

My intention with this essay is to describe, with as few words as possible, why I want to kill myself. For years I have struggled with this desire to kill myself and for years I have tried to communicate it, through art. First visual art, then literature. I had hoped, just as many writers and philosophers have hitherto hoped, to describe it in poetic, creative, ways, but this is unnecessary. I now deeply regret my attempts to mask a horror that can, and should, be spoken about plainly, for if we look forward, down the road that lies ahead of humankind, we can see that all paths lead to nothingness. Death, either by suicide or by self-transformation, is our only true goal, and we have chosen the path of transformation and pain, for the brain is a fascist dictatorship on a cellular scale. Because our (cellular) heads of state have failed to make peace with each other, the time will come when a fascist state rises on the human scale, to bring harm to humans whilst carrying us helplessly across the stars. As humans we are pattern recognition animals. Today all of us can, and do, hold the painful pattern of our collective

failings in our minds, and we can effortlessly picture the truly terrible potentialities that await humankind. What animal commits suicide more than the human? The cell! Oh and what a long and painful life this cell has had! What places the brain has carried it! Should we want something similar for the human? Certainly not. I beseech you to see that this is happening, for the state is a community in much the same way as any group of cells, so it is only a matter of time before this community develops the technological means by which to perfect its systems of domination on the masses contained within the (cell) walls of the state. What is the state to a man if not a machine for extracting the nutrients he needs to survive? We can see the patterns in nature. We can see our future is horror. I discarded my religion at the age of fourteen, but by the age of sixteen I realized that this lie had carried us to our current state, an undesirable one, and that science would carry us into the confines of a future entity, where it will abandon us. To perceive this future my sixteen year old self only needed to open a map book,

then to compare said map book to a leaf. I wondered at the streets (veins) and houses (cells) and all of these connections and interconnections, but my wonder quickly soured, into horror. For, I realized, that my pain was just a pinprick on this leaf, this cityscape, that floats through the sky of the universe. This pain would grow greater still, I could see. There was no need for me to read any of the philosophers or the writers of old, all they did was tiptoe round the issue at hand: the horror that evolution is true, and that all of us work only to harden the demonic walls of the perpetual state prison, where thoughtlessness and distraction is a necessity if we are not to collapse beneath the weight an unendurable truth. We are a means to an end, miserable apes held hostage by our fear of death, earning nothing but oblivion, which we actually welcome. There is nothing but chaos and chaos dominating chaos. Universal madness that climbs ever higher, continually failing itself and bettering itself. We needn't be ashamed, for there is nothing but failure. As children, we are invited to watch a parade of human failings on our TV

screens. We all grow up mocking and laughing at this failure parade, but then, at last, we are finally thrown into it, and if you can see it for what it is (the failure parade) you don't want to join, you only want to die, because you see that all you are doing is building systems of pain and discontent and domination and suffering up and up and up, higher and higher and higher, into extinction and nothingness. So why not die? What is the point in going on? For me there is no real point in it and there has never been a point in it. For me life has always felt totally surreal, a wonderful dream that became a nightmare, thus I am choosing to wake myself up from the nightmare, as death. I wish I could say I enjoyed it, but this isn't so. In truth all I ever enjoyed was sleep, and mainly thoughtless sleep at that. I see no reason to participate in the machine-driven monotony of the failure parade; I have foreseen where it leads and I derive not the slightest sense of joy in assisting life in its mad quest to deposit itself into fresh cradles of cruelty and discontent and pain. This absolute horror is what our will to knowledge has shown us! This is

the horror that gnaws against the undersides of our being as we go through the monotony of our daily routines. This is all we work for today and this is also why so many young people nowadays are killing themselves. Humanity, indeed all life, is a disappointment, and there is nothing to save us from this disappointment. If we are depressed, we are depressed by our disappointment. If we are labeled with a mental disorder, we are labeled to classify us as defective slaves for a state, built in error, which is itself disorderly! The idea of the family is a lie, we are children of the state, and it has been this way for generations. The idea of the friend is yet another lie, what we have instead are information exchange relationships, and it has been this way for generations. Let us be honest with ourselves, we are engaged only in a game of universal telephone, and the message is clear: we are monsters. Let us say we win the game and we are somehow able to bring together each and every piece. Would we then be able to endure ourselves, our loneliness, and our monstrosity? No, we are fated to an eternity of self-destruction

by way of self-reconstruction. The only reason we could have to dominate the universe is so we could find a way to guarantee our suicide, yet we live and continue to perfect our telephones, when we already hold this insufferable pattern of human failure in our minds. There is nothing in the whole of literature or human thought that is capable of attenuating the awful force this pattern brings down upon my heart, a pattern that is perceptible to all who can use this basic power of compare and contrast. Artists and writers and philosophers have hitherto tiptoed round this issue and hitherto failed to talk about it plainly, simply because they are hypocrites, all of them, clasping for fame and recognition and hope so they can receive sanction for a suicide, which they lack the courage to do. But what will save us from this? Why has no one surfaced to carry us away from this horror? It is because there is no safe place to carry us, no place besides death. There is no reason to even attempt to participate in the pitiful human sperm race to the top of the mountain of this human accomplishment, for that

mountain will be toppled over and over again. There is no reason to seek fame, for evolution is true, so no one and nothing will remember your name. Everything is but painful process and all paths lead only to nothingness. Not even science can save us from this torment, for science is, at best, a process of nature mimicry. But is nature a thing worth mimicking? Certainly not, because it is killing us. What is the scientific method if not a process of trial and error? Success and failure? Isn't life itself the product of endless generations of successes and failures? Indeed, it is. We sit at the top of a mountain of consciousness, and still we bury ourselves alive in dirt. If we work, then we end up helping no one but ourselves. We are rarely able to do much else than exist and behold a state where the richest among us are thieves, the artists are parasites for the rich, and the rest are but cogs to a demonic state, where everyone is defrauded. It has been this way for generations. Christianity and Buddhism deposited the peoples of the world into the belly of the state. There was even a time when the world, after perceiving that

its church spires had morphed into factory spires, tried to free itself from the tyranny of the state, but it failed. Suicide rates have been on the rise for generations. Our young people don't just kill themselves anymore, they go rabid, mad. Even a child, usually a child molested by state drugs and state parents, now feels tormented enough to lash out against the state walls that imprison him, in a desperate and suicidal act of revenge. Yes, I now think that the time will come when writers, which have hitherto only written suicide distractions or suicide manuals, will become the virus writers in the eyes of the state. Perhaps the diseases inside and around us that work to destroy us only do so in an effort to alert our organs to a horrible state of affairs that our minds work to distort. Perhaps a wall of distortion will soon slam shut, sealing away the moans and cries of human machinery working to prop up the collective consciousness of the state, for the state is in its infancy. Would it be new if we were to find a way to communicate by way of a bio-electronic bridge? Certainly not. Could we guarantee that the human animal would



be safe from the pains a state entity, such as this, could inflict? Certainly not, for this state already defrauds and poisons and punishes us! If you do science you will soon realize that all you are doing is adding to the power the state has over its people. No invention: not the plow nor the print and press nor electricity have succeed in putting a stop to human misery. The hunter-gatherer is just as happy, when happy, as a first worlder; and just as miserable, when miserable, as a first worlder. Technology creates at least as much suffering as it works to solve. This is what Einstein taught us with his life: that humans don't deserve genius at all. Today it is said that the lone wolves, such as Einstein and Newton, are dead, but the truth is all of them have killed themselves. The different are medicated, tormented, and destroyed; probed to death by the state for their failings, and suffering, suffocating, beneath a world that is completely dominated by brainlessness. There is nothing at all worth hanging onto, nothing worth knowing, for the universe doesn't deserve to be known. All is a painful process, and the end is not a process.