

THE READING MACHINE

**BY
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It was a rude shock to see my nephew, at my front door, who I hadn't seen since the funeral of my other nephew, carrying a laptop under his arm, and pushing his way into my house and muttering something about gravity and the state of the future, at 10 A.M.

This laptop is not a laptop, but the nucleus of the state of the future, he would say. Our politicians don't have schemes, only values, he would later say and seemingly to no one in particular while taking out the laptop and claiming a seat on my couch in a daze.

Hold on; my eggs are burning!

My scrambled eggs were burning and my nephew had distracted me with his crazy antics and nonsense sayings; I found the burnt eggs and threw them in the trash. But why did I throw the eggs in the trash? I don't know; but there's strawberry jam in the fridge, I started thinking, and so I smeared some jam onto a slice of toast I had intended to use for the egg, and I carried my jam and toast alongside a warm cup of tea to the other room, where I could now faintly hear my nephew apologizing for his intrusion, and muttering something strange having to do with reciprocity and a corpse.

He looked high, but wasn't high; he had a far away look in his eyes, I noted at the time I was chewing my toast, and again at this time, as I write this account, that his eyes were sparkling with madness; sparkling with genius; throughout our conversation I was continually mulling over such judgments. Is this a madman or a genius; a genius or a madman? He was helplessly obsessed with states, and the state of the future, I would later learn, but how obsessed he had been had until then been a complete mystery to me; and the more he revealed, the more apparent it became that he intended to draw me into his dangerous obsession, and by means of his so-called reading machine, which he claimed to use to accelerate the process, or the world-process, he would later say.

The human mouth is insufficient: the mouth is part of a systemic problem for humans, he would later explain. Ten minutes here! Twenty minutes there! It's not enough! These pitiful human mouth conversations we have are never enough! he complained. But I have accelerated my thinking: I have radically transformed my thinking to sustain the pace of my thinking; we think about thinking and so think about our thoughts; but the thoughts we think are experiences, and not the thoughts we write about, which if you think about them are not even thoughts, but signs of thoughts: we think we're thinking about our thoughts but what we're really doing is provoking thoughts, with artifice, he said in conclusion while looking at nothing in particular, lost in his thoughts, apparently.

Thanks to the reading machine (a Text-To-Speech machine) I have forged the heart of the state of the future! he later cried out with much feeling: I have shifted the whole center of gravity around which our whole society orbits, away from the mouth, and to this machine! You must hear my discourse; my discourse with my reading machine, he

pleaded to me in a most deprecating manner. It's by means of this machine that I have saved my head; saved my head from the pace of my thinking which once threatened to kill me, kill myself; although I never did kill myself, thanks to this machine; previously I had thought that without the means of some machine to move what's in my head outside my head everything in my head would one day suddenly explode: and then I'd be dead!

For I truly didn't think it were possible to have a conversation that was fast enough and to my liking: before the reading machine I didn't think that I'd ever be able to put what's in my head into the heads of others in a manner and speed appropriate enough to resolve my concerns having to do with every topic imaginable, every possible thing. For years I've endured our societies renditionizing through television; for years I've suffered our societies cynical politicians and our hypocrisy democracy; for years my teachers and professors would torment me with their tasks and demands; for years and centuries these professional professing professors have had their way, but no longer. I've rendered their professional professing profession impossible! You see, because of the reading machine, I've found a far better professing mechanism; I'll seduce man into putting this machine inside of him, changing him and also killing him. Don't you see what I've done? I recall him asking me, almost in horror. I've killed man! he exclaimed: I've killed them all!

I have destroyed the patriarchy, he would later say to me in conclusion, as we walked through the neighborhood while drinking beer, because we didn't care about drinking in public; we actually threw our empty beer bottles right at the so-called red light cameras like they were footballs, only I was definitely the better beer bottle and football-thrower.

My nephew poured his heart out to me in the couch, which at first I had mistaken as part of some bizarre madman act. Yes, at first I had wanted to call the police, but, little by little, it seemed to me that all he wanted was a friend; a friend is what he wanted, and a friend I tried to be. But of course he had no one, even when we were together, it was as if he was alone. Technology has this funny way of making us more and more alone, is what I now recalled him saying to me, two years ago, through a science fiction story.

The story seemed promising. I remember I had said this to him after the funeral, since I had to say something. It was a disturbing story, about a world of immortals, except their immortal cyberbodies were owned by the state, and nobody could commit suicide. But they actually did commit suicide, by erasing their memories. What's more, is this facility in which the main character worked was but a magnet for attracting sadistically-minded people, like the main character, into being incorporated by the company. That is what my nephew had thought to write after reading some documents having to do with the professions most suitable to psychopaths: the so-called professing professions. This story, which my nephew apparently burnt, was essentially an origin story about this people-farming and people-eating entity, which fed on human minds.

That was fine, but what wasn't fine was that my nephew really did come to me so I might help him design such an entity, this so-called state of the future: his diabolical scheme to imprison man, in a pleasant way. It's only by considering these gravity regimes that we will have peace in the galaxy! he once exclaimed. He was passionate, appearing to be both on the verge of crying and possibly laughing at me, or burning the house right down. And it really was interesting to listen to his suggestions; my nephew argued, with an intensity I found both repugnant and refreshing, that this future state would perhaps require an intrasegmental network of processors working rhythmically to maintain a sense of synthetic cohesion among the brains. But the problem, he went on to explain, is we can't synthesize, in advance, nor process, in advance, what these brains that are synthesizers synthesize and what these brains that are processors process; that's just another problem we'll have to consider, he said, and that is also why our politicians are nothing but human trash. The pretense of representation is what makes despotism possible, as the many are masked over by a representation which represents no one; what happens instead is someone else assumes a position of power, by proxy of the mass, and so listens to no one but the mass, when the mass as such a mass is no one in particular, and so its center of gravity does not exist. When people elect representatives, they merely partake in a self-humiliation ritual: as they vote others up, they vote themselves down. My nephew accused all politicians of the greatest negligence, since they lacked his sense of forethought. Forethought in all things, he once said, repeating the sophist maxim word for word.

Initially I didn't know why my nephew thought to include me, and it was difficult to have any kind of real conversation with him; at one point I thought he was serious, and at other points I thought he was joking. But of course, joking people are never joking.

That is what he had told me, prior to ever making a joke: joking people are always completely serious, exploiting man's laughing mechanism for its paralytic effect. Humans are animals that have a system susceptibility flaw, called laughter, which is exploited by comedians, he insisted with the utmost seriousness. Our politicians are all comedians! he once exclaimed. Our politician comedians get us to vote for them, by making the other seem more laughable! And the courts are no better. When we go to the courtrooms we see this gross misuse and exploitation of the human animals laughing mechanism, which is used to sway juries of people, ignorant to the hideous truth.

Dionysus is actually more powerful than Zeus, because he can paralyze him with laughter. Make him laugh his right head off! What this meant I wasn't sure, but it gave me cause to imagine that my nephew might have hated life so much that he was really only interested in taunting the state into killing him, no differently than Dionysus or Socrates or Jesus or Nietzsche. But this made him crazy to my mind. But maybe that's not true, I started thinking: when is somebody mad, really? You can't be mad always.

And I really was revolted that I had been too busy to reach out to my strange nephew, who I, in hindsight, realize I intentionally maintained my distance from, because I after all have children to feed, I had told myself. For I did not want to be drawn into his crazy world. I mulled this thought over considerably. If I had actually had a real conversation with my nephew, maybe he would not have turned to his reading machine and his crazy world; his crazy world and its conspiracies, then his conspiracy for me to help him imprison the human race. For the brain is a defense system, he would later say.

The brain should really be called a brain weapon, which has a model of gravity inside it; the brain weapon uses its geometrizing abilities to imprison things in nature. That's why we say that money is the root of all evil, because number is the root of all evil. Frege had begun to suspect that mathematics wasn't based on logic, but geometry, before he died. And geometry is simply this process: of imprisoning the manifold parts of nature, he arduously explained; but, if the divine is nature, and nature cannot imprison itself, because it is itself, then what could be more illogical, what could be more mad?

I didn't know what to say, so I, in my usual way, allowed my nephew to go on talking.

Would you like some coffee?

I offered my nephew some coffee. Soon my nephew and I were drinking coffee and talking up the morning. I entertained his so-called masochistic hyperbole, which is how he described his own writings, probably again to put them down. I am always writing my thoughts down to put them down; expressing my thoughts to others, hoping they'll put them down, he explained. I don't even like what I say, he would later say after quite a few beers: I only say what I say to bring my thoughts down. I believe that's probably why Nietzsche claimed to philosophize with the hammer, because he was hammering down his thoughts on his typewriter. He hammered his thoughts down because he hated them. You probably didn't know that Nietzsche owned a primitive typewriter, but he did. You probably also don't yet suspect that I'm not only like Nietzsche, but I am also like Socrates; it wouldn't surprise me if the three of us suffered from the same disease, he said to me while engaged in yet another digression. I have a chronic migraine aura; or, maybe visual snow syndrome; whatever it is, the doctors don't know, but living with it is like living with a continual reminder that everything I see is false. Whenever I look out at the world, it's hazy and distorted, he said while looking at his hands in a dissociative manner, as if I'm aware of the falseness of my self-model.

Apparently self-models were yet another one of my nephew's many interests.

Bill Gates once said that if he could have one superpower, it would be to read quickly, and I've given this superpower to the world! Except, I don't know if this is true, he once said, as he clapped his palm to his head. I once read that visual snow sufferers have a

lingual gyrus (a brain structure that is linked to processing vision and especially letters) in a hyper-metabolic state, so it could be the case that I'm the only one that can actually read at these speeds! The thought that I might be alone in this and that I really am a lone lunatic who listens to books at such speeds and even composes books that are songs to hear at these speeds, which nobody can understand, and will never understand, makes me want to run outside and scream, except I don't run outside and scream; instead, I stay home where I put my ear-buds in and listen to books, in one continuous stream.

It wasn't enough for my nephew to pounce on me with his strange revelations and crazy schemes, he also had to pounce on me with his machine: a machine that spoke so fast it only sounded like a babbling stream of clicking sounds. The language of the future may very well be an incomprehensible reel of clicking sounds, he said while talking over the hellish stream of clicking sounds: assuming that such brains even have ears to hear such clicking sounds; hence, why I previously theorized that by modifying our transduction pathways, information may be assimilated, more easily. Even the most grueling of texts, in my personal experience, seem to have the negativity sucked out of them, as I, the listener, fly over the words at inhuman speeds; absorbing it with mental automatism.

And think: people too often seem to subscribe to texts, merely because they invest time in them, so not to feel that it was wasted, when really they'd rather not subscribe to such texts, but experience those texts. I have found a way to experience the text; internalize the sentiment behind the text; and even the inferences behind the text, he claimed.

One of the greatest tragedies of the human condition is that our minds are able to generate radically different inferences, with the same experiences. Humans by the billions are corralled into schools and libraries and movie theaters, into which music is pumped in, effectively ordering them how to feel about a given situation; and still, they will walk away with very different things to say about the film, meaning that we are doomed to perpetual squabble, that is, war. Yes; he said: it seems we are doomed to perpetual war, not peace, which is obviously what both Kant and Einstein hoped for.

But of course this corralling which is a perpetual and endless corralling is what will manifest this state of the future, he said to me and yet to no one; we have aggregated ourselves by agreements to the synthesis made by our mouths! That is what the state of the future is, he said, a united world of synthesis, and yet it's also a prison world; for this synthesis is not the total, only the means by which ideas on the total are evoked, through what I can only guess, is the totals totalizing effect. It seems to me that this state of the future will have to embrace this strangeness, no matter how nonsensical it seems, and in a manner similar to our genes, who program for their lives within these gravity regimes, man, like his genes, has learned to write sequences and sentences and so he sentenced himself to a life of writing forever, to correct his nature, which is fundamentally evil.

Now I must record that because it was quite early in the morning and my usual mental-defenses from such verbal attacks were, at the time, down, I continued to listen to my nephew, although intermittently, as there were, also, many things on my mind: various programming projects, the content of which I am not at liberty to say. However, be that as it may, it also did seem at the time that there was a connection, albeit a tenuous one; for there were many instances in our discussion where my nephew seemed to nod to the intelligence community. Yes; it was his seemingly borderline seemingly schizophrenic seemingly paranoid thinking that made me think that my employer might actually be a borderline schizophrenic paranoid, and so I continued to listen: perceiving that perhaps by harvesting my nephew's ideas I might stay at the cutting edge of things, always.

It's like people have forgotten how to send letters: conversation has been stultified by pictures and videos and instant messages, and screens. But my skin is a screen, I now recalled my nephew saying: my skin is comprised by a great many holes by which I touch the world, no differently than the screens these state people use to touch the real world, which is nature. Yes that's right I said state people; state people is what they are, he went on to say. There is no nature to take from so we take from human nature; human nature was bad just as nature was bad; humans hunted nature and now the state is what hunts humans and human nature; when mothers birth children they think that they are birthing children who will help humans and human nature, but what really happens is a state births the children and the states hunt humans and human nature. We have to think about such things as we design the state of the future, he insisted; his hands and fingers gesticulating in an almost insectile manner, as if he were casting a spell. And indeed he had already many drawings done, drawings and even digital models of the prison for all mankind, which I now recalled is what he called the state of the future. My nephew had all these thousands and thousands of drawings in what he called the compendium for the state of the future. My nephew, and his reading machine; his research with the reading machine, had led him, my nephew, who I alternately called the reading machine and my nephew and his reading machine; for to what extent my nephew was a reading machine and to what extent my nephew was him and the reading machine, I couldn't always say, but anyway my nephew and his reading machine had led him to his project, which not only included him and the reading machine, but the so-called life-stream. It's only by bringing the life-stream into a state of superfluidity that super-totality will at last find a comfortable state of stability! he once exclaimed, knocking the thousands of thousands of drawings onto the floor, which did not even resemble a state remotely desirable: it actually resembled a hell, although I did not tell my nephew it resembled a hell, but merely put the thousands and thousands of papers and drawings and notes back into the pile of papers and drawings and notes, in no particular order, which did not seem to have any effect on my nephew who actually, at that moment, claimed that the real intention of those papers and drawings and notes was simply to inspire me; inspire me to create this state of the future, or at the very least the hatchery in the state of the future: our home.

Instead of mothers giving birth to children it is the state that will birth the children, directly from the hatchery, which will then be carried away by the spider-bots to deposit the freshly born brains into their new home, so my nephew had written. It is a virtual home, but still a home nonetheless, so my nephew had written.

My nephew had calculated that the state of the future, in such a form as he conceived and with the entire population of earth contained, would be the size of roughly thirteen Empire State Buildings, when assembled. We must design it to house every brain on earth; if we don't, they'll think that I'm a monster, that my cause is a monstrous cause. I can still recall him talking about this home and pointing at a drawing entitled "The Nexus" wherein this so-called conscious potentiality was harvested. Harvested! for the betterment of the state. And it was always for the betterment of the state, never the betterment for the minds within the state: what's good for the state is good for the minds of the state, is what he would say, and so on. It's by stabilizing the psychic perception of the state that the mechanical state of the future will be a stable state. my nephew had written. The word "stable" underlined. And even I once shrank back, horrified, when I saw some of the other more chaotic papers, where meaningless scribbles connected the psychic state to the mechanical state, and the mechanical state to the psychic state, and vice-versa; thinking that contented mental automatism and equilibrium between the automated mechanical and the psychic state was somehow key to achieving this state of stability. But of course there is no such thing as this stability, my nephew had written.

Sadly, all the universe can do is explore itself, which is, in fact, an ever-living grave. The ever-living grave makes life to explore the grave, and the best this grave has to offer is recapitulated to the ever-living grave, he had written. We think we are talking to human faces, but really we only talk to faces of the ever-living grave, he had written. The ever-living grave has an infinitum of mouths, which are like gravity wells, so the grave can suck itself down into itself and reproduce itself for eternity, as the ever-looping rings of madness turn and reflect synthesis against its mirror surface, which explodes into bright and starry phantom forms, against the rippling waves, of the ever-living grave.

It would later be revealed that my nephew, seeking to perfect his preliminary work on a quantum gravity consciousness theory, had familiarized himself with an almost century old internal time consciousness theory, concluding that this internal time consciousness theory he had referenced was sabotaged by the Nazis, under the pretext of saving the human race, as if the human race deserved to be saved. Life is an error of reciprocal destruction, where life eats life to survive, so all of life should be reorganized in new ways; new values; spiritual values. For what else is a spirit, but an entity that doesn't need food? The essence of spirit is hatred for life; food and shit, so said my nephew. You'd have to agree that our aim is to recreate ourselves, and also destroy ourselves.

Husserl's work on the internal time consciousness barely has anything to do with gravity, my nephew explained: he talks at length about time and duration but never talks about time dilation; he never talks about gravity's impact on the processor, and the process of processing the rival processors, effected by gravity's impact; forcing the processors to decay quickly and slowly relative to one another and even benefiting from each other in radically unpredictable ways, as one processor harvests the processing generated by the rival processors, and so on. And wouldn't you say that a situation in which dense objects pull gravity upon the processors, with rival processors processing the processors, which in turn harvest the processing generated by such processors, perhaps gives valid cause for wars, over such spacial territories? Perhaps our consciousness is merely the hypnotic suggestion of consciousness, whose purpose is to provide us with a state of stability, which is more mirage than real. Our consciousness is really an unconsciousness, which is a mirage, I now suspect, my nephew had written. This mirage consciousness appears as sensation thanks to agreements within the processors: compromises between walls.

Suddenly we'd find ourselves talking about the walls and the need for walls; how the need for walls was evidence of the need for division and destruction and separation from the world where walls are necessary, how the world and the total were responsible for an existence where we find ourselves walled away, psychically, from other entities who are psychically walled way. And it's around this time that my nephew apologized for writing his earlier story and sending it to me; a story in which he imagined my reaction of his talking to me. It was over-presumptuous of me, he said. Over-presumptuous, and also stupid, he said. Whenever I think of saying something to others, I invariably think of their interpretation; so I'm sorry for writing that prior letter, in which I tried to imagine your interpretation of my interpretation of your interpretation, my nephew said to me as we walk through the streets: It would have been better if I had simply sent you a copy of my discourse and asked you to write some notes on the discourse, but instead I wrote an entire book, where I tried to imagine your thoughts on my thoughts; and then also your ideas on your thoughts on untangling my thoughts, when this again would have been an unhealthy overestimation of your abilities, your thought-dis-entanglement abilities; for nothing made me think you possessed such abilities. So I was both underestimating and overestimating your abilities, which is why I suppose I simulated your abilities, in an effort to save time, which was my mistake; he said, apologizing again.

And then he'd talk about the philosophers he hated. There are so many philosophers that were totally unlike these modern day disciplined schoolmaster philosophers, instead they were merely confused philosophizers and poets, mistakenly labeled philosophers by these professional professing professors and professional philosophizer historians, who call themselves philosophers, when they aren't philosophizers, but philosophizer historians; but now I've actually destroyed this professional professing profession, of philosophizer historians, called philosophy, and, by consequence, the profession of professional philosophers, making real philosophy and philosophizing possible!

But the strange thing is that the human is a creature that needs to be traumatized into learning the human language, he wondered aloud. So who, exactly, will teach children the language of the future, to understand our words? This is still the greatest mystery to me; I often think that body language would be better, like the body language a bear will use to teach its cub, except humans don't use body language, but their tongue language; their word trauma language, and this word trauma language, sequenced by sensitive brain weapons, sequenced men into forming the states we know today, which are but dark copies of the brain weapon. Obedience is what makes social inequality possible, my nephew said in conclusion, but the state of the future can't be made without this obedience. Fuck, I'm sorry, my nephew said. I should not be saying this crap. And is it really good for me to push out a story based on the disorganized themes of which I'm speaking now? Maybe more stories than one are about this problem of balancing our creativity with creativity's destructive proclivities, he wondered aloud. It makes me wonder how many stories are pushed on us by disorganized minds! Now the world is entertained by this disorder, when it should be stimulated by order.

Of course I by now realized that a real conversation with my nephew wasn't possible, it's just that I was bored, so I, in my tasteless and tactless way, thought it best to keep on probing him: poking at him to see what other sayings would come out; but, maybe this was also what he feared, I wondered to myself: being poked and probed, in this manner.