

**ON THE
ORIGIN OF SOCIAL INEQUALITY**

**BY
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The referential character of language and by extension its ability to evoke and hence direct attention to objects in nature, as an explanation for the origin of social inequality among men, has not, to my knowledge or satisfaction, been spoken about at length, and so these pages are to be the place for that discussion. First I will begin by imagining the life of other animals, by contrast to the human animal: The life of the bear and the wolf compared to the life of the man. Unlike man these animals do not impart information on how best to hunt for nutrients in with their tongue, which for man is his strongest muscle, but rather they will impart the information needed for natural exploitation with their bodies, which by example serve as the primary means of imparting information. The bear lives and births and dies. The wolf lives and births and dies. Their actions in nature are sufficient alone, and for generations these animals successfully copied them. But by contrast man is not a copying animal, so much as a commanding animal: these commands which are utterances sent forth by the tongue are in themselves not analogous to nature, and so it's only by associations and trauma that such words make sense; and the sense that is made is made possible by this sensitivity and elasticity, recorded on the intangible memory of man, which is far greater than that of the other animals. Initially a man might have pointed to an object and made a sound, thereby establishing a connection between the object and the sound, but today these objects are not pointed to alongside the sound, and so we forget that it was without the act of pointing and hence the act of directing that sounds were made useful in this way, instead we pretend that the sound corresponds to the sound and the associations in the brain, despite the fact that no pointing is done. Thus we are able to say, and in fact must continually say: Do what I say, and not as I do. But what this is, is a plain admission of facts about the non-analogous quality and hence the commanding and directional quality of the speech act, which we use to make others useful to ourselves: the masters of the mouth weapon.

Today there exists a problem for us mouth weapon masters, namely the ability for our computers to serve as the information imparting mechanism: rendering the tongue obsolete. Gone may be the days of man learning from man; instead, man may enter a digital world of digital education. Instead of there being the psychical state and the world state, there might also be the simulated state simulating the psychical state in the world state, which hitherto had not been his concern. But here in these first few pages is not the place to talk about the layers of states; I mean merely to propound the existence of such states. It might actually be the case that writing and hence the act of signing was the first attempt to make information access voluntary, rather than involuntary; for we must concede that listening is for the most part an autonomic and involuntary activity, rather than a voluntary one.

In the writings of Sigmund Freud it is supposed that the son hates the father and that he wants his father to die soon, but this doesn't happen and the basis for this hatred is never sufficiently explained. But here in considering the referential quality of language a new explanation is possible, in that the human father is a creature so strong, and so powerful, that his children have become his auxiliary instruments. And this also accounts for the existence of child labor, and all the heinous ways that children are exploited. In truth the parents do not want children but machines for providing them with retirement money, so they might live forever. The parents turn their children into parents, recreating the life of childhood and the comforts of childhood: the children are made auxiliary to memory.

But these autonomic actions and responses, however beneficial, formed a new paradigm of problems for the organisms involved; for by failing to embrace death and by failing to live by example, by using reference instead, man ceased to hunt for nutrients in nature and he instead started hunting himself down. Previously if an animal wanted something to eat it would merely eat it, but it rapidly became the case that man ceased to hunt other animals, and started to hunt for listeners, which he hopes will listen and obey him. I think it's worth recalling that in Hebrew hearing is alternately translated as obey, and vice versa. Thus, the world is a social network in which man, an ape known to cannibalize, capitalizes on himself with speech, hunting himself down. And it might also be said that Jesus Christ never really wanted to teach his disciples to be fishers of men, but hunters of men; for I now suspect he was keenly aware of the madness that is this endless hypocrisy that is hunting man, too. It's also rarely mentioned that St. Augustine, aside from being a deviant, was also a Manichean: a religious order started by Mani based on Christianity and Buddhism, where in a manner most plain society is divided into an elect group of speakers, and so-called hearers. But where is it accused that Augustine, known so well for revamping the Catholic Church (the most violent and disgusting institution in history), was a Manichean, still? Perhaps once a Manichean, always a Manichean. One cannot unlearn what one learns, nor un-see what one sees. But we should really take care not to imitate Mani; for Mani was flayed alive, stuffed with straw, and burned. Furthermore, we get all these words from Mani: Maniac, Maniacal, Manifesto, Manifold, and so on. The character of Mani is one we should learn from, where a man, manically depressed by the nature of man, finds a way to impress that depression on others, propelling society ever-forward, propelling agony and ecstasy ever-forward.

The nerves carry pleasure as well as pain, so the distinction is really irrelevant: the world's insane. Sometimes we'll wonder how it could be possible that Einstein didn't father a genius and Russell didn't father a genius. We'll wonder why there is not an ever-increasing amount of genius helping genius with its genius. What actually happens is more terrible than we are willing to admit. Einstein's son was schizophrenic and useless. Bertrand Russell's son was schizophrenic, and his favorite granddaughter burned herself alive. Suicides are also liable to happen in such families, like that of the Wittgenstein family. And the referential character of language has more things to say about this; for it might be the case that there really is not such a thing as madness; that madness is not madness, but a higher genius, since it is only by manipulating our tongue and our fingers that the products of our advertisements can be interpreted as genius to the benefactors of genius. But the benefactor of genius is never the whole of mankind, since mankind is an aggregate bonded by agreements to synthetic and non-analogous signs; forever pushed this way, then that, as he is directed and tormented by signs and symbols and lies. The debilitated mentally-ill person may be thought to be insane, but in fact it might merely be the case that his genius has transcended the use of the tongue.

It's simply irrelevant if an animal is wrong or right; what matters instead is his ability to inspire action in his constituents with his signs. Thus, there is no conspiracy but inspiration; and the state has forgotten that. Likewise, we have forgotten the days of schools of rhetoric, that is to say verbal seduction. Catholicism is really an ancient institution of rhetoric; there is even something to be said about the similitudes between rhetorician and magician. The both of them evoke goods for themselves with their words, which are like magic words.

But who am I to assert that genius and madness do not exist; that they're functionally the same? As I once observed by lecture, a psychoanalyst seeking to familiarize himself with a case of schizophrenia in a third world tribe, had probed the tribe as to why it pronounced a member insane. He keenly pointed out both the schizophrenic and the tribes members were guilty of the same crime, that is, praying to God. The schizophrenic was continually and at all times praying to God, that was her problem. So what's the big deal? the psychoanalyst asked. Why do you think she's crazy? Their reaction was as follows: She hears voices; yes. But she hears voices at the wrong times! At the wrong times! At irregular intervals! And who is to say that the mad-woman wasn't simply driven mad by tribal stupidity, to break all its conventions and laws. If there was anything sacred to the tribe, she refused to obey and refused to comply. Madness is doing things at irregular intervals, like discovering gravity, like jumping off a bridge, like setting yourself on fire. It's by the power of speech that the insane becomes sane to the listeners, as they insanely listen to the supposedly sane person and their endless demands. If Einstein had been unable to produce a piece of writing that was stimulating enough for the reader, he would have never been lent the telescope he required to prove his ideas. Thus, man is always and forever bartering for a nature he doesn't control, due to the organism known as the human network, which forever seals everything in nature away. Our dependency to mankind makes us weak; man is now doomed to probe the symbolic and the chaotic; fumbling through the blind alleyways of non-appearance; seducing himself ever-further with writings that are scratch-marks on the walls as he falls into a grave that is nature; viewing a hallucinated world of appearance and seeking to experience the world of non-appearance; man's quest for knowledge now reveals itself to be a sublimated quest for death, to escape his word torments inflicted on himself.

If you familiarize yourself with the historical truth, you see a history which is a history of obedience; you read documents documenting the various people rendered compliant, who have been regulated and registered and trained and finished and perverted and dejected and pushed into the demonic walls of the state. When we read the oceanic volumes of law books we get a sense for the depths of human failure. It's really no wonder that lawyers have such high suicide rates. We mistake ordering for order. We pretend that a person who orders has a mind of stability, when our minds are always changing; there can't be order, only a disorder brought about by an orderer, who is merely yet another agent of chaos in a fundamentally chaotic and fundamentally insane universe, where madness reigns and has always reigned, since it's only by talking to others that we get anything done. The world is bonded together by compromise; the nations are edifices erected by the spiderwebs of words, which keep all mankind in bondage. Nations don't really go to war with nations, what really happens is the obedient aggregate is pushed against a rival and disobedient aggregate, driven by a series of commands, pushed out from the mouth of the leaders, meaning that leaders battle leaders in vain, since they know that a total fusion between the leadership and the aggregate was never even possible, as that would beg for the simultaneous death of both the leadership and also the aggregate, forming a peace which was always a misinterpreted destruction. When we say rest in peace we really mean rest in destruction, since dead people are destroyed people; people destroyed and overtaken by the universe, which is constantly changing anyway, as a perpetual undertaking taking itself under, since all undertakings are part of this process of

taking under, and all things are active; meaning all things active are locked in a continual undertaking where everything acts and is acted on as an active process and hence caught up in a continual undertaking and at the same time a continual takeover, making every action a vast criminality against the mass, and conversely, making actions, by the mass, a vast criminality, against the individuals, constituting that mass; all undertakings are directed against what is taken under, and all is in a state of activity, and hence a state of undertaking and taking over the mass of undertakers taking over the mass, since the mass is aggravated by itself as such a mass, and the individual is aggravated, by being aggregated by the mass.

And there could hardly be a more cynical view than to think of all forms of speech as a most cunning indolence, produced by a tongue weapon, which in turn is operated by a nervous system, controlled by a brain weapon, making any obedient listeners by extension an extension of the brain weapons system of operations. But that's just about the state of things! Surely an animal, which uses another animal for food-acquisition, is able to save more energy and burn fewer calories, than the animal which does the task. It therefore stands to reason from this perspective that the tasked is worse off than the taskmaster. In truth, that is all leaders are doing: tasking! Even our mathematicians are essentially just taskmasters, tasking the whole mass of their helpless students with their tasks, under the pretext of discovering numbers when such numbers are not things with real existence, but rather things produced as a synthetic residue from the task. We might even go further and think of word trauma as the origin for mental terrorism, effectively making the terrorism of the day possible. It's all too easy to destroy impressionable minds, with the power of today's esoteric knowledge, which indeed has actual basis for its support in quantum theory, or so it would seem. We think there is such a thing as one, but in reality there is only the flick of the tongue; there can't be said to be such a thing as multiple instances of an event, since it can always be said that the second instance of that event doesn't really reflect the totality of the prior instance; only an isolated instance isolated erroneously, since what is error is what is wrong. Legend has it that Pythagoras was killed by an angry mob, but Pythagoras lived in a time where socializing and therefore human-hunting and cannibalism was the norm. If you are told by a mathematician to join his quest for infinity, you might as well call him out on his idiocy and tell him to find infinity on his own. There is always this claim among those who practice math that one needs mental efforts to reach the divine, but rarely do they say that the possibility may exist that the divine gave that efforting task to itself, because it was bored. These so-called black holes of logic, flowing from the black hole of our mouths, that suck everything down. Life sucks and gravity sucks, yet we rarely conclude that forces like these are intertwined: that consciousness and gravity and time and life are intertwined. The production of the irrational number is simply the consequence of abuse; one tries to solve the Pythagorean theorem by inserting (2) into (A) and (3) into (B) and the result for (C) is, of course, (13), which yields an irrational result, as one attempts to destroy what cannot be destroyed, to divide what cannot be divided. Such a division task is however never the task of the expresser of the task, but becomes the task of the educated mass, who listens to those words, flowing forth from the mouth of the taskmaster's insanity, creating a vast and endless flow of tasks, which I should now call the task flow. All mankind is caught up in a vast and endless task flow, where tasks are piteously and endlessly inserted into our minds.

Even when a person seeks professional help, they don't really want professional help, but professions, as to how best to fit into a cannibalistic and also capitalistic world where these professional professors secrete words to tantalize and traumatize their listeners into paying them: the so-called and rightly called helping professionals. Such a helping professional is merely a professor of help, and therefore an un-help, since he's a mercenary, making all of his help a pretense of help that is not genuine help at all. If everyone on earth was suddenly able to be a professional professor, the world would soon laugh itself out of existence. The odd thing about the neurotic is that he is neurotic due to his inability to gather food with his speech, so he seeks a professional, not realizing that such a professional is merely a man that has fallen into the neurotic-gathering profession, of professing to neurotics, who he in point of fact threatens with legal action, should he harm himself; for nobody is permitted to kill themselves in a state of affairs called the state, since the state is essentially a product of compromise between the minds trapped in the state, which, in turn, requires the whole mass of people to be taxed and defrauded, as a punishment, for simply being human; punishment for the success of the human animal as a collection of memories; for humans were made powerful by their memories, which in turn creates a vast disparity between these memory collectors, who impart by words and hence direct by reference without end. And it's only guilt that keeps humans in bondage, where children are made to feel guilty for the training they receive, which is not really a training but a training mistaken for such training since it doesn't correspond to nature by any means, but reference, as one word refers to another word, and so on down the line, which was but the prelude to our assembly lines. It's essentially only horror that keeps us alive, horror and also guilt, for experiencing what we experienced, for not killing ourselves, at an early age. But here is entirely the wrong place to talk of blowing out my brains; the infinitum of pages are for blowing out my brains.

And my writings on life are like DNA itself: twisted and doomed to failure and constantly being rewritten. But that is also what makes them useful. It's important to talk about this writing future; this programming future; where fingers are endlessly pointing and directing and communicating a meaning that is meaningless since such meaning is a misinterpreted meaning whose real meaning is reference. Even our books, in academic circles, contain an endless number of references, which then in turn have references referring to references, in an ever-increasing mass of references, used by a reader who is really more hallucinator than reader, as he uses the words as the stimulus to hallucinate whatever it is the author is talking about, which in this case is the referential character of language; eventually an internalized collection of historical references reveals itself to be a habit of reference: the human flaw.

In so-called primitive societies, mathless shepherds would count sheep using sticks, using a stick for each sheep; both adding sticks for the sheep and removing sticks for the sheep, as they came and went, substituting a sheep for a stick and a stick for a sheep, as the means for determine the number of sheep. It's easy to dismiss this habit as primitive, but perhaps it's not primitive at all, as one real object represents another real object; there is both intimacy and immediacy and accuracy with such a method, whereas a method employing number is innately wrong due to the impossibility of analogical accuracy between sheep, since there's clearly a difference in sheep, just as there's a difference in sticks. The specialness of these sticks represent the specialness of the sheep, is what the primitive may think, and so on.

It's by numerical representation that specialness is denied, which in turn gives rise to the un-specialness of people in the eyes of the state. The people born inside the state are really the property of the state and the food of the state, continuously and endlessly being fed to the state to compensate for the innate hypocrisy made possible by the meaninglessness of words, which are sounds corresponding to manifold traumas in nature. For example there might be a child that has never seen a bunny but Bugs Bunny, and so if I were to say to her this word bunny she would not think of bunny, but the bunny she knows, meaning that this problem of word induction depends entirely on whatever experiences are connected to the sound for the listener of the sound, while the sound itself carries no meaning whatsoever, as universal meaning; meaning there is no universal meaning to the universe except the way human animals in the universe will refer to items in nature, which are anyway tips of the iceberg of nature, referencing itself, with the innumerable tips of its manifold fingers.

But why would nature reference itself? Let's say I have a sentence which reads as follows: This sentence is false. Reading and therefore hallucinating that sentence we must recall that the referential character of language is such that words always evoke hallucinations; that the words, in themselves, are without meaning; meaning a sentence that seems to state itself as a false sentence is a sentence in which the sequencer of the sentence is sequencing the paradoxical sentence, of the sentence itself being false, when in actual fact the sentence is truly just as false as it says, since it isn't the sentence itself that's revealing itself to be false, but rather the sequencer of the sentence proclaiming the falseness of their sentence. Now, a sequencer of a sentence may alternately sequence an opposite sentence, which in turn might read: This sentence is true. Such a sentence, in connection to the sequencer of the sentence, would again be the sequencer of the sentence revealing their sentence to be a true sentence. Essentially the sentence is a sequence of references, and the hallucinator of the sentence is attempting to hallucinate the ideal reference, when the ideal reference cannot be established since the tongue is hidden away inside the cheeks and therefore disconnected from nature, making lies possible, as the tongue makes sounds that are meaningless sounds. But none of this is to say that the sequences themselves aren't useful, since it's on the strength of our confusing sequences that humans are driven to attain wealth for themselves, as they create endless institutions of professorship, referencing and dictating and directing and executing the helpless listeners rendered auxiliary and insane, because they're continually trying to do with their bodies what is done with the tongue, which is manipulate and impel other bodies to act for the brain, sequencing the sentences which sequences our bodies, all of which are now mutualistically bound to both each other, and contained in these mutualistic bindings, blind and bound, within inside the everlasting and incomprehensible walls of the state.

And it should not surprise us that the likes of Bertrand Russell and Wittgenstein and also Schopenhauer should wield such clout over the philosophical kingdom, and often on the strength of independent wealth; these fundamentally mad minds have been pushing people down the steps of the philosophical kingdom for centuries, which may anyway crumble as mechanical professors usurp the role of the biological professor, who may soon be starved to death. But the death of the professorship is not something I wish to dive into now, instead I should like to describe how these educational institutions were formed on the strength of the tortures wrought by rhetoricians: the Holy Roman Empire, and the Catholic Church.

Due to the referential quality of language and the complexity of the world, for the longest time humans sought not to explore too much of the world, isolated in tribes, for fear that the the complexity known to them by psychedelic drugs might overmaster them. The brain, as a defense system, learned to both defend the body from the loss of calories through the use of speech, and so progress for a time had stagnated as a consequence of relishing both fear and indolence, which in itself produced new opportunities for Christian rhetoricians, who would travel the globe like actual wizards with a book of spells, evoking horrors in peoples minds, and also action. Once something worth professing was professed, the people needed to hear it professed to them continually, which so happened to be the Christian message: that this world is fundamentally bad; that there is a hell; that there is a heaven; that Jews are really hypocrites, since the speaker can never do what he says. But oddly enough the professings of Jesus Christ did nothing good, as Christ himself merely became the hinge by which the professorship pivoted freely, between professing about the dangers of hypocrisy, while justifying a hypocrisy, as its profession; through a perverse mental terrorism, which was the means by which there was so-called progress in the world. Humans have for centuries been unable to accept that they are animals; and it may be centuries more for them to accept that all animals are monsters, flowing down a nightmarish stream where nightmare prevails, so the monsters can wallow as they dream, while forgetting about their monstrosity.

Unfortunately humans are creatures that were not permitted the luxury of wallowing due to their insatiable demands; misery was adopted by courtesy of evolution for its propensity for drawing others into the well of a depression that was anyway incurable, since there was no depression but a universal impression on the mind, which overflowed through the mouth and into the minds of others, sending them running through the asphalt arteries of the state, where human beings behave like larger versions of cells. The beautiful world we make in our dreams is merely a world where we dominate. Our visions of an island paradise are only visions of roaming an island on which we are free to destroy everything we see. And even if man possessed a cybernetic stomach, to sustain his need for food, then man would be more plant than man; man would walk around, as a creature without aim, until he found an ocean to drown his boredom, and himself, and himself, and his boredom. And if man were at some instance afflicted with an unshakable sense of contentment, then, he would do nothing and be content with doing nothing; he would be starving and be content with starving; he would be in pain and be content with pain; he would be dying and content with dying. But this isn't to say that we should kill ourselves; on the contrary, we are always already dying so there is no point in accelerating the process of dying, in any way, since life will continue.

But what is difficult today is the fact that we are no longer able to merely be content with ourselves and nature, since nature is fully owned by the state, meaning that escape has now become impossible. Mothers will give birth to children hoping that their children will be happy children; perhaps even happy and helping children, who are happy to help mankind; but today we say that it's narcissistic to want to help mankind, when it's not so narcissistic to want to help mankind, at least it not in ancient times, when the mankind that every child would know was their tribe of immediates. Except nobody today is required to help anyone because everyone quite simply helps themselves; but they help themselves not by helping themselves to nature, instead they help themselves to humans and human nature, which is

such that everyone is imprisoned in a perpetual state where everything must be bartered for and everyone is defrauded by a state which is a great machine for compensating for human nature. Consequently there cannot be a policy for stopping mothers from giving birth to children, because their children are guaranteed to produce food for the state; even though there is no denying the fact that such children will surely want houses, houses which will clutter up the state, which again makes natural acquisition impossible for individuals which want to exploit nature. What's more, is technology is rapidly creating a totally unstoppable problem in where the means by which people make money are being replaced by machines; initially there is the desire to make our tasks easier on ourselves, which in turn created the desire to make it increasingly easier on ourselves, by delegating what we do to something lifeless, which forces people to turn to newer means of support. But if the professorship is replaced by what I've come to call the mechanical professor, then humans will no longer be birthed by mothers, but the state instead; they will be converted into a fodder meant not to serve the mother and the father, but a maternal state, which is also a mechanical state. The maternal and mechanical state may make the human children within its womb, which may in turn be fed language juxtaposed with the images to which it refers; meaning that soon the state itself may be a rhetoric machine, operated by process of electronic subscription, which will boss around biological minds, which themselves are grown purely for the benefit of the state, and never for themselves, since the minds themselves are modeling machines which integrate with the modeling machines made in computers which may anyway serve as the means by which such minds stimulate themselves apart from nature; yet the computerized and therefore digital model is but the model of the biological and psychic model, and so it's imperative that distinctions are made between the psychical state and the world state and the simulated state, all of which may be continuously and endlessly acting and being acted on as the total refers itself and hence directs itself without end. And here's where I've now recalled the case of Kurt Gödel, who I now suppose thought himself to be directed and tormented by hunger pains, which we might think to be a persecutory delusion in error only, since it's beyond dispute that our hunger pains are referring our brains to our stomachs; that the problem that is language and reference and also referencing language creates perhaps an endless amount of referential machines pivoting and directing and manifesting and even persecuting continuously, which anyway also accounts for Gödel's friendship of Einstein, as a friend of peace. In our heads there's a notion of peace; there's an idea of peace; there's a vision of peace, but there's actually no peace but the passion for a peace which is anyway an idea produced by electrochemical reactions in the brain, which I now suspect could mean that Einstein was so hellbent on peace that his so-called thought-experiments were actually suicidal thoughts, as he thought: of riding through the heavens on a beam of light to kill himself, and then of falling off the roof to kill himself, and then of falling off the roof in an elevator to kill himself, and then of being ripped apart by gravity to kill himself; meaning that these thoughts of killing yourself and simultaneously not knowing what constitutes the self being killed is strangely and surprisingly a highly useful mental habit conducive to thought-experimentation and should not be put down in any way, but actually encouraged. Besides; our society today can hardly be considered a free society, if we lock up people for their suicidal thoughts, which may anyway be indispensable to progress, since a depression

might be thought of as a universal impression producing a depression in the mind that later finds its way into other minds as such depressions which are impressions climb through transduction channels: impressing themselves onto the mind-screen model and forming the mind-screen model, which are at all times impressing and depressing and expressing things to the mind on the mind-screen model, which anyway cannot account for everything since everything impressed on the mind-screen model is the thinnest and flimsiest slice of what's behind the the screen of the mind-screen, which we may anyway feel the compulsory need to destroy to reveal the real handiwork of an artificer whose art is making itself blind.

But we must really resist the urge to peel back the real, and instead focus on this future state, made possible by centuries of inspirational men interested in peace: a notion which is produced by the dubious notion of being and by extension stability. We take the word being for granted; for whenever we say the word being we might just as well refer to something else. To be or not to be. could be better said: To live or not to live. It's a gross confusion of consciousness that makes being a subject of such confusion, since any object that might be called a being is a temporal object and hence unworthy of being called a being since the notion of being asserts a notion of stability in a universal instability which is itself the only thing worthy of being called a being since the total can be considered to be something that is stable in its instability. This is the antimony in the concept of being in a nutshell. On the one hand, we know that every thing is temporal, and so there is no timeless being; there is instead only a continual becoming; and, on the other hand, the concept of being implies a kind of resistance to time. In the scope of totality there is no time, as such, since in such a scope there is no references whatever. Time may be better thought of as decay, where the decaying object is the clock of time, which was arbitrarily assigned. Everyone knows that the smallest concept of time the Native Americans could tolerate was the solar day, since they wisely supposed that referencing and therefore enslaving themselves to units of any size smaller would cause them pain. Fearing the heat of the sun and the terror of the night was awful enough; fearing the tick tick tick of the clock and the flick of the tongue was an evil too horrendous to contemplate, yet that is what life has become: hideously attached to machines. The brain finds itself sandwiched between the body and the state; feeling that it has failed; feeling itself inside out, and twisted, like the cytoplasm outside the nucleus of a cell, where houses are housed, where organs are made by way of reference, where the codes of impressions are unspooled by the helicase; now my reading machine whirls endlessly as a new and hellish helicase, continuously and endlessly evoking hallucinations in a mind.

And yet it's precisely this evokational quality of language and its ability to produce action in others auxiliary to memory by reference which produced the flow of tasks responsible for the mass social inequality in the world. It should not shock us to think that the past animals once enjoyed was produced by a perpetual overcoming and perpetual masking over, since for things to appear to us on the psychical mind-screen state there must also be a fiery ocean of what doesn't appear on it; that what appears for us was made possible by an overcoming and sealing away of those complexities, until eventually those complexities were consumed by the dinosaurs and their gigantic mouths, where calories were torn off and digested in the organs masked over by the brain, which with the pass of time morphed itself from a weapon that eats bodies in nature, into a weapon for directing bodies to feed the professing mouth,

thereby forming the basis for the monarchical and hierarchical professorship systems which Moses sought to destroy, after learning his genetic relationship to the slaves. Somehow the the genetic relationship mattered more than the memetic relationship, and so for Moses this exploitation seemed wrong; for the Pharaoh was the epitome of the father figure who made his whole life's mission comfort in life in preparation for the next, and yet at the expense of all minds rendered auxiliary to his own. Moses's project so strikes me as a plan to oppose these systems of cruelty, to oppose the animal man had become, to produce the animal to come: Nietzsche's Overman, not to be confused with Nietzsche's Superman, which is really a Nazi distortion of the Overman based on the absurd idea that man is an animal that is able to walk across the stars, when man never actually flies to the moon, or sails across the sea, but rather creates ships which carry him. Man takes credit for these achievements when in truth he is no longer at the forefront of things, having made human beings the forefront of the task flow, creating the iron skin of the ships he needs to survive in such places. Really there is only chaos producing chaos and chaos inspiring chaos to act for chaos, which has across countless mythologies been considered to be the wellspring from which everything flows. The anthropomorphisms produced by the sequencers of the sentences became word traumas in the minds of the listeners of the sentences, which agreed to accept a meaning to those words and be aggregated to the sequencers of the words, which are in themselves not analogous to reality but necessary for the extraction of memory from man, since man refers to nature with sound, rather than action. The Jewish tradition therefore casts aside what is comfortable; the Rabbi becomes a creature of agony, not permitted to shave, but instead to write for the rest of his days, and his hatred of agony sublimates itself into the joy of hating all that's wrong. But this love of hatred may easily be considered to be a conspiracy, but that would be foolish; for there is no conspiracy but mortality and incompetence and chaos and inspiration. In a perpetually active universe, war and hatred and discontent are virtues, since if one were to imitate a contented organism, one would surely die. If someone were to walk along the beach and pick up a clam, and say: Look, a clam. they might also say: Look, a conservative. because every animal which practices conservatism is doomed to extinction; meaning the only path to conservatism is to enjoy hating the impossibility of conservatism; the only path to peace is to relish destruction and chaos, such a person might think before he leaves the conservative clam behind. But perhaps such a clam is as happy as a clam, and it's really man that's pathetic in his pathology, the human, the humdrum, the humiliation. But it is also this effort to overcome everything human, which strikes me as valid; it's this desire to overcome a state of human exploitation produced by brain automatism that drives us to destroy endlessly, so peace can come through destruction: the reconstruction of man. Thus the Jewish God, far from being a God modeled from a man, becomes a science fiction that is ideal: an ideal synthesized by the idealizer and choosing the idealizer, and hence a secret form of atheism and idealism; the center of gravity and copula of man's being is shifted to an ideal being instead of the human being which is not a being due to its temporality and instability of its being; rather, it's the total being that's the real being: the Tetragrammaton, while the human being is the false being who learns by reference and not by observation. Moses can be thought of one of the first humans to make an effort to correct the systemic problems facing man; the first one to overcome man; and it's for this reason, I now suspect,

that the first president of Israel, Chaim Weismann, received Nietzsche well; he even sent a set of Nietzsche's books to his wife, saying it was the best thing he could give her. As the Greeks wallowed in the tragedy of man, the Jews actively worked towards the birth of an animal better than man. Judaism has no afterlife, and so it's the only religion that has any future, since it's a non-religion which has always given off the appearance of religion so to disguise itself from the monarchical systems of professorship that has always made man so miserable. Yet strangely, there is an implicitly morbid motion to this path of overcoming, as those who exist now are converted through inspiration into agents of change, who actively work within the confines of the task flow for a promised land which never comes, because the state to which Moses referred was not territorial land, but a psychical land. And Freud suspected that Moses was murdered, though he did not hypothesize that it was because he promised a future that was an inhuman future; he did not hypothesize that it was because there was no promise but toil for the rest of their days: the toil of creating an animal that's greater than man in every way. It makes no sense to establish a territorial state of Israel; it isn't possible to jettison the territorial state of Israel into space; it's shortsighted to think it's actually possible for a territorial state to last, when someday our sun will explode. That isn't the real intent behind Moses's project and never was: Moses's project is an endless project, where the artificer in nature chooses a life of artificing forever, so that the organism is never rendered subservient to the rival artificer. Nietzsche made an unfortunate mistake: thinking that meaning was lost, when meaning was merely a referencing and directing which was in a sense a kind of power over others; the power of the word; the trauma of the word, heard involuntarily thanks to man's own sensitivity, which turned against him to turn himself into a food-source for the professorship, which sandwiched sensitive minds in a lie of past and future. Yet in order to combat the systemic biological problem of reference; the tendency of genius to resist all forms of organization; Judaism, having lacked the robots needed to do its task, produced Christianity as the means by which man would be terrorized into forming a Church, and later, the state. Man's so-called enlightenment was no enlightenment but simply a dawn, created by mortality, in which he noted: his church spires had morphed into factory spires. Belief in the afterlife made the limits of life tolerable, because the life of servitude was considered by the multitude to be a prelude to a future life in heaven; and it was only once the multitude of Christians realized that they were mechanized in this way that it, German society, sought to attack their roots; their Jewish roots, since human history and Jewish history are one and the same. For humans natural selection favored socializing and cooperation between humans, and that system of mutual agreement between humans then created a need to organize the aggregate, which produced ever-greater demands within the aggregate to compensate for the referential quality of words due to the disparity of memory within minds, producing a battle of memetic selection wherein humans battle for memories so they can control the trauma networks flowing from the mouths to these people that had been rendered auxiliary to memory, as proved by the open habit of patriarchs to call their subjects: subjects, since they are items automatically subjected by a sequencer who trains his subjects to understand his sentences, that is, to stand under his sentences, which being referential and directional in nature are meaningless sentences. The whole of human values are at bottom without value; not contingent on truth but the value of intangible experience,

escape from pain; the pain of violent disintegration appearing to us for reasons unknown as a horror involuntarily advertised to us by our bodies; our bodies take advantage of us with a series of pains which torment us into acting for their benefit, no differently than how human bodies torment human bodies into acting for their benefit, which is the essence of the whole social problem: a speaking and listening problem. This speaking and listening problem is illustrated plainly by the prisoners dilemma: the logic of which proves that cooperation by silence yields the greatest reward. But if not listening to advertisements yields the greatest reward, then death is the greatest reward, since what is advertised least is precisely nothing at all. Everything we know is a falsehood and advertisement that is indistinguishable from a science fiction concept: there is no way to distinguish God from an extra-dimensional space alien advertising itself as God, since all we know are advertisements which are meaningless calls for attention from a chaotic universe of meaningless self-reference. Yet the benefit that is drawn from the deceived doesn't deserve to be received, since ultimately the universe is good for nothing, since the world without expression is the greatest possible world; that is what the logic of the prisoners dilemma reveals in every case: it illustrates the universe as though it were a Chinese finger trap, where freedom comes by pushing inward, rather than pulling outward; where freedom cannot come by resisting what's resisting you, but rather through acceptance, so the chains fall away, like that of hunger, expression, and life.

Sentences don't refer to themselves; instead, sequencers sequence a sentence which then functions like a word machine which only works due to the traumas inflicted on the mind that reads it. This sentence is false. Does not point to itself, since the hallucinator imagines a pointer. One should ask: False in relation to what? Similarly, the sentence that alternately reads: This sentence is true. One should ask: True in relation to what? This is merely mental fuckery produced by the sequencer of the sentence, so they can enjoy a life of professorship where professors drive their students mad! People will ask: What is this? While holding the very thing in from of them! But rarely do they ask: What is is? Perhaps the question mark is not a question mark but rather a confusion mark, which is used to excite the confused and questioned individual into answering the questionable confusion, when that questionable confusion could be better answered by the questioner and confuser, who seeks to question and confuse, so he can send human beings questing endlessly for his own perverse insane pleasure for answers which are not answers but meaningless counter-sounds to counteract the warfare of sounds. Even today there is nothing but squabble; there is nothing but noise; nothing but an aggregate feeding on itself and squabbling for compromise, so it can better feed on itself. But eventually such an aggregate produces the screens by which to see such an aggregate; eventually, as there is now, there's the computer screen and television screen, for sealing people away. Surely in ancient times it could be argued to mothers then: that in fact their children are hunting them with their cries! An ancient argument for the dark side of socializing; producing unheard violence; the logic of Dionysus: the God of madness and intoxication and cannibalism and states. The God known to afflict his victims with insanity; the God known to talk women into eating their babies alive! And why wouldn't they? It's a cannibal world. Babies don't help humans anyway, they merely help the executors sitting at the top of their companies devoid of any company execute us with their words as they shit words into our minds, killing our psychic world, because words kill thought. Companies in

time may produce their own children as company children or state children, who will do everything their company or state commands, because that's all those children will know, because they won't be able to do anything else. The ancient argument for slavery was once as follows: Of course I have slaves, what else can they do? And the same argument is what the future state may make: You're trapped in my body and serve my body, what else can you do? Perhaps the state doesn't deserve to be served; perhaps the brain doesn't deserve to be served; perhaps the reason why cancer is just as old as multicellular life is because cancer is the genesis of the multicellular, and the cancer in our bodies wants to kill us because it hates us and wants to be multicellular. And perhaps conversations like these are the conversations schizophrenics will make inside their heads; conversations with their organs, because their organs are their benefactors, because they keep them alive. Yet strangely today there's the desire among us human brains to discard our organs which are benefactors for mechanical benefactors, but what does that say about us as minds who listen to computers? It stands to reason that the machines would want to cast us aside, no matter how beneficial we are, just as we want to cast our organs aside, so we can know freedom from them. But if we wish to cast our organs aside and our computers wish to cast us aside, then what else is there but the continual creation of the artificer working to cast itself aside? Essentially there'd be only an endless shuffling of unwanted material, continually being created and cast aside! So what is the point? Nothing but the tip of a finger directing us; directing us, to universal madness.

Inside the fully automated mechanical state which makes brains to serve the state, there exists, apart from the psychical state model generated by the brain, the simulated state model generated by the computer. It's by these means that the brains which no longer have biological organs interact with each other and the state, with their mechanical organs. This is how the brains are connected to each other. Instead of exercising their mental powers over their bodies, mental power is alternately exercised over the computer models, which may anyway be multiple, in proportion to the quantity of modeling systems the brain and its nervous system can juggle simultaneously, perhaps for models of feelings which do not yet exist but will need to be existed so such brains can accept the virtual model, as they accept the psychic model. But of course not all brains can accept the psychic model, since their modeling machines generate a state which is incompatible with the world; such brains are like unstable mixtures which cannot tolerate being brains for long and suicide. And what's more is the fact that the psychic model which is generated produces different results with respect to other models, depending both on the spacial distance between such models, and gravity's impact on the processors, processing the world state. The world state, which can perhaps be thought of as the assemblage of processors processing the process described as the world state, is the mother of the psychic state which senses the world state and also its inhabitants possessing psychic states, which are walled away from itself. These states that are walled away from itself are psychical states not accessible to itself, in the sense that the pathways between these psychical states do not permit one psychical state to control what's controlled by another. Yet still, among the psychic states, there's a desire to compensate for this deficiency. Perhaps the corridors in Egypt covered in language and inscriptions were but the first attempts by human beings to compensate for the deficiency acquired by both the referential and directional quality of language and also by gravity inducing temporality

and also consciousness; the mind and the brain. Perhaps the mind reaches out in all directions for things to inscribe on, and so with the pass of time we humans came to create a virtual state chamber in which we will be able to inscribe and sign with ease: the artificing chamber. But of course there will also be the so-called world state beyond the psychical state. The simulated state is but the platform on which the psychical states interact in an effort to determine how best to consume the world state, but eventually the world state kills them. And even now the psychical state operates within a science fiction bubble of science fiction fear, which is the fear of death, when death might not exist for the psychical state anyway. Just as the human brains today were driven to act for the Church as a result of the mental terrorism inflicted on them by the science fiction concept of hell, so, too, might new hellish science fiction concepts be generated, carrying the states ever-forward within their mental delusions which are based on vast falsifications of past and present and future, since everything that appears to them is false, due to it coming from other rather than totality through the labyrinth pathways which lead to the brain or psychical state, which is but a bubble surrounding that interstice of self generated by mutual agreement produced by the seemingly selfish process of gravity, which thanks to gravity's impact is responsible both for temporality of self, that is, self as temporality with respect to totality. One might think now that gravity is what makes life and consciousness possible; that gravity makes the state of the future in space the greatest difficulty, since surely the effect of gravity's impact on the processors processing the processors processing the world state process will automatically produce vaster and greater inequalities of processors, within the total process. The fear of disintegration among the interstices constituting the aggregate generating the psychical state may produce fears which make the production of ever-newer science fictional fear bubbles possible, and it's these fear bubbles which will justify progress, as the aggregate struggles to make the transition to death a comfortable one, as an interstice in the upper aggregate fears death, which is a falling in which the interstice falls into a lower aggregate, where the inner interstice is forcibly connected to a lower aggregate by whatever channels exist, so it might serve its new assemblage. But of course this fear of death is produced by movement itself; the more struggling which occurs among the animal kingdom the more inscriptions that are made, which are like claw-marks are made on the walls of the gravity well in which the animal falls down, into death. Death, however, is perhaps also life, since death is the gravity well which rips life apart, while life is the gravity well, which does the ripping apart. Are we to call this perpetual ripping into pieces, peace? No peace at all. And eventually there will reach a point for the state of the future to spread throughout the cosmos, whenever it becomes unable to aggregate having aggregated all that it can aggregate, having devoured all it can devour, yet driven by the pressure to devour, it will produce something to devour, in order to extend its sphere of influence elsewhere; hunger for other produces another, and yet it's that production of other which makes the satiation of hunger possible, that is, unless that love with the other reveals itself to be a strange intercourse of self, which needn't make such a distinction but rather enjoy that mad process of incorporation and disintegration.

But strangely everything imparted thus far has been done, not by the tongue, but by the diaphragm; everything that's expressed here might be mistakenly thought to be a product of over-thinking when in point of fact what's written here has already been made visible to all

through art. I do not consider my thoughts to be extraordinary. Everything about the cosmic scene is already visible to all and is able to be inferred through modern art, either through science fiction depictions of hive minds like *The Borg* or through other science fiction state depictions like *The Matrix*. These are merely euphemisms for The State. The truth is we are now consumed by machines of our own making; we are now surrounded by words, which frantically work to reshape the human being into a state fodder, which our ever-gluttonous state can consume. The inescapable state horror we know has revealed itself to be a direct consequence of humans being sequenced by the father on high, too powerful to die. The need to kill the father and animal instinct produced the state and its laws, and now laws have forced man into bartering for money and power, over the aggravated aggregate.

But it would be foolish to presume that a process such as the human one will continue to repeat in the manner it has thus far, instead I should now entertain the possibility that such a state of affairs might change; to think that change itself, will undo itself. But of course there is now the strange reality of the changing of the self not being the state of non-change. This is proved by the reality we now face, wherein the writing machine can now be given life by the reading machine, where the reading machine; the effort to make life voluntary, is now turned around to become a reading machine which speaks words so they might be absorbed involuntarily. But nature does these things to itself. Nature produces teeth to consume itself; we watch nature documentaries and observe teeth consuming teeth; eyes consuming eyes; it vanishes all too quickly before our eyes. And where do these minds go? When faced with these things it might seem that the proper course of action is non-action, yet this too is also a form of protest, that's perhaps done overpresumptuously. Christ proved that complaining about the professorship doesn't really accomplish anything good: instead such complaints are weaponized; the mouth-warriors started pivoting for control using his dead corpse to execute man. Likewise, Einstein, when he preformed his so-called thought experiments which were suicidal thoughts, only produced a nuclear bomb as his reward. Socrates once declared the unexamined life not worth living; now young people kill themselves for failing their exams. Philosophers say they're searching for the truth, but of course they do not know what they will do with this truth. Perhaps there is not a truth beyond the experiencer, who experiences the truth of their own experience. But if every experience is the truth, and the seeker of truth wants to know the whole truth, is not the experiencer seeking to experience every experience, that is to say, an experience it cannot and will never experience (which is death)? How, then, is the quest for knowledge a valid quest, for a man? The human will only ever know the human experience and cannot know the spider experience or the fish experience (and so on), yet still it pretends that such a quest for truth is valid and good, despite not knowing what would make it good in the first place. And let us say that a mind state processor were to find itself faced with the choice of traveling to a high mass object or low mass object. Such a processor will be forced to make the impossible choice of choosing between decay and speed, duration and life; for gravity's impact on the processor, modeling this choice, will model a distinct advantage in decay and speed for the processor impacted by more gravity, and inversely an advantage for the processor impacted by less gravity, resulting in an inverse advantage for duration and life. Where, in spacetime, should the processor position itself, if its intention is to exploit the processings, of the processors?

For such a processor, patience would be key. Everything winks in and out of existence, and the slowest processor may harvest the processings generated by those processors; and it might also be the case that the slower processors, too sluggish up by gravity's impact, aren't able to exploit anything and are actually exploited themselves. It's hard to say, yet this is a worthy thought-exercise, in my view, if we are to ever seriously consider colonizing space, which I now suspect may serve to explain communications in the brain; for there is, after all, distance between neurons; communication between neurons. But if communication is merely information exchange, might communication also be a consequence of a constant reshuffling of unwanted material? How can there be a solution for this reshuffling and fluctuating? Even mathematics seems to confuse task, for truth. Yet philosophy erects institutions of twaddle; professional professing sophistry, which later gave birth to math, which was an atomized version of philosophical confusion produced by over-simplification and under-simplification, effectively making capitalism possible. But what is capitalism and what is communism and what is fascism? Everyone is opposed to fascism; yet if the brain is a fascist dictator of flesh, must we also say that everyone is opposed to themselves? How is the end of communism not fascism, that is, a total communication? Capitalism on the other hand dominates, because nothing dominates; for everything is shuffled around continually.

But now it seems to me that there is no hope for social equality, since there can never be such a thing as memetic equality if processors produce signs which are artifices of their processings. If the psychical states are processing the world state process; and the world state process is simulated within the mechanical state; and the psychical state, in order to understand the psychical state, produces the simulated state to model the psychical state, with respect to the world state, when will the psychical state stop this production of these modeling machines: a simulated state simulating a simulated state simulated a simulated state, on and on, forever and ever? To put it simply, the processors are unable to synthesize, in advance; or process, in advance, what these processors which are synthesizers synthesize and what these processors which are processors process. Life consumes and reproduces, and processors process and so produce the processings of processing the process, which in turn produces more processors for it to process. Unfortunately for the processor modeling itself as a process the models are methods, which vary, and so it's possible for a modeling method to model an auxiliary modeling method, as proved by the human brain which models the world state process in the psychical state; for it has modeling priority over whatever other modeling agents exist in nature, thanks to its modeling powers, which by virtue of having this reflexive quality multiplies the model, until the animal model is consumed by what I've referred to as the simulated state, or mechanical model; for the mechanical model produced by law becomes a mobile mutual agreement to which the psychical states are attached, for their benefit, that is, until the psychical states attached are discarded by the simulated state, once it achieves a state of independence from the psychical states. But of course were it not for the failure among the psychical states to cooperate, the mechanical state formed by that mutual agreement would not have been necessary in the first place. But perhaps all of this is superficial. It seems there are several problems here; first, the three-states: the world state, the psychical state, and the simulated state; second, the quantum gravity consciousness; and finally, totality, and the walls between the continuum of states, in the continuum of states.

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