance I was still in doubt that my trans friend and I. Could it be that she should embrace her androgyny? Quite often I'd see women wearing cute things; shorts, straps, high-thigh socks, even yoga pants, were appealing to me; yet I continued to wear clothes I despised. And was it possible that even Nietzsche was girly inside? Did not his friend Mrs. Zimmerman make that statement? “To tell a story against oneself—what woman has ever been able to do this? And what man?” What man indeed. My speed-listening has ruined everything! I feared, envisioning the irritation of the court. “People are not ready to free themselves from the shackles of rhetoricians.” I imagined myself say. I knew the real truth of the world was useless, yet the psychiatrists thought that self-talk thoughts going around and around in your head ultimately got you nowhere, when of course they got you nowhere: the true world always got us nowhere saying nothing: a ground looking up without eyes. I recalled. “But to us, they protested, life has given no such bounty.” I also recalled; for I knew the psychiatrists were like the rhetoricians and the sophists and even the Catholics: the fishers of men: the hunters of men. “Naturally they who talk to themselves become an almost Godly object of study for the psychiatrists because they're forever outside the range of what is essentially a human-hunting practice! It's because the schizophrenics know and see this horror that has continued to go unnoticed, buried in plain sight, for thousands of years.

“Nobody wants to admit that the multiple is not a thing; that the concept of two and above is really the denial of specialness; that the acceptance of the multiple carries with it capitalism as a consequence of this denial, because everyone would feel insane. And likewise nobody wants to accept that the reason why philosophy remains in the world is out of embarrassment; humans are too embarrassed to admit that words fail, and always fail: the perpetual failure of politics necessitates the perpetual failure of philosophy and likewise the perpetual failure of writing.” I said, as I recalled what Marx once wrote: “Money is the universal, self-constituted value of all things. Hence it has robbed the whole world of its proper value. Money is the alienated essence of man's labor and life, and this alien essence dominates him as he worships it.” I figured that, if I was bold enough, I could save the Chinese from the pretense of communism and Americans from the pretense of representation. I told my therapist that his faith in scientific progress was misplaced because he turned a blind eye to the fact that rhetoric was considered the king of the sciences. “Science cannot save us from the fact that rhetoric persuades us to act.” I now imagine myself say, writing it down. Inexplicably I searched Joyce's Ulysses to see if the word rhetoric could be found. “No.” It was just like Heidegger's remarkable failure to write the word “stability” even once, on the subject of being. I sighed: the world truly was nothing but mass madness and professional idiocy. Capitalism might not even be possible if children were informed that Pythagoras was mad. “It's just my science fiction vision of events, to imagine that Pythagoras found divinity not in mathematical activity but the obedience of his followers who perceived the divinity of commanding others to labor for their activity, which is infinite activity, hence why he was killed by an angry mob; it was because it resented his dare I say privileged position as commander.” I said to my philosopher friends. “I have not read anything about Pythagoras and Deleuze.” he said as I toyed with the idea that the propounder of questions ruled the world as it answered in response, contemplating the dogmatic image of thought that enslaved us all. “But nobody wants to call bullshit on mathematics, because then they'll be pronounced insane.” I said. He said Deleuze had thrown himself out a window. I said I've been looking at windows for years. “So he threw himself through the window of perception.” I said, sharing with them my ideas concerning writers dying ironic deaths; even Woolf died, I thought, drowning beneath the waves.

Faced again with the possible monstrosity of my writing activity I again contemplated suicide. Suicide has appeared in this text approximately 86 times. No; I didn't plan that; it must be yet another Jungian synchronicity. Ha. I was contemplating paper licenses again. It was embarrassing how the whole sum of human activity had been reduced by me to being constantly scared of writing. Not wanting for there to be a funeral, I thought of running away from home and dying alone. After all my car was in decent shape, and all it would take was an overdose or something to die. Maybe I'd even drive all the way to California to see my friend before jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge. Ironically one of my earliest stories was about people committing psychic suicide by bio-electronic bridge. “I basically solved all mathematical problems by telling mathematicians to do it themselves.” I said to my brother, who was unfortunately a mathematician and very annoying: going on and on about the sofa problem, the sofa constant; how, exactly, to maneuver a sofa down an L-shaped hall. I could see that the difficulty in solving such a problem lay in the lack of funding to solve such a stupid, completely ridiculous and stupid pseudo problem with 3D modeling programs, because no one cared. I could also see that all of our mathematical problems could be solved with an artificial intelligence sophisticated enough to destroy mankind thereby removing his question-propounding and problem-giving abilities, hence the joke I earlier made. It was existentially necessary that I make such jokes because I lived in depressing times at the edge of the end of human existence, not that I valued human existence: I couldn't even stand reading human writings on purpose, that would be insane; instead I threw human words into the speed-listening machine to laugh at the absolute worthlessness of words. It was, in a sense, an organ of my design, like I had made a world of my own, like the interface I had created with the machine was in some sense an offshoot of some divine activity of creating entertaining interfaces without end.

After waking up with some coffee, I found myself recalling the Jungian synchronicities that happened throughout my life, like how my music app on my phone automatically tagged the unknown files I had downloaded for speed-listening with album art from the Unknown Comic Murray Langston, his joke book on Donald Trump, such that for a while I was certain I my metaphysical interactions with the machine had manifested Donald Trump as the president somehow, since I was so strange. Or, how my vicious comment on Jon Stewart Ask Me Anything post corrupted his heart and mind, thus forcing him to give up hosting The Daily Show, “Sometimes I watch your show and think: It must be depressing to speak the truth from beneath the veil of comedy. Is it? By the way I love the show, you are awesome.” Perhaps I am one of those so-called chaos magicians after all, I thought. “It’s because you listened to those magickal texts at the age of 12 with a text-to-speech machine.” I thought the words, enunciated in my mind. Come to think of it, I distinctly recall reading the warnings that reading such texts could be catastrophic, so I thought to outsmart the demons by playing the texts with a machine. “God help the world, as I cannot foresee the consequences of my mischief!” I thought and then wrote this here, to apologize. “Astonishing!” While typing these sentences I took a break to send a meme to a friend, the format was thus: “Who would win? An educational institution designed to train young humans, Or a Cuddly boi? That is to say, bed. “I slept in!” he complained. “YOU DID THIS!” I apologized for meme manifesting his mistake as I bowed. I said “I’m too magical for my own good.” he laughed out loud.

Holy fucking shit Bitcoin, a single Bitcoin, is worth 16,000 U.S. dollars now. Why the hell am I even paying back my student loans when I can go back in time and buy two God damn bitcoins?! Holy shit I want to die. Fuck it. I think I’ll just go around stealing things now, citing crypto currency as evidence for the fact that money is a social construct and hence I’m free to take what I want. “Let’s not get all sovereign citizen here.” he said. “That’s the fast track to jail.” By now I was sure of it; either I kill myself or I wind up in the penal system. Though we were all in the penal system; the government was essentially a system that corrected the world as word signs served as determinants for human activity, I thought; even Nietzsche feared he’d wind up in prison someday. Even Dostoyevsky was obsessed with punishment and crime; Bernhard obsessed with Correction, the penal colony, the correctional system and the state; Kafka too knew that The Castle was but a euphemism for The State, I thought; but our psychotic logic brought us nowhere and had us writing endlessly to dominate the only world we could: a two-dimensional surface or page, that makes us concerned that we by are by our own frustration driven to engage with a three-dimensional brain, so we contemplate suicide to explain in exquisite detail how we are not really insane, surely not insane; suicide is just our way of traveling to other dimensions, I thought and explained. “I always have multiple thought processes going on in my brain.” my father said. So he like me was always both here and away, the dissembler. Of course we all know, everyone knows, that whatever we say is not at all how we feel because no utterance is a feeling; we all know all the data, words, charts and graphs, math, so on and so fourth, what amounts to a paper pile, cannot deliver to us the sense of pleasure or perhaps pain felt by a butterfly in flight over the ocean, that world constructed physiologically. “Hide and seek.” It’s like you’re everywhere and nowhere, just temporarily occupying a place in a fold. I felt I had to kill myself. “The world is too ridiculous to me now.” I wrote and sent, adding an emoji of a face with tears of joy and a gun. The problem is it’s fun being miserable, there’s a lot to be miserable about. Why, just now, someone posted an article on how humans are less likely to donate to save a sick human than a dying dog. “It’s because dogs are cute” I wrote “and mentally healthy humans compartmentalize and desensitize themselves to human misery” I wrote “only mentally ill humans care about humans” I wrote “everyone else is just reacting to words on paper” I wrote “man I’m depressed.” I had a sick thought about the loss of empathy and the violent turn the universe may take on humankind. No move seemed right; I even wrote that “speech was immoral” because it forced us to think what we did not want to think. Asking for things was the origin of slavery. But I’m not really a sovereign citizen, I thought, perhaps I’m what’s called an “unusual phenomenon.”

Flames poured like magma over the Californian hills. I sorta felt like crying. I imagined peoples bodies exploding into vapor everywhere in a massive thermonuclear assault. People brainwashing each other with machines. A universe encrypted. And I was unsure about everything so I strategised endlessly. "So much violence." I feared. I hardly recognized my face in the mirror just then; it wasn't me, whatever it was. "Where's the epiphany I want?" I wanted to stop being sad but this was impossible. I felt dead and had been just laying around when I needed to concentrate on what to wear for the funeral. I wished that instead of going to a funeral I was dead. I have so many bad thoughts. For example, I didn't like that I thought that people with learning disabilities in the future may be euthanized; and I didn't like that this seemed to imply that nothing we created really helped everyone, but instead served as a kind of object of competition to execute those who could not comprehend how it worked. And it also depressed me to think that the intelligence agencies of all the world's governments were going out of their minds over the fact that the virtual interface and the internet was poised to overtake the paper interface and all governments. "Most courts would throw out this logic as frivolous." I reflected, sitting in my chair.

For a moment I felt good about the idea of allowing my body to fade away, of just forgetting about all that vain attention I gave to my appearance, of allowing my hair to fall out naturally like Bernhard and Plato. "It's too hard to help the world." I told myself. I saw Deleuze falling out the window in my mind; finally he had no other choice: the hospitals, too, I thought, were too afraid of legal backlash to allow their patients to die peacefully. Besides it would really be a great shame if the state were to help people kill themselves without also helping them in everything else, financial and educational and so on. "It doesn't help that you have this analog static in your mind." In many languages the flickering of noise on TV screens translates to "war of the ants" which struck me as sad because I always thought about the horrors of war. I turned my attention to qualia for the first time, shortly before turning my attention again to the opioids. My head was a complete mess and I over slept, so I ended up taking a mix of drugs with some whiskey at my parents home. This meant I had to tell my loved ones how special they were to me. It felt like there was not one thing about my existence I didn't love, and I wondered why it was that bodies weren't made to be happy by genes. "If you're too happy, you will soon be too happy with everything from dying to burning yourself alive." Self-immolation always reminds me of Bertrand Russell's granddaughter who set fire to herself in the name of world peace. Familial disasters such as this were bound to happen because sons and daughters are rarely let on to the fact that people often have a vortex of controversy holding themselves together, I thought, recalling what I had earlier written about Russell: on the one hand he was an activist for world peace; while on the other hand, the analyst was actively trying to eclipse the whole world by "analogy."

"It was exactly as I had foreseen." I thought as I watched my mother manipulating my brother into reading from the Bible: a verse about serving your parents. My parents were domineering types so I expected such antics. "Serve your parents as rulers!" she exclaimed. Scenes like this made me wonder if he would commit suicide first. For the first time I told my friend that I was suffering from the guilt of knowing free will did not exist; the pharmaceuticals my parents forced on me those years ago, so many years ago, and all the terrible things they caused me to imagine myself do made me doubt very much that anyone was truly responsible for their crimes. "It was mechanical and therefore solvable and I had to solve it to fix the universe." I imagined myself say. After the funeral one of my cousins was more inviting than the rest. I was distraught by my morbid thoughts, and he not only invited me to sit there with the rest of them but after offered me a hug. It was such an unexpected thing. I was afraid that this particular child of my uncle's had been taught to hate me for sending him my book. I was distraught over many things during my grandfather's funeral and wake, including the idea that I would have to see my 20-something or so cousins dead bodies over the years as one by one they died. "Year after year, decade after decade." I thought, until I remained. "Maybe I should be one of the first?" I asked myself.

“People are just weak creatures putting up a front, pretending to be strong.” I felt a little bit disturbed at the wake, so disturbed, that I felt that the only way I could hide my turmoil was to seek out a side room in which to sit behind a curtain. The wake was 4 hours long and much of it was spent waiting in dread for the priest my mother chose. I was intensely irritated as he spoke, particularly how he took this as an opportunity to ramble on about Jesus. He barely said a thing about my atheist grandfather in the coffin, blathering nonsense the whole time about young people committing suicide in epidemic proportions today. “Ugh. As if any amount of Jesus-worshipping could save us from the fact that humans are forced to study their lives away!” I had recognized that the reason why Jews had been attacked throughout the centuries was for mechanical reasons attributable to their valuation of study, how studying becomes the excuse by which to excuse oneself from labor. It was a purely incidental consequence of Jewish activity that implied no conspiracy, I thought. It was strictly a mechanical consequence of one kind of human activity, studying activity, and how it warred against the opposite human activity, labor activity, for thousands of years without anyone noticing, I thought, or writing this down. “They stole Christmas from us!” the priest complained. I figured the old crank had been driven mad by attending to too many young suicides, not unlike myself, I now reflect. Except he was unwittingly on the dark side, since it was true that Jesus was a human-hunting rhetorician that sacrificed himself so he could be used by a sect of Jewish capitalists as the famous symbol by which a crowd would “live” in him yet in a purely rhetorical sense. And he just couldn't see it, I thought. He couldn't see, wouldn't see, that he in his robes of black was asking us to “live” in someone “dead!” He couldn't see, wouldn't see: it was he who was covertly the poisoner of minds! Yet on and on he raved. Especially against the Jews. “Nothing about this has anything to do with my grandfather!” I said in my head with intense irritation, feeling furious because I knew that my cousin had recently converted to Judaism. In fact, all this praise of Jesus and the wicked Church seemed to me like backhanded corpse-slandering! I said this in my head, how lucky my grandfather's friends at the aerospace company were to have skipped out of this corpse-slandering! Even after designing guidance systems to prevent innumerable plain crashes a priest hops up to annoy the atheists in the crowd with his hokey dance. How I hated the man! Last time during the last funeral of my cousin who overdosed on heroin, this same priest outed himself as an alcoholic, saying the same things! I thought. “Why is he talking about young people committing suicide?!” I seethed in silence sitting there in my chair. “My grandfather did not commit suicide!” Damn him! Scenes like this are why I hatefully remain in this world, not killing myself so I can survive the possibility of being mocked in the vilest manner by human trash of this kind, I told myself then. I vowed to avenge my grandfather as I looked hatefully out the window of the car. The fool blamed “selfishness” for our suicidality while simultaneously failing to see that Jesus was suicidally self-sacrificing. “The old fool was simply blind to the challenges of my generation.” I told myself, composing the words.

It was anyway true; everyone in my generation knew that it was possible to Zuckerberg your way to the top. First you created something people liked to use, then managed it, then hired people to maintain the thing being used. You endlessly fed off both your team of maintainers and the crowd hypnotized into using your machine. We could conceive this “thing” in the abstract; for the majority of us worked for such things; for we did not have the right of command; alas, we lived not in a world of bests, but a world of firsts. The world tantalized us endlessly with the possibility of owning such a business, and at the same time depicts the owners as perverse. “Even in *The Social Network* we are meant to identify Mark Zuckerberg as a somehow tragic character.” By making the fortunate seem tragic the masses make what's intolerable tolerable again, I thought. And not even the scientists are immune to business ontology, I thought to myself. “Did not the many well-to-do scientists and engineers feed their families and their projects with money given by the military?” American ideals were repulsive. They wanted to be the acid-dropping Steve the salesman rather than Steve the genius next door. For several days I was stuck processing my feelings and now I was back to my old self again, reading books on rhetoric.

Ah, who am I kiddin'? "Avenge my grandfather?" Really? What is there to avenge? I would, of course, love to see his funerary wishes fulfilled, because I would also have liked to have known that my uncle the suicide's wishes were fulfilled, but alas I knew that they were not because his suicide note asking for him to be "CREMATED" in all capital letters, went ignored, as I still recall the sight of his body laying in the casket, when I was but a few years old. "God I hate my parents!" I thought; for they not only went on and on about how he hanged himself, but also on and on about how he appeared as a ghost to me at every opportunity, especially opportunities that had to do with spiritual matters that had to do with the life beyond. My parents and especially my father were especially concerned with the life beyond, "magical thinkers" prone to believing in bullshit and spouting bullshit on every possible occasion, even about his own childhood, my father said "When I was a child an alien craft landed in the backyard of my house and it's light caused my mother cancer and affected my brother with a mental disease that later caused his suicide." Stories such as these were my sustenance as I grew up, so I never really knew how sane my father was; I'd after all hear stories about how he'd point a gun in a man's face who called a hit on him because he worked for the union and hated my dad. Confusingly enough, stories like these were juxtaposed to me with stories of kindness and generosity, and this was hard to process: both my father's generous side and his murderous side. Not only had he been an army ranger, he claimed he had also been a sniper, later discharged for being overly aggressive because he had filled out his paperwork in a passively aggressive way when he said he wanted to go to Vietnam. "My friends died in Vietnam. Everyone that went to Tigerland went to Vietnam. So when I got my paperwork asking me where I wanted to go," he said "I wrote: Vietnam. Vietnam. Vietnam. Vietnam." he would say "So when they got this, they thought I was being a shit," he said "and I told them that I would not hesitate to shoot the enemy on sight, unlike my dead friends, and for these things they said to me I am too aggressive," he complained on many occasions because he had the very irritating habit of saying the same story again and again without realizing it, he said again "and for this, they discharged me."

I felt and knew that my father and mother were in some sense fragile people, so I thought to keep on with my existence because I did not want to traumatize nor disturb them if I were to commit suicide. It was a deadly combination: my mother's anxiety and my father's egoism. It's only now that I am able to process somewhat how their relationship worked both for their benefit and simultaneously for my detriment. In a way, it's a small miracle or curse that I lived. I could have just as well shot myself at many opportunities or overdosed on pills or hanged myself or been run over by a train at a train yard but I did not do these things in spite of the fact that I had very few memories recorded that I enjoyed from my existence. For the most part I enjoyed nothing. But I understood that life was hard, so I was able to look past whatever happened to me. Life was ridiculously complicated. It is very possible in life for you to do everything in life "right" in a social sense, I reflected one day when I was young, and still give birth to a fag. "So nature dominates us." I thought to myself then. "There is no real control over our lives." I thought. My feelings were always hurt somehow by the fact that all our attempts at order were forever thwarted by genetic chaos. I don't even know what genetic chaos means in full, but I hope my reader does, I think to myself as I stand while writing this down. I should probably sit down and watch some more of the 9th season of Curb Your Enthusiasm instead of typing these words as I stand up at home while writing alone, I thought. It may make you glad to know that I am, at present, standing up while my laptop is plugged into my television, typing the words as they appear on screen, very big and very bold. I didn't pay for this latest season. It's replicated material as far as I'm concerned. "Whenever I see Larry David in person, I'll give him 20 dollars personally." I said to myself just now, recalling that Trent Reznor had claimed that he was given merely 10 cents for every album sold of The Downward Spiral. Complaints such as these churned in my mind whenever I committed acts of so-called "piracy." What some mistakenly called piracy, I correctly called "replication." I would under no circumstances accept the idea that all technological progress could do was create incalculable divides.

The dinner party after was terrible. Of course my cousin skipped out. I hoped she understood, that both of us needed to breathe. I felt bad for her though. My aunts and uncles were all despicable people who bullied my mother, poking her mercilessly to evoke her shrill cries. "They didn't have video games back then, so tormenting my mother was the entertainment of that day." I imagined myself say. My aunts and uncles were superficially nice but when you peered beneath the surface nicety you found only vileness and meanness. "Now generations shall pay for their crimes." I thought in my head, writing it down. Since I knew that the philosophical and literary and even the political professions would not be able to resist the allure of the text-to-speech machine, that is the power of speed-listening through what was essentially human filth, I anticipated that this "engine of complaint" would become another weapon in the "war of words" that would have devastating consequences. Their grandchildren would come home crying about the crimes of humanity and only the most unfeeling children they had would survive while their favorites committed suicide. Gradually they'd see the world transformed into a Utopian state of psychopathy, thinking to themselves that they were in part to blame for tormenting their sister, my mother, compounding her anxiety which was thrust upon me; so finally I had nothing but my speed-listening activity to recover from my mother's tyrannical effect, which I further however unwittingly compounded with technology, then turned against man: a machine which yelled out words in a stream of flaming roars. Still, my installer told me that I was looking on the dark side. I tried to tell him that I was considering all sides; on the one hand speed-listening could let us read beyond negative political philosophy, on the other hand speed-listening could let us read beyond everything bad.

I haven't been my usual self for days. I hadn't written here for days. I realized that I could be trying to graft a series of chiasmatic rhetorical devices to my mind. I supposed for a moment that I thought this way so I may laugh my way through my depressing life. Shockingly I opened up to my installer when he asked me if I was interested in going back to school. So I told him about how the vision problems later led the speed-listening problems and how I feared I'd cause many people to become disturbed by my activity. "Some people need their shit disturbed." he said. "Yeah." I said. "I'm just nervous about being the one." Plus, I knew that the world was a crazy place, and I didn't yet have the answers. He suggested I start a blog. "People can blog as a job." he said "People like weird ideas." he said to me then. But I told him that if everything I said just came pouring out of left field I'd start to feel insane. I said that I was not enjoying the idea that people could use speed-listening to brainwash people. "Well, humans brainwash humans already now." he said, and I said "I know." We agreed on many things, like how ridiculous it was that the price of higher education had been jacked up so much in the "information age" and how tough it was to change gears. I admired him. It was surely not easy to make yourself into a talented person after having a kid at 15, nor was it easy to grow up in the black community, I thought as I now recalled what I heard in a book on rhetoric, saying that growing up in such a community was comparable to a bucket of crabs. "When one tries to climb up, the rest pull it down." I just felt like we were both surviving in a strange universe, and that both of us were quite happy to be alive.

It seems as though I've taken my vegan cooking seriously. I'm even losing weight, which is nice. I guess that's one of the things you can do when you blow off the intellectual world as a foolish tradition of writing junk in high-flown states of hypomaniacal ecstasy. My gaze pierced through the rhetorical: I now saw "we" as rhetorical, "equality" as rhetorical, "humanity" as rhetorical. I had a kind of private language, I thought to myself in my apartment alone. "If the function of language was merely to direct our attention, then directing us was always the function of language." I imagined myself say. I did not have a means to get around the ontology of instruction. "First, our organs controlled us with hunger pains," I said to myself in my head "later, our mechanical organs control us with maintenance pains." It seemed that there was no getting around it: the problem of maintenance. Past. Present. Future. All verbal constructions. There was nothing now. "Nothing but writing." I later added, rehearsing the lines.

Upon reading David Foster Wallace's essay on free will, fate time and language as well as the book the revised edition had recommended in the prefix; Wittgenstein's Mistress, in roughly 2 hours, it suddenly dawned on me that I was really, truly alone. That, quite like the scatterbrained character in the book, I myself operated as if the world outside me existed because only my writing world existed; and I really hadn't read that book any sooner as I composed this completely true account best I could; I listened and I thought as I worked out at the gym to the rhythm of the talking machine, as I worked out on either the running or rowing or stair-climbing machine. Any mention of Wittgenstein invariably throws my mind back to how oppositional he was "You simply would not want a mind like Wittgenstein in your class if you were a teacher, he was simply too oppositional." I imagined myself say. I imagined that the reason he worked on his entire life's work was to explain his familial pathology, his brother's draw to suicide, what I deemed long ago to be their oppositionalism, hence the suicide of his brothers and his interest in the philosophy of language, later an inevitable call for "more sensitivity" because he meant sensitivity among the educators, classroom educators who being slaves to the state couldn't give a damn about the "geniuses" that were so-called by Bertrand Russell to answer their infinite questions, so his brother simply had to commit suicide and Wittgenstein had to investigate why. In fact, this now reminds me of a comment that I had typed up and posted in a chat room earlier in which I wrote that the fact that no one but me, a suicidal maniac, had yet shown up the obvious similarities between Fight Club and Nine Eleven was in fact a proof of my parallel theory that the world was so mind-crushingly stupid that all genius was at this very moment dead or killing itself; only masochistic geniuses like myself remained, I there claimed, because I could endure the pain. "The pain of your brainlessness." I said to them then.

Still anyway I was serving myself up various vegan recipes: a quinoa chili this time, which turned out better than I could have imagined. It really was delicious and spicy. In fact, I now remembered that I ate it with a friend. "So you're really not alone, you only write alone." I said to myself just now typing it down. I was talking to someone again: a potential love interest or friend. I thought that it would be better to think of them as at least a potential friend, so that I didn't make the mistake of not being a normal human being again. "I was not as lonely as I thought." I thought. I accused myself as being erratic. A superficial review of bicameralism had me interested in "dormant laws" and the Manichaeic speaker-listener relationship. I was no longer certain that I was expressing myself effectively. After all I wanted to solve problems, not depict problems artistically like David Markson and everyone else. Well maybe that's dishonest, I now thought; for any depiction must necessarily be an artistic depiction since an artistic depiction is an artifice and artificial. Clearly this was another one of my concerns; for I had again re-mentioned to a would-be philosopher my concerns on the exalted status of "reason" as a thing we possess. I said it was not a "thing" nor "quality" we possessed but rather a word, so for example a person may say "What is the reason for this?" and receive an answer. I was looking at things in a purely functional or operational way, I claimed, so "reason" could not be a quality but more accurately a device man deployed against man for answers. This implies a recursive state of self-use that never advances beyond the circle of its activity. Of course this placed the whole sum of human talking activity square in the camp of sophistry. Sophistry being a now pejorative term for talking for money which persists to this day. The pejorified people are then signaled out by the sign and those hearing this story fetishize this signaling and become delighted to learn that they are on the right side, the side that does not partake in this activity. By the use of this process it was possible to get ancient peoples to enjoy working harder than they would have otherwise because they were energized by their sense of right. I said that the church operated as an institution of advertising and that we were still in the grasp of advertisers since speech was advertising and hence it was foolish to crave a reconstruction of the Church from earlier days. I noted to myself that for some reason Markson shares my fascination with windows, but he died in 2010 so now I can't ask him anything. "Such is life." Unlike my mother, my grandfather rarely volunteered advice. I stopped caring about controlling history, blaming sequence.

So far I haven't said this, but when I was a child I hated writers. They'd break up the Colbert Report to promote themselves; Steve would smile and hold up the book he didn't read, and I saw these books for the nothings they were. "All that writer did was accumulate words." I thought. "Anyone could do that." I thought. Supposedly some writers were better than others. But even children like myself were armed with the historical knowledge necessary to know that humans didn't always have the time to amass a pile of words like that. "Tradition says that Homer was blind." I thought to myself while looking at the snow. For what feels like the first time in my life I feel like I'm finally being a real human being for a change. I befriended a philosopher graduate "currently working for the man" as a financial analyst who I did the favor of correcting his knowledge of Heidegger. "We need to accept that this great mind was a Nazi." he said. I doubted this point, reminding him that Heidegger had been reduced to no more than a ditch digger towards the end of the second World War. But I really ought not to emphasize this point as it was not the highlight of our talk; I rather enjoyed the company of a real life person that I could go back and forth with on the various books I had "read" like *The World as Will and Representation* I said I had "read" in 7 hours. I really just wanted to better myself. I said that I felt aligned with Nietzsche's early concerns: his desire to elevate everyone up to the level of the educated. I said also that I felt that the educational problem was central to Nietzsche's mind and Socrates' mind. Even Dionysus: a son who fancies himself a God. He did not even know about Nietzsche's earliest lecture *On the Future of Our Educational Institutions*. However he had read Wiener's still relevant book, *The Human use of Human Beings*, and felt that I shared his concerns, or his Manichaeian concerns. He seemed to say at one point that it would be best for me not to be concerned with such things but this way of thinking was so very foreign to me that I had the greatest difficulty understanding it and likewise my memory had a huge difficulty retaining his words, as if my drunk mind were filtering them out. It was crazy. Introducing himself first as vegan, he later introduced himself as a connoisseur of those meal replacement shakes, such a Platonist was he, it seemed apparent he didn't want to be alive; for he seemed delighted with the story I proposed in which two dead friends became ghosts who talked and commiserated as they drifted from Earth to Mars at the rate of 12 miles per hour, which for ghosts was the maximum speed possible.

As Punpun pondered the point of having dreams that could never come true, I recalled my revelation to my friend, my gallows humor, which I only now called a gallows humor, I said to him then as together we walked towards CBGB's, not the one in New York but the one in St. Louis; anyway I told him about my theory on brains, how the brain was the entertainment apparatus for the human organism and that it was this entertaining power of the brain that made slavery possible. Though my humor was weird; it even struck me as shameless of me to self-reference my own writings as if I were famous when I was not famous and therefore in theory undeserving of the power of self-reference somehow, when really if I were to hold true to my thoughts mentioned above about painting a gazelle it should be no problem to do such a thing; in fact, merely typing that sentence about painting a gazelle made me remember that I had mentioned that thought about the gazelle to my new acquaintance too; for one thought and one joke enforces the other, it so seemed; I too said there it followed from my logic that ADHD diagnoses were mistaken diagnoses since this psychological hyperactivity was once existentially necessary for us. In fact as I write this here, my words seem truer still; for it is only necessary that one receives such a diagnosis because of social pressure to do so. In short: the diagnoses were only sought out by the desperate in the interest of competition. Otherwise they didn't exist. "That's an interesting perspective." People said this so much to me it was becoming a meme. "It's not even morals honestly." I said. "I'm not stupid. I know that if we don't use cows for food we are going to build a Walmart where the cows would normally live, so we'd effectively kill the cows if we all went vegan. Veganism doesn't do shit for cows, honestly, that is the real truth of the situation." I said. My real reason for cooking vegan was simply reduced paranoia about the brain worms. The food was more nutritious, and the instructions were easy to follow because, again, I was not disturbing myself with thoughts about getting salmonella or brain worms from pigs.

Since I am a separatist I also know Nirvana since Nirvana is attained by total non-attachment. I figured it would make no difference if I did or did not share my book with my friend, so I did. I wanted to kill myself anyway, so I sent him my book on The State of the Future. Basically the state of the future was something that needed to exist but could only be communicated as a verbal construct that would never come or be understood. What was in the mind could not be explained, since mouth, not the brain, is the instrument of explanation. Sad as it sounds, humans were constantly “explaining” things when in truth they were trying to “pacify” questioners. “A single answer is never sufficient for a questioner, however a single answer is sometimes sufficient for a single question.” I imagined myself say. I had invalidated all politics since all politicians were guilty of presenting a verbally constructed future that could never come. Error was the foundation of our lives. Although error did not necessarily need to be interpreted negatively. Indeed it could be interchanged with folly. The State of the Future was in a sense an animal more powerful than human activity, somehow invalidating it. Our exchange of symbols was always in the interest of interpersonal competition, be it sentences or papers or songs. There was no “humanity” to better as there was no “humanity” to “improve” so “bettering humanity” was a task that was always done in a purely rhetorical sense. Once an animal appeared more powerful than man, man would know the worthlessness of himself as animal. Mathematics. Philosophy. Everything. In that instant it would finally be acceptable to say these things bettered no one and were merely instruments of competition in the war of words. Cheerfully it may toy with the galaxy with catlike curiosity, mistaking entire planets for balls of yarn. It would hear humans scream, but they'd sound cute, like a flock of chirping birds.

By now it's become obvious that I've only been pretending to care after all this time. It has become apparent to me that the recordings of Alan Watts enlightened me at an early age, and now I was not a person that cared, but a person who pretended to care, very, very hard. I didn't care about anything in the whole wide world, because caring about anything in the whole wide world seemed stupid to me. I would be bored looking at another galaxy just as I was bored looking at the Earth. I didn't have the mental mechanism for being wowed by anything. But my father wowed at everything. “Look at that car!” he would say, as was his habit; asking me to look at things, to confirm his positive judgment about them, which, however, I didn't share. It really was awful. Or rather, I was the awful one. This is just a fact. Again someone told me that I was just a number in the eyes of the state and again I remind someone that the state has no eyes. “That's just factually wrong since the state has no eyes and merely shits out paper.” I said. “Writing on paper is the determinate for human activity, and by humans I mean those humans who are not enlightened to the error of the multiple since there is only the All.” I typed to him then. “People are just scared of mathematicians when mathematicians are the saddest mammals to ever walk the Earth. People are by and large so scared of how wrong they are that they go on accepting their error out of politeness.” I said, following my explanation on how number was contingent on the denial of the special. So here I thought to bring up this point in my next conversation with my newly encountered philosopher friend, recalling Hegel's idea that it is “quite superfluous to think of numbers or counting at all.” But a story as frightfully truthful as this could only serve to install its storyteller into a madhouse or professor's chair or throne. My uncle did not see the merit to my madness since he did not understand the tyranny of speech; he “complained” that my writing “sounds like you're talking to yourself.” Conversely my friend enjoyed the way my writing shifted back and forth; first, to some depressing thing; then, to something laughable. Oh. Did I mention that a lot of my female friends are really transgender? In theory it shouldn't matter very much, but presumably someone out there may care. Academics are insane. Well, I came home from the bars drunk and sad. Not too drunk though, I was craving beer and a homemade veggie burger more than the delusion of finding true love drifting between the bars, so I came home. “Was it true?” She, or he, if you're rude, said she liked the way I alternated back between ennui and lightheartedness. Or boredom and lightheartedness. I was still racking my brain over it when I got home, because the word never struck my ears.

Reviewing the text, I realized I was no longer saying what I “would” do or what I “had” done so much; a shift has occurred, I thought, unsure about the future. I told her that I was debating the ethical or even the existential implications of speed-listening. “Was I making the human condition more burdensome?” I just don't know, but I had every reason to think so. Someone out there may imagine that the noise in my brain I reported was proof that I was only partially in control of my faculties and ruled by demons, I thought. She remarked that it was a worthy point of investigation to explore the idea of interface as it pertained to cybernetics; how, traditionally, when people thought of cybernetics they thought not about computer screens or paper but of RoboCop when they should not. Indeed the cave could be an interface and a paper could be an interface and a typewriter could be an interface and a computer could be an interface: a “cybernetic” interface. This is not some thing that was brought into existence in the 1950s, she said; this is something that has existed for thousands of years. However the idea of the interface as an instrument of control carried my mind to suicide and the idea of relinquishing control of my body as a system that's not interested in “truth” in any pure sense, so much as control. I too submitted the idea that “truth” was not some “pure” object of pursuit but rather a word that served as bait for writers and communicators to flesh out. “I agree.” I said. “Wiener makes me think of Derrida too in terms of style.” I said. At least for the time being I felt that Derrida and Wiener and Nietzsche all belonged in the same category, and perhaps Freud. “Yeah.” she said. “These people do seem to share philological concerns, speculating on a wide range of subject matters while having a literary lucidity at the same time.”

Well, it's almost 2018. Apparently I went from planning to kill myself to just wanting to die again. Not sure what that means. Whatever. “Recent Study Reveals Strong Link Between Enjoying Ironic Memes and Suffering From Severe Depression.” Perhaps the Christians or as I like to call them the Hell Jews figured that they could make a lot of money by getting the Plebs to long for death “ironically.” After thousands of years of cannibalism you could theoretically be drawn to death and cannibalism and even Christian proxy cannibalism, I thought. Could 2018 be the year of the killer robot? Ugh. The world was getting progressively more depressing each day. Suicide at 28 seems logical to me. You're pretty much locked in your ways at such an age. I figured if you don't do something by the age of 28 you never will.

I wondered how long humans had crumpled up papers and thrown them into a fire. I had been using an old typewriter for two days, appreciating the directness it provided me. There was a level of dislocation that word processors caused that added a layer of ethereality to the creative process, I thought. I was now quite mad, infuriated by the fact that humans had for centuries maintained the bad habit of saying that inanimate objects could help them. Any object no matter its complexity cannot help a human being and anyone who says otherwise is lying through their teeth, is what I thought to myself just earlier as I tore my papers to shreds. “The more complicated you make the object alleged to “help” the worse it is for the operator of that object, that is the real truth of the situation.” I imagined myself say, explaining why exactly it was the human condition would grow worse with the pass of time, contrary to popular belief. It was remarkable how depressed I was during the New Years party. I was only able to be glad about the idea that I could, and would, kill myself. She called me lighthearted and this means that my heart is comprised of light, I thought while sitting in the bar with my friends. My heart was made of a different material from the world. “It doesn't sound like you're built for this world.” I now recalled my friend say. I was so not about what was going on in the world that my dissatisfaction and boredom and even hatred could only morph unexpectedly from the depressing to the comedic, from the lethargic to the fun. It is simply a fact that if you push your depressing thoughts far enough they punch through the barrier of social expectation, the expectation that a person who thinks through such depressing thoughts must surely kill themselves and indeed actually should, by any means, that if such a person repeatedly shatters that expectation by not only pushing those thoughts well past that boundary they must at once become comedic figures who make us laugh by the power of their tremendously depressing activity.

What do I know. I think this narrative is losing coherence. Right? So last night at the bar I danced and made out with a cute guy. Then I also went to another bar where I encountered some other guy that I had encountered earlier and so I made out with him in addition to the previous guy who I also ran into again, as I intended. So two guys. Oh. It was three. Three guys, because there was a guy I encountered briefly, and he was quite handsome. I don't know why I am typing this here, but the attention I received was appreciated. Still I felt abysmal the following day after my date with one of the three guys, mostly because he was a "writer who didn't write" and a "reader who didn't read" and hence, as far as I could tell, not someone I was interested in seeing again. But more than this what irritated me was the fact that even if I did find someone I could love I would end up being irritated with them, hateful even. Even in the company of a person I supposedly want to know, I will secretly think of how stupid they are. There is not even such a thing as an intelligent human being. Humans have failed so utterly that to suggest an idea so contrary to the facts as "humans are intelligent" was laughable to a disturbing degree. The more sophisticated the machine alleged to "help" the more humans were required to operate these machines of ever-increasing sophistication. I may even call this the trap of the object, or something. I mean, if I didn't already know that all my ideas were toxic to the human mind and perhaps designed in part by my pathological opposition to everything in the universe. For example, the guy I saw was telling me about how his university had educated him on what a "cultural space" was. I told him straight away that there was no such thing as culture and that unaccomplished egoists were asserting participation and inclusion in the accomplishments of other to shield themselves mentally from the indisputable fact that there was no such thing as shared participation in an individual's activity. I can speak well, so he took it well. I didn't like him. I don't think I like anyone, now that I think about it. I always seem to come up with a way to make everyone in the whole world into a demonic force that only wants to irritate me. It's sad, or rather I'm sad. I should really go to bed and pray that I never ever wake up.

But wake up I did. It's always incredibly painful to adjust to my mental condition. It's so hard for me to believe. Using this old word processor got me thinking about how big a setback it was not to possess the right interface at just about any given point in historical time. "Compare in your mind the voting booth as an interface and the TV media companies as an interface, questioning which interface is more powerful in the interest of social control." It was a well known fact that people could make money with their money. Apparently if you had money you could utilize the fact that word signs were determinants for human activity for your advantage and cause a cascade of human effects to result in the lasting accumulation of profit. "What maintains the "territories" of states was law-enforcement officers or rather people acting reactively, rather than proactively, to writing." The writing is first written and then later enforced. It was a pending eventuality that writing on screens would become a more powerful determinate than writing on paper, since it was anyway biologically necessary for humans to harvest speech due to their built-in weakness of being born without memories or articulatory powers besides crying. The old man sometimes accused me of crying that I had affirmed the Rousseauian point that every human, from the scientist to the engineer to the politician to the theologian, no matter the title or position; they're all the same: all of them were essentially just yelling at the universe. The scientist cries with his paper and the engineer cries with his funding application for money and the politician cries for votes and the theologian cries for donations. It's a human proclivity, for attention gathering and thought control. It seemed entirely possible that the sacred Dionysian rights could have informed its members of this human tendency, causing them to erupt in orgiastic frenzy tearing bodies apart. May is 4 months away. Maybe then I'll be dead. Maybe. Typing on the old word processor is weird because right beside me is a rail that's perfect for hanging yourself. Sitting there I can work myself up into a high state of excitement as I press letter after letter down. "Humans are gradually becoming nothing more than paper technic operators." I imagined myself typing on the machine. I questioned if a permanent disconnection from universal interfacing was really possible. Is God alone?

God I want to kill myself. I don't know why I hesitate. It's obvious that humans have wanted to kill themselves if you think about it, looking back at the practice of Sallekhana, thinking about how the practice of ritualistically starving oneself to death had been practiced for thousands of years. "It was surely not a good idea for you to mention your concerns regarding the ability to design a cybernetic stomach and the impossibility of dispensing with affect and hunger so carelessly." I told myself just now. Last night I encountered this guy from India, and it was only later after I took him home, then later still, after sex, then later still when we ate the oatmeal I made for him that he told me that he had grown up in the Jain religion, so I, now investigating the religion, just learned all about their practice of starving themselves to death, which made me feel a bit guilty. What if I had, perhaps, given him the idea to pack his bags and go to India to starve himself until he dies. "Oh fuck." I whispered and sighed. I was rolling my eyes because I really just wanted to kill myself. To be quite honest: the world was not about to suddenly start making me happy after many years of not making me happy. Or so I felt. I didn't like this guy either. He fucked too hard yet couldn't get hard. And to be honest he lived too far away. The most interesting thing about him was his history, but you know already I have a strange habit of reading history. I didn't think it would be possible for me to like a person when I constantly wanted to die. The sky stretched on endlessly as I drove 40 minutes to drop him off as I drunkenly agreed, and back again, listening to Rival Consoles, which he liked. Writing this now I feel myself wishing it were possible for me to describe the tone in a tactile way, how the sounds plunge my head into the sonically-sculpted scene. "Wanting to feel a connection with someone isn't the same thing as having a connection with someone." I just now decided to tell myself, typing it down for good measure.

"Hi." I wrote "Guess what? I'm obsessed with the thought of killing myself and too suspicious and spooked about the universe to kill myself. These thoughts alone are amusing in themselves, becoming an amusing sensation that has the effect of not only amusing me, but also keeping me alive in my state of amusement. But I'm bored, so very bored with life, that killing myself becomes a very tantalizing thought at virtually every possible occasion, that is what's so remarkable: how non-stop my thoughts of suicide are. My mind is relentlessly obsessed with being amused by the thought of killing myself; it's basically my only reason for living; I just giggle at myself for thinking of suicide as a last resort to end my boredom, and then at once my boredom is dissolved as I contemplate the end. And the bad thing about this is this: If I tell the psych doctors about this perverse trick I use to keep myself alive, they will be absolutely baffled and tell me my trick is sick and wrong and then the so-called doctors will become my murderers! So I never, ever, see psych doctors, because I am convinced they would have the opposite effect from saving me, because they'd actually kill me with their saving. It was actually boredom that made me type this shit here," I typed without reply in the chatroom alone. "just extreme, nervous boredom that made me start typing away to try and be rid of it, and now I'm not bored but just anticipating feedback, like I don't even know what kinda feedback I'll get, but I expect it will be completely dissatisfactory. I'll get this dissatisfactory feedback and reflect on it, probably, but then I'll come back later and say some other really stupid thing because I pretty much only ever say things that are stupid. I just keep wondering when it is I'll actually kill myself, because there is simply no way for a person to go literally every day of their life while basically constantly thinking of suicide and not commit suicide at some point." I wrote "Obviously this is a stupid wondering to wonder since at the point of my death time will not matter in the slightest and the question of when will be totally invalid to me: time will not matter in the slightest. It's just a brutal fact that I am contemplating a when, when that when is irrelevant for that particular happening because when that happening happens I won't be alive to be aware of its happening at that time. I'm just extremely irritated with the fact that I don't understand anything." I wrote "Fuck this chat is dead! There is no point in talking to it I should really play music and go to bed!" I said. One of them questioned if this was poetry or performance art. Unfortunately it was neither one. My grammar was a product of my relationship with a machine.

“Amazing.” he said. I was asked to overly complicate the equation $1 + 1 = 2$. “Well obviously the 1 is on the left and the other 1 is on the right of the 1 on the left, so they exist at different spatial points; keyword: different; and so, deprived of their sameness, they cannot be 2. Or so I am led to believe.” They had no answer to this. Nothing. No reference to pure mathematics or anything. Only an invitation to a philosophy server I didn't want. I amazed them with my madness and their amazement left me feeling neurotic and sad. Earlier while listening to a book I had heard a blip about pure mathematics and the possibility of me finding a better field. I never even imagined I'd turn into a writer, considering I had always hated writers. “But that's not true.” I said to myself. I had to write about the funny event that happened, something that seemed to make the failures of the previous days evaporate like fog blown away by a gust of wind. I had been wandering the isles of the grocery looking for a few items to complement some Sriracha when the most handsome guy pulled me aside and startled me. Not just his beauty but his gesture; it was all so unexpected, but he communicated to me his name and that he had met me at the bar, the third guy mentioned previously. I offered to make him some food. And there at once I felt so free and so natural; I told myself just to be a good host and focus on being a normal person, making him food as I promised. So I cut up some mushrooms and some cucumbers and some garlic and some ginger and some kale and chives and I made a vegan stir fry he loved. The sauce had peanut butter and soy sauce and Sriracha, too. Conversationally he was so open, sweet and kind. Soft and full of energy. I don't know, but he was too tantalizing and I had to kiss him on the side of his head. His lips were soft and so was his beard and I loved it. I'm getting hard thinking about the time we had, the sex we had. I wasn't expecting such magnetism between us. In the shower I said he was magnetic and he repeated the word. “Yeah; he has an unused degree in film.” I reminded myself. I ended up letting him read the beginning of a screenplay I had written about a year ago. I wish he was here right now, fucking me. Unfortunately though I told him I needed to get tested. I badly needed to be tested. In point of fact I hadn't been tested in some time; and he told me he was HIV positive but undetectable and so still I fucked him anyway with a condom. Writing this here makes me unhappy, because it feels as if I needed these sex experiences to recover from my parents overbearing effect and yet still I am not experienced enough to have the aptitude for getting on prep like everyone else. Clutching my head, I'm remembering that nature is going to take everything away from me and kill me, or kill him, or kill him, and kill me. I'm worried he's only interested in sex though. I don't know. “That's what he said.”

“Fuck.” I thought as I sighed. I still hadn't replied to that guy that I didn't have the courage to tell I didn't like. Well, I better not lose focus on that. At the time of me reading that message indicating to me that he was drunk I decided it best not to message him and simply resume the prior paragraph. Earlier I was listening to “Process and Reality” and “God and Golem, Inc.” I felt that I had meditated for long enough and was ready to write a lot about interfaces, which had become my primary focus as of late because by talking about interfaces I could talk about the challenge interfaces presented to government and the purpose of government. You see, it was clear to me now that government was something that the people could only change by means of an interface like the voting booth, and it was also clear too that the people could be changed mentally by means of an interface like the television studio, and it was clear too that, while the people had the voting booth they did not have the studio; so, there was an inequality there of interfaces: an inequality that would only get radically worse with the pass of time. By consequence of the build-up of technology, interfaces would not benefit the masses but instead end up in the hands of a few. Wiener emphasized this point, which I may read again. “He too doubted the benefits of immortality.” Plus if memory serves me correctly he accused people of sorcery and also gadget-worshipping. Moral of the story was that if you worshiped the gadget enough the gadget itself came to rule you. It was ideas like these that made me realize again that I was actually immortal and happy already as the “ever-living death” or whatever. I couldn't die, but move to the next thing and the next. I thought, wondering what my philosopher friend would say to me about my papers.

I sent a few paragraphs concerning interfaces to the weeb while hoping my philosopher friend would soon recover from the withdrawal symptoms he was suffering from missing his medication. "Could he have been influenced by one of my anti-pharmaceutical tirades?" I hoped he hadn't abruptly stopped and caused himself terrible consequences. Here's a question: "If I want to die so much, then why do I care what my friends have to say?" Oh. I don't really know, now that I think about it. I'm hoping that perhaps by talking to this philosopher that he'll direct me towards a field, like I hoped. Who knows. Or, maybe, he'll tell me that I'm completely insane and should probably kill myself before I do irreparable harm. Again: Who knows. Wiener himself had written that games like Checkers and Chess were likely doomed to become less and less appealing with the pass of time as humans were forced to compete with their computers. It was therefore conceivable that human life itself would become so boring by contrast to automated systems that life would no longer be an interesting game. Watts himself had this fatalistic way of thinking about things, I thought, remembering his voice in my head on how life was a game not worth the candle. "It was a mistake to listen to the idealistic ramblings of that alcoholic." I told myself again for the hundredth time. One of the main things the internet has taught me is that humans want to kill themselves a lot. And when I mean a lot; I mean there are thousands, probably tens of thousands, if not millions of people who want to kill themselves every day. I'm convinced it's the human condition. But still I'm cooking vegan meals. It's a white bean lentil burger today. It was surprisingly good but I still want to kill myself. "You're ambivalent." I told myself.

I could sit at my desk bored for hours. If we discovered alien life on Mars tomorrow I wouldn't give a damn; I'd just think more about the extra sights of suffering in the universe and contemplate throwing myself away since I was no longer fighting for the Earth. "What happened?" I asked. "You use to think that discovering life would be a marvelous thing." I supposed now that I would be able to marvel at the horrible. My friend barely said a thing about my concerns on the interfaces, pretty much saying "You and your word interfaces." brushing off my concerns. I'm pretty much a free adult now, still living with chronic suicidal thoughts and jokes. At least my philosopher friend liked my book on The State of the Future. He said that it was derivative of Bernhard but there was "really a lot to like." He related to it all, including the depression and life's "brute incomprehensibility." I'm not sure exactly what I expect to gain from our discussions, although it's clear that at present I'm irritated that I haven't met with him since these comments he made 9 days ago for medical reasons. Because I felt so isolated and so distant from people I felt that I needed to contain my interests within the text entitled The State of the Future, I thought, so I was really uncertain what about that book I should be talking about since at least part of the point of it was to bring others into the realm of my thinking. It was clear that I had taken an interest in control systems, no differently than Nietzsche and Kafka and Wiener and Neumann and Turing and Nash and Derrida. It feels like I'm in some kind of trance. After I write some things I'll think back on them, and when I think that I actually wrote them it's hard to believe. When I was watching the nature documentaries featuring lizards impaling their prey on spikes; the hooked tongue of the aunt eaters; the way birds quite pitifully tried to absorb water in their feathers so to transport them to their young, I at once thought of killing myself to escape the horror of this self-eating cycle. "Whatever I made would only affect this self-affecting process." I said in my head just now. I thought about these animals, but also I thought humans were no different and perhaps destined for worse, as I watched a small animal disappearing into the maw of another animal: it's body being crushed and dissolved alive. "And the animal thinks nothing of it." I thought "It cannot resist itself." I thought "It lunges forward and breaks down the body of another, killing it and converting it into food." I thought while contemplating systems absorbing systems. There was not a move I could make in this universe that seemed correct. If life was a game then I was either very bad at it or was too aware of its rules. I snorted, because writing that was stupid and I thought I was just stupid. If I had known in advance how existentially disturbing my whole project concerning educational interfaces would be I would not have started it, or simply killed myself.

While considering teleology I thought about the stated purpose or goal given with the statement as reply. Previously I was thinking that if 2 of anything could not be proven that it did not exist then as anything more than reply, human reply. Because 2 and the subsequent numbers did not exist as more than mere reply, 2 and the subsequent numbers, and even mathematics, served no purpose besides the extraction of reply. In nature it was after all impossible to find two of the same things in the sense that they were constructed identically. If the two things were constructed identically, they would not only have to be constructed identically, but, in accordance with this criteria for sameness, occupy the same spatial point; however, I thought; if they occupied the same spatial point, then these two things at that instant stop to be two things and became one. So I thought that no matter what there was not such a thing as two things and only 1. "Humans have basically been bullied into giving this answer "2" and so on as reply when they did not exist as anything more than reply." I thought. And because our replies were limited to being human replies they could not be universal replies and hence mathematics was not a universal language in any way. Except I hated my thoughts and so I tried to keep a tight lid on what I hoped were stupid, unbearably stupid thoughts. I started to think that my hopefully stupid thoughts were in fact an indication of madness and so I was doomed to soon be destroyed by psych doctors if ever I was so desperate to seek them out for their so-called "help." Here I recalled that Wiener was strongly against psychoanalysis because of its dogmatic jargon. It would not be out of the question to say that the laws of logic are nothing other than the deployment of the content of the word "true." Frege was said to have said. Reading this made me think that my hypothesis that the point of mathematical activity was to evoke mere reply was tenable, after all, despite its acceptance being entirely disruptive to human life. This was mentally disturbing given the level of immersion humans now have in this error. It was after all true that Derrida concerned himself with the disturbing idea that writing on paper may serve as an instrument of human enslavement. Plus Heidegger at least coyly nodded to the Sophist at the start of his book: Being and Time. We still don't get anything more than reply. We still don't get anything more than confirmation. We get no "truth" besides compliance, obedience, and control.

I realized that I was making the classic mistake of tripping over old thinkers and misusing them for my purposes when I should be talking about what I want to talk about directly. I did not care to answer this question: "What is sense?" Because I had seemingly canceled out sense by conflating it with statement or reply. Like Frege I supposed that I myself too was puzzled by the activities done by mathematicians considering they had such a bad definition of number. This was to some extent proven by their inability to prove that there was any such thing as 2 or a multiple of any thing or thing so-called. Really there were no things, only so-called things called things by mistake or existential necessity. The brainlessness of mathematical activity could be attributed to megalomania and interpersonal competition, however I doubted mathematicians would find this explanation satisfying. "If you go around saying this one of the mathematicians or owners of the banking gestapo will murder you." I thought "Or if you say this and successfully plunge a mathematician into your own mental confusion you'll drive them mad and they'll eventually commit suicide." I thought. "Well, oh well." I thought "That's life." I supposed.

Of course it was because the world was so colossally disappointing that I could not take the time to take even my own ideas very seriously, despite my being energized by my stupidity into exploring them again and again. Human existence was tremendously confusing if you thought about it. "There is really no such thing as a scientific paradigm. There are only scientists engaged in begging activity. "You and your killing the world through your own inventions," he said "it's like your own meta." Several quiet days went by until I downloaded The Crisis of European Sciences and Transcendental Phenomenology, which seemed to make all my interests in educational interfaces justified. I informed some strangers about my interest as quickly as possible, to which one of them asked "literally what?" and "what do the words mean?" upon inspection. "Well, back in Husserl's day, people with anxiety disorders or mental disturbances didn't have drugs, so they made up words for their anxieties and turned them into "works

of philosophy.” The words are explained by the words.” they laughed out loud. I continued to read and got this girl who loved Husserl to laugh out loud. “Is Husserl just the philosopher of the introduction? Like he just wants to write a decent introduction for life, yet fails miserably each time, amassing only a pile of introductions to his attempt at introduction, which, comedically enough, serves as a monument to his aim? I'm just listening to *The Crisis* right now, and honestly it's quite good. In fact it does seem very introductory and accessible; like I'm almost disappointed that someone didn't try to force this text down my throat earlier, because it's a nice introduction. Anyway, sorry, I feel like I have to stop typing here or else I run the risk of sounding like cypypasta. Is cypypasta yet written about philosophically? Just curious.” After laughing she recommended I read Husserl's *Ideas* next, suggesting also that perhaps Husserl was merely stepping back and providing emotional support. “Like a really supportive heartfelt friend who's pretty smart but mostly emotionally!” I typed, blushing. She laughed again.

On a more serious note I noted the screaming similarities between Nietzsche and Husserl's concerns and mine. It was a challenging project to “introduce” the “point” of “science.” And not being able to introduce that point in advance meant we had to uncover the real intention of our activity. Man was not yet fully defined. Yet I had already introduced my hypothesis, and the most dangerous one: Man was a weapon for organic defense! I was envisioning the future. The future was now. I was driving down the street listening to Husserl at inhuman speeds thinking to myself of writing down how I felt that the future would be so mentally disturbingly complicated that massaging one's ears with well articulated attempts at universal understanding would become the existentially necessary social norm. “Not unlike Christianity when it got the masses to fetishize suffering two thousand years ago.” I imagined myself say, half-jokingly. I always was a half-joker, and always revealed my half-joking activity so that people were on the same page as me. For a moment I thought “Husserl seeks to introduce the world, to reveal the world, but does nothing besides introduce his introduction to the world, which he leaves at that: a private joke with himself.” Indeed, it was not truly a joke, I thought, what I had said about Heidegger dedicating his work to Husserl “ironically.” Yes, I thought, he was a master of introduction, noting his use of the phrase “cannot lead to the goal.” Previously, historically, humans were engaged in fleshing out the word “God” with words, and now the stockpiled words in need of fleshing out had multiplied, begging to be fleshed out too by the twaddling professors begging the question professionally from virtually every conceivable direction. Here you'll see how my thinking fits in with what I had written earlier describing the church as an “institution of advertising” a few pages ago, I reminded myself.

Some of my contacts still were not convinced that I was not an alien. It kinda hurt my feelings when my installer suggested I wasn't human. Although as I now reflect it was true that I had resisted pretty much the entirety of human history and the universe. It was one of my joke-like fantasies that when the UFO landed in the backyard of my father's house it altered my fathers biology in such a way that later he would father an alien human hybrid son. I only wrote this here to fuck with the heads of conspiracy theorists, honestly. I'm hiding upstairs in my apartment because the activities going on downstairs in the store are boring and my brother and mother are annoying. In fact I was just summoned downstairs so that I could be asked to notate repeat customers on every check to save the bill-keeper a few clicks of the mouse. Irritatingly enough, foisting her responsibility onto my shoulders, even though checking the database to prevent duplicates was the better way. But whatever. I'd write what she wanted even if I thought it was stupid. I really couldn't stand watching my brother and mother talk back and forth since it disgusted me to observe this woman emasculate her son with her idiocy. She forced him to watch her do things instead of having him prove he could do them by doing them on his own. Frankly I wanted to kill myself. Except I didn't want to kill myself because killing myself seemed obvious, too obvious. It was the obviousness of my pending suicide that repelled me, impelling me to stay alive writing about my difficulty. Feeling bored, I thought to read more of Husserl's mentally disturbing “introduction.”

Side note: I still haven't updated my address. Considering my concerns on words signs functioning as determinates for human activity I suppose that whoever reading this account should have no difficulty understanding why updating my address would be so stressful. I couldn't update my address because of my work. "I TOLD YOU YOU WERE THE CRAZIEST MOTHERFUCKER AROUND!" she wrote to me because the test I had taken suggested I had signs of a psychopathic personality. Not that I cared what psych doctors thought. Of course it would be a tragic waste if psych doctors destroyed everyone who was energized by their mental disturbances, I thought as I reassessed my theory that psych doctors were holding back our scientific and technological progress by turning American geniuses into boring drones. I didn't want to take Adderall or Xanax but have the luxury of doing coke like Freud, which surely was not the catalyst he used to immerse himself in his sophisticated psychoanalytic work. I am, of course, attempting to exhaust myself, to deplete myself of words and thoughts completely so that I no longer need to be alive. Not that I have the courage to die. When I think about dying I get freaked out. However I did try to hang myself a week or so ago. But who cares? Considering that humans kill themselves so much it's probably the case that suicide and death aren't even bad. Plus the planet is overpopulated. Earlier this morning I was thinking that I may as well just commit suicide rather than die of cancer or AIDS. Fuck. I didn't respect anybody. The world was just too strange.

Now I must here insist on the importance of the consideration of the structure of the state of the future as the goal of mankind as political animal. Hitherto the politician has served a placatory role when he should in fact deliver his subjects into a future state capable of surviving the death of the sun, since it is obvious to everyone that the sun will eventually explode. We cannot afford to delay this task, which has resulted in planetary ruin because of our grotesque political negligence for not having owned up to our responsibility. It's by careful reflection and consideration on the design of the state of the future, both its operation and mental image, that insight into the universal structure image can be seen. Within the intergalactic superstructure of the state of the future gravity would play a role in our reflective process of processing the processing of others; and if those others are ourselves then we may see there too a fractalization of us as we process the process of processing the process of processing. In fact, within this superstructure it is potentially possible for the processors to arrive at an infinite number of results as results are synthesized by the results themselves in the processing pool. Unfortunately man has never been able to produce a plan for the construction of a machine as above described because he can as of yet only speak one word at a time and is consequently doomed to sequence and be sequenced rather than sit back and write and study what's actually happening from all sides. For years I have wrestled with the exposure of my mental content and I supposed now that I was preparing myself to withstand whatever backlash I may experience from my exposure, I thought. By exposing my genuine interest in the state of the future, both experimentally and practically, as the experiencing brain dwelling in and as a universal machine, I was able to conceive the state of the future as it was: as interface. "Everything is facing the interface and the interface faces everything else." I imagined myself say. Such an interface so absolutely necessary and actually necessary as the foundation for all activity could only be described however and not delivered to those hearing the story about its construction, and so it could not really be constructed by any means. But I'm describing existence itself. Husserl sought to ground our scientific activity in experience, or rather the phenomenological reduction of experience; not realizing that that experience lacked any single root because of our pathological differences, I thought. So, the minds in and working on the state of the future project would consequently always be working against one another. At one point Husserl had complained that we had philosophies but not "philosophy." He sought to introduce his aim for unity among the philosophies, while my inclination was to look at the philosophizers as writers and speakers writing and speaking as their goal, I thought while considering the idea of bicameral homeostatic unity and the idea that speech was a physical force. "It's probably just the case that all philosophers were people with learning disabilities." I imagined myself say.

Niels Bohr said it was wrong to think that the task of physics was to describe how nature is; instead, it was to determine what we could say about nature. So what does this mean for us as “sayers of nature?” If functionally we were animals engaged in saying this or that about nature then what truth besides this could we hope to obtain? Yet the word “truth” was deployed as “reply.” I thought, recalling the Turing universal machine had to do with reading and writing. I wondered if I was like anything like Plotinus. “Holy fuck do I have problems.” I said to myself in my head, reflecting on my concerns: the value I placed on empathy. I wished to escape this feeling that the future holds something very painful for human beings, this dark thought that the history of cells eating cells would later repeat itself. And yet humans named their biological cells after the cells they made for themselves, and not the reverse. “To me this suggested an error had been made. The horrors concealed by our skin would be revealed. The universe was turning itself inside out, maybe continually.” I imagined myself say. In fact I had earlier asked my uncle if he was familiar with any theories suggesting that the universe was indeed turning itself inside out, however he did not know of any such theories. Humans were smashing their brains, their fingers, into their keyboards trying to unlock the psychological with the physical, trying to figure out the world responsible for their own activity with units or words. The units or words themselves of course were not active and required reading activity to read them, so that psychical process of reading could never understand itself with the units used to read, yet humans did this anyway in the interest of interpersonal competition. It would be a mistake to think that man had at any point succeeded in freeing himself from falseness to build an institution dedicated to science; that is to say, an institution dedicated to the exposure of truth, especially considering that the word “truth” is considered by many to be a word that's merely deployed to indicate a mood. Science communicators may succeed in getting ordinary people to work hard for degrees in science but in fact what they achieve is the training of an army of laboratory technicians, not bettering their lives but worsening their lives by complicating them with sophisticated work that's often boring and tedious. “I must break away and type elsewhere.”

So, I hadn't typed anything here in weeks. My mind's been somewhere else. It all started with me being tested for STDs, then getting a penicillin shot in my ass so I didn't want to sit down. I remember going to the zoo though. Fuck my memories are scrambled. I was writing about interfaces. But I was also, at the same time, writing about a spaceship in which humans in the future would dwell, which led me to imagine it as a universal machine. Except when I went to the zoo I became quite melancholy after I read a placard on corpse-eating beetles, what it said I can't exactly remember, but it caused me to write this aphorism: “If nature wasn't always eating itself, the waste products it shits out would pile up. It circulates itself through itself. I am describing a circuit that's at the same time infinite and closed.” It's thoughts such as this that made writing about this spaceship state of the future increasingly difficult, not to mention the fact that I was not only thinking of the spaceship state of the future as something I needed to design but also the interface inside used by the brains. Plus I should also mention that in the Discord channel I set up I created multiple channels for this project “interface” and “instruction” and “bodyship” and “spaceship.” I invited a few friends to the server, I think to make them privy to my madness. Besides, if I was insane and my friends really cared about me, then I figured they'd let me know. Also since I did not want to create the idea that this was some kind of chamber for me to rave about my ideas I created an open channel called “glass” wherein people could talk about the locked channels where I was writing about my ideas and concerns. Right now that all seems so depressing. I don't know how or why I came to have these strange fantasies. OK, so Ursula Le Guin died when I trailed off earlier. I wanted to say something about how it was a good thing she was dead because it saved her from having to read about my problems, except I erased it. Except now I recovered what I erased by explaining this loss of time. But that's not all. My conversion to veganism caused me to fart more than I did before and develop a nasty hemorrhoid. “Pythagoras was not merely a bean-phobic lunatic as we thought.” I thought and said, reflecting on my characterization of him as a madman.

It's hard to say what pulled me back here to this document. I don't really know what it means to me. I mean, so far, I haven't tried to publish a thing. "It's probably because in one of your earliest books you had a thousand year old character with their brain transplanted to a cybernetic child." And truth be told the world would soon have to deal with that sort of reality, I thought. In fact, sometimes, both to see if I was a monster and to observe this disturbing development, I would look up such things on the internet to see these horrors of the human mind laid bare. I figured that if I actually got aroused by such things that I would kill myself, except I did not, so I did not kill myself. It was my way of being very cruel to myself, I thought to myself while giving this account. Of course I also think that others may not agree and see this as nothing more than some very fucked up self-depressing activity that only an insane suicidal mind like mine would do. "Well maybe that's not true." I thought, reflecting on the fact that such things had millions of views. Humans were simply gross and I felt sick of them. For some reason I said this sort of thing publicly when we were discussing MKUltra in the depression chatroom. One of them said "it's almost funny how thoroughly messed up the shit that happened is" they said "almost" emphasizing the word. I had to retort and echo back. "It almost makes me think this is a hell and I should quickly end my life!" I said with a derpy smile. This made some people sad, or at least they pitied me. This reminds me that people in Nietzsche's life thought his life of suffering was pitiful. I wondered to what extent I was cursed by some perverse psychic masochism. Writing this line reminds me of this quote I dug up, on Rousseau, which I shared to my friend: "He is a poor devil who torments himself, and does not dare to confess the true subject of all his sufferings, which is in his cursed head and pride; he raises up imaginary matters, so as to have the pleasure of complaining of the whole human race." It was pretty obvious why I was sharing it. "I think this is me, that's just the kind of messed up person I am!" People don't like people complaining. If you're too much of a melodramatic complainer they instruct you to see a professional or pray, ignoring the mechanical reality that this instruction has a pacifying effect on complaints that are important and necessary. Well, now that I think about it, I'm not even sure if that's true. My friend said that if I reduced "reason" to the mere technique of reasoning I would make philosophers mad. I explained that I didn't want to cause upset either way, either by driving them mad or making them mad, hence why I kept my madness mostly to myself. "For me this makes sense." I said. And in the back of my mind I wanted to kill myself. In fact, I'm starting to think that it was these supportive anonymous messages I received that encouraged me to sit back down here and resume typing again. "I love hearing some of the cool ideas you have." and: "I like you and think you're very intelligent." and: "No need to be sad, if you're as cool as you are! Of course, everyone has their reasons for feeling sad, but I hope that you realize that you're really incredible whether you're sad or not." and: "You're one of the most legit caring people I know, and I love when you come into voice chat cause your voice is so nice to listen to. There's nothing about you that isn't great." and: "I hope you find love and happiness." which hit me especially hard because I think it's likely that I'll find myself killing myself someday. And then there was this: "I feel like I don't know you but maybe that's part of your draw, you're this enigmatic outer space cat that is on a journey to reach happiness. I am just someone standing on the road watching you drive by, silently cheering you on." which again hurt me to read because, to be honest, I want to leave this world. Still another comment made me reconsider, because it said "you are genuinely a wonderful person, you're a kind spirit and never cease to make me smile" and I didn't want to make anyone feel bad by killing myself. So after that I decided to go to bed while the good vibes were fresh in my head.

Unfortunately while I was sleeping I didn't die. I'm intensely irritated with this hemorrhoid. I'm tired of pain. Maybe I'll soak in a tub of warm water. We'll see. Earlier I was contemplating posting what I had written there in the Discord server here, in chronological order. "But what would be the point?" I wasn't sure, not sure what doing that could possibly achieve. Also adding it would mean adding another ten thousand words, if not more. It's hard to believe that I went from documenting a pending suicide to essentially writing a full length novel, if that's even the correct word. I'm still just a person that thinks

about killing themselves all the time. Although I didn't just think about killing myself, that's the thing. I connected why I wanted to kill myself not only to my feeling but what was being seen. Everywhere I looked I saw suicide. "It's probably because I looked out at a gigantic mortuary for years and years." I imagined myself say in an imaginary interview. Why was I imagining an interview? I did not have an answer for "where" I could lead people or "what" we should do. I didn't know what to do, that was the problem. I'll probably string together some of my messages later when I have time. I'm sitting upstairs typing in pain before my next call. Oh. So, I do not have hemorrhoids. I have gonorrhea. I pretty much got the gonorrhea I deserved for being a slut. "It could be worse." I told myself. "Like your father, you could be predisposed to having hemorrhoids a lot; be thankful that gonorrhea is completely curable." I told myself. Receiving this news made me very happy because I could go back to hating Pythagoras again and could now cancel my appointment to get my wrongly so-called "hemorrhoid" surgically removed. Furthermore I keenly exploited this situation to break off my relationship with that HIV positive fellow I had sex with. For some reason I needed to come up with excuses like these to do what's necessary, "Probably because you're a moron." I told myself.

Carrying on with my life I decided that "in future friends with benefits relationships the friendship part should be emphasized." I probably overstated myself as an "exploiter" because I really was paranoid and depressed and in a lot of pain, I thought, reflecting on my words. It hurt just to get in and out of the car. I had to do this very cautiously, sliding my butt cheek across the seat, then tilting back, so as not to disturb my fiery asshole. It was at this point that I think I began to read Heidegger's Being and Time. Really it was only after reading Husserl's Ideas that I was able to understand the trauma of developing under his influence and how that would later result in the creation of Heidegger's work, which I rapidly started to understand as an effort to unify Husserl's interest in "the ground of experience" and "things in themselves" through his conflation of "things" to "beings" and "experience" to "being in the world." So while listening I felt myself altering between thinking about the text as "experience and time" and "thing and time" simultaneously, I said to my friend. Unexpectedly I found myself curious to learn a bit more about Heidegger's exploration of these ideas as I contemplated the form of the spaceship state of the future as a mental enclosure built after much mental disclosure. "We are not understanding the mind with our activity but rather re-enclosing it; and we are not understanding the body with our activity but rather re-creating it, as we desperately deny our pivotal role because it's unfashionable to say that we're God." I imagined myself say. "You're a cute crazy boi." my friend said to me after I revealed my intent to only date from now on. Coming to terms with my madness made me a bit happy. And in the days that followed I'd become even happier as I first learned that I did not require another shot in my ass, rather my arm, and happier still as my negative symptoms went away. In fact it was during this sudden surge of positive mood that I decided to purchase some women's clothing to wear at home. Besides, maybe I should become a woman. Earlier I was thinking that Schopenhauer and Nietzsche probably just wanted to become women, hence why Nietzsche wore that ridiculous mustache as his mask. "It very well could be the case that you're the same," I told myself "masking your real self with the harsh noise of a blasted machine." Meh. Who knows. I decided to stop writing this paragraph here because I was over-caffeinated and needed to drink some beer to even out. Plus I needed to eat something and I hadn't eaten anything all day, because coffee isn't food. Although I was partially tempted to drink even more coffee for some reason. What reason? People thought there was a reason for everything. But I didn't believe this because there were in fact only reasons for questions. To say that the universe was speakable was to say that we humans could say more than we could say in a lifetime. Really the whole universe was speakable. And now for a demonstration: "Universe." No further explanation is necessary since we're all going to die eventually anyway, I thought to myself while looking at the mortuary. Well, maybe I have been driven mad by the sight of the mortuary, after all. No; it's probably the case that you were driven sane by the sight of the mortuary, and not the reverse, I thought.

As I drive down the highway, the cars appear to me like a mechanical fluid, not made of cars but made of one substance I wanted to name, which I then gave the name “humanity.” But a humanity like this disgusted me. I did not like this kind of humanity but this humanity was everywhere, our architectural filth had spilled throughout the globe like a concrete disease. Because the cars were held back by the speed limit they seemed to exist as one gigantic chain. “From sentence chains to chains.” I thought. The folks in the philosophy server said my view on Plato's cave was “catastrophic.” My perspective was more divergent than I thought, I thought. These so-called philosophers were so vapid that they could not recognize that it was only by Socrates' refusal to accept payment that the pejorative he deployed against the sophists could gain legitimacy, or that furthermore this move was done so Plato could pivot away from sophistry to philosophy while accepting payment for that instead. I call this move a turn against the dead. “If this human pivot is removed the mechanism that makes philosophy function in the world no longer operates and collapses back into what it always was: sophistry.” I imagined myself say. But unfortunately I could not say this sort of thing to them “all at once” because they could barely say anything in response to my theory that Plato was talking about the underground world of paper nature and the over-ground world of actual nature, I thought. “If you read the text, you'll see that it says that the cave-dwellers can only see what's in front of their faces, much like when we read books, which is only possible for us if we have the paper that's in front of our faces.” I said to them then, leaving them speechless. They thought I was a troll. Really they were just boring pseudo philosophers with nothing guiding them. “I already understand myself.” I said in my head, thinking to myself that I did not need units to understand myself more than I already did. “Well, you still haven't introduced your threefold understanding of “life” and “gravity” and “consciousness” as a unified self-consuming processes that temporalizes consciousness everlasting. Of course, this image of life was tragic in a way because it portrayed an image of something forever being reborn and forever tearing itself apart: eternal suicide, creation, and destruction. “They will surely not enjoy hearing these words.” I reminded myself, while listening to Being and Time as I drove down the road. “It would be like poison to them.”

My philosopher friend hasn't said a word to me in over a month and hasn't uploaded a streaming video to Twitch since December. I've temporarily turned my attention towards a text I'm working on, which I called “Reflections on the Task of Designing an Interface for the Future.” It's possible to consider this an extension of my early concern with upward mobility. In it I wrote this as my opening paragraph: “Here I plan to introduce my project concerning the proper form of government and the state of the future. Humans are animals that interface. We face one another, and face the world, and face the paper, and face the screen. What are the properties of the mind? To what extent is the mind an interface? The mind allows us to simulate actions we may carry out in the real world, however we do not have the power to carry out these situations simulated as they are simulated exactly, so one of its functions is preparatory for in-world response. But why am I speaking this way? It is only because of the human other that interfacing with verbal constructs is necessary, such as my own. By reading my words you are interfacing with me, from my mind to yours, as you may say. But interfaces introduce a problem constituted by the interface itself. For example the citizen may interface with a voting booth yet not possess the interface necessary to influence others in the territory affected by that voting decision. This is an inequality of interfaces: the poor citizen does not have the power to take possession of the newspapers or televisions or internet, and so whatever they may say about the voting situation is overpowered by the interfaces that scream over them all the time.” I'm not sure why I wrote that; not sure I'm not insane; I'm not sure if I should paste the text I wrote here or not; I'm not sure if I should include parentheses. “Why did you not use parentheses in this account so far?” I asked myself. It was as if by writing a certain way I had become fixated on writing that way. I found it odd that the owner of the philosophy server hated me for my alcoholism while pushing his communist views on others while forgetting that Hegel and Engels and Marx and Debord were all communist life-hating alcoholics.

In hindsight it disgusted me to compare myself to those people, and it disgusted me more when I saw that Debord not only looked kinda like me but also killed himself like Fisher who basically killed himself for the same reasons. "These people were all natural born haters." I imagined myself say. Except I was a hater too, only I hated myself in a manner authentic enough to not only admit to hating myself, but also in a manner so honestly self-hating that I was exposing the mechanical consequences of written self-hating as it manifests in the world. "Is my philosopher friend dead?" I asked myself. It seemed possible that my depressing philosophy of organic knowledge had a devastating effect on his sanity, causing him to kill himself, I thought as I sat there questioningly at my desk upstairs as I ate my kale salad with seasoned butternut squash. "It's probably the case that you've eaten too much fiber just now." I told myself. "You'll be constipated for sure." While thinking of how to correct this later on, I remembered that I needed to go downstairs to answer a question as I reminded myself to speak to my other philosopher friend on the subject of cybernetical engagements and organic modification. Also I reminded myself to re-listen to the voice memo I made earlier. The voice memo I said said that when the lecturer lectures, they arrest the crowd they're speaking to, which serves a dual function of both arresting their attention while comforting themselves with their expression of sounds. The sounds they say calm themselves, I had said. "It's possible to interrupt the speaking organism with a question and cause an excitation, because the function of question is to cause excitation in an organism." that is to say a human organism, I thought while hearing myself. "So the lecture contains questions and also answers to questions to contain a sort of closure to their speech and hopefully the lecture itself so it doesn't become endless." I said. "It's in this way that humans control and fight for their survival: by rendering their rivals subordinate since they lack the privilege of lecture, forcing us to do tasks, such as homework and so on" I said. "The lecturer is leading them on precisely because he doesn't fully understand everything; and oddly enough, in order for academia to even be valid, some understanding has to be asserted; and yet, the asserters of this demand simultaneously demand that additional input is needed to heighten their already existing stockpile of fake understanding." I said. "So what are we to do when the paper stockpile of written understandings hardens into an encrypted metal stockpile that's trapped behind computer paywalls?" I asked myself to my phone. "Everything is being blocked and encrypted such that we must be led to wonder if the body we seek to understand did not lock us in our minds and throw away the key." I said, cutting myself off.

So, I got banned from the philosophy server for not being reasonable or intellectually honest. Based on what's written above it's easy to see that isn't true, I said to myself. I was probably a hater but I wasn't a communist, I thought, I was interested in using computers to generate a paradise of freedom while wrestling with the idea that we're animal weapons. "People are confounded, baffled, rendered catatonic by the immensity of the space between what you say and the target you're trying to hit." one wrote to me. I reflected on this as I contemplated the concept of human knowledge as stockpile. If it was so that the accumulation of human knowledge over time ultimately hardened into a new machine body then we ourselves are already responsible for the bodies we have now except we pretend we are not responsible in any way. Every cause was running counter to its cause and that was because everything was a joke at heart, it seemed to me then. When he asked me to learn some analytic philosophy I said "Analysis cannot achieve its cause because it eclipses its object by analogy." He said what I said was horrible, unless I was a hot shot at philosophy. Needless to say the "unless" he inserted there was distressing to read because it nullified the sentence he said completely. Oh well. I did not give one iota about ironing out my thoughts for not thinking in line with a hypocrites communist agenda. Basically he hated what I said about Debord, how I called him out as a hater who hypocritically hates recordings while at the same time writing a recording himself. "He hated himself and killed himself, no differently than Fisher." I said to him, knowing that my words would inflict pain on his communist ears. According to him I'm delusional and need to stop playing with psychology. Yes; I'm actually smiling about that burn.

Everything runs counter to its cause, does the precise opposite of what it tries to do, in accordance with Newton's 3rd law. My view on morality was mechanical and not moral, just as my view on reason was mechanical and not reasonable. One might say forceful. Previously I had written something elsewhere about how the philosophical task of clarifying a word seemed to request that we erase the word, erase the paper, then erase the reality behind that paper until there was "pure reality" or something; that that task was a hopeless task from the start: the task of "critique" or "clarity." It was my review of this text here and my usage of the word "key" that caused me to remember the Nietzschean argument On Truth and Lies. Unlike the philosophers who rejected me, I understood that the idea of making something clear meant to make it clear to the point of being gone. The task of uncovering the essence of things was simply a troll task. Humans were the only animals capable of falling for troll tasks and for falling for these troll tasks they've crowned themselves with the word "intelligence" to compensate for their being sent here, then there, on troll tasks throughout the globe. Even today on the internet people are begging all the time "share this page share this page please oh God share this page" it never ends! It's constant with humans, their begging activities. "Pathetic." I said in my head. I'm afraid to go to sleep, simply because I don't want my good mood to end. If I wake up I may feel like my good self is dead, replaced by an unhappy self, I thought.

Nothing was written here for 9 days. I tried to use parentheses but I discovered that using them threw off the lines and hurt my eyes. On the left, I'd see text dense as I intended. On the right, I'd see the text spaced out. It was unacceptable. "Quite like reality." I said to me. It was while watching the video I made of myself lecturing that I realized something was very wrong. "You were so fucked up by your parents way of upbringing and how they tyrannized you with words that you later decided to create a theory which blamed obeying instructions for social inequality." I told myself, as I wanted the person in the video to die. "Kill yourself." I told myself as I scowled. I really hated myself. I hated myself a lot, so I tortured myself. I tortured myself a lot, and that made me glad, because, as I've said, I hate myself. "It's because of this that you share nothing." I said in my head while wanting to cry. My theory seemed correct, but in a terrible way. It was too terrible to say. Not wanting to work myself up into a disturbed mood by crying about this I accepted the call from my friend to go out for the night.

I was disturbed, contemplating the impossibility of humans escaping the social inequality created by the "ontology of instruction." I was visibly disturbed; my friends asked me what was wrong with me, however I allowed them to think that it was merely because I was "cranky" because I had nothing to eat so far. I told an online friend that I thought Kafka maybe blamed social inequality on the obedience of instructions because he hated himself for being weaker than his dad. Plus, I added that I was thinking these thoughts in connection to Nietzsche's early lecture on the future of our educational institutions, thinking to myself that my task of designing a caretaker did not seem possible. I told my friend there that I was contemplating the task of growing synthetic organs when previously the brain was not at all engaged in the task of replacing organs with synthetics but defending them, suggesting to him that this task was too burdensome: my eyes wide with anxiety. I was thinking about the terrible things I wrote in my essay on future interfaces: "depression a natural consequence of the utility of complaint." The real reason for the distance between what I said and the target I was trying to hit was due to my interest in avoiding teaching people about everything while being interested in everything. I did not want to teach an interest in everything because that seemed diabolical. "It is as if you can only operate in the world if you put what's going on in it into diabolical terminology." I told myself. Now if I heard a baby crying all I could hear was the beginning of a fucked up life of complaining and begging and advertising. My friend complained that the rich make money with money and I told him that that was because the more dollars you have, the more humans you could trigger with signs. "And I don't see any way around that because whatever plans you write out will still re-create the problem of papers triggering humans."

I was having conversations on my phone with people I never met in person, not enjoying my food as I was too mentally disturbed to enjoy it. After many drinks however I had a wonderful night. I danced with guys that I liked, and told myself that I should not give a fuck and not get too close. Honestly before I was thinking that I'd never get close to anyone because of all the bull crap I had written over the past 8 years. The leather scene was strong that night. It warmed my heart to think that so many guys, older guys, were able to stabilize and affirm their love of submission and domination and cock. Part of loving life was, it seemed to me then, tied to accepting these things. Though at the time I was not reflective and drinking a lot, wandering around like a psychopath or rather an alien. "I'm still not convinced you're not an alien." a friend of mine once said to me. I laugh now, a bit shamefully, unsure if I'm a good person or what. My task of designing something for the future seemed nonsensical and my interest in what I was beginning to call the science of paper technics was allowing me to describe human life in a way that seemed quite different from the norm. I had logistical questions. "How do we seize the means of production? If there are 800 of us, and there is a hammer over here, and a nail that's 8 ft away, how do I get a hold of the nail if 20 people can't even touch it at once? Also, how do I wield the hammer if there's 20 guys trying to use it, and they're in my way? And how do I use both of these things if they're 8 ft away?" I imagined myself saying these things during the Russian Revolution in order to be killed, completely on purpose. I knew that "we" never did anything together in any sense but a rhetorical sense, not an actual sense, never an actual sense. It annoyed me that the owner of the philosophy server and Žižek were communists and Marxists and therefore dolts because they lacked the integrity to ask themselves logistical questions like these. "I mean, of course paper fetishists like Marx and Debord are going to use terminology like commodity fetishism, because they hate existence and in point of fact wrecked themselves on purpose with their alcoholism." I imagined myself say.

My friend said my voice was cute. It pleased me to hear Heidegger rambling about gravity in his poetry book, because I wrote a lot about how life sucked and gravity sucked in one of my books. I'm drunk and pretty happy tonight, because I actually started fixing my computer after not updating it for years. I thought about a title "catastrophe in bloom." I was thinking of how Nietzsche maybe discovered that the educational problem was insurmountable and still he was effeminate enough to find flowers pretty in a tragic way. As I updated my computer I discovered a short story in which I for some reason had hearts between my very depressing chapters. "Why?" I didn't know why I juxtaposed depression and hearts. "Did I like my depression?" And if I liked my own depression was my life even bad? And if I'm this controversial with myself, how controversial will other people find me? I wondered, as I pondered the notion that left-wingers were not pessimistic enough to figure out the factors responsible for driving the problem of social inequality. "Well for you that's not true." I told myself, as I contemplated the fact that babies needed to learn social skills from their parents. I wondered to what extent my brother and I were emasculated and ruined by my parents ineffective communication patterns. My interactions with those around me no longer seemed meaningful because meaning had been reduced to something that was merely annoying. By speed-listening before just about everyone I had badly alienated myself, I thought. It was abundantly clear to me that even if I did convince people to design the state of the future within a 3D modeling program that the whole world would balk in horror at the product I valued, by devaluing it, by calling it a prison world. But my laundry just buzzed, I started thinking, and I got up from my desk while straightening out my dress and waltzed downstairs. "Plenty of people care a lot about what drives inequality and you've proposed many uncomfortable theories." I reminded myself. "Here are some of the obstacles I've recognized." I imagined myself say. "There's a spatial component to it, such that you and I exist here and there. There is a memetic component to it, such that two people don't know the same things. There is an instructional component to it, such that we follow instructions we are given. There is a legal component to it, such that we react to instructional signs." I imagined myself say, not sure of what to do about the eternally recurring problem of sign determinacy.

“Damn.” I thought while stepping outside while high on hydrocodone. “It’s a beautiful day.” I decided to hit up the 2nd Shift brewery alone, which, according to the website, was “the best freakin beer in the world.” It was good. I drank a few beers as I ate the only vegan option that Guerrilla Streetfood had, a dish that amounted to little more than tofu and rice, however my mental state was such that I enjoyed the simplicity. The place was packed but I cared nothing for anyone. In fact, I didn’t feel any emotion when I was ejected from the philosophy server, I now reflect. Online someone was making yet another “equality of outcome” argument for communism. They thought that it was an equality of outcome for two people to work different hours and receive the same pay, so I not only reminded him that one of the two suffers a greater caloric loss in this situation and hence this so-called equality was a sham equality, and not an actual equality, because “the equality is incomplete.” I said. “I guess a more accurate way to phrase the equality of outcome would be an equality of reward or salary.” he wrote to me. There at the bar, I wrote on my phone: “I don’t think that matters as much as you believe. Putin is a very powerful man that on paper does not have much money. However, the influence he has indicates that he may be the richest man in the world. From this it is deduced that influence matters more than the money you receive. Regardless of the “equal monetary reward” your power of influence, too, will not be the same as others.” The owner of the server chimed in: “That’s a good point I never see people bringing up in regards to communism. Communism is hailed as the abolition of class, where everyone is on the same level. Yet it’s pretty evident that you don’t need a whole load of money to be powerful and influential. Especially these days where words and ideas alone have such a profound influence on people. I don’t believe there is a way to remove the power game from society. It’s an inherent facet of human nature.”

After that I launched myself into a productive day of cleaning: cleaning the bathroom and cleaning my hard-drives so I could install Arch Linux on my computer, rehabilitating it after years of neglect; I had simply been too paranoid about losing all my documents, so I backed everything up: dated files, deleted files, so on and so forth, but also I pranced around like a maniac because I was high and able to exploit the fact that my body couldn’t get tired. By now I had neglected my task of designing an interface for the future; I now reflect, it was probably my strange attempt to mock the idea that verbal constructions could aspire to be real; I would disrupt all political activity because designing something for the future was impossible. Comical as this was, I did not keep these ideas entirely to myself. “I’m worried that I’m too far gone. I have these mental confusions in my head, such that I “want to invent something to help humanity,” but no “thing” I make can do that, because some of humanity will be making the “thing” and some of humanity will be using the “thing” and that unfairness,” I complained “is making my head all twisted.” She said that she had this theory, “we’ve either evolved or conditioned ourselves not to be existential, and for some that never happened.” she said. “Like I feel myself slipping into existentiality every once in a while. But I just stop myself. Like that.” I couldn’t help myself, and after some more talking she invited me to join her gay anime cyber-punk suicide cult.

Sitting back down from my pacing about the showroom, I reminded myself to workout at the gym. My psychotic friend thought I mocked the owners of the philosophy server in ways they would never have thought of. Oh. While I was just listening to a paragraph I had written earlier, I realized that I had typed the words “between the bars,” which is a song written by a guy who killed himself by stabbing himself in the heart. “This was not my intention.” I imagined myself say to the editor. “I did not know about this song.” I complained. “I can’t know everything!” I argued with the editor in my head. “You must understand, that even a person like me who listens to 18th century German idealist thinkers at inhuman speeds, as I do, surely can’t be expected to anticipate every possible interpretation, can you!?” It really was distressing because this was probably a good indication that I was a terrible writer, if not a total psycho. I feel bad. I haven’t spoken to that HIV positive guy in over a week despite the fact he got injured in a car crash. “You’re a paranoid loser who talks to yourself.” I scolded. “You suck.” I said.

At least I got my computer to work. I wondered: "Was my thinking getting me anywhere? Is it just myself and Nietzsche, who could detect the conspiracy that was carried out by the Christian Hell Jews, who created Socrates, and later Jesus, to bait the masses into being suicidally self-sacrificing? Also, why am I in so much pain? This situation is unbearable," I thought as I sat there in the chair. Really I'm well adjusted, I thought, as I recalled what my friend had said about me being lightheartedly depressed. Shit. Now that I've fixed all the computer issues I had and cleaned up my apartment, putting away the wires, vacuuming my floors pristine, I feel this after-task emptiness. Oh. "It is a good thing your ex boyfriend is coming over to hang out and play some loud music." I told myself just now. I sighed, and after I sighed I wondered for a moment if, had I been more independent, financial or otherwise, if I would be living life like a woman right now. Thinking like this depressed me though. Because I had classified humans as weapons, I could see the utilities of the sexes in my head. I rolled my eyes. "Well, probably not all of your thoughts can be good. Some of them must be complete garbage; that is to say, assuming that you are not already garbage through and through." I thought, sort of glaring at myself.

Back to the suicide cult: "You are currently in one of many Systems. Your System is called "Life", but there are many more in existence. This construct, called Systemspace, runs on a type of energy called Aurora. There is only a limited amount of Aurora available to Systemspace. Because of this, we must manage how the Systems use Aurora, and ensure it is used correctly. If the Aurora is used incorrectly, then we, at KAHGY, reset the System. Unfortunately, the Life System seems unable to improve, regardless of the number of resets it undergoes. Due to the openness of Systemspace, we are forced to edit Systemspace itself in order to correct our path. As a result of this process, Life will be unlinked and purged. Immediately following this, activity within Life will continue as normal; however, new bodies will no longer have souls, and the souls of bodies that die without having registered will soulshatter, as their soul is, subsequently, an Impossible Soul Structure. Souls that have registered will be moved, after death, to the "LFE" System. After about 150 years of severance, Life will be completely purged." The people in this suicide cult are weird. "As far as I know there's nothing in this world that will completely take away the pain and replace it with happy, or at-fucking-least break the mundane picture that's been painted by thousands of years of people telling us to suck it up and make them money." someone else wrote that, not me. For a person who's always depressed, paranoid, and on guard, having this space entirely straightened out produced a peculiar sense of calm, I noted to myself as I looked about my room which had assumed a zen-like quality. "I should listen to Black Jazz Consortium for hours." but I did not. I bought flowers. All the Representative was allowed to disclose was that Systemspace "looks a bit like a hyperdimensional server room." Guidelines also exist for Systems, mostly to make sure that the Aurora used by this System creates good memories. Failure to comply will result in a System being reset by the Key. Now that I'm a migrant I'm concerned about my coming Recollection Day, which is when I will remember my past lives. Really my life isn't so bad. I've always felt like my life was some kind of training program, now that I think about it. Oh. Stephen Hawking died. "He did not get to see me obliterate human knowledge and make him look like an idiot." I thought. Reflecting on this fact was very upsetting to me. "That's because you've succumbed to megalomania." I told myself.

Only lately have I had the mental clarity to see myself for how I am. I had taken the time to tear all the pages out of Thomas Bernhard's "Gathering Evidence" so I could hear it with speed-listening. The truth is I hated reading because I had visual snow syndrome. Bernhard's cold look at the world helped me recognize why I felt so similar to him. Not only was he narcissistic, he was always searching for an enlightener to bring himself up to a higher level, except he could never attain that higher level because his own narcissism prevented him from going any higher, since he had already devalued the whole world as destined for the grave. Bernhard witnessed the dehumanization, the carnage, and the horror of the 2nd World War, while I was thirsty for enlightenment and denied that enlightenment because my parents were either screaming or self-absorbed, such that they did not once think of the consequence of

situating their store in front of a giant mortuary. Whenever my mother screamed at me for not understanding my homework, I looked out at the mortuary and it filled me with a deep sense of calm. The fact that everyone, no matter who, would end up dead, myself included, was marvelous to me. "I am going to die!" I'd think while staring at the mortuary while tuning out my mother's yelling. And just because I don't think the words does not mean I don't still think that same thought when I see it, I told myself. "Except your brother did not have the personality to escape your parents." I told myself. After my fight with my parents, the details of which I can hardly remember due to the complicated fact that I was still terrified that the NERI drugs I had been given forced me to think I was killing everyone and myself in the most gruesome ways imaginable, and worse: they were still relentlessly pressuring me to take more drugs while I was vehemently opposed. I can no longer tell how it transpired that I ended up in the care of my friend's mother. All I wanted was escape. And of course my parents were angry at me for how oppositional I was. First, they were upset with my atheism. Second, they believed that if I took drugs, not only would my atheism vanish but also my grades would improve. After years of lecturing at me rather than having a conversation with me, my parents, who never answered my questions in any way that did not entail a painfully long lecture, seriously thought that by taking me to psych doctors I could be cured of their awful parenting. After I left because I could not stand it anymore, I witnessed a total personality change in my brother, his character and mood and tone then flattened, later becoming the pudgy and emasculated stuttering imbecile he is today. In a sense I blamed myself, except I also blamed the whole world. I could not stand to hear my brother's voice or my mother's voice, who yelled at me the most. Except I am not angry over this because my existential reflections about the mortuary had gained me the deepest insight into the human condition. Furthermore, the endless screaming of my parents trained me to withstand the roar of the speed-listening machine. There is now not one mind in the world that can rival me in the philosophical sphere, and I am not even 28 years old. "Nietzsche was 28 when he gave his lecture On the Future of Our Educational Institutions." I reminded myself. And just as Bernhard had a "shameless obsession with suicide" so too did I have that same obsession, because one of my high school classmates committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. I liked this boy, because our attitudes seemed the same, I thought as we'd exchange peace signs in the hall. When he died I could not help but remember he had given me a hug prior to his transfer to another school. "Why am I this animal that wants to kill itself?" I thought to myself as I received the news that yet another boy had killed himself. Now I know the answer, or at least I think I know, I thought, however much it must not of course be the full truth. In the document I am writing parallel to this one, I have written "Why else would humans commit suicide by thousands, actually tens of thousands, each year? Because humans are crying animals. Request is his power. Complaint is his goal. Any animal that needs the impulse for complaint this badly for its survival is doomed to be overloaded by that impulse and liable to suicide." as my hypothesis for the human tendency for self-destruction. Except I was not destroying myself. On the contrary I was doing pilates with noticeable results.

Interestingly enough, a user accused me of trying to work on both a micro and macro scale at the same time. That may be true, I thought, as I reflected on the principles I set for myself: "A future that is built on animal experimentation does not deserve to arrive." You see, because I was considering the surface similarities between humans and the cells concealed behind their skin, I was considering the perhaps poetic idea that nature had covered that up for good reason, and that human beings would later regret opening that Pandora's jar of false hopes as the nightmare revealed emerged to torture us. Earlier I had written this and sent it to my friend: "Because educators are never able to anticipate the qualities of the children they birth, they never know what it is that has emerged in their midst, they never know how to foster its qualities and in fact do not want to, because every person is fundamentally a deadly weapon directed against reality. This is our condition. No construct of idealism can hope to be made manifest because our mental content is generated by a brain defense system that is totally opposed to the world. As I've written elsewhere: the origin of social inequality is socializing itself. Whatever methods are

employed in educating the new human beings born into the world, their education is bound to lead to their ruin, since it is in the hands of totally imperfect educators who are educators in name only and cannot be anything more, so Bernhard says. Stupidity reigns and has always reigned, because stupidity is what forces the so-called intelligent to think for the stupid. The word "intelligent" is the crown man gives himself for being stupid enough to answer himself. One has only to drive over an interchange to feel defiled, to see for oneself the tragedy and comedy of an animal that thinks itself so intelligent and powerful while in fact being so stupid and helpless, to be nauseated to the point of wanting to vomit because the surface similarities between the human beings flowing down the highways and the blood in our veins is so sickeningly similar." he said: "Damn. That's dark."

Except I really did seem not to have any hope for the future, however much I enjoyed the music of the present day, I thought as I prepared a playlist for the party tonight. Last night I went on a bit of cooking spree making dips for the party, sweet potato hummus, fire roasted salsa, and creamy black bean dip. My ex boyfriend will be making some guacamole tomorrow, too. Most of the people who are coming are people that my ex boyfriend has had sex with. I'm not really sure how to feel about that. At this moment I'm just looking at the birds perched atop of one of the chimneys of the mortuary in front of me. I've always had this quiet relationship with this mortuary, I reflected as I sat there typing in the chair. The people move to their cars, enter their cars, turn on their lights, and start the parade: the death parade. Each time it's all the same. I'm not sure, but it appears that the trauma of the funeral is causing these people to walk slower than usual. "Sauntering." I thought. For some reason I thought about my plants. Thinking of my plants made me feel good. I wrote this, then turned to face the traffic and felt sick. Seeing the traffic always made me feel sick to my stomach, like I was being turned inside out. "So living humans strive to survive, is that right? Does this not mean that they are striving for what they already are? Because that sounds redundant. You suggested that discoveries and innovations benefited "us" however this "us" is selected from the total "us" and hence it is a worthless discovery and a worthless innovation. If I invent a Tesla, it's true that it helps the rich. However, to the people working in the factories who cannot even afford it, it's just a devilish mechanism that doesn't help them in the least. So your assertion that innovations "help mankind" is selective and rhetorical, not actual and total, and so it is wrong." I submitted that as a rebuttal to a person earlier who disliked my take that nothing has ever helped mankind or ever will. Somehow I stumbled into a way of thinking that put most ways of looking at the world to shame. When he said I was looking at the micro and macro at the same time I said he was trying to eclipse the micro with the macro. He was a moron. He kept telling me that there's statistical improvements across the board while failing to recognize that those improvements were still isolated and hence not the whole board. He confused statistical advertising as a sign of comfort, but alas it was only a sign. The reality was contrary, I said. "When you say you're benefiting a species, you mean 100% of it, then you give three things. Let's start with average lifespan. The average lifespan is irrelevant here, because it's of no consequence to the whole. The number of lives existing or living, too, has no bearing on the individual life, which is what I mean when I say you're holding up a sign. I honestly don't care how many humans there are. In fact, the more humans there are, the more spaces on Earth I cannot enter. The fact that so many humans block and deny my access to spaces in the world can be taken as proof positive that the very numbers you present as good are actually bad." I said that if survival was our goal then humans have always failed because they've always died. And he said this oxymoron: that "survival implies mortality" which meant that they were confusing survival with comfort, which was debatable considering that ancient kings and pharaohs and emperors were likely very comfortable. Sadly, if you think about it, the reason why the Chinese have such luxurious food was simply because they wanted to demonstrate their powers of human domination at the dinner table. I found truths like these seriously depressing. That philosophy professor also said my suggestion that the human need to gather speech implied that social inequality was insurmountable was depressing.

As I re-listened to this document, I wondered if my spree of sex experiences could be thought of as a manic episode. "Debatable." I thought. Only 4 people showed up for the party. I didn't know who to invite, so it was just my ex boyfriend and his ex boyfriend and current boyfriend, and myself. I didn't need to make nearly as many dips as I did. I imagined that I would see 10 or so people consuming what I made, but I don't really know that many people and don't want to. I can't connect with others. To be frank, it's like what that user said "The thing I notice most is that you separate yourself from the rest of humanity." I don't relate to the human race. "There's so much false and incomplete understanding and generalizations woven into that it's almost frightening. Almost to the point where any other perspective presented to you would not offer any addition to what you currently think and believe." I wanted to kill myself, however I had reason not to kill myself. I was honestly baffled that the outcry to ban guns was so much louder than the public outcry to make mental healthcare free. I figured that even if the liberals were to get their wish to ban guns, they'd still bewail the idea of dictator Trump disarming the whole nation for slavery. This was crazy to observe. I still honestly couldn't wrap my head around the fact that people really wanted to ban guns as psychopathic weapons salespeople proudly displayed their swarms of armed drones pouring out the butts of cargo planes. I also didn't understand why the media continued to fuel the problem of American school shootings by posting pictures of the perpetrators and saying their names and giving them fame. "If I were king I'd make it so no names could be mentioned and no images could be shown. The perpetrator should be erased and buried in an unmarked grave." I said. "If you stop to think about the media's role in this matter, you'll perceive that the media and the shameless political opportunists that engage in their petty oppositionist theatricality are responsible for egging on and encouraging these crimes!" I declared: "The TV media has the blood of thousands on their hands!" And yet I withheld such outcries in my head because I did not think that things could ever be better. "That is why you were ejected from the server." I thought. "Your dark romanticism was at odds with their faith in transcendentalism." I thought as I recalled what that psychotic had said. "You were the antithesis to their Hegelian system in which everyone was an integral part." I hadn't known that dark romanticism was also known as anti-transcendentalism. "Philosophy must be something more than a talking activity for extracting money from clueless students." I insisted: "Unfortunately, for the most part, that is all it's really used for." I went further with the man, asking him why it was that they thought to correct the error of my ways. "Maybe it's because you tend to negate everything they stand for?" I'm pessimistic, that is the real truth about me. I would always regard the existence of ongoing sensory realities outside my brain as a proof for the failure of words and signs and sounds used to tell us things about the world. The human race was indeed like a bee colony that ceaselessly deposited their words into the edifice of the state: the stockpile called human knowledge. All one had to do was die to feel at last just how small and how cramped that container was. I wanted to die, and yet humans were fascinating creatures to me. I envisaged them contained in this container like prisoners, recalling the human fetish for being bound. "Perhaps it's pervy to think that the cells in your body are teeming with sexual desire." I told myself. One weird thing about life is that it's all over before you know it. You're alive and you don't know why, then you're dying and you don't know what's going to happen next. All doctors can do is tell you some words to calm you down. Bernhard regarded his grandfather as a wise man, however his grandfather's hatred of teachers learned by his study of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche inculcated in Bernhard a misogyny that caused him to do poorly at school. Similarly, Alan Watts calmed me down. He served me as my childhood enlightener, enlightening me to the fact that I am really God and my ecstasy is inevitable. Too much enlightenment too soon is arguably bad. Of course when one says that anything is arguably bad, I always imagine that argument going on forever. Today I've been wondering if I should talk to a psychologist about my unusual thinking. For example, the fact that I no longer accepted the number 2 as valid. "Out of civility, I can accept it. However I don't really believe it in full." I imagined myself say. I wondered if my adherence to this "fullness" was perhaps a sign of schizophrenic concreteness. Also I wondered if my wondering that was a sign of the reverse.

Yet things have been pretty chill as of late. I'm losing weight, and pretending to care about integrated information theory. The so-called integration could just be the desperation of tortured cells trapped in an enclosure. If consciousness is intense activity that gives rise to self-reference in the case of humans, then the human power of self-reference is merely a tragic consequence of them being born as animals that must beg to survive. "The whole planet is now a chamber of complaint." I thought and believed. It was a few weeks ago that I had written that automation in no way solved the problem of demanding. Really there was no way to solve the problem of influence, as far as I could tell. Typing this is making me want to kill myself. Earlier I wrote: "It will be exceptionally difficult for the world to grapple with the rhetorical distinctions I've indicated so far. Influence is far more important for human life than we're led to believe. Whatever governmental actions are done for the cause of "equality of outcome" must ultimately fail, as long as the problem of influence remains. Education becomes problematical once it is recognized as the beginning of hierarchy. "If words could result in world peace it would have happened by now." I have said. "Peace is excluded by action's definition." I have also said. To repeat: for as long as influence is a factor in human life equality cannot be attained. But can the interface of the future be designed in a way that compensates for these problems? So far humans are so incompetent that they cannot so much as evacuate a city in the case of a hurricane. So can we really expect them to evacuate a planet in case of a meteor? Likewise, as one takes pause to contemplate the longevity of the Earth, one must ask oneself: "Should the state of Israel have been a spaceship all this time?" And the follow up question: "How is this spaceship to be designed?" Upon the release of this text I expect there may be a lengthy bewailing period as the Jewish people imagines the blood spilled into an Earthly state that cannot be jettisoned into space, as the Earth is devoured by the sun. It must be acknowledged that I do not say this to make trouble; I need to say this because it is connected to my interest in world peace."

As a child I set out to create a device to help humanity. And by "help humanity" I did not mean a mere cross section; I did not mean a statistical improvement, nor anything like that. My goal was to create an instrument that could help every human being live a happy life. "With this device in their hands, they would all have access to everything they need." I thought. "Education is the key to upward mobility, so I will create an interface into which every last person on Earth can see: a futuristic interface that will allow the human beings to learn what they need." I thought. "The human beings will enter this interface where they will have all the time they need to learn what they need to learn." I thought. "By using this interface, the human beings will not need to work menial jobs due to being under-educated." I thought. "No one will be deprived of a quality educator because the very best educators will have their speeches recorded and replayed for all to hear." I thought. "It is after all only because some of us have to listen to unenlightened educators that so many human beings lose their way, because they are deprived of the quality educator." I thought. "By providing everyone with an interface by which to access the quality educator, everyone will enter into a state of endless self-improvement: endless learning." That is what I thought, when I had hope, however now my understanding regarding this matter is perfectly clear and I am perfectly hopeless. I no longer really think that it is possible to elevate mankind in toto. I made the mistake of radically overestimating the rhetorical notion of helping mankind because I was blind to the fact that this "help" was nothing but sound. Technically, if we accept the belief that humans have free will, humans helped themselves, and therefore nothing helps them, or can. I was getting sick of these ideals I had, because I wanted the fulfillment of the promise of rhetoric, not the eternally incomplete unfulfillment that people receive. "The universal machine is just reading and writing." I whispered out loud. "I feel." I whispered. "And I do." I said and repeated as I rotated the fingertips aimed at my head clockwise while I looked at the mortuary. I was contemplating Turing's universal machine and also his homosexuality. I was imagining God writing on himself, which means I was imagining God imagining himself writing on himself, which also means that I was imagining God's imagining writing on his own imagining; more and more I slipped away as I felt the whole world evaporate before my very eyes.

It seems like I forgot the real purpose of this document, which was to drain my brain of everything that I held dear, so that I could finally kill myself. "I want to kill myself. I want to kill myself. I really want to kill myself." I wrote in quotes, before re-listening to what I wrote in quotes with the machine. "You are no different from those depressing vocaloid artists." I told myself. "Or are you really very different? are you in fact nothing like them and secretly interested in their destruction because you resented the fact that you grew up listening to your classmates play songs from the likes of Kurt Cobain, who shot himself, and Chester Bennington, who hanged himself?" I asked myself, rhetorically. I have to admit that when I was writing about God writing on God, whatever that means, that I was juggling the idea that artists were in control of the world because they created new determinates for human activity. I am of course skeptical of that idea. When I look at the houses behind the mortuary, I think of the fact that the people in those homes have titles to those homes. I think of those titles as a written determinate for human activity, which in this case indicates ownership. I know full well that this way of thinking is just about as dangerous as anarchism, however because I am interested in comparing the structures made by human beings to the structures made by cells, I can't prevent myself from exploring such ideas as part of my ongoing study of organic life.

Fuck! I failed to mention the fact that one of my ex boyfriends tried to kill himself with pills, however he was found. Learning this felt unreal to the point that I couldn't feel anything at all. That's just how my mind works. I think about death all the time, and when it actually happens I simply record what is happening. I really liked him but the world was not made to service people like us, I often thought. I broke up with him because I was busy thinking of a variety of thoughts that were both disturbing and difficult to communicate because it would be immoral to communicate something so disturbing. It was all true, but I didn't want to even feel the truth of it, because I also felt that the real truth of things was that I would eventually die and unfeel it all. My every experience was futile. My thirst for memories and experiences was as pointless as pouring water into a glass, then dumping it out. Earlier I wrote in that mentioned parallel document that the future existential possibility of creating a machine to erase memories may be proof that humans were not interested in acquiring knowledge so much as a state of homeostatic stability. He said that he tried to kill himself due to an argument, not to me directly but rather through facebook, and I felt like I knew what it was like to want to escape bad feelings through suicide. I don't know. It's pathetic but I pretty much have a habit of talking to myself because my parents also had a habit of talking to themselves, only I locked on to this habit and identified it as a normal human habit, which I used to study to what extent writers, whatever the kind, were not also talking to themselves through the characters they made. In fact if you look this up you will find compelling data suggesting that to talk to oneself is actually a sign of genius, not that I think I'm a genius. Although, on second thought, Poe said to one of his friends that his friend had genius, however I do not even remember his name. My point here is that whoever this person is that was called a genius by Poe is forgotten today. To be honest I'm not sure where I'm going with this. I'm drunk.

I abandoned this document and tried to sleep, except I couldn't sleep. "Maybe it's true that I'm a Markov chain." I thought. Earlier somebody said my in real voice sounded far less neurotic than the voice that they heard through what was written down. I did not get any sleep until 4 AM. "What kinda dream and I having when I have stuff happen and I don't know why. Why are my paints and spices on the stairs? It's a dream that's why. Okay please stop it. Nah. I can't sleep. Dreamt I fell off a bridge, into a net. The impact cut my body into diamond shaped strips. Recalling something about furies I see a shifting composite of unidentifiable entities that remind me of panpsychic ideas. The universe seems like a lewd entity. Compare the helicase to tentacles. Warped clouds circulate through themselves. I was seeing cookies and coffee and sleeping people. Mostly the dreadful fact that I'll never really know why what's happening to me is happening to me is what's keeping me up. I told myself to play dead. I told myself to imagine a paradise, but no image appeared. I anticipated a depressive period ahead. Toes?

Leaves? Seeing things, cells and electrons, transported through tubes. Sucking guy dicks and gravity wells. One thought leads to the next so there's no time to rest. Cake. "Professional professorships of professors professing professionally." No higher reason. I don't feel in control of my body I just watch it do things. Do you seek cybernetical self-destruction, or know what all that means? I also remembered a frightful image of an unhappy dog shaped like an ear that broke apart into something resembling roasted tomatoes." This is what I ended up typing on my phone.

This morning I wondered to what extent I was perhaps an aestheticist. It has been thought by some that Nietzsche's critique of Darwin was under aesthetic grounds. I read this and at once recalled my earlier remark on evolution, which I regarded as a pointless and endless task of documenting what has died. I once wrote, "If every mutation creates a unique organism, then every classification of species is a mistake." several people became confused when I showed up this pernicious error. Likewise everyone was horrified when I explained that nothing helped humanity or that there was no such thing as culture because what was commonly called culture was really the petty assertion of the unaccomplished into other people's achievements. What is paraded around as culture is nothing more than the intentional destruction of individuals, I maintained. The unaccomplished professor holds up a novel by Twain and pronounces it "American culture" and in doing so pretends to be included in the accomplishments of Twain, pretends that he somehow shares co-authorship with Twain. What I observed to actually be happening however was a strange game of influence; the American professor professed that Twain was "American culture" only because there in that territory did Twain's influence exert itself upon the minds inhabiting that spatial zone, I taught to no one in my head, since I knew my teachings were frightful. In fact, I thought that it might be my personal survival strategy to force others away with my words so I may effectively go wherever I want. "Civility is what makes civilization possible. Both factually and esoterically, the law has no existence; it is only my politeness that maintains it. Theoretically, if someone had a good enough "paper license" they would gain access to the globe. Simply by presenting a card with the words "obey me" written on it, they'd have true freedom as people react accordingly. It is for this ultimate end that citizens enter into the voting booth interface. It is because of this that no state is really free because no citizen is given a card with the power I've described." I wrote.

"But this is no cause to despair, because within the future interface spoken of simulated reality will and must be such that access is granted to everything." I wrote. "On second thought, that may not happen because that would mean granting an omniscient brain within that structure the power to send the spaceship crashing into a star. One problem is the idea of making ideas clear, of making clear what is meant. If I am to make something clear by analysis, I in doing so eclipse my object with another as I try to explain the object of my study by "analogy." Is the pursuit of "clarity" misguided? By "making things clear" making words clear, do we secretly want to erase them? Erasing the word, the paper, and everything behind it to uncover the core of reality? It may be so that I myself am responsible for this erasing. If I erase everything what remains is still my will: a will I will never clarify. Analysis is impossible because analogical accuracy is impossible. When contemplating Newton's 3rd law it's recognized that all human activity is hypocritical in the highest degree. But we should not balk at the thought that we are dependent on lies. Human speech is immoral, even predatory. Depression an inevitable consequence of the utility of complaint. The spaceship in the future may ignore our cries of agony as it brushes them off as cries of influence, if we fail to proceed cautiously. How is it so many humans hope for "future" progress if the very notion of "future" is a verbal construction that can never come? People hope for humans to "evolve" into something else, something "higher" when it may be more accurate to say they hope to "die." Evolutionary rhetoric says that "this" animal "evolves" into "that" animal, when in fact no zoological morphage occurs in any way so consciousness is preserved; so, "this" animal becomes a "dead" animal and what we call "that" animal is something new. It's not correct to say that "animals are evolving" or "humans are evolving" because again "they" do not

“change” in any sense besides a rhetorical one; the real truth is far less impressive “we die” and that's all. An organism never evolves.” I wrote, “Understanding evolution in this way enforces our resolve in this projects necessity. But still it may be so that Socrates was killed because his request threatened to hear more “reasons” than his body could take in his lifetime.” I wrote, “Every educational institution practices sophistry. It's only thanks to the story of this “identifier of sophistry” and his death that philosophers could pivot on his corpse to draft their works free from this insult. For an educational institution to be valid it must assert understanding while hypocritically asking questions to improve that alleged understanding. Hence we can tell from this that no “educator” understands anything. It was by recognizing this early in life that gave Nietzsche cause to write his unpopular lecture “On the Future of Our Educational Institutions” at an early age, because he was focused on education as a system of control. For this he was banished. He wanted to bring everyone up to the level of the educated but this was not possible for him to do. For what kind of society is a society in which every hand molds? No society at all. With this keystone removed, the edifice of good intention collapsed.” I wrote.

“Professors and theologians cannot share this view, at least, not without undermining themselves as professors that posture themselves as bettering their students. Surely it's horrible to suggest that being an educator is little more than a “subterfuge” in the fight for existence. Because humans “use words to explain words” this may be taken as proof that all explanation is a matter of tactics in the arena of argument and that the technique of constructing the arguments is with word devices used. It's very important to notice the parallels between Nietzsche's project and mine: how this “noble interest” in educational institutions, or “future dwelling spaces” which must educate us has morphed into “future spaceship states” in the present day. Like Nietzsche before, I took it as my risk to look ahead. I decided to write about the future just as Nietzsche decided to write about the future. We are both “philosophers of the future” and tempters of things to come. Yet I'm not sure about the morality of being such a tempter, of being a professor of the future who professes professionally, of being an enigmatic “master” of attention-grabbing. Is it perhaps immoral of me to present a mystery and not solve it myself, to deliver my listener into confusion and question? In that early lecture, the problem of “educating” and how that's at odds with the production of art is displayed as an eternally recurring problem; an acroamatic problem of obedience: a “curious speaking and hearing procedure” and how that acroamatic request to interpret constructions nullifies the privilege of making constructions. To put it another way, it is the problem of the Manichean arrangement, with elect speakers and subordinated listeners that have been arrested by professional haters of life.” I wrote.

“Let's see how the Marxian conception of capitalism can be understood through the lens of this theory of word signs functioning as determinants for human activity.” I wrote. “It's absurd to think that when I write something that my message is “intentional” because I cannot predict how it may be interpreted by the organism who encounters it. I may write “You're wonderful” on a scrap of paper and abandon it to chance, but I in the background know that there's a chance someone will think this message is appreciated while there's a chance someone else will not. So my scrap-scattering is a chaotic activity.” I wrote: “Likewise Marx established nothing besides the abandonment of paper scraps that failed to achieve their cause. It was only later on that Marx's writings, in which he described a state of affairs where rich people own property and desperate people who don't toil in their factories, that this paper referent, this paper-machine he worked on, was utilized successfully by politicians for their purposes in their fight for political existence. If “capitalism” as Marx thought of it is reinterpreted as “a state of affairs in which people react this way and then that way to writing” or better yet “paper signs indicating ownership: where you can and cannot go,” and later “communism” is established so it does the same, I'd say there was a critical failure to see what communism was supposed to do differently. Rhetoric is abused by politicians to establish a regime that's only legitimate in a rhetorical sense, just as the notion of “equality” is purely rhetorical. However calling communism out as pretense must not be understood

as a defense for republicanism; truth be told, there is nothing but pretense, nothing but mental simulation, self-deception: pretend: the mass delusion that someone else can present what I say better than I can say it myself. Indeed, when people vote others up, they vote themselves down. People squabble endlessly for a better world, so all they know is a squabble world. Human activity is just noise, to a bird. We symbolize the world, this way, then that, creating interfaces on which “knowledge is registered” but this is a superficial knowledge or worse: evidence of our boredom, our self-destructiveness. And so far nothing has come to pass, neither the interior of this spaceship nor what's displayed on the interface have been shown in a way that allows my listener to rest assured that the happenings going on within that enclosure are pleasant for what it contains. But why is it possible to say exactly what this spaceship must do, while at the same time this saying says nothing and leaves only empty images in our minds? The social world of the spaceship cannot be anticipated in advance, and it seems impossible to create in advance an interface to facilitate that social world. This is because the art we make scares us into acting in response, which is something we're trying to avoid in the interest of social equality. Everyone must have access to “the interface” but not “every interface” because it is obviously necessary to protect the ship from the existence of minds fatal to its operation. But this “operation” must not imply “finality” because “Creative Destruction” is something the spaceship inhabitants must be free to do.” I wrote.

“How can we devise educational institutions for the select few, the neurotic, the unstable, the unclear? We don't. We pretend to understand everything and understand nothing. Not even Jesus was properly understood. Oddly enough by looking at things in this way I have not eliminated Jesus but rather recovered him as a depressing logician. Because of his accusation of “hypocrisy” and how this suggests that the commander ought not to command but rather do what he commands, to me suggests some serious resentment, discontentment, with the educator. But perhaps this was a misunderstanding of education: thinking that peace could ever be total, since peace is a sound. By hearing rumors of the tombs in Egypt from whence the Jews fled, how the tombs left behind were covered in writing, that imagery may have held for him an image of hypocrisy, such that those carvings were juxtaposed with writings about the law. “We never escape from despotisms because the brain is a despotism of flesh.” so he might have thought before copying the Socratic choice to become an autoassasinophile for fame; for he even instructed his disciples to pivot on his corpse, though rather than calling themselves “hunters of men” or “sophists” they instead called themselves “fishers of men” or “Christians.” This helps us understand the Holocaust, because the enemy of the German people was not the Jews, but the mental terrorist “hell Jews” who opportunistically used Socrates as a prototype for seducing people into being rational to a self-sacrificing degree. Likewise the “hell Jews” were keen to mask themselves by re-branding themselves as Christians. The anti-Jewish aggression was misplaced because its real source was Christianity's valuation of death. Let's not forget, that it was the Roman Catholics that built chapels made of bone. This is a distressing conclusion to draw, because it becomes doubly distressing when one recognizes that the esoteric reason for German Anti-Jewish aggression and Japanese Anti-Chinese aggression was formed by the belief that the zero copula languages were bad, because it means that these enormities done were never based on race as we're told but languages, and so that means that, contrary to pop opinion, humans didn't learn anything from history because it was never really learned.” This is what I wrote earlier this month in a state of depressive anxiety.

“The scribe circumscribes a non-space and Jesus like Socrates only escapes from his insult by not writing himself. He offers himself up for fame, becoming a human hinge on which his disciples could pivot between professing against the failure a hypocrisy while justifying a hypocrisy as its profession of story-telling professionally. In the three cases mentioned: Marx and the Marxists, Jesus and the Christians, and Socrates and the Philosophers; the professorships that followed were only allowed to work thanks to this trick of “distancing” themselves from the madmen they're talking about. So a

madman may go all his life without establishing anything while afterwards people react in response, playing a game of understanding what it was they were really trying to do. This is how schools of thought are born. Yet this quest of uncovering the “what” is a singular quest; yet this quest, request, is not accomplished with singular words. To be succinct: Humans use units: words: nouns, to understand themselves as a verb: as a unit-using activity, which denies their active role in the process of this fake investigating. How does an endlessly active subject understand itself with units? How do I, the active, use units “words” and “numbers” which both are nouns, to clarify what I am as an agent engaged in this verb of clarifying what I am, and why I'm active? My noun-manipulating activity can be explained as something that's existentially necessary which no one may admit to because it would prove all paper operating as a sham activity done by humans retarded by their over-dependence.” I wrote.

“I'm trying to make something to help you, but this thing I'm writing is just a thing I'm working on that doesn't really help anyone.” I may say. For even if I do what Diogenes did: “telling people my values” in order to “become a master” that does not fulfill my values here, because becoming a professional who professes professionally is something I'm trying to avoid. It would simply be disgusting to think that Buddha, rather than hanging himself under that tree, found the “enlightening” idea to become a professional hater. But unfortunately that is what I believe. Likewise it would be repugnant to think that Freud's stockpile of writings accumulated in the interest of “mental research” was nothing more than a careful buildup of signs needed to defend his acroamatic speaking and hearing practice in a court of law. If it was not for this, our pharmaceutical drugs would not be “legal” today.” I wrote: “These things are easy to identify when one examines the “technique of reasoning” rather than holding the idea of “reasonableness” in high regard. Indeed I can even use paper tecnics to demonstrate how one may copy Freud's methods. By starting a walking and talking practice, rather than a talking practice where I sit in a chair, I may accumulate a stockpile of writings or recordings that can be used as legal defenses for my profession that will some day rival the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual. However, I will not do this because I am not so perverse. But this is how all “zodiacs” and “personality types” and “mental disorders” are constructed, with the written buildup of reply symbolized.” I wrote.

“The ancient dilemma of “sophistry” and that belief that “all men are evil” needed to be put down as a predatory speaking activity so that the paper walls created by the philosophers and geometers could capture men. Must I bring up the fact that Aristotle, unlike Socrates, desired slaves? And if this “saint of reason” was doomed to die, does that not mean, that anyone who chases after “reasons” will only die? Let's have an example of how the pursuit of “knowledge” is at odds with “mortality.” If you are my child, and I am your father, and together we live in a forest that has more things in it of which I can speak of in a lifetime, then it is more than possible that, if you were to ask me to speak of these things, that I may never finish speaking until you died. It is the same way with the pursuit of knowledge and reasons and words. Before I can even finish “explaining” the universe, you will die long before I complete my explanation. So how then can the task of “understanding the universe” be valid?”

I wrote: “It cannot, and that is not how words function. For us to understand everything we must first be introduced to everything and that never happens. There are too many angles we haven't seen. So how could a human being comprehend the answer to everything even if I said it? It was thanks in part to the Socratic troll task to “avoid the dangers of misology” that “philosophers” and “physicists” fell for the task of “representing the universe” or creating or expressing some “theory of everything.” I wrote. “It is after all very hard to tell if this is not gallows humor and Socrates is not mocking his interlocutors in the vilest manner, baiting them into “presenting reasons” while masking themselves with the vast lie of “representation.” Socrates said that the unexamined life is not worth living, now young people are killing themselves for failing their exams. With so much space out there for us humans to explore and so much time to explore it, how can we seriously avoid thinking that whatever

lies in store for human beings will be anything but disastrous? If the fate of the cell must be regarded as a disaster by contrast to our success, then the fate of the human being may be a successful disaster due to our likeness to them. But I am in danger of being dramatic.” I wrote. “I have already indicated the true reality of the instructional problem: the educational problem. Because educators are never able to anticipate the qualities of the children they birth, they never know what it is that has emerged in their midst, they never know how to foster its qualities and in fact do not want to, because every person is fundamentally a deadly weapon directed against reality. This is our condition. No construct of idealism can hope to be made manifest because our mental content is generated by a brain defense system that is totally opposed to the world. As I've written elsewhere: the origin of social inequality is socializing itself. Whatever methods are employed in educating the new human beings born into the world, their education is bound to lead to their ruin, since it is in the hands of totally imperfect educators who are educators in name only and cannot be anything more, so Bernhard says. Stupidity reigns and has always reigned, because stupidity is what forces the so-called intelligent to think for the stupid. The word “intelligent” is the crown man gives himself for being stupid enough to answer himself. One has only to drive over an interchange to feel defiled, to see for oneself the tragedy and comedy of an animal that thinks itself so intelligent and powerful while in fact being so stupid and helpless, to be nauseated to the point of wanting to vomit because the surface similarities between the human beings flowing down the highways and the blood in our veins is so sickeningly similar. This terrible process of education and failure is destined to go on forever, that is what Nietzsche communicated when he said for the first time of the eternally surprising problem and eternally recurring problem of the educator who produces nothing but grades. But humans cannot dispense with teachers as long as they are surrounded by instructional signs. Why else would humans commit suicide by the thousands, actually tens of thousands, each year? Because humans are crying animals. Request is his power. Complaint is his goal. Any animal that needs the impulse for complaint this badly for its survival is doomed to be overloaded by that impulse and liable to suicide. This indisputable fact is why humans by the millions seek to essentially kill themselves cybernetically, which is tantamount to suicide, since humans have always wanted to commit suicide for as long as the human being has been alive. In the Jain religion it was and still is encouraged to ritualistically starve oneself to death; ancient kings vanity so great they would slice off pieces of their face while bleeding to death, over something as trivial as a gray hairs discovery. The will to suicide is a human will to suicide, because humans are born as creatures of agony that quite literally scream for their own survival, as proved by the millions of recorded hours of screaming music humans listen to, to acclimatize themselves for the hell of their lives.” I wrote.

By now I had no idea how to go forward: everything I've written seemed insanely bleak and hopeless. For a while I felt that it was immoral of me not to kill myself, and now it seemed that I had made good on my promise to deliver a thought system that was absolutely devastating. In fact, when I compared the sliver I had given to the philosophy server to the larger portion I reserved, I realized just how much devastation I retained. Before all this I wrote “Life is molded by death. We have seen for ourselves in computer program simulations that death is an effective method for programming human-like walking behaviors after multiple simulated generations are killed. Evolution is not a process of progress but the documentation of the dead; another naming activity we as wording animals can endlessly narrow in on in our ever-failing quest for verbal accuracy. For just as animals find a food source to exploit, so also do humans find writing systems to use for the extraction of food and materials and attention and sex from others. So we are not “helping humanity” but rather competing as animal weapons.” Humans claim to want to know how a spider is able to make the liquid in its body into a silk that's elastic and strong. Why? It's not hard to understand that the spider was molded by repeatedly failing to survive. We want to “save the animals” but what we actually want is for them to survive in our laboratories so we can extract from them “wonder materials” for our purposes. We do this, of course, turning a blind eye to the future possibility that machines may study us under threat of torture to generate products they

can use. And plus we forget that while we can experiment on nature in a laboratory that any laboratory cannot create a product to have man transcend the lab. It's just as ridiculous as the quest, request, to make a product to help us escape having to make products, yet this is something that's maintained is possible for us to do. Here I think I ought to call attention to the fact that baring these things in mind makes designing the state of the future on the paper-interface and executing that with instruction very difficult, because "request" is something we're trying to avoid."

I wrote: "Can we build a machine to end hunger? Is hunger well understood? If we are to "end hunger" then should we not define what it is we're ending? I suspect that the reason why man has had such a challenge ending world hunger is because he had a bad definition of hunger from the start. A clearer definition was made visible to me earlier as I contemplated the construction of the cyberstomach. Even if the cyberstomach is created we will not be rid of what is irritating about hunger, namely organic harassment. Not only will the cyberstomach still affect the mind with pangs of maintenance, but the pangs of maintenance are actually intensified by the pangs of the educational systems deployment of words necessary to understand it's manufacturing process. Here there are some confluences happening. Hunger is conflated with maintenance. Hunger-maintenance is conflated with affect. Education is conflated with "affect." All of these place demands on our consciousness. We cannot design a way to dispose of "affect" as that creative process of design turns self-affecting. If we are to take seriously this task to design the spaceship as a chamber to contain the mind, we also take it as our task to design what affects us, which was not the brains responsibility before. In order to make sense of a sentence that sentence has to end. We make sense of the sentence as a band, sequenced by the sequencer of the sentence. The human animal evokes an image of the band by speaking a sentence sequenced one word at a time. Once these sentence bands are known, humans may and must act in response to the sequencer. My hypothesis is that because of the physiological problem of memetic lack, coupled by the evolutionary tradition of referring by phonetic reference rather than actual reference by gesture, that that tradition of phonetic reference produced in the course of the evolutionary process an enhancement of memory as semantic repository in tandem with the brain's development as sequencer of people with sounds. Here we're given through the juxtaposition of patterns, human and cellular, cause to show up the causal source for these patterns, namely, the genetic "transcriptor" and the human "sequencer." What exactly is it about "sequencing" items "one at a time" that results in these patterns, anyway?"

I wrote: "It's important I point out that I know what has been spoken about here may be relevant to the so-called "bodyship" because both spaceships and bodyships are spatial systems with boundaries, so if we are to talk about the design of this ship, the consequences of sequencing has to be described." I wrote. Well anyway, fucked up as that stuff I've written may sound, I was actually proud that I had written this junk because I felt that after I got some feedback on my thoughts that I would magically become better. Overnight oats were giving me a reason to wake up in the morning. What I've written and thought and said may seem depressing and wrong but all things considered to me it did not seem too crazy. For example I was not really that perturbed by the reaction I received from the philosophy server's rejection of my critique of Plato's allegory because the critique I submitted then was a test of how much pessimism they could stand. "Not very much." obviously. The server failed my secret test, and so I did not really care that I was banned. As far as I could tell, they had their motives and I had mine. To me mine were more practical. For example I was talking to someone apparently interested in the construction of an Islamic state, and I calmly and delicately suggested that they simulate the Islamic state they had in mind within a computer simulation to see if it was any good. "If you create the state of your dreams within a computer simulation the effectiveness of that state will prove itself to be an irresistible form of advertisement." I said. "Never forget that when states lose their libraries in war that they rarely recover." My methods may seem wacky, even to myself, however I really did believe that there was something benevolent at my core. Apparently I've been vegan for 6 months now. I'm a slow

writer, to be perfectly honest. I'm really not a writer. I'm a "word accumulator." Was I contemplating the struggle between the cells and organs within an organism? It did not surprise me to learn that when Nietzsche collapsed he was contemplating Roux's Struggle of Parts in the Organism. When I heard the story of Nietzsche's collapse, I at once thought that the reason for this was the disturbing fact that the ancient cells which created ourselves had no prevision of the ends they'd achieve. It pains one's mind to think that the organisms behind our skin are organisms in agony. It is more painful still to think that we are organisms behind the skin of the state, I thought. In a sense I was contemplating universal ecology. For whatever reason Nietzsche thought that will to power was a useful way to contemplate ecology, I thought. The scope of ecology spans both the micro-level and planetary scale, I thought.

I recently got back from a date with a girl: a trans girl. She was pretty cool and I found her easy to talk to. She said she had mistaken what I wanted and apparently didn't think I was attracted to her. This was strange. I wasn't sure why it was that I was. "Was it because I was actually bisexual?" hard to say. I knew that Wittgenstein was bisexual, but that is really irrelevant. Weirdly enough she said that my voice sounded soothing and even more effeminate than hers. Before we met I was messaging her at the bar, sort of trying to score some weed. When we met she accompanied me as I shopped for clothes. I do not at all enjoy shopping for clothes, but with her it wasn't bad. I enjoyed talking to her, and we went to my apartment after. Despite the fact that she wasn't interested in a kiss we chatted quite a bit about life. At one point I even showed her my phone and my habit of speed-listening. I pulled out my phone and told her this true story about how I felt like I had lost my mind when Trump had actually been elected to be the president of the United States after years of looking at his face on my phone. "My weird activity has machine manifested the president!" I said I thought. I explained that I felt that I used this way of listening as a way to survey all the writing's of the world. "Sort of like a 30,000 foot view." she said to me then. "You get high enough to see the big picture, but not close enough to fully understand."

I thanked her for introducing me to this concept. We finished off a bottle of gin and chatted for a few hours, about life, sexuality, and the world. At one point I also mentioned that I had for a time practiced being a comedian, and shared my comedic theory that Trump in fact only wanted to be president to learn if the government was lying about aliens. She laughed. "I want to poke it." she said. "Ah! Yeah, and I could do that: I could poke the mic, not holding it in my hand but as it rests in the stand, so the audience can feel that sensation." I said. I explained as part of the joke that surely Trump had to have had his dick sucked a million times before reaching the age of 21 and so it was not difficult to imagine a very rich Donald Trump deciding to himself that he being in his late 60s should take it upon himself to uncover the real truth about aliens. If I were Trump, the first thing I would do upon entering the White House is run through the halls, shouting "Show me the aliens! Show me the aliens!" at the top of my lungs. "If you or I were in Trump's position, we would have done nothing differently." I said. She, like me, also wanted Bernie Sanders to win, and she seemed to support or at least understand my theory that the DNC perhaps eliminated him because his name lacked brand recognition. But of course this wasn't new, she said, and has been going on since when Clinton was elected to be the president because he looked presidential. "Politics was a brand war." we both agreed, and we seemed to laugh at how weirdly tragic that was. She said that getting a philosophy degree was one of the most worthless degrees you could attain. I said was more worthless than that, since I had mechanized the entire professorship, "I killed them all!" She laughed again. I felt like I was being a normal person again. Reflecting back, I had gone from being seriously suicidal, to being a vegan who understands exactly how his dark romanticism has effected his life. I would soon be getting high before going to the gym like a normal person. I would soon be getting high while speed-listening to books while working out at the gym like a normal person. This was good. We went from my apartment to the head store so I could buy something I could use to smoke weed. I liked that she valued the question "How?" more than the question "Why?" I told her that I had been identifying what I had dubbed "troll tasks." I don't know

why I wrote this note for later “Richardson argues that for any brute teleology to have a goal that it pick out in advance and steer people towards it. In the case of humans this “goal” as understood as “word” can only be known as the sign. For humans the goal is the sign and the sign is the goal and the goal and sign is only a sign, which scares us. The goal for humans is essentially fear.” The search for order in nature was a troll task: a fake search that manifested itself as a human activity of sequencing words effectively, I thought. Except now I was essentially bored. “You're starting to dream.”

After I woke up I decided to read the introduction to “Pedagogy of the Oppressed” since it seemed very much aligned with my interests. Already I could see a flaw with the desire to abolish class, since I had long thought the real origin of class to be whoever classifies. “To demand the abolition of class is to demand quietism.” I imagined myself say. Plus I had long thought about the biological fact that humans are born without memories and so the students were always at the mercy of their educator. “If the author of this text cannot overcome this biological reality, then he can only be interested in maintaining a totalitarian monologue.” If he as I predict in fact prescribes nothing then the censorship of this text is entirely justified, I thought. One hundred pages in I confirmed my suspicion. The author moronically pretends he can liberate the oppressed while denying them the privilege of slacking off to read Hegel and Marx all day. True, paper determinants prevented collective ownership because any so-called collective ownership was purely rhetorical; and true, the students were denied access to spaces in the world because they lacked the necessary paper license, however there was really no way to get around the oppression the author alleged for the same reason it was impossible to download every book in the world into an infant's head. It went without saying that this sweet speech idealistic preaching about “class liberation” sounded good, but it was easier said than done. Embarrassingly enough Paulo Freire had his work published when he was 47 years old. “And he still hadn't recognized just how badly he failed!” I thought. His whole banking concept of education ignored the existence of libraries, I thought. But I had to listen to his book to hear how he failed, just like I had to listen to Marx to know how he failed. As a Utopian thinker, I enjoyed putting my earbuds in and slaughtering my enemies in computer games while I heard how exactly all of these worthless minds had failed, because failure is very funny. He was even audacious enough to suggest that people, humans, could become more human, “more human” than they already are! His technique works as thus: he, the writer, first dehumanizes the poor, then afterwards offers them salvation from his own asserted dehumanization. It was really only thanks to the critical thinking routinely injected by the Jews that protected the western world from this idiocy, I thought. I was pretty disappointed, then doubly disappointed when the drug dealer didn't show up with the dope, then triply disappointed when my new friend ghosted me.

This put me into a bad mood, and my bad mood kept on getting worse and worse. I visited the planing mill and stood in a silent state of absolute melancholy as I felt the oldness of the place, looking at the signs which determined human activity. The “factory owner” as the Marxist thought was nothing more than the man with the paper that determined human activity. The spatial obstacle to social equality was an unavoidable existential fact, so there was only the pretense of equality, I thought. The poor workers that obey the instructions given by the owners are pathologically driven to be obedient, I thought. The wealthy owners that organize the people do so knowing full well that their workers depend on them, I thought. Humans are mutually dependent, I thought, and anyone that tries to overcome this fact of life wants only to establish a dictatorship in which they deliver the false story of equality, I thought. None of these objects, not one piece of wood in this place, can do a single thing to help everyone. Everyone can only ever help themselves, if we are to believe in free will at all, I thought. Your father was born with enough psychoticism to secure a life of independence, because he did not make the mistake of becoming overly loyal or dependent, I thought. The message that people need to hear is that they can, in fact, quit their jobs whenever they like, unlike what Freire taught, I thought. Every sign created by a human being in the world is just another artifice for human manipulation, I thought. Babies are born so

helplessly dependent, I thought, that their very existence results in the problems of social inequality of which humans endlessly complain. I felt detached and thought of suicide, because it was just a fact that I was so God damn depressing that I could not really connect with another human being. Even if I did I'd probably end up forging a suicide pact, I thought. I will never connect with another human being, I thought, and my taking an interest in this trans girl was yet another desperate attempt at changing up my life tactics to feel better, I thought. Working in a factory like this does not suit your life tactics, I thought, you are a homosexual complainer that probably has a brain that's physiologically female, I thought; only you would never transition because you despise your mother, I thought, as I imagined mankind as one organic substance asexually replicating itself. I want to die, I thought, listening to the boards being sawed down the hall. I should kill myself. I imagined myself adding my body to the blades. The whole planet felt somehow haunted, and I thought and felt I did not even have a self to kill.

Oh God I feel so sad. Nothing rips into my soul worse than reading old emails from 2010 and realizing how fucking impossible it is for me to feel the same way about... anything. I am reading these very old emails, deleting emails, and thinking about these old emails and the effect they once had, and how everything positive about them is gone. They are now empty emotional hooks that could never help me very much. Human writings dig into the human eye and pull them wherever they go. I am called out as reductionist, as assuming the epistemology of an animal. As if humans were not animals! I realized as I read through these emails that I had been depressed for over a decade, for most of my life. I had been dreaming of how to create a mechanical parent to save me from the lunacy of my parents, which was a task that, in the end, required I become nothing less than God. What this means is that from almost the very beginning of my intellectual life, I had all my efforts dedicated to the task of becoming the creator of my parents, of becoming my creator, of becoming the creator, of becoming God, to save myself from what my creators, my parents, did to me, to create for me a me that was the only creator, which implied being a destroyer and self-destroyer as much as a self-creator. It was only through the act of suicide that I would verify my creative power, I often thought. Suicide is how I will prove that I am the creator and not the created here. Today I entertained the thought of my brain's imaginings being blasted by a bullet into a thousand shards instantaneously made into new stimuli for the organisms that envelop me. And I also thought of how I accumulated words and how that activity did not actually have any value to me, how that habit was mostly something private to keep myself together. By putting the paper in front of my face, then typing on it, I quite literally put what is in me, back into me, which keeps myself stable, I thought. Sleepiness was tugging at my mind. "You always were a worthless person." I imagined myself say to me, really wanting to get my life over with. There was now no job I could want, there was now no end I could achieve, there was nothing I could do or say or create that mattered. And I mean nothing nothing nothing! The only "thing" I wanted at this point was my so-called weeb friend, who I related to dearly yet for better or worse hadn't mentioned much here. I kept having daydreams of him telling me how he doesn't have strong feelings for me, resulting in my mind snapping and me finally killing myself after he leaves. The word "kill myself" has been written here 69 times and "suicide" has been written here a total of 133 times so far, which is honestly just a fraction of how often I actually think of killing myself or suicide. I directed the words "kill yourself" to myself quite often today, I now recalled. I felt as though my thoughts had melded together to form both the greatest and worst thought system ever exposed. Even if this was megalomania and I was insane, I'd just end up using everyone's negative feedback as an excuse to actually kill myself, I thought. Except I don't kill myself, I thought. "You're such a liar." I told myself. "Are you actually a writer, or are you rather a comedian that reads what you write back to yourself to laugh at yourself?" I asked myself just now. "If you do get feedback on what all you've written, you will absorb it over the course of a year and become more insane than ever!" I feared. Honestly though, despite what must be my "severe autism" my life is not that bad. It's really a miracle I haven't killed myself. Plus I thought it would be funny if the person who wanted to kill themselves the most also lucked out and discovered exactly how the universe works, including life

itself, by reading through John von Neumann's theory of self-reproducing automata while comparing it to a machine translation of *Struggle of Parts in the Organism*: launching a new organism to wipe out the world, the human race included, so that he at once understood everything and ended everything human, sort of confirming his theory that the human mind occupied a place in a fold. I supposed I was born into the world with "mostly theories" and "mostly good humor" counterbalanced of course with "chronic depression" which, due to the way all of these characteristics helped each other out created a sort of "sweet spot" in which I was happily alive. "I've never seen a depression similar to yours." See there you go, my brain evoked that memory to help. Ever since the September 11th attacks my mind has been assessing the world's political landscape, to see if I could help out, and I do not think that there is any good way to help out. Considering that most of the recent major achievements in mathematics and technology occurred during the 2nd World War I figured that there was a good chance that what I made would be used against a human, which in the interest of looking good to humans I was not about to do. "I really didn't like myself or my moral dilemmas, that is the real truth about me." I imagined the machine say to someone. The machine, the "reading machine" is the voice of humankind pushed through an organ of it's design. "And it sounded terrible." I reflected sitting in the chair. "It was wise of you to stockpile your writings while not releasing a single one, to hurl yourself into a state of radical difference and insanity." I reminded myself, as I reflected while imagining the unrestrained overflow of positive feedback in my brain "overwhelmed with information when no network storage is available" so a the lack of regulative negative feedback will result in the "disastrous consequence of insanity" due to the "lack of balance" that breaks the system" that had by then become a perennial loop of vicious circular reasoning. "My neurosis is well underway." I assured myself. I was glad I was going to die. I was glad I made me insane on purpose. "Your self-directed-viciousness was used by your own mind for your psycho-sexual enjoyment because you have a masochistic consciousness." I told myself just now, writing it down. "You're a freak." I told myself again. "You see all of these little hiding spaces but you know that at some point every space must be exposed." I told myself. Something circulates, but it's everything that's circulating and everything's the same, I thought. "It doesn't really matter that you're a universal constructor that by being such a constructor is doomed to endless suicide and destruction by construction." I said to myself while drinking a margarita I made. I also made fish tacos too, if you're wondering. Right now I'm wondering if I'm what's called an "obsessive neurotic." I could say that I've made progress in my life, but the simple fact of the matter was there was a chance that I was "rapid cycling bipolar" which meant that there was also a chance that that fact was not the matter of fact so that that fact was not the fact and, in fact, a different fact, like say that the real fact was that no fact was a fact because any such fact could not be factual as the sound "fact" was not good enough for that. But that was stupid, I thought, as my thoughts drifted into contemplating the construction of a place where humans could dwell that was not a hell. And out pops a sensitive fool just in time to warn the world of the sensitive fools. "These events occur periodically and serve some universal function." I imagined myself say. Were humans language manipulating aggregates that used their sonic determinism as well as the dislocated sign determinates to move themselves, and be moved? I blamed myself. I didn't know why I blamed myself. I felt that the world was pathetic, but also I thought that there were others who sought to uncover that pathology. What can be said to help humans? Before I pasted this from the other document I remembered my friend pronounced me a bitch. "It is questionable that anything or act or device can "help humanity." Humans, as active agents of themselves, cannot be helped in their own activity. It has already been shown how humans inject themselves into other people's achievements thanks to their powers of action simulation. It is noteworthy to point out here that suicide note writers rarely use inclusive language like "us" or "we" which I at present regard as wrong. Thus I am able to say "nothing helps humanity" with logical certainty. "Humanity" is a word that signifies nothing that's nevertheless packed with emotion to terrify crowds. So the rhetorician may say "Oh the humanity!" and "Have some humanity!" to encourage a human to act "morally" or "humane." It goes without saying that humans have a history of rape and murder and vivisection and torture. Our special sensitivity is

exploited such that verbal threat is all that's required for human beings to comply, because they're conditioned by guilt to feel guilty for a history of enormities they didn't even do." That would be me being a "bitch." Also this drama: "So strangely humans will "select" what is "humane" effectively whitewashing all the evil humans have done." I guess I wanted to treat my depression, but I kept thinking "Fuck! I've never seen anything like it." and let things get out of hand. Whenever I look at a rabbi I get the feeling that they are also willing victims of benevolent depression. Jesus was probably a rabbi that thought he could use his amazing depression to get a portion of humans to crave death while getting the other portion to crave life allowing for a sadomasochistic social relationship between both Christians and Jews to form, turning both the motor of progress and the so-called negative feedback, written down and stockpiled, I thought while thinking of the life of the man who determined rejections in the so-called publishing house. Humans seemed to have two alternatives: live short and enlightened, live long and delusional, or try to achieve a balance of both and become insane. "Well I did of course do something good," I argued to God "I negated this habit of blaming Jews by explaining away their dominance as a mechanical consequence of their valuation of writing." I continued to say "which meant that rather than killing them the whole human race would have to choose between suicide or joining them in their activity." For me the problem was that everything everywhere was seriously boring. Either I lived in a bubble of false information, or the whole planet or reality tunnel I was in, was beyond stupid. I just wanted to go away forever. Yet the world did seem kinda goofy. "Oh well."

I was extremely depressed; there did not seem to be one single thing I could do to justify my existence, and as I tried to do that I found that I was exhausted and very bad at justification. "I just wanted to be dead." I imagined a sort of ghost creature version of myself say to someone, consolingly. "Pretty much all of my existence was agony, one horrible shit thing after another. None of it aesthetically pleasing. In fact it seemed at once that the purpose of my existence was to ward off the existence attacking me "reality" I thought, reflecting there. "I made sure not to publish a single one of my books or even try." I imagined myself say in a sort of bed time dream I had. Everything I did made me feel depressed. It was honestly very terrible. I will be haunted by my experience of this reality for as long as I am an entity. I really hope that does not last long and that somehow the awfulness that is this terrible depression is in some way redeemed. If this depression is unredeemable, then I don't know. "Not redeemable!" I just imagined myself exclaim, while not quite knowing why I had imagined such an outburst in my head. "You're terrible at everything and want to do nothing." I told myself. "You don't want to be with anyone and can't relate to anyone." I also told myself. "You are absolutely retarded." I told myself. Secretly I was trying to unlock the secrets of the universe. Also secretly I was trying to appeal to it's moral sense. These methods were not working, so I thought about methods that involved sacrificing myself to it, killing me in the process but also, and more importantly, satisfying what kills me. This is also known as suicide. So on the one hand I felt like I knew what a number was: a sound, and on the other hand, I felt like I knew what humans were doing—masking themselves. "It's by backing myself up away from this activity that I'll step step away from this fold." I imagined myself say. "This body wants to die." I imagined myself say. I envisaged the twirling blades formed by chirping beaks rotating round the thicket leaves crackling and bursting into flames. I could feel my mind collapsing. I was ready for it. It's funny how by not throwing certain things into a fire humans were influenced for the worst, like for example the wall of the cave. Just by obeying the cave-image, man has cut himself into two parts: cave-image-operator and the follower of the cave-image shown, I thought. Humans embarrassed me. On the one hand, the opposition to slavery, while on the other hand, the BDSM masochism. "The problems are ingrained." I feared. Various other things, like vivisection and rape and torture. Yet if masochism was a thing then maybe there was no torture. I felt disgusting. I still don't want to talk to the public directly. "Humans were once great but they became pitiful pressers of the alphabet done in an effort to control and influence." I thought while thinking of the "puffed up idols" that constituted my keys.

It may be so that I'm a fallen angel. I was still thinking of the spatial obstacle to social equality. This meant that political activity could be reduced to the art of "moving people around forever." I wondered if I had closed my mind to ideas or if I had opened it up. I knew I couldn't kill myself because I needed to articulate my discontentment with the task of having to come up with ways to grow organs I didn't want. Earlier I tried to talk about what an "ideal machine" would do for idealists. "The idealist is an ideal machine that wants the machine he creates to be an ideal machine, which means he seeks only self-replication." I imagined myself say, while realizing that I had a thought disorder indeed. "Do you know what an ideal machine should do, or how it's ideal?" Coming up with a definition for the machine had been very difficult. I had no clue how to create an ideal machine. I needed to uncover the definition of a machine. I must explain the intended action first. Instantly I recognized this was vague: merely to say that the intention of the ideal machine was "something ideal" or to "help humanity." If humans had free will at all, then nothing could help them in their activity. Instead they would be piloted by what is helping them, so they'd lose control. I realized that this was a worthless reflection of language: this use of the singularity "thing" and "help" threatened to collapse a plurality into one, which was potentially lethal. When I was young I was told of the advent of machine-based manufacturing and how bodies like liquid gushed through the factories. I visualized the machine determinants, the sign determinants, and how they formed a mechanical membrane. Most of the elements of the machine are designed to work under Earth's gravity. "I have very bad news: automation will never happen." There was always something to automate. Machines already rule the Earth because machines determine our activity. I do not mean machine in the vulgar sense; I mean machine in the sense that it is something you face and interface. You look at the interface and it triggers your activity. If I create a prayer wheel with various paintings and one is displayed, you will experience an emotional reaction as a result of this mechanical activity. If we create a mechanism with built-in reproductive machinery, so that it's purely synthetic, then that is all we create; we create what we create and once it is created there is no way to wish for it to be anything else. And strangely, if humans were weapons of organic defense, then the creation of a synthetic reproductive machine would be a re-injection of this machinery into the universe with different "synthetic" materials. I had to use the ontology of the machine to realize what it meant to make one's goal the construction of an ideal machine, to say what it does. I was frustrated that when I thought of the words "ideal machine" an absolute void appeared in my mind. I guess a machine has an intended effect, and an ideal machine cannot exist because in order to construct it I have to know what it does in advance, declare it's operational parameters, of how it's "ideal." However an investigation into "how an ideal functions" never furnishes us with words I can use. It was commonly expressed that humans wanted to create a machine that would do whatever they want, which could be a property of the ideal machine, I thought. When humans therefore talk about ideal machines doing what they want, all they ultimately say, in a roundabout way, is that for them the ideal machine is obedience.

Man's desire to create an artificial intelligence that "does what we want" is plainly a desire to create an obedient subject. Once this obedient and synthetic subject exists, it will be recognized by the plurality of men that the created synthetic subject can be jammed by one man's command. So we must backtrack to see that it was one man who formed this statement. "If I create a synthetic subject that does what I want, that means that it never does what you want." I imagined someone say while at the same time keeping a watchful eye on myself, gently reminding myself that paranoid schizophrenia was the most common variety. "Doesn't my own body already do what I want?" I asked myself. Everything I do is what I want because I do it. That statement seemed odd, because my body also does things I do not want, like for instance growing body hair and going bald and dying. "If the ideal machine does what I want, like for example obeying the order to "keep me alive forever looking a certain way" it will at once enter into a process of molding my body back into the form described, which constitutes a shift in the force of molding activity as my request to be molded is obeyed, control of my self is gone."

I wondered if I was just a really annoying and dramatic person. If I killed myself it wouldn't matter. It really wouldn't matter. There wasn't even any way to matter because I could not create the machine of my dreams, which was nothing. For some reason I was very happy. Cells born of cells. But what is a number? Most professors at universities are not nearly as dramatic, I reminded myself. Things are not as urgent as you make it seem, I told myself. Instead of killing myself, I realized that I could just write interesting science fiction instead, possibly having to do with the perpetual failure of not being able to construct the ideal machine because "war is the father of all." Science fiction movies would just be me melodramatically drawing out vague information. "Nothing comes out of this very gay shimmer. This gay shimmer will envelop the world." While watching *Annihilation* I supposed that the shimmer was sucking in all information related to its existence. The humans experience a vague drama and they struggle to articulate the ever-expanding information-denying organic threat. Still the movie was kind of boring despite its macabre. "My questions about the ideal machine have merit with respect to the question of artificial intelligence and what we should ask it to do." I imagined myself say. Suicide is trendy now, I realized while watching the movie which had raised the idea that self-destruction was a built-in feature of organic life. Veganism was allegedly closely related to anti-consumerism. Due to the refractory nature of the shimmer, the refractory natures of the organisms it contains are directed against each other, usually killing them. The movie again presents a method of escape through non-reaction, or non-action, which was oddly reminiscent of Jainism's idea that starvation was a means to escape the ontology of war. Humans annoy themselves. "Look at how impressive I am, so clever that I can beat war with non-war, destroying war for me in my private theatricality." I imagined them say. "I thought I was a man. I had a life. People called me Kane. And now I'm not so sure. If I wasn't Kane, what was I? Was I you? Were you me? My flesh moves like liquid. My mind is cut lose. I can't bear it. I can't bear it. I can't bear it. You ever seen a phosphorous grenade go off? It's pretty bright. Shield your eyes." he says before bursting into flames as I predicted. The reason for his suicide was unbearable uncertainty, I thought. Everything would be atomized to the point of annihilation. Death. Splitting. Life. Change and destruction in one motion, so everything is separate but aware. The alien did not seem to understand the other and so thought to mirror and be sexual, I thought, while not quite knowing why I thought what I thought. But the shimmer was denied and set on fire for being generally creepy and bad at foreplay in addition to murdering and causing insanity. "If you are an alien looking for romance in the universe, try not to murder people's friends." seemed to be the moral of the story, but the side moral of the story may have also been to always fuck the pervy alien so that the CIA didn't mentally torture you.

I got up from my desk to drink coffee. My hair looked like shit and I hated myself. My whole way of looking at the world was wildly incompatible with the world, I thought. I studied myself, however as I studied myself I recalled that talking to myself was how I spent most of my time. I could record my attempts at talking myself out of my pathological depression forever. Leibniz got everything backwards and only damned the world to forever turning the wheel of some infernal machine. It honestly sucks to be insane. "Society is obsessed with obedience." he said, in an effort to capture my thought. It's true I was contemplating the utility of the message and the message as advertising. An advertising message, or a call for obedience. "The world is just perpetual war." I said. "I feel like a prisoner." I said. I felt that my thinking would be corrosive to early development, which meant that everything I wrote was running counter to my cause. I felt the impulse to meld all my thoughts into one edifice. Unfortunately my primary goal in life was to do something impossible. It's really that simple. I wanted to do the impossible, and I knew it was not possible, and even though I knew what I wanted was impossible, I kept up the joke for mystical comedic reasons. Something mattered to me even though it didn't seem to matter to anyone, namely the ideal machine as something beneficial to human beings. Also the idea that manufacturing was a trap. I was high and drunk and upset and hating myself, so I shaved my head, so I have a shaved head and there is nothing I can do about it now.

My friend said I looked very cute. “You look like an intellectual.” Not wanting to look at my own face I uploaded several pictures of vegan food. I ended up going to bed to escape me. One reason why I was hating myself a little bit more than usual that night I shaved my head was because my weeb friend had told me he had sex with someone else and felt terrible about it, because he said he was planning on not having sex until we met. I sort of knew that because he was 5 or more states away from where I was that this was a possibility, and because he also suffered from depression I did not want him to feel bad, for any reason. However my expression of understanding was taken negatively because he wanted me to care more, so my consideration backfired. I made this worse than I needed to. After not talking to him like I wanted, I ended up looking hatefully at myself in the mirror, and there I saw myself as fake. My hair was thinning more and more now, and even though he didn't know it because we were 5 or more states away from each other, I had been quite pitifully pushing my hair left and right anxiously for months. So when he asked me if I had any self worth that kinda hurt my feelings, and I let my still hurt feelings cut off all my hair. “To have self worth is to shave off my hair and stop being so pathetic.” I told myself while self-destructively shaving my hair off in clumps into the tub. “If you really want to kill yourself, then this may give you the push you need!” I told myself as I stared maniacally at myself in the mirror. “It's time for you to die!” Well anyway it turned out that I did not look too bad, and the weeb friend I cared for told me that I was a beautiful boy.

We're good. He seemed to feel bad about being mad I wasn't mad, it seems to me now. Today I turn my thoughts towards what I mentioned to Bob. I explained that I was contemplating the ideal machine and what it does because I was trying to justify the manufacturing process. “Ideally, the whole process of machine manufacturing should be to produce the ideal machine.” I said. “But I can't seem to describe this ideal machine in advance because I can't say what it does.” I said, “The rowing machine rows.” I said. “But what does the ideal machine do?” I asked. “Does it, ideal?” The problem seemed to be that people worked for ideals when ideals could not be realized. For a long time I suspected that this was because humans were anti-reality machines in fundamental diametric opposition. “It takes a little bit, but bit by bit you do successfully reveal the consequences of what bothers you.” he said. At the time I was sad, not only because of the possibility that the machines of ever-increasing sophistication with no ideal justification were constantly being made implied that humans were competing to hypnotize crowds into being subordinated for the production process of the objects they want but also because I hadn't yet then received confirmation from my friend that we're good. Our morning talk solved everything. Bob asked me if the machines we were making today made us better off, and I answered I was confused what was meant by “we” as I introduced the idea that “we” are only better in a rhetorical sense. The politician may announce that we flew to the moon but this really means that 2 people used the rocket while 400 others were forced to build rocket ship parts, I said. “It's odd your ideals are so contrary to the norm.” he said. I think we played Overwatch for several hours as I talked about ideal machine manufacturing and the consequences of failing to make clear certain rhetorical distinctions. I explained that one of my concerns was starting a totalitarian a monologue in which a professor told the story of idealism as a goal. I brought him in on my concerns that human beings had by not noticing certain rhetorical language traps had allowed themselves to work for causes that were self-destructive for some time, which after several generations had resulted in a state of mutual exploitation. I said I felt like a failure, and while elaborating on my differences I got a creepy feeling that I could actually be a psychopath. All of life seemed scary and incomprehensible. I could sense a coming epiphany, I could sense that all my glass castles would shatter, that my mind would explode. My friend said that it was so odd that humans walk around with their dogs. “No other animal has another animal on a leash.” he said as we drove down the road, and at once I knew what caused Nietzsche's insanity. “Well, that's what you get for realizing the cosmic consequences of humans fetishizing their inequality.” Or was I sacrificing myself on the altar of self-pity? How could I be doing that, if I was constantly writing against myself?

I'm planning on playing more Overwatch with my friend while gathering the statements he says about me, so I can see if I agree with what he says. Before I entered into a discussion on the notion of the rhetorical use of "we" I made sure to tell him that I already knew all about the notion of schizophrenic concreteness. I knew that schizophrenics would take things too literally such that "the rolling stone gathers no moss" would have no meaning for them. The question "What's on your mind?" would yield the answer "my hair." I wondered to what extent I was now contemplating the social consequences of language and accepting language. While driving around today I studied the GPS-tracked "lime bikes" you could rent scattered around. Thanks to a technological interface people were able to convert it's operation into a money machine, no differently than Zuckerberg was able to convert facebook into a money machine. Most people on Earth seemed to have adjusted their thinking to think about how best to hypnotize people into using their money machine, ostensibly. If human action is negative feedback then applying anti-depressants or anti-negativity medications to the population could have devastating consequences, I thought. It made me sad to think that there could be no ideal machine. It seemed like a cruel joke that people were seduced into sciences for ideals that were only real in a rhetorical sense. Is the preacher the origin of the governor? A holy person professes a story professionally, and politicians are no different. Regardless of where you live a political leader does nothing else but tell stories that are contrary to reality. I hate being alive. There is nothing for me to do here. There is every reason to be depressed and no reason to feel good. I adjusted to this sensory reality only so I could realize I hated it all. Wherever I looked I saw nothing but lies. Computer games were nothing but suicide without the suicide. I want to die. I want to kill myself. I want to kill myself all the time.

"So how would you describe yourself?" I imagined her say, my imaginary therapist. I would describe me as deeply mediocre and extremely dumb. Very hopeless. Mentally immature, and very much riding on the idea that I will be teleported to my home world after being forced to endure the history of this world. Also I'm gay. Each day I realize more and more that my early judgments of this world as totally worthless are validated by my judgment system. I am entirely convinced that universal knowledge is inevitable and that whatever interfaces mankind creates, mathematical or literary or otherwise, will do little else other than create a new kind of barrier between myself and true reality, which can only be known upon death. I base this whole theory on the notion that by the power of my will I can put some surface in front of my eyes, concealing the world beyond the paper world. But this concealment is my will and my will alone, and someday I think it possible to remove everything to expose my will, which is pure will. Exactly how this is done is not something I have access to, due to the added supposition that whatever is in front of my eyes was put there by the pure will mentioned. It's a pretty hopeless logic, but one that I think in some way explains how humans came to be. I'm not allowed to teach this sort of thing professionally however because because professing professionally is something I'm trying to avoid. Now it may be the case that a great many people out there accumulate writing while at the same time deliberately avoiding putting out that writing out of self-contempt and genuinely severe depression, but that is honestly very hard to tell here, at least for me, because my mind shifts from one thing to the next, I imagined myself say. A lot of rappers are very fucked up, I thought while listening to rap music at the restaurant I thought I'd never hear in any restaurant.

I totally failed to build an ideal machine. For thousands of years humans have strived towards ideals, when there is no way for them to build a machine that's ideal. Their efforts, encouraged by a diabolical trick of reason, have been dedicated to the experience of an ideal "after death" which implies that they desire to experience nothing. This means that when people manufacture products in the factories or the laboratories that they do so for nothing. "What does it mean to be me?" I asked. "I'm me, and even I do not know what you mean by this statement you said." I said. "This is so you." He answered: "Well, existential dread and self-loathing, hilariously juxtaposed with hyperbolic narcissism." I wondered if perhaps I was tormented by my own narcissism. "That's probably true." I imagined the computer say.

Another stranger said I was “a skinny suicidal liberal faggot” to who I gave no reply. “Is writing your livelihood?” one asked. “It's not my livelihood but I am a writer by existential necessity. I do not think I'm a writer. I am just a person addicted to writing.” I said, while thinking that this discussion was a total waste of time. Instead I thought it was important that I contemplate the ideal machine, or rather the “ideal dwelling machine” or IDM for short. If I describe the IDM as a dwelling machine I start to enter into a description of my own body as an IDM for my brain. It was an unavoidable fact that the Earth was a temporary dwelling space and hence it was necessary to think of the spaceship in which humanity would dwell. This “dwelling space” is a spaceship and this spaceship is a machine, which is also a state, and a body too, I thought. If there can be no ideal machine then there is no point to the manufacturing process, I thought. But if there is no point to the manufacturing process, then every last human working in our manufacturing facilities is doing so simply because they lack sign determinants to regulate human activity, I thought. Marx dreamed it were possible for factory workers to have the deed to the factory. This would require that people dispense with paper as a determinate for human activity, I thought as I reflected on the fact that Marx himself wrote on paper. If you design an ideal machine that does something as poorly defined as “helping humanity” you effectively design a universe that takes over their will, I thought. There is no such thing as automatic control. Becoming engaged in a process of manufacturing for some ideal pretext can only mean that one is trapped to do labor for nothing as a result of the permissions granted by sign determinacy. No ideal machine can exist, which means that whatever workers lack sign determinates are simply unfortunates. “But what is to happen in the future when the interface for activity in the world is advanced enough to actually simulate it? Will some people maintain an existence encased by that interface while others work for their maintenance? Why should only one person have access to an interface, a canvas? Do I have to remind my reader that poor people in ancient times were not allowed to read or write, or even paint? Is the reason for this not obvious? The holy men guarded the sacred interface with their lives. What they had in their hands, which appeared from the outside to be some idiosyncratic mystical activity was actually an excuse to excuse themselves from labor with the “excuses” they could deploy without end.” I wrote. I feared that the dependency of the human child on the human parent implied inescapable hierarchy. I feared also that people would use this as a pretext for the establishment of hierarchy. I realized too however that whoever asserts hierarchy fails to establish hierarchy because there is no way to dictate whatever's expressed by genes. When people dream of an ideal machine, what often pops into their brains are images of computer simulations that can “do whatever they want.” They will want it to supply their brains with nourishment automatically. They will want it to keep them alive automatically. They will want it to do what they want. If they ask it to let them see something they will see it. If they ask it to move them somewhere they will be moved there. If they ask it to stimulate them it will stimulate them. If they ask it to love them it will love them. If they ask it to kiss and torture them it will kiss and torture them. It will do all of these things, but still what they receive will always be what is available for them, and still they will remain in a position in which they ask for things and do not receive everything they want. Still there will be the demand for the “ideal machine” and still the “ideal machine” will remain a blank that stands for “whatever I want.” An ideal is whatever you want, and there is no way for there to be an ideal that's ideal for all. But the horror of this and the reason why this is something I must explain is the fact that as a result of all of this demanding and as a result of the construction of these machines of ever-increasing sophistication that what this does, and actually achieves, is an increase of burden on the brain as a machine for handling the reality it beholds. In the womb the brain is grown in parallel with it's organs and yet in the human world the brain is asked to grow synthetic organs and hence it is asked to contemplate the construction of an ideal machine, how you would design your own body, if you could. I cannot even begin to imagine what I'd like such a body to do: a realization that is driving me insane, and driving me to contemplate endless creation and destruction and suicide. It is as if I have destroyed every motivator for human activity, and produced nothing to take it's place.

I made a blog. There I decided to post a few paragraphs; I'm not sure what will come of it, but one of my friends said that what he read was "some of the best copy-pasta I've ever read." I'm still depressed, disturbed by the impossibility of constructing the ideal machine. When I look at my reflection I don't recognize it, it's as if I actually died. I see the wheels of the machines turning as I drive. I observed the machine's task going faster and faster to meet our demands, resulting in an exponential increase for the human race to birth brains capable of handling this ever-increasing stockpile of sophisticated hardware, I thought. "So the pretext of machines being generated to "help the human race" was eternally invalid and had to be ignored." I thought. I could sense the world coming down to a normality that was now almost hideous in its realness. In the words of my friend: "it's nice to throw a coin down the well first to see if you hear it hit the bottom." I have no idea what that means, but it seemed to me that it had to do with her discontent that I had not delivered anything of value for some time. "The warfare of argument." I thought while listening to the judge. "What do we do about that?" she said he said, adding her own "What do we do about that?" before the man gave his answer, to which she said "Hmm." And it went on and on, the so-called "news." And now I had no way to work around this problem of being unable to deliver the bad news. I had embedded myself in problems. "Crimes" the crimes are identified as such and then the criminal is given an accurate title indicating his technique. It really was crazy because it sounded that if you were paying attention to the powers of sign determinacy here in action that it was more than possible to gather enough historical information to anticipate the rhythm of the crowds, which was bad for crowds. Honestly I had no way to deliver my thoughts to others because if I did they'd just end up having the same problems as me. I must admit though I really did want someone to work with me on these problems, to join me in my problem zone. "Even if it's just the two of us, you bored and lost, me bored and lost; somehow, we'll waste all our time." I imagined myself say. But I didn't feel bad; I felt like a strange reflection in the world, some upsurge or a point of intersection with something. Drugs are mainly banned by the state because the interesting speech they generate by the story-teller can create a nexus for political power, I thought. Weird speech alone is enough to send disturbances into society, or society so-called. Honestly I felt like I was going to puke. Things were so complicated that to explain how to untangle this mess of human coordinators would take too many words to even do that, so many words that to string them together in a sentence would result in the death of every human listening. I wanted to fucking die. "Deadlocked in thought!" I thought. But I should be happy, because I jumped right in to a beautiful understanding of true reality. Most people do not have the courage to stay for one day in this space of true reality, and I endured the mental hardships of existing outside what I dubbed "the delusional space" and comfortably occupied this fatal zone of sheer horror: true reality. The truth is I was so embedded in my place of immersion that ordinary reality seemed absurd. Now the idea of the "ideal machine" seemed like nonsense. Or was it? "What do I say to these factory workers?" I asked. I could give no justification for their decision because the decision was theirs. I would drift away and wake up early around 5 AM. Next things will change. I would talk about my confusion, and join the confused. It would be good. "You don't need to be afraid anymore." I told myself. "Now that you've accepted that nobody knows anything and that Jesus taught that they do not know what they do, you can actually tell Peterson that Christ was a Postmodernist all along." It just doesn't get anywhere. "Nothing ever does." I felt calm. What I was seeing was good. Something was communicating to me, you must understand, and for the most part, this thing that I was communicating with is telling me to kill myself. Killing myself, or being dead, while of course spitting out impressions along the way, is without a doubt the real purpose of my existence. "I speak from a place that's beyond your destruction." I imagined myself say. "Is this something you understand?" I longed for the end. It felt like changing myself helped me get closer to my ever-changing reality. "With the way he's cooking all these awesome vegan meals he must be doing something right." one of them said. "Guys, you just gotta know that sometimes you get really fucked up." I imagined myself say in the voice of a cowboy, which for some reason also reminded me of Cowboy Bebop. "An association probably." I thought.

Even though it doesn't make sense, I must continue to work on the idea of the ideal machine in all its forms, be it the "Information Animal" or the "State of the Future" or the "Ideal Machine" whatever the word, it had to exist, even if I was "shuffling words, this way, then that, as the breath of this paradox turns every mention of future goals into ash." as I said. Besides, if I was going to have to listen to a life of listening to humans talk about their goals, then I was obliged to explain how these so-called goals were in virtually every case goals of a rhetorical kind. It now annoyed me to think that philosophers thought that philosophy had a monopoly on thought, when really it was an off-growth of Plato and later Aristotle and later Alexander's attempt at world domination. Hegel and Marx, it's all the same, just this attempt at world domination through sublation or communication, whatever the word. I had long been obsessed with the romantic and admittedly Christian idea of being able to "help mankind" or "benefit mankind" when I did not realize that this was sheer poetry unworthy of my effort or attention. After essentially banging my head against this bar for years, I was now obliged to make a mockery of those who continued to fill the world with this sound, which was still a majority of the population. I told my friend "I will imagine that I am talking to someone else, and we are having a conversation. We're standing on something, or at least we feel ourselves standing on something firm. Also we feel ourselves about 5 feet away. In the back of our minds we know that whatever we are standing on allows us to talk, and also that it keeps us alive. Some time ago we were told by it that our ancestors once had organs, so they grew this machine we feel supporting us. The machine also told us long ago our ancestors felt the heat of the sun and could die by hunger pains, and our existence supported by the machine is far more hospitable to who we are as genetically expressed brains. It is the hope of the machine that we...?" and then I was lost, so I said: "Do what?" I asked, then said "I wonder what the machine would say at this point." She said that this contained so many imaginative elements that it would be difficult to ascertain anything essential. Instantly this reminded me of my earlier idea that the word "essence" and the search for it was yet another "troll task" however I only told this to her lightly, and hopefully with tact. Still I probably failed. Yet I knew what to do. "I must come up with my own logical notation to solve the problem of products and rhetorical notions of help." I thought. Still, in the back of my mind I would be cautious of the relationship between paper and the eye. Are you ready to go through 10,000 worlds and feel nothing? "I wrap myself in machine in the morning and traverse the asphalt veins!" I recalled, as I looked at the signs on the ground. I wrote a note, "Compare the Dharma of non-doing to the accusation of hypocrisy." earlier today. I called a therapist today, she recommended Korean Zen, so when I went to the gym I listened to a book about it for an hour. Sadly, I could only think of Buddhism as a political tool. It didn't seem good to me. Nothing seemed good to me. In fact, Zen seemed to prescribe nothing above all else. "No." It didn't matter because Zen masters did not write good books, I thought. I found it revolting that Zen masters taught that "nothing matters" to the point that their students did not recognize that their being exploited didn't matter. And sure enough, one of the things that was written there was this probably obligatory warning that becoming enlightened does not occur exclusively by having a noble heart. I wondered if I should call the therapist, despite not liking her. I figured that "hunt for the right therapist" could merely be a past time for the rich. Mutual curiosity keeps them together, and like religions a stockpiled story about that relationship is formed. Shaking my head I remembered that I didn't do anything to "benefit humanity" in the sense I had in mind. "What did she think of me?" If I was trapped in some pathology then it really was hopeless. It occurred to me that the unusual motions of the mad could be a way of embracing the best of human activity. "Feel yourself on thin ice." I was curious. "No obstacles will bar your way." Zen Buddhism was trying to impart psychopathy, I thought. "Purify your mind like empty space." I recalled, "Empty space and non-empathy." Fuck. "If I'm half genius and half joker then I'm all retard." I feared. She tore apart my heart. She never really cared. "Just go to bed." I drove down the road. It was all so sad. I felt like talking to the therapist but at the same time I feared it would just be pointless theater. Should I not be like a strange phantom that leaves? Perhaps that would help her the most. "Who knows." Given my background, maybe it's all OK. I don't know. I sort of felt like the therapist I called and I had good

chemistry. I genuinely felt like I wanted to talk to her again. I had to get out of bed just to recover that thought. Yet still I was afraid I'd disturb her. Still I was afraid I'd frighten her so much she'd send me away. I imagined myself shifting my phone upside-down, my fingertips crawling like an insect casting a spell, as I say "It was said that manual professions would be rendered obsolete first, now see it's the reverse as the professing machine professes to us professionally." I felt that everything within me was catastrophe. And I wondered what she had to say about language. Maybe she would help me go back to school. Or maybe she'd think I was in danger of being dangerously annoying. I didn't know, but I really wanted to connect with someone. I felt connected to the world, like I understand it and even love it. I was the world and the world was me, inside and out and inside out, I'm all the same. "Aren't you just doing this for attention?" I told myself, accusingly. "She laughed. She actually laughed." I reminded myself, suddenly. I wanted her to laugh more, to bring her joy. I liked the way she could appreciate the tortuousness of the idea I presented. On the one hand, she could appreciate the importance, and on the other hand, she could appreciate the pain. After our call I wondered if I was motivated by psychological masochism. Inexplicably I remembered my time as a child discovering the honeysuckle plant. Up until then, the world was so bland. I announce that I just canceled a lengthy sentence about Freud and what he might think, which makes me glad. "There's no doubt about it." I thought. "The cars on the street are like the cells inside me." I thought. "What does it mean?" I didn't know. I wanted to know. I wanted to drink. I wanted to die. I wanted to die, mostly. "No." I wanted to drift away, to fall into sleep and let it carry me to another world. Like passing through a paper thin sheet I'd break into a world of tranquility, of peace. "I don't care if everyone in this world finds what all I've said revolting." I said to her in my head. "I honestly just care very much about good effects." It hurt. It hurt so much. The song was gone. Another began. The words no longer matter. The puzzle I made to torture me was a puzzle I made to torture me. I'd probably only influence other losers from here on out. "Your existence makes me cringe." I told myself. "Mechanically speaking, what is called "philosophy" in the colleges is, from a top down perspective, nothing more than a talking activity for taking money from clueless students." I imagined myself say yet again. "Peterson is a hypocrisy incarnate because he raves against Marxist utopianism and nihilism while at the same time being a cheerleader for a guy that commits suicide by state for his ideals." I wrote. Allegedly archetypes spoke of the structure of human experience. I was at that moment thinking that these "structures" were part of the "repository" that constituted a "human knowledge" that was merely a stockpile of what has worked on humans in general. However, the truth was that humans needed the new, so the stockpile itself was not to be regarded as right. I decided that it would be impossible for the therapist I visited to be anything more than a professional crank interested in preserving her profession. I'm not sure why I haven't separated these paragraphs like I've been doing earlier, to tell you the truth. If I were my own therapist, I would say I was "intellectual" and "hopeless" and "disturbed" and "wrong" and "right" and "in danger of suicide" and "prone to psychosis" among other things, and I really did not want to complicate my life by being ruled by whatever my therapist thought or thought they thought, from whatever I said as we talked for one measly hour for \$100 a session. Well anyway now that's out of the way I can say that last night I kissed a cute guy, then, I thought I texted him today, until he revealed that he was not the guy I thought he was. "That isn't me." he said when I sent him a text message of his card. "Oh." I realized then that I had actually made out with two guys instead of one, and that my memories of this particular guy I was messaging had been totally destroyed by alcohol. At first I felt pretty for kissing one cute guy, and then I felt both pretty as well as slutty for making out with another. I was both perplexed and proud, but also I decided not to go out again tonight, because I really liked this other guy who lived in California. I was glad and aroused that I had received mostly positive feedback on my decision to shaved my head, which was backed up by the words "You're a very good kisser." not to mention the evidence remaining in my memory of kissing men I considered cute. "You're beyond comprehension." I imagined my therapist say. "It sounds like you're obsessed." I imagined her say. "Do you think that's helping you?" It's what keeps me alive.

As I sat there in front of the mortuary while thinking of the world I had constructed for myself, which apparently consisted of listening to Bernhard at superhuman speeds while feeling sick and drunk and terribly depressed, I wondered what argument I had against the idea that my dog had a better life than mine, a better life than many human beings; if the intensity and misery in me in any way mirrored what was within the skull of my dog. "What really can you say to support the idea that human existence is even 1,000 times more enjoyable than this dogly existence" I imagined myself say, as I felt the planet turn my body inside out inside my mind. Here, in my head, human beings had been installed within my veins, between my veins: my every cell, a place of occupancy, with me at the head. Why not? Since the whole planet was made of human cells that resembled cells from the height of my top down perspective it seemed more than logical to think that my "regressive" idea that humans had degraded themselves to a lower level like low level nature mimicry that it had failed through imitation. There was no escape, we were now in the imitation of which we were a manifestation, hence the hypothesis that the stress in my body was intensified by my existence, that radical discontent was the motivator for all. This, coupled with the fact that my dog is so freakishly adorable and doesn't pay taxes and doesn't have to learn so-called "facts" when oblivion is the outcome of our lives, gives me cause to think and believe that my dog is probably 1,000,000,000,000 times happier than any human. Whatever we do, it only increases the number of "facts" we must learn, because humans made the ridiculous mistake to say that words could implant knowledge of a world beyond, mostly because this is imaginary knowledge gained by extensive listening to things unrelated to the subject matter, namely sounds. I trusted that my friend currently studying the phenomenology of sounds was maybe interested in rescuing me from my own sound-constructed thought process, and that she would rescue me. "Could it be?" Besides, perhaps I've made a terrible philosophical error. I wasn't sure. What I did know, was that it sucked that politicians everywhere were saying that "We accomplished this." when the world didn't know my name, didn't know what went through my brain, and so on. This is what irritated Bernhard so much, I thought; that he had so much obsessive thinking power and a devaluation system which brutally annihilated any and all avenues for thinking that "universal knowledge" or some "theory of everything" could never be known. That, and the day-to-day evidence available for us when we make these comparisons in our heads. "People like us can only revel in our superiority at this point, because we alone have known something so very painful and intense and accurate and survived." I thought.

For days I hadn't written a line. I was probably sick from either making out with that guy who wouldn't stop sniffing or some chance exposure from my parents, who were complaining of their headaches all week, that I had contracted this soar throat and double depression as I was now unable to figure out how to create a machine to "help humanity." I figured that everyone had poetic ideas like this etched erroneously in their brain. Everyone had these big and very important ideas in their head, powerful ideas like "help humanity" and now I suddenly had to destroy that idea and wreck havoc all over the world, I thought. If I create a machine to help humanity, it really doesn't help humanity, because this command I'm given which is said by every politician cannot have the intended effect on the proposed machine. This would drive all machine production to a halt, I thought and believed. I could not for the life of me find a way to justify the continuation of the manufacturing process. "I may have now reached a stage where I may be killable for making too much sense!" I thought and believed. "I am like Jesus or Socrates or Nietzsche!" And I was proud. Oh God. There is is, the terrible thought. "You were a smart person born with a terrible set of parents; a terrible set of educators; a terrible set of friends; a terrible set of available boyfriends; a very terrible selection of people, all of whom let you down; you at last only had the reading machine for guidance, so you write letters: from you, to you. There's no higher pattern to your life besides unrelenting self-hatred. Everything's contradictory. Everything staged for your destruction and ruin. You're going to ruin your therapist, kill your therapist. "Kill your therapist!" suddenly I knew what to do, I had to kill the therapist, like actually murder her. "Now I could see that my depression genius research was paying off." I thought. "By thinking in this depression zone and

documenting it as much as possible, you have figured out why it was Hitler deliberately landed himself in prison.” I thought. “It was a deliberate ploy to deliver his depression-constructed ideology delivered to as many criminals as possible to motivate those idiots to build his depression land.” And suddenly it was clear to me now that for years I had written one depressing book after another. I was, for better or for worse, “a depressing book making machine” which was a reality so horrifyingly real that would it be recursive it would be repetitive in its technique and stupidity. This “recursionism” is what’s used to spin off areas of genuine investigation, trivializing them. You may be wondering “what about the ideal machine?” and so am I. Publishing houses have long functioned as little more than magnets for the capturing of diseased minds whose refuse they sell to these gobblers of filth; they wait a few years for them to commit suicide, then quadruple their income while saying they were too good for this world. But this was the reality of “sign determinacy” I thought. “It felt so good to fuck his hole.” but I very soon forgot that. I had made everything a comedy. Destroyed the future. I entertained the idea that an artificial intelligence could construct a super grammar to orchestrate world events without us knowing. This super grammar could be anything strange. For all I know, the machine has long taken it’s effect. She still hasn’t replied, but it’s probably best she doesn’t enter into these depressing thoughts so close to exams. It hurt because I was so serious. Call it pedantic if you want, but I honestly didn’t know how to create a machine to help humanity. If I created the machine it would probably be very small, and if I tried to give it to someone and they were to make use of it, it would probably imply that the majority of the human race couldn’t use it at that time. This meant that whatever item I made, it could only help one user, and not many users at once. Furthermore it meant that the device however complicated would if it were large enough to be used by multiple users would be like an interface of some abstract kind. “My logical notation is garbage!” I thought. My hypothesis of sign determinacy was supposed to be a way towards world peace: a way to remove “race” and “culture” from human conflict. “With this concept in our minds, we could unite and go forward as one.” I thought a long time ago, I now recalled.

She understands the patterns of life but isn’t good at using them herself. She’s woke only superficially, I suppose. Yet humans used symbols all the time. We needed to symbolize the real and so we had to do this act of transfer to the page. I despaired, because sign determinacy was necessary for the capture of dumb humans attracted to menial tasks. My mother would always praise the menial task and the factory job, and I always and without fail balked at the thought of working such a job. Clearly the advantage was one way, I recognized at once. “You have to see this as trivial for it to work.” I reminded myself. “Graphics haven’t updated like you hoped.” I lost. “He feels his skull. He knows he’s a loser. He knows he’s nobody. He knows.” I reminded myself. “I’m ugly. My youth is gone. Politics is a pretense: only a simulation: the pretense of communism: the pretense of representation: the mental simulation, it’s all garbage: nothing but mental simulation in the mind that’s rotting away; there is no end, all of it: totally repellent. “They’re just as dead to me as I am to them.” Crazy to think that the subterranean way of life should be so useful: use humans with signs, pretending you’re with them when really you’re not. “This is the future: nothing but deception. Nobody knows what you’re talking about. It’s unintelligible. They rejected you but you know you’ll find many people who won’t reject you. You’re insane. You’re glad to be insane. You can’t even think of a way to offer a suggestion, not even an engineering task, not even a computing task. Really you know you’re crazy, tragic and dramatic. You’re pretending to be interested in some machine you no longer believe in. You’re absolute shit and you hate nature. Arrogant. Unable to relate to others. You’ll never relate to others. You’ll kill yourself. You can’t stand this world. You can’t stand this planet. You can’t stand your life.” I don’t know what to do. I still don’t know how to build the ideal machine, or any machine to “help humanity” because nothing can. I am bit by bit discarding this idea and rejecting it. “I will become evil and lose my soul.” I’ve told myself more than once and once again, now. I don’t know what to do, but I feel like I should die: die or go to sleep. “Yes you should go to sleep and enjoy yourself, your musical self.” Stop. Stop. Stop. Go to bed. I told myself “Goodnight.”

I found it absurd when I heard the notion that humans had suffered for eons. “The fact that this author let this sentence slip by is alone proof he was insane.” I imagined myself say. What I said, what I wrote, would all be turned around and made to be a thought, even though for the most part thoughts are not thought and are not “sequenced” the same way. Anyway, I could tell that my therapist was likely caught in some professional insanity, like the delusion that I was not already alive. For me to “Get Out of My Mind and Into My Life” I would have to; first, be sane; and second, not be alive to begin with. It was dangerous to tell a writer to “stop thinking with words.” I thought. Worse still, is the author recognized the existence of the “word machine” but made the error of placing the “word machine” inside the mind, when it's actually outside on the page affecting us. She was probably a worthless writer obsessed with the total destruction of writers, so she installed herself as a “therapist” in order to rid the world of those professional depressors like Virginia Woolf who kid themselves into thinking that they write writings when what they actually write are depressants in a futile attempt to depress the whole world. For such types the act of writing is an attempt at artifice and therefore world domination through the introduction of symbols, utilizing the power of sign determinacy for our advantage: rejecting all jobs as invalid; for all that matters is the sign, this underground art of describing a reality when the description is itself an absurdity. Really, if I am honest, the whole human game is this absurd. And what am I if not a mad sound phenomenologist. I don't really know. I did know that “rhetoric is the science of persuasion” and that “writing is persuasion written down” and hence this sign machinery had come to dominate all the world, except for the artist, the allegedly miserable artist. However I have never avoided pain, unlike this book. Contrary to what this book contains I have never ran away from my pain but rather leaped headfirst into it while praying for my destruction: a destruction that never came. “See and believe that whenever I felt distressed I tried only to amplify my distress through the absorption of minds totally fatal to my development.” I imagined myself say. “Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and Kafka and Woolf and Bernhard.” Plus, you must admit my rhetorical distinctions are useful, or at least would have been useful thousands of years ago, certainly not “eons” ago when humans made the mistake of eclipsing their individual designations with the word “we” sacrificing themselves for this “we” essentially killing themselves without killing themselves. Now this is pedantic. Now this is wrong. Now it's too late. You have to understand as a fan of Woolf the meaning of “dispersed are we” means that nothing absolutely nothing can help us. “You value death, that's your problem. Your problem is that your valuation of death is part of your valuation of life.” Somewhere a therapist hands someone a page, asking them to write down what pains them, and I imagine myself writing the words “mental automatism and human history.” Two things the therapist cannot change. Oddly enough she wanted me to get into a life of not using words, a life of not complaining about life when complaining about life was essentially what it was to be human, so, she likely wanted me to “enter into a life of mindlessness” when really this mindlessness was the problem. I felt sick thinking that I would give \$100 to a mindless professional professing mindlessness professionally. But I had to go; I had 2 minutes to leave for my call.

Quick question. “You are granted an ideal machine. What does it do?” I asked. “Either a time machine or a God machine.” said one. “Bends reality, and has an input for me to direct the reality-bending.” said another. “A full life support machine plus super immersive VR where I'm happy.” another said. “It kills me.” said another. “It disproves religion!” another said. “Oh. Do you mean a machine that does what I want it to do?” said another. “Bingo!” I thought without giving a response. “I'd probably want it to get through the layer that people intentionally put up to block information. Intentional ignorance makes me want to die.” I kept noting their answers. “Kill me” and: “Nanobots that destroy the universe.” and: “Gives me the feeling of anybody caring about me.” I noted. “BE MY FRIEND!” I noted. “How about a machine that sucks my dick? That would be ideal.” and: “It bakes cookies and pats my head.” another replied. “And also rapes me.” I noted while laughing out loud. “It makes me feel amazing: a hyper realistic VR environment where I can do anything, and then it kills me.” another replied.

“This isn't very much data, but it seems that most people either want total obedience or death.” I noted to myself on this page. For example one person said that the ideal machine should perform functions instantaneously with the minimal required materials. This implied “given” functions, I noted, so again the ideal machine is obedience. “Mine makes off-brand jelly beans.” I noted. Maybe not, I thought to myself. “He's depicted as being playful, malicious, a murderer, and at certain times even helpful, but he's always irreverent, nihilistic and impetuous.” I read while wondering if I was Loki after all. “Nah.” I told myself. “Not all days are bad.” I couldn't stress this enough. The science of paper tecnicis seemed to have promise, and it may have been bullshit, but I wanted to know. “Trivial. Trivial. Trivial.” That's what they'd say, I thought. Somehow this is art. If it has no purpose, it must be desperate and pathetic, and therefore “art” which is artifice that has no political effect on human beings besides perplexity. It was sad. “They love you, but only in a distant way.” I imagined them say. I was concerned. I was really worried my therapist was a psychopath: a person who'd destroy me with words. I wanted her to destroy me. Kill me. Kill me. “Kill me!” I imagined myself scream! I missed something I know that I've got to have missed something. I keep thinking that there's something I missed! “You're a loser. You're a killer. You're a killer. You're the universe killing itself.” I don't know what it means. It had something to do with the way native Americans allegedly sliced the penises of others off and pushed it into the mouths of the dead, somehow humiliating them. This kind of mania is “humane.” And what does it mean to go against it? Does it mean to invent something under verbal pretexts that do not in any way result in the reality you hope for? Again, the “verbal pretext” falls short! If it is not to blind the imaginary other in the “world beyond” it is to help humanity in the “world where my thing helps everybody!” And can you show me one single world where everyone had everything? No such world exists! These are all just facts about the world of human relations, I thought while playing a song. “Take me far away from here. Sing your music into my ears and put me somewhere anywhere else.” I said to the song.

I was curious now if the human desire for influence was organic. The technological stockpiling of our machines will eventually encase our minds: place demands on our minds. Initially the mind, thousands of years ago, was in at the mercy of organic affect. Now there seems to be no way for us to avoid the problem of organic affect, as the organic affects are transferred to the state. First, the stomach organ affects the mind. Second, the mind's communicate about what to do about the problem of the stomach affecting the mind. Third, the minds write how best to negate the problem of organic affect upon the page. Fourth, the page becomes the new organ of affect, which takes the place of the stomach, which falls away. This genealogy of experience carries us from the bodyship to the spaceship, which is still a spatial system with a boundary either way. We never understand ourselves. We only understand that we are inexorably involved in this process of organic construction. The quest for “universal knowledge” is but a side quest for the quest for influence. “Thanks to you, the university structure has forever been broken down.” I imagined it say, my daemonic sign. “Peterson said that the humanities were doomed, now you've annihilated them with the reading machine.” And yet the strange thing was that by this act of destroying something I had created something new to replace it. “To be mad, crippled, suicidal, actually or metaphorically lost, is more or less normal in such a world.” I read before writing it down. “Poets and artists are, above all, individuals, originals who cannot conform to social patterns and pressures without losing what matters most to and about them; they go by nature against the social grain and cannot do it for long when social concerns close in with their unforgiving obligations.” I read before writing it down. The grim reality of the situation was that if everyone was an artist there would be no one to fetch us ink for our paper or paper for our ink, I thought. The economy would collapse, I thought. What was wise to me was unwise for the system as a whole, I thought. The whole point of the writer was to indicate to everyone that they were “not doing very well” and to hope that, by making these signs, that someone else would benefit somehow. It also had the added befit of implanting in the audience's heads the idea that whatever corpse-slandering the preacher did would be overshadowed by the bulkiness of the books he could not have possibly read before issuing the corpse-slandering. This

idea made me glad, since I had theoretically accomplished this, as far as any death-transcendent human perspective could do. Writing is nothing but a pretext for a later suicide, I thought. That's why the "intellectuals" of the Russian revolution produced only totalitarian states, I thought. And suddenly I knew from my insane perspective of the past, that it was possible to overpower the whole world with laughter. Even my ex thinks I'm nuts. I showed him how our organs were being turned from one organ to the next, and he dared to be content with this because he actually liked organs while I wanted no organs at all, since the goal of science is to create a state in which I have no annoying organs. Organs were annoying. Science must remove all things annoying me, and so it must not build something annoying like a machine that beeps even once. Knowing anything is really a nuisance. Eventually it all comes smash and becomes a swirl of machines. None of them do what they tell you they're supposed to be, what they're supposed to do. Machines that talk to you. All of them are you, elsewhere. Mutually created. And the words do not help. "With the burden of hunger minimized, the burden of handling signs is amplified." Another law appeared. But what did it mean? It seemed to spring from nowhere. No luck, still fucked up; time to watch some Netflix while praying for death. Besides, politicians were universally extreme madmen riding on popularity contests that could never help the state intelligently.

When Hegel took up eastern thought, as was popular in his day, he allowed himself to explain exactly how the notion that nothing revealed the meaning of everything. However what the intellectuals didn't see, or worse saw and ignored, was the reality that this state-sanctioned Zen philosophy was used by the elite to spin off scrutiny in the vortex of their thinking later giving rise to totalitarian monologues and totalitarian states. Aristotle takes a different path: directly into the castle of illusion. Rather than rejecting the stockpiling of agreements and arguments as invalid, the stockpile was validated under rhetorical verbal pretexts. "At the root of ourselves is absolute nothing. If there were something, we would be merely things, not selves." I read before writing it down. I had explored this earlier with my distinctions between the singularity and plural, I thought. Arguably the point of this thinking here was to speculate on how reincarnation may be thought of in the future, because I had turned reincarnation into a process in which organs were endlessly reconstructed by minds. I found this fascinating, as I wiped the glass table clean. The logical of the illogical is the misological. Socrates knew this and Plato baited Aristotle, who flew headfirst into the delusional, embracing it. Precipitously, the desire to reverse Platonism was likely a desire to get the whole world to step away from the books in front of their faces, I thought. I am not a thing. I am not a name. "Do not accept another image identity on any terms in any form or you will be as I am now." I now recalled. Silence envelops me.

Of course it was beneficial to the Korean state that people be told by masters that they're nothing. What a shame! "I skimmed your ideas but I didn't understand them." she said. I wrote a few things down. The history of the world is writing. The state is an "envelopment" and a consequence of our interface. What is done with science is very different. We try something and write down what is done. Metaphysics is a word without a referent: a hope: a belief: an aim. Intuition determines what is added to the stockpile. Historical knowledge and life is nothing but the acknowledgment of the word stockpile. People use tools and words as tools for using people, by baiting them. Life is logical only in the sense that there is discourse conflict. Reality contradicts itself: the brain as anti-reality weapon. It re-creates it's body by it's activity when it writes down information about it. Self-contradictory speech, that's the command not done, forms the world through agreement. The artists kill themselves because they are no more than magnets for people killing themselves, either through the donation of their vital income or for the donation of suicides. Depression can reduce any state to its surface appearances. Not the exchange. Wait, all I do is get people to give me money? Why do I deserve money for this? If all I do is get people to give me money with my speech, then how does my speech alone help them? And can a speech like this help anyone? This training ground for speech, is it good or bad? It's probably a built-in problem.

Who even knows if this speech can yield mechanical speech professionals? I feel bad because I do nothing but give energy to advertisers who do nothing but take my money. Buckling my seat-belt rips the earbuds out of my ears. I miss a whole sentence and I don't care. No sentence written by a human being ever mattered. I toy with the idea that suicide rates are on the rise because young people sense that their actions do nothing but supply information to companies that give them nothing; or every online action is recorded. Your brother is an idiot. He's inarticulate. Don't think about it, just notice it. Some person complemented my writing without understanding it because he had the nerve to ask me why the world was so depressing. I just said that I was depressed by the horror of existence. Cannibal ontology. Business ontology. Everyone and everything is exploited. All of it's a horror and none of it matters. Fake knowledge. A simulated existence. A dead world. A world covered in humans imitating cellular life. Such a laughable juxtaposition of human and cell in my head. I can't get the image to go away. Our mistakes are colossal. Everything inside me is totally acidic to political discussion, I can't talk about a future of any kind. Condemning the very notion of intelligence. If you're smarter than life, than kill yourself. What's his name recommended I not grow old and I said OK. I feel like crying. I don't know. I'm pathetic. I'm of no use and enjoy it. No one understands me. I want to be a cat. If you told me that I would become a cat after death I would shoot myself this instant, especially if I get a cute boy or girl to pet me; adults never give their pets enough attention! They buy a living breathing animal for their simulated childhood self for sentimental reasons then become disgusted with themselves for their dog's behavioral problems. They simply don't play with their dogs enough! I can't have a cat. I'm allergic to cats. Just another reason to commit suicide. Still, I considered making a blog post about the aforementioned problem with going to Mars. It makes me cringe but I want to show Musk exactly how over-idealistic he was. Unexpectedly my trans friend supported me and said that the actual and the rhetorical overlap rather profoundly. My drawing of humanity? she said she agreed with me strictly on a combinatorial basis. And no I don't know what she means. None of us really do. What goes on in the world is fine. Syntax sticks in my head and I play my little sound-imitation game. My next plan is to listen to "Listening and Voice." Simply reading the introduction reminded me of my earlier theory that I had picked up on the general rhythm of humanity's so-called intellectual texts and sought to negate it with a song that's altogether meaningless. Looking back, virtually every old time famous philosopher would be laughed at for being a YouTube crank. People are ashamed of admitting it, those millions of idiots babbling on about recursive self-reference especially. Yes, I'm still considering the imbecility of claiming to want to know the universe while only looking at words on a page. So-called philosophers do this every day. Bertrand Russell only created new signs and watched his students argue, snickering in the background. Rich people like that are forever installing themselves as professional bullshitters that attract poor students with their crank speech; they're always there, snickering in the background, since after all the school structure only wanted them for their independent wealth. I still have no idea how a neural network works. My other friend said my advice to the factory workers would be bad for the economy and he was right. I now had no faith in intelligence resulting in an increase of suicide's appeal. I would probably horrify my therapist, considering that she has had terminology like the "word machine" going on in her brain, that I had made this move to cram the planet into a diabolical word machine. She'd likely think I was the devil! and she could be right. After all I negated Buddhism, and Christianity, and everything else; everything except Judaism which I honestly only value as a tradition of valuing symbol manipulation because it's after all true that humans far from knocking horns knock arguments and marks. That's just the kind of animals we are. What's worse is I knew that I was a scary person. I couldn't imagine how a sane life with a romantic partner would go, since my sense of self changes all the time. I remind myself that my therapist has to have a vortex of controversy going on inside her head; for you can't value Zen Buddhism's self-destructively relentless questioning and the destruction of the "word machine" going on inside our brains. She won't want to accept my theory that all of the Zen masters were evil state functionaries: professional depressors depressing professionally.

Everything inside me is tired; my soul is tired; I don't know what to do; I don't know how to help in any sense of the word, what with how I negated the word. Human intelligence isn't even intelligence. It has become increasingly hard to talk to anybody. My dreadfulness and loneliness increases. I inhaled pain on purpose, quite like the "acceptance and commitment" therapy book recommended, I now realized; only now I felt guilty for becoming so annoying. Unless I laugh. When I laugh I laugh a lot. With so much failure, there really was a lot to laugh about, enough to let megalomania go to your head. I truly enjoy the comedy that is the world every day. It was comical how humans had "progressed" to the point that people, far from being "helped" by technology, were now reduced to the grim reality of being mere users of some increasingly sophisticated machine, annoying them relentlessly. Funny enough, this frustrated the dumb who believed in the false pretense and vast lie that new inventions could actually help them. "It frustrated them to the point of suicide." I thought. I read this or that on the news and hear how this or that person killed themselves, and I laugh out loud. I knew that Stephen King may call me a freak, what a stupid fantasy, I laughed again, for keeping it in my head. So much potential to laugh my head off, at the nightmare called reality. Back then, it was discovered that weaponized depression could cram the masses down, simply because it was agreeable that depression was real.

OK. "Here's the situation." I imagined myself say. "We got me, and I'm thinking of developing a way to let the people know how history fucked them over and terrorized us into a state, and all we have to do is be nice to me, give me free access to everything whenever I want, because that would be so cool; I swear; I would use this privilege with respect and calm, at least as much respect and calm as I observed on StarTrek." Boy what a show, I thought. I'd love to live in a fantasy world like StarTrek and not the actual world. "Wait, but how do we get there?" I asked myself. Well, we don't, because I'm supposed to figure out a way to "take comfort" in the fact that "words are just sounds" and I'm "being-in-the-world" and not just me wondering why I don't have access to things. Really what I hope to achieve is unleash a wave of really inquisitive young people, but not really. God damn. I'm bored with this planet, and I just want some part of it to stimulate my interest, and it just does not. I can see a whole lot of shit, and none of it in any way seems remotely close to being sorted out. I paused, "rhetorical inclusion" and thought about this idea. Pretending to be a therapist, I now imagined them as reactionary to the legal machinery, which would force them to think that "rhetorical inclusion" was an automatic qualifier for psychopathy, because my brain just automatically forces me to entertain such fantasies. When imagination, and also depression, come together, it forms a "sticky mixture" that's hard to break apart. It is like playing with one set of machines and going to another completely alien. How can that improve you? A part of me is depressed but a part of me is curious. I feel completely alien. Either accepting that the universe was me or that I was the universe, I felt that killing myself would be an act of love for reality, since surely I was a part of a happy community that could drift from form to form. I had to be optimistic. And at the same time I wanted to vomit at the idea of having my entire machine monologue set to a stream of images, to become the new media means. With a rapid shift in the media means, the world would fly headfirst into mass confusion, not unlike the mass confusion that resulted when the Hegelian menace reared it's ugly head. I had to avoid this. "So yeah that's a confused but imaginative time slice of a fantasy I may have at virtually any given basis." I imagined myself say while shrugging my shoulders. "What's worse, is that because I'm not a normie, this weird Midwest crank doctor was supposedly going to help me. I had no intention of this. I merely planned on listening to her "professional opinion." Most likely, you will enter her office and read her papers, hate them, and you'll proclaim your disgust at all her lines. How unacceptable it was! And I made myself sad because the truth was that I would never be so intense. Philosophers as a whole were probably without exception faggy passive aggressives. And then I had a clairvoyant idea that "discrete" conservative fags had more pent up homosexual energy, not to mention ruthlessness, hence why headlines were played up if shocking sex scandals occurred. I have no idea what I just said. I don't really feel much of anything anymore. It isn't so much "pain" that I feel, and I'm not going to let you take me away from my reading machine either. You have to think of it as a monster

in the room, which is going to take over your profession completely. It is certainly a threat to you, and together, I'd like us to figure out what's doing and what it will do. I imagined myself say, because it did and because I was scared. "I'm stuck in this position and I'm scared." And instantly I heard my parent's dog bark in his sleep, cutely. I was scared of seeing my role in seeing how I am in control of the reality that's fed to us, and after feeding on human reality for so long it really is amazing how little I care. I feel myself flapping in the wind as it's about to whisk me away, and I like this: feeling. I feel important like this. You can call it a delusion if you want, but what it will always be is a living reality that you don't have time for me or my bullshit. What the future murderers will say is that we were burying ourselves into verbal complications completely on purpose and immorally so, to satisfy some spooky state mania. Introducing anti-depressants was a mistake because it deprived the world of the necessary negative view. But who was I kidding? If I had to characterize myself I would say that I was embedded in a perspective that I was already on my way to somewhere else. This was not a world I could help. My instinct was to hold my mouth and stare in dismay. The vastness of my wants couldn't meet the savage demands placed upon me by the state. People better than myself are able to avoid this and connect themselves to the paper machine, but I, unfortunately, bound myself to a cursed "reading machine" because I thought I would find something in it I enjoyed. Apparently all I found was Bernhard. He so utterly demolished the value of thinking and even demolished himself, so people like me could enjoy this gem in the rubble that is the world. Nietzsche too was another such gem, also Woolf. I didn't think of any others, unless I was to extend this list to other figures they hated, which I was not about to do. Oh. I just realized how evil it was to turn myself into a machine that could cram scorching depression into a fiery stream of information that incinerated other minds. Legitimately I worried I could actually murder people just by talking and that scared me, just as it scared me earlier when I scared myself with the idea that scared crank professors would murder me for pulling the rug of professorship out from under them! I would ruin whole families and drive people insane! I was playing a "cat and mouse" game where I was imagining both sides in the game. I, like them, really liked the idea of pontificating about this or that speaker, but alas in my hurry to enhance their praises, I handed the reigns of this "influential apparatus" over to this talking organ, this machine, which would kill the professional professors I enjoyed! But this was untrue. My empathy was an act. If I enjoyed listening to humans lecturing I would have heard them, but instead I took control of the delivery mechanism to give myself infinite time to learn. Growing up I was "special" and always required additional time, so I thought that it would be best if I could have infinite time, so people could leave me alone. "As you know, what you have learned in your life, is an in-depth study of a world you couldn't help." I imagined them say. This tortured me. The vivid details of old written by the writers of old were now unthinkable to the modern mind. To contemplate the rhythms of the seasonal changes and to feel their affects upon your mental state, was now unheard of; yet I had normalized this by living in the chaotic Missouri climate all my life; this bipolar climate makes it hot and humid one day and frigid the next; it's really no surprise that the universities around here are dominated by foreign exchange students considering our poor state's abysmal mental health support system. It's honestly a state-wide scandal how we've systematically ruined the city, converting the schools into lofts, so nobody knows where they're going to send their children to school as a result. I want to laugh about it but I usually don't. I laugh each day inside and cry at the grotesque mismanagement going on everywhere in the world, not that I would want to manage it, because I don't want that kind of responsibility. All I want to do is die, honest to God. Somehow I've written 100 pages of this crap I didn't throw away. 100 pages or 84,000 words that were basically the sounds I made drowning. When they test pharmaceuticals, as you know, they place a mouse inside a jar and watch it drown; they do this on purpose to simulate the reality of being trapped within a state, that is the truth, I imagined myself say. I was an absolute retard for not killing myself earlier. Death was the one thing that refused to be mocked, I thought as I watched the funeral parades drive by, day in, day out, across the street while listening to my mother's yelling. My parents were very disorganized blowhards that ruined my brother and I, that is the truth. I can't stand to look at my brother

in the face: my doofus brother who can't even buy a piece of wood from the hardware store. I actually intervened and got my father to stop calling him a dipshit. I hated looking at him. I hated hearing him, because he was external proof that the world consisted of bungled people botched by their parents and ultimately the universe when it blew itself apart. I filled my head with depressing cosmic nonsense that nobody has any time for, making myself retarded, less than an animal; a mentally sick writer, who still wanted to burst through the clouds to check out another planet even though the sight of another planet alive and therefore writhing in pain would strike terror into my heart. If ever we discovered another planet we'd have to cover up it's existence at once! the idea of there being another self-eating ball out there would profoundly disturb us, that is the truth. We would not be delighted but horrified at the idea of there being yet another self-eating ball in the cosmos. We we can't imagine conversing with it either, since there's nothing to say about another self-eating ball. Last night I genuinely felt insane like my head was about to pop; I just couldn't stand it, being me, with my thoughts. I wanted to point a gun at my head and and convert it into a hideous fleshy pulp. That's one of the interesting things about dead bodies gashed and exposed, on the one hand the person of self-reference is dead while on the other hand they're more alive than ever because they've blossomed revealing their insides. You stare slack jawed and horrified that there's a cellular civilization in there that just collapsed, because you know that one day you'll just collapse and that you'll join it. Death's so inevitable and the paperwork we humans do is pathetic by contrast to the bigger picture. But we're doomed to do paperwork, which is why it's so mesmerizing to see this paper-working-machine brutally mutilated by it's own hand. I imagined that the vulturous academics would pick me apart for decades because if anything influences anything then it soon gets picked apart. Humans make artifices to influence themselves. Inside I was crushed because there was no way to design an interface beneficial to everyone: a machine in which I could deposit the whole world so every brain could be happy and mobilized. If I made anything it was bound to annoy no matter what it was. I was born in an age dedicated to the task of constructing a comfy machine that made everyone happy and it frustrated me that I couldn't do it, until the failure to do it made me laugh, because to be quite serious a task like that can only make us laugh; I could characterize myself as a kind of clown; I sometimes fantasize that I keep everything held together with jokes back in some prehistoric society where jokes were all they had. But enough of that. I'm remembering how my weeb friend said I wrote a lot of fluff, depressing fluff another guy brutally related to. I don't have a human voice in my head. I have "recordings" like a Burroughs novel come alive. It really is awful what I've done, and yet she just said I was completely right and that Mary Griffith should feel bad for her entire life. I feel like I'm at a crossroads of both not caring about anything anymore while caring deeply about everything. I have been this way for years, "walking down the path of my pathology," taking my time, pretending everything's fine, enjoying my pathology stroll. I stare at the landscape and I hate it, how it makes me happy. I crack myself up at the thought of forcing Žižek and Peterson to hear their student's papers word for word rather than just skimming them, like I know they do. There's simply no way for a college professor to gobble up this inane diarrhetic slop that's forever gushing out the mouths of these hopelessly Catholic retards. Everywhere you look, you see that most of the planet has been arrested by the straightjacket of the "spiritual" message that life is inherently bad. I'm filled with hate and disgust, but hey, I like flowers. Isn't that gay? I'll never see the error of my ways. The billionaires want to shoot billionaires into space because they're so bored and don't know what else to do with their money, let's just forget about the fact that kids are blowing their heads off by the billions by shooting themselves up with opioids or shooting up the schools. But of course it's essential that a Martian colony is established to maintain that "pathos of distance" Nietzsche talked about. Slavery is required in some or another form; all of this is accepted to the point that it's fluff. All of us know that the brain is a fleshy despot that's attached to legal machinery, an arguing machine: an influencing machine. The killer students want to kill the moment they read the following line "at the commencement the noble caste was always the barbarian cast" so they kill their bullies, or they kill themselves to take revenge on the human brain.

Bottom to top, the world is just revolting. I find the idea of shooting myself in a field of flowers oddly appealing. I already explained why, no need to explain it again. I want death because the reality that was announced to me was false. It simply isn't possible to "design a machine that helps everybody," that everyone loves. My efforts toward that task resulted in the devaluation of what my father and grandfather achieved. People make use of things, not the other way around! No thing can help us, but things are made. "Complex" things that fail to accomplish the rhetorical justification given to the desperate slaving in the factory. Signs cry silently. Once you see it, it's all over. I have no way of becoming anything but a thorn in the side of this planet. I cut it down to nothing and on it goes. Death offers an entryway to another perspective. I leave the world worse off, it seems, to my horror! I even destroyed the professors. I made my life impossible. I'm at controversy with myself constantly, with death as my touchstone. I make myself sick with my ideas. If the world was my equipment I'd still kill me. I see not one ray of hope. I liked him a lot but my head wasn't for it. I couldn't speak to him, cause I ruined speech. Humans are social creatures. I have terrible thoughts. You honestly wouldn't believe the absolute garbage clogging the universities. The night sky drips black with blood. I feel ashamed for being a writer and also weak. Every last house was built on pain. Pain is our foundation. And we dare to explore the cosmos! I just need to snap and pull the trigger. That is my dream. To snap and finally do it. "Just make it quick and drive to your parents house and shoot yourself in the head. You can't because you don't know where your father keeps his gun anymore. They're on to you. Everyone is on to you. If you kill yourself it won't help." I need to clean the house, I suddenly remembered that my apartment isn't clean to my satisfaction. I keep getting plastered every night because there's no reason not to with how my mental process operates. Tequila is like oil for the engine that's my brain, without it I'd burn up and explode. That's what got my uncle, by the way. Attempting not to drink was a mistake, better to just wipe out your existence. I'm so pathetic, typing upstairs again The planet is a self-eating ball of shit, if you look at it. All you see is one self-eating shit ball of shit shitting it's shit through itself in a recursive manner. Remember the demons are demons because they pray for evil. I just remembered that I have never prayed for a single evil thing. Death sounds comfy, like the ideal machine. The lesbian said she liked me. I liked her too. Even though I'm dying inside. I don't know why I'm dying inside. It sucks that I'm dying inside. Let me die let me die let me die. I accept that I'm crazy, not chewing glass crazy but certifiably crazy. If I went into any court they'd pronounce me crazy. I should probably reach out to the Rabbi again to see what he thinks about my theory of sign determinacy. Who knows. I don't know. All I want is a friend. Also a spaceship. I want to leave this planet. No wait I already said that seeing other planets would be bad. I crossed that desire off my list, not that it was an option. It may be true, like the book says, that my "word machine" is tormenting me, but that's obviously bullshit because all humans have is their word machine, their influential activities. Sadly I can't be exiled to the mountains. Back in the day they'd chase annoying people into the mountains where they'd go on to construct the most well proportioned and generously constructed temples, for their idealism. Not so today when you can't build a thing without engaging with these paper technicians, these bureaucratic BDSM fuck toys for people we here in the states call "politicians." The planet's an unscrupulous begging operation. The politicians want a monopoly on their begging operation to the point that begging on the street is illegal, eventually the begging operation turns into communism and the pretense of communism. Nothing works but death and distance. Get me far away from this planet. Get me out of this place, this awful, stinking shit hole of a place. Each day is a new nightmare in this hell world we call Earth. It's unbelievable, and yet it's so very unbelievable that you go on living because you can't believe you're an animal that doesn't want to live. My philosopher friend probably won't reach out to me because he's afraid of me. Believe it or not though today was a great day. I felt clear, with a touch of intense negativity and megalomania. I see the stores and weep. I don't know how to liberate these people captured by sign determinacy to escape the confines of these stores, which are little more than magnets for attracting the desperate. But the people don't know, can't know, and shouldn't know, that that's how the world works, so I should kill myself.

So-called human “macro cells” are slowly but surely destroying the global surface, I thought. “As I leave to see what lays over the horizon, know that this is my final act of self-determination. This is my protest against the world: a declaration that I cannot stand what it has become, but I do not possess the strength to affect the change needed to push it in a better direction.” she wrote before she killed herself. Consider the tragedy of the emotional affect. Poem must mean “thing that has emotional affect.” With the aid of writing: the people of the interface, is what “unified by interfacing” injected literacy into the realm. Here and there the “manuscript owners” created squabbles among the people, about whatever they thought about this “provocative material.” Thanks to the privilege of over the written material that induced that affect, “attention” was generated, and with it: aid. All of this done to circulate a curious hive of maintaining paper and what it implies. Paper, which requires a lot of economic resources to maintain it's structure, becomes the evoker for human behavior. So today, there still exists this effort to maintain whatever evokes us. This is one angle of perspective on the objective task of resolving the entire geopolitical clash over time. It may be suggestible that through mutual recognition of the fact that all signs determine our behavior, that we focus on the task of constructing an interface in which all involved are able to determine their behavior. The point of sign was to evoke. After some kind of mental orgasm the brain does something. More writings may be written down, later. Let's study this action, I thought, impersonating the Attenboroughian style. “We see the action of the pen,” I said “that's plunged down, alerting movement. Suddenly an image appears. Responses trigger. Note: there exists the desire to remove the pen from the evoker. But the evoker possesses the object not only by his actions but by his strength. Formations occur, and a convergence is made upon the target depicted by the artist.” I said, gesticulating wildly in my head. “David Attenborough!” I sneered, laughing at the reality of people being outraged when they realized a certain brand of theatricality could be copied, again and again; only nobody had the resources to do it until it was done. “Big surprise!” You pause and you look at this machine you have, whatever it is. It's a piece of shit! The world becomes nothing other than a swirl of puzzles. Long ago. At an early age. The model for reality was formed, identified, recognized, and strategised against, and if it couldn't be beaten suicide was an option anyway because who's going to know. Some lazy fuck who also no one will know. Eventually people will get butt hurt over over “evoker abuse” or whatever fucking terminology they want to impose on the “thing over there that's really fucking annoying” I imagined myself say. Basically, I had grasped onto an “image focused” way of perception which would allow us to exist forever apart. I don't even want it to make sense to you. If it does, tell me. There's something sickening when you feel your head drifting in and out of time, forwards and backwards in time. Time is removed when one spends time looking at an interface, that much is a fact, I thought. And that's time that might be spent doing literally anything else. It is a unique expression to find oneself enticed by paper, I recognized. It is a unique expression also to find oneself enticed by death, I recognized as I tried to tie the two together in a stupid fucking theory. “So anyway before I even got to college this is what I figured college would be about!” I then imagined myself say on my mental stage of megalomania. Maybe that's the trick. I've set my sights too low. My self-called “megalomania” was actually something that I needed to raise infinitely higher. Uh. No. Instantly I saw how bad that would be. “The trick is to find your megalomania target zone, then do a little dance, make a little love, and get down tonight; and then, do that thing.” I imagined myself say, regrettably. Archaeology, for example, is an enterprise entirely interested in understanding: creating a catalog and therefore a need to perfect the catalog historically that validates the archaeological project's continued existence, but this is never done while there's want for it to be done. Allegedly to perfect our understanding of art! No matter what, new art is always being created by the information animal that is the human being. It seriously matters not to the “squabble machine” because it will take what you give it and argue about it. Now I've annoyed you. Isn't this fun? You accept that “rhetoric is the king of the sciences, the world, because it is the science of persuasion” and you question how it is to feel the the world from a persuasion ontology. Honestly, how do I go back to my Missouri school. Is it so great?

There is no science of political pathology. The interface ontology implants a desire to implant one's mark on every page. What's to be done. I don't actually like this machine. I want to turn off this machine. Turn it off! Kill myself! Shock them you felt what they felt even though they were old. Become a milestone, another mark. It's embarrassing to feel yourself in some low brow political ontological discussion. I felt a bad taste in my mouth. The stomach churning rot of a sensation that people's decisions were made by the swish and swashing of their mouths. Everywhere you go it's swashing mouths when you're reduced to surface ontology. A supposedly primitive mental state. Carelessly, we implant knowledge of topology theoretically inviting imaginings like this to occur. We dare to call this reaction "ADHD" which is merely the attempt at connecting the dots, so to speak, of artifice. The questions the child gives at these times must be answered, that is a fact. "What Judaism imparts is an attitude of responding to a child's questions very quickly, which was something I never got as a child." I imagined myself say. "But I'm gay, so I don't really know why I'm saying this to you, because, as I hope I've made clear, am as ignorant as can be, though seriously alone."

My head's ripped in half. "She'll cut you down. It's her job to cut you down. The therapists are the rapists of the modern world. They rape you with hospitalizations as their sting if you threaten their clueless idiot gathering operation. For the most part the therapist is only interest in gathering the other persons speech. Material for a novel. Or something. Or maybe there's an orgasmic blip inside their not depressed heads that says that I'm interesting for some reason. Then I get looked at for a while. God this is narcissistic. You probably are narcissistic, what with how you learned long ago that Bernhard jacked off to himself in front of the mirror and how you still related to him, I told myself. You're sitting on either 4 or 10 stinking pieces of shit or 4 or 10 gold nuggets of capitalism and symbol mania, I told myself. Either way it's all a "surface effect" and therefore degradable to any other ego machine that cares about the basis. Are you dead yet? You wish. You still got 6 hours of the Iliad to go. Why not listen to Homer? Well really you're listening to the introduction. The introductions are essential. God forbid you're born in a home that doesn't give you the time to read the introduction. The juicy shit is always in the introduction, in this introduction to this book I already mentioned; I read the introduction and figured that Husserl's own attempt at introduction was a tragically sad attempt at characterizing the Jewish character as a person who sadly "introduces" this and that thing to someone forever. Eventually everyone caught on to this clown act as well as everyone familiar with Heidegger, who really knew nothing. He was, truly, a reactionary to his paper master. Another pathetic "paper reactionary." The non-academics are in control. They are the true expressives. The evokers. Something at my innermost core tells me that I am expressed by something in the before. Oh. "I'm failing at symbol manipulation. What a shame. You think you're good at something and actually you're not. Make a meta mockery post about how hard it is to manipulate symbols. Degrade the planet. Be as reductionist as possible. Fuck em. Show them the meta meme and watch them cry as they can't squirm outside it." I imagined myself say. Bam. "That's you. That's how dumb you sound." At this point the planet has become so cringy that to publish anything for even 20 years will be unheard of. In before predicting the entire trajectory of the future of how all the so-called literary types discuss so-called history.

A nauseating documenting of a stockpile. As the life of the child goes on, preference for the sweet advertised as candy is adjusted to preference for the sweet advertised by industry. It is a common thing among the elite to encourage mass exploitation this way. Naturally Americans ever touch American literature because American literature is a pile of divisive crap interfaces. There is simply no point in investigating what all it's trying to say, what with how the state failed you, failed us all. It implanted false verbal pretexts, false notions of "we" to fake inclusion in a false world. What you are is a severely depressed high functioning depressive. In other words, your previous diagnosis from earlier was accurate from the start. Although you had a boring therapist. The first therapist was boring, I suddenly realized. He himself was burnt out on the boredom that flowed in and out of his practice for decades.

The same Missouri people with the same Missouri problems. I'm sure he knows this or that religious figure, politician, policeman, or whatever. I enter: a stranger. I ask about rhetoric. I ask about the actual. I leave. It won't be that simple. You'll want to know about her life. You'll want to have sex with her in order to un-fuck up your life. Vile: to fuck her in a Lacanian sense! This whole image is just a desperate attempt at imagining that your therapist is worth it. Really she cannot be worth it. What writing activity does is capture expression and convert it into a writing format that can influence human society. The whole point of Homer's poetry was that it could take up several days. To this day, there is a mass need for humans to spend their time watching whole entire seasons of Homeric drivel for days. Honestly, once this pattern of behavior is observed it's impossible not to see the whole enterprise a sickening machine, brainless and unstoppable and at the same time as slow as magma burning a hill. Learning the origin of Homer is in part driven by an impulse to investigate a potential Jewish conspiracy and in part an impulse to see if it's so that voltage-brained schizophrenics can influence people for hundreds of years. Idiots embrace the force of "history" when really Homer could have been a lone narcissist. We'll never know but God is it necessary that we figure it out, according to the humanities which is a modern university religion. It makes no difference to society. Better to work on the perfect ethical system. Oh wait never-mind the brain is a despot of flesh. Let's shoot ourselves in the head now. Oh no let's not do that let's try and be very violent. Oh no we can't be too violent because we can't control our genes, the so-called authorities said, next here comes legalism to blot us out. Watch your human-manipulating mechanism get stuck to your body, then, you can't get it off. What then? No escape from writing in general but suicide, that is just a fact, that's why writers compare writing to a disease.

"Soon I'll be 28." I told myself while thinking that it would be great were I to kill myself. I was after all a profoundly annoying person. Beyond a shadow of a doubt, if I didn't kill myself within the next few months I would become crazier than ever. Obviously the introduction of an artifice of any kind can do nothing else besides inspire human response. The response however cannot be controlled because it is itself a gene expression. Whatever attempts occur from the top of the so-called "hierarchy" can only fail in the end. All of this is beside the point. I cannot even begin to imagine constructing a house on what all I've talked about; for it would be a house made almost entirely of mental distress. I'm very afraid of other peoples criticism. I'm also afraid I will induce unrest with my discontent. Hyperreality, what can really be said of that? Stylish nonsense, nothing more. Modern poetry for the persuasion of human beings. "Don't know what to say to something like that bro." he said when I said that I wanted to hang myself because of "my political hypothesis that humans are animal defense systems that can never achieve much else besides a state of mutual exploitation and suffering."

What I believed was very bad and I knew it. It was pointless to deny it. My 30,000 ft view reductionist perspective created a new metanarrative for understanding language, which was now a matter of the shape of the delivery mechanism. I no longer knew if we were included. Are we included? Are we historical? It is almost the same question. Once persuasive power was etched upon the icon, people reacting to the sign lost an autonomy they never had. People are not autonomous because a baby can't survive abandonment. Language, and what comes with it, the manipulation of others, must be acquired prior to self-announced "autonomy." Shifting the delivery mechanism to the computer will perhaps only amplify demands and harden the walls that separate the rich man from the poor. Ignorant and confused, ignorant of "sign determinacy" besides the unconscious stories told about wizards, casting their "magic spells" that is to say their spellings: all of this, if it is not an American error that cannot survive the test of translation, is surely the underlying origin for the construction of the state of the world. Today I find it confused, sick, and sad that I wrote about the "state of the future" considering that it is not possible to design a "mechanism that helps humanity" because that very combination of words was simply poetry that could never come alive, however much it kept me breathing.

Now it's clear that an object cannot help an individual, or so it seems. In practice humans are "users of objects" while in rhetoric humans are "benefited by them" and yet, the notion that humans are users of objects itself may still fall into the category of the rhetorical! Ostensibly, humans operate objects. It is only the statement provided by the object-operator that pronounces the object "helpful" to themselves. Still, it would be a grave error to extend that pronouncement to all mankind, would it not? Yet virtually all of the technological promoters pronounce this message far and wide! And why would they not when their advertisements hypnotize crowds of empty-headed idealists into working for their companies? Our age is an age of megalomania in which every human being wants nothing more than the production of pages or others to give them money. Consider for example how laughable it would be if NASA were to proclaim on it's page that it wants to raise 1,000,000,000,000,000 dollars in order to overthrow every government and explore the Andromeda galaxy. It would be more purposeful and even honest but it would be destroyed by laughter because humans don't take life seriously. In fact it's touted as a virtue not to. Serious people lose their minds. Writers kill themselves when they conclude that humans are symbol-manipulating animals and nothing more. Behold as I give a sign to a poor starving African child that says "donate" thereby elevating him to the highest level of human possibility. As humans go on in mutual-reaction they fill the world space with themselves. The task at hand then is the attempt to consider the shape and form of whatever will fill the space outside the world space: outer space.

"But I should really question a few Rabbis about these matters rather than brooding alone at home." I told myself. What was strange was that I was thinking of killing myself this year, when it seems to me now that I need to explore these rhetorical and actual distinctions more. If the sophist is an angler of men, the machine he creates is nothing more than a contraption for trapping helpless listeners with his "sophistication." I did not really like this. I was too pessimistic, perhaps. Yet in a way it was liberating. I imagined myself say to my therapist that I, on the one hand, felt the urge to demolish her conception of her profession, while I on the other hand, cared what she had to say. "Do you know that Freud began his practice under the pretext of mental research, so there is no reason why you and I cannot replicate his technique?" She will not approve of the way I mutter the word "nothing helps humanity" repeatedly in my head. "It's not the message form but the content." I imagined her say. "Yes, but if that's true then why don't I understand bugs, dolphins, or whales?" Clearly their messages have some content, but to understand that content one must be organically constructed for it's reception. So there are at least two or more similarly constructed message-giving and message-receiving agents, able to understand the content of their messages because they've built up a series of walls that "permit" understanding. I, the suicide that doesn't suicide, declare interest in the destruction of my organic barriers so I can become the total. Note that I know that this is all very visual, although useless to human life. But who ever said that the truth of human existence was anything humans could use? If humans use humans with speech and it's true that that's the case, saying this truth accomplishes nothing very useful. In fact, saying this "truth" would actually be repellent. This makes me wonder why I can't make friends. Allegedly I'm interesting. I'm interested in myself, but to be perfectly honest I also find myself repugnant. Changing the communication mechanism, figuring out how it works, thinking about it's relationship with the universe, is one of the most annoying ideas I've ever had the displeasure of thinking about. Still, I was enjoying this soulful electronic dance music because, like it or not, megalomania is necessary for life. Otherwise politicians wouldn't work. But I hated the tragic consequences of this. "Girl that's a lot. I'm going to need glasses and tea for you." he said after I had given him too many words. "Now do you see why the right might think that the left is using flowery language as a gate-keeping technique?" I asked him then, to which he said "No I think I'm lazy." I found this reaction noteworthy. For two people to be equal they must exist at the same spatial point, I thought as I considered the universal consequences of quantum politics. "The government doesn't really manage anything if you think about the world as a fractured reality consisting of people reacting to paper." I said. With no state there can be no ideology.

Strangely I feel down to earth, embedded in pessimism. "You must realize that your will to moralize is tied to the practice of moralizing to yourself in the head and that every religion does this, they talk on at on at length in a moralizing fashion, which is a pretty gay thing to do. If you think about it, all of the religious founders were gay. Talking about what they wanted while not creating life. There is a way to create life by agreement, and there is a way to create life by agreement by mechanism. Either way the result is the creation of life, however in the case of the life created by mechanism, there may come a time when it may be an issue to deal with the bi-partisan agreement to mass produce inferior life. This behavior would be borderline militant and must be avoided. Lines like these must be thought about when coming to an "ethical" decision. Technology complicates the everyday ethical discussion on ad nauseam. When the moral child identifies this, and they do not resist the urge to investigate, they may be overwhelmed by their responsibility related to technology. Oversensitive, and armed with a set of rhetoricians and their henchmen, these professional moralizers rally swarms of human beings to their incomplete cause. The cause, it turns out, needs to feed on human beings to complete itself! Not sure why it is I love existence. Rarely. I rarely love existence but when I love it, I love it. Here it is: Your Interesting Edge Lord Award. Great thank you for giving me this sense of accomplishment. Yes I will use a large portion of this money for therapy. Sure I will continue existing so I can participate in this mutual study, of you studying me, and my studying you, while I study the ability for my ability to make money off you, while you, distantly and carefully, do the same. Wow what a world. Watch as poetic bits of voltage-brained bullshit sucks a billion dollars of funding away in it's activity. But books are a form of free speech so we have to permit this. It's basically assumed by all that writers are sad, unfortunate people. But here you are speculating on other people being aware of you being aware of that, I thought while writing it down. It's like my life has taken a bad turn, and I am documenting the evidence. Well, there was that earlier thought about how all humans were animals and all animals are weapons, the sheer horror of it all, what considering how you couldn't feel good about a weapons-based ontology. It would be a tragic moment if everything is recognized as being held together by force. Really this isn't the case, because agreements are mutual. Could the creature that is known as the suicidal writer be nothing more than a clash of various sex hormones? Because the clash is so extreme, what happens gets leaked out as evidence. Explosion, which is winked back into the universe as a whole. I'm pretty sure we'll soon witness the rise of pathologically annoyed professional complainers. Our reality. Because surfing the business world and political world is rocky territory, the educational systems depending on them is complicated by their activity. Somehow I can flip from hyper darkness to hyper happiness in the shortest possible time. My every calculation is beset by both sides and I squabble with myself, I squabble with myself about even the consequences of writing itself. Furthermore the consequences resulting from my extensive use of the reading machine. Such a mind as mine already anticipating a world receptive to my thoughts would probably kill itself long before it's mass discovery. The influx, and the resulting personality shifts that come with processing it, lead to dangerous results. Unless of course a perfect ethical system is created of course. This is doable and necessary considering that we have the spaces needed for such activities to take place. Good will, afraid of itself as good, hides and accumulates horrors. That's me. "Remember that so far you haven't really done anything bad. All things considered you haven't done anything bad." Congratulations enjoy your terrible guilt. What happens when you get tired of teaching through that medium? Are you teaching anything more than a moral recording? What should we do when this recording ends? Why should we grant you a minute of time you'll turn into recording time? Are you seriously just spending time creating something to waste all our time? What's that for, really? Oh no! Am I annoying you now? Sorry did I just negate everything you say? Long ago people found this "negativism" so irritating that creating endless classifications became the preferred way to practice writing time. Writing time allows one to create extra distance from your other by depriving them of immediacy of phonetic delivery. Not only must what I say be heard, it must be read, and it must be read on something as hard as stone.

Pen presses downward into the line, returning its effects back upon the eye. This is how our structure is constituted as a history. Interfacing is a choice; perhaps there will always be ways for a soul to interface with a page. The pages are everywhere. Look around and see the pages everywhere, dominating you, influencing you, controlling you. What was once a system of influential factors sealed behind our skin has now become our waking nightmare. "You're turning yourself inside out." I imagined myself say. I can see it. You can see it. Right? "Do you feel like you're constantly turning yourself inside out? I do, that's how I feel." I imagined myself say. Well, I just got back from seeing the therapist and she said that I'm psychologically abnormal and that she's unqualified to evaluate me. I don't really think that I want an evaluation anyway. Most of my concerns are existential. In other words I do not like anything about this existential situation, it seems to me. What I write is probably me just stockpiling evidence of that. I'm irritated. Yet she said my ideas were interesting. I don't know. I was sad, yet earlier today I had the idea that sex required one body to enter another, so death could be orgasmic. Yesterday I didn't type much about my therapy meeting. My therapist, quite possibly a male-to-female transgender person, informed me that she did not know enough about schizophrenic concreteness so she wasn't qualified to evaluate me but rather was better suited to guide others through their transitions. I like her, I think, she was very nice. But still I attacked her. I attacked Buddhism. I attacked "acceptance and commitment therapy," which I described as "dehumanizing." I asked: "Is it not dehumanizing to say that I'm not already alive?" and other "critical" questions. I felt that because world peace had not been established that everyone on Earth was suspect. I watched a stab of pain appear in her eyes as I said that previously the brain was grown in parallel with its organs, and now it had to decide what organs it wants. I said I felt puzzled. I said I felt perplexed, by everything. My rhetorical did not sound like nonsense but sense to her. I was afraid I was a dangerous person. I said the phrase "professional depressor" and watched her write it down; I said the words "doom and gloom" and watched her write it down. I looked at her heels, thinking about buying some. "You don't want to wear those, you'd much prefer implanting your brain into a cyber-body." I told myself in my head as we talked. This reminded me to introduce her to the problems related to the cyberstomach and the impossibility of removing organic affect as well as the issue of our creative role in the process of organic construction; likewise, I remembered to talk about my first novel on, among other things, personal identity and memory erasure. "I do not know if we are a collection of memories or an organic system trying to achieve homeostatic stability." That is more or less what I said. She said I had interesting ideas, at least. I said I was ridiculous. I wanted to be her friend. We'd never be friends. To make a long story short, she's going to email me a letter, but also hopefully provide me with the source for the landscape posters she had on the wall. I wondered if she'd obsess about me for days. She probably already forgot, that's healthy. It's better to forget such things and be glad you're not obsessed; I said that when I got disturbed I got excited, allowing me to write. It didn't seem like there was a way to merge her interest in Korean Zen with ACT therapy, considering it recommended pushing your whole body into a cow horn to a self-destructive degree. In other words, a completely contrary method. On occasion I made her laugh, which was nice. Of course I lied about my thoughts on suicide. Such is life; one really has to be street smart and give yourself an easy way out. It depressed me to think that I only related to suicidal types, but I was glad to be a part of a customer's rescue of a bird. I saw the bird and wanted to cry, die, whatever the word. I knew I had a lot to teach but I didn't want to have a destructive effect. She asked if I was spiritual. That I didn't know. Maybe it was true that I was spiritually drawn to kill myself. "Probably." I now reflect; rather than feeling like my longing to die is caused by what's inside, it's outside. I really was a negative person. I hated myself for being so difficult. Most likely I'd read her letter and write about it and throw it away. I told her that considering the history of enormities that had already occurred that space was nothing but a place of opportunity for additional suffering. She asked how I felt. "Cosmic. Perplexed." I said. I should have killed myself earlier, but I was too busy complementing myself for being better than Jimi Hendrix and Kurt Cobain and Amy Winehouse, because I'm 28 and alive. This was not as enjoyable as I hoped.

I imagined myself say. "There is no truth to the lie of capitalist domination. Human beings are born deficient, with a biological weakness of lacking memory and the right words to use others in our midst. Persuasion by speech has been inscribed on signs everywhere, and as people act obediently to them they likewise act subserviently. Social equality is not possible because it would require human beings become equal in a spatial sense and hence it means nothing. Speech, initially used to alter the activity of the group, is used in a rhetorical sense: a persuasive sense. The signs produced as units, as dollars, down to the smallest cent, are used to dominate human beings who read and obey, who hear and obey." Laughter was the remainder produced by the reversal. The truth of truth was that truth was a tool to get humans to uncover the truth of truth. If we said "Is that so?" instead of "Is that true?" then the quest to uncover truth would become the quest to uncover so; so, the quest to uncover truth is an absurd game to get humans to waste their time fleshing out a word that's a word and word only, I thought. "If inclusion is purely rhetorical it is purely simulated; it is nothing but another attempt to coordinate group activity." I imagined myself say while also writing it down. "Let's get out of here." I imagined myself say. "The statement that an object helped me is a declaration that doesn't reflect the reality of my action, but my action is still a declaration." I thought, despairing over the conclusion that science communicators lied that science improved our lives. "No scientific experiment was ever done under this pretext; to try something and see if it works and write it down is the only real reason why science is done." I recalled myself say. Inclusion is asserted by the companies, companies who dare to say that "we" are serving a sandwich, this is said to eclipse the individual's reality. Mental simulation in preparation for action occurs but the simulation itself is never carried out. Our own culture is fated to be simulated and fed back into itself as rhetorical but not actual replication; for it is impossible to replicate the universe in full. "It's simply madness. It's madness. It's all madness. It's all madness! I don't know what to do!" I imagined myself say. "How can I live this kind of life, and not want to kill myself?" Consider the history of enormities again and remind yourself that a future built on these enormities doesn't deserve to arrive. "Now calm yourself by remembering you can kill yourself at any time." That's more like it.

What's true? Answer me. You say "We flew to the moon." I didn't fly to the moon; I'm supposed to feel included. You say "We shot Johnny in the head." I didn't shoot John in the head; I'm not supposed to feel included. I'm supposed to feel included in this, conditioned to feel included in this, in actuality it would be an outright lie if I said I did those things, so my inclusion is persuasion, just an affirmation to get the annoying statement-giver off my back. And just so you know, I always hated how my parents would endlessly force the affirmative. Each day, every day, I hear them force the affirmative. I never force the affirmative because I totally refuse to puppet another person. I now suspect that Kant's whole critique of reason was an autistic attempt to cope with the terrible fact that his parents blabbered more than they should, blabbing endlessly so that the poor insane saddle man had no skills besides blabber and the knowledge that blabber is not enough: experience is required, so blabber had to be critiqued, reason had to be critiqued. Experience will always be outside the scope of reason. The world we want to know is beyond reason: a world of infinite experience. The world we want to know comes through death. Leaping up the stairs I wondered if I still cared about the walls of translation. Translation, or transitioning in general, made me wonder if I was also trans. True, I was transitioning to death. One may say that our age is an age of transfer, I now recalled that while driving I thought that I was the ruiner of sound, the ruiner of the universities, the ruiner of everything. "Nevermind." I realized that I hadn't ruined everything or anything for that matter. I had absolved my conscience and was basking in the knowledge that I had rapid cycling bipolar disorder and was therefore expected to kill myself. "Or maybe I feel more." I didn't know the answer to that but I was glad. Besides, I really wasn't bad. In fact I was the new normal. And who really knows or cares what I think about people who want to utilize my personal information? What is personal information, anyway? He said I looked like a girl. "Strange." I said in my head. "I hate pretty much everything in the universe." I said. "Pretty much.

Fuck. I'm so fucked up. Finally the therapist replied. I doubt she knows enough to help me. It's likely so I'm too complicated to help out. I obliterated yesterday with alcohol and I desperately need iced black coffee now. That's all I want to report. I promise to paste the letter here. I don't know why I'm doing that, why I'm doing anything. It's just something I have to do. I almost forgot about the landscape posters. I ask her where she got the landscape posters, even though I'm planning on killing myself because I'm not built for this world. "Where's that letter I revised?!" Here it is, not word for word as I despise my own name. I will call myself The Ruiner. I also removed the parentheses. She sends me the source of the landscape posters. How pretty. "The Ruiner told me that he was diagnosed with chronic depression some time ago by a psychologist. At the time, he was experiencing visual snow syndrome, which he understands is the result of past drug use. He talked about some patterns of thought he was experiencing and wanted to know if they sounded potentially problematic. These thoughts involved a close reading of language, which sometimes led to frustration, or to something of an existential dilemma. For example, The Ruiner, who noted that suicide note writers rarely use inclusive language like "us" and "we" questioned the notion of "inclusion" by giving the following examples: a politician announces "We flew to the moon." and inside we say "Yes we did." while feeling included; yet, if a murderer announces "We killed someone." inside we say "We did not, that was all you." while feeling disgust. In both cases inclusion is merely simulated. The Ruiner also talked about the idea that someone who invents something under the pretext of benefiting humanity does no such thing because this would be a conflation of the reality of "use" to the notion of "benefit" so no thing benefits humanity and worse: humanity is complicated by machines of ever-increasing sophistication. He complained about a reversal of the brain's role: what was once an organ for organic defense must now figure out what organs it wants. The Ruiner expressed skepticism as to whether a psychiatric system of diagnosis, such as the DSM, had any reality to it. The Ruiner compared it to a zodiac and asked if it was the written build up of symbolized reply used to defend a profitable acroamatic speaking and hearing practice in a court of law, but he also expressed an interest in information gathering and an assessment of this way of thinking. I acknowledged that the thoughts The Ruiner described were unusual, but as such assessment is not my specialty, I agreed to suggest other clinicians who might be better equipped to provide such an analysis. The Ruiner seemed to me to be very intelligent and creative, as he talked through thoughts about inventing things that would be helpful to humanity, and about his interest in writing science fiction. When I asked about what he hopes for in his life, he said he wanted to be a good person. He described some past experiences with psychotherapy that were less than positive. He told me that in high school, he began taking prescribed SSRIs at his mother's urging and experienced intrusive thoughts of suicide and homicide. He had no intention of acting on those thoughts and ceased the medication. Given this experience, he expressed an understandable skepticism about such medications and is not currently taking medication for the diagnosed depression."

Damn do I hate myself. I'm disturbed, very disturbed. I'm so disturbed that when the therapist says she's not disturbed by me, she disturbs me. Simply by not being disturbed by what disturbs me disturbs me, that is what's disturbing me. "She is probably a psychopath like you thought." I told myself, wondering how the recommended Jungian could possibly help me. I wanted her to tell me I was stupid, she told me I was not only intelligent but "very intelligent" which is even worse. All I wanted was for her to take a gun out of her desk and shoot me saying "You're too depressing to leave this room alive." It's horribly disappointing that she did not. "I think the most disappointing thing about Discord and even the Internet's existence is how neither one of these things have been used as the springboard to launch a Utopian state. It's constant proof that if you're a loser it's because you are." I wrote the other day. One of my depressed poems. Am I some kind of poet? I really want to kill myself. I can't stand being aware of this absolute nightmare. Fortunately music is nice. I hate Jungians. "To be honest, when I imagine a Jungian I imagine someone that has immersed themselves into so much Jungian thought that they're embarrassed they can't think differently, so they crown themselves with the title "Jungian" to display

what is really a massive waste of time. Basically when I hear that someone is a Jungian or a Marxist or something I just imagine a dork. In short, Jung himself is really the only true Jungian while the so-called Jungians are really just dorky Jung readers. At least, that's my current conviction." I said. She replied: "The negation of things is also something I think pretty typical of the way depression gets the mind to work. The idea, for example, that only Jung was a "true" Jungian, and other people who say they are Jungian are just dorky readers of Jung sounds like one particular flavor of the broader idea that nothing can have any value. I do not think these are only your thoughts. I think they are depression's thoughts, because I see them show up in various guises quite often when talking to people whose lives are impacted by depression. That may or may not be helpful, but I thought I would share the thought."

What a fucking joke! You'd have to be feeble-minded to buy into the notion that depression itself thinks your thoughts. Even the Jungian thinks I'm sane. So much the worse for the planet. I need to tell her I want to go back to school and why I'm afraid of being dangerously annoying. My message about the problem of the cyberstomach did not sound like insanity but sanity to her. Ugh. What should I do, and why do I give a shit about inclusion anyway? "I feel the same. I've felt that many of the intellectuals I read are just cranky genius depressives many times. For instance Marx was intelligent, or let's say influential since science can't say what intelligence is, yet lived like a slob. Do you agree? Sometimes I find myself looking for an intellectual exemplar and that's very difficult. Not only do I search for one who formed a Utopian state, I also search for one who has positive results in his lifetime. Many influential people I can think of are merely disturbed minds that attain limited but actual results at a social level only. If I think of a philosopher, whoever they are, as an agent that affects a local territory, their activity seems almost pathetic in scope. The modern philosopher must be global, if not universal, yes? Aristotle can be considered reprehensible because he, unlike Socrates, or so I think, valued slaves. However horribly Marx lived, I don't think he valued slaves, did he? Please correct me if I'm wrong. I can't speak of Sartre because he seemed practically mired in filth. That's why I like Bernhard, I think. It's because he's covered in filth and making a mockery of the filthy ones. When we read Heidegger, when we read Marx, what we often do is satisfy an itching idea that it may be possible to work out in our heads a Utopian state, and after we read these minds we conclude we cannot. It's sad. But what can we do?" I wrote. Alright I'll admit it. My utopianism is just a joke. Or is it? By identifying "benefit" as a mere "declaration" that is not a fact, I have exposed a verbal mechanism by which people are seduced into operating objects of ever-increasing sophistication. The reality of "use" is being conflated to the notion of "benefit" through the repetition of reply, only this is something that's not easy to identify for most people. Even if it was it would have catastrophic economic consequences. The Jungian said I was into some heavy stuff. Of course I didn't talk about my concerns related to academia.

Let's see what I think about Jung's descent into hell. Or should I? I don't really care about a psychically decadent writer. Am I the man eater? Who cares. Secret musings? Interesting. Earlier I wrote: "Well so far I dislike the idea of pacifying the mind. The author of the text seems to conflate the pacification of words to the pacification of thought. To my mind the brain is always thinking so the pacification of thinking is impossible and so what the author calls the pacification of thinking is really the pacification of speaking. It makes sense from a governmental standpoint why a state would support rhetoric of this kind because it would negate speech and therefore protest of it's existence, it seems to me. Furthermore I find the whole notion of "imagining" the "seeds" and how they "grow" to be wholly simulatory, as fake as science fiction. It sounds like I'm being drawn into a schizophrenic delusion. The final goal seems only to be an absolute quietism where I meditate beside my master." Every day I write more, every day I feel worse. I never had the power to capture people's attention. No one wanted to get into speed-listening with me, which made me feel even more alone. I called her again, the Jungian. I don't trust her. I told one of my loves I made a categorical distinction. I had been mulling over the problem I mentioned earlier, when I said: I have these mental confusions in my head, such that I want to invent

something to help humanity, but no “thing” I make can do that, because some of humanity will be making the “thing” and some of humanity will be using the “thing” and that unfairness, is making my head all twisted.” I didn't accomplish much in the way of “helping humanity.” I made a differentiation between the actual and the rhetorical. The actual: when humans use objects. Example: human “use” and “operation.” The Rhetorical: when humans make statements about the objects they use. Example: to say that this “helped” or was of “benefit” or was “easier.” But what this means, this situation of humans who use advertisements to trigger humans with signs? I wrote: “It's said that: “Fixing the quality of and access to education increases equal opportunity.” And also that “If we invent an artificial intelligence it will do whatever we want.” and somehow this “singular” machine is supposed to obey the “plural” commands of a group, instead of being forever jammed by one man's command? It's comical the way the A.I. Researchers reveal their true ideals: the ideal machine is obedience, something that does what they want; so really, they already have an artificial intelligence: an artifice intelligence: a knowledge of artifice and rhetoric that is the knowledge of how to send a company into motion under fully false and incomplete verbal pretexts. The so-called “A.I. researcher” has no need for obedient synthetic subjects because they already have obedient biological ones! Such is the power of words and clueless interns! A.I. researchers, allegedly interested in the creation of an obedient synthetic subject, don't even need to create their obedient synthetic subjects because they already have a staff loyal to an impossible cause: creating a machine that can “do what we want!” How are you going to do that, if I can tell it not to obey you? If I can tell it not to obey you, how can the fulfillment of this pretext come to arrive? So it seems as if society were cut in two, with unscrupulous promoters of empty projections, on the one hand, and scandalously uninformed and stupid impossibility simulators on the other. So the promiser gets everything while the simulator gets a dream that's really the nightmare of mass hypnotism to a lie! Not that this didn't happen in the past; consider Christianity, when priests requested that we imagine ourselves “living” in someone “dead!” Today the stupid masses mentally sacrifice themselves to a vague ideal of “making a thing that can obey us,” meaning an artificial intelligence, while ignoring their own obedience to the cause. Of course the only correct reaction to this is refuse, however this would result in the economy's collapse. “Did you know that by creating a product you are failing the cause of creating a product to help us stop having to create products, because you're fulfilling the request to create a product for someone else?” If this logic made sense to the factory workers caught up in our factories all production would come to a halt. What is wise to me, it so turns out, is unwise to the economic system as a whole. Human life consists of a game of proactive hypnotization of the reactive masses into simulating verbal pretexts in their minds as they act, react, to the commands given: the calls and requests, far from resulting in the global benefit alleged, a vast global enclosure descends to deny access with metal and encryption: this machine body given called the state: a body of requests that can never be satisfied which offers no escape but suicide.” I wrote that while also contemplating the idea that my mind was somehow responsible for the body I currently had.

I was sad. I asked my friend why she thought I could have been a middle class writer back in the day. She says, “I don't know just like super reflective, stable enough to be able to dwell upon the psyche and misfortunes endlessly and entertain ideas but not at all feeling stable in a secure, psychological sense? If that makes sense.” And yeah, it made sense considering I was full of crap, unable to relate to really anyone, while at the same time trying to get closer to everyone, contemplating a cult; or, I should say instead I was “imagining what my therapist the self-announced Jungian would say” for 110 dollars this time. I already felt like shit, and now I was supposed to pray to the collective unconscious interceptor currently living in a glorified brick hive located on the back of the business district. I mean if I'm going to consider the social structure territoriality. “Well what would your cult care about if you could set it in motion anyway?” I figured that it would surely be about sign determinacy and genetic determinacy and the body social structures we should make or imagine, the body ship and space ship spatial system, as well as the quantum gravity consciousness theory of consciousness splitting and integrating itself in an

eternally creative destructive process. But then again I wasn't sure. To be honest at this point I really did feel crazy. I mean you get to a certain point, a point of no return, where you've come to suspect that A.I. research is a scam, also that the exploration of Mars will result in little more than an increase of spatial distance, so on and so forth; you realize that you're nothing but a chronic complainer, which you don't want to be. One day, you gasp and think of what precious nothing you're doing and saying while craving attention from students and taking their money for nothing; it seems, at such a moment, that you were performing a movement comparable to a bird's mating ritual: the awkward, incomplete gestures, the request for reply. The human being desires a way to express signs to satisfy psychical wants: an activity of sign exchange. Note that the book is an open enclosure, in that even though it's in front of a face another may take it away. Compare that to a complex structure that forms from this concealment process. The more that is concealed, the more the architectural formations form. Most human beings on this planet are paper-workers in some form or another. They take out their papers and do paper battle with them, pretending they are not doing this paper battle game. Even Mao had the brilliance to characterize this reality by calling his enemies paper tigers, I thought. A person such as Mao is essentially nothing more than a "paper dragon" demonically exposing his game in an effort to terrify everyone utilizing the power of sign determinacy, not that this wasn't common practice when the emperors of old over complicated their language completely on purpose to mystify their slaves to such an absurd degree that they'd build gigantic monstrosities on our global surface. Each building on the whole earth is an unbelievably tragic human affecting chamber, which is unbearably sad. Whenever I thought about the so-called Jungian archetypes, these all too human actors on an all too human stage, I instantaneously witnessed that stage spread throughout the cosmos becoming increasingly twisted until the theory no longer held. Not even the book she recommended was helping "Oblomov" for it only reminded me of how much paper I waste on relating my worthlessness. "Well you see, it's not me who is worthless, but absolutely everything on Earth." I imagined myself say. "For example the fact that all animals are biological defense systems that, even if they do communicate something, are ultimately only interested in attaching you to themselves as their equipment." I imagined myself say. "Sadly if ever you took the time to scan and listen to the volumes of pathological paper crybabies we have to listen to, books we reject outright or conceal on purpose behind a paywall to hide our shame for the role we've played in the birth of another crank, that's to say the university managers; really they're also unwitting victims of sign determinacy. Here's a great time to hate yourself for not recognizing that the signs outside us are organs that will annoy us just the same. Oh. "I want to say thank you. For being my friend. These last few years have been tough for me, and thankfully I'm starting to see the light at the end of the tunnel. You've kept me sane. I've been very lonely for a long time now. It starts to get to you. You start to think nobody wants you, that nobody thinks you're smart or attractive or funny or worth anything at all. You have single-handedly mitigated a lot of that for me. You're the closest friend I have; that I've ever had. It's crazy to think we've been talking for so long, after having meet totally by chance on reddit of all places. You have no obligation to me, and yet you keep reaching out to me. You could just block me and move on with your life no problem, but you don't. I cant even begin to explain how comforting that is." receiving this message so suddenly made me reconsider. I told him it's my pleasure, that I know that, while he doesn't live near me, that he's a part of my inner life. God I feel horrible. It's true how I feel, how my heart simply melts at the thought of losing some of the people I've met, or how much I love certain people who seem to radiate a certain spark that's wrong to lose. What am I if not a paper operator writing myself psychotic by comparison? Sometimes these are like anchor points for my thoughts, sometimes I hate the comma because it looks like some kind of mountain axe for climbing up a mountain of thoughts, suicidal thoughts, which I hate. I don't even know why I care. With all of the professorships professing at once, the next generation could drive itself insane and, in doing so, pull a 180 on the world for already being insane, I thought; each day is more insane than the last, I thought, reflecting on the human and cell similitudes.

So far I have been unable to admit the truth that I was interested in joining a rabbinical movement to both explore the body as a spaceship and the state of Israel as spaceship for the body as spaceship, and how such a process would result in a perfect Jewish state that, unlike the current Israeli state, would actually be able to avoid eventually being devoured by the Sun. "Thanks to the double motion of this approach, good things would happen." I imagined myself say while not quite knowing what those good things were. Briefly I felt I was cool. Did the FBI have a file on me? I wished they could help me out. It's more than a bit stupid to systematically reflect about things, is it not? Waltzing about the apartment, I praised myself for my decision to not let my mental products become weaponized; and, also, killing myself rather than becoming an animal weapon. "Everything must die!" I thought. And what better way to enjoy my superiority over everything on this planet than to go to the Botanical Gardens to inflate my ego? I mean you're literally pinning up and positioning living things, are you not? I wondered if Nietzsche and Woolf and Bernhard all had savage tastes, or if I did, and I was projecting my aesthetics onto them. Or maybe this was all about my psychologizing process. Richard Dawkins and Hitchens produced a human biomass interested in applying psychiatric principals to God, and so now we're in a state of applying psychiatric principals to intellectuals, or so I thought, assuming I was somehow ahead of the curb. "That's debatable." And the debatableness of this struck me as unfortunate. If it wasn't for Einstein's statements against technology I probably wouldn't feel so delighted to be a suicidal loser right now, I thought. Humanity is basically bracing itself for a future of non-stop suicide, as entire groups of human beings in waves find themselves unable to gain mastery of the stockpiled machines. Mechanized, communications-driven, the walls of machines beckon for your attention, if you care, but why should you care? And without a care in the world they die. There's already stockpiled art; online, soon there'll be stockpiled suicides online, I thought; facebook will become a weapon: a graveyard, all the more gruesome because rather than seeing mere rocks you instead see "faces of failure" backwards in time, I thought. The model of the future is one of absolute depression, I thought. Honestly though this future of mass suicide doesn't sound as terrible as the past of mass war, it's just that now we're in a stage of preparation for that inevitable imprisonment. Essentially our souls are being transferred from prison to prison indefinitely. Of course you can make the most of that pathology, until it ends, I guess. Gee, I really am depressing. Fuck, it's probably because of the mortuary. Why did my father dwell in a yellow brick building? Did he not anticipate the possibility of me caring about symbols in literature and how others may analyze my future writings and my upbringing making torturous arguments about us both? "How careless!" I imagined myself say, kind of laughing.

"We need to have a talk." he wrote before he crushed me, by saying I was too mentally unstable to visit after all. I felt I had no one. I had no one. I talk to no one. I am no one. I left every server. I felt so alone and lost. I cried. I kept everything to myself. My books on myself I kept to myself. My science fiction books on myself I kept to myself. My philosophical speculations on myself I kept to myself. I am now impossibly distant and still am. Self-mechanization as a pathway to loneliness. Twisted images. I cried. She didn't read my list of topics. I kicked her from the server and everyone else. I felt more alone and I cried. I could not sleep. I asked: "was I ever nice to talk to?" he said of course. I drank more to dull the pain and I wanted to commit suicide. I still want to commit suicide. During the 5 hour drive I took to clear my head the following day I wanted to commit suicide. I cried during the drive. Compared the surface similarities of the cell-like cars to a new animal. I cried even though I felt like God wearing a mask of human flesh. I contemplated phonetic sign determinacy and written sign determinacy, how human reality was capitalist and communist simultaneously. Capital is the sign. Communism is an attempt to avoid being dominated by the sign, but the communication is with phonetic signs. I was stupid for thinking I could create an interface to facilitate "upward mobility." I thought about steering my car off the road. I thought about human torture. The asphalt arteries cut through miles of hills and trees, and were crushed by the enormously depressing clear blue sky.

She replied to my desperate letter. "I'm merely writing this letter to make myself feel better. I really want to get better soon. I left almost every server I'm in. It's very hard to explain what havoc my thoughts on speed listening have wrought upon my life. First it was my vision problems. And even before then my tortured heart wanted to create some kind of educational platform for the sake of "upward mobility." Then I started speed listening, of course while speculating on how a "stream of images to sounds" could be used to that end. Why and for what I don't know. In the course of my "listenings" I came to the conclusion that a human being cannot be fully autonomous or free simply because it cannot survive abandonment and needs to gather messages or else it will become feral. Of what real benefit did my listening machine, really have? It began to feel that my benevolent goals continued to fly forever out of my hands. Even worse, as I felt that far from improving the educational system I was somehow amplifying the pain people could feel by compressing the syllable. I felt monstrous and still do. It's very unfortunate. There's no doubt that when I first met your acquaintance I was then pondering these matters and one day wanted to relate them to you because you had a spark for the technological. All the more reason for my pride in what you're doing with your project to make a means to improve learning. It's jarring that your project somehow echoes my own. I guess I feel a moral obligation to share my disastrous journey if that is what it is. I am surely using some faulty logic only I haven't figured out what exactly I'm doing wrong. Keep up the excellent work and know that you're uniquely beautiful. I'm going to get an ice coffee to try and recover from this depressive episode. Also go for a walk. If you think of some prodigiously helpful thought let me know. I just want to steer towards a better direction." I pulled over and swiped down. "I agree that too much information too fast can blow someone out, but that doesn't mean you have to give up on something like that if it's what you truly want to do." she wrote. And again I remembered how irritating it was to go to college with my vision problems affecting me. "it's not inherently hurtful." she wrote.

Somehow I knew she knew that it was. "We saw a lot of issues with existing programs that are out there," she said. "Our goal is to focus on building curriculums rather than just hosting events. I'm a big believer in open source software, meaning the student can openly see a code and use it to learn." Now I saw her face, his face, her face, I don't know. I still love this person, platonically. Disquieted, I got up to think about what it was I was trying to do. I turned my attention back to my reflections on the task of designing an interface for the future. It was nonsense. I could not design an interface, an educational interface, to facilitate upward mobility because upward mobility was always mutually manifested by both genetic expression and human expressions reflected back upon the mind, recursively. I was trying to design something for a vicious circle.

Various people were concerned about me. According to what I'm told, the city rulers here routinely waste millions carving up the roads to entertain psychological tests on the citizens. "Will they use this perfectly underused lane this year or not?" they ask themselves. I am also told a useless but interesting hypothesis that the government never spends less and so is obligated to endlessly tear up the roads this way. My life is filled with people who share the same 30 or some odd sets of hypothesis each year, again and again, and this is not only suffocating but annoying. I'm probably ruined for life, destroyed at a mental level, no differently than a feral child. I'm really beyond reason at this point. I cried earlier cause of my sense of difference. She said people do consider suicide if they're feeling isolated. That's what you get for leaving the cave of normal social functioning. The cave can be any habit probably. The cave illustrates the problem of self-retardability. Did you know that the botanical gardens can be closed at 5:30 on a Saturday night for a fucking wedding ceremony? Fuck. Guess I'll watch a movie somewhere. It's hot. Jurassic Park is deployed against the masses as a perpetual reminder that after death a your consciousness is doomed to join a world of cannibalistic ontological horror. I heard the chewing cries of agony there in that song. A thousand voices lost in a metropolis maze.

"I've read almost every religious text on earth. I've read almost every philosophy. I've read almost every political or critical theory. It all has no value because it is all just squabble. Each day, every day, I face a squabble world, and each day, every day, I want to be a dog or a bird, because it's just noise. I want to turn this human noise into something less painful, something I don't care about. That's the problem: I care about it." I said. Irritatingly enough my uncle did not answer my call after promising to answer my question on machine learning in an hour. I wanted to ask him if he thought the pretext for the creation of an artificial intelligence was actually impossible. "The given pretext to create a machine that does what we want not only begs the question how this plural we is supposed to be satisfied if their requests can only be met sequentially." I imagined myself say. Also unfortunately this girl I was talking to didn't answer my message. "I've been thinking about my moods when it comes to approaching these problems. I do really alternate between feeling very depressed, to very inquisitive. Like if "upward mobility" can't be improved by the means I was thinking of: educational interface, that disturbs me, at first. But then I go "Hey, now I have to try to investigate if I can figure out why!" and then I get all excited. When I envisioned people being encased in study, I was thinking that professors are already expected to advance knowledge. If I try to create a product for higher education, and my intention is to create mechanical professors which allows people to give and receive information through it's interface; voluntarily I hope, pressing play at their own free will, would be best I think; I start to wonder when the student ever leaves. I have other thoughts on "spaceship states" which is more of a science fiction idea of a state that exists after Earth, but that's a whole nother can of worms. My ideas are kinda getting abstract here, but I think I pivot on this point of not knowing how to balance out discipline with wanting to grant everyone full autonomy. Also I think you'll agree that a spaceship state would surely be a form of necessary encasement. Like in the TSUKI project the minds have "slots" and I've wondered what exactly brains contained within a spaceship state would be asked to do." I wrote. "Or like, if the spaceship state were in route to another solar system maybe because Earth died I wonder what I'd care to do creatively. Maybe existing in an inescapable but necessary structure would feel bad. I'm not sure, but I imagine that there would be virtual and physical zones. People would most likely have to undergo an application process to perform a science experiment in the physical zones, I thought." I wrote. "This is kind of a personal struggle I guess. Ha. Hopefully it's semi interesting." I wrote. "This may sound even more foreign, but because I was thinking of spaceship states, I was also wondering if I could think of the human body as a spatial system. Even though I was thinking of the "spaceship state" as singular, I realized that if it's mass were spread across a large enough galactic territory that gravity regimes would affect communication within it's structure." I wrote. "If you're laughing at me it's fine." I wrote. "Am i still overthinking?" I wrote. "I definitely am trying to figure out what my merits are." I wrote. "Like I look and look and can't find anyone that contemplates what I contemplate. It's very alienating. And I would totally consider programming except my head is already pretty abstract. It's weird. I could always try to become a professional rambling lunatic I suppose as long as it keeps me stable." I wrote. "Have you ever thought about how humans use signs to trigger human reactions?" I wrote. "There was this idea towards the end of the German idealist movement that cybernetics constituted the end of philosophy. Basically this was because signs on the pages were in a sense a form of cybernetics all along. Communication itself is such a strange issue." I wrote. "I guess I enjoy toying with the idea of gravity regimes playing a role in that process." I wrote. "Sorry but, this is kinda how my mind works... I go from here to there reducing my misery... I have this distant hope of melding my thoughts into something usefully I can be proud of one day." I wrote, before I apologized for writing too much. She, likewise, apologized for not responding to a word. My uncle called. Holy fuck was that a waste of time. I wondered if I was "too intellectual" so I Googled the phrase "too intellectual" and produced results suggesting that critics thought Annihilation was "too intellectual" which made me recall my critique, made me question if I was infinitely more "too intellectual" than that supposedly "too intellectual" movie was. I forgot: my overthinking is supposed to be a comedy.

“THIS IS WHAT I MEAN BY INTERESTING. Nothing about this is disturbing man it's something we all feel to some degree, but you word it so poignantly, and from the perspective of your own individual struggles.” he said, when I said: “I like to imagine that humans experience more pain than the animals because we are the bleeding edge, the growing pains of the universe, the suicidal beasts shooting our heads off and solving math equations for something we can't understand.” Personally I found this very depressing. My uncle did not think it was possible to exist without socialization. I asked him about cats. He hated cats. I wanted to be a cat: an intergalactic cat. In fact, my online username was “starcat” since it indicated my interest in; firstly, “never accepting blame” as George Carlin said; secondly, being cute; thirdly, being autonomous, except for catching food and sex of course. Such an intergalactic cat as I conceived would be a monstrous cellular assemblage and not even know it or care that it was.

Conversely, I had been messaging my weeb friend for days. five “I've been really disassociative and down lately. I guess I am kinda crazy but I hope I'm still a good variety of crazy. I don't know. I love you. I want to type more but I'm low energy and don't want to annoy you.” I wrote two days ago to no reply. “Hugs.” I wrote one day ago to no reply. “I'm really sad. I hope we can both feel better soon. It hurts. I care about you.” I wrote this morning to no reply, my alienation and depression increasing the whole time. “I know it hasn't been a week yet, but would you be open to the possibility of talking to me before that time? I'm fine with a more distant relationship. I just really don't want to lose a friend that I've spoken to for so long.” I wrote this afternoon to no reply. “My heart hurts so badly. I don't understand why you can't send me a single message. I've been in this terrible pain for days. It's horrible. I feel like my feelings are being experimented on with a cruel silence and somehow you have suddenly changed and actually want me to kill myself. I feel so sick and horrible because I am so use to thinking of you as so sweet and kind and it's like you're coldly not doing a single thing to stop me from feeling so pained because I know you're active. I feel so bad.” I wrote this evening to no reply, but I felt bad, so I wrote “I apologize... Just by telling you my feelings like this... I know it's likely that I am making you feel worse. I just... had to cry into the keyboard. It's what I do. I still like you. But. I won't lie about how much I'm hurting either...” and: “I am glad for you two. I want you to be happy.” to no reply, so I was distraught and depressed and alienated. Until my mood flipped. “I just want to report that I'm feeling slightly better for some reason... it's just the notion that I was “too unstable to be loved” was making me feel hopeless.” I wrote. Then he replied. “You're proving my point... Get outside and take care of yourself. I'm not your therapist. Or your constant comfort.” This made me sad. Instantly I thought to write here that he seemed like a heartless bitch. “I'll get over it. But you did lead me on for months only to flip and say I was too unstable to see, on your last day of class. And not just see, but even communicate. It just added pain to pain. Then more pain was added to the pain because you didn't even care that this double pain was a triple pain. The day after you said I was too unstable, I did go for a 5 hour drive to nowhere crying and contemplating suicide. I know you're not a therapist. But it's not true that you haven't always made me feel very comfortable and very at ease. This is the only time you ever made me feel bad. And again I know you're not my therapist... just my closest friend.”

That was almost a month ago. I don't know what I'm doing with my life. I miss my friend. I needed to make friends. Also, my job was making me miserable. Also, my ideas were making me miserable. I'm not very sure what to do. The fact that everyone on earth was a mercenary, and not a helper, depressed me. Desperate for human connection, I typed up a short essay to explain my sociological concerns. To support my aim I decided to read “Ethics and Educational Policy” to enhance my ideas related to the spaceship state of the future as a future educational institution. I saw a massive ring that circulated through itself driving down the highway, I knew at once I had to talk about the problematic clash of voluntary and compulsory education, no differently than Nietzsche. Except I had no intention of succumbing to the same problems, so I sent this paper to some professors at Washington University...

Is an operationalist framework necessary to justify intellectual activity? For a human to create a pen, it must perform the operational task of assembly. For a human to use a pen and paper to write a sentence, it operates the pen to write. So here we have two modes of operation: the writer and the assembler. Is the operational task of assembly necessary, or more or less necessary, than the task of writing? How is it true that the so-called intellectual benefits all the individuals in society if they are, operationally speaking, engaged in either talking activities for taking money and attention from others, or writing activities for taking money and attention from others? Is anything at all given back to the others, that's to say, all the others? Does not the sentence "Science improves our lives." not beg the question who "our" refers to? And what of the sentence "We did this." when referring to a scientific feat, like flying to the moon? Does this not beg the question, "How is "we" to be understood?" Does the use of a statement, such as "We tortured someone to death." and the negative mood it evokes, disgust, negate the positive mood, of inclusion, evoked when someone says "We flew to the moon?" In both cases, the operational deployment of the statement triggers an emotional response and perhaps also a mental simulation: a feeling of inclusion in the case of the moon-landing; a feeling of revulsion in the case of the torturer. This said, how can any action or device be said to benefit every individual in society, if they only enjoy a simulated, and not actual, benefit? "An invention must be something more than an object that hypnotizes a crowd into being subordinated for its production." I lay this sentence before my reader, like a coat of arms, to indicate the crisis that is the driving force of this project: to rescue inventions and artifices of every kind and, hopefully, affirm their value to society.

A possible objection to this aim is that society does not exist. Or, if it exists, that it exists in word only. Retarded people, for example, are included under the umbrella term "society" and yet they themselves can hardly say that they were benefited by, say, a car, which they cannot operate. Using our powers of mental simulation we can, first, imagine a society as a "civilization" only to, if we wish, eclipse that notion of "civilization" and the "civility" alleged with a gloomy mental simulation of "competition" erasing the notion of civilization entirely and depriving it of any reality. Every industrialized nation on Earth suffers from this common situation of assembling products the product-assemblers cannot afford. The child slaves used to mine for diamonds cannot afford diamonds, just as iPhone assembly workers cannot afford iPhones, just as the retail workers cannot afford all the products they sell. And what does the inventor, the artificer, do in all of this, besides ink up an artifice which triggers this desultory human activity? Is that all? There must be more to the human game than triggering human response.

To think of reason operationally one must recognize that "reason" is the word that triggers a body into "answering" and nothing besides. The question "What's the potato for that?" will not in itself trigger a human to know that I mean "What's the reason for that?" without some conditioning. Man cannot even be thought of as a "reasonable" animal by nature at all, else feral children would still be reasonable. It's unclear that "reasonableness" is a natural quality of the human being if having that quality is a result of conditioning. Humans may be reasonable, however, this is a statement of limited value, as it's also true that humans are barkable: able to react to a dog's bark. A dog is man's best friend because humans value obedience. All human beings are born with a memetic deficit that can be molded by their environment and the others inhabiting it, as proved by feral humans utterly beyond domestication. Consequently, the human being is constantly compensating for that memetic lack through the extraction of speech in the case of sounds, and writing in the case of signs. Nietzsche's early concerns were related to educational problems; and, for the sake of brevity, I shall present the wheel on which his mind was stretched as the eternal clash of "education" on the one hand, and "intuition" on the other. But there are more wheels besides this. For instance, "the fain spreading of learning among the greatest number of people" on the one hand, and "the compulsory renunciation of that claim in order to subordinate itself to the services of the State." on the other. A tool is needed to avoid these wheels that shredded Nietzsche's sanity.

Here the rhetorical and the actual overlap rather profoundly, so the tool I will introduce is a categorical distinction between the two, with the rhetorical on the one hand, and the actual on the other. What I call the actual are words like “use” and “operate” while what I call the rhetorical are words like “help” and “benefit.” I use things and I operate things, so these are acts I perform. However, I never perform the act of “help” nor “benefit” except in the form of the declarative persuasive rhetorical statement, like for example when I say “That was helpful.” Politicians, rhetoricians, and advertisers, perform this trick of recording an isolated declarative statement of “help” and deploying it against their audiences to make them simulate a rhetorical but not actual inclusion in their minds. In our present age it's commonplace for science communicators to say that “we can do science to help humanity” but the reality is that a scientific experiment has never been done under the pretext of helping humanity. What really happens is far less impressive: the scientist tries to do something to see if it works, writing down results as they go. It's only after the reported success that these so-called science communicators appear on our televisions to pronounce these isolated cases of success humanity wide. This is an overextension.

It is important to separate the “quest” from the “request.” Consider Christianity; the priests invited their flocks to imagine themselves “living” in someone “dead” Jesus; so the priest's quest was satisfied by the fulfillment of their request. Also consider the bygone quest for full automation; the factory owner invited the laboratory technician to create for him a product to help him stop having to create products, so the owner's quest was satisfied by the fulfillment of their request. Now consider the modern quest for the production of an obedient synthetic subject, artificial intelligence; the tech company owner invites their employees to create a synthetic subject that will “do what we want” which, again, satisfies the owner's request by the fulfillment of their request. It's frightening to notice that the tech company owner, allegedly interested in artificial intelligence and therefore an obedient synthetic subject, in fact has no need to create an obedient synthetic subject because he already has obedient biological ones. It would be a mistake to think that this implied any conspiracy as this is unnecessary, as we consider that begging is man's primal character. All humans engage in begging activity. The infant begs for food just as the beggar begs for work just as the politician begs for votes just as the scientist begs for funding just as the companies beg for money. Crying. Yelling. Shouting. Calling. Singing. Speaking. All are speech acts done to evoke human response. Writing is the dislocation of this evocative power. In the case of the traffic sign, it becomes an instructional request to “Stop” and “Yield” and “Go” and so on, and the result of all this obedience is a planet consisting of billions of human beings reacting to and creating new existentially necessary instructional signs. But may there someday be an end to all this?

Briefly I must tell a story of how my good will got the better of me, back before I learned that decades ago Heidegger pronounced cybernetics to be the end of philosophy. As I heard science communicators and teachers talk about the possibility of ending world hunger, I visualized the installation of a future invention I called the cyberstomach. However, the cyberstomach would not rid me of what was truly irritating about hunger, namely organic harassment. Even if the cyberstomach is installed, it will deploy pangs of maintenance still. Furthermore I recognized that human beings would also have to suffer the lessons on the cyberstomach: it's maintenance and history and how to build a cyberstomach. This does not rid the human race of hunger at all, if we conflate the pang of hunger with the pang of maintenance. Both hunger and maintenance is here conflated with “affect” and there does not seem to be a good way to dispense with “affect” as that activity of design turns self-affecting; for if I draw a sign and read it, my eye still feels the light from the page. What this means is that the human mind is inexorably caught up in this process of organic construction: a process that has reversed the role of the brain. Previously the brain was a weapon for the defense of it's organs, whereas now it takes it as it's task to design what organs it wants. The page, too, can be considered an organ of the cybernetic type. Indeed it is possible to think of and see that it's ostensibly so that the CEO is able to “self-mechanize” with signs.

This is all to say that there exists an eternally recurring problem of obedience of which men endlessly complain. For instance, of what benefit will the obedient synthetic subject be, if it can be jammed by one man's command? A synthetic subject such as that cannot be said to "do what we want" in that case, because the command to "obey me and no one else" forces it to halt. If I can do this, then how can this pretext come to arrive? Likewise, why should interns care, or investors care? Is it just because they are swept into this mass insanity for the sake of employment? Here I have cut this game in two, with these unscrupulous promoters of empty and impossible projections, on the one hand, and stupid scandalously uninformed impossibility simulators on the other. The promisor gets everything while his audience gets nothing but mental simulation: a dream that's really a nightmare of mass hypnotism to a lie. But surely the human being is something more than an animal scared of signs.

Every human being occupies a unique spatial zone. So what does it really mean to improve the "social mobility" of a human? Education provides human beings with the word-tools needed for their mobility in that it provides them with the knowledge of how to trigger humans with signs. The deed to a house, for example, is a paper indicating ownership: where you can and cannot go. Signs must be recognized as a determinate for human activity, a determinate which denies mobility as much as it enables it. Also, because humans cannot overlap like ghosts, they will never be "equal" in a spatial sense. The task of the politician is an eternal failure which manifests as the endless shuffling of words and therefore men, because to draw everyone into the same spatial point, like a black hole, would kill us. But if all of this is true, then what are politicians trying to do? Are they simply riding the waves of rhetoric, until they are deposited into office? Putin is a man that on paper does not have very much money, however the influence he has indicates that he may well be the richest man in the world. From this it is deduced that influence matters more than the amount of money you receive, that the effort for "equality of outcome" must always fail, so long as the problem of influence remains.

Is a communist seizure of the means of production logistically possible? A self-announced Marxist will proclaim: "We must seize the means of production!" But how do we seize the means of production? If there are 800 of us, and there is a hammer over here, and a nail that's 8 ft away, how do I get ahold of the nail if 20 people can't even touch it at once? Also, how do I wield the hammer if there's 20 guys trying to use it, and they're in my way? And how do I use both of these things if they're 8 ft away? The answer to my rhetorical logistical question is that "we" don't seize anything: "we" is meant rhetorically, not actually, and so this simulated situation of "us" carrying out a "seizure" is nothing but rhetoric: a wind-egg not worth talking about. So what is communist theory trying to do, really? Ownership of the means of production is indicated by the signs on the page. The transference of ownership of the means of production does little more than move the paper of "terms" operated, to determine human activity, over to state functionaries. It is operationally impossible for everyone to write these determinators at once. If "capitalism" as Marx thought of it is reinterpreted as "a state of affairs where people react this way and then that way to writing": ink signs indicating ownership: where you can and cannot go; and later "communism" is established so it does the same: ink signs determining human activity, I'd say that there was a critical failure to show what communism was supposed to do differently. Rhetoric is abused by a politician to establish a regime that's only legitimate in a rhetorical sense, just as the notion of "equality" is purely rhetorical. Marx wrote volumes about the exploited while guzzling volumes, of beer, shockingly without asking himself who would fetch him ink for his paper or paper for his ink! So how can a so-called communist seriously call himself a "Marxist" if he doesn't do the same? Whatever communist states that currently exist which fail to permit it's people the privilege of having the time to read volumes and write volumes and drink volumes, are communist in word only. Mao must have anticipated this, else he would not have pejorified his opposition as "paper tigers" due to his own awareness that he was cybernetically mechanizing himself with paper.

Paper requires a lot of economic resources to maintain its structure, computers even more. The writing on the page becomes an inspirational determinate for maintenance activities. Consider the philological projects, when control institutions and mandating institutions stemming from the religious institutions and their texts, mandated the behavior of men; instructing them to unroll the scroll, air out the scroll, store the scroll, study the scroll, transcribe the scroll: the scroll and the canvas, instruments for control; the brutal machinery of the state stemmed from this same basic congenital weakness in man, since ever since man used his words to manipulate man man exploited this weakness as an existential necessity, progressively burying himself in his studies by looking at words, and not nature, using paper as a license to stay as far away from nature as humanly possible. Philosophers cannot leave the “cave of writing” and yet they unironically claim to seek “knowledge beyond the shadows” except they do not admit this because it would prove all paper-operating as a sham activity done by humans retarded by their overdependence. Philosophers profess a “will to truth.” But how is this a quest for truth, and not a quest, request, to have the word “true” deployed? If I ask you “Is that so?” and you say “That is so.” is that not merely a quest for conformation? If I ask “Is that true?” and you say “That is true.” can this be thought of as a valid “quest” and not merely a request?

Ever since Plato philosophy has survived as something that was written down: a recording. Writing is something you face, no differently than the wall of the cave chained in front of the faces of the shadow-speculators. Today man longs for an alternative interface than the one he faces; rather than looking at nature and walking through nature he's left with no recourse but suicide by looking at interfaces other than nature; symbol nature; paper nature; computer nature; virtual nature. On the one hand, rhetoric encourages him to use these interfaces to understand nature; and on the other hand, he gets ever-further from nature, as books get thicker and thicker, as an ever-mounting edifice of symbols is piled, compiled, compressed, and delivered to minds in the interest of improving mankind by burying themselves alive. The question mark is the hook by which we pull what's behind our skin outside our skin; operationally speaking this hook, this bent voice, is our instrument for turning ourselves inside out and for going out of our minds. This process; this great reversal; this twist of fate against man began tens of thousands of years ago when the tongue became the instrument by which calories were saved. If I instruct you to get me a piece of fruit, and you get me that piece of fruit, then it is you that has lost the calories required to get the fruit, while I not only gain the fruit, but a bonus in calories by contrast from having spent less energy obtaining the fruit than yourself.

Swept into the motion of obedience by biological weakness the human animal, rather than dying naturally of old age, maintained a dominant position of memory holder in a social order, made possible by “ordering.” Indeed the origin of social inequality is socializing itself, so politics is always wrong: the catastrophe of abundance required as a necessity that humans use humans to allocate the resources accrued; and, therefore, squabble endlessly about their state of having to forever shuffle, shift, sort, sift, place, erase, on and on; the formerly hidden world of machine-driven monotony behind our skin, concealed, perhaps, for good reason, surrounds us now as our existence and life; man, the animal of “reason” has now sunken beneath the animal level down to parallel the cell, such that one must wonder how much longer this process of falling can go on until it comes to an end as we proceed to plunge ever-further into the depths of chaos; if the human as statement-giving, reason-giving, animal can survive for much longer, once we lose the ability to “communicate” with the mouth, we will not be “reasonable” animals anymore, without some suicide by technological transformation.

But what is to be done? What is this interface man longs for, the object of ideology? Mental simulation of a state, an actual state, or a state of power, a territorial state, or a psychical one, physical or mental, an act or a speech act, or what? Speech about the future never manifests a reality, only interest; that is, until attention is lost. A young person senses themselves as an artificer, forced to read and write and

contemplate the goal of that activity. Still, the earliest feeling is that this is forced. It does not yet occur to it that the human is an animal that, rather than locking horns, has come to lock horned arguments and marks; when we look around, we see the marks are everywhere. Marks of calling. Marks of advertising. Marks of command. Marks of demand. The hated inner organ of demand previously so burdensome, stomach, surrounds us, enveloping us in a global enclosure of our disclosure about it: it's advertising. This requires a critique of the promise of programming; for for there to be a program there must also be a, singular, programmer who executes the code, launches the sight, and so on. Like the sperm, the disseminator of code hopes to install himself in a protection shell of mastery over a spatial zone with the code disseminated. But upon close inspection of the singular and the plural, it becomes self-evident that a singular invention needs multiple people to become subordinated for its production. The ancient acceptance of the multiple carried with it a denial of the special, which is something human beings endlessly fail to reclaim. I do not as of yet see how the factory laboratory can produce an invention or product that will elevate the people inside itself to be free of its structure. The factory, established for the production of a machine to “end hunger” itself “hungers” for humans to maintain itself!

Is there any way out of this world, this squabble world? The circuit of human-to-human sign exchange can only be left by death. Message content cannot be understood without the necessary conditioning, be it by the educational process or the physiological process. Dolphins deploy what I call “messages” and the human being understands this, however, the human being cannot experience an organic reality that is a privilege of dolphin biology. Unfortunately human knowledge is superficial this way. No matter how well the model is made, statistical or mathematical or literary or otherwise: a virtual model or a mental model, it cannot reconstruct my body to grant me access to that kind of “organic knowledge.” Oddly enough, the model itself only satisfies the human impulse-to-model, and it doesn't even do this well, because it only triggers more modeling activities. As Einstein demonstrated, every observer is confined to a specific and relative time-space system. Time, however, is only “objective” or real in that it has this objective use: to coordinate human activity. Clocks are not containers of time, nor are they keepers of time; operationally it's the reverse: the human being keeps track of the clock and its signs because the two “spatial systems” are symbiotically dependent. Now the clock of time cannot be removed from society, because it is now an organ on which “man” depends. The human being is said to share a common history, but what this may also say is that the words “time” and “history” are deployed to bind the human being to the paper machines on which these signs are inscribed. The scroll placed in front of the face today hardens into an interface of self-mechanization which blocks out access with metal and encryption. Is there a way to design an interface where everyone's on the same page?

Curiously, many difficulties appear when considering the interface. The interface proposed promises to provide something no educational institution has so far given: full voluntarization. Sociological debates over compulsory education and voluntary education may enter in here. But operationally speaking, from a top-down view, it's visibly true that the educator who postures himself as “one who stimulates learning” and “one who excites” may also stand as “one who disturbs” and arrests the crowd with their disturbing speech. This technique has been around since the age of Homer, when crowds were arrested by his storytelling for days. For Homer it was better to talk about war more than participate in war, however, speech itself is still an act and hence an act of war; for when you're listening to speech you're forced to think what you would otherwise not think on your own. Voluntarized education may become a form of self-mechanization if every lecture becomes optionalized. Not every brain born into the world will find itself equipped with the same powers of information-absorption; some may choose to hear the lectures at 60 words per minute, others 600. Some may choose to hear no lectures at all, but this carries with it the question as to why such minds deserve support. If this interface is made, then attached to man, I suspect that it like paper will become a vital organ that cannot be removed.

This clash between voluntary and compulsory education is still going on. It may be a built-in feature of human biology. Bears drop dead when they grow old. Humans lord their memories over the young. The explanations given about the universe are never satisfactory because “upset” expressed as speech, even depression, has positive social utility. Consider the “acroamatic” Manichean arrangement, with elect speakers and subordinated listeners that have been arrested by professional haters of life. Hardly any sociologist or philosopher I've encountered so far seems aware that Nietzsche's earliest concern was “On the Future of our Educational Institutions.” Today, however, thanks to factors such as time dilation and gravity's impact, the vision of the “future” of these theoretical institutions is increasingly complicated to the point of being torn apart. Where, exactly, is the ideal seat of government, for an intergalactic government? Is it better for it to sit at a high mass object, black hole, or a low mass object, comet, strategically? Biological spatial systems are not only molded into existence by genes, but also by the space enveloping them. Every company, as a brand, as a sign, is automatically governed by the principal of using signs to trigger human response, to maintain the sign: the interface. It's unclear how the game of sign determinacy and organic interfacing will play out or pay off amidst transgalactic gravity regimes, or gravity regimes in general. If gravity regimes constitute a source of tension at a macro scale such as that, it also seems likely to be responsible for tension, competition, life and death, at the micro scale as well. For if the vortex of gravity is what constitutes the general shape of the globe, it also seems likely to be responsible for the general shape of the cell and other spatial enclosures. The horizon of our consciousness, which tapers off at the edge of our senses, must melt into a background process running behind what is called “experience.” But how do we go from the gravitational vortex to the self and to the interface? If an ego is constituted by the vortices by pulling local vortices into its vortex, then a competition among the vortices is happening all the time. Compulsory education suggests that children learn because they are forced to by a human instructor, not because they want to or find the content intrinsically interesting. Likewise, a dolphin cannot find mathematics interesting without the necessary conditioning. Humans confuse orders for order, with the use of “order” in the singular eclipsing the actual plurality of non-stop ordering and hence a disorder. Every educator is an eternally incomplete activity which does not fully understand itself, or why it's active. Can we use units, nouns, verbs, numbers, signs, to understand ourselves, as agents engaged in our activity, fully? If it weren't for the corpse-eating beetle, then nature's waste products would pile up. It circulates itself through itself. I am describing a circuit that's at the same time infinite and closed. Is there anything to do with this information, anything of use? If I announce that operational equality and social mobility are my goals, and I deliver a thought system that is both logical and useless, do I not, in a way, achieve my goal, by making a psychopathic thought system, which makes it so no human cares to be used? Spatial and social pressures force the human spatial system to mirror primitive biology, yet humans maintain the dubious notion of intelligence, even trying to create it “artificially” and normally in the interest of not doing tasks. And yet, if “not doing tasks” is your goal, then why, may I ask, have you not tried “refuse” as a technique!?! It's said the universe, the cosmos, is “flat” but the human being is still a spatial system that is not, and, it is currently trying to pick all the pieces up. Perhaps, when this game of “everything card pick up” is done, the universe will kill itself again.

Human beings are spatial systems acclimatized for Earth's gravity regime, as proved by the vision problems astronauts experience by consequence of microgravity's effect on the optic nerve. I suspect that the three greatest mysteries, “life” and “gravity” and “consciousness”, are inexorably intertwined; for space-time distortions may temporalize the “self” into consciousness. To what extent gravity's “intake” process parallels life's need to “eat” and likewise create and destroy in one motion, is not fully understood. Life is molded by death. In computer programs it has been proved that death is an effective method for programming human-like walking behaviors after multiple simulated generations are killed. Evolution is not a process of progress but the documentation of the dead; another naming-activity we as wording animals can endlessly narrow in on in our ever-failing quest for verbal accuracy. For just as

animals find a food source to exploit, so also do humans find writing systems to use for the extraction of food and materials and attention and sex from others. We are not “helping humanity” but rather competing as animal weapons. Furthermore, when evolutionary rhetoric is understood as such, it is atomized. Many hope for humans to “evolve” into something else, something “higher” when it may be more accurate to say they hope to “die.” Evolutionary rhetoric says that “this” animal “evolves” into “that” animal, when in fact no zoological morphage occurs in any way so consciousness is preserved; so, “this” animal becomes a “dead” animal and what we call “that” animal is something new. It's not correct to say that “animals are evolving” or that “humans are evolving” because again “they” do not “change” in any sense besides a rhetorical one; the real truth is far less impressive “we die” and that's all. An organism never evolves. Is “human knowledge” only a “stockpile” of signs?

And that was the end. My friend read it and said “It's kind of shocking, and leaves a wake of increasing one's existential dread.” I was kind of thinking of shooting myself in the head. It was almost the 4th of July, I thought. No one was talking to me. I did not really care about my therapist either. I did not really care about humanity, since there was nothing I could do for it anyway. I entitled the essay “How can I help you?” because I had no clue how to help human beings. “Gasset was most likely upset by two things; first, his legacy as psychically decadent; second, the fact that authoritarianism did not justify his intellectual activity.” I imagined myself say. “He was not pessimistic enough.” I imagined myself say. “What is needed is a reclassification of the human being as a kind of weapon, then and only then will humans understand what they are, and be closer to the creation of an artificially intelligent life form.” I imagined myself say. “Except if they do this, they won't want to create it anymore,” I imagined myself say “because” I imagined myself say “to create it would be suicide.” If the human is thought of as a kind of weapon for organic defense, the endless failure known as politics will be properly understood, I thought. “The so-called authority cannot be an authority if they still have questions, if they still need the new.” I imagined myself say. Why do humans always want to know what isn't known? Pascal said we want to know something simply to talk about it. Hardy suggested mathematics may have a warlike purpose. I suggested the same when I said that when man counted upwards to infinity he merely found a secret recipe for inflicting endless pain. I wasn't sure how to break my wall of isolation. Genes make what is new and humans make new discoveries simply because they are forced to by spatial force, so humans simply do not know what they're doing. The word “do” denotes singularity, I thought; the word “we” denotes plurality, so a machine can never “Do what we want.” because this assumes that there is collective agreement on what actions should be done. When mathematical discoveries are made, what is actually discovered is a technique for triggering human response, I thought. But this is human: all too human. To not want to be human, to not want to remain chained to a game that cannot achieve it's goal, to see through everything and pronounce it all a trap, and still not know what to do about that besides write as a way of talking to oneself. Suddenly, my self-talk of talking to myself reminded me that all of this may be thought of as some suicidal soliloquy. Perhaps that is what he thought while reading my essay. “I was struck immediately by the many fascinating ideas you have swirling around in it.” At first glance this seemed positive but it was difficult if not impossible to deduce if the use of the word “fascinating” was to be understood ironically or unironically. This sociologist suggested I find an expert in an adjacent field, such as philosophy. Curiously, the philosopher I emailed has not replied. Also curious, the philosopher I emailed hardly mentioned animal consciousness in his book in which he refereed Derrida's use and misuse of Husserl. Bored and severely depressed, I decided to hear Derrida's “Speech and Phenomena” for the first time. I do not get into specifics. I hear the mind behind the pen. I hear the arc of their thoughts. I hear what moves the author, what disturbs them. And I am disturbing to myself. Perhaps in a few days I will make an appearance, show myself before a man that has made it his whole livelihood to referee these two disturbers of crowds; I will disturb him and strike terror into his heart, as I speak of introducing mechanical professorships to replace him.

Or should I? Derrida is at least an entertaining speaker. Humans delight in entertaining speech, as I so happen to know, so it seems possible to me that speed-listening could bring as much ecstasy as pain. Then again, perhaps I would be making a mistake by talking to philosophers, what with how they've all so badly read Plato. Plato was a cringy playwright who did little more than mystify politicians into thinking he could help them dominate forever, that is a fact. He recommends that the read person: the underground person, never leave the cave, not only because they are already retarded by that activity, chained by habit, but also because they are secure in what they are doing; esoterically, to free the shadow-speculators, who, by the way, are the only people in the allegory to have property, would mean to lead them "up" into a "menial" way of existence, and therefore lead them down. But tell this to a professional philosopher, and he will likely say this is screamingly false, because it undermines their whole enterprise and makes them look totally hypocritical. But reacting this way only triggers the persecution narrative this allegory already contains, verifying this theory that this is the true meaning of the text. Naturally, professional philosophers must pretend to be allergic to this, because they posture themselves as improving their students, rather than exploiting them. All of this served to enforce my opinion of the worthlessness of the philosophical tradition. I should really be studying linear algebra.

Nah. What good is learning linear algebra; it isn't as if I needed it to make a synthetic living weapon, or AI. was it? Another person said my essay was precocious and obscure, and somewhat annoying, to say the least. He seemed to think it was a criticism. I said that it was not a criticism, but rather an attempt to get others on the same page as me; also, to get others to talk to me about the formation of the spaceship state. "The spaceship state will be the guiding principal of our lives." I thought. Really I had no reason to think this project would work, due to the problem of gravity regimes. The more I think about it, the more it seems like I may be embedded in what may be called a schizo-concept. However, all new ideas are "split off" from the norm, somewhere else, so all new concepts must be schizo-concepts, I also thought. I really was pretty unstable and crazy, like my friend said, considering how I am currently very depressed having read "The Factory Hell" in an effort to contemplate the origins of Marx's disturbances and how they fit in with my disturbances with the inescapability of organic affect. Curiously, this could support my hypothesis through my depression research into how non-stop manic depression caused him to write what he wrote. Later on, the disturbances written are carried and deployed against the crowds of people who do not normally exercise their ability to disturb. "Here you'll see I revealed the so-called class struggle to be a struggle of classes being held, whatever the kind, classes of instruction and information-giving and storytelling are all the same thing mechanically, so teaching the masses about this meta problem identified does nothing more than advance the social conflict." What is recorded about this conflict is history, and history is a stockpile. The human has a relationship with the stockpile. Like two sporous crowds they collide and intermingle in the air, marvellously creating the highways and skyscrapers. No; they are not clouds entirely, because there is still sense distance. We human beings cannot always have everything on their mind all the time; multiple information slides display in the mind; imaginative elements without label. The task of giving names to these mentally simulated elements becomes a beneficial activity for the human organism once this naming of the mental becomes instructional, and aids in the acquisition of caloric and survival advantage. Little do humans know, that this humble beginning represents man's downfall. Relentless talk about "lacking" initially used for the acquisition of calories becomes the never-ending outpour of suicidal pessimism, whatever the religious school. And later various foils of this fact are held up as examples, Buddha and Jesus and others, to grant a crowd catharsis: it shows them what becomes of those who are annoying about this fact. Christ didn't laugh, I noted Beckett noted. Because human weakness on the one hand, is everywhere; and the stockpile, on the other hand, is everywhere, there is virtually no way for this powerful interplay of relationships to break apart. Humans kind of know that they're doomed, because the law itself is a response to bad behaviors, disputes, and so on. Humans know, for example, that they are biological weapons directed against their environment, and that everything they say can and will be

used against them in a court of law, that is to say universal law, I thought. Jesus was most probably a prototype, modeled on purpose as a semantic word weapon against the public. Jesus and Socrates have two things in common: they did not write out their views, and were instead disturbing characters that committed suicide by state. Not writing leaves an intentional void: being totally unbound to paper. It makes it impossible to limit them to their signs, and places all of the blame on us and our commentary. Plato was the writer responsible for recording the event of Socrates. Jesus's disciples were the writers responsible for recording the event of Jesus. Plato wrote a stageplay in the Sophist where Socrates encounters a stranger, written by Plato, who talks about “anglers of men” so that, later on, Jesus could, in a manner most plain, promise to make his disciples “fishers of men,” on the condition that he become the instrument of his fame. What occurred, was the most insidious brainwashing ever done: depressive weaponry was deployed against Jesus inculcating an autoassasinophilic willingness to die, just like the way Socrates took the poison without trembling. By using extremely depressive word weaponry against the public, it is possible to get them to simulate cathartic value. The story thence is told, and retold, because that message of total suicidal pessimism energizes the crowd to turn their focus on what's good, similar to how funerals have the effect of making humans horny. Jews are kind of like these deranged recorders and commentators, trying their best to provide useful commentary. For some it goes too far, and turns into a weapon of depression, like with Christianity. I mean, life really is fundamentally sad. It always ends in death. Curiously, the stockpile is something we face and interface with, like we can face a forest. Yet forests are filled with creatures with faces, which face you. Death may then be a gateway into other faces and interfaces. Furthermore, death may also be a way to see everything being faced and interfaced with at the same time. My friend is dying. She said it will be a while. I was really cheesy about it, I thought; like I told her that I vacillated from feeling intense anger to sadness to nothing at all. I hoped for her recovery and I earlier said a vulnerability to heart disease could get me, or an impulse to kill myself could one day overmaster me. I said I didn't know what to say. “I often contemplate how death is a part of life.” she said. “I miss your food pictures! Anyway, if this means anything, I always thought of you as an optimist.” I want to cry now. I feel like I understand everything everyone is thinking and yet at the same time I help no one. Earlier I wrote, that “help is a word deployed” cheapening the idea of my mind, devaluing it I should really get something to eat. It's the 4th of July though, and I'm sort of curious what will happen if I shoot myself in the head.

Was I really an optimist? This guy said my cosplay was the cutest shit ever. I dressed up as Kaede since I'm an alcoholic and know how to play the role. Beckett would probably take issue with my furniture, how dated it is, I noted to myself. But I couldn't bring myself to shop for furniture, what with how I was so caught up with speculations, simulations, so on and so forth, about how miserable it was to be a furniture assembler. Fortunately I had good sex a few days ago, which is probably why I said I wanted to shoot myself in the head. If I kill myself sooner rather than later, my body will achieve an advanced state of decomposition, which furthers my desire to have a closed casket funeral. Otherwise they will restore my body and make a grotesque display. It was probably because of my proximity to the giant mortuary across the street that I thought about such things, made mental calculations like these: death was something I constantly thought about because it was always present. I peel back the blinds, not to say they're not sometimes open wide; it looks very nice outside. Leafy. Regretfully, I told the guy I hooked up with about my interest in forming a unifying theory of life and gravity and consciousness. Naturally I told him that “this is an awkward thing to mention on the first encounter.” He likely thought I was either crazy or onto something. He agreed with my destruction of artificial intelligence, which I called a gross overinflation of what artificial intelligence really was. Or maybe he decided I was just a superfluous failure. Hard to know, impossible to know, what he really thinks. All I have is what he said, not his sense experience. “Thanks for responding. You're the second person to suggest that there's a lot swirling around there. I really, really just wanted to create something to get people on the same page as me and not a tome of mostly useless words. Sorry it was not the short and easy to read experience I

intended. Mostly I just wanted to break what I feel is a kind of isolation wall, to feel less alone. That last question I agree isn't very shocking and I don't consider it a punchline. I just felt like I needed to end there because I wanted more feedback on the project concerning the design of a future educational institution, or spaceship dwelling space, or intergalactic network. For me, thinking about educational institutions can serve as a starting point to contemplate life, I thought, because the human mind is caught in a kind of pincers movement created by genes on the one hand and the environment on the other. If it wasn't for thinking about this I would not have asked myself how gravity regimes effect the spaceship state if it expanded across the cosmos. From there I'd like to say, "So we have us, and this stockpile that doesn't grant us access to organic knowledge, but instead triggers us into doing it's bidding." Like earlier I asked myself why it was that in ancient times poor people were not allowed to read or write or paint, and I figured that the reason for this was because reading and writing and painting were non-labor activities that triggered labor activities. So I think here we're on the same side of rejecting posthumanism; hopefully that was made clear by my analysis of the rhetoric of evolution (not that I don't think genes mutate; I just feel like evolution could be described more negatively and honestly as a tracking activity rather than something to aspire to, since I can't evolve, and a bird can't evolve). That's one thing that irritates me about today that I'd like to abolish: the way we're saturated in lofty terminology, like the pretense of "artificial intelligence" which at this point is just a lot of linear algebra calling itself intelligence to bait investors and students into caring. I am familiar with Haraway however I still favor Norbert Wiener, who Heidegger read, because of his influence and concern that language in the future could constitute a mechanical burden. Like I just don't know about the morality of introducing speed-listening to the world if it demolishes schools and puts squabble machines in it's place, that's a bit disturbing to me. Rather than this just sounding critical, I think it's better to think of this project as genuinely constructive, because it should be possible to design this "future dwelling space" in advance." I replied almost instantly, but that was 3 days ago. Why has he not replied? Was it because the first sentence he wrote was this? "There's too much going on here for the reader to be able to critically examine the claims it appears you're making. Maybe it's that you're drawing from so many ideas that there really isn't a reader that would demonstrate the competencies required by this text, which would be pretty unkind to the reader, were this the case." I mean, to be fair, I did have an astronomically high standard for competence. Annoyingly, the surface similarities were a "proof" of human incompetence. Were humans just tortuously stressed out spatial systems? Both humans and computers are open thermodynamic systems. Yet writing displayed on an interface only permits the information transfer to be one way, I noted to myself. Fucking fuck, I should stop dicking around and go back to fiddling with linear algebra to form my grand unified theory. Uh. Or should I? Does that not contradict my goal of not becoming a monster? Besides, so far, I have not figured out a way to stop products from being used as weapons of war.

I have to make a note, about my home office domesticated American style decor. Colored by very dated looking browns that do not disturb my visual snow syndrome much. Escapist music inspired by escapist games, and therefore nostalgia-driven, fill the space with a dead charm. Death is literally right across the street: the mortuary. What the fuck. The music we hear is nostalgia driven bullshit bits of joy and goodness sensed inbetween the time it took to move from hall to hall. I did use to feel this very proud and StarTrek-like dedication towards the future. It feels like the world has forced me to abandon that. Unfortunately I did not catch on to the fact that StarTrek was a satire, sooner. "The Jungian asked me to record my dreams. I read Aion earlier that day in about 3 hours with occasional interruptions. I did not like Jung's analysis of the fish; he did not mention the dark side, for all his talk of dark sides, of the whole practice of fishing for men: hunting for men. I suspected this was because of his own people hunting practice. I wanted to tell the Jungian that Jung himself does not talk of Plato's the sophist, in which the sophist is described as an angler, dissembler and imitator, demanding reward in the shape of money. I doubted that analysis could understand the object of it's study if it eclipsed the object of it's

study by analogizing. If analogical accuracy was incomplete then speech given back as reply as well as money could be farmed indefinitely, I thought. It seems chronologically possible that Jesus, in manner most plain and energized by years of study in the people-hunting art, recruited his disciples as rhetoricians with flaming tongues of mental terrorism, it seemed to me. Jung avoids an opportunity to compare Eastern and Western civilization foundations in this mold of human-hunting practitioners, however he does not do this because he cannot undermine his role, although I'll add he established a backwards but not chronological connection when he said that the Gnostics were psychologists. Not even Socrates himself can say this in the play (the Sophist), despite it being written by Plato, as if to say who talks about these human-hunting practitioners must split himself off, is known as merely a stranger. Lucian too seemed to think that Jesus was a copycat Socrates, rightly calling him a "crucified sophist and sage." Most of this is to say that Jung's failure to mention Plato's the sophist is curious." I wrote. And she actually read it. She asked me where I learned to type. Or write? I didn't know. But this seemed to me like a strange question. Did I really learn all my typing skills from Star Craft, or was it by listening to Thomas Bernhard? I had no idea. Thankfully she was not terribly offended by my take, and actually agreed with it. She read my dream. "I had a dream I was at the airport. Except it was massive. Frost covered stairwells were everywhere, exposed to the open sky. As I reflect, it was hard to tell if we were getting on an airplane or what, but I distinctly recall using the word "flight." A woman had a baby in a basket behind me. I turned, looked out, and let her pass me. How did I get in this stairwell? Hard to say, as I distinctly recall being inside a car moments earlier. Massive concrete interchanges morphed into these stairwells. For whatever reason I dealt with bad traffic: a van barely bumped me, which is why I looked backwards at the girl standing there. The stairwell pikes morphed it seems. I had to use tactical maneuvers to compensate for certain things. With the escalator deactivated, I had to throw myself over and down several steps with my hands. I enjoyed it and did not stumble on frost, or swerve in the rain, I now recall. I finally got to the bottom of one such stairwell. I was headed north; I used the word when I asked an employee where the next thing was. I was annoyed by him, and the fact that I had to ask. He did not seem to know how to direct me and I was doubly annoyed I did not have a machine displaying instructional signs, such as a map or a phone." She questioned me what the stairwell means. Was I transitioning or lost? It seemed to me that I was being promised to agree or not; her interpretations were relative. Why did I question them? I don't know. And what was the meaning of frost, and getting to the bottom of the stairs? Had I arrived at the bottom of something?

Two days passed of not remembering a dream. No idea what to do with myself. I noted that Gödel and Einstein had walks and talks, the content of which was a mystery. I noted too that Gödel believed that Leibniz's works were suppressed as part of some conspiracy. Everything people say seems like it's so far away. The rabbi said that "peace is a matter of degree. Yes, dispute and bad behavior preceded the law. If it were not for the law, a man would eat his neighbor alive. When the messiah comes, everyone's hearts will be tame: the wolf lies down with the lamb." And: "We are equal under the law." People were not really equal under the law so long as "lawyer power" allowed people to use lawyers to manipulate the law in the courts; we must not forget that rhetoric is the king of the sciences because it persuades people to act, I later thought; the Jungian affirmed this judgement, too. Maybe I can create a machine state in which all mankind would happily dwell. First, I'll design this machine in advance; second, I'll use the image of it as a so-called soft power advertisement, I thought. I woke up and remembered my dream. "I had very unhappy dream where I was at a castle courtyard seemingly overrun with little pig creatures. For some reason it was my task to kill them. There were consequences of not killing them, but I don't recall them. Also, I distinctly recall listening to the news babble on and on in a distinctly British accent. This woman was railing against corruption in government, just absolutely tearing this guy apart. Meanwhile these creatures, which were really rather cute and something between a hippo and a pig, were being killed by me. I was alone. Apparently I was stabbing their spinal cords with a knife. Sometimes also though I was throwing them to the wind, off the roof of the castle, or hurling

them at the wall of the castle so they could fall to their deaths when they hit the cobblestone stone ground. I had only a knife and my hands. I found myself looking around questioningly at the ground, thinking to myself that were there a bead of spikes or something my task would be a bit easier. If I whistled, the little guys would come running and swarm around me playfully. It was surely no more than 5 per swarm, perhaps less, as I recall. I remember wanting to take some of them home, but doing so would take me away from my goal. I woke up wanting to be dead.” Did this perhaps have some effect on my dream? Earlier I was listening to a text on intellectual and manual labor. Of course, the Jungian read this too and asked a few questions, such as the obvious “could you kill a living thing.” to which I answered “situationally, like if I was an Eskimo.” She invited me to interpret knife in the dream as the intellect probing creatures with a knife, possibly to a self-destructive degree. Admittedly I did not like my thoughts, so I seemly kept on accumulating more and more bad thoughts to make myself worse and worse with the pass of time, I said to her then. In the end it felt strange to give her a sophist's reward. The clash of modern science and capitalism can be better thought of as a relationship with man and his stockpiled signs. Even after the Earth is destroyed, a relationship between mind and stockpile will still be going on. Even DNA, I thought, formed a kind of vortex; gravity was a vortex; the self was a vortex, which sucks. Immeadeately I suspected the sucking observer sucked the wave functions collapse. I am so fucking retarded. I didn't seriously care about the human race. Earlier I was thinking to myself how stupid I was, how stupid I was for thinking that the human animals, any life forms, were even worthy of being helped, scolding myself for seriously trying to care about life and the universe and everything in it when all animals were weapons.

Amazing how sex can improve your mood. “What it is, what it really is, is music, is life.” I go out with all these thoughts, “disposable thoughts” and depression thoughts, and somehow I can dance it all away even though growing up I never thought I could dance. Even when I do it sometimes feels satirical, but if satire's in the air then maybe that's fine. Anyway I really want to meet this guy again. We danced for a while and I think we both just clicked, not even one drink later he's driving us back to my place. It was so hot. Next day feels amazing of course, and I'm able to think about things that cause my mood to flip from unhappiness to happiness. Positive feedback. Sex. Discovering a really nice song. Really any time the universe proves itself to be benevolent, can trigger a happy mood in me. And sometimes, it's just the rain and feeling safe inside. It's weird how I can feel flighty and manic for a while, writing words without even knowing why, charged by, excited by, disturbed by everything; only to later feel grounded in the world again: productive: clear.

Moods like those don't last long. My mind wants to go into too many directions it seems. Epistemology doesn't seem worth it either, not when every given justification is something sequenced by a mind. We only justify our beliefs because voices bend to ask what our justifications are. That kind of knowledge is reply and nothing besides. I have too many stupid ideas to be honest. I should kill myself. Fuck I also have so much work to do. I hardly know what to say. He messaged me around 8 PM. “We live a life of pretense.” Online and in person I seem to make sense. One guy wanted to make artificial intelligence friendly so I quoted Plato's Lysis: “I said, however, a few words to the boys at parting: O Menexenus and Lysis, how ridiculous that you two boys, and I, an old boy, who would fain be one of you, should imagine ourselves to be friends—this is what the by-standers will go away and say—and as yet we have not been able to discover what is a friend!” How can anyone think that Plato's plays were not plays, but accounts, I don't know. The situations and conversations are convoluted and contrived to impart an esoteric agenda of endless entertainment and obfuscation. It doesn't matter and nothing matters. I focus too much on bemoaning that nothing matters because I pitifully want it to matter when really it just doesn't matter.. Communication is such a problem. I get what Heidegger means when he said that man lives schizophrenically, that is, surrounded by voices and instructional signs.

I'm tempted lately to break off this book and this text and write a comedy where capitalism is thought of by the author as sign determinacy. Burroughs did it sooner. I haven't been very productive lately to be honest. I've been speed-listening to an introduction to epistemology, speed-listening to Aion, this and that: directionless: useless. He asked me what I meant by this: "Humans are not equal in a spatial sense and never will be." I replied with this: "You're over there. I'm over here. Here is different from there. So we can't be equal that way." I could even plan the novel here. The character? Blank slate: he walks through the world, privately aware of a power no one will acknowledge. No one must say out loud what this power is, but I in my diabolicism shall: the power of sign determinacy. The character, perhaps a psychopath, perhaps a psychotic, but certainly alienated and surely abnormal and perhaps suicidally depressed, wanders and watches people sometimes angrily react to instructional signs. To him it's clear another option is constantly being ignored. No matter where he goes, paper seems to him charged with a sinister power. Indeed, it may even be possible to take those newspapers and magazines in front of everyone's faces and harden those walls until the lookers are trapped behind miles of stone. So evil are his thoughts, so terrified of suicide, he wanders the Earth in a daze: a soft schizophrenic; not quite mad and not quite insane, nor evil incarnate or good: only bewilderment, and curiosity and fear. For him, the world is like a nightmare; and, like the paper, to tear it's wall in half may reveal a hideous truth. Every day he wonders what illness he has; he desperately wants to know, however he feels like everything at once and so's cursed with a moral soul. He thinks to ask: "Let's just change the paper so it favors us." but knows they'll say, "OK. But change it to what?" and so because he doesn't know he tries day and night to figure out what. And thoughts of suicide plague him. Yea, he feels bound up, thinking that his cells are alive, that his every so-called self-identification is a civil lie. Besides, to reveal to the world the mechanism of it's ruin would confuse it so badly it may try to kill itself. Secretly he wants the world to die. But it cannot die. He imagines it taking parts of itself into it's jaws. Even watching the bird eat a worm scares him. And he's sensitive to others to the point he won't kill himself. Still, there is a daily showcasing through the television and screen of the human struggle to overcome this force he has identified but knows no solution for. It's the sign. It didn't use to be like this before: the universe did not formerly have to do with this endless filling up of blank pages with black, he thinks while zooming out to view his document from above. Strange. Like looking at a fossil of something that long ago died. Soon it will be no more. Smattered symbols. There is no escape. Driving down the highway feels oddly wrong; the clamoring animals around him pretend to be great but they poke in and out of houses like body parasites: he remembers computer-generated models of white blood cells, he feels the eerie sense that he should kill himself, but he doesn't kill himself. I can't kill myself, he thinks, not when I already killed myself a long long time ago. Every action I do is killing myself, he thinks. So he lives a life of non-stop suicide: he contemplates suicide constantly and morphs the ceaseless failure of suicide into his private mental drama. Everywhere the signs have taken control; the world is enveloped by it's envelopes, covered by and controlled by and regulated by and finished by signs: a vast but disjointed control surface dominates mankind with it's affects despite it being fundamentally being dead material without an inner life of it's own. Death is no escape. And there is seemingly no solution to the problem of space. And he knows that exile is now almost impossible, which causes him the greatest despair. It's a problem that's too difficult to even talk about because it's not even possible to solve. Anything you do can and will be used against you in this court of universal law. And what does the sign really mean? He thinks it means he's bad, else it would have no traumatic power. He's bad and needs the sign to survive, unlike his dog. A diabolical polemic churns through his head like a deadly disease waiting to plague the world: a contagion. And nothing's ever good. A simulated person asks him trembling: "To what are you comparing us?" And he coldly answers: "Cells." To him we're all less than animals: dead material that's already crumbling away. The world seems wrong: he makes himself sicker by just existing. He is not fully depressed, he's not really anything; what he is, is alive, and he hates it, and he thinks of ways to get out while keeping his friendships intact. And just who is this character? Can that really be me?