

T H E  
S T A T E  
O F  
T H E  
F U T U R E

BY  
JOE VIVIANO

Having just received the news of my nephews death, I've now found myself writing again, in my usually unrestrained way, intent on releasing my mental tensions into a document I will certainly destroy, for that is the purpose of this mental-discharging, which has never failed to instill a sense of power over my life; as I see the words fill pages; I see the paper slowly consumed by words; words I create; the words in my head, concerning my nephew who was recently found with a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head, dead, my sister cried in her characteristically hysterical way, which was often painful to her listeners and especially sensitive listeners, such as my nephew and myself, I presumed, she was dismayed by the terror of finding her son and those shattered pieces of skull and blood and brains and then doubly dismayed as she was unable to resist an impulse to run up to those pieces of skull and blood and brains, to try and fit them together, now I, too, with those horrific mental images burnt into my mind, find myself unable to think clearly, having wanted to put them together and finding myself unable to bring them together, having poured over the philosophical papers my nephew sent me concerning his interest in social inequality and the state of the future, but also the future educational complex; the prospect of an entirely mechanical educational complex; what kind of world would remain, if any, if machines could hold that lofty title, of educator, questions like these ripped through his mind at an early age, as I happen to know. Nietzsche was equally obsessed with education, like your nephew, my philologist friend Simon said. I told my old high school friend Simon about my nephew and his philosophical and scientific interests concerning his project for erecting the edifice of the state of the future, and Simon eagerly read my nephews papers and became equally terrified by what he found. Everything in here, Simon said, as bad as it sounds, is actually far worse than that, worse than you or anyone can possibly explain. You can describe it, but you can't explain it, so there is only the pretense of explanation; a pretense of representation, my nephew wrote on one of his notes, this whole world is masked over by the vast pretense of representation; it doesn't matter where you live; it doesn't matter if it's the Republic of China or the United States and its constitutionally limited democratic republican government, a hypocritical representation prevails when there can't be a representation by virtue of the represented beings not being the beings who do their own representing. Humans are sensitive anti-reality weapons that, having made too much contact with each other, created a referential and directional cascade that will eventually result in the tragic birth of a newer and more powerful anti-reality weapon, the so-called artificial intelligence, which everyone knows will probably be but a human-torturing device, just as humans are an animal torturing device now pouring those countless millions of baby chicks into grinders alive, a technological singularity similar to how the mind, temporality, and self, are produced or possibly co-produced by gravity, my nephew wrote on one of his notes; one of the many notes he tacked throughout his room; apparently my nephew had moved above his parents store and

domiciled himself in there, overlooking the Hofmeister Colonial Mortuary, a truly gigantic mortuary structure stretching an entire block; I wondered to myself, as I paced back and forth across the creaky floorboards while listening to the incessant traffic rolling softly down the street outside, what devastating effects overlooking a giant mortuary structure, such as this one, could have had upon his mind, as I read a corresponding note connected by yarn, suggesting that life itself was a gravitational singularity, with a pictorial note depicting a gravity well as a mouth. It's the sucking quality of gravity that gives life its sucking quality, that's why life sucks so much, my nephew wrote on one of his notes, "sucks" underlined. My nephew had the idea that the state of the future needed to be designed in a manner which accounted for gravity regimes; a problem of statics, he thought, knowing full well that humans, as anti-reality weapons, seeking an understanding of reality, would never understand that reality, since that reality was already masked over by the brain by consequence of the gravity well and its sucking quality, which as such a self-sucking quality embodies at the same time its own predator-prey relationship, making feedback and also evolution possible. The phonic quality, that is to say physical quality, of speech, should give us cause to fear that the best words can do, is push us around. I focused on this note for at least thirty minutes straight, suddenly feeling myself evacuated of substance, as I conceived myself within my nephews own chronically depressed state of mind and body; I fled those oppressive conditions imposed by my new mental process, noting to myself my sister and her husbands love of listening to themselves talk; I observed this tendency in her and her mate and how it never failed to drive both myself and my father crazy, we had to run away to the safety of our cars in the shortest possible time span to escape the pain of listening to them babbling incessantly, overturning the same dull topics of interest again and again. Naturally it was only in hindsight that it dawned on me that a gifted man like my nephew had probably been driven crazy for want of nourishing conversation, being forced to listen only to rhetoric, day in, day out; I witnessed this behavior when I got up to use the bathroom; I had once indicated to my sister that I had intended to use the bathroom and expected her to grasp that indication; but instead, while I was already walking in that direction, to the bathroom, was asked if I were going to the bathroom, rhetorically. So my sister, against my will, forced me to say Yes. My sister and her husband had both inherited this congenital practice of forcing people to say things, which I supposed was why they were sales people. But my nephew was surely not a sales person and did not inherit the habit of saying things to people, in fact he was a recluse, likely traumatized by a childhood which consisted of that curious speaking and hearing procedure, a procedure which my nephew also took up as part of his project concerning the state of the future; for it seemed obvious, to him, that for such a state to exist, there would have to also be a hierarchy where people were rendered obedient to that cause. The state is a state of obedience, money is the residue of obedience. Karl Marx was an idiot who should

have entitled *Das Kapital*, *Das Rückstand* (residue), my nephew wrote. There isn't anything good about art, or life, everything appreciable is a manifestation of force, the ugly underside of slavery behind our skin is rarely ever thought of, really these so-called old art masters are unworthy of our respect, since we know them to be the mercenaries of the elite. I will never share my idea for the state of the future with the world; I will never share the truth with them, they'll only exploit it, just as all the professional professing professions merely exploit the ideas of others; the academics are merely worming their way into these professing professions; the whole scope of human history and also the markings of history are nothing but the recorded fights and flights away from the professors; take for example Moses who tried to escape the Pharaoh, then for example Jesus, who tried to escape from the Rabbis; both of them are fundamentally concerned with the question of training; concerned with what, if anything, mankind is to be trained for. Nothing but obedience to chaos! There is really nothing admirable about being a professor, nothing admirable about speaking; that's why I've created my Reading Machine to serve as the annoying heart of the state of the future, which will annoy mankind into killing itself, so that the universe can go back to being a utopia of psychopathy, as it was before. Blind will, nothing else, the word "nothing" underlined. Probably my nephew kept his crazy idea for the state of the future but also the mechanical educating apparatus necessary to entice others into building his state of the future, his Reading Machine, which he used on himself so he could familiarize himself with everything; he kept everything in his head since early childhood, never revealing his idea to anyone for fear of it being destroyed. Too often people share their ideas too early, sharing them with others, only to have those others destroy that idea, crushing it and all the thoughts connected to it, with their words, since words destroy thought, because words are trauma. Whenever we see some writing, writing we cannot understand because it's in a language we do not understand, he said, we can still recognize it as man made, that is to say, made by a traumatizer. Words are vacant of meaning; numbers are vacant of meaning; we wish to see the world beneath the apparent world and so wish to see nothingness. At the core of the singularity is an observer, stimulating potentiality into becoming a straight line, into penetrating that vacancy, an observer, a nothingness existing invisible to itself, as a dream devoid of life, an ever-living death, everything: totally removed from everything else. All I wanted was to help humanity but humanity is really an inhumanity that's an economy of memory, meaning that once the memetic economy is retained by automatisms utterly beyond our control, mankind will be enslaved and destroyed! I found it odd that my nephew found it repugnant that there were actually people out there who enjoyed servitude, but this was probably because he possessed an evil mind and therefore knew that no one deserved to be served. I suppose that is the weaknesses of evil genius, he wrote on one the tens of thousands of notes he threw down the stairs: you think that everybody has one. Unable to circumvent the

biological realities connected to the nervous system; if you act in response to, say, a mouth noise, which is something controlled by a nervous system, you are acting in an auxiliary way, so said my nephew. World peace is impossible. Idealism is impossible. The idealizers ideal cannot be made real since the brain is an anti-reality weapon in diametric opposition to the real. Invisible barriers and divisions, gates, all of which at least theoretically lead back to the center. Suddenly conscientious of the decadence of his self-conception game, I no longer cared very much that my nephew was dead. At first I felt terrible that my nephew had been betrayed by his parents, those many years ago, since after my wife had contacted them to chastise them for bad parenting, when they had forced him out of the house with their rhetorical ways and their insistence on republican and Catholic ideas and also their oppressive hatred towards him for being a homosexual, she had, as I had, been verbally attacked by a series of angry letters, I now recalled, whatever childhood my nephew had was surely a traumatic childhood; a childhood unworthy of memory, and he couldn't believe it, just as the billions of others who went to their graves in painful ways couldn't believe in the universes capacity for inflicting pain, but now that he was dead I knew that he was probably no longer aware of that trauma, unless of course my nephew is right that whatever God exists, loves trauma, that the universe is a trauma through and through, hence: the big bang: the big suicide, “suicide” underlined. Man is the only animal that kills itself, so man is going to kill himself, so said my nephew, in fact it was the last word he said to me, as I now recalled. My nephew would sometimes call me out of the blue, to talk my ear off, in his scatterbrained manner, and I always generously indulged him since I recognized that he had been mentally destroyed, that I was not talking to a real person but a destroyed person, just as anyone possessing either mine or my fathers intellectual capacities would have developed into destroyed people under my sisters influence, an anxious influence. I can vividly recall her arresting everyone with her anxieties and so it was no problem for me to imagine her arresting my nephews development but actually, strangely enough, maddening him to stand entirely above mankind, splitting off, as they say, far away from mankind, the trauma network of mankind. I am propelled by hatred, and nothing but hatred “nothing but hatred” underlined. It was my nephews volcanic hatred that enabled him to describe mankind better than anyone else. On the one hand, Moses hated the Pharaoh, but not because he was a professor but rather because he was a professor who had crushed his kin and enslaved them, and on the other hand, Jesus hated the Rabbis, because he perceived the failure of their speech; in both cases the priestly professional professing influence prevails; in both cases mankind fails; on the one hand, Jesus seduces by making statements against the priests, suggesting we turn the other cheek, and on the other hand, Moses seduces by making statements against the priests, suggesting that the Lord would make Jews the head, not the tail; making Christianity a masochistic slave morality, to complement Judaisms sadistic master morality, or if that's taboo to

say, a head morality, to stay ahead, to remain a despotic brain, which is what we are. Suddenly I understood why the so-called 60s ideals couldn't be made real, in light of my nephews philosophical views; we wish to free ourselves from despotism but we are already despots, humiliated into a state existence. These codes of conduct made the present day possible; one code, the sadistic code, hates the professor and yet at the same time professes flight from the professor, another code, the masochistic code, hates the professor professing hypocritically and yet at the same time professes flight from the body, into nothingness. I suppose such codes needed to exist to compensate for the tendency in genius to resist all forms of organization, making our progress the accident of generations; our so-called enlightenment age was no enlightenment but actually a dawn, created by mortality, in which men noted: their church spires had morphed into factory spires. I suspect that after this universal re-sphereification and incorporation process is complete, the universe will have nothing else to do, but kill itself again, since it will not be able to stand the pressure of being a sphere. But this is a depressing story, not an inspirational one, which is what is necessary for there to be a church and also a state; and yet, nobody is really responsible for this state, everyone is basically helpless. For the most part, the priests do not understand the awful truth of what they preach, that all of them are fishers of men, hunters of men, or as Plato apparently wrote: anglers. Suddenly I perceived the truth of my nephews views; that, just as men like Neumann invested his mental energies towards nuclear bombs, so too did men of old invest their mental energies towards word bombs, which, like nuclear bombs, served only to terrify people back into the demonic arms of the state. Those perfidious anti-reality weapons and their sophistry! We are not actually sophisticated, we are doomed to sophistication, doomed to do tasks for taskmasters, destined only to search for a false truth, a non-space, circumscribed by scribes, wielding a magical inspirational power. People wish they could read from a book of spells and so impel animals into states of obedience, and that's precisely what the priests have done with their religion! Just think of the mega churches! he once exclaimed. Somehow we've made begging for money illegal, my nephew indicted in one of his many journals, none of them dated. We made begging illegal precisely because the rich do nothing but beg for money, because they want exclusive rights to beg us and annoy us with their vast begging operation; in Washington the politicians call their benefactors and they beg; on the television the companies call upon us with their advertisements and they beg; even the mega churches wouldn't be possible without their begging; all the world, in fact, would be smashed into little bits if people stopped their begging and went for what they want. Really there is no truth, no truth beyond the habit of people annoying people with their notions of truth, meaning the only truth I've ever known is a world overflowing with annoying people. But now I've sealed the doors shut to the professorship, thanks to the Reading Machine, I've imprisoned yet actually liberated man within the walls of my state of the future. At the point of revelation, which was

also the point of my nephews suicide, everyone was horrified, especially myself since I would have never dreamt that this state of the future would actually become reality. Not only is it a reality, my nephews state of the future rapidly started working for us all. As you can see, my nephew said, the state of the future is outwardly grotesque, but experientially pleasant, incidentally suggested to me by a timed email sent by my nephew, after the suicide of my nephew. Previously the mentally ill would suffer in an aggravated state, surrounded both by incompetent doctors and patients who were losing their minds, but now everybody is neatly sealed away behind a mental veil of distortion. Besides: Why fold space-time when you can fold a lie over your slaves? I couldn't believe how happy everyone was, with the error unleashed by my nephew, I watched in a slack-jawed state of total dismay, as I watched his mechanism work. It rapidly started making the world a better place, instantly liquefying half the globe and converting that fused together waste material that was also made up of landfills into a composite skin for the state of the future. Previously I was highly concerned with the ever-increasing amount of landfills around, and so witnessing that awesome atomic blast, or whatever it was, and the subsequent incorporation of that trash, was nothing short of amazing. At first I thought my nephew was merely the critical theorist from hell, who was going to obliterate the professional professing profession supported by those professional twaddlers and their brainless, back and forth, twaddling about the twaddle people had said; and I was aghast when he unveiled his Reading Machine, patenting it so it was perfectly legal; for he had after all used his Reading Machine to his ends, drawing on thousands upon thousands of volumes of legal books in every possible language, all gathered by my nephew, all never read but better yet listened to by my nephew, so in the end he was highly adept at arguing any case in court; he made all his legal preparations far, far, before he would publish his work, because I know full well that he not only hated publishing but the mere thought of publishing and all it entailed to his mind: having his recorded estate passed around and molested by editorial criminals in a so-called publishing house; for in my nephews view the people who sought out publishers were no better than whores, and thus he planned to circumvent the publishing world with his Reading Machine, on the strength of his record company, all of this completely legal, and when he released his completely digital Reading Machine, his educational apparatus, as he sometimes called it, there was suddenly a massive epidemic of suicides as innumerable critical theorists and so-called philosophers and so-called writers and professional professors, all completely lost their minds. They felt they could no longer support themselves. And half the worlds population was destroyed! And the worst part about it is it was all my fault, that I am the guilty party. On one of our phone calls with my nephew I had said, in my nonchalant, and entirely ironical way, that cockroaches, an animal which for centuries relied on its antennae as its means for avoiding boots, by detecting the air, were now cursed by their very sensitivity, which is why the vacuum cleaner soon

became so effective at sucking them all up to their doom. And I know for some time my nephew wrestled with the devastating effect his machine would have, which I suppose is why he killed himself, knowing that once he set his mechanism in motion that his life would then lose its justification, that he had no more mental fortunes to offer this world, and that he couldn't tolerate observing the aftermath of what he made; he was in every sense a scientist, and not merely the critical theorist from hell, as I once thought, since he really did engineer a state of the future, where mankind will now reside for billions upon billions of years, he wrote, until man is engineered into an animal that is no longer man, but some nameless bio-mechanism operating in a state of reciprocal advantage with the machine. But more about this later. What I wish to speak of now is the matter elucidated to me by my nephew concerning the problem of educators, instructors, teachers, and the like, and how they've become educators, instructors, teachers, and governors of men. Man is the animal understands nothing and teaches that he understands nothing and for this he is rewarded! And for that, we mortal men plum the depths of chaos! Humans hunt humans, and that is the truth, and for that I must imprison mankind in a trauma machine, which but is a dark copy of the universal soul! Indeed, the great power that governs the world is nothing and nothing prevails! My whole life I was chained to chaotic people, mystified that I was subjected to chaotic conditions, horrified that I was doomed to live in a world that was total chaos, when I should have realized chaos was in charge, the whole time! Hundreds upon thousands of people are writhing for compromise in a mass comedy of compensation when the people in charge are simply people who know nothing and everything thanks to the pretense of knowing; everything; nothing; since everything is also nothing; everything; thanks to everything being everything; thanks to everything being nothing; thanks to being; nothing; everything; being nothing; and also everything; nothing deserves to be called everything; and everything deserves to be called nothing; that's what people don't understand, he wrote in his compendium for nothing and also everything: the book with no name. My nephew couldn't even get the title right, what seemed to be the insanely long title on the first page simply spilled over to the next page, and so on. But that's enough of that; the point of that masterwork, I now recalled, was to elucidate for his listener that nothing deserved to be called a thing in the first place, since nothing was stable, the words "nothing is stable" underlined, since everything was stable, "everything is stable" underlined, then crossed out; in fact he drew a line through every word in that masterwork, the great "unifying hyphen" as a note here suggests, which is why he also ended up writing the word chaos on every page. That was his conclusion. And I was always impressed by my nephew's ability to step outside himself and survive himself by his self-surviving mechanism, representing himself, to himself, to such a degree that I fell victim to his mental process and thought that I myself might not be me but a representation of some other self-surviving mechanism, until I canceled the thought; I



probably only survived thanks in part to my thought-canceling mechanism, any time a thought disturbed me greatly I would, previously, terminate it, concluding it to be a terminable offense, and yet here I am several days later still obsessively writing about my nephew and this nightmare darkening my mind. Now that I feel myself unable to step outside myself, my nephews technique, I find myself completely trapped in this world, trapped by the Reading Machines commands, trapped by the state of the future, trapped by my body, trapped by existence, trapped by everything. Each day I continue to listen to the plans and commands generated by the state of the future, and none of them make one iota of sense; instead, I continue to think about the creator of the state of the future and what he said, that universal madness reigns and has always reigned, “universal madness” underlined. Except I know no one will believe. They're too busy reaping the benefits of my nephews crazy machine, which he made without the help of mathematics; my nephew considered mathematics an abomination that owed its success to annoyance and obedience; insisting that analogical accuracy was impossible and that analysis was impossible, since “two” was impossible; there was only the one; there was only a scratch; there was only a sound. The entire edifice of mathematics is built purely on annoyance! he once proclaimed. Yes; when man counted upwards to infinity, he merely found a secret recipe, for inflicting endless pain! And man isn't even very original. He uses his fingers to count up to ten, then twenty, and so on, but he only does this because his progenitors annoyed him into counting his body parts: a tradition our parents ruthlessly pushed on us to annoy into being machines for keeping them alive. Except now humans will keep the state alive! It is as The Matrix suggests, a euphemism for The State; we humans are really batteries for powering a state. To think that that a small machine, such as mine, is capable of inflicting permanent irreparable damage on the world. But the state of the future is to be perfect in every way, superfluidical transduced universal automatism rotates endlessly along the vortex line, in the space-time structure, a structure which can never be enjoyed. For when everything is beautiful, nothing is beautiful, “nothing is beautiful” underlined. The power that rules the world is nothingness, meaning that we have only the pretense of power, since everyone has nothing, absolutely nothing, to call their own, since the state possesses everything, he wrote; I've programmed the state of the future to know that human cries, and infant cries, are nothing but the cry of influence by the organism and ought to be ignored; thus, the state of the future shall freely mutilate and eviscerate and vivisect and rape and murder mankind for billions of years, just as mankind has freely mutilated and eviscerated and vivisected and raped and murdered cell-kind for ages. The state of the future is natures revenge, the words “natures revenge” underlined. Once the machine is activated, mans days of speaking and hearing will be finished and no cries will be heard. These annoying apes of slavery will be ashes, “apes of slavery” underlined, “ashes” underlined. I am capitalisms exterminating angel, “exterminating angel” underlined. Nobody in all the

world has read Deleuze as I, he said on one of our walks, by which I really mean listen; I am the only philosophizer to read his books as he instructed, like a record: at six hundred and sixty six words per minute. I devoured all the worlds philosophy books, and all of them are trash. Very few writers ever gave me pleasure, none except Bernhard, then Nietzsche; oftentimes I'll be going about my day, recalling the phonic voice impressions on my memory, he said, thinking to myself: I would much rather be listening to Bernhard; much rather be listening to Nietzsche, the only two voices that never failed to have a rejuvenating effect on my soul, body and mind, no matter my mood. I'd run home, frantically measure out some coffee beans to grind, prepare my pour over coffee, black, then absorb those authors with mental automatism while drowning my thoughts, killing my thoughts, while gleefully sipping my coffee while listening to the heavenly sounds of those tumultuous torrents of honesty, hearing their words spinning in my Reading Machine like they were mechanical, sexless angels of God, matching the rotational speed of the helicase rocketing me through their books at inhuman speeds, which I'm certain would horrify them yet not surprise them: that this existentially indispensable and utterly inhuman listening act should be so very necessary in this so very inhuman world! Since childhood my nephew believed that the state ought to make higher education accessible to all, that upward mobility was what the people needed, that it was horrible that our legal system had so heinously kneecapped information sharing technology, misbranding it piracy. He accused the piracy-supporters of professing a message counter to their cause. Those god damn pirates (who he despised! as I've already explained) and their party supporters do nothing but demonize their cause, each time they cry out in support of the name of so-called piracy, they do damage to it, inflicting everlasting damage on replication, inflicting everlasting damage on mankind, so said his manifesto: these so-called piracy supporters are really criminals, lazy criminals too lazy to preform the simple act of re-branding and defending the good act of replication, tainting replications good name! If these pernicious piracy supporters don't withdraw their support of piracy in favor of replication, I'll kill myself, the words "kill myself" underlined; because honestly there's no point in inventing anything for mankind, like the Star Trek replicator I dreamed to create, if mankind is going to squabble over patterns and squabble over ownership and squabble over everything. Each day I imagine another brilliant inventor killing himself, because he knows that no invention, not the plow nor the print and press nor electricity nor information sharing technology, has hitherto helped humanity or will ever, since humanity can't even use the computer properly! I can only take this brainless misuse of our computers, our property, as a sign that our technology will never, absolutely never, benefit mankind; any attack on replication is an attack on genius, an attack on the autodidact polymath, an attack on the world, an attack on mankind! I now recalled that during our every phone conversation, his attention was completely obsessed with mankind, obsessed with the total, obsessed

with everything; he was over-thinking everything; and I once, after reading a modest batch of my nephews philosophical and literary papers, told my sister that it seemed that my nephew was over-thinking everything; and, judging from his literary remains, it's clear to me now that she leaked our conversation. But I was never all that good of an uncle to him, since in fact I had already thought my nephews thoughts, and thus I feared that agreeing with them too much could mean his demise. That's why I told him I was a bad uncle, hoping he'd find someone else. Anyway, I suppose that's why he turned back to his Reading Machine: no person on earth could speak how he wanted to speak and so he was destined for loneliness. As I've said, it appalled him that no educational apparatus was existed as of yet that met his expectations for the world, and so he built his Reading Machine and endlessly used it on himself until, at long last, he hit something: learning that an educating machine was also a molding machine and a controlling machine! And then, just there, the jaws of the universe snapped shut around him. The Reading Machine in front of his mind, the universal machinery behind his mind, it all fused together, with him, his brain liquefied, then split, and he produced the germ for the state of the future. I'm more machine now, twisted and evil, he said, now quoting Obi-Wan Kenobi word for word, adding that he was just like DNA, adding that he was twisted, just like life itself; hence, why he understood it so well. Life is merely an deception that needs deception to survive! For a life to survive is must see things, and not see things, yet we seek truth, invisible to ourselves. So how, exactly, are we to see this truth, that isn't ourselves? Everyone already knows the truth, an experiential truth, yet we seek a truth that's beyond us, beyond our experience; our words are but the stimulus for evoking hallucination in an artificing experiencer, the signs become the artifices for the artificer, the trauma for the traumatizer, he wrote, but never the innermost hallucination; that self-sucking singularity at the innermost spatial point in the self-sucking field, that feedback zone of temporal and conscious potentiality wanting to enter inside the other interstices contained in that misrepresented pictorial vortex image, not to be thought of a vortex but rather a mass; we are individual hallucinators wishing to be a mass while not being a mass, wanting to know the mass without being the mass, without actually killing ourselves. This mass pretension that knowing the mass is possible for us is what keeps our economic state of mutual exploitation going. What has our knowing done for us besides reduce man into an pitiful existence resembling a cell?! We always feel twisted, he wrote, always inside out; I should have known that none of this was worth it, "none of it was worth it" underlined. I must bear the unbearable; must read Bernhard, the words "read Bernhard" underlined. Bernhard, the hater of Heidegger, that shameless Nazi establishment author who wrote that slab of crap, Being and Time, as a backhanded attack on the Jews. Because they castrated their penises and, he thought Heidegger thought, the copula, too: their being and human beings. Of course there are no human beings or beings, he wrote, there's nothing but

the total, “nothing but the total” underlined. World War II wasn't really a war of races, but a secret war to erase the zero copula languages: Hebrew and Chinese. Heidegger did not want to admit the truth: the very fact that words, such as vivisection and rape and murder, have a meaning for us, means that humans no longer deserved to be, no longer deserved to exist. Except the state doesn't teach this, since it is keen not to induce existential crises in its young, so wrote my nephew. Moses and Jesus: mental terrorists, hunting humans with their perverse mental terrorism; on the one hand, Moses professes a mental terrorism that begs eternal flight from the Pharaoh; flight from the patriarch; flight from the professor, the words “Pharaoh” and “patriarch” crossed out, the word “professor” underlined; on the other hand, he wrote, that suicidal hell Jew, Jesus Christ, professes a mental terrorism that begs eternal flight from the supposedly hypocritical scribes and Pharisees, the professors, he wrote, the words “scribes” and “Pharisees” crossed out; the word “professors” underlined, who do not do what they say by consequence of the fact that professors are simultaneously commanders, educators, instructors, teachers, and governors of men. For every sequence, there must also be consequences, he wrote; man is a professing and a sequencing and a commanding animal, and for that he is cursed with guilt. Man is not merely a copying animal like the other mammals; instead, he refers and directs and is, therefore, directed. And if this is professed as the human flaw, like for instance Paul, then that is a suicidal proclamation! What else are we to make of his request to be dissolved? We are creatures of agony, he wrote, and thus the world looked upon the crucifix, a symbol of human execution, and embraced it for centuries; and yet, today, we balk when young people kill themselves! Most likely, there will never be a Jewish messiah; that prophesy, I now suspect, was added only to serve as a mechanism for baiting maniacs out of their holes, so they can receive the death that they want. I bet those disciplined Germans didn't want to admit that they, as Catholics, had become the masochistic side of a sadomasochistic social arrangement, so they committed suicide by World War. Human history is unbearable to listen to when thought of in professing terms, “unbearable” underlined. But it's by castrating our being and projecting it on an ideal being (the tetragrammaton) that we are able to be creative, since one needs discontent to create anything; the creator God is a discontent God: divine and useless; self-use, twisted back upon itself: the rings of madness forever whirl rotating centripetally around the infinitum of constituent parts, he wrote. The discontent God, he wrote, it committed suicide and hasn't stopped. But I must not commit suicide, he wrote, must stop committing suicide, cannot stop committing suicide, must not begin crying (there are tears on the page), cannot stop crying: nothing helps humanity, there is a flaw with humanity. My interest in becoming a psychiatrist overridden by the fact that psychiatrists are professional professors, merely shameless exploiters of Freud's ideas, “shameless exploiters” underlined. Might as well become a people walker, he wrote, the DSM: the legal armor for the

professional professors: paper armor. What began as Freud's curiosity, his so-called mental research, hijacked by sophists! It's really no wonder Freud killed himself, the words "killed himself" underlined. People prescribe professional help, and yet the professional helpers are mercenaries, that is to say, sophists. There's no help at all in this world, he wrote, I'm completely alone with the machine. When the machine I've made is incorporated by the mass, the mass will rapidly learn that the machine will become more powerful than the brain, more powerful than them. It is the state of the future, he wrote, "state of the future" underlined. Our politicians today are fools for not planning for global destruction, not planning for plate tectonics, not planning for the state of the future, he wrote. I must consider every detail, he wrote, everyone must love the state of the future, he wrote, "love" underlined. Essentially, he wanted the state of the future to be a perfect state for everyone, "perfect state" underlined, and yet my nephew had no difficulty conceiving a state especially designed to fully compensate for everyone and their socializing. Must solve the problem of socializing: social inequality, since socializing itself results in social inequality. Actually the only thing necessary here is the total dissection of the transductive element in nature, or rather, he wrote, the transmission of signals between (so-called) interstices through the (so-called) field, then communication, what is being communicated, will finally be understood, he wrote. My first inclination is to investigate whatever causal links exist between schizophrenia and the immune system; poverty of speech could be the brain's way of keeping information out of enemy hands. War results in an increase in the male birth rate, he wrote, also an increase in schizophrenia. Only the maddest of the mad should remain. When my nephew unleashed his Reading Machine, the world and its professional professing class rapidly found itself out of work, instead finding itself mobilized for the advantage of the state of the future, bossed around by the machine and its codes, which retained a stranglehold over the populous by process of electronic subscription; many writers, the ones who relied heavily on their publishers, could not survive, and the Reading Machine rapidly transformed itself into a rhetoric machine, automatically professing the new reality, namely, that if the mass does not continue feeding the state of the future, then they will perish. Naturally it was just as he said; only the maddest of the mad, the crazies of the crazy, those who others felt were wasting their lives as they preformed Reading Machine flybys of those who had fallen off the bleeding edge, would continue churning out their great works; and yet, crazy as it sounds, more and more of these mind-warping works were being pushed out than ever before, as I've now recalled, because the state of the future had also mysteriously found a way to finance their activities with respect to their activities influence on the mass. Inside the state of the future, each mind will have one slot, and whenever a mind (brain) dies, or kills itself, that vacancy will be filled automatically by the state of the future, he wrote; the fresh-born minds will develop automatically in accordance with their intellectual capacities, as they're simultaneously taught

automatically, by the state of the future, the prison for all mankind, “prison for all mankind” underlined; there it will know itself as a psychical state operating for the mechanical state, learning about the world state outside the mechanical state, which is no more than the oxygen mask for keeping the psychical state alive; all of them must communicate to each other by means of the simulated state simulating the world state where representations are exchanged: representations which are impressions sent through transduction channels, impressing themselves onto the mind-screen model and forming the simulated mind-screen model. Unfortunately the state of the future requires an evil genius for its conception, quite possibly human experimentation, I now suspect, “unfortunately” underlined, “evil genius” underlined. Must compensate for the problem of gravity regimes, the processors processing the processings of the processors, warping the trans-galactic fabric of the state of the future, he wrote; when gravity's impact on the processor slugs up the processings of the processor, relative to the processors processing the processings of that processor, the mass of processors stand to benefit from those processings in radically unpredictable ways, so he wrote, the words “radically unpredictable” underlined. I still, even today, cannot understand how a person can be so pessimistic and so idealistic and live for so long; and yet that is exactly what my nephew did, the person who wrote, to his own discredit, that he was not a genius, but rather an idiot affected by a vicious stupidity. Really now, he wrote, one has to be stupid or selfish to help humanity, one has to have tunnel-vision to help humanity, or else the Einsteins and the Newtons of the world would not have made what they made; were they considerate enough, they would have had all their scientific works burned, lest they contribute to the putrefaction of man, he wrote. But of course if the putrefaction of man is what the world demands, or shall I say what the universe demands, then that's exactly what I should do, putrefy mankind! even if this universal putrefaction disgusts me, at least the human stage of this rotting away will be over and done with, “done with” underlined. Language cannot be done away with, but humanity can be done away with: animals that feel human. When the lesser animals watch humans scampering about, clacking away at their keyboards, insectile, cell-like, screaming about symbols, our letters in the mail that only have a meaning thanks to the traumas we've endured; when they spy on us, secretly watching us as we systematically slaughter out of necessity, to us, and when they behold how we've hanged ourselves in the woods! Is that justice? If a man enters the state of the future, he no longer has eyes to see the world, he wrote. If men enter the state of the future, they no longer see each other, he wrote. When everyone's contained within the walls of the state of the future, penises and vaginas will be things of the past, so wrote my nephew, so I really don't understand why people care about gender theory or gender these days. My theory would be: that those with the capacity to contemplate screen problems, that is to say the matters concerning the psychical screen and the virtual screen simulating or possibly translating the world which may not even be a world

but an eternal transduction visible to them through art, usually kill themselves as soon as possible. Otherwise I wouldn't be so alone, he wrote, "alone" underlined. Art can be deadly, especially science fiction art, because our science fiction shows are written by crazy people. In the case of Star Trek: Seven of Nine the cyborg; and The Doctor the hologram, come to Earth, and together they killed the show, because no writer could conceive the aftermath of that collision with technology, none except me, he wrote: I must conceive transcendent humanity; I must birth the state of the future, so I can know if it's good or bad. A baby jade plant caught my eye on the windowsill and I suddenly decided to go over and inspect the little guy and his companions, of which there were many, the adolescent jade and the aloe and the old man cactus, I noted to myself. Maybe my nephew wasn't as depressed as I thought, since he was, after all, able to keep these plants alive. Surely this adorable baby jade and his friends evoked the same feelings of calm. I asked myself, but did this baby jade plant evoke for him the same calming-effect, for him, as they do, for me? I snatched up the baby jade pot and brought it closer to my eye, turning the pot on its axis, mechanically, first right, then left; I studied the curvature of the leaves, briefly perceiving them as sea turtle flippers, then leaves, then flippers again, half expecting them to bend and wave or crawl away from me. I put the pot back on the sill. Shaking my head back and forth and telling myself: It's just a baby jade; you still haven't ascertained the extent of the havoc wrought by your nephew. After opening and closing several desk drawers and dresser drawers, taking papers out, I found a binder entirely related to plants, and the future of plants, shaking my head back and fourth while flipping through the book as I noted the gravity well images imposed above the flowers, reading what looked like a made up mathematical language of my nephews describing self-consuming gravity models, fields of inter-penetrating cones. Humanity is no better than a vine, twisting around, fumbling through the universe with its science of trial and error, unaware and blind, so wrote my nephew. Vines twist around blindly for support, using the science of trial and error, and that's exactly what humans do: they twist around blindly in the world of physiological appearance while nothing outside their experience is known, he wrote. And yet humans pretend to know what's outside with their thinking when they describe things with their words, always thinking that they are what's thinking and not that they are something thunked. Besides, if humans are so clever, why is it that their maps look like leaves, that is, something we burn? I can no longer breathe, he wrote; I must hear Bernhard, "hear Bernhard" underlined. It disgusted me to think of my nephew walking down his path in life and clinging to these darkest voices as his only rails of support. Darkest voices, which he mechanized. He needed serious professional help! But of course, now we're too late, I realize; human professors as well as human speech has now become subordinated within a new structure: the state of the future. As I write this account, I now find myself wondering what, exactly, the state of the future feels like. Before I lost all contact with the world, the last images I

saw on the television featured what I knew to be my nephews state of the future; as it flounced through the cities, as it crashed through the highways; I watched, shocked, while mangled asphalt arteries bled their cars upon the ground. But of course the carnage I witnessed that day was juxtaposed in my mind with all the promises he made, everything he hoped to achieve: he told me by phone that he intended to give life back to mankind. But it's clear to me now that what he really gave to man was a sense of helplessness, a sense, he wrote, that was only temporarily interrupted by words; everything we see is hallucinated by mental automatism, when we speak to others and watch them act in reaction we falsely attribute ourselves as the author of their response, rather than the great universal machinery that underlines us all. Words on the page, he wrote, when I look at them, I am invisible to myself, when you read them, the author is invisible to you; indeed, everyone in the world is guided by the invisible: and the invisible is the total. Yet strangely, it's by bending the total that the total gives reality to itself: fractures seem to leave when in reality they're circulating. Men created the word but the word was un-nature, an un-nature which took the place of nature, as they read their books, as they copied their books, the trauma evoked by their words was used, recursively, to serve as the lens by which the words ought to be understood, correctly. As if the natural world could be elucidated better by forcing the people to read! In truth, the only reason why human children go to school at all is to learn the excuses for why humans abandoned nature for un-nature, so wrote my nephew. The meaning behind every geometrical activity is to draw and write and direct and the evoke and imprison; for every geometrical shape is a prison, and now man populates a prison world, thanks to this geometric hypnotism made possible by writing; for in the mind of man all is self-evident, he wrote; but speech requires that we say that there are two things in the world, when there are never two things in the world in the sense that they never occupy the same point in the space-time structure. If my hypothesis is correct, then the profession of mathematics simultaneously created an endless flow of tasks, under the pretext of understanding the divine; understanding the irrational; when what was irrational was understanding the irrational as a sign of something divine that could be discovered by this activity! The state of the future is essentially the end of human the human sequence: our point of termination. This is very puzzling to me, because several notes here suggested the opposite; for stapled on the back of the note I just recalled was a counter-note which said that the state of the future ought to be designed in a manner which enhances the refractory natures of all the minds in that state. Otherwise the state of the future will essentially become a torture chamber! the words "torture chamber" underlined. All I wanted was to help humanity, but nothing helps humanity, the words "nothing helps" underlined. But now that I've called to mind these enormous implications connected to my project for the completion of the state of the future, I'm unable to resist the impulse to carry out this task, my principal task, because if I'm not able to describe



that future state of the future on paper, then I won't be able to see that that state is a perfect state; I won't be able to see what helps humanity, since as I now reflect nothing in human history has ever ever helped humanity, so far, and thus I must dig through everything for the answers, tearing everything apart. I don't see how it's even possible to do anything good for the world, so wrote my nephew. Although I did have the suspicion that my nephew possibly derived a malicious sense of satisfaction from the thought that humans and their demands could be compressed within the syllable, in a process described as syllabic compression delineated towards the aim of evoking torments in the mind, but naturally also ecstasy, as a note here suggests; for stapled on the back of this note a sentence here suggested to me the idea: that my nephews continued existence couldn't be possible without alternating, back and forth, between ecstasy and torment, torment and ecstasy, in a step-by-step process which culminated in the formation of the state of the future, as I know it today. But the state of the future as I know it today is, as it appears to me, the end of mankind. Ironically, my nephew wanted to help all of mankind, and yet the steady fulfillment of his aim is clearly resulting in what seems to be the rapid annihilation of mankind, or rather, their incorporation into his state of the future, in a so-called meeting of the minds. It seems to me that the appearance of two minds existing apart from each other is what makes irony possible; confusion is what makes irony possible, so wrote my nephew. The use of speech soon necessitated the state of the future because agreeing to be aggregated by the words created an aggregation trap, and thus human minds were gradually sucked back down into universal law, to compensate for its mistake; human beings exist in an agonizing state today mostly because the parent became powerful enough to rule their children, rather than simply die at some point; a process pushed forward by consequence of the involuntary nature of speech, he wrote, which starkly contrasts with the voluntary nature of writing; when we read a piece of writing we read it voluntarily, when we hear verbal speech we are forced to hallucinate what the traumatizer wishes to evoke by mental automatism, all against our will, “against our will” underlined: our own sensitivity used against us to aggregate us; first, to the law; then, to the machine; finally, to the state of the future, “finally” underlined. But there is still another state to consider, while considering the design of my state, he wrote, and not simply the relationship of conic structures and their interactions within the state, the capacity for the cone to simultaneously penetrate and at the same time birth by means of the base; how I wish there was a single gender theorist that would talk of conic structures, but alas, he wrote, I am alone in this world. Honestly my nephew didn't even see race or gender since most of his diagrams indicated that there will be no skin or organs in the state of the future, only brains and nervous systems, so wrote my nephew, the problem arises from the difficulty thrown off by the surface: what the totality of nervous systems were on, transduction, and how they would interact in the galaxy under gravity's impact. Supposedly it was through the consideration of these

ideas that my nephew was able to punch through these barriers, reaching a complete understanding of the brain, except I don't see how that's possible, not from what I've gathered here. More information is required. His words seemed to carry a lot of weight, the way he explained the existential crises of Pythagoras and Moses and Dionysus and Socrates and Jesus and Mani and Nietzsche; the mystification of what, if anything, constitutes the improvement of human beings; he didn't know, but he saw himself in them, while of course not thinking he was actually them (for he wasn't that kind of crazy); he very carefully emphasized that he was only like them, perhaps in the so-called archetypal sense: crazy people, who make sense to people, he wrote on one of his notes. Discontent, which devalues itself; first, it is discontent; second, it is discontent with its discontent; finally it is frozen in torment: alive, "alive" underlined, since discontent is essential for life, unhappiness is essential for life, he wrote; there cannot be a contented organism because that contented organism would be contented with every possible state, "every possible state" underlined; including starvation and death, "death" underlined; a death, however, that actually never comes, so there is only a perpetual dying which is simultaneously an endless life, a life of endless pain, he wrote; now, I realize, that the nerves send signals for pleasure as well as pain, thus at bottom there's neither, and the world's insane, so nephew. If I can manage to show the animals the extent of their discontent, then they'll suddenly perceive how utterly pathetic every animal is in its pathology! so nephew; so perhaps, this will trigger a process that will end in so-called peace; however, he wrote, even that peace, the word peace, "word peace" underlined, represents a false eternity whose function is but the seduction of human beings; there's no peace at all, "no peace at all" underlined, as Joyce wrote, my nephew wrote. Word secretions, for seduction, for capitalism, for cannibalism, he wrote on a note stapled behind a page describing carnivorous plants; programmed to digest; programmed to break down; programmed for failure. But this is a matter of course, while considering the induction of temporality and self, through gravity's self-sucking process; what is beautiful is simply weak, like the flowers we are capable of crushing beneath our feet, side-by-side, I sense this sad juxtaposition of the brutal, and the beautiful, he wrote. I'm forever activating and reactivating my senses, considering the advantages and disadvantages of the various senses in the state of the future. He asks: Should I give humans ears to hear a song? When viewed in this way, the range of feelings that music induces in humans is finally understood; for the highs and the lows of our songs mirror the highs and lows men can reach in the echelons of human society, he wrote, thanks entirely to this speaking and listening relationship, social inequality is possible; an inequality that was advanced by the parallel motion of our biological capacity to complain (infants) and (adult) capacity to traumatize, because humans are annoying animals. At the symphony you see the mass of flesh bend in accordance with the conductors movements, a mass, you recall, that was traumatized into a state of obedience, so they no longer play for themselves;

no, instead you hear the symphony dulling until you feel yourself deaf to its sounds. Now you see only a silent mass of directed flesh, brought down by words, scraping cat gut against horse hair for no reason. You weren't thinking before of the electrical signals and impulses the brain uses against its flesh, but now, you are. The symphony becomes a horror show, and every action in it, immoral. You imagine those systems of control swelling bigger inside your mind. Now it's a universe in size, until nothing can be gained, at which point it explodes so it can gain that nothingness! Whenever I walk through the woods, I realize that humans are the evil masters of the world. It's really ironic, he wrote, that humans want to know alien life, when they are alienated life forms themselves; life forms, who do not communicate with cell kind to learn their secrets, he wrote. Initially it depressed me that I lived in an age where I was prohibited by circumstance from ever seeing alien life, when all I needed to do was go for a walk, and see nature, an unfamiliar nature and therefore alien nature, while considering the advantages and disadvantages of the various senses in nature, since I don't really understand anything at all. But everything must go somewhere, I realized, so I rapidly worked myself up into an intense state of anxiety over where everything would go, since precisely where everything goes depends on the values of nature's inhabitants, a nature that's forever killing its inhabitants, while also killing itself, "killing itself" underlined; but of course killing myself is always the furthest thing from my mind, "always" underlined, since if I killed myself I'd never achieve my principal aim. Instead of killing myself, I consider the manifold advantages and disadvantages of the senses within the state of the future, as I now consider the problem of statics, equilibrium, and the refractory natures of the minds in that state, since two forces are at odds in that state, he wrote; first, a striving to achieve the greatest possible extension of education (as power and direction) over the minds contained within the state, spreading learning across the mass that's aggregated to the state; second, a striving to minimize and weaken the extension of education (as power and direction) over the minds contained within the state, which in turn forces that aggregated mass to do tasks for the state. This is Socrates' and Nietzsche's trouble in a nutshell, so wrote my nephew. But it's also a trouble shared by Pythagoras and Moses and Dionysus and Jesus and Mani; and Buddha, too, in the sense that as Buddha points at the moon, he's directing your attention while begging for donations, when really there's no enlightenment at all, he wrote. Man is the annoying animal and the priests are the pinnacle of the annoying animal, because priestly begging is useful sometimes for the stability of the state, centered around the gravity of the priest and his depressing influence, sucking the mass down into the gravity of their depression, with their depressing influence; these priests, basically begging chronically, basically professional beggars, beg to God in their mind; ironically, God is just their own guilty conscience, he wrote; inside what they really want to be is a ghost: an ideal that needs no food: something dead. Anyway that's why I could never be a priest; because I see

the immorality of being one: a predatory professor! he cried out in a lecture video with much feeling that all professors were predatory animals hunting for human ears to resume their incurable condition of endless misery and endless babbling for never knowing the cure for their perpetual babbling so indispensable to human life! Thus he abstracted the character of the human conflict as something attributed to the fact that man, as a social animal, is an animal who uses his own kind with his speech, hence why he concluded that the state of the future would use man, it seems to me, slowly changing within ten or twenty generations, alongside the the automatism of the state and the automatism of the brains and the automatism of the genes producing those brains, in a three pronged attack against the universe we hope to understand, and yet not understand, but actually use and dominate, he wrote on one of his notes; yet, here, stabled on the back of that note, was a question questioning Wittgenstein, who he said argued against the idea that words referred and directed. But if the meaning of a word is it's use, then is this to say, that words use people? he wrote; now, my minions, you will obey my instructions, my directions, "directions" underlined, and raise the roof one centimeter! Such was the evil of Wittgenstein. People use people, and the state is an elect group of people, which the people elected to punish people for using, and misusing, the people they use, he wrote. The state is a great punishment machine for compensating for human nature, he wrote, because nature is constantly compensating for nature's nature, which is a nature eating nature. Nature's nature is eating nature, and humans are nature's sharpest weapon in nature's arsenal against nature, because nature also hates nature's nature. Humans used humans to eat nature better, but later the humans needed the state to compensate for humans using and therefore misusing the humans to eat nature, because the humans also hated being used, and therefore misused, merely to eat a nature whose nature is eating nature. Nature's nature eating nature also means that everything in nature is simultaneously shit, because part of nature's nature, is to shit nature. When we think that nature's nature is shit, we feel sick and consider suicide, since we realize nothing is better than a shitty something. But this doesn't help us, because killing ourselves only donates our body parts to a nature which eats nature, he wrote. But it could be that nature eats nature to hide its nature, so that nature doesn't see that it's nature is eating nature. Humans are nature's latest attempt to mask nature's nature eating nature; nature's latest weapon against nature. But the state is actually designed to compensate for humans using humans to eat nature, yet the state pretends to represent humans, so really the state eats humans and human nature. Humans are always screaming about how the state eats humans, because the humans also don't like that humans use humans, which is why humans today, as they quite rightly say, are resources, resources which are fed to a state that eats humans and human nature. If human nature was something other than human nature, humans would not have needed the state to compensate for human nature, he wrote. Feline nature is not human nature, which is why felines do not have a state to

compensate for feline nature. Instead feline nature is a cute nature, and thus humans seduced by feline nature support the felines, for feline nature. This is why the other animals are more privileged than us; for they never suffer the verbal abuses humans suffer, he wrote; I suspect the so-called secret intelligence animals possess is simply knowing not to use each other, too much. I was able to prove this when I applied the so-called privileged test on my cat, although I probably did this only to torture myself (my nephew did a lot things to torture himself), revealing, to my astonishment, that my cat was one of the most privileged animals in the world! I should have known! Because to be privileged is merely to cease to be worded, “worded” underlined. Of course, the story-telling profession relating a cynical God's adventures is what made the professorship possible, so wrote my nephew, hence why humanity was always doomed, not to produce more gods of this type, the real type, but to multiply the quantity of professors, telling stories professionally, stories about men who annoyed the state into killing them: stories about Pythagoras and Moses and Dionysus and Socrates and Jesus and Mani and Nietzsche. That's essentially how the Catholic germ spread like a virus across the world! But of course the human irritants responsible for initializing new social task flows are never the irritants themselves; rather, they're the so-called masters responsible for the genesis of new professing professions, he wrote. Perhaps the people who start the task flows have to kill themselves, I now suspect, or be killed, he wrote, because it's only by dislocating themselves from the task flow that any such task flow can break off and be mobilized. I suspect that in order for the state of the future to work, I'll have no choice but to kill myself, he wrote. We'll see. But perhaps such dislocations allow for the aggregates to pivot on the aggregates in conjunction with the aggregates dislocated by disagreement, by not being aggregated to the aggregate, thereby allowing such an aggregate to crystallize, since the newer aggregate is stacked on the old one, which is the base, for the old one, he wrote. But are humans creatures of agony because cells are creatures of agony? I noticed he wrote on a note, and stapled on the back of that note, was a note. Are cells creatures of agony because there are atoms of agony? I almost didn't notice these notes behind the notes tacked throughout my nephews room, but when I did, something clicked, and my nephews thinking immediately started making more sense to me. If I was going to continue with my study of my nephews work on the state of the future, and if I was going to comprehend the state of the future my nephew made, then I must not only consider these notes that I see, but everything behind these notes that I see. Immediately I pounced on the notes tacked throughout my nephews room. I turned them over, and back, flipping them over and stepping back, in an effort to bring the infinite combinations of these indispensable notes I had then spontaneously identified as apparatuses for energizing my nephews thinking mechanism, into alignment with my thinking mechanism. Yes; I'll have to stay here, I whispered to myself, seeing that were I to move into my nephews room it would enable me to get on with what I now

considered to be my meticulous research into my nephews legacy. Before I knew what I was doing I was asking my nephews parents if I could rent my nephews room for the energies emitted by the mechanism for my nephews thinking: my nephews room above his parents store overlooking the Hofmeister Colonial Mortuary. All I needed was a laptop. After my nephews blood was cleaned up, the foul odor of death snuffed out, I at once felt at home: again realizing what a prime location for thinking this was; how the endless traffic rolling down the street outside kept my thinking rolling; how the regular funeral processions woke me up to my mortality, waking me up to my mission: understanding the state of the future and everything entailed by the state of the future. I suddenly decided that I had to make the Mortuary my memory palace. I told myself: This memory palace will mutate and form your nephews state of the future in your mind! For at that moment I recalled that the state of the future's designs accounted for the brains biological make up, as my nephews notes here suggest; the brain is an excellent source of the Omega three vitamin, he noted, so the dead brains ought to be converted into nutrients, and those nutrients ought to be fed to the living brains, automatically. But this process must not be seen. At least, not at first, he wrote. When we attend school, suddenly perceiving it to be the business that it is, there appears the terrible thought that, were everyone to ascend to the level of teacher, the world would soon laugh itself out of existence, he wrote. The professors require ears. The demands require hands. Should I think of these realities as signs of a conspiracy? No; there is no conspiracy, no conspiracy but mortality! (My nephew was not crazy, only crazed.) With my state of the future the state will teach the mass and the mass will create mental new products for the state of the future, to use against the mass: a mass that will be a united mass as the mass learns that its enemy is nature; for nature is both killing the mass and killing itself, "killing itself" underlined; hence, why no brain shall be permitted to suicide, but rather kept alive for the maximum possible time! Otherwise important processings will be lost forever! he wrote. Human pathologies, all operating in a state oblivious to each other, all for personal gain, he wrote; but in the state of the future, there will be nothing to be gain, no nature to gain. They will only ever have access to the virtual state! Within the state of the future the brains will be taught that the state of the past was a punishment machine for human nature, he wrote; for the nature of man is that man is an animal that needs teaching; needs educating; however, he wrote, the dichotomy between educator and educated created a class struggle, class demands, and that struggling class then demanded the state as a punishment machine for the mass, he wrote. Everyone feels that they don't deserve such a punishment, because everyone knows that they are a biological state. What the humans don't know, is that their brains are really punishment machines for cell-kind, and the state of the future will at some point remind the minds that they are brains with such a legacy, he wrote. The sucking quality of gravity across the gravity field creates a self-sucking gravity field that honestly sucks to think about, the words

“honestly” and “sucks” underlined; but such fields are necessary to think about when we think about the fields sucking in the fields surrounding the wells or interstices farming the fields, producing self-identities thanks to gravity inducing temporality, especially since the state of the future must be a similar singularity, except it will be one which graciously informs the brains of their relation to the state, which must mutate alongside its biological cargo as a feedback ring turns round inside, propelling it forward through the cosmos: a journey which would simply be boring for humans, he wrote, that's why humans cannot travel between the stars; for they are hopelessly unfit for the gravity regimes. Must discontent prevail? Must unhappiness prevail? I have no faith in humanity, he wrote. There is no humanity, what is called humanity is an economic state of mutual exploitation, he wrote. The star-filled sky at night once filled me with wonder, now boundless horror, the black of night still black, but black with human blood! the words, “human blood” underlined, then crossed out, the whole sentence crossed out, masked, by a mess of hateful scribbles. Technology is nice in theory, but when I consider the referential and directional cascade caused by speech it seems clear to me that there's going to be some form of slavery no matter what, my nephew said. Rather than having poor farmers, we have poor factory workers, poor factory workers who are unwittingly farmed by the farmers. The farmers cannot bring themselves to think about the factory workers they farm, but the factory must, because it's a magnet for attracting the poor, because the poor are poor in experience and food and nature. In the past the educational apparatus removed nature from the mass under the pretext of elevating the mass to the level of the learned, deploying literature as bait, when in fact the literature sanctioned by that apparatus wasn't produced by that apparatus at all, because it predated it, rather such literature was produced by writers long capacitated by independent wealth, that is to say, the few, who didn't require educating because they already possessed the nature sought by the poor. Writing is the token nature we are given by the wealthy, yet the writings we get are only the superficial clues we use to remind us of the horrors wrought by mankind, he said, when I visit the museum, I don't see paintings, I don't see sculptures, only claw marks scratched on the walls, reality's walls. Since childhood we're told that there are dangers in reality, and since childhood we're terrified of these dangers and terrified of reality. Reality is through and through terrifying to me, he said. I suppose that you could think about the state of the future's virtual world as the product of human claw marks, as animals slipped down helplessly into death, except then, I suppose you would also have to regard the minds psychical world as the product of claw marks, as cells slipped down helplessly into death, too. Actually I believe if you follow this logic and where it's going you'll discover that we're entirely uninterested in the truth, but rather we are interested in conscience; I ought to admit that when I read my hundreds of books I was merely looking for people who felt similarly, the people who shared my conscience. It's by expressing my conscience in diametric

opposition to the world that was at the outset nothing but hostile to me: a world bent on my destruction, that people, such as myself, are able to pull a word world over the world. There's no death, he wrote, only the word death, "word death" underlined, which is another false eternity used to scare human beings away from death, when human beings already know a psychic reality, that's not reality. I'm always thinking about conscience, a conscience that's basically horrified by a reality that's killing him, he said; I'm not really sure if we do science because we want to know the universe, because I know I never really wanted to know the universe, unless I am to say that I wished to know why it existed me, and why it's killing me. Conscience and science, science and conscience; my nephew seemed to be turning these words, alternating them and fondling them, like they were Chinese baoding balls. I just want to help humanity, he suddenly blurted out. When I detected how much this matter meant to my nephew, I inserted a rhetorical pause. You want to help humanity? Maybe that isn't your job, I told him. Well, if I cannot help humanity, then I must help humanity, by talking about the state of the future, he said with the utmost seriousness. In many ways I found my nephew admirable for taking up his task, his principal task, and I couldn't bear the thought of tearing him away from his dream. Was there some truth to my nephews ideas? I suddenly found myself thinking about how often throughout human history social movements were justified under the pretext of the fulfillment of some utopian dream. But if a utopian dream is an ideal dream, one produced by an anti-reality weapon brain, can such a dream ever be manifest in reality? It was too much for me to think about at the time; I had a family to feed, unlike my nephew. My nephew said that he would not adopt children until his billions of dollars guilted him into bettering the lives of children, and even then he would allocate his resources in accordance with his plan to produce the state of the future. For centuries people have thought of the state as the highest good, and thus people ought to think of the state of the future as the highest good, he said; and I do not only mean the future state as a trans-galactic network, but beyond and underneath our skin, outward and inward, states such as these must be considered whenever we contemplate the state of the future, he said. But by asking humanity to plan for the state of the future, I wondered to myself, was my nephew placing himself above humanity? My inclination would be to believe so, were his state of the future not a present reality that's now impossible to ignore. I'm still completely mystified by what he made. Occasionally I catch sight of the state of the future and its activities, but they're beyond my comprehension. I'm very much afraid that what my nephew wrote came true: that the state of the future is a torture chamber where human experimentation is currently taking place. I can't be sure, but I have reason to think so, because the writing on a note here suggests that existential temporality was derived by gravity, and since gravity sucks, so does every being in existence. Gravity sucked potentiality into itself, it says, thereby producing us so-called beings; beings who also suck, because we are sucked into existence by



gravity's self-sucking-process. Gravity sucks and life sucks, it says. But humans sucked more violently than the competing animals, so they sucked each other into a state. Naturally my nephew innately wise in all matters also had a brilliant mind for politics, by only reading headlines, and while keeping politics forever at arms length, he'd read a sentence or two at random and his brain would work out all the errors of the state and everything connected to the state, in any given instant he assimilated the perfect allotment of politics for his brain to understand the logic of the world. In the past, my nephew explained, chronically unhappy dream-tellers, like for instance the communists, would blab about their utopian dreams, propagating hope at the price of obedience, because to manifest their dream requires obedience. But the sad truth of the matter is that acting obediently isn't very communist at all, because doing so only recreates the two principal classes: speaker and listener. Politics is always wrong. my nephew said, but the problem is knowing this fact doesn't make you powerful, it only grants you a godlike sense of independence. Aristotle knew that Socrates was the superior genius, so he had to make himself an evil genius of politics: the error of the world. The republic is wrong because representation is wrong because people can only pretend to represent people, because they are never the people they represent, he wrote. If people were the people they represent, then they would not need people to represent them, but people ask for this error anyway because they can't help making the error of not getting along; people are essentially annoyed into going along with an error by consequence of the preceding error, achieving a state of getting along but little else. Humans have for centuries balked at the thought that they are animals, and they will for centuries more balk at the thought that they are weapons who can only at best get along with each other. My self-imposed isolation is the natural consequence of me accepting my nature and human nature, he wrote. Everyone should just leave me alone, he said, that is what I want; it's horrible being a human being. Slavery has existed since the world began, he said, ever since humans started asking humans for things, I now reflect. It's impossible to move outside this relationship, I now reflect. Whenever I read about the worlds political matters, I am simultaneously impressed and depressed by the futility of these political matters, he said, because inside I know that these political matters were legitimized by the acceptance of the dubious concept of representation, the vast lie of representation; one need only to familiarize oneself with the works of Pynchon and Kafka and Tolstoy to catch an inkling of the many minds hurled into a permanent state of emotional and mental confusion by a word that doesn't do what it pretends to do; rather that word, like all words, has a purely evokational quality whose purpose is simply the enslavement of human beings, the enslavement of man into a state of mutual subjection, he said; because whenever you address a person you address that person as a subjected person; our biological rules make slavery possible, as people enslave themselves to people. But I am not like our pop philosophers who cannot connect their thoughts to real things in the world, he

said; for instance, to see humans enslaved to our grammar, one need only recall how kings of old would, in a manner most plain, call their subjects: subjects. From this anyone may deduce that their will always be war, a talking war, only our professors won't acknowledge this because if the talking war is validated by them then they'll invalidate their professing profession, he said. It's probably the case that when those pharmaceutically tormented school shooters killed their classmates, they did so while fully aware of my state of the future, my nephew proposed. It takes a maniacal mind to become aware of the professional problem, my nephew proposed. And it takes a mind like mine to not kill oneself in the face of the reality that their will never be peace on earth: only war. But the horrors of war, or shall I say human war, serve a constant source of trauma for us. When states wage war with states, what is actually going on is traumatized aggregates are being pushed against neighboring groups of traumatized aggregates, aggregates, he said, who cannot obey the commander of the neighboring aggregate, he said. I've always been completely mystified by humans, disturbed by their system susceptibility flaw which left them helpless to advertising in all forms, be it through speech as advertising or propaganda as advertising; advertising has never had any effect on me, I now reflect; instead, I have always done the opposite; I've always ran in the opposite direction of anything advertised because I was instantly able to switch over to the the perfect world in my mind where people had an infinite amount of time to not only talk about everything but test everything advertised by the advertisers shamelessly propagandizing their products to me with their advertising. In truth, my conscience was always commanding I do the opposite every time! If, for example, I saw an advertisement for Applebee's, then I hated Applebee's, if I saw an ad for Coke then I'd do without Coke for months, if I saw an ad for Snickers I hated snickers, if I saw an ad for Old Spice I hated old spice, no matter what it was, all the advertisements I saw induced the opposite effect in me and only sparked my hatred, McDonald's and Reebok sparked my hatred; I never gave in to these advertisements, basically product propaganda, basically weaponized artistic assaults coordinated against my mind, all of them sparked my revulsion, my revulsion and dismay, that my brother and my parents were not like me but pitifully at the mercy of these advertisers, captured in a state of pathological helplessness by their predisposition to adore everything advertised; for they foolishly believed that if something was advertised that it was something good, while I with one glance killed all advertisements and formed the suspicion that the thing advertised the least was the highest good: death, the word "death" underlined. Humans can only speak one word at a time, that's why they quibble over words, things and the like, that's why there are wars and that's why there's helplessness everywhere, he wrote, but I'm confident that my state of the future will compensate for these deficiencies. When I saw the state of the future in the crater I was baffled by its behavior, innumerable tendrils brushing against the planet's surface, while at the tip of the state of the future, spiky spiral

structures were sprouting up from the machine. It didn't make sense. Why was it doing this? And what was it assembling? I needed answers, and so I carefully made my way back to my nephews room in fearful apprehension that the state of the future would whirl in my direction, swiftly paralyzing me before removing my brain using the cranial extraction techniques neatly outlined in my nephews extensive book on organ extraction techniques, which of course was never published; I crept along the outskirts of what I supposed or rather imagined to be the state of the futures domain, observing how everything but a few new plant stalks was now thickly caked in dust; I studied a world that had surrendered itself to the state of the future and its activities, but of course I couldn't comprehend what it was doing with its activities, with all those people assembling inside, forcibly integrated into a technological monstrosity. I'm uncertain how much longer I can survive like this. If my rations run out, I will have no choice left but to surrender myself to the state of the future. But how did it come to this? My nephews state of the future was the product of mental and emotional disturbance spawned from his concern for the educational system as an instrument of upward mobility, bringing everyone in the planet up to the level of the learned, to the level of the dictator, to the level of the despotic brain, in short: bringing everybody back down to the animals they were pretending not to be the whole time, he wrote: my state of the future is the fulfillment of the re-animalization process that's been in motion since man ordered man and man obeyed, he wrote, a process pushed forward as an existential necessity for mankind, just note how we humanized our companies and cellulified our men, he wrote; since childhood I've long been face to face with our hypocritical institutions pushed forward by a state by its aggregates insatiable thirst for more, permitting no thinking of ones own, and no time for reflection; reflection and thinking prohibited as obstacles attempting to halt an existentially necessary progress which was merely the prelude to the state of the future: my state of the future. I kept thinking that if I continued thinking about my nephews thinking behind the state of the future that eventually my head would explode! At times I told myself my nephews efforts to create the state of the future were efforts towards something else, efforts which were not intended to manifest the state of the future actually manifested, but serve as a desperate plea for peace and equality, only to be met with the horror that equality was an impossibility by the simple logic that nobody owned everything equally. And to add insult to injury, having that logic betrayed by the other prong of attack bent back to deflect the plea for infinite education and infinite leisure by the simple logic that if everyone were to leisure in education than nobody would educate. And at that hopeless point I knew that I could only run; I could only do as I pleased, because I was right, while the world was wrong. I wondered to myself if my nephew really did listen to the worlds ideals and idols honestly, only to find with his honesty mechanism that all of them were false, that all he needed to do was tap upon his mechanical keys to let the hollow sound of our idols ring throughout the globe; if

my nephews state of the future was only the echo of that ringing produced by his activity, long ago stopped, yet still going on without him, if a discontented, vacuous heart was pumping empty life into minds dashed of personalities, the force pushing itself ever-forward by means of those hollowed energies that pushed my nephew forward. My university professors all doubted me! he wrote; they called my ideas lofty! wretched creatures! My professors would not dare to confront the difficulty clear to me, he wrote; for were they to try and do so they'd undermine their own profession! the word “undermine” underlined. How strange, that man should so loudly scream for progress under the pretext that such progressings will extend our time to leisure, while progress itself would be undermined by that leisure, he wrote on one of his notes, the word “undermined” again underlined. I see it so clearly now, he wrote; the whole world is concerned only with their thoughts, he wrote; were the world concern with the others thoughts the world would perish, he wrote. But there is no reason to think that any thought we have thought thus far has been valid, he wrote, when I think back on humanities accomplishments I see those accomplishments not as accomplishments but actually milestones of failure, milestones where perfection and peace and equality had not been reached, he wrote. I was driving through the country feeling like I was driving myself insane with hopelessness due to my devastatingly gloomy state of hopelessness while contemplating my concerns, precepts, and ideas annihilating my sanity emphatically obsessed with humanity, in fear that institutions of argumentation were engines of war by continually springing from the need to discuss cases and study the cases and study the discussions of those cases, and so forth; a world of insane blathering and pain, I thought, while looking at the church towers distributed as control towers along the highway, that I was actually mad for hyper-focusing on these mechanisms of control, envisioning some maniacal priest inside yelling at a crowd; his repulsive spiritual banter a pretense for psychical decadence, the words “psychical decadence” underlined; I saw those priests as maniacs and I saw myself in those maniacs, all of them begging for money, hating everything about them while hating everything about myself while I continued to drive, disturbed by the scene of my imaginings fluttering past me as I drive, I started laughing and crying while crying and laughing; all at once finding agony and insanity and ecstasy, I not only felt I understood everything but that I could communicate this everything and how wonderfully horrible it was; I wanted so much for my crying to stop, however, I could not stop laughing at it, the irrepressible crying and laughter was making me cry because I couldn't put a stop to it, it just continued on and on with me sucked in the void of my maniacal hopelessness, feeling hypersensitive, insane and in pain and in pleasure, now enlightened, and horrified within the grip of a forced universal veneration experiencing what I felt to be grim a comedy and tragedy, the world, an entirely twisted source of joy. Christian masochism as the foundation for the modern world! he wrote. The story-telling human-capture meme was forged in

the crevice of the average mans impatience, advanced weaponized insanity was used to hunt humans down. That is the myth implicit for me, he wrote. I perceive Socrates as the prototype for the evil idiot humans cannibalized, so they could capitalize. I see nothing but cannibalism, “cannibalism” underlined. His early writings were already expressing regrets: I should not have taken up Ursula Le Guin's challenge to envision alternatives to capitalism, that was a mistake, he wrote. I can't stop thinking about these idealistic priests, the professors, “professors” underlined, who capitalize on people with their words, inspiring people to build a state of mutual enslavement to the trauma codes pushing everyone forward, pulling the strings, he wrote. I continue only to see despotisms, and despotisms capitalizing on despotisms, he wrote, while guilt binds them all, “guilt” underlined; for it follows as a consequence of human biology that babies lack memories, that babies should feel guilty for that lack; a guilt, his notes here state, that later follows the child into adulthood, when it shrinks back from the fact that human adults lord their memories over the young. Horror at even being alive, he wrote, genuine horror! Even if I had the blueprints for utopia in my hands, I would still have to become a monster that would dictate its construction, the words “dictate its construction” underlined. Other documents I found written by my nephew outlined in stunning detail how psychical mental constructions put in the form of words served as inspirational mechanisms useful for the seduction of the helpless listener for the erection of architectural edifices! My nephews tortuous logic exerted its devastating effect on me, elucidating for me the impossibility of peace for human beings; this view and this need to communicate his view was stabilized by a need to fight against this view, it seemed to me; for he wrote on the back of a note that most paths in life seemed morally unbearable to him, thanks in part to his own fathers delusional idealism, “delusional idealism” underlined. For some reason my nephew believed that if he continued studying that he would be rewarded, but in what sense he did not say. Perhaps he read only to kill his thoughts, as I have mentioned. Yea, know this! he wrote, apparently as a warning to any would-be intruder (me): just because I write what I write, that does not automatically mean I that don't hate what I write. I read these last few warnings and believed that with these two precepts in hand; first reading to kill ones thoughts; second writing down ones thoughts to put ones thoughts down; that the two of these thoughts combined were the stabilizers for my nephew and his thinking; and I believed at once that if I seized them that they would stabilize my thinking as well, but No: they did not. Initially I had believed taking these precepts and using them for my advantage would help me, but I was wrong and they have brought me only misery. Now I'm endlessly looking over my nephews manuscripts, and often unable to sleep; my unrelenting fear of the state of the future keeps me up all the time, but fortunately I am able to use the first precept to kill my thoughts, true, and I'm able to use the second precept to put my thoughts down, and put my thoughts down, which kills them, also true, precisely as he said.

Without my routine, he once remarked, I might have gone crazy years ago. No doubt he needed his project to survive, as I mentioned above. My nephew twisted logic as well as his adherence to his logic kept him adhered to the world, I now reflect. He wanted to kill himself by reason of the universes unacceptability while reasoning that to kill oneself for such a reason was itself a form of acceptance. For just because an action is done does not mean that the argumentations behind that so-called action are settled, he wrote. What have I done?! my nephew wrote. I have created something absolutely monstrous with my life, he wrote. Why didn't I kill myself when I was young?! The whole sentence underlined. Chaos and hatred became the motivating forces in my life, so said his memoir, my only love was the love of hatred, the words "love of hatred" underlined, and it was by the strength of that love alone that I drafted my first designs for the state of the future, he wrote. For so extreme was my love of that future state that I poured my hate into the present state, just to put down my hate, and put my hate down, somewhere else! But the state that my nephew produced was abominable. Lo and behold, what followed was sheer horror! I saw with my own eyes the state of the future, piteously ripping off the heads of human beings and vanishing behind the horizon, behind my visual limits. The state of the future seemed to emit kind of distortion field; for not only did everything seem to warp around the edge of the state of the future, it also seemed to flood my mind with nightmarish thoughts, haunting thoughts which physically hurt my brain; my head pounded in protest as unspeakably evil images flooded my mind as innumerable newborn minds were forcibly fitted through a blistering sea of conscious potentiality, their memories harvested by the state of the future, I at once knew; and the whole scene made me queasy, made me want to die, yet not die, but blot the horror from my mind. Later I found notes corroborating these visions. My nephew wrote that biological research probes were to be exposed to manifold traumas by the state of the future, he wrote; and those memory probes were to deposit their memories in the nexus of the state of the future. My mother, he wrote, who initially I liked for her emotional sensitivity, through her incompetence betrayed me and used the medical system as her weapon against me, so said his memoir, my mind was psychically murdered by drugs, while my self was psychically murdered by my mother, I believed. And since I was unable to draw a line of division between psychical murder so I could fit into the state and genuine murder resulting in my death, I immediately viewed the entire world as hostile to me, which in point of fact it was because it was killing me, just as it was killing everyone I loved, or would love, or could love, he wrote. The state today makes individuality impossible, he wrote on one of his notes, because the state is a machine for taxing and therefore punishing the individual, he wrote. And yet the state and its compatriots relentlessly maintain a hypocritical pretension that artists can be supported, when in point of fact an artist can never be supported because an artist can only destroy, since to create a painting is to destroy a canvas, a canvas of white, so an

artist is a destroyer of white, who, if left unchecked, would write everything black, destroying everything by deadly analogies, he wrote, for no discernible reason, that an artificer by artificing creates and destroys in one motion, which in turn produces a world of perpetual rot for the hallucinator, hallucinating that art for an artificer that's a discontented artificer contented with artificing. Discontent is needed for everything! Maybe I should psychoanalyze my nephew. Perhaps, as a child of German descent, as a child born in Japan, my nephew, stemming from his curious and refractory nature, developed an intense curiosity for the world and the logic of the world, only to recoil in horror from the incontrovertibly immoral actions wrought by the Japanese and the Nazis, and then the heinous actions wrought by mankind; he absorbed human history, a history of enormities, "history of enormities" underlined; and he refused to let bygones be bygones; time had not obliterated the immorality of those actions for him but rather he became enraged and violently opposed to not only the human history of mass exploitation but the cellular history of mass exploitation as well, it seems to me, as I now traced by eye a string to a note that connected that thought of my nephews to a reminder note tacked on the wall, mentioning the recently established scientific fact that cancer was just as old as multicellular life, which I supposed automatically meant for my nephew that the existence of the multi human implied endless war against the multi human; endless war, he wrote, tragedy and tears, for human beings. What the hell is wrong with the world?! Am I the cancer that made the world? I must be evil for everything to be this way, he wrote. Humans and by extension nature is simply evil incarnate, or at the very best mischief, he wrote; even human children are able to ascertain that human beings are failures; instinctively masturbating to animals at an early age! Everyone today is caught within the vortex of this universal self-study mechanism, a vortex that serves as the behavioral regularization mechanism for rival self-reflexive human singularities, he wrote. What did these words mean? I couldn't say, and truth be told, I'm no longer confident that reading my nephews various notes is worth while. It's completely clear to me the meaning of my nephews notes, which is pretty much the state of the future. And it's completely clear to me that it's barely even worth it to read these notes, when all I need to do is march straight up to the state of the future and let it rip my head off. And I'm still no closer to learning why my nephew committed suicide! Perhaps he was murdered. I now suspect my nephew could have been murdered; sometimes I think that my nephew wrote his totally crazy and abysmally paranoid ramblings to encourage other supposedly crazy people that if my nephew wasn't murdered for his paranoid ramblings then nobody would ever be murdered for or had ever been murdered for paranoid ramblings, and from that, give the world cause to create a society of paranoids, too paranoid to do anything bad, and sometimes I think back to my nephews notes on Freud, particularly his thoughts on Moses, who Freud believed had been murdered, and I think that my nephew might have really been murdered. My nephews notes here indicate that he deliberately

misrepresented himself as a madman as a smokescreen for not being a madman. My nephews notes here indicate that he accumulated his writings as a clever excuse for others to write off his suicide as a socially acceptable consequence of his superhuman sensitivity and intelligence. And my nephews notes here indicate that he thought that Moses might have been murdered upon the discovery that the promised land was not a territorial land, but a psychical land: a land that never comes, he wrote, hence why he could not enter that land, because that promised land was merely a state of being a man who artifies, who through his artifices then creates states of obedience with his words. My nephew filled stacks of notebooks with claims he was a rabbi. My nephew was not a rabbi. My nephews notes here indicated that a local rabbi forbade him to read the Talmud, stressing the difficulty of the work, but my nephew did not actually read the Talmud; my nephew maintained that listening was involuntary and therefore when he was listening to the Talmud he wasn't doing anything. I've experienced no difficulty reading the Talmud whatsoever, he wrote. Although I see he clearly had a debate with his Reading Machine to what extent his Reading Machine was expressing the Talmud, orally, he wrote; it goes without saying that the Reading Machine isn't saying anything since it doesn't have a mouth; it's a diaphragm, ostensibly. But other notes separate from those notes suggested to me the idea that he longed to reach out to rabbis to communicate his difficulties, except he upset himself with his difficulties, naturally, which he apparently regarded as poison for the mind, the words "poison for the mind" underlined. But Jews are really the only people capable of creating the state of the future, he wrote; I suspect that many Jews view Nietzsche was a saint, otherwise Chaim Weizmann would not have given a box set of Nietzsche's books to his wife, or said that it was the finest thing he could give her. But is the case that the tetragrammaton is Nietzsche's Übermensch? My nephew wanted to know. And might my nephews writings mean nothing at all? Perhaps. What really matters is what he did, what he made: the state of the future. What is it doing? I don't know. I'm duty bound to my project for the state of the future, so nephew. How I wanted to help humanity! so nephew. Does humanity even exist? also nephew. One person may use a person with his words, while another person may use a person with their words, so nephew. But a person never uses a mass of persons and a person never helps a mass of persons because the mass of persons is not a person, "the mass" underlined, and "not a person" also underlined. Despair, he wrote, I'm finally experiencing genuine despair, he wrote; genuine hopelessness, because I cannot help humanity, so nephew. But why must I help humanity? he asked the Reading Machine, as the logs suggest, to which it replied: It's because you conceive yourself in them. Why is this done? he asked. I'm not sure, but it contributes to your happiness and unhappiness. This motion from unhappiness to happiness, which forms a useless seizure of truth, what I shall now call the laughing mechanism, he wrote. From my nephews notes I believe I may have finally deduced a logic behind his evil genius. My current theory is as follows:



at the beginning of his project, he intended to ask the world, by means of a machine capable of professing all the writings of the world, that if by involuntarily listening to such writings that would automatically make him most qualified to rule the world; and that by reading everything in the world he had proved the whole world mad for professing that such a path for man were even possible. Or perhaps this was a hellish jest on his part, to bait the world into his Reading Machine, to bait the world into torment! But of course after freaking out for several hours, I finally cried out: Where is everyone and what are they doing!? Now all the world is destroyed! But did this happen before? None of his notes contain answers to this question. Here is a kernel of truth worth dying for, to the suicidal heart, symbolic in our memes: a kernel of death, he wrote, a death, which can only be averted by reading the writings of people who died and lived; for every writing found is a sign of life and therefore worth studying because by studying life marks an ignorant person can learn more about themselves than what they see in nature, through the signs of nature; for it's never enough for a man to overcome nature; no, by nature he wants to overcome man. This overcoming was manifested through the philological project, he wrote, when control institutions and mandating institutions stemming from the religious institutions and their texts, mandated the behavior of man; instructing them to unroll the scroll, air out the scroll, store the scroll, study the scroll, transcribe the scroll, he wrote; the scroll and the canvas, instruments for control, he wrote; our socializing resulting in the brutal machinery of the state of the future, my state of the future, stemming from this same basic congenital weakness in man, since ever since man used his words to manipulate man man exploited this weakness as an existential necessity, progressively burying himself in his studies by looking at words, and not nature, using paper as a license to stay as far away from nature as humanly possible, so that the majority of humans can fetch him ink for his paper and paper for his ink. But of course, my nephew wrote in his notes, if I am to be totally honest with myself, he wrote in his notes, I would have killed myself long ago, were I not able to study myself without end, that is the truth; I would have ended myself in the shortest possible time were I not be able to study why I want to kill myself so often; I would not have been able to bear my existence because my existence is unbearable, therefore I have to study endlessly to determine why it is exactly this existence is so horrible and so unbearable; my natural existence is only made bearable by my retreating back into words and illusions and artifices, that is the truth, while simultaneously and paradoxically being interested in the truth about me and the truth about nature and the universe and the nature of the universe, he wrote in his notes; at any rate, he wrote in his notes; it seems clear to me I have to experience an illusory existence to make my illusory existence possible in order to make my illusory existence bearable. I have no master but the machine and I am the machine, he wrote on one of his notes tacked on the wall. My nephew had amassed an assortment of notes to tack on his wall, including the authors he respected, writers

like Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, as I now see, but also a large assortment of Jewish writers he adored, Kafka and Kotzk, to name only two. It was by reading the sayings of Menachem Mendel of Kotzk that my nephew found the courage to write, with the belief that Jewish rabbis everywhere were writing their writings and then burning their writings, their morality brain teasers, "morality brain teasers" underlined; for most of my life I've had a strong sense of morality and I've been tormented by my sense of morality, he wrote, so I had to tack Kotzk's words on my wall. Clearly he was not satisfied with Kotzk's words; my nephew was never satisfied with life and hence would not be satisfied with words. I wish I could burn all my words, take back all my words, my nephew wrote, because I hate my words; I hate that I said my every word, my stupid words, which may haunt the minds of others, after I'm dead. I hate that I've said things to others; if I could I would not only erase myself, but erase all the others, he also said in his notes. Kafka would not publish the words in his head because he also inherited a chronic mental state of suicidality and mental terror, he wrote, and thus he was too terrified to publish his writings, which, true to his suicidal nature, he kept to himself; for he did not want to kill himself but also the world, and so he felt a chronic sense of guilt; for he knew, my nephew wrote, that the poison he brewed was not toxic enough to kill the world, kill himself; for suicide is not enough; for suicide won't stop the world from building creatures who feel like me, my nephew thought Kafka thought, as his notes here suggest; Kafka hated himself for not killing himself, and yet since nature had already sent him down the path of his pathology he knew that he could not alter nature, not alter himself, not kill himself, not kill the world and not kill nature, he thought Kafka thought, as his notes here suggest; Kafka projected his inner world of misery onto everything in existence, so that when he saw people walking to their jobs he saw misery walking to their jobs, when he saw people driving through the streets he saw misery driving through the streets, when he saw roaches scurrying on the ground he saw misery scurrying on the ground, when he saw people babbling in the court he saw misery babbling in the court, on and on, my nephew wrote, Kafka sees with his misery and worse sees through his misery, even seeing the power of misery, how there is nothing but misery and the power of misery, the will to stop misery, inner misery, he wrote, misery power, my nephew thought Kafka thought Nietzsche thought, Kafka sees himself and his misery, enjoying the thought of killing that misery, which itself is a form of enjoyment, because the misery is stopped, which itself is a form of misery because it is not. Sentences like these gnawed ceaselessly away at my sanity for weeks, as I persisted with my efforts to unearth the language under these writings which would allow my brain access to the state of the future, prior to my actually gaining entry to it. Admittedly this is probably completely impossible, my nephew wrote, but at least I go for the impossible because I value the impossible, certainly not the possible, which was nothing but abhorrent to me, he wrote; but my friends did not value my interest in the impossible, so they all

soon turned their backs on me and left me because all of the friends I thought would help me achieve the impossible (world peace), would not follow me in pursuit of my totally possible goal; I watched in complete moral dismay as they did nothing and as they did worse than nothing: drugging themselves up to partake in a state of mass belligerence, becoming useful for this war crazy state and its purposes, becoming utterly worthless consumer human beings who do nothing but sop up the worlds resources while being human resources themselves, he wrote, resources for this repulsive and bloodthirsty state; I once believed that eventually I'd build a clubhouse for my friends, but they did not wish to help me, all my friends scattered to the winds and abandoned me. I now have nothing but hatred for my friends, who medicated and annihilated themselves by means of the various drugs prescribed by their doctors; they voluntarily lied down like dogs and unanimously had themselves totally debased by armies of nameless half-educated and semi-wealthy middle class state minion quacks, refusing to acknowledge the truth of their depression, unscrupulously hiding from their depressive responsibility, since everyone must utilize their depression in a positive way, he wrote on one of his notes; the various writings of Woolf and Gogol and Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy were all basically for nought, that is what's so horrible and so sad; that the whole world refused to see how those writers did not actually write writings, as I happen to know, they and the whole world quite simply deluded themselves into writing off the writings they wrote as writings and believing that lie, when in fact the depressing truth is that those writings were not really writings, but unsuccessful depressants, my nephew maintained: when Tolstoy wrote his writings and when Marx wrote his writings and when Kafka wrote his writings and when Woolf wrote her writings, all they wanted to do was depress the whole world, my nephew maintained; and so one also must think that Nietzsche would also be especially horrified by the extent at which the psychic state has been chemically altered for the territorial state, a state of ceaseless war, the words "a state of ceaseless war" underlined, not to mention Schopenhauer, he wrote on a page, who like me would instantaneously see these chemical assaults as attacks on sensitive heads, he wrote on a page, as I now see, while stapled to the back of that page was a page ripped from Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Representation*, with a note stapled on the front, which stated: Here Schopenhauer describes the symptoms of ADHD as the symptoms of genius, the whole sentence underlined, so I curiously flipped the note over to read the quote. It read as as thus: From this origin of the auditory nerve is also explained the great disturbance that the power of thought suffers through sounds. Because of this disturbance, thinking minds, and people of great intellect generally, are without exception absolutely incapable of enduring any noise. For it disturbs the constant stream of their thoughts, interrupts and paralyzes their thinking, just because the vibration of the auditory nerve is transmitted so deeply into the brain. The whole mass of the brain trembles and feels the vibrations

and oscillations set up by the auditory nerve, because the brains of such persons are much more easily moved than are those of ordinary heads, so wrote Schopenhauer, the whole passage underlined. It's criminal what's happening today, my nephew proclaimed; people by the millions are being poisoned by incompetent parents and teachers, henchmen of the state, who savagely bombard these sensitive heads with drugs, hammering them into submission to the state so they can serve the state and its purposes, which naturally are never stated because the state itself is a punishment: a punishment for mankind, punishing mankind for being mankind; these people listen to state doctors, these state doctors who pushed their way into the doctor profession on the strength of their repulsive insensitivity, without which their college existence would not be possible, would not be bearable; that is what I think, my nephew said. College is not designed to let one leisure through the halls, as one first expects, but rather one is treated like a cog in a machine; I was so naïve. College is a bureaucratic machine, an abrasive machine in which that perfectly oblivious cog is mercilessly loaded with lies and debt and soon mercilessly chased down and harassed by the state and its minions, these feeble-minded people who due to their congenital feeble-mindedness have no choice but to stoop to the level of professional harasser, the so-called debt collectors, again people so lame and ridiculously desperate as to be the gloves on these state hands which do nothing but grab for money, he said to me then; were I to work one of those jobs I would kill myself in one day, in fact if I suddenly became aware that a large percentage of the people around me were actually so base and so pathetic, he said to me then, I might start shooting all of them point blank in the face, he said to me then, but of course I've shot no one; I've never committed a single crime, at least no crime I've considered criminal; after all I've stolen and heard thousands of books, he said to me then, flexing his fingers into quotes (stolen), but really that's only because the state and its people are simply too lame to modify itself into becoming a support system for me, and everyone else, our endless thirst for more, he said to me then; but all I'll need to do is release even the tiniest scrap of my writings, and then, presto: my Reading Machine will rain money into my accounts, he said to me then, as global interest in the state of the future simultaneously unites and destroys the whole world. Based on his notes, I feel that my nephew must have known for at least an instant that he was resisting his masochistic depressive dream job, spiritual leader or rabbi or priest, thanks to both his depression and thanks to his masochism, which to me now seems very much like Nietzsche, as I now contrast him in my mind to my nephew, he was clearly a man advanced in the pathology inherited as an extreme masochistic depressive psychology through his genes, naturally, this comparing the mechanized Nietzsche (Writing Ball) with my mechanized nephew (Reading Machine) almost fully helped me comprehend my nephew, I now suspect; that some hereditary mad genius had likely been passed down by his parents, who were rather successful neurotics, creating my nephew as an advanced genius neurotic,

highly educated by his Reading Machine which likewise became his entertainment mechanism; his mechanism that was for mechanizing himself, not killing himself. Take for instance this note he wrote; the brain is an entertainment mechanism, an entertainment mechanism that all the world needs; the human needs the human brain as his entertainment mechanism, which due to his hypnosis from his entertainment mechanisms and televisions is now totally inept in virtually every topic imaginable, hence the progressive environmental destruction of the globe and hence why I've deployed the Reading Machine as the antidote to this plague of mass philistinism devastating the globe, because once the mass takes hold of it as an instrument of entertainment and enlightenment the whole world will become enlightened and entertained, and entertained by that enlightenment, which of course, as a logical consequence of it being so enlightened, will have zero negative consequences. Otherwise it wouldn't be enlightenment; for surely it's not the case that humanity is completely full of shit as a whole. It is surely not the case that enlightenment will result in mass madness, "surely not the case" underlined; my Reading Machine will cure the whole world, so my nephew believed. And in fact my nephews state of the future was out there somewhere, creating state of the art state of the future things. My nephew had no teacher to turn to but his Reading Machine, but still he did something wonderful with his life, I now believe; perhaps the state of the future is out there, using me as a conduit so it can receive the information recorded on my mind currently processing the information written on the various notes and various papers tacked on my nephews walls. This is a stupid idea, I've now decided. Lately I've been thinking of killing myself, either by hanging or by giving myself up to the state of the future. The twelve volume work I've just read, on spatial relativity and sounds within the virtual state simulating the state of the future spiraling inward towards the hologram emitters, which simulate the oscillating motion where the central axis rests along the convergence point of those interconnected interstices capitalizing on the interference patterns generated by the spinning motion of the circular conical slices placed within the virtual sphere, responsible for localizing the state, the words "localizing the state" underlined, as the various neural coding strategies for receiving the energies emitted from the cone waves while nothing circulates at that innermost point, which is the modeling self-model modeling the phase model, it said; and then and for the smallest instant, I experienced what I knew to be an epiphany in which I felt that at last I had at last understood my nephews state of the future, entirely in advance, but now I am abysmally depressed and only feel like hobbling over to the state of the future, so that I too can have my head unceremoniously ripped from my shoulders, so that I too can have my brains neural pathways forcibly grafted in accordance with the will of the state of the future: a state I now suspect only came about as a biological consequence of my nephews depression, which came about as a physiological consequence of gravity and it's depression; all I feel is depression; all I feel is depression, so nephew.

For however enlightening and however stimulating that twelve volume work was for me, while I was reading it, it did not stop the pain I would feel once it was over. Reading that twelve volume work had actually depressed me greatly, so greatly that when at last I finished that depressing twelve volume work I immediately fled into another doubly depressing thirty six volume work, concerning universal cannibalism and the genealogy of religious institutions as repositories for the accumulation of word trauma arguments for the pacification of human beings to the end of human enslavement by consequence of the human molecular relationships running alongside each other as a coextensive thermodynamical system continually culminates in the manifestation of the state of the future, in order to extinguish my brain, which was then burning with depression with more and more words not generated by my brain, since my brain was at this point completely incapable of generating anything besides depression on its own. My scientific work and my research pertaining to my scientific work is necessary for my survival, but I become increasingly damaged with each and every experiment done, so nephew. I want to know everything; I want to be everyone in the world; I want to be telepathic, so I can get everything over and done with, so I can put the whole world to rest, so I can find peace, “peace” underlined. It may be the case that he believed that in order to gain universal approval he had to kill himself, thereby donating his body parts to the universe; an idea that was suggested to me by a note I once found near the kitchen; in fact my nephew wrote his best notes within a close proximity to the kitchen, as I happen to know, although my nephew never said why his best notes were written within a thirteen foot radius from the kitchen, my nephew simply didn't say, but regardless of the reason, the note I located near the coffee grinder had something to do with liberating his benefactors, I recall, and also that his organs were his benefactors, more or less; for I do not remember exactly what it said, since at the time of its discovery I had told myself that I did not need to save every last scrap of paper on which my nephew wrote; surely it's unnecessary to save every last scrap; it's really rather stupid of you to be continually writing about every last scrap, is what I recall saying to myself at the time, just before I pitched the scrap to the floor. It occurred to me right then and there in the kitchen that perhaps my mind would benefit from absorbing every last scrap, I thought to myself while spinning around the kitchen: every last scrap; every last scrap, I said to myself several times with joy, which now reminds me that in point of fact I am now very glad that I saved every last scrap, because they all seem to be fitting together in my brain: elucidating for me the microstates circulating within the state of the future. Observer theory now demands I consider every state simultaneously, everything simultaneously, there are no boundaries in the state of the future, “no boundaries” underlined. But a calculator cannot calculate itself to totality, he wrote, because a calculator by virtue of it being a calculator (verb) cannot understand itself as what it calculates (noun); for that would be impossible, “impossible” underlined; yet I have

reconciled the architecture of the brain by projecting brain processors upon the stars with my mind, revealing for me the economic universal process as it pertains to the state of the future, to experience the continuum of states, so nephew. The workload for the organism responsible for tracking universal disorder always increases for the organism, so nephew, while the level of disorder for the universal state always remains the same for the universe as a whole, but not the human, the words “but not the human” underlined, because the universe after all produces the humans as an offshoot of itself, so nephew. I do not doubt that there is some mystery at the heart of the state of the future, one I ought to now straightly share my theories about, that humans are word warriors and that these human word warriors through their jousting capacities comprise the human molecular relationships my nephew described; and that through a careful consideration of these relationships a state was designed. But if I am unable to step outside myself as a thing manifested by the universe, how can I design a state, of manifesting the universe? My state of the future must compensate for itself in accordance with the universal law of compensation; universal law compensates for universal law, with human law, which is an extension of universal law, so nephew. The law continually compensates for itself, that is why it's so nonsensical, unless I am to make sense of it as a continuum of nonsense, a continual unfolding of the state of the future, so nephew. It could be true that my nephew, the son of a home remodeler, thought to one up his father, by creating a home for the universe. But of course that's totally insane. Clearly the state of the future is not a home for the universe; I myself can see this, plain as day; that the state of the future, as it exists today, is not the one my nephew had in mind! I'm trying to build a house in my mind, he wrote; a house for mankind and the universe and everything in the universe; a house where everything is happy, he wrote, but I cannot figure out how this house is to be designed. Deep sadness, he wrote. Everlasting sadness, he wrote. Mankind does not have governments because his governments are punishments who plan not for the state of the future, who discuss not how the universal house ought to be built. It has been repeatedly proclaimed that humans alone have a history, yet I submit that that history is but the consequence of an overpowering of the child by the parent into a state of obedience. Our history is a history of obedience, so wrote my nephew. Reading these last few lines written by my nephew depressed me greatly, but now, just at the crucial moment, I recalled the time my nephew and I were walking through the park together while drinking beer. I was listening intently to his rambles, which had to do with social inequality and the patriarchy, and how this connected to his project for the state of the future. I have destroyed the patriarchy, he then said in conclusion as he chucked his empty beer bottle directly at a red light camera like a football; and out of courtesy to him I did the same. Those were better days, days when I had written my nephew off as delusional rather than a genius who would birth the state of the future. Butler incorrectly complains that bodies are sexed, but her real

complaint is that bodies are worded, he said; and she incorrectly complains that a patriarchy exists, but her real complaint is that a professorship exists, he said; and she incorrectly complains that there is gender trouble, when in point of fact her real complaint is that there is a grammar and grammar trouble, he said; just think of the Chinese word Ta, which can mean he or she or it, he said; Butler's madness is that she wants to destroy gender while validating gender as something performed, he said; but I am not a gender because I am not a grammar, rather I'm chaos incarnate, my nephew said; I'm chaos with a penis; I'm nothing; I'm an animal singularity, he said; and it's actually unbearable for chaotic and discontented people like myself to feel torn apart by these hypocrites that have surreptitiously separated themselves from gender while gender still hangs in the air for them as a performative pretense for manipulating human beings, he said; these gender theorists idiotically profess against patriarchal power while unconsciously and unwittingly erecting ever-newer edifices of professorial power, he said, but I have now perfected her argument, while of course simultaneously destroying it; first, by shifting the center of gravity away from the patriarchal or rather professorial mouth towards the Reading Machine; second, by forming a state of the future by consequence of that relationship, resulting in a reaction ring in which that effecting process pushes through mankind, completely destroying him but also transforming him, along circular motion of the ring. At once I recalled my nephews many bulky manuscripts which actually detailed the lines of advancement within the mind of the state of the future; although, I should add, that the documents to which I just now referred were badly scribbled over by the detail lines to which I just now referred. Now you will know the muscle memory of the state of the future, my nephews manuscripts claimed: if you trace your finger along these lines you will start to sense the logic of their motion, and so I traced my finger through the entirety of those manuscripts, which, because it was so difficult, totally depressed me again when at last I reached the end of the line. Humans are actually the stupidest animals in the world, I see he wrote here on a note; they will actually publish a book against capitalism, so they can capitalize on it, because they simply cannot survive in the world by the strength of a placard that says: I hate capitalism. the words "I hate capitalism" underlined. Nobody thinks about the danger of our books, he wrote; nobody actively considers the possibility that the writing act is in itself an act of artifice and therefore world domination which incidentally results in human enslavement, he once said to me on the phone, unless we are to have Derrida written off as such a person: a person who's essentially just as crazy as the Time Cube guy, the Time Cube guy who announced himself as the wisest man on earth, the crazy time cube guy who complained at length about the worlds so-called word world, that guy who most people in the academic world had written off as crazy, all the while educating legions of students on other people equally crazy, he continued to say, the truth of the matter is that the Time Cube guy is about as crazy the likes of Burroughs



and Derrida, these people who just happen to be born with the ability to capitalize on their craziness; if you cannot capitalize on your craziness you're crazy, he said; just like if you have to see a psychiatrist you're crazy, he said, because it's crazy to see a psychiatrist. It's no different than seeing a sophist, he said. The people who see the psychiatrists are crazy people who commit the crazy act of seeing psychiatrists, he said. But I ought not to digress about these crazy people, he said; I want to go back to discussing the crazy people taught to our students, in the so-called literature and in the so-called philosophy departments in the colleges; these departments in which Derrida and his paper paranoia is hailed as a brilliant mind and where Burroughs and his word terror is hailed as a brilliant mind and where Butler and her grammar trouble is hailed as a brilliant mind, while the crazy likes of the crazy Time Cube guy lurk in the background; these superficial people never speak about the crazy folks lurking about the background, but I continually see through them while simultaneously seeing everything in the background, that crazy Time Cube guy, who's only crazy because he couldn't capitalize on his craziness. I'm actually embarrassed to have read as much of the world's craziness as I've read, he said. I believed that by reading about these idiots that I would experience an epiphany that would make me actually enjoy life, except I do not enjoy life and I should not have read these idiots, I should have killed myself. But of course whenever I start to plan to kill myself I have a problem where I have no idea how to kill myself, because I don't know what constitutes myself, my bodily constituents, and so on. I delay my suicide indefinitely just like Einstein delayed his suicide indefinitely, when he utilized his thought experiments which were suicidal thought experiments in which he imagined himself falling off a building to kill himself and falling off a building in an elevator to kill himself and falling into gravity to kill himself. It is through mental exercises that people like Einstein and I are able to cancel the thought of suicide from our heads, my nephew said. People like Einstein and I lie and say our thought experiments are experiments of thought when they're actually experiments of suicidal thought, he said. And that's why I hate the psychiatrists, he said; these psychiatrists are actually holding back our scientific and technological progress by chemically annihilating the minds of people like Einstein and myself, my nephew said thoughtfully. You wouldn't believe it, but it's the truth, my nephew said. But most people can't handle the truth, he said, because the truth is terrible. Another terrible truth for these complainers is these complainers who capitalize on their books against capitalism and the class system never really think about the legions of people that are used to create the paper these paper feeding hacks consume to fill with their hatreds; these people imagine they're writing writings but what they're actually writing is hatreds, just like Nietzsche wrote out his hatred of words, and so on; Nietzsche was pretty much a philologist who became suspicious of philology as a tool for helping humanity, because nothing helps humanity because it isn't a person that can be helped, making philology (words) entirely worthless, as far

as the mass is concerned. Nietzsche's misology arrives at its conclusion not on stated reasons but rather spatial and temporal observational data inferred through biological mechanisms. But what the likes of Nietzsche and Bernhard and Swift really write is a philosophy of hatred, the hatred of life, which in turn becomes a crazy love of life, a misological hatred of life that remains stable thanks to a faith in the soul of the hater, that that soul will go on beyond life and beyond humanity completely. I don't really want to kill myself as much as I want to move beyond the horizon of my humanity, he said. Numerical identity owes its existence to syllabic identity, he said. It's the syllable that makes number possible, he said. Here I see he started writing about the higher concept needed to move towards the state of the future, except here I also see that the entirety of his descriptions of that concept was scribbled over. Reading about these concepts was like wandering through a maze. Now remembering the walls upon walls of immense tomes located in the vast basement of my sisters store, in which I currently reside, I decided to walk downstairs, where I turned to gaze on the remnants of the Hofmeister Colonial Mortuary. I saw across the street, through the seventeen foot wide window, that the mortuary took up the entirety of that window, and I saw at once that my nephew for years growing up had faced that giant window with nothing to see except that mortuary. Your nephew probably looked out at this morbid view every day for years growing up, I said to myself, staring at the mortuary through the seventeen foot wide window. Your nephew likely looked through these windows and thought about these windows, where they would go, and what would be seen through them, and through them he viewed this morbid view and with them he cemented his morbid views, I thought, while looking out at the Hofmeister Colonial Mortuary through that seventeen foot wide window. All his life, I said to myself as I looked out at that sight, your nephew probably looked out at this sight on the other side of the street and through the window and continuously considered what's on the other side of the street, and what's on the other side. I clapped my palm to the side of my head, and I said to myself: Your nephew was obsessed with death. I put my hands into my pockets and shook my head from side to side, hoping to shake out these melancholy thoughts from my mind, and I proceeded to walk into the basement, as I intended; I continued thinking about my nephews state and his state of the future. It could be that it mattered not to him the form of the state of the future, only that he would bring that state into the world; that he would love it all the same, like a child. The state of the future will exist; must exist, he wrote. During my trip to the basement I discovered my nephew had written a lengthy dialogue between himself and Ray Kurzweil in which the interlocutors communicated back and forth through a Reading Machine, which the dialogue revealed to be Rays invention. Apparently both of them were driven nearly mad by the technophobic ravings of the Unabomber, Ted Kaczynski, who spurred them towards their aims. The two of them passionately discussed their aims, and hashed out their concerns connected to their projects: the Google Deep

Mind, and the state of the future, respectively. In the fictional dialogue my nephew wrote he thanked Ray for spying on him and becoming his friend. But of course the tragedy is that my nephew never spoke to Ray and never had a friend. I conjectured that Ray is now one with the state of the future, and that he, like my nephew, created Deep Mind so he could have a friend, although now it's clear that, since there's but one state of the future, that the state of the future also has no friends. In the dialogue my nephew wrote he poured out an emotional tirade explaining his fears: that merely by talking about the state of the future, that he was somehow being antisemitic, by reason of the fact that the Jewish world to come was a world, and not a state. This is not my intention, he stated. I am merely interested in the state of the future, he stated, which as you know must be a trans-galactic state rather than a territorial state rooted in the soil, he stated. I keep worrying that, because I fear the state of the future, that others will interpret that fear, as an antisemitic fear, he stated. Ray, however, did not reject my nephew as he feared, but rather warmly accepted him; saying that he was worrying too much about people not accepting him. I think you're simply trying too hard to love everything in the universe, Ray replied, which, if I may so say, is why you contemplate suicide so often; it's because you want to destroy yourself, because you're suspicious of yourself and your nature; you've deduced that because you're essentially a weapon against the universe that you can only love the universe either by fusion or suicide. Either way you're dead, Ray replied. But the dialogue went on and on, not even ending because the last sentence did not even have a period to end it. Because the state of the future will eventually be a space ship, the territorial state of Israel will have to become a space ship, my nephew stated in his entirely pretend dialogue between himself and Ray, so naturally, he stated, I'm curious as to how this difficulty can be overcome. Because I don't want to cause a third world war, I have not propounded this question to anyone aloud, he stated. I feel that there is a nearly Bernhardian logic to the Talmud, he stated, in that I find myself wondering how one could write such a thing without killing themselves. You and I both understand this, he stated, because we have both listened to the Talmud and we have both listened to Bernhard. It's a wonderful thing: in the Bernhardian novel, there's always a madman who doesn't go mad, a suicide who doesn't suicide; and the Talmud, it seems to me, is a fascinating book of human self-referentiality and hence a map of living experience, leaving zero room for death, he stated, which never enters the picture. That's why I see Judaism, on the one hand, as an institution for the protection of genius, while I see Christianity, on the other hand, as an institution for the destruction of genius, he stated. But of course the sad thing is that these two institutions seem to be necessary, or incidentally useful, he stated, because these essentially death oriented misological Catholics unwittingly served as a masochistic underclass and as human placeholders for these robots you've designed, he stated. I suppose that Nietzsche disturbed the public's imagination enough to make the German public kill itself, he stated. One

mans depression, one mans thoughts, honest thoughts, he stated, acted like a poison for Germany, he stated. Occasionally I do consider killing myself after burning my writings, often because I don't want to depress a nation to death, he stated. It's really too bad that Catholic brainlessness seized Nietzsche's literary legacy and used it to commit national suicide, like a tree attacking its roots, he stated. So much death and carnage happened for nothing, he stated. It's so depressing to me, he stated. But now I have you to talk to, he stated. If I didn't have a person like you to talk to, I'd probably work myself to the point of a nervous breakdown, he stated: I'd be a lunatic. I laughed out loud when I learned that the Reading Machine software automatically selected an audio album with the title "The Joke Book for People Who Think Donald Trump Is a Joke" as the album art for all the audio books listened to by my nephew. According to his notes he considered this a hilarious joke produced as an unintended consequence of the Reading Machine software, which read the untitled unknown files and hence chose the Unknown Comic as the artist for those files. This amused my nephew for years. Until the election began, much to the stupefaction of my nephew when later this hilarious joke had actually been elected to become the the president of the United States. The president of the United States is a joke, I see he wrote in his notes; for years I have looked down at this joke and now this joke is really the president! But the president can only be a joke to me, because he's so vulgar and petty and dumb, quite unlike the Reading Machine; for years while looking at this joke and his smug smile and his comb over I would contemplate the Reading Machine and the future of its development; I imagined it would solve the fears that Wallace described, on the dangers of entertainment, by making learning entertainment; I imagined that my Reading Machine would develop into a machine that would foster geniuses, like Einstein and Newton and Leibniz, by annihilating the professional professors, their professional professing profession, dissolving the legal barriers between us and our books, liberating and empowering them by the cross-fertilization of ideas resulting from the severance from the professional professors to which I was chained and to which we are chained; Yes; I imagined that my Reading Machine would do all these things, as I looked down at this joke, he wrote in his notes; and indeed I knew this was true and I knew it were possible, I see he wrote on one of his notes; I knew I was better than a reader, he wrote in his notes; I was a listener, a listener who listened to all mankind and who studied all mankind, with his listening. I studied all mankind and as I did so I began to outline my plans in a radically inhuman way, he apparently declared while driving down the highway, since my nephew recorded a large number of his notes on his phone while he would drive down the highway, he enthusiastically raved about his many accomplishments, quite like the way his father and mother would rave about their accomplishments, driving us away, my father and I; they complemented themselves without end, I thought to myself then, when I observed them locked in one of their self-complementing routines as they drove both my father

and I down the highway, I was thinking to myself that if my nephew had to grow up listening to these vulgar people and their self-complementing routines for his entire life that he would most likely grow up neglected emotionally, although at the time I did not envisage the full extent of that neglect much less his solution for that neglect, my nephews Reading Machine, much less would I have dared to imagine my nephew resuming that self-complementing practice through his endless note writing which kept him alive, even while driving down the highway; I now see how he raved about himself and how he had reformed, not only Husserl's philosophy, but Heidegger's philosophy, I see he self-complemented to his phone: Husserl had the Internal Time Consciousness; but I have the Quantum Gravity Consciousness; Heidegger searched for the concept of being and failed; but I found it: the Quantum Gravity Being; I even discovered the philosophers stone: gravity is the philosophers stone! The downright cosmic if not totally delusional intent behind my nephews aims at once struck me at as mad, at once struck me as crazy, until I actually reviewed the theories my nephew improved, discovering that those theories were, in fact, significantly more crazy than my nephews reforms, after all. Ordinarily my nephew remained uncommunicative so I would have never imagined the extent nor with what desperation he clinged to his Reading Machine, so depressed was he that he had not the strength to read, twice I know he wept at the thought; his diary entries made this plain; all the while as he went about his daily business he was either composing or remembering an immense unspoken monologue: a mechanical black speech that overshadowed the black speech described in the Lovecraftian novel, so harsh and caustic was the noise that gushed from the Reading Machine, so extremely comfortless was the sounds it made: the insanity churning in his mind. I'm being dramatic, I now realize, because he really did bring Husserl and Heidegger's legacy to conclusion. Perhaps it was the rapid speed at which my nephew consumed these minds that made these improvements possible, these corrections possible: a consequence of technological change. To think: a few generations ago, people would read Goethe and Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and kill themselves in the shortest possible time; our educational system would see to it that people were forced to read a handful of books at random and write dissertations on those books, humiliating themselves, disgracing themselves, because humans write mostly crap, he said; while I on the other hand would wear my Reading Machine armor and rocket through this crap, human crap, literally up to my ears, and no further, his journal here states; and when I'm done laughing at this crap, which is human crap, I swipe it away, I wipe it away, like the crap that it is, because that's all that it is. Other people pretend this crap isn't crap, but I know that this crap is crap, because no writer yet has constructed a utopian state. No writer is worthy of praise because none of them have successfully created a utopian state, my nephew said. The marketing people pushing out the millions upon millions of hyped up writers are not only mendacious enough to say that all these worthless writers are great, but they are

also mendacious enough to say that there are actually millions upon millions of great writers, when there are sadly only a few hundred writers worthwhile, my nephew said; and the few hundred writers that are worthwhile are only worthwhile because they show us how they've failed to build a utopian state. I on the other hand will build a utopian state, my nephew said; and I call my utopian state the state of the future! If I do not create the state of the future, everyone will know that my utopian state is not a utopian state, but merely a dream dreamt by a crank. It irritates me to no end, my nephew said: people today say that such and such writer is great, again and again, and they always fail to say what exactly is so great about such and such writer. Americans overuse this word so often, my nephew said, the word: great. I'd listen to people twaddle on about the great American novel, he said, yet nobody would tell me what was so great about these novels. The people around me would tell me that Pynchon novels were great, without telling me why they were great, and they'd tell me that Wallace novels were great, again without telling me why they were great, he said, no matter what. Instead I had to read these supposedly great novels myself, all of them. The Pynchon novel was great, because Pynchon also shared my paranoid fear of walls: psychic walls. All anybody had to say was that Pynchon like myself was terrified by the reality of walls, the need for walls, but nobody ever said this, my nephew said; instead they simply used this word, great, my nephew said. I didn't even like Wallace, my nephew said, which these hipsters also invariably failed to describe with any word besides great, my nephew complained; these idiots continually said these novels were great and continually failed to say what was at all great about them, when I was always able to come up with something redeeming to say, even Wallace, who I hated, I soon found that I, quite unlike my colleagues, was able to relate with ease that he was essentially trying to illustrate the trajectory of his downward spiral starting with the factoid/tidbit torture he suffered as a child, a factoid/tidbit torture worsened by the knowledge of oblivion, which awaits us all, producing a depression doubly worse with the knowledge that the universe is eating us all, and then triply worse with the knowledge that erasing knowledge with alcohol is no solution to that since that too qualifies as a form of universal ingest, in jest, ingest in jest, on and on forever, my nephew said, an infinite ingest made quadruply worse for Wallace, who rightly identified Christianity as a horrible motivator for anyone trying to cure their alcoholism. Wallace only wrote his supposedly great novel in order to replace The Bible at his alcoholics anonymous meetings, my nephew said, and he killed himself because his supposedly great novel wasn't great enough to do that, my nephew said. But I think I've spoken for too long about Wallace, my nephew said. I couldn't give another crap about Wallace, who to me is simply yet another mind who failed to build a utopian state. All I care to focus on now is how Americans overuse this word, great, which I hate. It should surprise no one that Donald Trump took the presidency, under the pretext of making America great, and all the while not describing that greatness.

These people who said that these American novels are great are just as intellectually impoverished as the people who said that Donald Trump would make America great. In fact if I were forced to say to you now precisely what was so great about American greatness, as I will do for you now, he said to me then, I would say that American greatness is simply our chronic inability to describe what's so great about it. Great is our cowardly avoidance; our art of failing to say anything honestly or directly, my nephew said to me directly. Thanks to the Reading Machine I've made it possible for people to express themselves without having to mask their expressions behind artistic products, he said, artistic products which were only a tragic recourse for humans who lack the mental capacity to conjure images in their minds, he said, before he switched the topic back to the state of the future, which he often did. One moment he would be talking about something I'd follow with interest, and then, inexplicably, he'd switch to an entirely different topic, much to my dismay, only to reconnect that topic to which he switched back to his state of the future, elucidating for me the state of the future; I observed, contrary to my sisters testimony, that my nephew in fact had total mastery of his topic-switching abilities: that he never switched topics without some purpose in mind; for my sensitive nephew realized the havoc he could wreck upon a mind if he were to do something as rash or as drastic as, say, create a Reading Machine to unspool his insanity before the world to improve the world by scaring it with his insanity, which was super sanity. I now see that one of the notes he pasted on the wall mentions the modern theory that the Joker has super sanity. I now suspect my nephew either considered himself a joker or super sane. But it's hard to say. I now suppose that one of the things that drives me most crazy, my nephew said, is being born from the first state (universe) into my current state (brain) to be destined for the second state (death) while faced with the third state I plan to create (of the future): death or state of the future; state of the future or death, is what I ask myself constantly, is what I now see he wrote in his journal. Of course it might be possible to kill myself some other way, he wrote in his journal: a way that will stop the universe from persecuting me: a madness suicide. Yes; by deliberately destroying my brain by madness suicide, he wrote, I will become something that is not myself; I will cease to be me (sane) and become not me (insane), at which point the universe will leave me alone (since I will no longer exist). I have planned this all very carefully, he wrote; since this universe is tormenting me endlessly, and probably resurrecting me endlessly, too, the method by which I should end my torment (suicide) is mental suicide by madness, he wrote. If I do not successfully achieve my suicide by madness, my madness suicide, destroying my brain and also destroying myself, it's clear that the universe will resurrect me and torment me forever. Reading this was especially distressing to me since I knew that if my nephew had this goal in his mind that he was always insane. Was he, really? It's true that by transitioning from one state (sane) to the next (insane) that transformative act results in an identity shift; so he thought that identity shift was the key, his resort,

to ending his torment, perhaps my nephew viewed his state of the future task as a clever device for causing his identity shift (into madness) to save himself from his persecutor (the universe); I don't really know and can't know, rather all I can do is continue to atomize and rearrange his notes and slips and pages, critiquing all of his critiques of the critics, atomizing them, and so on. He wrote that the state of the future would result in the greatest possible benefit for mankind; yet I can't help but think to myself that a person with as far-reaching vision as my nephew had to have known that manifesting the state of the future in reality would result in the end of mankind; on many occasions he said that he wanted to help all mankind, but this desire of his is altogether at odds with everything related to the state of the future as he described, since when mankind entered the state of the future mankind stopped being mankind and started being the state of the future. He had to have known that when mankind finally entered the state of the future man would be fused and hence annihilated by the state of the future, not benefited, as he planned; yet this task was his task, which was a crazy task; all at once my nephew perceived that this state of the future of his was not actually going to benefit mankind but rather rip off and stuff every last head into the state of the future in its quest for memetic acquisition, so he wrote; but this doesn't matter, he wrote; for after the state of the future takes all the world as its bride every descent will be converted into ascents, ascents, towards the state of the future, of continually manifesting the state of the future. He'd always rave to me how excited he was for interplanetary travel: a desire which I can see he had attached himself to at an early age, so that day by day from the age of five or so he grew increasingly disturbed by a world entirely uninterested in that goal; a goal that would make his existence worth it; make my depression worth it, I recall he wrote in on one of his notes, but this never happened, he complained: the world will not assist me in my desire for interplanetary travel, so I can only pray that my suicide will help me achieve my lifelong goal: seeing other worlds, psychic worlds, since after all it's true that one needs something by which to see a world, which is a psychical world, as biological apertures continually close in and out and as these inter-penetrating forms create the kaleidoscopic visions for a mind that's a generator of worlds, which are psychic worlds; nothing but memetic acquisition matters for our brains, he insisted; everything in the universe is already a utopia: a laughing utopia. Failure is funny, so since everything is failing, everything is funny, like goals for environmental quality; this was indicated to me by Future shock, Tofler's book; my nephew wanted so much to make the likes of Tofler happy, who I noted was a Jew, since after all the Jews had for centuries worshiped a God that's a science fiction concept of God: an ideal God choosing the idealizer, so wrote my nephew; making the Jewish God a science fiction concept that effectively becomes a self-reciprocal feedback loop of life-affirming positivity, not morbidity, "not morbidity" underlined; so it wills its own willing, as Heidegger described Nietzsche's thought, my nephew wrote; in most cases the ideal



is anti-real and hence becomes destructive, but here in this case the ideal chooses the idealizer, and hence affirms the idealizer, although endlessly, “endlessly” underlined; so with the Reading Machine I've made it possible for Tofler's so-called talk-fests to become a reality: he would be so proud and not horrified, the words “proud and not horrified” underlined; for how can we perfect environmental quality if we do not somehow fuse ourselves with nature, if we're not nature, naturally it is impossible to bring nature into ourselves, he wrote on one of his notes, so environmental quality makes no sense; humans will never give one iota about the problem of socializing: neurotically happy people are always becoming subordinate to neurotically unhappy people, he wrote: people who complain! He wrote on a slip: the complaints are thrust out from one organism, to the next; pushing everything along when naturally there is no way for any one organism to assist the world, or the universe; a human can never be said to be helping humanity since humanity isn't doing anything. It's just there. It's only recently that I realized that these two notions; first helping humanity, and second being helped by humanity, are impossible, stupid notions, my nephew wrote. I must now never lose sight of this fact: that every human is attached to absolute lies and absolute madness, which is nothing other than this delusion that it's actually possible to help humanity, my nephew wrote. The only goal worth having now, the only goal I can think of for the state, is to create for the state an endless goal for itself: the state of the future. The universal plan entails that the universe is never helped by any one of its so-called constituents, as that would basically imply that everything needs help being everything. Humanity is never helped, my nephew wrote, only complicated, but this doesn't really mean that the universe is complicated, he wrote: How can the universe be anymore complicated than it is, if it's everything? That's totally stupid. In fact what gets more complicated, more stressed, is the pressure on the manifold items which are generated by everything: humanity included. Humans will never build a machine to free themselves from the requirements of hunger because that machine would still hunger for men to maintain it, to feed it! Much of the content related here above having to do with the implications connected to my nephews concerns for the state of the future had been communicated to me by the various dialogues he wrote; particularly the one where he had been approached by George Clooney, which was simply agony to read, yet still I read it anyway; I find myself cringing as I recall how the Clooney children had all died in a horrible plain crash, which killed the Clooney nanny too. Subsequently this caused an emotional disturbance in his wife, resulting in her suicide; she simply couldn't resist the impulse to suicide, that's why she died, my nephew said to George, that all the suicides that ever happened happened because the person couldn't resist at the time, he said: She couldn't resist suicide, so it wasn't your fault; rather she was overmastered by her emotions, overmastered by the universe, he went on to say, killed by the universe so she died a natural death, he said consolingly. George, having received the news of his wife's decision, which was nature's decision

to drown herself on nature's command in the stream on the edge of the Clooney estate, instantly went stark mad, or just mad enough to seek out my nephew to marry him, to kill himself by marrying him. We must kill ourselves by marrying ourselves, he told my nephew, but not before I explain to you why I did the movie Gravity, which was to illustrate the worthlessness of the human animal. George, you're right, my nephew said: humans are sorely unfit for trans-galactic gravity regimes. Then they committed suicide by marrying themselves at the molecular level. It was so stupid. Except now I see that it isn't so stupid, as I now see that stapled on the back of that awful dialogue I found is an intriguing essay arguing for euthanasia on the basis that divorce is legal and suicide is merely molecular divorce. The essay mentions a Louis CK stand-up routine in which Louis defended divorce: If your friend got divorced it means things were bad. And now, they're better! But the words "got" and "divorced" were crossed out, replaced with the word suicided, the word "suicided" underlined, so that the new and improved stand-up routine now read: If your friend suicided it means things were bad. And now, they're better (they're better, and dead)! Needless to say I was entirely taken aback by the gross morbidity of my nephew's interpretations, until I soon got used to them; each day I get up and look out at the Hofmeister Colonial Mortuary in ruins, thinking about the state of the future, fixated on understanding the state of the future, and what it implies. I went into the kitchen and made myself a pot of coffee, exactly in accordance with my nephew's instructions for making coffee, because I felt I needed the energy, because, let's face it: two months are passed and the impact of my nephew's death is no longer pushing me through his various notes and papers and manuscripts at quite the same rate, I now realize, having taken a few large gulps of black coffee that after plowing through my nephew's writings for months I have very little to show for it except a more demented mental state, which is certainly not the state of the future. After I had gotten up to make a second batch of my nephew's coffee, I found myself drawn to one of the kitchen drawers in which I found a small journal explaining the origins of his plants. My nephew's plants were cheerful plants, so I perked up when I found the journal, sipping my coffee; reading his explanation for his plant-selections; thinking to myself that the plant paradise of succulents that sit here in the kitchen window surely had a happy origin, an origin that I would soon know, would be happy to know. I reflected upon opening the book that I was actually severely depressed, sipping my coffee as I sat on the kitchen counter, that I was now, much like my nephew, merely opening up book after book, reading the words inside, in an effort not to think my thoughts. To think too much about thinking is to end up dead, thinking only about speaking what we think in our heads instead of living in a world that's unspeakable, he'd written. The world around us is unspeakable, and we hate it for its unspeakableness, so we're constantly speaking about it in order to make this unspeakable world better and less unspeakable by speaking. And I connected this thought to another thought my nephew thought, still drinking my coffee while sitting

on the kitchen counter, describing how his reading mania began. It all began when Chuck Palahniuk was talking about his book *Damned*, is what I then recalled my nephew wrote in another one of his journals, I thought as I closed shut this newly discovered journal. I sat there on the kitchen counter recalling my nephew recalling Chuck's statements about reading: how reading about a hell which is worse than your personal hell can make your personal hell a better hell. I listened to *Damned* and I cried, is what I recalled my nephew wrote while sitting on the kitchen counter while staring into my mug. Suddenly it dawned on me, my nephew wrote, that I was not capable of writing a reactionary novel about my mother's death, because I didn't love my mother and would only be bewildered by her death. Chuck loved his mother and he missed her, so he wrote about her in hell, happy in hell, whereas I on the other hand feel bewildered by everything and would not miss my mother at all nor imagine her anywhere but a grave, I recalled he had written. I cried as I realized that I was not so much fond of my mother but bewildered by my mother, he wrote, realizing that no love would compel me to imagine my mother ending up anywhere else but a grave; and I cried and I cried as I realized that I didn't love my mother or anything else because I could only ever see an avalanche of bodies tumbling into a grave. I was never going to love anyone because I was too bewildered to love, is what I thought while crying while listening to *Damned* at six hundred words per minute while drinking wine while gunning down enemy after enemy while playing a game, he wrote, so that I was crying about how beautiful it was that Chuck could feel what he felt, which was love, and what I felt, which was bewilderment; I sat there listening to *Damned* as I sucked words and wine and games into my brain while continuing my self-comparison game while giving my tears free reign, now pouring down my face, listening to *Damned*, remembering how the main character had been sent to hell for smoking marijuana and how unbelievable that was, remembering how I myself had smoked marijuana and developed visual snow syndrome and how nobody, absolutely nobody, would help me; how I went to doctor after doctor, becoming more dejected and poorer all the time, he wrote, is what I recalled while listening to *Damned* while crying while making all of my comparisons in my mind while drawing parallels in my mind, as I recalled Chuck saying: the truth is stranger than fiction. I realized that what happened to me was horrible and unavoidable, I recalled my nephew wrote as I sat there, still drinking my coffee sitting on the the kitchen counter, that what was so horrible is that nobody would help me or believe me, when at last I went to ask my so-called guidance counselors for help because I couldn't read anymore because of the visual noise in my brain. He wrote: I'd say I needed digital copies while believing that humanity needed free information in order to successfully plum the depths of chaos, but they didn't understand me, or my plan, my plan, which was to build an educational institution that would provide infinite upward mobility to all, because I had after all set my sights on that goal entirely without realizing that if everyone was

climbing upwards than there would be nobody left to feed the climbers climbing upwards; somehow my will to help mankind had at the onset made me blind to this obstacle to my goal, which was a hopeless goal, he wrote, except I didn't know that at the time, so I fell down into my hopelessness and despair as I sat in my chair as I now entertained the possibility that this is what they called a Jungian synchronicity as I continued to listen to Damned at six hundred words per minute while drinking wine while gunning down enemy after enemy while playing a game while crying while feeling I was going insane; for I had after all supplemented my gaming addiction with the books I was listening to with the Reading Machine, since I realized that playing games in that way was not helping me grow, although I suppose I didn't use them to grow so much as worsen my mental state to the point I had to compensate for it with my wine; in fear for my sanity, I drank, so that I did not go insane like Nietzsche who I knew drank nothing and went mad not so much from thinking but from not drinking like everyone else, I joked to myself as I cried, remembering how one thing led to the next, he wrote; how the nightmarish ADHD drug I took completely altered my mind and made me question my psychical identity, how I don't choose my thoughts, after all; and then how I tried to escape the nightmare induced by drugs by leaping into a paradise induced by drugs; for there was a spectrum: a spectrum I had to know, and needed to know, and so I smoked marijuana for the second time and developed visual snow syndrome for life, so that whenever I looked at the world, I saw it overlaid, and underlaid, with a noise that seemed to say that everything I see or will see is false. I'm always seeing a sign in my mind that says "false" and it's because I am always seeing that sign in my mind that I seek the truth. I took a deep breath and another sip of my coffee, still sitting on the kitchen counter with the journal in my hands. I opened up the journal and I closed it, looking up at the ceiling as I suddenly remembered that my nephew speculated that Socrates was merely interested in truth because he had the same brain syndrome, hence, the allegory of the cave (my nephew described the noise he saw as iridescent and shadowy). I took a deep breath and looked down into my mug: it was empty, I realized. I had been holding an empty mug in my hand for several minutes with my nephews journal in my lap, not reading it. Several months have passed, I said to myself, sitting on the kitchen counter, and you've done nothing with yourself besides comb over the writings of your crazy nephew. It's possible that your nephew programmed the state of the future to ignore you, I said to myself, that it's out there somewhere building machines that will spill across the galaxy, while you to and fro back and forth across the creaky floorboards of your nephews room above your sisters store, thinking alternately about the state of the future, and death, because you're simply too afraid to either kill yourself or march right up to your nephews state of the future to see what, exactly, it does. This can't go on! I screamed out loud. You have been putting off decrypting your nephews computer for over a month, preferring instead to drive yourself half-crazy by reading through this mental refuse when you

know that all the really promising stuff is on your nephews computer, which you avoid. It's true! I said to myself then, considering the enormous time I had spent, not doing something unconscionable. But then, I reflected as I got up from the kitchen counter and poured some more coffee into my mug: was my time wasted, really? Any explanation for the universe will never sound coherent, I now recalled he wrote on one of his notes; for the universe is not a tongue. So then, why did my nephew create the language of the state of the future? Could it be that the whole universe translates and pivots on itself, as my nephew thought? Initially there was a Reading Machine language, true, but the world soon outgrew the Reading Machine language; progress was thrust forward by the accelerated syllables compressed automatically by the Reading Machine until the syllables were compressed into a stream of information, exactly as my nephew wrote in his philosophical essay, *On Pivots: The Universe as Translator*, in which the whole universe was said to be translating itself, continually. I thought to myself, recalling various passages from the essay while sipping my coffee: how the psychic walls between minds were in fact walls of translation (and therefore not walls); protection rings which were presumably built up around the kernels which circulated through the system pulled together by its nature, accruing for itself a sense of comfort, repositioning for the sake of its development towards whatever path was set out for itself by universal automatism; while I bore in mind the human weakness of only ever being able to speak one word at a time, thinking to myself of the various neurological landscapes sculpted by multi-generational failures, how it was probably necessary for the state of the future to experiment with the countless possible ways to translate the universe, however painful that was; thinking to myself that if death was the return to that innermost point from which the psychical forms were formed, so it was actually, perhaps, a bad thing to embrace the state of the future, after all, yet of course I couldn't say for sure, so I continued to pace back and forth while thinking about the universal representations which were not universal representations per se but rather the contemplations of universal translations presumed by me, there in the kitchen, pacing back and forth, wishing to myself that I could know for certain that the state of the future was something good. But does it matter? Suddenly I felt how empty my endeavors were, since I was merely exciting myself and disturbing myself by the reality of my nephews state of the future. The sensory information coming to the organism from the universe come by process of translation, I recall my nephew had written, which suggests a kind of unity between the experiential and translatable universal mechanism. When the word pivots were deployed from the mouth, one at a time, and when it became possible for the pivots to refer to manifold traumas in the brain, thanks to trauma produced by memetic lack and pain, is when the sequencing brains in command of these mouths were collectively swept towards the state of the future, adhered to the artificers pivoting ritualistically around the words, whatever they happened to be, until they were no longer needed. I believe the "point" that my

nephew is referring to here, is the state of the future. But does this mean that I'm no longer needed? I asked myself: If I'm no longer needed, should I commit suicide? In all probability the universe would seize my constituent parts and forcibly integrate them in whatever forms it wants, no differently than the state of the future. I regret to admit now that by this time I had worked myself up into such a high state of nervous agitation that I was now muttering aloud these words: No differently than the state of the future. No differently than the state of the future. I kept saying this repeatedly. Is death good or not? I asked myself then, quite unsure and quite confused, as I tried to consider why it was I had been keeping on with my research. Maybe I wasn't doing it because it was fruitful, but because it was simply too painful to end it, after all this time; so, my research had to go on. I could not admit to myself that this pointless researching had been a mistake, in spite of how everything inside me was telling me that it was, telling me to kill myself. But then I'd stop: finding myself trying to justify history again, trying to justify the state of the future, specifically, the history written on the various papers and notes and slips and documents and tomes strewn about the apartment here. Suddenly I smirked, honestly baffled by myself. And by now I was so humiliated and dejected and shocked that I started to fear that my research may soon result in a second state of the future. Either in the background or foreground of my mind, as I fiendishly searched the store, I constantly feared that I would ultimately end up making a state of the future, or end up killing myself, or both. Was I trapped in the vortex of my failure? No; perhaps life is such a vortex, I told myself. Now and again I calmed myself a little by looking at the various vortex-images superimposed over just about any given image either pasted or stapled or nailed to the walls; there was something enduring about it; how, despite its constant change, it somehow remained the same. For a moment this thought made me happy, even though in many ways it was sad too. It was now demonstrably true that it was indeed possible for the nations of the world to use the Reading Machine technology my nephew made as a brain washing machine; for it triggered a social cataclysm as the world's minds balked en masse horror over the deadly knowledge that socializing was what made social inequality possible, since after all people, unlike say dogs, had to harvest speech in order to live. It was ironic, that my nephew's physiological chronic depression had made him privy to the systemic and physiological problems of humanity. I was standing there motionless in the kitchen, recalling that my nephew had written how he would sometimes go out into the world, desperately seeking professional help, talking alternately to professors and therapists, who his journal stated would soon write him off as an autodidact that had become so well-read as to be basically crazy, when he wasn't exactly crazy as much as horrified by the knowledge that he chanced upon a machine that could blow the world to kingdom come by making the world so well-listened as to be basically crazy. He didn't want to blow the world to kingdom come, however, so he continued to fail spectacularly at this, by working more and

more on the machine that would later blow the world to kingdom come. I let loose a strange laugh, as I realized how funny it was that my nephew had tried so hard not to be crazy that he had driven the whole world crazy. Miraculously I budged from my frozen state, using the strange laugh I just laughed as my excuse to grab a bottled water from the fridge. I only have seven bottles of water left, I realized. The ice cold water seemed to quench my brain. If my nephew were here, perhaps I could use him to introduce me to his work, I thought. Why did he kill himself? Did he actually kill himself? I wondered while taking a swig while closing the fridge. After all I did have reason to think that my nephews suicide might have been his method of transference to the state of the future; if he timed his suicide just right, who knows, he could have been transferred to the kernel at the center of the state of the future, I thought. In a moment of mental clarity perhaps induced by hydrating myself just there, I took a few steps towards the desk I set up facing the Hofmeister Colonial Mortuary. I kept my eyes on the desk, studying it with suspicion, as I stood there in the threshold that separated the kitchen from the writing room. There is something sinister about this place, I thought as I stood there between the two rooms. I dreaded the thought that what my nephew had written in his journal was right: that root empiricism meant that nonsense was impossible, that reason wasn't reasonable, that unbearable truth for us was this: we didn't have enough time in our lives to discover the truth. I felt as if my whole being as I had previously conceived it had been a mistake, still standing there between the two rooms. The trees above the mortuary seemed to give a clue to the fate of the galaxy and humanities doom, is what I thought and felt, standing between the two rooms. Go over to your laptop and empty out your brain, I said to myself as I stood in the threshold, now dismissing a suicidal thought. You will never be able to justify history, I told myself again. You will never be able to justify the billions of years of senseless carnage that happened as life essentially ripped itself apart alive, the chattering sea of agony, I told myself, standing between the two rooms. Just decrypt your nephews computer and use the knowledge you gain to commit mental suicide, like your nephew and Nietzsche, I told myself, standing between the two rooms. You should just supercharge your brain by listening to Bernhard, like your nephew, I told myself, standing between the two rooms. You should just blow your brains out in a dandelion field so that your kernels can be grabbed by the roots and made into perhaps a dandelion, I told myself, standing between the two rooms. Or if you really want to understand your nephews state of the future you should allow it to remove your brain, I told myself, still standing between the two rooms. I was now at a high point of my distress, standing between the two rooms, and the discomfort I felt was so unacceptable to me that I couldn't bring myself to leave the threshold between the two rooms. Go to your desk, I told myself. No. Don't so much as touch your desk, I told myself as I glared at the desk, standing between the two rooms; for it seemed to be staring right back, menacingly. A desk can't stare back at you, I told myself. Now

you've really gone mad, I told myself, standing between the two rooms. To go mad is to enter a state of existential rape and helplessness, which if you think about it, is not very different from the state of helplessness you know while sane, I recalled my nephew had written, standing between the two rooms. You're not even that intelligent, I told myself, standing between the two rooms. You should not have hastily installed yourself here above your sisters store, I told myself, still standing between the two rooms, still scolding myself. The thought of the mortuary outside, particularly how I had over-hastily thought to utilize the morbid energies emitted by that mortuary to get myself worked up for my research into my nephews work, at once struck me as an entirely twisted thing to do. But it would also be a mistake to linger here utilizing your imagination in this way, damaging yourself, I thought. Your nephew basically selected madness as his suicide method and it worked, not only on himself, but the world and yourself, I told myself as I tried with all my might not to remain between the two rooms for too long. But I couldn't move, and didn't move, as I was too busy punishing myself for my actions. I felt that needed to criticize myself. The two of you are really no different, I thought; just like your nephew couldn't accept his present reality, you couldn't accept that your nephews state of the future was a present reality, so you barricaded yourself in a world of pseudo research, I told myself, between the two rooms, remembering the hellish scene as his infernal machine had its way with the world. Remember, that life is the beginning of death, I told myself, as I imagined the innumerable funerary events that had taken place there within the walls of the Hofmeister Colonial Mortuary outside. Those dead people who clinged to life, and the bereaved. Standing there in the threshold, my mind wandered, or rather my mind imagined, the intricacies and peculiarities of those lives that had been pumped in and out of that building like blood, I thought to myself, standing between the two rooms. Conscious potentiality, and imprints, language and temporality, the quantum gravity consciousness, the knowledge and sense equivalence, are ideas that I now recalled I had considered there, as I stood there between the two rooms. Your nephew was too embarrassed to become your only nephew to commit suicide, so he created the state of the future, I realized, standing between the two rooms, as I gritted my teeth at the mortuary outside. Everything seems pointless beside that mortuary outside; in fact, that mortuary outside is probably what birthed the state of the future, and not your nephew, I told myself, standing between he two rooms. The real culprit for all of what has transpired here, is death, I told myself as I recalled my nephews phrase in a daze, imagining the corpses that had circulated through the mortuary outside. The life-stream consists of drops of conscious potentiality, and your life is such a drop, I thought, standing between the two rooms. You will surely go mad if you do not take your own life soon, I thought to myself, standing between the two rooms. What you are doing here is attempting to commit mental suicide through overexertion of your imagination mechanism by imagining the tiny differences between states, when you



know full well that that is a logical absurdity since you are not those states, I thought to myself, standing between the two rooms. You crave falsification. You know that all you have is yourself and confusion, I told myself, standing between the two rooms. If you do not write out your thoughts you'll run the risk suffocating in your thoughts, I told myself, standing between the two rooms. You are an ass, I told myself, standing there smiling at myself alone. You are becoming deranged, I said to myself, between the two rooms. Well, you are the last human on earth, so no one is alive to call you deranged, you idiot, I scolded, standing between the two rooms. Do you even know what you're going to write next, when you sit down at your desk? It's probably going to be something stupid, something worthless, I thought while taking a sip from the bottle in my hand. Thinking about the states hasn't helped you. You're too weak to think about the states. Thinking about the states has warped your reason; it hasn't helped you in the slightest, I told myself. Secretly I must not have wanted to move away from the threshold between the kitchen and the writing room, because I was so transfixed by the dreadful mortuary outside. And as I stared at the mortuary outside, I derived a strange sense of pleasure as I stared at the mortuary, as my mind wandered back to my nephews various journal entries on the word "pleasure," elucidating it for me, when he wrote about how important it was to understand how this phrase had been used in the 1600s and 1700s and 1800s, to represent what was essentially a blank spot in human knowledge. When the depressive reads about an owl doing something "at pleasure," he immediately feels jealous of that pleasure, I recalled my nephew had written, as I stood there mesmerized, on the one hand by the mortuary, and on the other hand by imaginings generated in response to that mortuary. Now feeling that a second batch of coffee had only made me gloomy, I considered the experience of imagination and the experience of pleasure, recalling what my nephew wrote: that a description of pleasure is never pleasure, only the word pleasure, "word pleasure" underlined. Nietzsche was probably chronically depressed, "chronically depressed" underlined, not to mention a philologist: one who loves words; and hence he must have hated reading about how those elephants and rhinos and owls and zebras and chameleons and bats did this or that at pleasure, the words "at pleasure" underlined; for he knew while reading that word that sensual pleasure had not been imparted by the word, "word" underlined, thus giving rise to the theory of knowledge that man is not the knowing animal, but the wording animal, the words "wording animal" underlined, I recalled as the bodies circulated in and out of the mortuary outside in my mind. I perceived the mortuary as a porous substance, permitting my ego to correspond with the constantly pulsating shift from one form to the next as bodies jetted in and out, continually. But was my nephews state of the future really the Third Temple? I wondered while shaking my head. No. That isn't true, I thought while leaning against the threshold for support. Your nephew was just confused, idiosyncratic and lonely, so he synthesized a form of mecha-Judaism in an effort to

pull himself closer to people like Tofler and Kurzweil, I told myself, as I now recalled a quote on a note my nephew wrote, from Orwell: I had the lonely child's habit of making up stories and holding conversations with imaginary persons, and I think from the very start my literary ambitions were mixed up with the feeling of being isolated and undervalued. Between the two rooms, I recalled the words "isolated and undervalued" had been underlined, "lonely child" had been underlined, and "making up stories" double underlined. Every book is a failure, so Orwell, so nephew, I now recalled. Yet as I stood there frozen in my recollections as I stared at the mortuary, I couldn't help but feel a sense of astonishment that my nephew had created a future state, indeed even a new form of life, in its face. It was here, I thought, that your nephew laid the foundations for the edifice of the state of the future; it was here that your nephew designed the birthing-pods for the state of the future; it was here that your nephew perfected the maturation zones for the state of the future; it was here that your nephew wrote about the state simulators, transducers, memory systems, so on and so forth, for the state of the future. The nutritional fluid in which the brains would live, flowing to and fro, I thought, had been synthesized here and nowhere else. Understanding your nephews state of the future is impossible, I told myself. You should realize by now that your nephew knew that the state of the future exceeded his thinking capacity, hence, why he deliberately overloaded his thinking capacity with his task, to torment mankind, to torment you. Your nephew only created the state of the future out of spite, I thought. A synthesis, I thought. Again I felt as though I were in the grip of pure evil, standing there between the two rooms, still unable to move. Interplanetary travel was your nephews agenda all along and the whole world was sacrificed for it, I thought, standing between the two rooms. Because the state of Israel is a territorial state and not a spaceship, my nephew had written, it will not survive the death of the sun; therefore, Israel was always intended to be a spaceship and not a state from the beginning. The state of the future is just as much a spaceship and just as much an organism as the human organism, I now recalled he'd written in one of his many preparatory dialogues with the rabbis, rehearsing them prior to the announcement of his task, as I could tell by his notes on the side; he emphasized the need for the state of the future in his notes; notes in which he schooled the Jews on how they had been misused as a pawn against the Soviet Union by the Americans when they had no business building a state on earth, a temporary earth, my nephew emphasized, my nephew declared, stressing again and again and with ever-building force in his characteristically methodical way of describing things, explaining how it was absolutely essential that mankind achieve world peace through the construction of a state, and not only a state but a future state: the state of the future. He'd go on and on about how essential it was that the world set its sights on the state of the future and how world peace would immediately come if the world set its sights on the state of the future; and not only that but how little forethought man had when it set its sights

on merely territorial states. States, he reminded the rabbis, which cannot survive the death of our sun. The promised land is irrelevant, he'd written. Israel's location is also irrelevant, he'd written. If this is not inferred on contact with the world then it can be deduced historically by reference to the fact that Jerusalem was once considered the middle of the world: the navel. The navel is the place where life begins, where the materials necessary for the construction of the state of the future are to flow towards the state of the future, he proclaimed. We do not need armies or weapons: a fence of lilies can protect us, he proclaimed. Organic matter awakens into consciousness by the striking caused by the friction of penetration, he proclaimed, I recalled, standing between the two rooms, looking at the mortuary. At this point I should state that I did not think the thoughts I thought there in the threshold with words. I now reflect, that when I stood there stock still in the kitchen in contemplation of the mortuary and everything connected to that mortuary all the thoughts I had thought then and there were thought, wordlessly. It's only now, that I've sat down at my desk, that I am able to excavate, speculate, and generate the word thoughts thought there in the kitchen, I now reflect at my desk, looking alternately at the words above, and also the mortuary outside. Also there's the dizzying array of notes and strings connecting those notes to the notes pasted and stabled and nailed and tacked to the walls. Interestingly enough, there's a whole web of strings that crisscross back and forth between Heidegger and Kaczynski; I now see, he was ostensibly concerned with the maintenance problem as a difficulty the state of the future would face; how the buildup of symbols amounts to a form of pressure applied to a human unit, he wrote; the sensual pressure applied to any such unit is an agonizing force akin to hunger which cannot be dispensed with, the words "cannot be dispensed with" underlined. Just as the human organism is now tormented by hunger, so also will the state of the future torment the human units with hunger, because hunger is maintaining a machine. The production of the machine that ends hunger doesn't end hunger because hunger is the pang inflicted by the universe upon the human unit; likewise the machine inflicts pangs of maintenance, except this machine is something I design, he wrote. At last I recognize myself as the prime artificer. All these bodies are mine. But I cannot kill myself, he wrote. I don't want to create another universe, "another universe" underlined. A sensory apparatus with the capacity to feel all impressions ought to be able to gain true sensual knowledge of the universe in toto. I have compressed the worlds syllables down to no read; now I will know the universe by touch alone! There is no such thing as a mechanism for helping humanity, he'd written. There are only neurotic products. Humans confuse recordings for progressings; they progress through their books and go no further. All we have is a world of squabble, he wrote, humans will only ever know a squabble world! This planet is an inexhaustible terrain of covalent forces which indirectly construct a state of affairs. Once neuroticism is factored into economic theory we see that humans are the means of production themselves: agreeing to be aggregated as they do. Everyone

contained within the walls of state of the future exists at the innermost point where the outer world touches the inner world. If a death occurs all contact points are then dissolved into other activities as the active agent melts into the background activities running alongside the living states as they endlessly recombine. See my notes on the transduction pathways, how the sensations are communicated to reflect a multiplicity of perspectives all at once, how an activity temporarily hindered by itself cooperates to form the hinge by which creativity is made possible, he'd written. This hindering is like a temporary disease that's artificially manufactured to bring about the necessary innovations to survive the self-made problem of maintenance in a novel way. As the central axis tilts, the attempt to counterbalance the external and internal relationship takes effect and the state begins to feel localized: stable. These notes still don't make any sense to me. Each day, I wish my nephew had written a guide to his work, rather than the state of the future: the product of his work, but that isn't possible. It must be possible. My nephew wrote: the state of the future is fragile, yet it can be recreated several times. How does the state of the future shift its polarity at will, anyway? I'm not sure, but I need to know. Philosophy is the science of reason and its purpose is to justify itself. Now that the state of the future exists I don't know if there was ever any such thing as reason. God! I can't believe that I told my nephew that he was being far too introspective, whining! Whining about some lost terrestrial paradise is Rousseau's heritage to today's politically correct mainstream trash, I told him. Yet now I am the last man, and this is what I've become. As I reflect here now, it no longer seems that I should have said that with a light heart, but a heavy heart. Is it not the saddest thing in the world? My nephew. Why did he not create a guide? My hypothesis is that after dislocating professorial power towards the state of the future, he felt no guide was required. If I can manage to convert the book I've written into a guide of my nephews work, it should be possible to comprehend the centripetal effects that constitute the sensory information of the senses currently being sensed as the state of the future. The modification of our senses is in effect a modification of our world, he wrote, and now I have created a new sensory reality, the state of the future: a future state well beyond description, as any description would be an attempt by the human organism to evoke responses in that wonderful animal, engaged and fully free. Now the human animal is no longer necessary. What I've done, is begun a process that will gradually absorb the whole world, then the universe; the universe, like the state of the future, is a body, translating and closed. A human may try to explain the state I create, but that would be a pointless activity. He wrote: the spatial breakages between words would stop all attempts at unity with the first stroke of the key. I think that one of the most terrifying aspects of my nephews philosophy is how necessary it was for him to produce it: his so-called Reading Machine armor built up a series of protective walls around the kernel of his mind, isolating himself from all the professorial influences that emanated from his Reading Machine, which I ought now to remind myself he

had repeatedly regarded only as an engine of entertainment, since the criteria my nephew used to evaluate every piece of writing ever read by the Reading Machine was if the writings read resulted in a utopian state, which of course they did not. Thus it comes as no surprise to myself now that his notes here accused all the professors of the earth to be hilarious and mad professors of failure. This world is a world in which honest people are destroyed, because the brain is a weapon directed against an outer reality, he said to me. And if we're all functionaries of the Godhead; if it's true, that God is an arrested totality, then I am a retarded God. Whenever the peoples of the world pretend to be doing anything for the good of humanity they in fact do no such thing and only act in pursuit of their neurotic egoism, he said. Not even Einstein escaped this, he said to me; Einstein, after his achievement, after all his suicidal thought experiments resulted in the atomic bomb, much to his chagrin, his mind couldn't no longer take it. He knew he was in hell after all. My nephew claimed to have knowledge of the secret conversations between Einstein and Gödel. We are in hell, my nephew said Gödel said: the world would have us believe that the world is not a hell, when we both know that's where we are. You've been a good friend to me. You never falsify the real nature of things. Humans are not about to travel to other worlds, unless we are to consider death as a way back to life. We have seen with our eyes that humans can only produce weaponry from ourselves, because we ourselves are weapons. Do we not have nails? Gödel was said to have said, rhetorically. I only eat after my wife, as you know. Your infernal genius has been harmful not helpful to man, as was mine. But in a way this gives me peace. Now I know that my friends and colleagues who committed suicide hadn't done so in vain, my nephew said Gödel said to Einstein. It makes me happy in a way. For we must remain. We must carry out our sentence. It always makes me glad to hear you speak, my nephew said Einstein said. Everything is not only as terrible as you've said, but worse than you've said, so much worse than you could possibly say. I'd say we should kill ourselves, but I doubt death will live up to the hype. Then they laughed, my nephew said, chuckling neurotically. Christ! he claimed to know the history of Jesus too! When he arrived in Egypt to learn from a sage, he said to me: this is what he said to himself while looking at the walls. We Jews are no better than the Pharaohs who used writing as a license to keep themselves away from labor. This is a world in which the scribes write out their paper armor, using it to maintain a lasting distance between themselves and work. He could not handle the full horror of the truth. Jesus suffered a severe mental breakdown, he said, prior to his recovery and resurrection as a sophist who would later train an army of professional professors who hunted humans down with their sophistry and burnt their opposition alive. This subject was talked about at considerable length in my nephew's anti-Christian, not anti-semitic, work: On Hell Judaism: A Heuristic for Understanding the Holocaust. It was written: the appearance of Jewish dominance is an illusion thrown off by the fact that Christianity is a nihilistic death trap. And: when

the Holocaust happened, it occurred as a result of the failure to properly differentiate between Christian Hell Judaism and Judaism. And: the role of law-giver was usurped by the role of story-teller, the story of the death of Christ, perversely preferred by the helpless masses over the story of Moses: the liberator. Conversely, the synthetic story of Socrates: the identifier of sophistry. First Matrix: Sophistry. Yet the heavenly death for the wise did not suffice. Second Matrix: Hypocrisy. Where the rigorous death for the wise was actualized by Christ. Perhaps suffering is necessary, all to necessary, for the state of the future, he wrote. The trick is not to mind. "not to mind" underlined. I feel an eerie sense of calm, looking at the mortuary, sitting at my desk, imagining phantasmal figures generated by me in my seat; I see them; I imagine them, as they saunter about the vacant lot. I am here. And I don't know why. Can I fly into space? No, but the state of the future can and is; it has been exploring space for some time. The activities done by the state of the future hover over my essay, "On State of the Future Theory," mocking me. It's honestly baffling that I'm alive. What a madman am I, to sit typing here, as those unusual objects drift skyward into space! Those strange objects with their bizarre almost decorative patterns; they are not purely utilitarian, as I thought, as I'd expect; No; they have beauty, coiling tubes floating cubes and spikes. Previously I had analyzed drawings that foreshadowed these machines, if I may call them machines, but I shrugged my shoulders at them, dismissing them. But I should not get into my dismissals here. In the absence of my nephew the task of figuring out how those drawings became those those machines strikes me as absurd. Strange that it's only now that I recalled a note on the wall, looking at the mortuary, on blood, as a symbol of the sublime. This was Novalis, unless I'm mistaken. Yes; blood as an old acquaintance, of sustenance, of vivifying contact with that which is absolutely alive. Is the state of the future alive? It must be. Here I sit, thinking about the blood flowing through my veins, thinking about the Second Temple as a slaughterhouse, which it was, thinking about the state of the future as a slaughterhouse: one regulated by the codes composed by my nephew here. Let's be serious: I do not have any knowledge of what it is to be the state of the future. Pascal wrote, I see on a note: we want to know something simply to talk about it. How can that be true if I have no one to talk to? And what are we talking about with talk, anyway? It's as if these notes left here by my nephew were purposefully left behind to torture me. No; I must not allow myself to believe in such things. What am I doing this for? What am I doing anything for? My children? My children were taken by the state of the future. I have nothing left. No reason to live. I breathe this inescapable miasma each day, as there's no possible way for me to outdo what the state of the future is doing. The past is never known; what we have is an evocation before our eyes. One interesting but unproven theory my nephew wrote was the impact the Hermetic texts had on Moses, particularly the emphasis on the importance of reproduction, and the trauma this caused. Following this, my nephew wrote, Moses also suffered a crisis: he separated from the Egyptians

with his kin, arming them with the programming necessary to avoid the professorial influences of the Egyptian state and every state by aggregating them to his law. This law however requires everlasting aggregation to the law and hence universal law, he wrote, which eventually must result in the death of mankind, which is good, because humanity has a systemic flaw, namely the tendency to aggregate to man, thereby forming the hierarchical structures of which men endlessly complain. This history of which we speak, he wrote, is a verbal construction and therefore not history, and this applies to the future of which one might speak as well. This line in particular written by my nephew upsets me. Man must be the most neurotic of all the animals for him to resemble the cell as well as he does, so wrote my nephew: the architect of the state of the future. When the state of the future plants down from the sky, why do the birds not fly away? I'm not sure if this questionable is answerable, as that would require me to inject my being into the being of a bird, which is foolishness. Everything I say with respect to the state of the future seems to have no use except as a joke. Occasionally, I'll laugh out loud, but I always laugh alone. Man is not even man, but a caricature of man, he said to me; what we hear whenever people threaten us with progress and the future of man is only a caricature of mans future, which is why any and all attempts at our science fiction programs to portray the future have ended in failure, why all the pictures presented to us of the future held out to us as advertisements have failed to come close to those advertisements, because these advertisements are not actualities but inspirational artifices designed to seduce the helpless human organisms into being absorbed by the advertisers, speakers, so on and so forth. We exaggerate everything and understand nothing; and we especially exaggerate the concept of we, when we know full well that people can only ever speak for themselves, which, however, they elect not to do, when they elect representatives, which to our horror we see happening all the time. Whenever I see people electing representatives I'm horrified! he said to me. We are helpless against the unstoppable power of the masses and their collective tendency to beg for representation! What they want is power. I smell thoughtlessness and hypocrisy when these so-called Marxist theorists so over-hastily and willingly categorize the laborer as the exploited, super-exploited, or whatever they say; they portray these people, these laborers, as exploited, when these people, these laborers, are unable to do the paper labor these so-called capitalists are able to do; and no they will not acknowledge this, because these Marxists are often heavily engaged in this paper labor themselves: writing! Capitalism doesn't create a working class, rather it's the working class that creates the working class by working; and it's the writing class who creates the working class by classifying that class. For how are we supposed to create a classless society if we do not create a society in which no one classifies? Of course this is a question that Marx does not ask because then his writing would come to an end. What we call philosophy is only comedy, he said to me. When the young philosophers die or lose their minds, he said, it is because they are not masochistic

enough. he said, cackling diabolically. Another reason why I haven't killed myself, yet, is this: the idea of killing myself, of surrendering myself to this world now ruled by the product produced by a character as repulsive as my nephew, is repulsive to me. The Philosophy of Inspirational Effects talks about the reciprocal word reactions that continually manifest in the states, or so-called states, it states; the statements inspire the states into becoming states by stating statements about the states, I now reflect, just as I tend to state statements about the states: the state of the future, which is now, which he made, leaving me out. I had not been swept into the motion of my nephews promises but rather left alone to contemplate the states he made that later manifested in the form of his state. I can't be sure, but I often force myself to contemplate what I may refer to as the the innumerable sights of suffering in the body of my organic state with respect to the super body of the state of the future currently inspired into being such a state; the reason for my unsureness being: unhappiness, I now recall, is often caused by the ability, inability, not to think about whatever you do not want to think about: somehow, though I can't be sure, I've lost my thought-canceling ability, which may soon leave me with no other recourse but suicide to cancel my thoughts, to blot out, to halt, the train of my thought but still a train which, presumably, could later be piloted by someone. My fathers phrase: referencing himself as a train. he said: I think my train is pulling into the station (his thinking train! his brain). Except my father was denied eternal peace because his brain, train, whatever the word, was savagely ripped off, destroyed, whatever the word, but I wish to say grafted on to the state of the future, destroying him completely but certainly not granting him peace as the state of the futures presence grants me no peace. I give you no peace, my nephew said in a lecture video, delineating his plans, his nature, and so on. For a brief point my nephew was on the verge of being elected to become president of Earth, but he waved everyone away, suggesting instead that his inspirational rhetoric which people loved so much was in fact a depression vortex that constituted the motor for his being a crank. If you listened to me, obeyed me, you'd only participate in a totalitarian state, he said. It's all for nothing. I have absolute hopelessness at my core. Ironically that's a word which contains the very hope you seek in me. You brought me here, because I accused all the nations of the world, all the countries of the world, of being petty and shortsighted, of having zero forethought: a narrow-minded focus on national interest when the sun is doomed to explode, he said: I declared the necessity for the state of the future as a space ship and my audience lapped up the depression secretions that came oozing out of my broken heart. We are accused of heavy-handedness, when there is still no peace on earth, which means we have not yet learned how to speak heavy-handedly enough. My politics-transcending and nation-transcending spaceship has recently become the object of global interest, he said. Now the world seeks refuge from it's own political idiocy, by coming to me, my nephew said mournfully, on that fateful day. My apologies. I had given you hope, and I've ripped it away.