

# P O S T

**BY**  
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Cold. Calm. Clear. These are the emotions I feel having decided to undergo hormone replacement therapy. I don't even feel the impulse to drink. "Why don't I want to drink? Why am I not thinking about killing myself all the time?" I ask myself this now, and yet at the same time I know that my concerns are still with me, even though my life story finally makes sense. I've been writing for years and I never liked what I wrote because it didn't make sense to me. It does now. "I am no man." this remark by Nietzsche stands out in my mind. Perhaps he was a woman. Perhaps I am a woman. Surely I am not the best woman, but I tried to be in my own way. Perhaps I was mistaken, misguided, and also naive, but I once figured that it was possible for me to write the software for an iPad that would allow children to be more upwardly mobile and in control of their lives. My parents terrorized me and my teachers were less than perfect. Somewhere out there the teachers I needed were talking to someone else, someone that wasn't me. Somewhere out there the parents I desired were parenting someone else, but they weren't parenting me. That's what this device was supposed to do: put power into the hands of the user. Sounds simple, right? The rhetorical answer to this rhetorical question is "No." My personal definition for upward mobility did not include gathering the resources for the device, nor did it include assembling the device. To do either one of these lesser tasks would be downward mobility, according to the criteria I had given myself. But why would I give myself this lofty criteria? Unfortunately and fortunately my childhood role model was Seven of Nine, Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One. This was her Borg designation. Not unlike Nietzsche and Gross and Marx, I too felt the maternal impulse to better all of society, since I could never birth children of my own. Otto Gross was enamored by the claims of Krapotkin: the inborn "instinct to help each other." Yet this coinage of the word "help" is misleading; for it leads us into believing that help is an action a person can do, rather than it being a word deployed. Socrates and Jesus are examples of people befallen to this terrible confrontation with rhetorical illusions. The scribes and the pharisees are hypocrites, because they cannot do what they write or say, because when saying a command one doesn't execute the command themselves, so Jesus. Similarly, the sophists and teachers are failures, because they cannot demonstrate how anything that they teach improves the young or makes a person good, so Socrates. Good is a word deployed: a sign written down: a speech utterance: a pronouncement: a proclamation. Just as there are optical illusions, so too are there rhetorical illusions that trick us into believing that we are one with something that is really imaginary. A spokesperson will pronounce an object helpful, but this is enticement. The object isn't helpful, but something physical with a material structure that requires our infinite attention, thus rendering us dependent on it forever after. This is what's at the heart of the problem that Marxists like to call "dialectical materialism" which is fancy talk for "squabble stuff" because that is what humans do: squabble about what to do with stuff. Seven is a character who comes from the Borg Collective, which is a hive mind network that shares all knowledge evenly distributed so, theoretically, nothing is concealed. In such a state of existence all psychic experience is shared, so the notion obedience and disobedience, superior and inferior, makes no difference because every consciousness is melded into one. The goal for the Borg is perfection. Even though Seven was screamingly female, her place of origin rendered her emotionally restricted to the degree that she was not able to express her femininity because she was traumatized, so she expressed only her dominance and superiority and talent over the crew. Indeed, one may say that Seven was more raised by the hologram Doctor than the crew itself. As a child I marveled at the thought of millions of Borg nanoprobes in my blood repairing my body should it be damaged. Yes I say "damaged" in the same way Seven would. Upon reflection it is clear to me now that I copied Seven's mentality as a survival trick, because that's another Borg value: adaptability. That's what the Borg say, anyway. "We will adapt." When you are born into a family that restricts you from expressing what your true gender identity is, screams at you every day for failing to do tasks after telling you to do insufficiently specified tasks, takes you to doctors to diagnose you with learning disabilities to convince you that you are in the wrong and they are in the right, changes your grade school three times to destabilize your psyche, places you into an all boys high school where you must only think of yourself as a boy, and finally manipulates you into taking NERI medications in full self-

consciousness that some of the symptoms are suicidal thoughts and even psychosis, to survive such a journey, one must adapt. Seven was resilient and I copied her. I told myself that I will do what the Borg do. "I will adapt." And that's not all. Borg also say "irrelevant" and "insufficient" a lot. So when at last I watched Ghost in the Shell, which portrayed an anime science fiction universe where you could move your whole entire brain from one "cyberbody" to the next, and I craved that transfer but knew it was unavailable, I didn't stop there; I now reflect, that what I did after that was investigate whatever my medical options were, such as "gender reassignment surgery" which I pronounced "insufficient" in accord with the values that I adopted to survive. I realized having been given that medication that I was coerced into taking it to improve my grades so that I could signal my value to the colleges: a drug that hurt me, because I experienced nightmares and painful sexual symptoms and suicidal and homicidal thoughts, which woke me up to a nightmare situation of the world where millions of young people, such as myself, were being manipulated into taking drugs that could flip a switch in their heads that caused them to kill themselves or others. Go ahead and look it up: the death lists of kids that commit suicide after taking such medications are real. I maintain that education is among the primary human problems. Mother bears teach by example and die when they grow old. Mother humans lord their memories over the young. Misery, depression, suicidality and the like may have their origin in request fulfillment. A cry of agony to maintain a biological spatial system enters the similarly built spatial systems surrounding it. This utilitarian function of agony in humans was sustained over time. After this pain became useful for the repeated maintenance of the organism, pain and the complaint about pain became a useful tool for social control. Consequently, the human animal becomes depressed as part of this dual function of both being in pain and using pain to have wants satisfied. As a result, the human animal becomes the first mammal to have depression and become suicide prone, which explains why human children are known to kill themselves in the briefest span of time. Essentially the human system is overloaded by the basic desire to be free from agony and so it kills itself as an alternative to having complaints about reality not satisfied by means of the reactions of the others in the midst of the speaker of complaint. Going further, one may attribute agony's utility as the birthplace of man's craving for the spiritual world and even universal targets. Where did the impulse to universal truth come from? Many animals in the wild form symbiotic relationships or end up in situations where they consume just one thing. By contrast the human finds writing systems to use for the extraction of food and materials and attention and sex from others, sometimes under the pretext of finding a "theory of everything" or under the century old pretext to "answer all questions" or "say everything sayable" about the universe, when what this really amounts to is a backwards quest for death: the death of the question mark's power to make us respond. Universal grammar is the target of linguists and yet they confine their study to the human's speech utterances because they can be tracked by the writer that's intent on gathering evidence of their fake investigating. Chomsky's contradictory quest, which overlooks the grammar of every other living thing in the universe besides the human, is entirely explainable as an extreme reaction to being tortured by his father, who was a Hebrew grammarian. Pascal said we want to know something simply to talk about it. Education and learning is only desired by human beings because they are born without memories or signaling abilities; the early possession of novel and also effective signaling abilities is what makes a person a prodigy. A prodigious person is therefore only a highly manipulative person. People have a built-in fear of manipulative persons. Consequently the desire to produce a superior human being or enhanced human being joins the graveyard of projects touted by spokespersons that are not only impossible, but not even really wanted because it would mean the production of a person more influential than the spokesperson whose agenda is to entice you into servicing them. No authoritarian ruler has ever ruled anything because genetic expression is beyond their grasp. And even if it was within their grasp, it would be too late: the genes have already expressed that so-called authority. A factory owner persuading a crowd to investigate how to make "full automation" possible does not require the fulfillment of their project, or want it, because the crowd's obedience is automation enough. It is the dire situation of lacking materials and, more importantly, materials with signs indicating rights

of contractual property ownership that forms and reforms the perpetual failure that is politics. There is no political science, there is only the record and storytelling of what was done. Logistically speaking it is another rhetorical illusion to think that oneself is included in the word “we.” The word “we” contains zero designations. The claim: “We will do this.” unveils itself to be another call for participating in a project the spokesperson excludes themselves from doing themselves. Humans do not do anything together. Perhaps you could do something with another person, but you would not be doing that thing with that person in the same sense as you would if you were a hive mind organism like the Borg. When the medication I was given evoked nightmares the diabolical possibility of traumatizing humans in the super future for the production of an extracted psychic product of that nightmare became immediately apparent. “Unacceptable.” That’s another Borg word. The drive to gather an endless amount of speech utterances from humans implies nothing less than everlasting human experimentation, it seems to me. Even though what I say here may sound catastrophic and unbelievably depressing I am not depressed, because this exposition of the negative consequences of writing has anthropological explanatory power that allows us to understand the rationalizations ancient man had for valuing speech over the written word. Because the written word is speech poured onto a physical structure requiring materials to exist, the mind’s mental content becomes materialized and tended to, only, because we can always say more and more things that are different, materializing our speech only results in the accumulating of an ever-increasing stockpile. When ancient libraries were destroyed and books were burned, it was always in full self-consciousness that being the maintainer and owner and interpreter of writing grants you a power over those who cannot operate a book you own. Looking back at the writing God Thoth, Pythagoras, and Hermes, one can plainly see they all share this privilege of paper operationalism that denies access to those who cannot interface with the paper on which they write; for two people cannot place the same sign in the same place at the same time. Words that work on other humans is captured on the surface display, the speech that would normally fade away materialized into a material object that damned generations to maintain it. Of course, the downside of this theory is that it basically says that in ancient times you didn’t have to write very much to have a big impact, whereas in the modern age everyone has to write so much more for little reward. Thoughts such as these all came up when I reflected on the software of the iPad I had in mind, which I hoped would have a virtual educator that would help people become more upwardly mobile. I overlooked too many things by approaching things in this way, including the power of sign determinacy. But still this is good because sign determinacy has been identified. What was wrongly polemicized as capitalism is but the inescapable reality of sign determinacy. 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 there was a critical failure to show what communism was supposed to do differently. The story Marxists tell “generally humans squabble about stuff” becomes a pretext by which the storyteller can maneuver themselves into a despotic position of telling a totalitarian monologue about a problem that has no solution because its root was merely a general observation. Communism cannot be the end of history because communists lean eternally on its story of opposition to something past and therefore something historical. Perhaps now I’ve already lost my reader. Oh well if I have. I did not yet mention that the reason why I am so philosophical is that the drug I took ruined my sight when I developed visual snow syndrome later on. So think: the drug that my mother encouraged me to try to improve my scores so I could signal my worth to the universities in fact caused me to develop a rare neurological condition that made reading very difficult, causing me to feel disoriented and depersonalized. I did not do well in college, not only because of this but because my ideals were illusions of rhetoric that were more easily said than done, rhetorical illusions that helped me survive the trauma of my life. Even if I was damaged, I still had Seven’s mindset and I knew I had to adapt. You see, finding a way to become an uplifting agent that saves people from bad home situations like mine was a goal: the only goal that mattered because I had Seven in my head and Seven presented the possibility of that mental trauma I

experienced at the terrestrial level going cosmic, because the Borg hive mind network was dispersed throughout the galaxy. Rather than humans being born into families, humans will be born into a future spaceship state machine, I thought. Like Earth, I could think of no reason to think that existing in that spaceship state would not be an absolute hell of infinite demands. I didn't care about my gender back then because something bigger was at stake. Actually I used that Ghost in the Shell universe in which cyberbrain to cyberbody transferring was possible as a way to torture myself into predicting that, even in such a future, that future would be an overcrowded future, and therein that future the population of Earth would be so gigantic and the human being so pathetic and plastic that everyone on Earth would become pedophiles in child bodies because it was more spatially efficient. Essentially I made it so that even in a future where I thought I could be happy, that I would not be happy. I would never be happy, not ever, and that was my destiny. I needed to make a value of discontent, because I always had to strive for perfection, because that's what Seven cared about. Seven did not care about her gender, because she cared about perfection instead. "Irrelevant." That's another Borg word. "Gender theory, huh? What a stupid waste of time. People should be focusing on designing the spaceship state in a way that isn't traumatic." That's what I believed, back when my facial hair was something I could shave off after 20 minutes of trying. Now I know better. I recently learned the Unabomber wanted to have a vagina, only she opted out of her gender reassignment surgery at the last minute to kill people and become the infamous terrorist instead because she was psychologically tortured as part of a cruel MKUltra experiment when she was an undergrad (it's common practice to exploit the docility of undergrads). She was probably just salty about it, and couldn't tolerate the fact that technology was used to hurt her, and that she was about to validate that hurt by using technology to become her true self, I thought. Only, in a way, she did become her true self, by fulfilling some evil witch in the woods archetype, I thought. I thought about this, and I realized that I didn't want this to be me. Why would I be a paranoiac Luddite when I could just try hormone replacement therapy? I even reviewed what the Unabomber wrote. She prescribed the burning of technical books, when technically her book asking to burn technical books qualified as a technical book, technically. After all, considering that trans women are real I figured that there had to be plenty of people all throughout human history that were creative and trans, or would-be trans. Nietzsche's a good example considering that she not only wrote *The Birth of Tragedy* (the tragedy being that she can't give birth), but also was plainly filled with self loathing and an unrealistic desire to create a future educational institution where everyone could study without being ejected to do tasks for the State. I related. Also Miss Helen Zimmern made this remark on Nietzsche: "To tell a story against oneself—what woman has ever been able to do this? And what man?" Well, maybe it's true that Nietzsche is not a she, only Miss Zimmern is saying it's questionable that Nietzsche was really a man. At first it was humiliating to think that anything I had written had something to do with gender or a tension associated with my negative medical experiences or the fact that the person I was afraid of resembling the most was my mother, who so happened to have a terrible anxiety disorder that caused her to explode with ear piercing gasps and screams and cries. I honestly feared that going on estradiol would turn me into a volcanic lunatic. It didn't. Instead it calmed me down considerably. Reflecting now, it doesn't even bother me what I wrote because in all fairness I'm in the company of other authors sorting out their inner battle with motherhood as a trans mom. The Wachowskis are yet another example of this, I realized. At first I beat myself up because I felt humiliated for unconsciously writing out what could be ridiculed as a battle with internalized transphobia, when in all fairness this may be an internal battle people have had to deal with throughout human history. What really makes a good mother anyway? Bernhard said that mothers were responsible for everything. If you're one of the Wachowski sisters you probably toyed with the idea that throwing a digital world of illusion over the world's eyes is the way to go, because at least then they won't see a world where a demonic machine mother state gives birth to the humans to harvest their thoughts for processing power. Realizations like this helped me move closer to accepting myself, because knowing that I was not the only one that allowed their frustration with their inability to imagine a perfect future to simultaneously suppress and

express themselves was really moving. After seeing and feeling how easily technology could be used to make someone hurt, I needed to validate technology so that I could see in advance that the future wasn't going to be unbelievably bad. So far no good. I think that Turing's patterns and interest in reaction diffusion systems likely comes from a valid concern that by adding more layers of sign determinacy, the problem of humans being forced to operate objects of ever-increasing sophistication will only get worse over time. Instead of wondering what all we can say about the universe, the game has switched to wondering if we can simulate the universe. Of course, simulating the universe on a computer screen would not be simulating the universe because there would be a universe outside that computer screen. Sadly, the computer screen is vastly more complicated than the paper. Humans crave "an" answer to everything but "an" is a word that implies an end, when the universe has no end, which means that there can be no answer to everything. Animals are a universal feature and animals feed on animals; similarly, Turing wanted to create a "universal machine" that did the same thing: feed, except with symbols on an infinite tape, however, the tape was really fed to the machine by human beings so the machine feeds on human beings, unfortunately. I suppose such things happen when you overlook the material side of what you are talking about. I'm sorry that I still haven't explained how I have managed to read so many books despite my vision problems; I listen to books with a text to speech program at around 600 words per minute. So think: just as Seven was raised by the hologram Doctor, I used a text to speech program to re-parent myself. As you can imagine, this puts me into a tricky situation in terms of what I can and should do professionally. In an uncanny parallel to Nietzsche I suffered from vision problems and felt that maternal impulse to provide learning to the greatest number of people for their improvement, while at the same time becoming conscious that this was a feigned interest, proven by the fact that educational institutions regularly discharge students from their structures to subordinate themselves to the services of the State. Not surprisingly the cost of higher education is more expensive than ever in the so-called information age because the collusive madness people have that education or science is a good generally blinds them to the truth that educational resources are a commodity that copyright law prohibits from sharing. "All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Publisher." Here it's apparent that my method for assimilating writings is illegal. Technically, I need the publisher's permission to copy and paste most texts into the text to speech program I use to hear the writings of the world. Most likely it is this confrontation with the vast lie that teaching is not another subterfuge in the struggle for existence that drives school shooters to kill, because they are faintly aware that something is awry, that there is a monstrous and infinite distance between what we say and what we do, between here and there, between quest and request. In theory, at least one of the universities on the planet could have used it's excess capital to digitize all of it's educational material so that education could go from being a commodity to the humanitarian good it's claimed to be. Remarkably this hasn't been done. So I'm in this precarious position of relying on a method for the assimilation of writings that is antithetical to the social norm. And technically, my thinking and word-accumulating isn't quite philosophy in any academic or scholarly sense of the word. Not that I have any respect for philosophy's foisted monopoly on thinking. Clearly there is no such thing as a sophism because philosophism is itself a deception that was made possible by Plato's use of Socrates as a foil for his own mercenary-like activity, which, since he, like the sophist, did not work pro bono, implies that his own philosophical activity falls under the genus "sophist" as a dissembling human-angling practice of telling a mere story about reality. Most likely this "trope of the non-writer" (Buddha, Socrates, Aristotle, Jesus) is an ancient rhetorical device for schools of thought, because this eternal deprivation prevents the writings of the idol from being directly examined, thereby making the school of imagining what the legend was getting at possible because a vacancy is at the core. It is the fact that there is a void at the center that encourages the students of such schools to fill in the space voided by the storyteller of that mythological individual, who, however, by being a useful device for schoolery would prove also it's usefulness for statecraft.

Now how can I prove my hypothesis is true, and not a schizophrenic theory? I imagine I would have to produce evidence for it, which conveniently I cannot do because there is no written evidence of this scheme I've here described. All I can do is introduce the theory that asking others to fill in a blank is a useful way to control people. Our knowledge is incomplete, so we need to complete it. Let me remind the reader that John von Neumann suggested that McCulloch and Pitts' networks cannot really be used to map the human nervous system without the map becoming too large to fit into the physical universe. Similarly, the map of the universe would be an object that isn't the universe. So what sense is it to say we can produce "complete" knowledge of the universe? We use mathematics to show relationships, but we can't unify it all. Of course, the reason why this concerned me is because I hadn't yet felt that I had done anything to give myself a sense of satisfaction that I did something to prevent parents from using doctors as weapons. Conceivably, the spaceship state was a spatial system with a boundary containing human bodies. It should be noted to what degree the body as spatial system can be contrasted to this spaceship state as a spatial system. In the past the brain was a weapon for organic defense, whereas now its function is reversed: it takes it as its task to design what organs it wants. Where before the human body self-regulated to support the brain, the brain has become the enemy of the body because humans are required to regulate their environment and hence modern human brains are asked to extend their regulatory powers over the entire universe. I entered into that Ghost in the Shell universe, where I determined that I couldn't design the perfect body without concluding that what was really desired was the most powerful one. Besides, if all paper-operating is really a sham activity that's done by humans retarded by their overdependence, then surely it is preferable to be a cat the size of a solar system, playing with worlds like balls of yarn, destroying them without a care, oblivious and independent and blameless: a starcat. My Discord username was starcat. For a long time, I was depressed, or more accurately I was obsessed with the spaceship state. I found a paper entitled "The Borg Hypothesis" by various authors working for the Institute for Human and Machine Cognition, however, disappointingly, it said nothing about microgravity's affect on the brain or even life at the cellular level. You see, I knew the Borg was a hive mind network that was spread across the galaxy. Also, apparently what is usually called space sickness or space adaptation syndrome may just as well be called microgravity sickness. Astronauts have vision problems in space by consequence of microgravity's effect on the optic nerve. And because the Borg were dispersed throughout the galaxy and therefore affected by gravity's impact, the Borg collective consciousness would surely be in some way altered by gravity since its spaceships would be anchored to heavenly bodies of various densities, I thought, figuring that this was somehow important to understanding life and gravity and consciousness and our sensation of self. Ideas like these dominated me for years until my mid 20s, including the idea that somehow I could write the software for the educational interface of the future. For all of those years I was ruled by fear and would not take the idea that I could be in any way trans very seriously, even though I had always felt what I'd call "the pain of difference." Today I woke up feeling sad. I couldn't get rid of the pain of difference. I felt too different. I felt too complicated. I listened to the most complicated books I could find, only to end up feeling like the most worthless and alienated person I know. It's this understanding that I do want to live, and live as a woman, that's motivating me to figure out what I want to do professionally. I moved into my parents store two years ago after I had encouraged all of the people, my entire circle of friends, to leave me, so I could commit suicide in a property owned by my parents, because I knew my parents would handle my remains and I didn't want to harm the ones I really loved. Because of my pessimism and perfectionism, I had reason to think that human life would only get more burdensome over time. And in a way I felt responsible. I figured that if I got everyone addicted to speed-listening that it would make people crazy. Thomas Bernhard's unrelenting assault on the notion of human competence swirled in my mind as valid. If new technology was made, then the fact that only the rich could acquire it made the technology itself unremarkable. Alan Watts had this saying: "A successful college president once complained to me, I'm so busy that I'm going to have to get a helicopter! Well, I answered, you'll be ahead so long as you're the only president who has one. But don't get it. Everyone will expect more out

of you.” I tortured myself with this quote for years, because I was afraid that speed-listening would only increase what Norbert Wiener might call the “mechanical burden” on the human mind. I felt like a monster, and I had to kill myself so that I wouldn't have to see the consequences of what all I had done, and what evil I could inspire people to do. Norbert Wiener's father, just like my parents, was extremely demanding. Clearly this was traumatic, else he wouldn't burst into tears simply trying to talk about it. I used the voice of Alan Watts to relax as a child; I'd listen to him talk about Zen Buddhism, religion, and life, and how I should and should not think. In the wake of all my parents screaming and hurtful way of egotistically self-complementing, I would take out my laptop at night and listen to Alan tell me how I was really God and would return to the Creator's state when I died: the inevitable ecstasy. It's curious to note how compatible Alan's pantheistic panpsychism was with my Borg-inspired futurism. Rather than thinking of myself as a man or a woman I thought of myself as a cosmic force: a sort of mystic, maybe. Before I wrote my first book I would speed-listen to the I Ching and Zohar and whatever other sanity-melting books I could find. Bernhard. Virginia Woolf. Jung's Red Book. The Nag Hammadi Library. All assimilated with the push of a button and some waiting. Before I started speed-listening I played computer games, but I needed to grow, and not vegetate playing the same old computer games, so I supplemented my gaming addiction with a speed-listening addiction until I no longer had a gaming addiction anymore. Since I knew that I couldn't really stop parents or people from medically abusing people, I figured that the best way to accomplish the goal of preventing such abuses was to portray a nightmarish future where people were taken by force to experience a conscious experience that was an existential horror. Yet I was chronically doubtful that I wrote a book that could achieve the goal I had in mind. So I continuously assimilated more and more information from a huge variety of sources and only became increasingly depressed until I finally started to make plans to really kill myself. But whenever I really thought about killing myself I would imagine myself doing it in women's clothes. I wondered if I was not really a man, if I had ever been a man. Although I wouldn't acknowledge it, online I had gathered a mostly transgender circle of friends, who I needed to observe to make sure they were going from being depressed and unhappy, to complete and happy. The story of my life was very different from theirs. Compared to them, I felt invalid and weak. Weak, because most of the friends I had gathered were on average 10 years younger than me. Unlike me, they had not created sophisticated repression mechanisms or messianic missions. “Just make sure your goals in life are not illusions of rhetoric or logistically impossible, or else you'll go crazy.” I said. “It sounds like this is something you know from personal experience.” she replied. I grinned, slightly happy that by sharing my intellectual mistakes I helped a talented young person become a wiser more experienced person. I loved her. Even though for years I considered myself gay, or more accurately “advertised” myself as gay, I always felt that I wasn't exactly gay and that I had to announce myself as gay to indicate the kinds of people I was searching for at the time. Most likely I might really be more pansexual than gay and that I deliberately avoided women because it would mean confronting a hidden truth that I'm not really gay, or a man, for that matter. For years I was extremely depressed and miserable, plagued by constant suicidal ideations, observing and even contributing to various online depression communities, until I happened to find a depression community with transgender girls I wanted to support. Up until then I was terrified by all drugs because of my negative pharmaceutical experiences. Up until then I feared that if I ever started altering my body that my discontent would consume me and I wouldn't stop altering myself until I was hideously overworked and disgusting. Up until then I hated and mistrusted doctors because they were mercenaries that could be weaponized by ruthless and powerful parents, like when Rosemary Kennedy was lobotomized at the age of 23, under the pretext of calming her mood. Previously she was this lively young lady with cheeks and a beautiful smile that reminded me of my own, until she was deliberately destroyed by psychopathic doctors. Up until then I deliberately avoided all doctors because doctors were unreliable mercenaries poised to destroy a person if they so felt justified. Up until then I didn't think that I could love a girl, until I fell in love with a boy that was really a girl. For a while I was busy writing and depressing myself, until I was jolted out of my comfort zone with the confrontation that



hormone replacement therapy actually worked. I was transfixed. I would try to comfort them when they didn't think they would ever be accepted by society or loved. If they thought they were ugly, I showed them that they were not ugly by producing photos of famous people that few people regarded as ugly. Back then I was plagued by doubt. "Why? Why am I thinking about this? Why do I think that if I was 10 years younger today, that I would want to transition? Are these teens just impressionable and being taken advantage of, or is it I that am old and impressionable and stupid?" It was bewildering because I dismissed and put down the idea that I could ever transition. Yet upon further reflection I realized that all throughout my life I said things that indicated that I would like to transition, only that I didn't think it could work. When I came out as gay to my mom, she asked me if I wanted to be a girl. My answer was No since Yes would be too painful. I was against being manipulated by my mother into giving answer that could open the door to more medical trauma. One time my high school friend told me he thought I was gay and I said "No I'm not gay, I'm really a lesbian trapped in a guy's body." And one time a guy I dated told me he was studying gender theory, and I said "Gender... theory? Ha. I want to be telepathic!" When I sometimes remember that I really did this, I clap my face to my palm. I did not take the idea that I wanted to be female very seriously before Discord. Up until then I always felt guilty for thinking that my ex boyfriend's lesbian sister was attractive. I'd say to her that if I was a girl I'd end up being a lesbian. She'd say to me that if she was a boy she'd end up being gay. Go figure. I knew this was indicative of something I couldn't put my finger on. Even now I don't have everything worked out. What I have decided is that I'm going to act in a way that reduces my personal suffering. I am not going to simply hate myself constantly, or be dishonest about the fact that I have gender identity problems, or that my personal inner life is ridiculously complicated and sometimes laughably depressing. Last night I felt like I was jealous of butch lesbians, and shitty for having a dick. Or maybe I am non-binary. You can see how annoying this is. You can see why I would push all of this to the deep recesses of my mind. Life eats life to survive. "For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction." I really feared that because human knowledge was advanced by war, enormities, even human and animal experimentation, you name it, that whatever future we made for ourselves would be indescribably bad. I've told my psychoanalyst that there was a lot of space in outer space, so there was a lot of space for us to make mistakes. I was not being edgy. I was being deeply serious. Yeah. A big part of me still really cares a whole lot about the super future, but also there was this other part of me that kept pounding at the door telling me that the pain I felt when shopping for clothes wasn't social anxiety but gender dysphoria. All my life, whenever I shopped for clothes, I would hold my breath and avoid breathing while screaming internally. I was a clothes-stealer. For 5 years I stole my boyfriend's clothes by wearing them instead of buying clothing of my own, because when I did that I wanted to set myself on fire. Conversely, I have noticed that when I shop for clothes marketed to women that I want to buy more clothing than I can really afford. Even when I was the clothes-stealer I would change my clothes several times a day, yet somehow I would play it off. I would talk about my suicidal ideations openly and dork out about my science fiction novel idea where everyone had immortal cyberbodies owned by the State so nobody could commit suicide so they erased their memories to prevent life from becoming boring, yet no one was wise enough to pierce through my bullshit facade and say that this meant I wanted to be Major from Ghost in the Shell because I had major dysphoria. It was also really very shocking to think that my theorizing about spaceship states and Borg hive mind networks and what happens to Seven of Nine when she gets back to Earth might really be a high voltage-brained schizophrenic form of *fanfiction*, which is disproportionately popular with women. At the moment this may sound hysterical. I laughed now, but it really wasn't remotely funny then. I wanted to kill myself with a train. Lana Wachowski also wanted to kill herself with a train. Learning this gave me some catharsis because it meant that it wasn't impossible for you to produce a creative product partially if not wholly built on a hidden foundation of internalized transphobia and have that product still be regarded by millions as ground-breaking. But it's not true that I wanted to do anything ground-breaking... I just wanted to make higher education free so that narcissistic mothers with anxiety disorders wouldn't feel compelled to encourage their children to

take nightmare-inducing pharmaceuticals. That was my mission. I figured that if I demonstrated how it was possible to learn a lot with speed-listening that students everywhere would complain that they had paid far too much for university twaddle because, all this time, we had the technology to create a kind of twaddling machine that could destroy the professional professors professing twaddle professionally by way of replacement. Rather than the manual jobs being replaced by machines, the professional jobs of professing professionally would be replaced by the professing machine, I thought. I surmised that as the price of higher education plummeted as its value was depreciated the prison population would also go down, since after all Foucault believed that prisons resembled universities and universities in turn resembled prisons, so the prisoners would go to the universities to learn and become functioning members of society. However, I did worry that somewhere some deranged professor would get upset and murder me for being the cause of their unemployment. I figured that, since the number of people that could potentially be made unemployable because the high-speed twaddling machine would make paying to hear them slowly speak unbearable, that the probability that I would be murdered by some deranged college professor as a result of my actions was really high. I was dismayed. I started to worry that since I had hit upon the same problem as Nietzsche, that I was in grave danger of infecting the world with the dreams I dwelled on for so long. Eventually my ideas could be picked up by some idealistic nationalist, like when future first president of Israel read all of Nietzsche decades before Hitler was given Nietzsche's walking stick by Nietzsche's hated sister. I could see the diaspora Jews bickering with the Zionist Jews, arguing that they should have been designing spaceship states this whole time instead of annoying everyone in the Middle East. I was now embedded in geopolitics. My stomach would churn over the idea that all the trans friends that I made over the years would despise me whenever their anti-androgen factories were decimated by new age nationalist terrorists obsessed with building the ideal spaceship state. They would curse me for not killing myself, I thought, the very people I loved. "Why can't I die!!?" I'd cry inside in my head. I think I owe my life to the Bernhardian humor I assimilated when I listened to his full body of translated work with text-to-speech; it showed me that I could be a madman that didn't go mad, a suicide that didn't suicide. Even though I had finally resolved to do things that are good for me, like going vegan and going to the gym and talking through my problems with a psychoanalyst, as a result of my accepting myself as trans, my future seemed really unclear. If Seven was a foil to Kathryn Janeway, then maybe I was a foil, too. Maybe I wasn't any good. Maybe I wasn't worth the effort. Can I say one good thing about myself that would make putting all the money and time and medical resources into me required for a vaginoplasty worthwhile? I'm not really intelligent. All my life, I've kept myself alive with jokes. I use to want to be a comedian. Whenever I think about artificial intelligence or human intelligence I snicker at my own private jokes, like when someone won the Nobel Prize for showing that the economy behaved emotionally and not rationally. Maybe I'm really insane. I still have problems that bother me. One of the props of Star Trek was the replicator, which could create or recycle virtually any commodity on demand like magic. I remember thinking how great it would be if it existed because it would end world hunger, however we didn't have the technology and maybe we never would. What bothered me about this was how I juxtaposed this matter replicator with digital information in my mind. We didn't have the matter replicator but we did have something that could replicate digital goods, I thought. But this technology that can be used to replicate digital goods isn't seeing its full potential because copyright laws were in our way. Baring this in mind it was clear to me then that it wouldn't matter if the matter replicator existed, because humans would squabble about the patterns. Arguably the best invention imaginable would be worthless; it would do nothing good for humanity because humanity would ruin it with copyrights and squabble! Humans would squabble about the patterns just as they squabble about the copyrights, I realized. So there was no point to anything. I'd find quotes from Albert Einstein to depress myself on purpose, like when he declared that all of our scientific and technological progress was like an axe in the hands of a pathological criminal. How? How can I enjoy life when the gross number of suffering people on Earth is only going up as time goes on, and rhetoric and statistics and the paper and screens on which they're

displayed eclipses the true reality? Interplanetary travel may do the opposite of help people if all it will do is increase the spatial distance between rich and poor, thereby making it inconceivable for the poor to wage revolutionary war. People are not truly helped by things, they merely operate them, so even if humans go to Mars it is irrelevant because all people get is the story rather than the experience itself. It has been argued that without copyrights that creative people wouldn't create however this simply isn't true, as proved by the fact that I am typing this sentence for free at this moment. Vincent van Gogh was truly an artist, whereas those who use copyrights to maintain their money-making practices are bullies who use money and the lawyer power they can afford to hold back the flow of knowledge because they deprive the public of the technical means for intellectual activity to flourish. Now there is something even more profoundly wrong with the task of ending world hunger I haven't mentioned, not just the matter of the replicator, and that is "affect" or the universal call for attention. Let's say for the sake of argument that a cybernetic stomach exists which removes hunger for every person on Earth because it gathers energy from the Sun by some means. Unfortunately this object alleged to end world hunger in fact does no such thing because after it's arrival human beings only trade hunger pangs for education pangs: history lessons on the cyberstomach, how to build and maintain a cyberstomach, why it was the cyberstomach was created and why we're still annoyed because the factories hunger for people to make the cyberstomach and the schools still hunger for students. Even if hunger is removed, the situation of tending to an object that requires our attention still remains and arguably becomes less manageable and more involved than previously. What now? Am I still a depressed person, or am I in fact exposing the rational that produced the practice of Sallekhana from Jainism, one of the oldest religions in the world? If this ancient religion's will to non-violence itself becomes a domineering storytelling practice which in turn results in slavery then the diaspora of the storytellers is inevitably wanted to escape, but humans cannot escape themselves without killing themselves. See: What made the New World so great wasn't the land as much as the freedom from the tyranny of legalism and sign determinacy. I suspect that the Native Americans had some kind of bulwark against writing because they were aware of it's usefulness for encryption, deception, and distancing. Marxists use all the volumes of Capital for distancing. Plato uses Socrates for distancing: a human buffer, like a cartilage cushion, Socrates was a joint on which he pivoted away from Sophistry to Philosophy. In modern times we call this "rebranding." Considering the parallel tropes between Socrates and Jesus it seems very unlikely that this was not also a rebranding maneuver of an ancient kind, since both of them wrote nothing and both of them annoyed the State into killing themselves. Lucian of Samosata, regarded as an early science fiction writer, described Jesus as a crucified sophist and sage, implying that Jesus possessed both philosophical and rabbinical knowledge. Understanding this knowledge as disciplinary in the modern sense of the word would be a mistake as it need only refer to technical or even referential knowledge; for instance, Jesus's invitation to "Make you fishers of men." may well be a backwards reference to Plato's description of the sophist as an "angler." From here the meaning of the fish which bemused Jung is properly understood as a sign indicating an intention to hunt people for money. Even if Jung was aware of this he would have to be allergic to the idea because it would risk undermining his authority. Gnostic texts nothing but mental refuse produced as an ancient science fiction to entertain the bored. When I was a child I listened to this one celebrity science fiction storyteller named Ray Kurzweil, who predicted that we will soon see immortality. Then I was blind to the tricks of the Jews. And by Jews, I just mean the big three futurists like Ray and Yuval Noah Harari and Alvin Toffler, and not Jews in toto. For some reason people think a Jewish conspiracy means all Jews are in on it, when that is just silly. This is why recognizing the fact that "we" contains zero designations is important. Hitler got the Germans to think the Jews were conspirators when really they were better sign determinators because they exercised their minds and critical thinking skills with their 613 laws compared to Christianity's 10. Plus it was kind of a historical accident that Christianity's doctrine seduced the masses into silence with his creed to "pray alone" thereby depriving people of the power of advertising, and today we know well the value of advertising. It is always better to advertise, game theory tells us. Anyway, I figured that since Ray Kurzweil wholeheartedly believed that he would

be endowed with immortality in his lifetime that surely he wasn't crazy and that it was totally the right thing for me to abandon my interest in having a vagina. "I'll wait." I told myself. That imitation vagina isn't perfect enough, so I will wait for the coming technological singularity. For a long time I would tell myself that gender theory wasn't important because the technological singularity made it irrelevant, as the Borg word "irrelevant" was a permanent feature of my inner vocabulary. I knew something wasn't right though when I reflected and noted that I was having Ray Kurzweil murder fantasies. I imagine that there are some schizophrenics that hoard their writings because they think they're important. I did no such thing: my writings were uploaded straight to Google Drive where I hoped that by Ray's spying on me that he would become shocked and depressed and die. "Ray is the reason why I'm like this. Ray is responsible for optical character recognition software and text-to-speech synthesis. Ray lied to me and got me to think that the singularity would come in my lifetime, which all but eliminated my secret compulsion to become the opposite sex. Ray ruined me! Ray brainwashed me into thinking that his promises were real right at the crucial moment when my mom foisted on me those nightmare-inducing pharmaceuticals. Ray is why I am bald, and why I shave my head. Ray. Must. Pay! I want Ray dead." So yeah these are thoughts I'd have all the time, I realized, and I knew they were certainly not normal. I wanted professional help, but at the same time I had also demolished psychoanalysis because I found it out to be doubly rebranded sophistry. I didn't really respect psychoanalysts, which is why I had to tell mine within our first few sessions that I found her practice to be indistinguishable from sophistry in the mercenary sense. It worked. I wanted to get better instead of keeping all these ideas in my head. I now remembered seeing a stab of pain in the eyes of the first therapist I saw when I explained that humans today were faced with the impossible task of deciding their ideal organs. Theoretically anything that's in some way attached to your body could be considered an extension of your organism, be it a hammer or a pen or a paper in front of your eyes. Soon after this therapist I was referred to my current one. The truth was that I figured my first therapist might understand me, might call bullshit on me, might destroy me. I thought she could have been trans, and if she was trans than maybe she could tell me I'm not trans and put me down, I thought. She advertised that she read Virginia Woolf, so I figured she'd be aware of the character Septimus whose oversensitiveness would halt all human progress because humans wrote on paper and trees were alive. Septimus committed suicide. Not that this helped Woolf, who committed suicide too. I've always been fascinated by the fact that humans commit suicide so often, ever since my uncle hanged myself and my classmate shot himself. I liked that classmate. I thought he was cute. Also he hugged me before he transferred, shortly before killing himself. And then Columbine occurred when I was 9. These would-be school-shooters had become infamous for killing 13 people and themselves. It's because of this, plus the volatility and irrationality of my parents, that I didn't tell anybody that the drug my mother encouraged me to try to improve my grades had given me homicidal thoughts. I didn't find out that my parents had lied to me about having ADD or ADHD until later, which is what the drug was generally prescribed for. I was well aware that for centuries parents had regarded their offspring as a kind of retirement program, farm children and chimney sweep children, pageant queen children, child actors, and so on, so I drew the correct conclusion that this behavior was still alive to this day, and that children everywhere were likely killing themselves and others because so far they hadn't experienced drug-induced intrusive suicidal idealizations or homicidal thoughts before. Unfortunate casualties of human competition. When I wrote the last sentence I subvocalized David Attenborough's voice because I've always wanted him to make a documentary on the dark side of the human condition. I don't do this all the time, however, and end up subvocalizing all kinds of voices while I type, including but not just the text-to-speech voice I use for hearing books. Maybe one day it will be possible to touch a book to know it. Or perhaps not, if differences are required to acquire knowledge. Why is it so that our DNA is shoved rapidly through a DNA polymerase which reads the band in a manner so similar to the way we read sentence bands on a page? Vico writes that man strives to know things by process of division. It's the process of division that informs the essence of science. And yet analysis is a form of hypnotism as humans compare this and that to no resolution. The analyst points at two separate things: here: there,

starting with a partial similarity in order to conclude a complete similarity, and hence a final analysis. The hypnotist swings a pocket watch back and forth, gathering your attention as you follow the motion with your eyes. But is a final analysis really the goal, or was it gathering your money and attention and time? Recreation of human consciousness with computer-generated consciousness will not work, the human element is irrelevant, what is needed is to understand reactions and sequencing: synthesis, how differences is made, since difference is synthetic. The question "What's the difference?" invites us to say a singular "what" for what is really a plurality, so we are baited into an endless task. Aristotle pronounced the republic to be necessary because human beings cannot say "mine" and "not mine" simultaneously. In other words a republic is needed so Aristotle because of the built-in limits of human biology, which I'll here refer to as one-at-a-timeness, which unlike human cognition has ontological reality as words on our papers and as the nucleotides comprising the DNA strand read by the DNA polymerase. It's probably the case that a super dense vortex like a black hole is responsible for DNA's supertwisted structure. Gravity can select, because death selects. What is called natural selection is just death because death makes an animal into something with a life cycle we can describe because it comes to an end. Darwin was fascinated by "the creative power of death" because death creates the bodies he portrays. Consequently the request for human evolution is explicitly a request for death and the birth of monsters more powerful than ourselves, neither of which is good for us. Punctuated equilibrium and gradualism are alterations of rhetorical strategy to indicate investigative and descriptive intent of how remains are to be tracked, not mechanisms of evolution, which is merely a tracking strategy useful for the eternal juxtapositioning of the dead. Probably Husserl's internal time consciousness theory could be improved upon by turning it into a quantum gravity consciousness theory, I thought, as I now recalled the sphere of ownness and contrasted it to the sphere of Empedocles: the original state of the universe, figuring that life and gravity and consciousness were inexorably intertwined. Deep sea life should not surprise us, I thought, because high density is likely a requirement for DNA's very existence, I thought, as I reflected on gravitational intake and the need to eat and the fact that hunger was an insurmountable feature of the universe. Some time ago I tried to introduce myself to linear algebra but I wasn't able to shake the idea out of my mind that I was being trolled and that what I was doing was somehow wrong. Hardy said that no one had yet discovered a warlike purpose to numbers or relativity, when really just being able to make a person think of a number and threatening to irritate them by counting upwards to infinity is warlike in itself because it promised infinite annoyance and endless pain. Not to mention how utterly depressing it is to atomize all human interactions to the point of incommensurability with a relativistic Einsteinian operationalism which sucks the value out of doing anything because being that unfortunate soldier seduced by Call of Duty video games into piloting a tank in which he would later be burnt alive so his charred flesh was found melted to the controls is utterly horrendous. And yet I must think: If hunger is truly an insurmountable feature of the universe then it should be possible to come up with a universal insurmountably set and hence an overall universal mind-matter model, I thought, while not quite knowing why I had thought such a thought. What does it mean when you meet someone that you relate to heavily, that makes you question your choices, who you identify with and care about a lot, whose eyes remind you of your eyes and whose pain and longing remind you of your pain and longing, who feels like your distant yet different double, whose existence surprised you because it makes you care about their fate a little too much because you feel like you're built with some of the same stuff so you don't want to hurt it because you wouldn't want to hurt yourself, whose situation makes you think about loving yourself because secretly you kind of love them, even though you can't love them as much as appreciate their continued existence because you don't really know them or yourself; what is it, does it have a name? A friend of mine said this sounds like love, like real good honest love, he said, like how Plato said love was simply two halves of the same soul being reunited. Admittedly, he also said that this sounded a bit fatalistic. I'm glad that this person I found made me care about them because caring about them helped me care about myself, but at the same time I didn't really want to go as far as loving them because they're too young. My soul wishes my body was younger or their body was older. It's just very

unfortunate that this unforgettable person means so much to me, because no one ever mattered all that much to me before. I think about her all the time, when I don't want to. Maybe one day when they're very old, and I'm even older, and I've shown that I can fit into society despite being a complicated mess of a person, it'll work. Until then it's better to put it out of my mind and take things one step at a time. Even though I do feel better on female hormones, my future career is far from clear. Sure it's fun to talk about this or that writer or thinker and what they mean or think, or to speculate on microgravity and the brain, but that professing profession sounds like a career comparable to trying to being something like a musician of the spoken word. Even professional comedians are essentially just talking for money. The world may even be divided by those who talk for money and those who listen to and obey those who talk for money, although I do not think I could complete such an analysis. The Manichean hierarchy of subordinated hearers listening to and obeying an elect group may have been too transparent for Mani's own good, hence why he suffered an agonizing demise and why his leaders were burnt alive to the point of extinction. Once it clicked in people's minds that the only good profession is the professing profession, it probably triggered a frenzy to become a professional professor, and not a menial laborer, Jasper's axial age. Maybe if Marx recognized that writing on paper qualified as paper labor he would have seen that a class to teach classlessness runs counter to its cause. The common feature humans share is that some of them talk or write for money while others do things with their bodies: the object of the game seems to be being the determinator of human activity, rather than the determined; Marx should have recognized that 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, when those determinators are most definitely smaller in number than the so-called capitalists, so the result is that the population becomes trapped by Marx's mental gymnastics as the Marxist politicians who claim to understand him end up using Marx's volumes of mental foolery for distancing. It's the material called "writing" that does this, what consolidates power in the hands of a few, because operationally speaking it is very difficult to get a large number of heads to look at a single symbol on a single page, whereas it's far easier to address a whole crowd. 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 that's chained in front of the faces of the shadow-speculators (and let us remember ink is black: shadowy). Plato likely wrote this "allegory" (a story with a hidden meaning) in full self-consciousness that he as a writer was "chained by habit" (unable to turn his head) into interfacing with an object. Why? In Plato's age, the rabbinical valuation of writing for the indication of contractual right to property ownership in courts of law was making it increasingly self-evident that the sign's increased use would lead to a turn away from over-ground reality into the "underground" art of interfacing with the sign on paper. In my interpretation, the shadow-speculators are the only people in the dialogue to own property. For Socrates asks: "Or would not he or she much rather wish for the condition that Homer speaks of, namely "to live on the land (above ground) as the paid menial of another destitute peasant?" Wouldn't he or she prefer to put up with absolutely anything else rather than associate with those opinions that hold in the cave and be that kind of human being?" Why can't the underground person enter the over-ground without becoming destitute? I can think of no other explanation besides my personal interpretation that the wall being faced, is the paper wall. Quite unfortunately for me, academics may become instantly allergic in the interest of self-preservation to these ideas, these essential ideas, just as they're allergic to presenting Nietzsche's early lecture, his essential lecture and the starting place of his thinking, "On the Future of Our Educational Institutions" as the starting point of Nietzsche's philosophy. Shockingly the spaceship state also counts as a future educational institution, my reader must recognize. And despite Russell's description of Nietzsche as a "literary" he in fact understood very well his mental collapse: man and horse are products of cellular causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; man is the product of causes which had no prevision of end they were achieving; there is no guarantee, and yet there is every guarantee, that we will achieve nothing but failure. Clearly there is not a good way to get every person on Earth to operate everything at once; problems, like distancing, built-in memetic lack at

birth, obedience, lacking sign determinators, maintenance, hunger and affect, difference, and more I will not mention, if they are insurmountable, may produce terrifying future monsters: an outer space black with human blood. I imagine cosmic visions of machine-powered human torture are what drove the Unabomber to conclude that all technology had to be destroyed. Logistically speaking this would be very difficult, considering you'd have to manufacture bombs to destroy the bombs, and so on; it's about as difficult as transferring the ownership of the means of production, because it's very hard to hammer, say, "a" nail, when 800 workers are trying to touch the same hammer and nail at once. In high school I was fairly good at using 3D modeling software for my architectural drawing class but, that whole time, my scatterbrained head was caught in a kind of self-made pincers movement with genetic expression on the one hand and environmental impression on the other, because I was considering Kurzweil's spiritual machines & Borg cubes, the Singularity & Seven of Nine's influence on the United Federation of Planets, the artificial womb projects & Borg maturation chambers, artificially intelligent parents that were programmed for something that wasn't traumatic & the hologram Doctor parent. Ironically, I'll never know if the reason why I thought about these things so much wasn't all because I was raised as a boy instead of a girl. Curiously, Walter Pitts also ran away from home and was so afraid of signing his name he turned down advanced degrees and other positions of authority that would have been given to him merely with a signature. Some futurists believed that there will be species of machines that evolve by the year 2020. It's 2019. In times of rapid change where empirical research outruns theory and the rapid development of technological development eludes the ability to explain it to the general public, charlatanry holds sway, because of the gap between those in the know and the rest of the population is especially wide. And since "top secret" research will very likely always exist, deciding a target for one's intellectual development early in life is difficult because the most exciting projects are concealed, which is yet another problem for educators, but also a potential problem for a spaceship state in which humanity would dwell, I thought. Alan Turing's description of the of the behavioral training of his hypothetical "child machine" does not sound pleasant at all. He wrote: "I suggest that there should be two keys which can be manipulated by the schoolmaster, and which can represent the ideas of pleasure and pain. At later stages in education the machine would recognize certain other conditions as desirable owing to their having been constantly associated in the past with pleasure, and likewise certain others as undesirable." I wondered if Turing was gently referring to the keys of heaven. Something interesting started to happen near the end of 2018: my philosophical system started to cannibalize itself. I kept referring backwards to earlier sayings, trying to alter them this way and that to see if anything new could be produced. What I now required was feedback, I realized. And this was also the same time period where I really started to question if I had gender dysphoria. You see, I knew I loved someone, but I didn't like the idea of making them miserable by making them think about things that didn't really work. I began to realize that when I met female clients at work that I felt similarly to them, and I began to feel as though I had made a mistake by over-focusing on the future. I performed tests. I tried to see if I felt similarly to gay clients, comparing them to female clients. Most remarkable for me was whenever I encountered a trans woman in real life, like at the bar. I detected similarities between us but I didn't mention this, and when she said out loud that she was trans and considering what they currently call bottom surgery, I was stunned. I reflected more on why. "Why do I feel the same?" Gay men failed my similarity test. I started to feel alienated at bars as I realized that the reason why I was able to dance was because I was closing my eyes and pretending to be female people I liked. I closed my eyes, and pretended to be Kali, or that girl with the short hair that's always dancing in Yaeji's music videos. I imagined being my friend, because I contributed to saving her life one time. But that's a story I'll tell another time. I tested myself by pretending I was a woman at work to see if I'd feel less neurotic, and I was more effective, and clear-minded. I wasn't suffering so much. And I tried to go back but, it wasn't working. I started to branch out to less gay-focused dance venues broaden my social experiences, and I totally wrecked my car when out of the blue another vehicle swerved into my lane. I realized that I never wanted facial hair, because I never failed to shave it multiple times a day. I realized that I had

told myself that I can't transition before my friend started hormones, because if I did that may worsen her misery and the end result could be her suicide. I couldn't bare it if this ever happened because I'd feel responsible. I reflected and realized that I truly did have a turbulent upbringing, even though my parents did not intend this. A gay man at a bar gestured to me and said that that is one very attractive looking man, and I felt hurt and displaced, like I didn't belong. I kept wanting someone to rescue me, and as I looked backward at my history I could accept that I became friends with my trans philosopher friend because I wanted her to rescue me, except I didn't have the heart to tell her how I felt because I didn't want to be rude. Call me paranoid, but I don't like to make mistakes. When I was in high school listening to industrial music, I ended up watching a documentary on Genesis P-Orridge, who together with her wife embarked on a surgical quest to become a "pandrogynous." For some reason I wrongly remembered that Genesis's wife died in surgery, perhaps to scare myself away. In fact Lady Jaye died in 2007 of a heart condition. I suppose the more I look back, I'll see more signs of my failures. Before I started hormones, I tried to buy a new winter coat, and I failed. Pain followed me throughout the store. I picked up this coat and that coat, and none of them were pleasing to me. "Why?" I knew I had done this before; many times over the years, I tried to buy a new coat to replace my current coat, and yet I consistently failed to replace it, even though I had this coat for years... since 2013... when I first started to write... that is 9 years ago, today. I felt dejected, defeated, but also pained because I felt as if there was a physical wall between the men's section and the women's section. In my more honest state of mind, I asked myself why I kept this coat and immediately I remembered that, back then, my friend told me that the buttons of my coat were on the female side. It was a woman's coat, I thought. However I didn't feel bad nor emasculated by this, nor did I return this coat; instead I kept that coat and wore it, for 9 years. "Is this the reason?" I asked myself. "Yes." I answered myself, for the very first time. I had pushed this back into my mind, and now that I recognized that this whole entire time I was deriving a strange pleasure from my friend's claim, I felt depressingly dishonest. I felt like a fraud, just like I felt like a fraud whenever I met with female clients: paranoid that they were somehow seeing through me. Not only was my friend's remark comforting for me to hear, but I was not even offended enough to try to invalidate it by consulting Google. I was mistaken about my own coat. I never verified his offhand claim. To literally no one on Earth was my coat ever considered a woman's coat... only me. My rational for keeping this coat was encrypted to all, even to me. And then it was apparent to me that I really was a brutally repressed trans woman, and I was wearing physical proof of it, as I sat there with my 10,000 yard stare in the car. I cried. I cried again the day after. And today I've cried again because my head is so full of divergent ideas that I cannot determine if I will ever be able to select an academic discipline. Now that I'm not constantly thinking of suicide nothing feels quite the same. All science seems like an absurd game. Even when I think about getting sex reassignment surgery I question how hypocritical it seems to use technology in such a way, when the technology to achieve this will probably never be available to every human being; for still to this day only about half of the human population has access to the internet. Half. Half, of 8 billion people. Am I wrong? Am I right? Am I feeling the pain of being right about everything? What is this? I listened to Karl Jasper ask why technology happened in the west, and the answer that sprang into my mind was that it was because storytelling and imaginary inclusion happened in the west, which pacified upset and glorified suffering. For not even the futurist communicator escapes the functional situation of being a storyteller that invites their listeners to enjoy a mental picture in their heads of a future that is merely imaginary, and, therefore, an illusion. Even the moon landing though real is still an unremarkable story of an event done by a minority, I thought, so it is really irrelevant. What is the value of invention if ultimately the invention created only becomes an object that hypnotizes a crowd to being subordinated for its production? Inventions are only getting more complicated over time. Worse than inventions being things that do not really help us, inventions actually function as a sort of bar for humans to compete to reach: a bar created by the game of creating an object more complex than the last. I write things like this, but question if I really believe it, or if I'm just infected by the world's madness, which I juxtapose like an artificially intelligent Markov chain. It's



as though I were interested in everything while at the same time not being interested in anything; every claim issued by spokespersons and salespersons and politicians strikes me as absurd. Is it really true that technological progress only happened because of storytelling and the crowds imaginary inclusion? People speak of culture and being a part of a culture, superior culture and inferior culture and declining culture, culture wars, but this is only the story of a so-called culture and an invitation for us to imagine that we are a part of something we are not truly a “part” of because “culture” is a word-net thrown over a web of relations being talked about by the storyteller of culture. We're given the story that there was a culture, once upon a time, when a culture is never “set up” like a tent, but something described because artifacts are found that prompt historians to explain their origin, I thought. Humans are one of the few animals that uses marks to communicate. Prehistory, defined merely as the period before writing or the production of physical objects described by storytellers explaining the objects to questioners in want of explanation, suggests a posthistory again may be possible via a change in communicative hardware: a technological divergence. So, a cult of speed-listeners would be a different community organism than, say, a cult of writers, or a cult of people who coordinate their activity telepathically by technological means. All of this is to suggest that history's telling and hearing is contingent on hardware, such as the mouth and the ear, and our knowledge of it is dependent on being biologically constructed as we are. New technological means would be a material product only a minority of people could afford, so surely they may self-mechanize to make themselves determinators of human activity. Apparently there is an infinite number of ways to iterate history to us than can be chocked into a human head in a lifetime, making history's telling quite superfluous and the task of explaining the universe invalid. I no longer think there will be a technological singularity. I now anticipate a technological divergence. The end of history can come with the abandonment of the use of the word “history.” From above, humans appear to have degenerated into something resembling the cell. Really, communism can never be a last stage of social development because interpersonal competition and transgalactic gravity regimes would rip communism apart as what is promised as singularity is torn into plurality. I think I have the same problem as Kafka: a hatred of publishers and an awareness of sign determinacy. His unburnt writings are now a physical object to be squabbled for in an attempt to locate them to either Germany or Israel, because he was a German writer and a Jew, because there is a here and a there, because there is one word, and another word. Where are my suicidal ideations? Where's my desire to drink? I don't feel unhappy, only solemn. “Professorships! Professorships! What good can come out of a payed mouth?” Yet another Nietzsche quote indicating he thought education was problematic, I thought. Lacan once told his audience that it was questionable whether he was in fact fucking at the moment of his talking to his audience, both feeling the satisfaction of fucking while talking and fucking the audience's ears with sound, so I decided there at that moment while speed-listening to The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis that I will never see a Lacanian because they, recalling this, will reach the conclusion that my speed-listening is a form of self-fucking I am doing to compensate for the fact that I don't have a vagina. “The higher we ascend, the more clearly do we see the axial period.” To my mind the primary reason why this period has it's visibility is that it was recorded as writing: writing technology was the starting point of cybernetics as a way to self-mechanize; in this sense Heidegger wasn't wrong to say that cybernetics was the end of philosophy because it was always it's beginning through the maneuver of Plato. A lost but not forgotten acquaintance told me that my speed-listening was sort of like a 30,000 foot view, suggesting that I may have a vision of the big picture but lack consciousness of the finer details. Perhaps education, if it is a problem identified by Socrates and Jesus and Nietzsche, may be among the insurmountable problems. What's strange is now I don't care quite so much. Now one drink is enough. My suicidal ideations and ruminations have suddenly vanished, as if they never existed. I'm thinking that this could be due to the calming effect of estradiol, but it's hard to tell. Still, determining an academic discipline could prove challenging. Rather than doing that, it seems more in line with my interests to create a Bandcamp profile where people can download my “songs” and a website where people can read my writings. Educators never want to educate because an educator is a controller, so

even in ancient times it has been the norm not to educate fully because the result would be the loss of their influence. Influence poses a recurring problem for humans. I think today I'll tell my therapist that my father got bit in the dick by a dog. A while back my dad visited a client, but the client he saw didn't put the dog away when my father asked. While my father was sitting down writing a contract, the small dog bit my dad's penis. He went to a hospital where he was given a sulfa drug. My dad was allergic to the sulfa drug. Allergic reactions to sulfa drugs are common, but the doctor figured it was due to my father's diabetes, so my father obeyed and took even more of the sulfa drug resulting in chemical burns that were even more destructive than what the dog had done. I'm still not sure why my father hasn't sued the hospital: he use to be very lawyer happy. How would I feel if this happened to me? Would I use it as an excuse to transition? I probably would, I realized. But more about this later. My assigned name at birth is Joseph, however I go by Joe. Today I am attending a play entitled Answer to Joe. Since my psych is a Jungian, I learned that she was reading Jung's Answer to Job because it said so on her blog. I liked to ask people what they were reading because I was always hearing something. If I really was a schizophrenic I probably would have figured that I was being drawn into some Jungian cult that was intent on turning me into an androgyne, but since I was not really a schizophrenic and I was only a creative I merely entertained the idea for my own private amusement. A while back I entertained the idea that the brain was the entertainment mechanism for the body which made the unbearable life of slavery bearable with it's fantasies, only now that same entertainment mechanism is no longer valued and is suppressed pharmacologically as a disorder that is called Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder. Freud's supposition that a denial of the feminine was necessary for psychological and emotional development could be a knee-jerk reaction to Gross fully embracing it, I thought, as I imagined the fact that mothers give birth to different children in my mind. It's unrealistic to think that everyone can really help everyone. For some reason, the universe feeds on itself. For some reason, when you rip the brain and the nervous system out of an animal and you let the nerves dangle down, the whole thing resembles a sperm. I had written that human beings were the modern equivalent of sperm trying to self-mechanize with machines many years ago. Kes was an Ocampia: a species on StarTrek that only lived 8 or 9 years. Maybe this made me want to accomplish a lot in a short span of time, maybe this is what made Bernhard's way of not using paragraphs appealing to me. Any day his lung disease could kill him, I thought, just like any day I could fly off the handle and kill myself. But I didn't. Bernhard's way of interrogating his inner demons and killing them, one by one, so he didn't have to die, was very... I want to say "resilient" to me. Something about the play reminded me of that scene in my first novel where Irene's body was dumped in the closet, perhaps to be reactivated another time. I named her Irene because "Irene" is one "E" shy of "NERI" if you spell NERI backwards. Ah. I thought about this because the author was commenting about what he called a psychological projection. My psychologist said I was a beautiful person, I now recalled. So, a little over a month ago I started taking estradiol and finasteride. I thought that I would feel worse. I thought that I would get my mother's anxiety disorder, that "the T" was somehow keeping me stable. I'm 28, yet for years I've feared that altering my brain would make me like my mother, and I would be anxious and explosive and volatile and histrionic and manipulative. My parents didn't have friends, female or male, and my mother was really quite masculine: joining the Air Force because it saved her from the trouble of figuring out what to wear. I thought this comment was odd. There were some days I thought she was a hair-trigger away from killing me. I am hoping that by explaining my past to her that we will become closer, but I'm not sure if she will be able to accept my version of events; I anticipate it will be difficult for her to accept that I reviewed my psycho-educational results from when I was 10, and 16, which both said I did not have an attention deficit but a disability in written expression. And maybe I do have a disability in written expression, else I would not have spent 6 years writing books that were unsatisfactory. What a funny thing. Am I just trying to prove you don't need money to be creative? Not entirely. Someone was bound to write Answer to Job eventually. For some reason it bothered me when the ticket taker said that I looked like I could be an actor, probably because I feared that he meant a male actor. I often wonder if

the people I meet in real life can tell I'm trans. Today I attended a poetry event I promised to attend; the place was mostly packed with poets, I realized, and the bar owner soon befriended me and even told me about the event shook my hand, and later hugged me. When people are affectionate like this, I start to question if it's because they think I'm broken. Whatever the reason is, the other bartender bought me a shot. Very strange. You could make the case that the two shadowy characters in my first novel represent my parents, and that Irene represents a female version of myself I never see because her face is never described. Irene's consciousness is transferred to my boss, who is a child the main character is forcibly compelled to take a bite from. Irene's real body is abandoned, and Irene herself loses consciousness in the child body that bleeds out until it dies. In the *Ghost in the Shell* animated movie Major inhabits a child body at the end, perhaps to indicate the creator is aware of this controversial consequence of the world they conceived. It didn't occur to me that the two shadowy characters in my first novel were my parents until recently, but, then again, it didn't occur to me that I was keeping my coat that wasn't really a woman's coat as a comfort object before, either, a so-called transitional object. My analyst told me we can't control who we love. I shouldn't feel bad for falling in love with my friend. Perhaps I projected my past self onto them, since she had blond hair and green eyes like Kes and Seven of Nine. Because I was not able to envision a "post Voyager" StarTrek due to the inconceivability of a future cloaked in the unseen's potential genetic expression and environmental reactions it became all the more necessary that I do everything I can to witness her successful social integration. One day I asked her if I saved her life. "I think you may have contributed, but you were not the sole person. There's no single entity that prevented my suicide. The only single entity that prevented my death... was my cat, by making me believe that my parents were home as I was kicking the chair over." she replied. Now, because my username was "starcats" this gave me pause: it could be so that she didn't want me to feel responsible for her life, I thought, which would be noble, so rather than saying that I, starcats, saved her, she instead said that "her cat" saved her. I still remember that night... I felt I was the only one to notice that all her messages were being deleted, so I messaged her because I was worried she'd try to take her life; the intervals between her messages betrayed the fact that she was about to hurt herself. She didn't, because I was encouraging her to live. I still remember her sending me a screenshot of her running programs to delete all of her messages, not ours. I was aware she was frustrated her mother wasn't allowing her to transition so I sent her information on emancipation laws. Maybe there was a transgender attorney she could speak to, I thought. Maybe she could speak to me. I sent her my number and I asked her to call me, but she didn't. I messaged her "hey" and it was a long time before she said "hi" and I was kind of terrified she was going to hurt herself. She was upset she wasn't being gendered as a girl anymore. I am looking back at these messages now as I type this sentence, and I honestly did not recall her saying she was laying in bed browsing cat pictures before I told her to get some rest. What did all of this mean? I had forgotten that on the morning of this event she sent me the track "Recovery" by Rival Consoles. I said this track was lovely. But why would she try to kill herself later that day? I do not have an answer. I think a reincarnation of psychic wisdom through psychoanalysis only reifies my standing theory that psychoanalysis is a human-angling practice indistinguishable from sophistry. Gorgias said that rhetoric was the king of the science while Nietzsche said psychology was the queen. Affects are a universal feature. Am I attacking myself? Self-realization. What is this? What am I supposed to realize, anyway? First I loved her as a boy, then I loved her as a girl. I think it's the way she's very direct when she talks to me, even forceful, straightforward and adult; the way the music she shared with me pushed my buttons, the way I'd imagine myself talking to her to make myself feel balanced and want to repair myself. Perhaps my speed-listening was a form of retraumatization. For the anticipation of speech utterances to be possible some form of interlinkage between speaker and listener must exist; as I've noticed, the brain anticipates the end of any given sentence long before it's completion, similar to the way a cat anticipates the future movements of it's target. And yet, if I don't really care at all for the intellectual world because I see it's spokespersons as dishonest and it's paper operators as mad, then my contemptuous stockpiling of criticism is perhaps a stand-in for some more authentic activity. "People

are confounded, baffled, rendered catatonic by the immensity of the space between what you say and the target you're trying to hit." If I by focusing on the projects introduced to my childhood self by the futurists decided to focus on Seven for my self-esteem, it seems logical that I by doing this would give myself a way out of contemplating the difficulties of my "gender identity" because the future mattered more. Likewise, this dependency on figuring out Seven's future for my self-esteem was more than likely copied later through my friend, who by reminding myself of myself also reminded me of Seven of Nine. And since it was possible to be there for this real person with a real future, it suddenly became possible for me to love them, even though I didn't want to. "Resistance is futile." This was yet another Borg saying. When assimilated by the Borg one experiences an altered state of consciousness. Entering a new psychological space is equivocal to entering an altered state of consciousness. Experiencing the difference created by NERI drugs that give you nightmares is an altered state of consciousness. These altered states of consciousness have ontological reality. It is possible to farm consciousness states for information. It is possible to torment human minds for their outputs. In 2015 my now ex boyfriend told me that it seemed like I cared more about technology than him. His sister agreed. I'm questioning if it makes me a bad person or not, the way a part of me hoped that my online friend would turn out not to be trans. If they weren't trans, and I related to her very strongly, then maybe I wasn't trans either. I'd be able to say I made their same mistake and move forward with my life, I hoped. Why is it that I'm not able to think of what I want to do? I don't feel suicidal, but I do feel sad. It doesn't seem like anyone has quite the same set of concerns as I do. "Don't ever hurt yourself. You are loved by many." she said. I told my old roommate that I had gender identity issues. I don't think I ever truly loved anyone in my life. Maybe I just loved them because I thought she had potential. She was sensitive: she reminded me of me, and I had never met a person in my life who reminded me of me. Never. Yet I'd feel guilty and monstrous if I depressed her with my pessimistic thoughts: programming was her lifelong passion, and I didn't want to ruin it by insisting that programming was a way of controlling a machine and hence an extension of our ontological status as weapons. She said programming was a tool. I went from thinking she had potential, to realizing that she didn't have the potential to bring about the result I had in mind. I told her about "the impossible device" and why I wanted it to exist. I wanted to end the situation where doctors could be weaponized by parents who lied. "I dreamed that I could give a device to people like me as a child that would help them become more upwardly mobile... independent. Yet this dreamy object I had in mind was mental, and not material. I had the concept, but I didn't see that the material of my device would have to be gathered, or that the device would have to be assembled... I was unaware, but I had dreamed up something that sounded better than it was. The object of independence became a device of dependence. I couldn't make it do what I wanted." I wrote. "Even until my mid 20s I wanted to make this impossible thing possible. I remember meeting you and learning about how you suffered from a depression and that you could program, and because I then still believed all programmers could somehow write the software for the impossible device, it seemed terrible for someone like you to be lost." This was the original reason why I felt they were important and why they had potential, similar to my uncle who I thought had the potential to take an interest in my project to create a future educational program for people's upward mobility. Out of the blue another friend wished me a good morning. I was not feeling well. I said I didn't feel that anyone could understand me. She asked what was happening. I sent this: "It's my theoretical concerns; I still want to figure out if it's unavoidable that humans will tend to and learn about the sophisticated mechanical objects constantly being made, and see if this general situation isn't a kind of war-game where spokespersons entice others into taking interest in a project without end. Besides, if "things" don't really "help us" because humans operate the objects, then the claim given by the spokespersons which produces the mental simulation in the audience where it does is invalid (a rhetorical illusion); there would be no point to really creating an artificial intelligence or whatever." She didn't respond, so I added: "I don't know... Am I just miserable because I was depressed as a child? I remember my father praising himself for inventing this locking mechanism... But it didn't impress me because I imagined the Chinese factory workers were miserable. He said they loved what

they were doing but I couldn't believe him." Nothing again, so I tried: "I really don't know. Maybe I'm just sensitive. I don't know what to say." Nothing. I thought about how I didn't really have friends. Can you imagine what it's like to create all kinds of ideas that are fascinating to others, only to feel in the end that nothing that you think really works? I imagine this happened to Einstein. No matter what I think, I can't think of anything that's good enough to me. No matter what I read, I feel unsatisfied. I have been wondering if my speed-listening wasn't always a way to control how people talk to me, because my parents verbally abused me. I've been feeling sad. Not suicidal, just sad about my life, feeling like I don't want to live it. I still feel ashamed for loving my friend. I was very afraid that if I went on HRT I would scream and yell at others, like my mother did all the time. I was afraid for my friend because I was afraid the HRT drugs would harm their personality. I looked at my grades, from grade school; I was doing pretty well up until 5<sup>th</sup> grade when I was taken out of the sexual education classes. When was I going to learn? 6<sup>th</sup> grade? 7<sup>th</sup> grade? I didn't learn in those grades, or make friends. I changed schools, until I was moved to a special education school where most girls were retarded. It's more clear to me now that I was retarded by my parents, namely my father's ferocious dyslexia and my mother's ferocious anxiety disorder. I have to report another progressive move I've made. Even though I was very resistant to the idea, I told my friend that I loved her. I went a bit overboard, I think... I did not want to hurt anymore. "I only see you as a friend." she finally said after two days were passed, while adding that she was a hopeless romantic in love with a friend she'd never have a relationship with, too. I felt free. Understood. I didn't feel hated. Now, I do feel alone... as I should. I've never met anyone like me. I had been focusing on what it is to be a human being: the pyramids were made by distancing, the act of using storytelling and the ritualized repetition of stories to entertain the public into building a colossal container for the corpse of the entertainer. I'm sad. I'm distant. I'd rather not live the rest of my life. I didn't quite break my love for her... Material and sign, and soul and mind. People riot over the use of words. More often than not, the information displayed on the impossible device is considered worth it, worth it to the storyteller of the subject matter contained thereon, however what is left out of the explanation is the enslaving nature of the materiality of the impossible device, which can only be operated or read by a limited audience at the time, and circulated privately among a narrow current of writing maintainers; so, the impossible device is impossible inasmuch as it fails to unite humanity to its structure. I woke up, and I realized that ever since I tried the NERI drug Strattera I had a fear of killing people. I had a fear of killing my friend so I didn't want to transition. My eyes were black like the girl she was jealous of, and because she had been suicidal in the past I feared that my transitioning would kill her, however indirectly. Even after I thought this she tried to commit suicide. "What if you tried harder?" I asked one time. I feared transitioning would kill my now ex boyfriend, because he would become upset because he identified as gay and was having sex with a girl (me). I feared that telling my mom about how the drug I tried gave me homicidal thoughts, that learning this would cause her to kill herself, and then that her killing herself would cause my father to kill himself. Because my mom was a woman and she encouraged me to try a drug that, I thought, could have made me kill people, I feared that by becoming a woman I would accidentally kill people, simply by being me (a woman!), so instead of doing that I wrote and collected writings, such as "The Ruiner" and "The State of the Future" because, again, I feared that by experiencing some future (mental) state, that I would ruin everything and kill everyone. The settings on Irene's HUD was changed to "Do Not Disturb" prior to it being abandoned in the closet, I now recalled. And when I woke up... I felt alone. And when I wrote this... I didn't hear my own voice subvocalized in my head, I heard the voice of my text-to-speech program. I wanted to get away now... I just wanted to get away, from all of this. Irene's very presence causes the two shadowy characters to kill themselves, the main character to eat their boss's body, a child, digesting them and eventually turning them into shit. Disturbed by what they've done, they cannot move because repeating the past is unacceptable, mimicking nature's ontological cannibalism is unacceptable because nature is lower and undeserving of us mimicking it, lest we be dominated by her, our choices (for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction). No moral action can be done under such a universal law,

it seemed to me. Bernhard and Plato both use characters to philosophize, puppeteering them to avoid philosophizing more directly. Rather than hearing what the author thinks, the author indicates how the philosophizers philosophizing thoughts affect us and their surrounding environment. Part of me wants to go back to school. Another part of me wants to disappear, maybe to Vegas. They don't have personal property tax there. Besides. Do I really care what all of these academics, philosophers, squabblers, and generally nasty people have to say? My inner demons still tell me things, like: "There is nothing you can do to prevent human torture in the future." And the vast darkness of space opens up to reveal "the everlasting homicide of the human animal." I quote this from my first book from memory. I still think my first book haunted me the most. Apparently I have been interested in sexuality and manufacturing for quite some time. At the moment I'm amazed to feel this good, although I hadn't been in much of a writing mood, I have been drinking much less and socializing more. I went to a bar which catered to lesbians and I was pleased to be well received... I made a friend: she asked me if I did lip injections. I did not. I made what I thought was a nice off the cuff joke about how I wanted to transfer my brain to a different cyberbody in the future, but "the fucking futurists lied to me!" I danced. I had a genuinely good time... and for once in my life, my suicidal thoughts weren't following me around everywhere I went. I woke up and read more about Sinead, since someone said I looked like her that night. She was a pretty attractive-looking Irish singer known for shaving her head. Fascinated by her bad relationship with her family, I read more. Sinead explained to Dr. Phil why she didn't like her mother, and I thought of how often my mother would scream at me about my grades, so often, and so forcefully, that the secretary working for my parents would call my father to rescue me, which happened frequently. When later in my life this secretary died, I was angry that I couldn't give her my body so that she could, at the very least, watch her grandchildren grow up. I recently cried because I loved her more than my parents. I remember how jealous I was when my friend messaged his mother on Facebook "love you momma" because I realized that I would never be able to do that, or feel that. She screamed at me. She didn't do things to help herself. She had me fetch her individual bottles of Caffeine Free Diet Coke every day. She always emphasized the value of obedience. She was emotionally incestuous. She told me she'd rather have a relationship with God than have friends. She was self-absorbed. She told me that she'd rather I died a believer than die and go to hell. She told me that I was evil because my brother thought I was evil. She hugged me to manipulate me until it hurt to be hugged and it hurt to not allow her to hug me because I'd feel hurt she felt hurt. She asked me to massage her neck when I didn't want to. She asked me to walk on her back when I didn't want to. She was lazy. She could not cook. She asked fake questions which she designed to force the affirmative, not make conversation. She asked questions and would use the first question as a shield for a follow-up question she had ready in the background to force the affirmative. She never really cared what you thought or how you felt. If I hesitated for more than a moment to clarify what she wanted, since she was always manipulative and roundabout and backhanded and indirect with her instruction-giving, she would scream "NOW! DO IT RIGHT NOW!" to make me obey. On a legal size paper I would have to write "I will do what I am told the first time." until it felt like my arm was about to fall off. What a funny thing: I would later be diagnosed with a learning disability in written expression. Later on I would not qualify for extra time on the ACT but because my psychopathic mother and my ambivalent father had criminally overstated my weaknesses to compensate for their own weaknesses and lied to my face on a daily basis about my alleged ADHD and dyslexia, which I did not have, I was encouraged to boost my scores by playing Russian roulette with the pharmaceutical equivalent of meth, so I'd have the pleasure of hallucinating myself stabbing my favorite teacher to death, so I could imagine myself hurl my body into lockers and bash my head through a glass window and twist my head around to saw my neck against the teeth-like blades until I was almost decapitated: the micro-trauma of this event going cosmic the whole time while industrial music wailing harassed my mind while inside my head was the endless exhalation of a scream without end. I'd never ever be able to stop parents from treating me like a backup retirement program, even though I wanted to. I'd never be able to stop domestic violence, even though I wanted to. I'd never be

able to remove the astronomically high expectations placed on me as a child to do anything that mattered; I naively wanted to invent something to help humanity when nothing helps us, because the word “help” is a word deployed not by humans in toto. And meanwhile the word “we” contains zero designations so it's functionally the word-equivalent of bait spat by politicians and spokespersons in every conceivable direction. If I wasn't genuinely thoughtful you'd think I was trolling or crazy, but I seriously cannot even begin to figure out what to do with myself. I couldn't make higher education free so situations like these wouldn't happen because I wasn't diabolical enough then to think that explaining the universe is a war-like form of thought-control. Well, here it is: even though the suicidal thoughts are gone, I'm still a bitch. None of the books I've read have helped me; all they've done for me is show the infinite number of ways that humans have failed. Even if humans do become more reasonable which you'd think would be good, because well-constructed reasons sound good, you'd factually be horribly mistaken because in reality society has never been “reason-governed” because, even if it was, it would become a totalitarian regime of reason-giving. If my story ever gets out, a billion marshmallow subject academic twaddlers and dorks will slip nooses over their heads and hang themselves dead. No one will care because anyone can say the garbage they have to say with a text-to-speech machine spitting words out for free at hundreds of words per minute; all of it's junk anyway because all of it's an attempt to get into a position of professional storytelling. Then again, I could be wrong. Even though I was moved from grade school to grade school three times, when asked if I had suffered any emotional factors, such as changes in home environment (which I had), divorce (which was always on the table), death in the family (in addition to there being several deaths, our showroom was directly across the street from the Hoffmeister Colonial Mortuary so death was always on my mind), change in school (which I had done), change in residence (which I had also done), they only wrote the word “NONE.” Not only were my parents misleading and manipulative my father frequently told me the story about his ex wife, and how she lied about her pregnancy to get him to marry her, how manipulative she was. Since this was the same parental figure who would ask me to help him with construction-related projects I didn't like on a daily basis, I rightly feared that if I asked to excuse myself from these tasks I'd be charged with the crime of being a manipulative female. Since my mother truly was a manipulative female who ruled the house with her agony I feared that surgically becoming female the modern way would be interpreted as some kind of power play. I hoped I could have a cyberbody in the future because I didn't trust doctors anymore now that all doctors reminded me of that traumatic event which induced a lifelong fear of the super distant future. By the time I made it to the university I was barely hanging on; my mother took the liberty of choosing my university for me since I was beaten down by my parents ways. Hindsight suggests to me now that my removal from both schools could have more to do with my mannerisms and gender expression than I might think. The schoolchildren would call me by my last name's feminine form. Yet since my mind had launched far into the future where I could travel to other planets, thanks to Seven of Nine's intergalactic perfectionist standard, I had buried my whole identity because my cyberbrain, my mind, could be inserted into an infinite number of points of view and bodies. And I struggle to escape this universal standard to this very day. For example I can easily and have said that because humans cannot travel to another galaxy yet, that they are not really intelligent, therefore claims of artificial intelligence are bunk, because intelligence itself is bunk. Artificially intelligent systems are only “so-called intelligent” in the same way as smart phones are “so-called smart” when everyone knows that this intelligence and smartness is in name only. And from here things take a disturbing turn for the worse, as it becomes apparent that rather than the flagellum motor sometimes claimed to be a product of “intelligent design” intelligence is supplanted entirely by this new postulate: the motor was spatially and existentially necessary. Consequently the motors and products produced by us humans may turn against us in a warlike manner as indeed they already have thanks to spatial factors, since not everyone can have a Large Hadron Collider in their pocket. Rather than holding a sour attitude towards the prospect that the machines humans produce are unintelligent, or the lofty attitude that the machines cells produced are the product of a higher intelligence which in turn disproves Darwinian evolution, an

alternate route is visible through a recognition of death's power to create. Death creates the end of life, thereby making evolutionary science possible. Demarcating the origin of death should therefore be the goal of evolutionary biology, it seems to me. Unfortunately it's difficult for me to stop thinking about the idea that a mind can apparently be self-conscious regardless of spatial distances. If my childhood was a micro-trauma, and StarTrek supplied me with the visual imagery of that micro-trauma going intergalactic by technological means, and at the same time I was fully conscious of and captivated by futurist promises, it makes sense that I'd ignore everything about myself. I knew I was thinking about cutting my dick off. I really fucking knew I was feeling alienated at gay bars because I was worried everyone there would hate me for cutting my dick off, but I kept caring about the universe more than cutting my dick off and I was terrified of becoming like my mom and remembering the nightmares I experienced in high school, so I avoided cutting my dick off and obsessed about the "more important" technological singularity instead. Looking back at the play I wrote entitled "The Doors" it's hard not to see it as sexual innuendo. Doors are made of "wood." Earlier I was laying in bed, thinking of how I began here with the word "cold." Later on I would read about putting our real selves in "cold storage" in the book "Trauma and the Soul." As I understand what's cast off by me, I understand what's cast off by others, although I understood what was cast off by others before I understood what was being cast off by me and why it was being cast off. By focusing on something that mattered I avoided the rest, yet now that I see some of the rest I question if what I focused on mattered. Although, now that I think about it, this isn't very different from the modern effort to create an artificial intelligence or figure out a cognitive ontology. Forget about the control problem; it doesn't matter anyway because if an artificial intelligence is controlled it's an extension of an animal's already existing ontological status of weapon, so it's honestly better to go ahead and create a artificially intelligent monster because intelligence is an extension of universal monstrosity, I thought. Gravity is everywhere and pulls everything into itself in a consumptive-creative-destructive way, temporalizing sensations of self in the blankets enveloping the nodes or spatial point, I thought considering The Unobstructed Universe. Rather than thinking about suicide constantly I have been thinking instead about a new writing project entitled "What Humans Cannot Do." There I'll describe the rhetorical illusions. However, I think I will not do this to create an atmosphere of hopelessness but rather to save others from selecting poorly defined targets as their goal. I hope that my parents can understand me and how I've come to this point; I'd like them to be happy I'm not suffering anymore and that I finally have a sense of self worth, but I'm not sure they will get me or understand me or steer clear of pathologizing me. "Oh. We know you better than you know yourself, so you can never grow or better yourself or anything of the sort." I imagined them say. And now I think it's about time I said something about traumatic motive theory. Traumatic motor theory, or traumatic motivator theory, is a theory that explains the generation of new ideas such as the theory of relativity, which theoretically could owe it's birthplace to the Einstein family losing it's electrochemical factory, triggering Einstein's drive to "not be like the heard" and think obsessively about light, electricity, and everything. Or consider how John Nash lost his military clearance soon after he was caught having homosexual sex in a public park (which isn't covered in the movie A Beautiful Mind by the way, a lost Netflix series opportunity I imagine will be picked up sometime soon), which my gut tells me had more to do with him anxiously anticipating negative McCarthy era reactions resulting in the genesis of game theory, not psychosis or schizophrenia, Buddha being terrorized by the reincarnation and a threat of eternal torment via reincarnation, or even Moses contemplating the loss of the first born to whom he was related: for the Corpus Hermeticum says that those who die without children will be condemned to a sexless body and chained to the sun (I quote from memory). Or Ray Kurzweil (who is now my sworn enemy) who took an interest in becoming an immortal because he was traumatized by the loss of his father. I considered that the generation of difference could explain bullying behavior in children since the different one is abrasive by nature and thereby threatens to suck the similar into the gravity of their eccentricity. Of course, the reason why I would come up with a theory like traumatic motivate theory is because I was concerned that, were true, merely cloning Einstein's brain would not suffice if your intent



was to farm it for math equations: you would have to traumatize it, too. “Márgarét Márgarét, áre you gríeving, Over Goldengrove unleaving?” When I was very young I had a nightmare that angry leaves were crunching menacingly at me. Horrified in the park at dark I heard leaves crunching menacingly in my mind, pulsing ever louder until I was forced awake. When the visual snow syndrome hit, it felt like my mental software had gone awry. I was then in college but looking out at the world seemed unreal to me: distorted, pixilated, granulated as TV static noise. First I felt humiliated to suffer the guilt of having insane drug-induced homicidal thoughts in the wake of Columbine. Second I felt permanently scarred for developing visual snow syndrome after smoking a bit of marijuana to experience the polar opposite end of the spectrum of drug experience. Which of the two drugs caused the visual snow syndrome, is hard to say. What I can say is that after I tried smoking marijuana some time later that the intensity of my visual snow syndrome died down; and likewise, my chronic suicidal ideations were cured after I'd start female hormones, apparently with the power of sympathy. Every day I felt like there was a knife in my brain and my wrongheaded worries that starting hormones would cause myself and others pain blocked me from so much as trying. It was only when I felt like my online friend finally began taking hormones that my fear of “inadvertently killing them” by taking hormones myself lifted. You see, for some time there too I was seeing a psychoanalyst, struggling to figure out if I was trans, making every argument and counterargument I could think of: “Am I just impressionable? What if I was raised by wolves? Doesn't the prospect of self-modification present for humans an endless problem, that all we really want is to be the most powerful?” on and on, I started chipping away at my bullshit facade as, bit by bit, I realized how thoroughly terrified I had been all those years because my way of adapting to my developing visual snow syndrome (text-to-speech) so happened to have the technological potential for weaponization, which could make me into a “verbal abuser” that was infinitely worse than my mom. I understand, that the nightmare of the leaves which kept recurring time again was due to me watching StarTrek as a child and having that image of the bad mother in my head: the Borg spread throughout a galaxy of space growing and abusing and farming human beings, the psychic outputs of incalculable minds trapped in machine walls, enormities happening in the cold space where “no one can hear you scream.” My child self did this comparison game between maps and the leaves: the veins and cells, and compared them to the maps my parents used for our family road trips, their streets and homes, and because there were so goddamn many trees where I lived I could mentally project a traumatic image of human leaves wreathing throughout the cosmos, twisting between worlds like the neurons of a brain. When I first heard of Nietzsche's collapse, I already knew exactly what he had been thinking at the moment: he was mentally projecting every human being onto the horse, every human being onto the man whipping the horse: he was playing a dangerous and perhaps even decadent empathy game, I thought. But he went insane. And here I was... saying “I get it.” and wondering “How could this be?” I should be insane, shouldn't I? Shouldn't I be crazy by now, if I already know or think I know that the fate of the human race is so horrendous? I hadn't decoded the dream about the leaves then, not even when my empathy game went awry when I took those “nightmare-inducing pharmaceuticals” (I said this so much in my first book I practically turned it into a private meme). My lofty StarTrek dream of exploring the sparkling nebulae in the galaxy popped, and the starry sky fell blood as dark as the void of space hard against every building I saw piercing through the horizon: I blinked, and saw the world engulfed by flames. How come I'm imagining such horrible things? I was listening to industrial music at the time, the band Skinny Puppy was all about preventing vivisection and pro animal rights, and I had already seen videos of the forced swim test or behavioral despair test in which they used to test the effectiveness of anti-depressant drugs on mice. These anti-depressants are given to us to make this unbearable life bearable, I thought, because we, like the mice, are trapped in a jar swimming in the water, except instead of swimming in the water we are swimming in a state, I thought. My sensitive mind wandered back and thought of Plath, questioning if she had written “The Bell Jar” as a cry for help, provided she was somehow aware that anti-depressants were tested this way, since the harder the mouse struggles the greater the effectiveness of the drug. How hard can I swim? What if you were the

mouse and you swam so hard the glass shattered? What if you were given a pharmaceutical and what you saw was so unspeakably evil you could only shatter the glass around you by shooting your parents and teachers and classmates dead, because your parents didn't believe in you and were only going to hurt you more? What if that's really what's going on? I wondered. With the future so vast and death beyond escape, I figured I had to do something to prevent the super future from being so incredibly bad. "I will adapt." Seven said. Disturbed by terrifying visions of the future and fully conscious of death's inevitability for having been planted directly in front of the Hoffmeister Mortuary for so long I cared absolutely nothing for any world but my inner world... It was only when I met my online friend that I saw that "inner person" I was protecting outside me. Maybe I was kinda like Shinji, including the earbuds signifying my break from reality and the winter coat that was symbolic of my insulating myself from the world. I suspect that Kafka is a would-be trans. It explains why he thinks he's ugly, when he's not ugly. It explains why he was captivated by the ideas of Otto Gross, who longed to sufficiently meet the challenge "to create and realize in a productive way something completely new, a new institution and new values, values that this time will be more faithful to the human psyche and will help solve the still remaining and very important problem the problem of giving women the economic capability of taking on the tasks of motherhood." arguing that "it is society's obligation to protect mothers financially and to provide for the upbringing of children." which, sadly, can never be done, which explains Kafka's silence at the communist meetings; for he knew full well that the state turned matron could only morph into a dominating force, that the wound in his (Kafka's) heart created by his unhappy childhood could not be repaired by the state, because the state cannot be a mother to all, cannot birth all, cannot provide for all, because the state is always an unhappy compromise and the people produced by the people in the state are in a constant state of *begging*: 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. Any effort to create a law or instructional sign on a surface display, such as the paper or computer screen, only creates another determinate for human activity which by design restricts human agency. While listening to my father lie to my mothers face about the existence of a price book which everyone knew had never existed and would never exist, it dawned on me that my parents who had tormented me with their incompetence were disingenuous and authoritarian simultaneously, so their way of teaching alienated me and hurt me to the point where all I wanted was either a different parent or an artificial one I could design. But instead of talking to others about my interest I only became increasingly disturbed by my inability to create an interface or surface display or law code that worked for everyone's advantage because whatever is written causes people to react to it's surface, thereby making themselves auxiliary to the surface device and therefore disempowered. Consequently the law disempowers the people the more complicated it becomes, as proved by the failure of Communism and backed up by the joyous sensation the colonizers of the New World felt as they trampled upon a land without writing. If this is what Kafka thought then having this consciousness of writing's failure darkening his mind would make him fully lucid to the absurdity of humanity's attempt to rewrite writing in a manner that works for us, when it can operationally never work for us because really it is we writers who are working on the writing itself. Furthermore even if the text-to-speech machine grants the user full control over the words spoken to them this power shift turning the reception of all speech into something optional would destroy society and hierarchy in one motion as the reception of commands to obey are optionalized. However if writing itself fails us then the written expression, in any form including mathematical form, can only amount to being a task to taking oneself away from other tasks: the final theory wouldn't matter because the human being would perpetually react to the surface display due to their dual status as being universal features reacting to

the sign. I paused, reflected and realized that Jacob Tobia's coming of gender story was nothing like my own. I think that's the first laugh of the day. In 2009, when Tobia was writing an essay to Harvard about the pain of wearing high heels as a male and getting accepted into Harvard, I was being browbeaten by my mother into taking nightmare-inducing pharmaceuticals that caused me to hallucinate I was ripping my favorite geometry teacher's head off and acquiring visual snow syndrome and feeling like it was my responsibility to stop parents from assaulting their kids with drugs and make sure that the future hive mind network spread throughout the galaxy in the super distant future would not be an absolute hell of infinite demands where sensitive brains were unceremoniously and automatically exposed to chemicals so a self-centered and diabolical machine mother state A.I. could reap the outputs for it's advancement since the thought outputs could be categorized as data useful for the ego-destroying information animal collective mindscape, then fed back into the circuit: "the universal ring of reason" or whatever they call it, but it was something I was seriously thinking of at the time because I had been helplessly dragged around and traumatized all my life and longed to create an escape hatch for people in hostile home environments so they didn't have to be productive for the state or signal their value to the colleges because, I thought, somehow the educational interface of the future will compensate for this, except unfortunately it did not because this "impossible device" was a mental and not material concept that if materialized fails to achieve it's cause because a device for "everyone's upward mobility" to even exist it must be assembled in the factory, which would be "downward mobility" so the situation of begging remains, I thought: Nietzsche was probably also a woman with a maternal drive probably traumatized by his authoritarian mother and crazy sister into setting for herself the same objectives, longing for the future educational institution where it's possible for everyone to study and create indefinitely, however that isn't realistic which can only mean that human beings in the super distant future will diverge into larger spatial systems of domination and pain not entirely dissimilar to the man and the horse, I thought when writing my first novel after I had speed-listened to most of Bernhard and an absurd amount of books already because I was utterly disinterested in living in a world or universe where the problems I wanted to solve were unsolvable due to spatial and operational limits, and I didn't even notice that I had thrown all gender in the trash because in a future as advanced as the one I was contemplating it became difficult to decide what body was desirable, since all manner of sense-delivery devices could be hooked up to that body and that brain for research purposes, I thought, which would make experience itself the untapped form of knowledge not transmissible to other humans and hence a kind of blank spot in this all too human quest for universal understanding; so self-absorbed and depressed and motivated was I that I thought I was justified and, in truth, barely cared about anything related to gender because there was an massive problem I had detected that seemingly no one was talking about, namely the problem of sequencing and how the sequencing of words sequences people which in turn causes them to make compensatory structures such as the written law to determine their activity, I thought while thinking that so long as people are sequenced by people that there will always be social inequality and hence I wasn't able to solve the problem I wanted to solve; all I could do thanks to my Borg obsession and my Seven obsession was think of the human race and the state as a kind of proto-animal no differently than the cells in our bodies were proto-animals, however because animals feed on animals already there isn't any good way to compensate for that fact, I thought, which is probably why Christianity was created so the scattered tribes arrested by professional depressors, shamans and holy men and so on, could finally advance ever-forward guided by the truth of a disgusting and horrible and ecstatic cannibal ontology without solution. Dark thoughts! I suppose. None of these things were mentioned by the genderqueer LGBTQ rights activist person who went to Duke University by the strength of their essay and who now has a career in television, so I had to laugh a little. Ha. I wondered how many people out there besides the Wachowskis had gone down the rabbit hole of eclipsing their gender identity with science fiction horrors while thought-experimenting on moral dilemmas titanic in scope until they were at the end of their rope or even killed themselves. What's funny is I'd contemplate escaping my home life, creating an escape hatch concept, however I wasn't sure where using that escape hatch would lead me if I were

to make it and use it. Pretty much though you could summarize my entire situation as being dominated for years by medical trauma: being both afraid of transitioning and wanting to transition for my whole entire life. All I know is that after I started taking hormones my suicidal thoughts evaporated, after all to some degree I felt that male and female were about to be made extinct thanks to the cybernetics: the cyberbody of the future should be able to swap genitals like Legos, I thought. In 2013 I would say this sort of thing out loud to indicate my hope for the future. Ah. So that's the name of the teacher who said I was lofty. Mrs. Barlett. If the mind matter problem repeatedly encases the mental into material and spatial factors force the operator of that material to encase itself with different materials, then life itself seems poised to take over the whole entire universe up to a point of total encasement. Some days have passed, not out of laziness to this project but out of need for further reflection that I'm doing the right thing; I remember more and more reasons why I'm trans each day, so I took a break to write a timeline of everything I remember throughout my life, all the ways I tried to transcend thinking about gender while at the same time being consistently obsessed with transformation. Looking back it's clear that I was concerned that infinite transformation would occur, assuming Ray Kurzweil's immortality was in our cards. Unfortunately however it's not in our cards because that would eliminate Ray's professing profession of talking about a future where humans are immortal until he dies. The things people do and say to pay the bills. My childhood life of growing up while hearing my parents yell at me across the street from the mortuary made me highly sensitive to the fact that I would eventually die, so I became almost completely disinterested in wasting my time with gender theory as long as the Singularity was an option that I could enjoy in my lifetime instead (Yes, I have a serious axe to grind with Kurzweil, because *I could have been so much prettier* if he never existed, which is also why I am not at all very excited to use the Kurzweil 3000 at Washington University). "I do not have an attention deficit, or any behavioral disorder. You are a bully. I am not crazy. I am a Bernhardian. Burroughs suggested we play the recordings and deploy them at crowds. Stop trying to medicate away my political views. Abandon this argument that my non-existent attention deficit has anything to do with my gender dysphoria, it does not work like that. Medicating your children with prescription meth because they hold different ideological views than you is wrong. People like you are why kids shoot up schools. My work is far from over. Relax, it's just capitalism and clothes. I'm probably only going to dress non-binary anyway, not that it matters. I didn't qualify for extended time because I do not have an attention deficit, yet you want to cram as many pills as it takes down my throat until I start saying words that are more in line with your ideological views. I am almost 30 now, and I was legally an adult then when you insisted I medicate because you're ineffective communication skills made you impossible to please. Take a look at my brother who has an obvious speech fluency disorder while I do not because I regenerated my brain by hearing hundreds of books. I am basically healed now that the dysphoria pangs have ceased stabbing me in the brain. I am not to blame. I do not need to connect to your way of thinking. You are welcome to fire me over the fact that I would rather not have balls if you like, just don't patronize me or demand that I take an infinite number of medications to become what you want. It's not that hard to believe that me changing grade schools three times and landing at an all boys high school where I was given nightmare-inducing pharmaceuticals may have contributed to my decision to transition at this time. Some people transition when their 60. Frankly, I didn't think I'd have to transition because I was hoping Ray Kurzweil was correct and I could be an immortal with a badass cyberbody, that is, until I realized that Kurzweil was a delusional charlatan. All in all this is good news. I really think that things will only get better from here." My lawyer decided to tell my father about my interests in transitioning, which triggered my father to respond with a long tirade on how I needed to submit to ADD treatment. I recorded his whole entire tirade and all it's inaccuracies and lies and falsifications. While going through my things, I discovered a long sought for CD containing my 2015 Graphic Design project. Even then I wanted to create advertisements for an online library, but I got sick and switched to make a short story book to teach kids how to cope with being a cyborg. "You Are a Cyborg Now" the title read. It's pretty weird, but I remember one of the english professors looking over my shoulder at the poem and images I

made, looking somewhat concerned while also saying my poem was good. “We found you broken... And we had high hopes in our ability to fix you. But as we tried our best we encountered many issues.” First slide: female silhouette, body and limbs shattered. “You could barely breathe, you couldn’t smile. You wouldn’t speak. Not for a while. If something drastic wasn’t done we were sure you’d never sing, skip, smile, or run...” Second slide: the two worried doctors look questioningly at the girl, who is only a head attached to a body ripped in half. “And so that we might keep you safe, we put your brain in a protective case.” Third slide: the brain’s enveloped by metal until the flesh no longer shows. “As a first step towards something new... because you’d be a cyborg soon.” Final slide: the cyberbrain is installed into a cold, metal-looking cyberbody. “Soon before our very eyes... We’d watch as you were cyberized (To Be Continued). I still really wish I hadn’t gone all the way down the futurism rabbit hole. I still remember my graphic design professor writing to me: “I really look forward to having your voice back in class.” Except I didn’t come back, because I couldn’t do what I wanted. I was still very sad, even a little broken that I couldn’t get her to see the attraction of the educational interface of the future. I hated my biology, my brain; I didn’t trust it to react normally to medications anymore, and I didn’t want to talk to doctors either because when I talked to them on how to cope with my visual snow syndrome, they were completely useless, so I disliked them even more. Not surprisingly, I’d relish Bernhard’s anti-doctor tirades. My voice became less and less me and more and more Bernhard. Even when my hair started falling out and I wanted to treat it with hormones I could not fight down the fear of what the “second puberty” would do to my emotional state. I wrote a book “The State of the Future” because I, in part, was terrified of some (future) technological trauma, some (mental) state of the future, and the (territorial) state that made that state possible. Even when my voice became Bernhard’s voice, my voice was in fact not Bernhard’s voice, I have to realize: I was, after all, using Microsoft Mary’s voice as Bernhard’s voice and my voice; just as Stephen Hawking talked with his masculine computer voice, I had been talking with my feminine computer voice this whole entire time. I’d be interested in learning if text-to-speech using writers tend to hear their own books with a voice that aligns with their gender; I mean, for posterity. Frankly, I’ve always been terrified of people’s feedback. I don’t know what they’ll say to me. I imagined this scene at the publishing house, receiving my rejection letter, being told that I am a terrible writer and human being. “We went through your corpus, and we were interested for a little while, but the more we read the more we learned that you are really, really fucked up. I’m so sorry, and there’s no nice way to say it... Jo, you’re a bitch.” And then I’d flashback to that time I was sitting next to my friend. We were smoking marijuana as young adults like to do. He says: “Joe, something dawned on me... You’re a bitch.” I turned to him and asked: “I’m a hwat?” He only said: “You just are, you’re a bitch, Joe...” he said nodding his head “you’re a bitch.” I still didn’t understand why he would use this word to describe me. It came from nowhere. “I really don’t get why you’re saying this. Can you tell me more?” I asked. He just kept repeating it: “You’re a bitch, Joe. You’re a bitch. You’ll see it... one day. You’re a bitch alright... You’re a bitch.” he said and smiled. I laughed and looked at the trees and all the colors of the leaves. But something wasn’t right. “What is that? Is that rain? Do you see that in the air? I see rain and don’t hear rain.” My friend didn’t see anything. “It looks like it’s raining... or is that snow? I don’t get why this is happening... is this, not happening to you?” I asked. It wasn’t happening to anyone but me... and I didn’t understand it. My senses were distorted by the drug... for days. I had visual snow syndrome from thereon out. And with static in my eyes depersonalized I’d blink, staring at the publisher, remembering what my friend told me all those years ago. Something inside me snaps: it was all for nothing. “So... it’s true.” I think... I don’t say anything. I don’t think anything. I subvocalize no words in my head. My mind and heart go dark. I drive down the highway until I find an interchange, where I pull over... “I will never stop medical abuse.” Time slows down as I fall and I’m smashed to pieces by the cars, unrecognizable and mangled to shreds and dead. I cannot stop medical abuse. Well, that is not going to happen because I don’t feel depressed anymore. Odd. I don’t have an Individualized Education Program (IEP) because I was never tested through the special school district. But I do have a learning disability in written expression. I think... I need to put this 10 years of suffering behind me.