

THE BIRTH OF THE OVERMAN:

THE DEATH OF PHILOSOPHY AND THE SUICIDE OF THE STATE

Throughout human history, men have dared to assert that they possess a certain insight, or knowledge, or understanding into the human condition—what it is, what it isn't, what it should be, or shouldn't be, and so on. Yet, thanks to the dependability of the scientific method, we can't help but roll our eyes over such claims, even going so far as to declare philosophy dead. Rather than claiming “knowledge” or claiming “understanding” we, instead, claim to discover truth by way of trial and error. If an error is made, it is not repeated. If a success is made, it is verified, validated, and, so long as we can repeat ourselves, again and again, it remains valid, useful. Once a principle is validated we can begin to exploit our validated successes in whatever ways seen fit by us at the time. But who is the benefactor of these successes? Is it man? Surely man is not the only thing that is capable of this mode of discovery, this “process” of trial and error. Evolution paints a rather bleak picture of nature's successes and failures. That is, bleak for conservatives in nature, I mean. Man is after all a young creature, compared to things like crustaceans or plants. These are organisms we farm. These are organisms we exploit, to the best of our abilities. But alas, what use is it to dwell on such creatures? Or should we call them failures? After all, we won. Didn't we? We're the dominant species on this planet. Aren't we? Well, we're certainly not in danger of being eaten ourselves, so we have that going for us. How fortunate! Well, let's not get ahead of ourselves. Besides, how powerful is the mind really if it, like the molecules that made it, must stumble through the darkness of space with this process of trial and error? Surely the molecules that led to the rise of plant life had no prevision of the ends they would achieve. And surely the atoms of those molecules had no prevision of the molecules *they* would achieve. Indeed, it was not this process of envisagement, nor process of thought, that persuaded these elementary forces to bond together and create the plants we farm today. Who would damn their decedents to such a fate? No man. No mind, either. It was only after generations of successes and failures, trial and error, that these plants we now farm emerged from the sea to cover the world. Or should I say: our world? We consider “ourselves” fortunate to stand upon this mountaintop of errors with this so-called intellect we possess. The human mind allowed us to utterly destroy, and also enslave, all the various competing lifeforms of this planet. We even enslaved ourselves, at times. It's enough to ask when, if ever, this intellect was truly something good. In what way is it good? Perhaps the mind was only good as a kind of “defense system” against a hostile universe. But in the modern age the mind need not defend itself. Instead, the community now acts as a defense for the mind! And, no doubt, for many minds within it, the world has become, to them, no more than a kind of oxygen machine, keeping them alive; providing them with occasional laugh, the occasional high. Somehow, with all of our state protectionism, I'm not surprised that the world's genetic IQ is in decline. After all there's little stopping a determined, well educated, suicide from committing suicide, so really all our suicide prevention programs do is save our precious human resources, to borrow a corporate term, from destroying themselves. It is therefore an act of good business to fund such programs! Never mind the so-called gifted children

who we've systematically poisoned with pharmaceuticals, sometimes with catastrophic results resulting in fatalities. These children who we, in earlier times, would have called eccentric, but now have all manner of labels for. In actuality, there is only one label that is necessary for these children: *defective slaves*. It is quite convenient that our deficient school systems have so many labels (so many masks!) to cover up their shortcomings. How many children, who perhaps would've found healthier obsessions, have instead imploded inside on their own tormented minds? Let us cast these so-called geniuses aside for now, as society has, and instead let us circle back to the earlier question: of what use is this so-called intellect now that it has been reduced to this most basic mode of discovery? That is to say, this basic process of trial and error. Those days of using the brain as a means to truth are over, they say. Our minds were only made to interact with matter, they say, and nothing more. But the search must go on! Must it? It doesn't seem like the mind is working for itself, anymore. Indeed, it seems as though our minds have long been working for the state. Let us ask ourselves: who is "searching" now? And let us ask ourselves: who will be the supreme benefactor of this process? This search with trial and error. Don't we, humans, generally consider ourselves to be the benefactors of incalculable generations of successes and failures? It's quite easy to take our position in this game of life for granted, but I would argue that there are victims in this game, too, and we should take notice of them, lest we succumb to a similar fate. I invite you, dear reader, to entertain the notion that each and every animal we have enslaved, or farmed, or experimented on for our benefit, is essentially a loser in this game of trial and error, even if we can only say so by comparison to ourselves. And let's not stop there! Why should we? Let us add more (human) dice to the board! Perhaps now we can scarcely see into the future—Where we've doomed our decedents to play this game, possibly forever, creating timeless kingdoms amongst the stars, and gravity wells, and black holes, and whatever hiding places will be used to hide from the monsters of trial and error. Perhaps, in time, a new individual will be born amidst the stars. But aren't there individuals, of a different sort, already? Once you consider the awesome length of time this process of trial and error has taken result in human life, it seems absurd (if I may say so.) to submit ourselves to this same process again, to roll the cosmic dice, so to speak. Unfortunately, even if you wanted to put an end to this trend, it would probably already be too late to reverse it. Besides, it takes the slightest stretch of the imagination, a small act of defamiliarization, to compare the dying leaf, with its veins and cells and so on, to a cityscape. What is this leaf, this cityscape? For a human, the leaf could be food. What about our cityscape then? Is this food? But who would dare to concern themselves with similarities such as these? Shouldn't we leave these exercises in defamiliarization to the artists, the poets, so they can inspire us scientists to create the impossible? Indeed, after partaking in artistic circles myself, I think that such exercises have long been expressed as horrors. It takes but the slightest shift in perspective, the shortest dip into a darkened mind, to envision a world that is detestable to a *different* mind. Yet nature is full of these worlds, these "darkened" and "dangerous" perspectives, we shun for our own protection. Perhaps we should ask ourselves: is this macroscopic mimicry of the microscopic good?

It almost certainly hasn't been good for the animals we study, nor the animals we farm, nor the human resources who work ceaselessly for a livelihood that is almost certainly impossible to provide for them, and the rest of the seven billion humans on this planet. Shall we attempt to quantify this good? After all, there are a small number of successes who now champion the "halls of extinction" in this game of trial and error. That's right, even nature's successes are actually doomed to extinction, so let's not allow ourselves to be deceived by any notions (or delusions.) to the contrary. I may wish for someone, or something, in the future to stand back and appreciate whatever "mark" I've made. But this infantile wish would nevertheless rest upon the expectation that this future contains beings capable of "appreciating" what I want them to appreciate, and in whatever ways I want them to appreciate it. Let us ask what mark means. In particular: what are we able to express through the act of mark-making? Or understand by mark-reading? I suppose many things, assuming you know the language. If you don't know the meanings of the marks, then how can you make effective use of them? Today there are many languages still undeciphered, and we don't pretend to understand them. Let us connect ourselves, more closely, to this problem of lost languages. For example, the simple cry for help. How many cries for help, that were intelligible to the human mind, have we ignored? Weren't some of them human? Perhaps we should be more careful, and look out for future decedents, by estimating the quantifiable continuity of the intelligibility of our various acts of mark-making, these various languages of ours. How can we hope that they will outlast this process of trial and error? Let us say we succeeded in creating a new mode of communication: *the thought bridge*, we shall call it. And let us also say that this body reignites that old engine of trial and error, which subsequently creates a landslide of successes and failures, thereby burying ourselves beneath the byproducts generated by it. Why this suicide by progress? This death by self-transformation and change? Must we sentence our decedents to be ripped to pieces by whatever creature claws up (through us!) through the muck of our errors? The debt we (humans) have to language is self-evident, we need only look backwards. Today we estimate that it took early humans 110,000 generations of using stone tools before controlling fire, another 20,000 generations before the written language was invented, and then it was only 250 generations afterwards that we put a man on the moon. Perhaps this is the "singularity" that has been praised so highly by proponents of futurism that we should be watching out for: *a linguistic singularity*. Besides, once this communication boundary has been crossed, what hope do we have? Today escape from the state is impossible: you can't sleep in your car, you can't give food to the homeless, you can't live in the wilderness, because all of it has long been absorbed by the state. We are born into an inescapable state, from which there is no escape. To make things worse for the individuals herein, there are no promises of "improvement" to be found. And the best jobs available are usually the ones responsible for making men obsolete. So, basically, the faster we can render ourselves extinct, the better? How tasteless! It's as if the world is saying: Extinct us, please! This state wishes to commit suicide as quickly as possible, and you're going to help us do it, we believe in you. But please! Please! You must NEVER commit suicide!

Participating in such a game does not seem like a particularly life-affirming, or fulfilling, prospect. Since 1950, the suicide rate has tripled among youngsters age 15 to 19. Is this a case of like father like son? Or rather, like state like citizen? As far as I can tell, it's our ability to deliver information at a faster rate that has resulted in greater complexity in the world. What we have is an ever increasingly more effective game of telephone, which is gradually bringing people closer and closer together. But who is really getting closer? The governments of today still operate with paper, still vote on paper, and still utilize human representatives. Let us ask ourselves: what can this paper government hope to achieve? The answer is somewhat terrifying. It can inhibit and enfeeble its citizens who do not have the technological means to express themselves, while empowering any and all corporations who have the financial and technological means to control and suppress information, thereby "organizing" citizens into just that: organs, for our societies nerve center, the stock market. Furthermore, since whatever entities are participating in this stock market are more than likely to possess the financial and technological means to gain access to this thought bridge, it seems highly unlikely that any and all citizens below wouldn't ultimately become the arms and legs of the state, who would then be dominated and manipulated by the corporate mindscape. But why this contrivance of horror, this fiction? Let us look in the mirror and ask ourselves: is the mind itself not a dictator of flesh? You see, nature does not concern itself with which sperm is the "best" sperm. Instead, you are a winner of human consciousness only because one sperm was first of many. We therefore live in a world of "firsts" and consequently the world is not as "idealistic" as some would hope. Nature is after all indifferent, without ideals, and oftentimes harsh to conservatives that fail to adapt; converting them into food sources for the cunning, the cruel, the resourceful, the adaptable, or whatever attributes best fit into that "mold of success" that is allowed to pass this game of trial and error. What is most amusing is how we tell our children to be moral, to be ethical, and so on, but all this accomplishes is the creation of a "heard morality" which is itself an object to be exploited by whatever creature does not subscribe by this heard morality. It's as if the world were creating oceans of "sameness" for the "different" to swim through, or cut through, or bite and chew through, or digest, or exploit. Perhaps our moral training is simply too effective. We find ourselves wanting to explore some curiosity, or create some invention, but we know that we will require human subjects to do it! And then, let's say we do it, because clenched in our teeth is the knowledge that some day we are going to die, which motivates us and pushes us forward, forward, forward, towards our goal, which is really little more than a predeath activity, because something ridiculous inside us has to be released prior to attaining our true goal, death, and not even death, oblivion, which isn't really oblivion, because we will not exist. Let us ask ourselves: who will be the benefactor of our successes? Possibly a child? Anything that happens to be alive? Are we to take delight in our death as we're all devoured by our thought bridge child? When this child listens to it's telephone, from which it picks up the knowledge of all the cruelties in the cosmos, is it not natural for it to ask itself: does this universe that can't be known without cruelty, actually deserve to be known? For me the answer is no.

Perhaps the cosmos of tomorrow is no utopia. Perhaps the blackness of that cosmos will be stained black with human blood. Not everybody in the world is aware of how much a human can suffer, and even fewer are aware of how much a cell can suffer. Let us create a myth for the suffering cell: once upon a time there was a cell: it was incomplete, and it hurt, and it created man: it was incomplete, and it hurt, and it created overman, and so on ad nauseam. Finally everything was complete, and it hurt, and it committed suicide. The futurist believes he is creating something that will turn man into a laughingstock, but perhaps he is creating something sadistic, because he actually hates himself, and hates mankind, too. And why wouldn't we hate ourselves?! We kings of cruelty, we engines of trial and error. Much of the world actively worships a god of discontent, which tells its people they are flawed, sinful, and full of errors. Let us try to imagine a god so discontent with its own godhood that it had to cut faces in its fingertips, which it then breathed into, and called alive. Perhaps this god so hated himself that he instructed these fingers to grow up and choke the life from him. Such is the doctrine and mind of the Judeo-Christian god: the god of discontentment, the god of self-hatred, which has historically been cruel to homosexuals: those people who are sexually attracted to the same sex. Indeed, the concept of "self love" is completely repugnant to this particular god, otherwise it wouldn't have created the world. Perhaps this god "loves" humanity only insofar that the suicide "loves" the rope. This is not, however, to demonize this doctrine, it is only to acknowledge the reality of discontentment over contentment, progressivism over conservatism. You can attain this so-called enlightenment, this higher perspective, but all you will gain from that viewpoint is a view of your own powerlessness. Simply put: *there is no power in enlightenment*. Perhaps this is why Asiatic religions, like Buddhism, did not succeed in transforming the Asian countries into superpowers: Buddhism was itself a magnet for societies contents, which it then absorbed, ultimately dividing Asia into large populations of discontents and contents. Therefore the cultural programming of this entity was one of submission to one of two possible options. There is, on the one hand, submission to state power, and on the other hand, there is submission to religious power. Now, let us ask ourselves: what exactly is religious power? The modern man knows the answer: *nothing*. There never was such a thing as religious power, there only ever was the information therein. Contentment is therefore no more than a waiting room for death. This contrasts heavily with Christian cultural programming, which tells its followers that they are inherently flawed, and they must atone, and they must make spiritual progress, or face the fires of hell. But what are these "fires of hell" really? Are they, perhaps, the fires of subjugation? This is the recipe for a culture that fosters individual growth, which is essential. That is, assuming you do not want to be piling up rocks for the aristocracy forever. Unfortunately for Christians, they weakened themselves by allowing themselves to sink into contentment. They said to their followers: This is Christ and he died for your errors, now you are free to live in error, until the day you die. Let us see Christ for what he is: the mass-marketed hope on a stick that was sold to the masses by the Roman aristocracy, which was during the time of its collapse, simply because it needed to convert Roman wealth into religious wealth.

Christianity contained a useful blend of non-action (prayer), and self-improvement (sin), and scapegoat worship (Christ), and threats (hell), and hope (heaven), which allowed it to spread across Europe like a plague, thanks almost entirely to the decentralized power of the Holy Roman Empire, which installed church spires throughout the land. In time, the citizens of Europe emerged to discover that their church spires were entrenched by factory spires, and the Germans therein went rabid. Instead of Germany compensating for its own lack of community and ability to communicate, its solution was to go on a killing spree, which is not a particularly effective way to go about making friends, or uniting the world. Rather than transforming itself into a nation that was so wonderful that it was irresistible, it instead attempted to subjugate the world, whilst at the same time ignoring the fact that it was the decentralized nature of these power structures which allowed them to spread so easily, and survive for so long. Not only did Nazi Germany make the error of trying to subjugate the world, it also made the error of distorting Nietzschean philosophy to fit its cause. In life Nietzsche didn't actually hurt anybody, or push people down stairs, like Arthur Schopenhauer, for example. Also, in 1886, Nietzsche broke with his publisher, Ernst Schmeitzner, because he was disgusted with his anti-semitic opinions. Indeed, it must be admitted that there exists an affinity between Jewish and Nietzschean philosophy, which both speak of hating mankind and the earth. We could say that he found a better path to morality, by nauseating himself with immorality, which most believe contributed to his sickness. But let us cast aside modern opinion on this so-called "sickness" and see if we can't find a possible reason for this alleged mental breakdown, where Nietzsche allegedly ran up to a horse, holding it, protecting it from lashes, and later collapsed. This event happened in 1889, three years after his book "Beyond Good and Evil" was published, wherein he writes: "In this way the person exercising volition adds the feelings of delight of his successful executive instruments, the useful 'underwills' or under-souls—indeed, our body is but a social structure composed of many souls—to his feelings of delight as commander." Now, baring this in mind, let us picture ourselves as Nietzsche: witnessing the horror of the horse being whipped by the master, and all the while our minds are revealing to us the true horror of the situation, colored by everything we know about the world. This is also 1889, and very few people would be capable of understanding the overman, which is the commander (or ego.) of our thought bridge child, so we feel utterly alone always. Would it really surprise anybody to know that his last act of "sanity" was to embrace the horse? Why hug the horse? Possibly to prove to himself that there is indeed goodness in man, and that there will also be goodness in his overman? How can we expect the modern psychiatrist to understand us?! In his letters, Nietzsche claims: "Also, last year I was crucified by the German doctors in a very drawn-out manner." Let us interpret this as abuse by state power, rather than a sign of Nietzsche's insanity. He also commanded the German emperor to go to Rome to be shot, and summoned the European powers to take military action against Germany, which, baring history in mind, sounds like it very well could have prevented a lot of bloodshed. Perhaps Nietzsche will soon become a symbol of hope that the overman is good, that those crucified by psychiatry should not despair.

Indeed, there are many victims of psychiatry's power. Let us ask ourselves: what makes a school shooter? The child is mentally destroyed and poisoned by the all powerful state, which informs him that his mind is superfluous, and that he should commit "suicide" by ingesting chemicals created by animal cruelty. Of course, the child is subjugated by its parents, school, and state, from which there is no escape. All of these forces merge and stand in opposition to the child's will, and so he struggles, like a drowning rat trapped in a bell jar, scraping at the sides, helplessly. Let us examine this cruel game, from which the drugs given to the child are based on. The forced swim test, or behavioural despair test, is a test that is centered on a rodent's response to the threat of drowning, wherein the rat is placed in a jar (from which it cannot escape.) and is forced to swim. (This is very much akin to the modern experience of drowning in an inescapable state, which restrains and suppresses individual mobility.) We then "interpret" the data as the rat swims and struggles and floats in the water. The longer the rat tries to stay afloat, the less susceptible it is to "negative mood" and the more likely it is that the antidepressant given to the mouse is "effective", despite knowing nothing of what is happening inside the mind of the rat, where all manner of impulses could potentially be moving it. Let us ask: what impulses are moving the rat? Suicidal? Homicidal? Perhaps they are, perhaps not. To question this "interpretation" is something akin to questioning the religious leaders' "interpretation" of divine law, but in actuality the interpretation is only validated by whatever power structure exists to support it, which in this case is only the American Psychiatric Association. Powerless, without opportunity to escape, and subjugated by psychiatry, this disturbed child enters the world with the intent to take revenge on the state that poisoned him. Effectively the child is saying: "You have destroyed me, you poisoned my world, the only world that I will ever know, the world inside my skull, and now you will pay the ultimate price! I will now take revenge on the state. I will destroy your children, destroy your teachers, and I will destroy my parents as well!" These are the power entities the child believes are responsible for poisoning him, and these are also the power entities these school shooters usually punish. Rather than seeking communication and understanding, which the child believes is impossible, the child commits suicide by cop. Some 90 percent of school shootings over more than a decade have been linked to a widely prescribed type of antidepressant called selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors or SSRIs, so perhaps every line on every school shooter's death list is actually a claw mark made by a human rat scraping at the sides of its pharmaceutically induced bell jar. Let us ask ourselves: what is the bell jar? Sylvia Plath, another one of psychiatry's victims, wrote "The Bell Jar" in 1963 and, ironically, she only mentioned the bell jar (as description for her mental state.) after her time in the psychiatric ward. Perhaps the only thing that is required to ensure that people do not commit suicide is fostering their growth as individuals. Let us consider how, instead of embracing information sharing technology, we've systematically stamped it out and branded it "piracy" in an effort to perpetuate dying business models, thereby contributing to the gradual decline of the western world as we continually fail to provide citizens with the knowledge they require, which could easily be disseminated, by exploiting the internet.

Essentially the power entities of today are kneecapping technology that has the potential to elevate all of mankind, perhaps creating a stateless world with no centralized power structure. Perhaps because they understand that any such an entity, (such as the Jewish people.) due to its lack of a central power structure would be impossible to stamp out. Let us ask ourselves: if this state wished to protect itself from statelessness, would it have been necessary for it to invent this concept of terrorism? This paranoid delusion that the Jews wish to control the world is based on the fear of the stateless tribe, which would actually mean freedom from the tyranny of the state. In actuality this touted “one world government” which conspiracy theorists claim to fear is, in fact, an eventuality, a natural consequence of the digital age. Let us ask ourselves: what would happen if the “Star Trek” replicator were invented today? Based on what happened to the internet: instantly every single corporation in the world patents the “patterns” and forbids them, despite the fact that doing so accomplishes little more than inhibiting technological and personal growth worldwide. This is not particularly encouraging news for anybody who wants to add their inventions to this world. Throughout human history we've seen young minds produce great works, simply because they fixated on some thing or some problem that resonated them, and they were given the opportunity to explore that idea to its end. Examples include: Issac Newton, Albert Einstein, and Arthur Schopenhauer. We should therefore do our best to foster individual growth and not burden people with impossible demands and absurd general educational requirements. We especially should not poison children for being *defective slaves*, and then throw them at the mercy of whatever doctor so happens to be in the area at the time, because doing so runs the risk of subjecting the child to a series of traumas, which are ultimately negative, because they harm the childs overall potential for helping the human race. Let us imagine a state of affairs where the school teacher is a digital school teacher, or simply a book. Today it is actually possible to condition oneself, through the use of text to speech software, to read at superhuman speeds. Everybody could be doing this. But instead everyone is paying \$200 for paper text books (which are reprinted every semester.) and shackling themselves to state debt, thereby creating an entire generation of wage slaves whose only goal in life is to remove the financial burden, which not even bankruptcy can save you from, that was placed on them immediately after emerging from high school, whilst probably under the effects of some deadly pharmaceutical. The truth is most of todays minds have been ruthlessly and systematically distorted by Catholicism, then poisoned by drugs, and then replaced with a title, such that the human being amounts to little more than whatever title it happens to have, after which the only means of escape from this horror is to deaden the mind with entertainment, or alcohol, or possibly marijuana. And not even marijuana is sufficient to liberate us from the torment of our lives, because marijuanas job is to make the mundane into something amazing, but really all it accomplishes is showing you is how amazingly mundane it is, so it simply depresses you all the more. Instead of seeing us as climbing up the steps of progress, we see that we're actually climbing up the steps of perversion. Inside us there is nothing but poison and perversion. If you want to see this perversion, all you have to do is turn your head sideways, then dump the perversion onto the page.